

THE GRAND HIGH WITCH – THE WITCHES – DAVID WOOD

“You may rree-moof your vigs, and get some fresh air into your spotty scalps. *(The Witches reveal their bald heads)*. Vitches of Inkland. Miserrable vitches! Useless lazy vitches. You are a heap of idle good-for-nothing vurms!... As I am eating my lunch, I am looking out of the vindow at the beat. And vot am I seeing? I am seeing a rrevolting sight, which is putting me off my food. Hundreds of rrrotten rrepuslive children. Playing on the sand. Vye have you no got rrrid of them? Vye?... You vill do better... My orders are that every single child in Inkland shall be rrrubbed out, sqvashed, sqvirted, sqvittered and frittered before I come here again in vun year’s time... Who said that? Who dares to argue with me? *(She points dramatically at Witch Two)*. It vos you, vos it not?... Come here. *(She beckons. Witch Two, mesmerized, ascends the platform)*.

A vitch who dares to say I’m wrrrong
Will not be vith us very long!
A stupid vitch who answers back
Must burn until her bones are black!

(Staring at Witch Two, The Grand High Witch gestures. Sparks fly, smoke rises – Witch Two disappears). I hope nobody else is going to make me cross today. *(She finds the smouldering remnants of Witch Two’s clothes and holds them up)*. Frrrizzled like a frrritter. Cooked like a carrot. You vill never see her again. Now vee can get down to business... I am having a plan. A giganticus plan!... You vill buy sveetshops... You vill fill them high vith luscious sveets and tasty chocs!... You vill have a Great Gala Opening vith free sveets and chocs for every child!... You vill be filling every choc and every sveet with my latest and grrreatest magic formula. *(she produces a potion bottle)*. Formula Eighty-Six Delayed Action Mouse-Maker!... To cause delayed action, rrroast in the ovem vun alarm clock set off to go off at nine o’clock in the morning... Inject vun droplet of the formula in each sveet of choc, open your shop, and as the children pour in on their vay home from school... *(she chants)*.

Crrram them full of sticky eats,
Send them home still guzzling sveets,
And in the morning little fools
Go marching off to separate schools.”