

WHICH WITCH HWICH;  
OR  
A WHICHERY OF SWITCHES;  
OR  
A BAD DAY AT GOLDMAN SACHS

MAC WELLMAN  
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THIRD DRAFT

Scene Un: The office just as it seems to be. Only. Something strange has just happened and all the suits and skirts are not quite so sure of what they ought to be doing. This can go on for a few minutes as each and all are sure that they are the only one(s) to have noticed that there is a problem. What is a chair for? Computer? What are these clothes I appear to be wearing?

Why is this clock? Broke....

You mean broken?

You mean bankrupt. I mean er broke.

Ha ha.... (pause) Ha.

All stare at the Ha Ha miscreant.

Broke as a busted bunk.

Bank?

Bunk....

Bank?

Bunk....

A witchified pause.

Bonk.

?

Bonk?

!

Bonk....

A pause of deepest somethingness.

Where the one that she the you know the one the other one the skirt you know which one the other one than the one with which in which you know the one who the one with the....

Gestures convincingly but without much in the way of self.

Bonk.

Oh.

Bonk.

Oh, I mean she got lost yesterday and went on back home.

Bonk. Bonk.

!

Why'd she go and do that?

?

Bonk. Bonk. Bonk.

Said there was a roundish thing under the. Her table. Back in the what was it. North Whichisotta. Yeah under the table there. Her desk may be. Yeah the desk thing I do I suppose.

Spooked easy. Easily.

Easier.

Easily.

An involuntary gesture. A gesture out of nowhere. Pause. Silence. Pause.

She didn't. Shew did not which is to say not to be told how to do a thing. Such a thing as. Bonk. It is as simple as that. And was too. And will am be likewise. Too as well.

Well I guess so....

Okay. I would say so. I could put it that way.

Bonk.

Only. Whose house is it?

Which one? The house?

This one you mean.

Bonk.

Nothing's house I suspect.

Nothing's....

Nothing's house I do. Guess I guess so.

[Whacko- an aside

Glares. A suspicious twig is visible somewhere.

Bonk.

Scene bonks out.

~

Scene Tooth.

Clock's still broke.

Mabel's fault.

?

Is it Mable that Mabel. Mabel girl. The one who swears at. You know. Swore at a poor old tree.

The twig moves suspiciously and barely at that.

Bonk.

The twig stills itself as if in fear of detection.

Mabel Smabel.

What kind of a. Er. Kind of a name is Mabel?

Old country name.

Pause of Deep Somethingness.

Must mean something. Must mean something something someone said and er was about to say and or will have been about to put into words just so just to find out so.

Pause for effect.

To say something that should've been forgotten

Maybe she's a witch.

The company's got a witch side for sure. All those skirts.

Which company?

Bonk.

Which company?

Bonk. Bonk.

Company as makes those roundish things that go under the table.

Bonk.

What kind of people do else and go and just swear at a some big old tree?

Pause for witchified reflection.

Bonk.

What time is it at present?

Bonk.

Clock's broke for sure. I forgot.

Bonk....

Scene bonks out

~

Scene Tree.

Maybe the tree did something ... something.... Said something bad.

A skirt gets riled.

Tree do not in the habit of talk to or talk at. Trees are for the sake of, in my county at least, solemn reflection upon a thing that are perennial, of the underside, of the witchified underside of all that is, achoo, is so so so permanent screwed up in this place we call Spandrel Town....

Spits for emphasis.

Nasty corporate pause for dealing with a motive.

She should watch what she stays, I mean says.

Damn watch, er, wetch wotch wutch.

Witch are you imply?

Pause for this jab to land.

We hear something crash down out of a sky we did not know was there. Lots of leaves and tree shit.

Pause terror pause.

This not nothing's house for nothing.

Laughs. Others stare.

Bonk, I say, bonk.

Scene bonks out.

~

Scene Fear. A guy in a big, loose suit.

A cat done. I mean a lot.

All cats are wishes.

All cats and all dem dats.

Didn't mean dat, mean cat as in C-A-T.

I don't mean wishes, mean witches.

One does the bonk in an insulting manner. Then looks out.

Why is that big old tree all smashed, flat on the ground?

An episode maybe. We heard a a a noise thing.

I didn't hear any. I was doing something quite else. Quite the hell else.

?

?!

No one. No nigger, I mean, ever called me faggot (X 99)

Um. Did I say something wrong?

They whisper. They stare

Are you okay in the head?

We all just talk a little funny, funny back in (coughs: bunny). It is our regional charm. As if our words had feet. Or better: As if our speech had wings and or wing type things with a, with multiple attachments and we could go la la la and fly and appall all the cats and bats and skinny up the flag pole and float on back down as if as though there were somehow attacked a fire escape of faery dust and so we could not fail in our attempt to stay aloft but for dat.

Exactly: But of dat.

Like the faerydiddles.

Looks somewhat stern.

Scene bonks out.

~

Scene Fly.

Bat for dat? What kind of hair face do you take me for?

Bat for dat? What kind of a hair face do you is be in your own words?

Come here and say that.

Come here and say DAT?

Pause for an extreme episode of unspeakable rage.

Just because you did some thing unholy to the er poor old tree ...

Did not do.

Did not dat. Ha.

Go figure.

Some old ass tree just standing there doing not a thing.

I do no care to be so addressed.

Whispers.

What if she's a witch and does not right from what all and gets it into that head of hers to do us an ill a savage ill as of hmmm. Pertaining to the wiccan cause and effect flow chart. It is on the internet and you can go and well just check in on it and out because there is no WAY known to to NO ONE that it is not the cause select for all this vegetable mishap in the vegetable department. And you can go tell that to Jersey City and the town hall crowd. Go and just. Go and just be there and be that and hope your shoe laces are are tied good and tight like Girl Friday...

Who are you calling Girl Friday? You don't and who don't even know Dis for Dat.

You ... Numb Plob.

Scene bonks out.

~

Scene Dis. Getting cold- spiritually at least.

That the best curse you and - candle - can doodle can come up with upon [Bleats....

(Why does he talk funny?)

Works for an agency at the church\* They do that there.

(Pie Church!)

I s'pose so.

Because of how some god loves them and all their ilk. Their kind and kin.

(Why would he do and go and do that?)

What?

Why would he do that then. To them?

Whys of Provenance I guess.

What the hell are you two doing just sitting there with that funny chair?

You god I was telling this guy.\*

Mike or Joe or Muck. Ha.  
Their god has a lechery for kindness. To trees

(We sure as hell do not. We're the Dutch-Germans.)

Always be sitting there all quiet in the forest, waiting  
To hear the other shoe drop.

They do that among the Negro People. Do, tell me, do the Guilty Lands do that?

I don't suppose.

Pause for reflection and then doubt.

I heard it said once the colored people all had a tail,  
oncet upon a time, before the the ...

Flood was it....

Your mind is in fire again, Seth.

(Seth, his name's not Seth, it is Rothbart.)

True.

Bonk.

And before the Transfixation of the Owl and Peacock,  
back in the days before Black Rock and Black Water  
and Black Leaf, you know and of all the Guilty Lands  
and how the sisters of the brothers all had the little  
crooked smile of the stickle-muckle and wore their  
hair this little, bobbed up bundle of hair, blond,  
whether it was or not or was causing some hottening  
up to flow where it were not ought to have so done.

Among the men?

You said the word not me. Bonk.

Bonk bonk.

Silence for a time. One looks out the window  
and does a little jig.

Why is that tree so?

What one?

Why is that one there next to the overhead tank of the

Pillsbury factory?

Looks to have come down in the night.

Someone has a religious fit.

Ah yi Ah yi. By the mad named mommy potty drivel  
dropped porno distorted porno lated and crossed  
upedness of and all of a thing uma bobulated and  
bushy tailed if that don't just . Shit. For that.

Bonk.

What?

That car is my car.

Car or who was not so [Laughs. All follow suit except  
for the one who is not laughing.

~

Scene Seth.

You know, Skittles, I find that gesture you do do to be  
deeply offensive.

Oh yeah? [To someone else.

I wasn't talking to you I was talking to the shirt-tail  
there.

My name isn't Skittles, you ... you pair of old torn\*  
socks er slacks ...

Still he has a point. The thing you do ... you know ...\*  
Slacks.... The thing you do with your hand,\* No, not  
that hand the other one.

No,\* this hand — what are you talking about?

How many hands do you think I have?

And where'd you get this "Skittles" anyway? Jeez....

Pause. One of the skirts unrumples herself. Others attempt with varying success to compose themselves. After all. This is a place where people try to do a what they do at their job of work. Business. Act polite and not go apeshit whenever someone shows up who looks different and is suspected of being a well. Well you know. A. Well. You know, A foreigner.

My name is actually "Candelabra" and actually I am actually employed by Dark Places Dot Com, a filament and acid rain reciprocating hedge fund.

Another tree crashes down and green branches bust through a window and a shower of leaves and twigs comes whooshing out of a hidden door way.

Pause for those who will to pretend that nothing unusual has happened.

I do not do gestures.... I am sorry however if anyone finds anything I do ... offensive ...

Someone else burpeth slightly. Ever so slightly.

No, no, it was the thing you do with your hand ...

Which er which one?

That\* one, I think ...

No, the other one. The thing you did and you do with your pinkie.

I am incapable of doing anything gross with my pinkie. I'm from Oklahoma.

Well that is not what I was getting at. Saying. You cannot accuse me of an accusation that I do not do. And am incapable of.

All look at him, the suit in questions. One speaks.

Chainsaw here, the suit in question, is a friend of mine, well, goint back to the old days at ... at Front Office and Procurement and Database. We both play at the same softball club. We both went to Jehovah and have been working toward the leader. I know there is a problem here, but I don't think we can deal with the matter ... [Gestures wildly and obscenely] cpleply ... until we have defined all the moving parts carefully. And [maketh a small and weird gesture] this is not something I would care to do that with to. Lord knows there are some thinks er things that are just unpindownable....

One looks down, humiliated, but not the one so chidden. Looks up suddenly. This is truly the one of the Offending Gesture.

Actually, they call me ... back in tube Alloys and ...

?

Bonk.

... called me "Screechy" ...

Slight gasp from one. Silence from the others.

That was YOU.

It was you who did. Who did and do this thing.

He does this thing of his. Bonk. All the rest turn away, both horrified and scandalized.

Loud band bonk music. They dance and cavort. Lots and lots more WITCHERY, insane and unrelenting until they corner a witch in a coffee cup.

Blood pours out.

Silence. Pause. Silence.

So you will not tell me this clock is broke?

Broken....

~

The entire play rewinds line by line, gesture by gesture till we are back where we started. All in real time (a broken clock is correct, remember, twice a day).

At the very end (the beginning) a little (devil) girl appears, spreads evilish *sub prime* faery dust all about with her wand. She then produces a suspicious glowing orb which she secrets under one of the desks before she carefully departs unseen.

End of Play

