

The Winds, the Witches, and the Weavers



by Kathy Warnes

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carol Weaver
Janet Weaver
Mrs. Weaver
North Wind - Natasha
South Wind- Serena
Nag the Witch
Mag the Witch
Ralph the Snowshoe Rabbit

THE WINDS, THE WITCHES, AND THE WEAVERS

ACT I

(Two girls are sitting in front of a circle of stones. There is a cooking pot hanging on a tri-pod standing over the stones. Behind them is the paper outline of a cave. In front of the cave is a mattress. There is a WHOOSH of air (provided by a fan at high speed). Paper leaves blow in the wind and so does the hair of the two girls. One of them catches a scarf just as it is about to blow off of her head. A woman comes out of the cave.)

M. WEAVER:

Girls, I have a job interview. You stay right here until I come back. I won't be gone very long.

CAROL:

Your scarf is blowing away, Janet! Catch it.

M.WEAVER:

Catch your scarf, Janet. You need to keep your head warm.

JANET:

(Tying the scarf firmly under her chin) There! You can't have my scarf you greedy wind!

CAROL:

It didn't get your scarf, but it blew out our fire!

M.WEAVER: (Blowing)

Here, I got it going again. Don't let it go out girls. (Waving) See you later!

(She goes off stage)

JANET:

Oh no! It blew out again. Give me a match, so I can get it going again.

CAROL:

We don't have any matches. Besides, Ma used the last of the wood, unless we chop down a tree.

JANET:

(Looking over her shoulder) We can't chop down a tree. The police will hear us and come and make us leave. Then where will we go?

CAROL:

I wish Dad hadn't died. He would have bought us a house to live in. Then we wouldn't have to live in this cave.

JANET:

It's not such a bad cave, Carol. I'm going to put up some curtains in the door. You know we have to help ourselves now.

CAROL:

I'll try to light the fire again. (She piles up sticks and pulls a large match from her pocket. She tries to light the fire, but the wind (fan) blows it out.

JANET:

The wind is so strong, here. We have to keep it out.

(She takes some curtains on a curtain rod and stretches them across the top of the cave entrance. She tries to hang them there, but the wind blows them down.)

CAROL:

The wind doesn't want us to build a fire or hang curtains. I wonder what it does want us to do.

JANET:

We could ask the wind what it wants us to do. Hey, wind! Why do you keep blowing out our fire and blowing down our curtains? What do you want us to do?

WIND:

WHOOOOOOOOOOO.

CAROL:

Did you hear that?

JANET:

I don't want to go WHOOOOOOO. Is that what the wind wants us to do?

CAROL:

The wind's not going to answer you. We need to live in a house, and then the wind can't bother us.

JANET:

We don't live in a house. We live here in this cave since Ma lost her job and the landlady kicked us out. We have to make the best of it. And we do have a mattress to sleep on. And sleeping bags to put on top of the mattress.

CAROL:

(Shivering) I think I'm ready to get into my sleeping bag. It's cold out here.

JANET:

Me, too. Let's get in our sleeping bags. We can read or talk while we're waiting for Ma.

(They go over to the mattress and each picks up a sleeping bag.)

CAROL:

My sleeping bag's lined with flannel. Red plaid flannel. It's really warm and cozy. (She starts to get into the sleeping bag, but a gust of wind comes and ruffles the bag.)

JANET:

(Shouting) What do you want, wind? Why don't you leave us alone?

CAROL:

What do you want, wind?

NATASHA:

(Rushing on stage. She is in long red plaid underwear and lumberjack boots)

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH,

SWOOSH, SWOOSH, SWOOSH,

I wander and roam,

And then I blow home.

CAROL:

I asked you what you want, wind.

NATASHA:

I have a name, young lady.

CAROL:

I'm sorry. What is your name?

NATASHA:

My name is Natasha. I skip over the silvery snowy fields. I run through the ice palaces in the Arctic. I sculpt the snow tipped mountain peaks. I dance with the snow flakes.

JANET:

Then why are you bothering us? This isn't the Arctic or the ice palaces. This is America. Why don't you go back home?

NATASHA:

I am condemned to wander the earth until I can find a friend. And nobody wants to be my friend because I am so COLLDDDD!

CAROL:

Please just leave our sleeping bags alone. We need to climb into them and get warm! (She climbs into the sleeping bag and snuggles in.) Go away, Natasha.

JANET:

(Climbs into her sleeping bag) Get lost, Natasha!

NATASHA:

Won't one of you be my friend so I don't have to spend all of my time traveling?

CAROL:

We have to travel too. We don't have a house to live in anymore.

JANET:

Yeah, we're homeless.

NATASHA:

You don't have a home either?

JANET:

Not anymore.

CAROL:

We used to live in an apartment, but we got kicked out. So we live in this cave now.

JANET:

Brrr! You're cold. Go away and leave us alone, Natasha.

NATASHA:

You two need a friend and I need a friend. Why don't we get together and be friends?

JANET:

You're too cold to be friends with, Natasha. Go away so we can get warm.

NATASHA:

(Gliding over to Janet's sleeping bag and pulling it back and forth. She blows a cold blast of air over it.)

JANET:

BRRRR! You're freezing me to death, Natasha!

CAROL:

Mom's going to be home pretty soon, Natasha. You'd better go so we can try to get warm before she gets here.

JANET:

(Throws a pillow at Natasha) 'Bye, Natasha.

NATASHA:

(Catching pillow and blowing off stage) I'll be backkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk!!!

CAROL:

I don't believe it. She took your pillow. What are you going to do now?

JANET:

I'm going to get my pillow back! (She wiggles out of the sleeping bag and chases Natasha.)

Give me my pillow back, Natasha! Natasha! (She follows Natasha off stage)

CAROL:

Janet, come back! Ma's going to be home any minute. What'll I tell her?

JANET:

Tell her I'm going after my pillow.

CAROL:

You tell her! You get in trouble instead of me. I'm staying here where it's warm. (She buries her head in her sleeping bag. As she does this, Serena the South wind tiptoes on stage and over to Carol. Serena is wearing a bathing suit, sun glasses and carries a fan. Serena taps Carol on the shoulder)

SERENA:

Carol, come with me.

CAROL:

Janet, I told you I'm staying in bed where it's warm.

SERENA:

I'll help you get warm, Carol.

CAROL:

Go away, Janet. You just want my pillow.

SERENA:

(WHOOSHS on Carol) There, is that warmer?

CAROL:

(Uncovering her head) How did you do that, Janet? (She draws back in surprise.) You aren't Janet. Who are you?

SERENA:

I am Serena, the wind from the South,

I blow gentle breezes with my mouth,
And sway palm trees and make flowers grow,
I carry seeds and help farmer's sow.

CAROL:

Why don't you make it warmer in here? I'm cold.

SERENA:

(Blows gently at Carol) I will get you warm.

CAROL:

Why would the south wind want to get me warm?

SERENA:

Well, you and your family are living in our cave and we want you to be comfortable.

CAROL

Who is we?

SERENA:

Me and my sister, Natasha, the North wind.

CAROL:

She stole my sister Janet's pillow.

SERENA:

I think your sister Janet threw the pillow at her, didn't she?

CAROL:

Your sister Natasha ran away with the pillow. She probably froze it so Janet can't use it.

SERENA:

Natasha took the pillow so Janet would follow her.

CAROL:

Well, she got her way. Janet followed her. Now I'll probably have to get up and follow Janet. And I'll freeze to death while I'm doing it!

SERENA:

You won't freeze to death Carol. I'll follow you and make sure you don't freeze. After all, I am the south wind. I'm warm.

CAROL:

Where did they go? And where are we going?

SERENA:

We're going to find a house where we all can live.

CAROL:

Who?

SERENA:

You and Janet and your Mom and me and Natasha.

CAROL:

Why can't we just stay here?

SERENA:

(Shivering) This cave is too cold! (She takes off her sun glasses and rubs her nose.) My nose is cold. (She rubs her arms) I have goose bumps on my arms, too. It's time to go to a warm house and whistle under the eaves.

CAROL:

Where are we going to find a house? And if we do, where will we get the money to pay for it? Mom lost her job.

SERENA:

We'll worry about money when we find a house to live in. Now hurry child, so we can catch up with our sisters.

CAROL:

Wait a minute. I need to write Mom a note so she won't worry about us.

(She takes a piece of paper out of a bag and a pencil and scribbles a note. She pins it to the sleeping bag.)

CAROL:

There. Mom will see that for sure. I told her that me and Janet are going for a walk but we'll be back before dark.

SERENA:

Let's go, Carol. Your sister Janet is probably pretty cold by now.

CAROL:

How do we know which way they went?

SERENA:

Oh, that's easy. We just have to follow Natasha's trail.

CAROL:

I don't see any trail.

SERENA:

Look again, Carol.

CAROL:

(Carol bends over and picks up a white footprint. It can be made of white construction paper. She waves it in the air) I found Natasha's footprint. (She bends over.) And here's another one.

SERENA:

Natasha always leaves footprints.

CAROL:

I'll put them back. If I keep picking them up we won't be able to follow them and we won't know where she walked.

SERENA:

They are nice, big footprints. (She leans over them)

CAROL:

Serena, the footprints are melting!

SERENA:

Oh dear, I think I leaned too close to them!

CAROL:

If we can't follow the footsteps, then we won't be able to find Natasha and Janet!

SERENA:

(Patting Carol on the back) There, there dear, don't worry. We'll think of something.

CAROL:

You are nice and warm, Serena, but I'm worried about Janet.

SERENA:

There's nothing to worry about, Carol. I see Ralph.

CAROL:

Who's Ralph?

SERENA:

He's right up there. (She points)

(Ralph the Snowshoe rabbit comes on stage. He is big, white, furry and wears a pair of skis or snowshoes. Or he can even be on a paper snowmobile.)

RALPH:

Serena, the South Wind. What are you doing here? (Putting out his hands) Back off, Serena! Don't get too close. You'll melt the snow and my snow gear won't be any good.

SERENA:

(Backing away from him) I'll try not to melt any more of your snow, Ralph. Just lead us the way the footprints, go will you? We want to find Natasha and Carol's sister Janet. They should be together.

RALPH:

(Taking out a huge magnifying glass) There are two sets of footprints. They probably are together.

CAROL:

The footprints are going deeper into the woods. Do you think it's safe to follow them, Serena?

SERENA:

Ralph will warn us if something's wrong. And I'll keep my eyes open too.

RALPH:

(Hopping and skiing) I like snowshoeing through the woods, It makes me feel goods, goods, goods!

CAROL:

Serena, guess what I see up ahead of us in that clearing. Guess what I see Serena?

SERENA:

(Getting excited and running past Ralph) What, Carol? What do you see?

RALPH:

Get back, Serena, you're melting the snow!

(He falls to his knees) Give me back my snow, Serena. Back off, please!

SERENA:

(Backing up) What do you see, Carol? Is it Natasha and Janet?

CAROL:

I don't see Natasha and Janet, but I see someone else.

SERENA:

Who? Tell me who.

CAROL:

I see two witches stirring a pot in front of a wooden shack.

SERENA:

Witches?? There aren't any witches in these woods.

CAROL:

There are now. They're stirring their pot and singing.

RALPH:

This is as far as I go. I'll see you two later. (He hops off stage)

CAROL:

What do we do now? How do you say hello to witches?

SERENA:

Very quietly. Or maybe not at all. Do they look dangerous, Carol?

CAROL:

Why would the South Wind be afraid of a witch? Or even two witches?

SERENA:

They are very particular about the winds they use for their broom stick flying. They use Natasha most of the time, not me. So I don't know too much about them.

CAROL:

I think you're going to find out more about them. They've seen us.

(Scene II)

(There is a backdrop of trees. In front of the stage stands a wooden (cardboard) hut. In front of it is a large kettle and in front of the kettle stands two witches. They are not dressed like conventional witches. Nag wears a red fright wig with tights and tennis shoes Mag wears an evening dress or prom gown with a large hat. They are stirring the kettle and singing)

NAG & MAG:

We are witches and live in the woods,
 We are witches, watch out for your goods,
 And your fingers and your toes,
 We've even eaten a snake's nose!

MAG:

Nag, that's not a very accurate song. We usually don't eat anything but yogurt and cheeseburgers.

NAG:

It sounds scary, Mag. And I'm going to eat a snake's nose any day now, unless I can find something better - like a girl's toes!

MAG:

I don't want to eat a girl's toes. I like children for friends, not for dinner.

NAG:

That's why your name is Mag and mine is Nag.

MAG:

What does Nag stand for?

NAG:

It stands for Nagnificant. It means I whine a lot and eat things I shouldn't. Nagnificant sounds a lot better than Magnificant. Your name sounds so good it makes me gag! Yuk!

MAG:

That's why I use my nickname, Mag. I don't want you to be mad at me all of the time, Nag.

NAG:

I am mad at you, Mag.

MAG:

You're my sister, Nag. How can you be mad at me all of the time?

NAG:

It's easy. But then I keep reminding myself, I can fly much better than you! (Sticking out her tongue)

Ta Ta Ta Ta Too,

I can fly much better than you!

MAG:

I'm glad you can, Nag. If it makes you happy.

NAG:

Let's take a fly around the house. Just for fun.

MAG:

We need to finish making our tea.

NAG:

We can finish it later. Get your broom!

MAG:

Why don't we just say you won, Nag?

NAG:

(Stamping her feet and yelling) I want to have a broom flying contest. I want to have a broom flying contest now! I want to, I want to, I want to!

(She gets down on the ground and kicks and screams)

MAG:

Can't we fly together instead of race, Nag?

NAG:

(Screams louder)

(Natasha and Janet rush on stage)

NATASHA:

I thought I heard someone calling me. What do you want, woman? You are yelling as loud as I do on a winter night.

JANET:

(Kneeling down next to Nag) Are you hurt? Tell me where it hurts.

MAG:

Don't worry child. She isn't hurt. She's just yelling.

NATASHA:

Will you come wandering the world with me? You have a wonderful voice.

NAG:

I WANT TO GO BROOM FLYING! (She sits ups and shivers)

Brrr, it's getting cold out here, even in front of the fire.

MAG:

We could go in the house and get warm. I've got a cozy fire going in the fireplace and we could take in some tea. Would you ladies like to take tea with us?

JANET:

I have to find my sister, Carol. Then I will.

NATASHA:

The only thing I do with a fire is blow it OUTTTTT!

NAG:

(Standing up) You have a powerful voice.

NATASHA:

It's louder than Serena's.

SERENA:

(Coming with Carol into the clearing) I can be loud when I want to, Natasha.

CAROL:

Janet, where did you go? We looked all over for you, then Ralph showed us Natasha's trail.

JANET:

Ralph who?

CAROL:

He's a rabbit on snowshoes.

JANET:

And I'm an eagle on an elevator!

NAG:

Brrrr. I'm cold. I think I'll put on my winter clothes. (She goes into the hut and comes out wearing a thick, heavy coat and a blanket over that) Now I'm ready to fly. Line up, Mag!

MAG:

I'm busy brewing tea, Nag. Why don't you go for a ride by yourself?

SERENA:

I'm Serena the South Wind and I love tea. Could we have a cup together?

NATASHA:

I'm Natasha the nasty North Wind and I'll help you ride your broom, Nag.

NAG:

Come on, Mag. Let's go.

MAG:

Oh, alright, Nag. Just once around for me. I have more important things to do with my time.

NATASHA:

One, two, three,

I'm ready, ready, READY!

CAROL:

Serena, aren't you going to come and help Mag?

SERENA:

I don't think Mag needs any help. She doesn't want to go anywhere. She just wants to stir the tea.

NAG:

(Getting on her broom) Get going, Scraggy. Fly, fly, high, high, high! (The broom stays on the ground)

NATASHA:

I don't have any room to get under the broom, Nag. Can you move over?

(Nag moves over and falls off the broom) Can't you move over, Natasha?

NATASHA:

(Blows over into the corner. Nag tries to lift off, but doesn't move anywhere.)

MAG:

You won, Nag. Now can we finish our tea?

SERENA:

It smells delicious, Mag.

CAROL:

I'm going to sit down by the fire and rest.

JANET:

The fire's going to go out unless somebody finds some wood for it.

NAG:

(Coming and getting back on the broom) I'm going to race you Mag. Let's go. (She hits Mag in the rear with the broom. Mag bends over and gets on her broom. Serena blows a whoosh of wind and Mag rides the broomstick across the stage)

MAG:

There, I rode the broom across the yard. Now will you let me finish the tea? (She walks back to the pot and stirs again. Serena helps her)

NAG:

I'll show you! Help me, Natasha or I'll complain in your ear for the next week. Maybe the next month. She gets on her broom)

NATASHA:

I'm Natasha, see how I blow,

I am the north wind, here I GOOOO!

(She blows at Nag's broom. It doesn't lift from the ground, but Natasha blows Nag off the broom. Nag rolls across the stage and to its edge, with Natasha in pursuit.)

NAG:

(Shouting) You're supposed to blow my broom, not me. Now see what you've done! I lost my good coat and I didn't even get around the house, once. You helped Mag, you didn't help me!

NATASHA:

You are aptly named, Nag! All you do is complain at me. Look what you've done! (Her voice cracks) I had to blow so hard that I'm losing my voice.

NAG:

You wind nag! You wind witch!

NATASHA:

Sticks and stones and a black crow caw,

I throw them all at the wind Natasha! (They go off stage, Nag hitting Natasha with the broom and cawing)

MAG:

When you two stop fighting and decide to work together, you can come back.

CAROL:

That might take a long time.

JANET:

Try 200 years.

CAROL:

They're both about 200 years old now, so maybe by the time they're pushing 400-

SERENA:

Mag, would you like to go for a ride now?

MAG:

A serena ride?

SERENA:

A serena ride, just like me.

CAROL:

Can we watch you ride, Mag?

JANET:

Can I go too? I'll sit on the back and steer.

MAG:

I have a one person broom, and sometimes she doesn't even want to take me. Come on Hazel, want to go for a spin?

(The broom lies still. Serena goes over and picks it up. She pets it.) Good girl, Hazel. (Sound of whinnying) I think she's ready to go now, Serena. (Gets on the broom)

SERENA:

I'm all set, Mag. (She puffs out her cheeks and blows.

Hazel and Mag move across the stage)

MAG:

My, what beautiful scenery. I do believe I see Ralph down there on his snowshoes. Yoohoo, Ralph! How's the weather down there? Do you need more snow? I'll see what I can do.

SERENA:

(Shouting) Mag, you'd better turn right on Turnip Street. I see a big black cloud that I can't blow away without Natasha.

MAG:

Turnip Street? Which Street is Turnip Street?

SERENA:

Read the sign, Mag. Quick! The cloud's coming up fast.

MAG:

There are two signs, Serena. I can't read them. Tell me which one is Turnip Street.

SERENA:

I can't read either.

MAG:

Then how do you know you're supposed to turn right on Turnip Street?

SERENA:

My mother's mother told her mother, and her mother told my mother and my mother told me.

They showed me where to turn.

MAG:

Can't you show me?

SERENA:

I can't catch up with you in time and I can't let go of you.

MAG:

Then I'll just have to learn how to read. But first I have to get away from this black cloud. Help Serena, I think it's chasing me.

SERENA:

Natasha is probably blowing it toward you. I'll blow it back. (She blows and Mag rolls over on the stage. She lands with a thump)

MAG:

(Standing up and dusting herself off) Thanks for getting me down, Serena.

SERENA:

Natasha is blowing the black cloud and she is much stronger than I am. I need to rest for a few minutes.

MAG:

Do sit down and have a cup of tea. (She takes a cup and ladles out some tea from the pot) It smells good.

SERENA:

(Taking the cup from her and sipping it) It's good and hot. Mmmmm.

MAG:

Would you girls like a cup of tea?

JANET:

What kind of tea is it?

MAG:

I don't know. But it tastes good.

CAROL:

Do you have the package the tea was in?

MAG:

I think it's in the kitchen.

CAROL:

I'll go look. (She walks into the hut and after a moment come out carrying a package)

MAG:

What kind of tea is it, Carol?

CAROL:

The package says that it's Topnotch Tea, the best in the country.

JANET:

(Coming up behind Carol) And it says on the bottom, "People drink it from sea to sea."

MAG:

I must learn how to read. I'd make softer landings if I knew how to read street signs.

SERENA:

I'd have an advantage over Natasha if I knew how to read. Then I'd know what country we were over, instead of trying to remember what my mother mother's mother told her.

CAROL:

I'll teach you how to read, Mag.

JANET:

I'll teach you how to read, Serena.

CAROL:

Both of us can teach you both.

MAG:

That's a scrumptious idea. When do we start?

SERENA:

We could start as soon as we finish drinking our tea.

CAROL:

We need to find a book to read from.

MAG:

Look around inside, Carol. I haven't cleaned house for about 300 years, but there might be some magazines buried underneath the other things in the living room.

CAROL:

(Goes inside the hut. She starts throwing things out the door.) It's going to take awhile to find anything in here, Mag.

JANET:

(Shivering) Going inside is a good idea. It's getting cold out here.

MAG:

I was too busy flying Hazel and traveling with Natasha to clean house or learn to read. I'm turning over a new leaf as soon as I drink my tea.

CAROL:

(Turning around and holding up a large leaf) Just as soon as you said that, this came down the chimney. And guess who came rolling behind it?

MAG:

Oh, dear, it wasn't Nag?

CAROL:

Natasha came rolling down the chimney behind the leaf and behind Natasha came rolling Nag. They want to talk to us all together. Right away.

NATASHA:

(Shouting from offstage) Hurry up or I'll blow your tea away!

SERENA:

Oh dear me, she's upset about something. We'd better go in and find out what's bothering her and what she's going to do about it.

MAG:

Oh dear, we'd better take our tea and go in. I think it's going to be a long night.

CAROL:

The last one in's a wicked witch!

NAG:

(Rushing on out stage) What a nice way to talk about me, Carol.

JANET:

Carol, she thought you were saying something nice. Are you stupid!

CAROL: Quit calling me stupid, Janet or I'll punch out your lights.

SERENA: (Blowing on both of them, trying to soothe them.) Calm down, girls. Mortals do get excited about things, don't they, Mag?

NATASHA: (Rushing out on stage) Excited, who's excited?! (She whooshes a blast of air)

MAG: We all need to go inside and sit down. Then we can talk about this. (They all go inside the hut)

(CURTAIN)

ACT III.

(The inside of the hut. It is dirty and cluttered. Long red underwear hangs from the stove pipe. Paper is piled up. There is a fire in the fireplace, but soot blows around. Natasha sits down and puts her feet on the coffee table. Everyone else sits down)

MAG:

(Bending over her broom in a listening attitude) Hazel says she wants to sweep the floor if she can find it .

NAG:

I think it looks beautiful in here the way it is. (She gets up and pulls open a door. A noisy tide of pots and pans falls out.) Isn't that a lovely noise?

NATASHA:

I think I'll have some peanuts. She picks a few from a dish on the coffee table, breaks one open, and throws the shell on the floor.)

CAROL:

(Bending over) I found a book, Mag. I'll teach you how to read if you let us stay here until my Mom gets a job. This looks like a good reading book. Listen to the first page, Mag.

MAG:

(Leaning over and putting her hand to her ear) I'm all ears, Carol.

CAROL:

It says, The witches whizz through the night sky beneath the twinkling stars. They trail their shadows across the yellow harvest moon and the wind carries their high-pitched laughter down to the bedroom of sleeping children.

SERENA:

The wind! Did you hear that, Natasha? The book is talking about us.

NATASHA:

It couldn't be talking about me, Serena. It doesn't mention the tall, beautiful north wind with dark hair. It doesn't mention the power of my voice.

SERENA:

Carol read about the wind and I'm going to learn to read about the wind, too. Can I try now, Carol?

NAG:

Wait a minute here, wait just one minute! The book mentions witches first. It says the witches are whizzing on their brooms. Did you hear that, Mag? I told father we'd be famous some day.

MAG:

Mother always said the best fame is being good and never giving up.

NAG:

Father always winked and told us to be what we had to be and do what we had to do, and the more evil things we accomplished the better. (Proudly strutting) I take after father.

MAG:

Mother and I are much alike. But Nag, you have some of mother in you too, and once in awhile I have some of father's characteristics. Some days I absolutely want to slam the door and stick out my tongue at the fire when it won't burn right and I can't keep my tea warm.

NAG:

You are wicked, Mag! You should stick out your tongue at the fire right now, because it's going out.

SERENA:

Let me fix it for you! She goes over to the fireplace and blows. Red paper flames dance.

NATASHA:

I can help too. (She blows a powerful blast and soot blows all over)

JANET:

You're blowing soot all over, Natasha. Mom won't live in a sooty house.

NATASHA:

It will cover up the dirt and mess in here.

SERENA:

There isn't enough soot to cover it up. Hazel and I are going to clean it up.

MAG:

Did Hazel tell you that?

SERENA:

She came over and bumped me. That's what she means, isn't it?

MAG:

That's what she means. We'd better get busy.

CAROL:

What about your reading lesson, Mag?

MAG:

We need to be able to see the words without a soot storm. Let's clean first, and then we can read.

CAROL:

It's going to be a big cleaning job, Mag.

NAG:

There's no dirt in here. I don't know what everybody is getting so excited about! And yes you can live with us as long as you need to.

SERENA:

Let's clean, Mag.

MAG:

One, two, three clean! She blows. Carol and Janet throw things into the corner of the stage.

Natasha and Nag throw the things in the corner of the stage back into the room as fast as Carol and Janet throw them into it.)

MAG:

I don't think we're working together here. Hazel, what do you think? (She shakes Hazel back and forth) Hazel says the mess is getting worse.

NAG:

We should brew some strong, stuff soap. Remember the last batch we made to clean house? It lasted for 100 years.

MAG:

That's the best idea you've had all day, Nag. Let's brew!

(They pull out a pan and put it in the fireplace. (Inside the pan is a bottle of soap bubbles.) They stir inside the pan with a shovel.)

MAG& NAG TOGETHER:

Bubble, bubble , and a pinch of hope,

That's what we use to make Strong Stuff soap.

(They blow soap bubbles out into the room and into the audience. Natasha and Serena help blow. Then Carol and Janet blow the bubbles around. They make a lot of noise, laughing and talking and blowing the bubbles around.)

CAROL:

Serena, look! It's starting to get cleaner in here. The soap bubbles are helping to clean the house!

JANET:

The more the soap bubbles clean the less we have to clean! Horray!

(They keep chasing the bubbles for a few seconds. There is a knock at the door, but nobody hears it. The knocking gets louder, and finally Carol hears it. She runs to the door and opens it. Ralph the Snowshoe rabbit stands there on his snowshoes.)

CAROL:

Hi, Ralph! Want to come in help us blow soap bubbles?

RALPH:

(Pulls on Carol's sleeve for her to follow him)

CAROL:

What's the matter Ralph? You want me to follow you? Where are we going?

(Ralph pulls her sleeve again and she follows him to the corner of the stage. He points at Mrs.

Weaver who is standing in the corner of the stage looking around her anxiously.)

M.WEAVER:

Now where is that crazy rabbit on snowshoes? He led me to believe that he would show me where Carol and Janet disappeared to. Where are you rabbit? Do you know where Janet and Carol are? I can't find them.

(Ralph pulls Carol over to Mrs. Weaver)

CAROL:

Thanks a lot, Ralph.

RALPH:

(Waves and hops off stage)

CAROL:

Mom, is it really you?

M.WEAVER:

Carol, that is you! Where's Janet?

CAROL:

She's at the witch's hut, mom.

M.WEAVER:

What witch's hut? What witch?

CAROL:

There are two witches, mom. Their names are Nag and Mag. Janet's helping them and Natasha and Serena blow soap bubbles to clean the house.

M.WEAVER:

Who's Natasha and Serena?

CAROL:

Serena is the South wind and Natasha is the North wind. They showed us the way to the witches' hut.

M.WEAVER:

I thought I told you to wait for me by the cave.

CAROL:

We left you a note so you wouldn't worry.

M.WEAVER:

(Waving note in front of her) This is the note? I couldn't read it Carol. You need to work on your ABCs.

CAROL:

Let me see it, mom. I'm sure I wrote it so you could read it. (She looks at it) I don't believe it. It's nothing but a wavy line. I'll bet Natasha had something to do with this. I gave it to her to put under a rock so you would be sure to see it.

M.WEAVER:

I'll ask her about it. Show me where she is.

CAROL:

Come on, I'll take you to the house, mom. That's where Janet is, too.

(Carol leads Mrs. Weaver to the inside of the hut. Everyone has collapsed into a chair and is resting. Natasha gets up and blows the note out of Mrs. Weaver's hand.)

M.WEAVER:

I understand that you changed the note that Carol left for me.

NATASHA:

I just blew on it too hard.

M.WEAVER:

Why did you do that? I was so worried about her and Janet.

NATASHA:

I was trying to read it. When I couldn't, I blew it over to Serena to read, but she couldn't either.

CAROL:

Nag and Mag can't read either, mom. I'm going to teach them how to read. But we have to clean up the house first. It was pretty dirty, then--

JANET:

Mom! (She gets up and runs over and hugs Mrs. Weaver) I'm so glad to see you. Did you get our note? How did you find us?

M.WEAVER:

A rabbit on snowshoes found me. I was wandering down a path in the woods, sobbing, because I was scared. Then out of the bushes came this rabbit on snowshoes. He took me by the arm and led me through the woods to that corner over there where you found me.

CAROL:

That's Ralph, mom. He's our friend.

JANET:

We made lots of new friends, mom - two witches and two winds.

NATASHA:

I'm the North Wind. Natasha's my name and blowing's my game. I blow across the land and the waves. I make snowflakes dance and I howl through caves.

MAG:

(Getting up and dusting off her knees) I didn't know we had company. Do sit down. Our seat's are so much cleaner now that we've made the soap bubbles.

M.WEAVER: (Sitting down)

Now start this all from the beginning Carol and Janet.

Carol: (Starts to talk, but Natasha blows such a gust of wind that it drowns her out.)

Janet: (Starts to talk, but Serena blows a gust of wind that drowns her out.)

The sleeping bags blow to the edge of the stage. Mrs. Weaver runs after them, but Janet and Carol throw them over the edge of the stage.)

JANET:

We don't need them anymore, Mom.

CAROL:

We have a home now, Mom.

Natasha and Serena blow the curtain shut.

CURTAIN