

# **THE SISTERS THREE**

A THEATRICAL DISPLAY

## **CAST:**

### **NARRATOR**

The Narrator knows everything – and says too much. They guide the tale with flair, flourish, and only a little malice. Imagine a drag queen with a clipboard and a vendetta. Look: Long velvet coat, powdered wig, smug smirk. White powdered face, thin black lips.

### **THE FIRST WITCH**

She is the original rot beneath the root, the old crone who haunts the oven-smoke of memory. With claws cracked from centuries of spiteful baking, she is the mother of monsters. Look: Warty nose, sunken yellow eyes, hunched frame wrapped in a cloak stitched from children's nightgowns

### **BRINE [GRANDMOTHER SALT]**

Salty and slick, Brine is a sea-witch soaked in spite. She stinks of fish and failure, and cries pickling tears. She thinks the Spellfire Child should be locked in a jar and sunk. Look: Moldy gown, barnacle bra, seaweed bridal train.

### **WEATHERSPOON [AUNTIE]**

Sweet as cyanide in champagne, Auntie is the cabaret queen of cursed corsets. Camp, cruel, and always singing a little too loud. She doesn't want to raise the Spellfire Child – she wants to drink her. Look: Feather boa, sequined gown, high heels.

### **YASSANDRA [PROFESSOR]**

*Surgical, sterile, and smug, Yassandra is obsessed with perfection. She speaks like a scalpel with a French accent. She wants to carve The Spellfire Child into her vision of the ideal witch.* Look: Spidersilk Bikini, old lab coat with fake spider stitched onto the shoulder.

## **ACT 1 - THE BAKING**

*The Narrator Steps Forward, Holding A Long Crooked Staff Like A Shepherd's Crook.)*

### **ACT 1, SCENE 1: PROLOGUE:**

**NARRATOR (GRAND AND EERIE) :**

ATTEND, ATTEND, YE MORTAL EARS,  
COME GATHER 'ROUND AND SHED THY FEARS.  
FOR IN THE MAZE WHERE SHADOWS CREEP,  
THERE STIRS A WITCH WHO CANNOT SLEEP.

NO WOMB HATH SHE TO BEAR A SEED,  
NO CRADLE ROCKS TO MORTAL NEED.  
SO 'ROUND THE POT AND 'NEATH THE SKY,  
SHE BREWS A BROTH OF GRIEF AND SIGH.

TONIGHT WE SEE, IN GLOOM AND GLEE,  
THE BAKING OF THE SISTERS THREE.

*(Drums Rumble. Smoke Hisses From The Cauldron. The First Witch Steps Forward.)*

**SCENE 2: BAKING OF BRINE:**

*(First Witch Throws Seaweed And Bones Into The Cauldron.)*

**FIRST WITCH (CHANTING):**

A BARNACLE PLUCKED FROM A SHATTERED PROW,  
A MERMAID'S GUT STILL SLICK AND FOUL!  
A DEAD MAN'S LIP, A SAILOR'S BONE,  
A KELPIE'S SIGH, A DROWNING MOAN!  
COME FORTH, SALT-SPAWN, MY BRINY HEIR!  
RISE UP, YE CHILD OF WAVE AND TEAR!

*(Boom – Brine Sloshes From The Oven., Dripping Wet, Seaweed  
Wrapped Around Her.)*

**BRINE (TRAGICALLY):**

FROM SUNKEN HOLDS AND CORAL TOMBS,  
I RISE, A TIDE OF ANCIENT GLOOM!  
MY BREATH IS MIST, MY HEART IS FOAM,  
MY CRADLE WAS THE KELPIE'S HOME.

THE BARNACLE CLINGS TO MY WEARY SKIN,  
THE DROWNING BELL TOLLS DEEP WITHIN!  
THE SALT RUNS THICK THROUGH ALL MY VEINS,  
I SING THE STORM, I RIDE THE RAINS!

YET HERE I STAND, NO MOTHER'S PRIDE,  
A SEA-WROUGHT WRETCH, THE STORM'S OWN BRIDE!

**FIRST WITCH (DISGUSTED):**

AWAY, FOUL TIDE! BEGONE, SEA'S SHAME!  
THY REEK DOTHS CHOKES MY ANCIENT FLAME!

*(Brine Slinks Away, Muttering Darkly).*

**NARRATOR (WHISPERING TO THE CROWD):**

FIRST CHILD BORN, A BRINE-SOAKED BLIGHT,  
NOT LOVE, BUT HORROR, STRUCK THE NIGHT.

THE WITCH, SHE GRIMACED, CHOKED, AND REELED,  
HER HEART UNFILLED, HER FATE UNSEALED.

**SCENE 3: BAKING OF WEATHERSPOON**

*(First Witch Frantically Hurls Glitter And Sweets Into The Pot.)*

**FIRST WITCH (SHOUTING) :**

A JESTER'S TONGUE, A CANDIED ROSE,  
A UNICORN'S TEAR, A PEACOCK'S TOES!  
A SUGARED SIGH, A FAIRY'S KISS—  
NOW BAKE ME SOMETHING FULL OF BLISS!

*(Auntie Explodes From The Cauldron In A Swirl Of Glitter, Spins Dramatically, Throws Out Her Feather Boa And Starts Voguing To The Beat Of Her Rhymes.)*

**AUNTIE (SASSY, FABULOUS, GLITTER RAINING DOWN) :**

OH MOTHER MINE, BEHOLD THE PRIZE!  
THE FIERCEST FLAME 'NEATH VELVET SKIES!  
I STOMP! I SASHAY! I PRANCE! I SLAY!  
I BEDAZZLE THE STARS AND LIGHT THE DAY!

WITH HEEL AND HAIR AND VOICE SO LOUD,  
I SPIN MY SPELLS TO CHARM THE CROWD!  
A LAUGH, A WINK, A BEND AND SNAP,  
BEHOLD THE QUEEN WHO CREATED THE CLAP!

YET THOU, DEAR HAG, DOST SCORN MY GLEAM—  
CANST THOU NOT SEE MY BRIGHTEST DREAM?

**FIRST WITCH (AGHAST, SHIELDING HER FACE) :**

THY SPARKLE BLINDS, THY CLAMOR WOUNDS!  
GET THEE GONE, THOU DRAG RACE LOON!

*(Auntie Blows A Kiss, Strutting.)*

**NARRATOR (VOICE QUICKENING) :**

SECOND CHILD, A SUGARED JEST,  
BROUGHT LITTLE LOVE TO MOTHER'S BREAST.  
THE WITCH DID WEEP, DID GNASH HER TEETH,  
HER HOPES FELL CRUMBLING UNDERNEATH.

**SCENE 4: BAKING OF YASSANDRA**

*(First Witch, Shaking, Throws Silk, Bone Needles, And Spiderwebs Into The Cauldron.)*

**FIRST WITCH (HOWLING) :**

A SPIDER'S FANG, A SURGEON'S HAND,  
A WINTER'S SIGH ACROSS THE LAND!  
A DREAMLESS SLEEP, A FROZEN THREAD—  
BRING FORTH THE LAST FROM AMONGST THEE DEAD!

*(Mist — Yassandra Steps Forth, Pale And Cold, In Perfect Elegance.)*

**YASSANDRA (FRENCH-ACCENTED) :**

EHMMM HOW YOU SAY..... BEHOLD, MAMAN, THY FINAL DRAFT,  
NOT LOUD, NOT WET, NOT POOR NOR DAFT.  
I AM PRECISION, SILENCE MADE,  
A SPIDER'S KISS, A SCALPEL BLADE.

NO GAUDY GLINT, NO SILLY SHOUT,  
PERFECTION WALKS WHERE I STEP OUT.  
MY LIPS WEAVE LIES, MY GAZE COMMANDS,  
I MOLD ZE WORLD WITH RUTHLESS HANDS.

YET EVEN NOW, THINE ANCIENT SIGHT,  
FINDS FAULT IN MINE CRAFT CARVED COLD AND RIGHT.

*(She Curtsies Icily, Disdain Curling Off Her Lips.)*

**FIRST WITCH (MOANING) :**

NO JOY, NO SONG, NO SPARK, NO FIRE!  
THOU ART BUT WINTER'S BRITTLE PYRE!

*(Yassandra Vanishes Into A Swirl Of Silk And Frost.)*

**NARRATOR (WILD, MOURNFUL) :**

THIRD BORN CHILD, SO SHARP, SO SLEEK,  
YET LEFT THE WITCH MORE PALE AND WEAK.  
THREE TIMES SHE TRIED, THREE TIMES SHE FAILED,  
THREE TIMES THE OVEN'S BREATH GREW STALE.

*(The Drum Beats Slow. A Heartbeat Sound Under The Floor.)*

**FIRST WITCH (HOWLING, BROKEN, FURIOUS) :**

THREE TIMES I STIRRED! THREE TIMES I BAKED!  
THREE TIMES MY HOPE THE FATES FORSAKED!  
NO FLAME WAS KINDLED, NO SONG WAS SPUN!  
NO DAUGHTER TRUE, NO CHOSEN ONE!

CURSE THE OVEN! CURSE THE SKY!  
CURSE THE STARS THAT WATCHED ME CRY!  
CURSE THIS HEART THAT DARES TO YEARN!  
CURSE THESE HANDS THAT CANNOT BURN!

*(She Smashes Her Cauldron Spoon On The Ground – The Oven Groans Like A Dying Creature.)*

**NARRATOR (STEPPING FORWARD) :**

THUS FELL THE WITCH, HER SPIRIT TORN,  
HER DREAMS DISSOLVED, HER DAUGHTERS SCORNED!

AND FROM THE CRACKS HER SORROW SPILT,  
THE WOODS DID TWIST, THE RIVERS WILT!  
THE WALLS OF WORLD, THEY SHUDDERED, BROKE—  
AND THROUGH THE TEARS, THE EVERMAZE SPOKE.

THE STAGE IS SET, THE PLAYERS BLED,  
BEWARE, YE FOOLS, WHAT LIES AHEAD.

**CURTAINS..**

## ACT 2 - THE SISTERS BICKERING

### SCENE 1

**NARRATOR (STEPPING FORWARD) :**

THUS CAST AWAY, THE DAUGHTERS THREE,  
DID WRITHE IN WRATH AND JEALOUSY.  
DENIED THE HEART, DENIED THE CROWN,  
THEY TURNED ON EACH, TO TEAR EACH DOWN!

*(Drums Rumble – A Heartbeat Deep Below. The Sisters Glare At Each Other. Tension)*

**BRINE (BITTER) :**

YE SLIMY FOOLS, YE GLITTERED DOLLS,  
YE KNOW NAUGHT OF THE OCEAN'S CALLS!  
I AM THE SURGE, THE CRUSHING TIDE,  
WHILE YE BE LEAVES THE RIVERS HIDE!

THY BEAUTY'S ROT! THY LAUGHTER'S CURSE!  
I'D SINK YE BOTH IN SALTED HEARSE!  
A HUNDRED FATHOMS DOWN YE'D WEEP,  
WHILE I, ALONE, THE DEEP WOULD KEEP!

*(She Spits Saltwater Dramatically.)*

**AUNTIE (ANDS ON HIPS) :**

OH HONEY, PLEASE, THOU MILDEWED HAG,  
GO SCRUB THY SCALES, GO DRY THY RAG!  
THY SMELL COULD FELL A UNICORN,  
WE ALL KNOW DICK, YOU'RE GETTING NONE!

WHILE THOU DOST DRIP AND MOAN AND POUT,  
I LIGHT THE ROOM, I TURN IT OUT!  
WITH HEELS THIS HIGH AND HIPS THIS WIDE,  
WE ALL KNOW THIS WOMANS' RIGHT!

*(Auntie Throws Glitter Into Brine's Face And Sashays Dramatically)*

**YASSANDRA (COLD) :**

EMMMM HOW YOU SAY .....

.ZUT ALORS! SUCH SQUABBLE, SUCH NOISE,  
THY JESTS ARE FIT FOR FOOLISH BOYS.  
ONE STINKS OF FISH, ONE REEKS OF SWEAT,  
BOTH STINK OF FAILURE AND REGRET!

I NEED NOT BELLOW, STRUT, NOR CRY,  
I PERFECT WITH MINE OWN TWO EYES.  
WHILE THOU DOST PRAY, AND SPLASH, AND SCREAM,  
I'LL OVER FILL THOUST LIPS TO KILL THY DREAMS.

*(The Sisters Start Circling, Hurling Curses And Insults.)*

**BRINE (SNARLING) :**

I'D DROWN THY BONES IN TIDES OF GRIME!

**AUNTIE (LAUGHING) :**

I'D BEDAZZLE THY CORPSE,  
DARLING — WITH CUM AND SLIME!

**YASSANDRA (HISSING, ELEGANT) :**

I'D CARVE THY TONGUES INTO RIBBONS NEAT,  
AND HANG THEM UP FOR ZE FATES TO EAT!

**NARRATOR (OVER THE MADNESS) :**

THUS SCREAMED THE DAUGHTERS, FIERCE AND WILD,  
EACH MORE CURSED, EACH MORE REVILED!  
YET ALL THEIR SPITE COULD NOT UNMAKE,  
THE HOLLOW ACHE THE WITCH DID WAKE!

**(THE SCENE FREEZES. BLACKOUT.)**

## **ACT 3- THE PROPHECY FORETOLD**

### **SCENE 1**

*(The Lights Dim To Cold Blue And Sickly Green.  
The Stage Shudders Underfoot.)*

*(The First Witch Stands Center Stage, Arms Lifted High,  
Cloak Whipping Around Her As If In A Gale.)*

#### **NARRATOR (LOW) :**

THUS BROKEN-HEARTED, SOUL UNBLESSED,  
THE WITCH BEHELD HER HOLLOW QUEST.  
YET FATE, THAT WEAVER SLY AND GRIM,  
DID WHISPER SECRET SONGS TO HIM.  
AND LO! THE WITCH DID GRASP A THREAD—  
A FLAME UNBORN, A HOPE NOT DEAD.

#### **FIRST WITCH (VOICE SHAKING) :**

HEAR NOW, YE STARS THAT MOCK MINE ACHE,  
HEAR NOW, YE WINDS, YE WOODS, YE LAKE!

A CHILD SHALL RISE BY FLAME ENWREATHED,  
NOT BAKED, NOT CARVED, NOT FOAM BEQUEATHED.  
A DAUGHTER PURE, OF SPELLFIRE BORN,  
SHALL SPLIT THE NIGHT, SHALL TEAR THE THORN!

HER BREATH SHALL SPARK THE SLUMBERING TREES,  
HER CRY SHALL CRACK THE ELDER SEAS!  
HER HAND SHALL WEAVE WHAT I COULD NOT—  
THE LOOM OF FATES, THE THREADS OF THOUGHT!

AND IN HER VEINS, MY SOUL SHALL SEEP,  
MY WILL SHALL ROOT, MY HEART SHALL LEAP!  
BY BLOOD, BY FIRE, BY SECRET SIGH—  
IN HER, AT LAST, SHALL BABA LIE!

#### **BRINE (CLUTCHING HER HEAD) :**

ANOTHER CHILD? A FRESHER WOMB?  
TO CAST US DEEPER IN THE TOMB?  
LET HER NOT RISE, LET HER NOT REIGN,  
I'LL DROWN HER DEEP, I'LL BREAK HER FACE!

**AUNTIE (STAGGERING BACK) :**

A CHILD OF FLAME? OH LOVE, OH DEAR,  
I'LL TOAST HER BLOOD, I'LL SIP HER FEAR!  
NO FRESHER QUEEN SHALL TAKE MY THRONE,  
I'LL DRINK HER SPARK, I'LL MAKE IT KNOWN!

**YASSANDRA (SMILING FAINTLY) :**

*LET HER COME, LET HER CRY,  
LET HER WEEP AND KISS THE SKY.  
I SHALL SHAPE HER, MOLD HER FAIR,  
TILL SHE IS BUT MY CRAFTED HEIR.  
A SPIDERSHELL, A DOLL, A WIGHT,  
BOUND BY SILK, BY STRING, BY SPITE.*

**NARRATOR (RISING TO A CRY) :**

THUS SPOKE THE WITCH, THUS BREWED THE HATE,  
THE SEEDS WERE SOWN TO TWIST THEIR FATE.  
THREE SISTERS BORN, THREE SISTERS SPURNED,  
THREE CLAWS THAT GRASP, THREE SOULS THAT BURNED.  
  
AND FAR BEYOND THE MORTAL TREE,  
THE EVERMAZE BEGAN TO SEE...

## **ACT 4 - THE SISTERS SCHEMES**

The Stage Darkens To A Blood-Red Glow.

The Narrator Stands Silhouetted

The Three Sisters Stand Apart, Each Wrapped In Shadow And  
Their Own Storm Of Magic.

**NARRATOR (LOW, EERIE) :**

THUS TURNED THE WHEEL, THUS CHURNED THE HATE,  
THREE SISTERS SPUN BY CROOKED FATE.  
EACH TO HER PLOT, EACH TO HER PLAN,  
EACH GRASPING FOR THE COMING LAMB.

FOR NONE WOULD BOW, AND NONE WOULD BEND—  
EACH VOWED TO CLAIM THE FLAME, THE END.

## **SCENE 1**

*(Brine Steps Forward, Dragging Seaweed Like A Bridal Train.  
Saltwater Spills From Her Sleeves Onto The Stage.)*

### **BRINE (OCEANIC) :**

SHOULD FLAME BE BORN TO SCALD THE SHORE,  
I'LL SEAL HER SOUL FOREVERMORE!  
IN BRINE AND BONE AND IRON JAR,  
I'LL BIND HER VOICE, I'LL SNUFF HER STAR!

NO HAND SHALL LIGHT THE HEAVENS HIGH,  
IF DRAGGED BELOW WHERE DREAMERS DIE!  
IN CHAINS OF SALT, IN TOMBS OF WEED,  
I'LL DROWN HER SPARK, I'LL CHOKE HER SEED!

*(A Great Wave Of Mist Crashes Across The Stage, And Brine  
Steps Back Into Gloom.)*

**SCENE 2**

**AUNTIE (FLAMBOYANT) :**

OH DARLING CHILD, SO FRESH, SO BRIGHT—  
THY BLOOD SHALL BE MY GLITTERED RIGHT!  
A SIP, A KISS, A CRIMSON POUR,  
AND I SHALL REIGN FOREVERMORE!

THY MAGIC'S MINE, THY FIRE TOO,  
I'LL DRINK THEE DEEP, I'LL WEAR THY HUE!  
THE STARS SHALL BOW, THE WOODS SHALL BEND—  
WHEN I, AUNTIE, ASCEND AGAIN!

*(She Blows A Kiss)*

**SCENE 3 YASSANDRA (LOW) :**

NON, NON, SUCH WASTE, SUCH GAUDY SHOW—  
THE CHILD MUST LEARN, MUST SERVE, MUST GROW.  
I SHALL CARVE HER SOFT, I SHALL SHAPE HER BONE,  
SHE SHALL WEAR PERFECTION, CRAFTED ALONE.

HER LAUGH SHALL CEASE, HER WILL SHALL BREAK,  
A FLAWLESS WITCH, NO HEART TO ACHE!  
A PUPPET PURE, A TOOL DIVINE—  
TO STITCH THE STARS, TO SEW THE LINE!

**NARRATOR (INTENSE) :**

THREE VOWS WERE CAST, THREE FATES ENTWINED,  
THREE SNARES WERE LAID FOR FLAME TO FIND.

AND DEEP WITHIN THE EVERMAZE,  
THE FIRST WITCH SMILED AT HER OWN BLAZE.  
FOR ALL THEIR SCHEMES, AND ALL THEIR SPITE—  
NONE SAW THE TEETH THAT GNAWED THE NIGHT.

## **ACT 5 THE MURMURING WILD**

### **SCENE 1**

(The First Witch Stands Silently In The Center Of The Stage, Shrouded By Mist.)

The Sisters Slowly Spread Apart, Each In Their Own Pool Of Flickering Light.)

#### **NARRATOR (REVERENT) :**

NOW STILLS THE BREATH, NOW CREEPS THE SHADE,  
NOW TREMBLES ALL THAT ONCE WAS MADE.  
THEIR SPITE HAS TORN THE THREADS SO THIN—  
THE WILD THINGS STIR, THE CRACKS BEGIN.

BUT NOT YET BREAKS THE ANCIENT LOOM,  
NOT YET SHALL SPILL THE EVER'S TOMB.  
THE WHEEL YET SPINS, THE ROOTS YET CREEP—  
THE FOREST STIRS. THE WORLD... HALF-SLEEPS.

(The Sisters Stalk The Stage, Realization Dawning — The Prophesied Child Is Out There Now.)

#### **BRINE (GROWLING) :**

THIS FLAME, THIS SPARK, THIS THORNÉD SPROUT,  
SHALL FIND THE SALT AND SNUFF IT OUT!  
A ROSE SHE IS — YET ROSES DROWN,  
WHEN TIDES RISE UP TO DRAG THEM DOWN!

#### **AUNTIE (LAUGHING) :**

A ROSE, THOU SAY'ST? OH SUGARPLUM,  
I'LL PLUCK THAT BLOOM ERE IT HATH COME!  
I'LL DRINK HER DEW, I'LL PAINT HER THORN,  
AND WEAR HER PETALS NEWLY SHORN!

#### **YASSANDRA (SMOOTH) :**

A ROSE, PERHAPS... BUT I SHALL WEAVE,  
HER BLOOMING HEART UPON MY SLEEVE.  
PRUNED AND PRESSED AND SHAPED TO GRACE,  
NO WILDER THORNS SHALL MAR HER FACE.

(The First Witch Watches The Sisters Without Moving, A Faint  
Smile Beginning To Creep Across Her Cracked Lips.)

**NARRATOR (WHISPERING) :**

THEY NAME HER WELL, YET KNOW HER NOT,  
THE THORN THAT BLOOMS WITHIN THEIR PLOT.  
THE ROSE IS SOWN, THE ROOTS RUN DEEP,  
AND SOON SHALL WAKE FROM SECRET SLEEP.

## **ACT 6- THE NAMING OF A WITCH**

### **SCENE 1**

The Sisters Fall Silent – Backing Away From The First Witch Instinctively.)

#### **NARRATOR (VOICE TREMBLING) :**

NOW SILENCE FALLS, THE BREATH IS CAUGHT,  
FOR TRUTH SHALL TEAR THE DREAMS THEY'VE WROUGHT.  
THE CLOAK SHALL FALL, THE MASK SHALL SLIP,  
THE ANCIENT NAME SHALL LOOSE ITS GRIP.

SPEAK NOT THE NAME, BEWARE, BEWARE—  
FOR ONCE IT'S NAMED, NONE MAY REPAIR!

(The First Witch Raises Her Arms. Her Shawl Shudders,  
Crawling With Living Embroidery – Eyes, Mouths, Claws.

The Lights Dim To A Single Spotlight.

#### **FIRST WITCH (DEEP AND INHUMAN) :**

FOOLS AND SPAWN, AND WRETCHED CLAY,  
YOU THOUGHT ME MERE OLD CROOK AND SWAY.  
YOU SAW THE OVEN, THE CANDY BREATH—  
YOU KNEW NOT YOU DANCED WITH DEATH.

I AM THE MOTHER WHO EATS HER YOUNG,  
THE HEART THAT HOWLED WHEN WORLDS WERE SPRUNG!  
I AM THE CLAW, THE ROOT, THE TOOTH—  
THE HUNGERING HEARTH OF OLDEST TRUTH.

I AM—

*(She Spreads Her Arms Wide. Her Shawl Tears Away.)*

#### **FIRST WITCH (SCREAMING) :**

BABA YAGA!