

JEREMY BONNIE

ACT I

Two Witches, No Waiting

11

ELZBETH. You saw two eyes outside your window?

ARLENE. Probably just some woodland creature.

OPAL. I'm on the second floor! This place is cursed! And you two are responsible.

ELZBETH (*wild-eyed*). You really shouldn't leave now, you know.

OPAL. You're witches! They tried to tell me! I didn't believe it, but it's true!

(ARLENE and ELZBETH back OPAL into a corner.)

ARLENE. How can you say that?

OPAL. Because it's true! That's what you ARE! Witches! Both of you! Witches!

(ARLENE and ELZBETH move closer to OPAL. Another thunderclap sounds and the LIGHTS black out.)

SCENE 2

(It is a few days later. LIGHTS up, the room is empty. There is a knock on the front door. Then the door opens, and JEREMY MARCUS looks in.)

JEREMY. Mother? Are you home? (*Enters, closes the door and looks around.*) Aunt Elzbeth? Hello? (*No answer.*) Oh, this can't be good. I told Mother I was coming, I KNOW I told Mother I was coming. (*Looks at his watch.*) And that girl said she'd be here—

(There is another knock at the front door.)

JEREMEY (*cont'd*). Right about now. (*Rushes over to the door and opens it cautiously.*) Yes?

BONNIE (*offstage*). Mr. Marcus?

← START

JEREMY. Bonnie Webster?

BONNIE (*offstage*). That's right.

(*BONNIE WEBSTER enters, carrying her satchel.*)

BONNIE (*cont'd*). I hope I'm not too early. My mom always told me when I go in for a new job to arrive just a few minutes early so that way it's always— (*Eyes widen as she looks around the room.*) a good impression.

JEREMY (*nervously*). No, no, you're fine, really, fine.

(*JEREMY closes the door and looks at her. BONNIE looks at him, and the two are silent during this awkward moment. After a moment, he speaks.*)

JEREMY (*cont'd*). Really. Fine.

BONNIE. So. This is the house? The one you told me about on the phone?

JEREMY (*false bravado*). Yes, yes of course.

BONNIE (*looking around again*). You didn't use enough adjectives.

JEREMY. Oh, don't let it overwhelm you. It's really— (*Looks around.*) it's really not all that bad. (*Looks back at her.*) I mean for a housekeeper, not that much work.

BONNIE. I see. Where are the two ladies who live here, your mother and your aunt?

JEREMY (*meekly*). I don't know. (*Rushes over to the kitchen door.*) They're probably in the kitchen, sure. (*Opens the door and yells.*) Mother?!

(*This causes BONNIE to jump. JEREMY looks back at her, trying to remain calm.*)

JEREMEY (*cont'd*). Well, I wouldn't worry about it.

BONNIE. Why should I worry about it?

JEREMY. Worry, did I say worry? I didn't mean worry. Well, I meant I wouldn't worry in the sense that I have no idea what's going on. (*Moves to the staircase.*)

BONNIE. Ah. Obviously some obscure meaning to the word "worry" I wasn't previously aware of.

JEREMY (*indicates the couch*). Please, won't you sit down?

BONNIE. Certainly.

(*BONNIE sits as JEREMY moves over to her.*)

BONNIE (*cont'd*). I'm sure you'll want to see my references.

JEREMY. Huh? Oh, right, sure.

(*JEREMY holds out his hand. BONNIE opens her satchel and pulls out her resume. She hands it to JEREMY, who takes it, but keeps looking around.*)

JEREMY (*cont'd*). Yes, yes, these credentials look fine, just fine.

BONNIE. You didn't look at it.

JEREMY. Huh? (*Glances at the résumé.*) Yes, the credentials look fine, just fine.

BONNIE. Sir, you seem a bit nervous, if I may say so.

JEREMY. Well, there's a reason for that, I AM nervous. (*Sits in the chair next to the couch and places the résumé on the table.*) The thing is, Bonnie—May I call you Bonnie?

BONNIE. Certainly.

JEREMY. The thing is, Bonnie, well let's start with what you've heard? About this house?

BONNIE. Heard? Nothing, sir.

JEREMY (*smiles*). Nothing? (*Leans back in the chair, now more relaxed.*) Good.

BONNIE. As I told you I just moved here, well, I have a motel room anyway, and wanted to find a job as soon as possible.