

SIX SECRETS OF SEVEN WITCHES

By Kelly Meadows

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SIX SECRETS OF SEVEN WITCHES

A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue

By Kelly Meadows

SYNOPSIS: What happens when a witch spills her secret spell? Oh, the usual: intrigue, romance, war, suffering... Will Massachusettsburg ever be the same after a group of meddling witches cause a princess to reject her princely suitor for a foul mouthed sailor? When one of the witches is kidnapped, she's threatened with unspeakable horror unless she gives up her secret spell. Will she give in? We can't say what might happen...it's unspeakable! This monologue stirs up a witches' brew of comedy, romance, and adventure.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

WITCH (f) Witch who's several hundred years old, yet looks just like the person playing her!

SETTING: Massachusettsburg.

WITCH: There was a problem. There were seven of us witches, but now...only six secrets. Perhaps you know a little bit about witches. (*Rattling it off.*) Salem, England, witch hunts, eye of newt, leg of toad. (*Instructive!*) But you *don't* know about the Seven Secrets. (*A bit remorseful.*) Well, now that would be six. Cammerelda forgot hers, and since then, we've all been powerless. (*Almost a whisper.*) Lots of politics.

Now, you might ask, why didn't somebody else know her secret? Duh...that's why it's a secret! Everybody knew something that no else else knew, and for hundreds of years, we worked together to create a secret magic that – well, we kept it from the British, we kept it from the Shamans...we kept it from everyone who might want to steal our secrets and start trouble on their own. So when someone kidnapped Cammerelda, she couldn't spew up more than one secret. You can't rule the world – you can't even lord it over a pine forest – with *one* secret when you need *seven*.

We'd all get together over a bonfire, join hands, chant an incantation or two... the usual witch stuff, and things would happen. Good things, bad things, weird things, but they would happen, and if you chanted your spells just right, all kinds of delightful mayhem would ensue.

Princesses would get married, for example, and what bigger bedlam than a royal wedding? It's good for everyone, right? The rich, the poor, the middle class or what's left of it – everyone's happy when a princess gets her man. Everyone but that jealous prince who doesn't win her hand.

(As a PRINCE, a young man who grew up believing he was entitled to marry the princess. Some type of Boston-area accent for him would be fun and set him apart from the other characters.) I was supposed to marry the princess. What she was princess of, we weren't sure. Ever since the Americans invaded and imposed democracy with an iron fist, we've had no kingdom. We don't have princesses, we have Kardashians. We have (*Disgusted.*) elections. But one family still had a princess, and I was on tap to marry her since the time I was two. Then someone says "it's a democracy, so let's throw a ball, and all the men can come dance with her and she can marry whoever she likes best." Suddenly it wasn't about wealth, power, and noble birth, it was a dance-off. Thanks to some spell-casting witches, she married a poor California sailor on leave from the navy. Now when a royal princess marries a poor man, everyone's like "yay, equality" and all that, but it's not so simple. (*Foreboding.*) Not if I have my way...

So, there was that. A prince and his entourage were mad. His mother, his father, his aunts, uncles... the greedy yet deposed royal family of Massachusettsberg that wanted to double its income by hitching Prince Lawrence up with Princess KaVeera. But KaVeera married a sailor. He picked up her money and she picked up his colorful use of language. But oh, can he dance! Prince Lawrence set about getting revenge, while we witches were oblivious to the fact that we were the septet that set this in motion. We were just having fun. "Let's wreak a little havoc over in Massachusettsberg," said Cammerelda. We thought we were doing good by helping common people marry up. Unfortunately, the common people were not impressed.

(Make these voices silly and annoying.)

"Unfortunately, I'm anything but common!"

"Unfortunately, she's crossed the wrong mortal."

"Unfortunately, she's not the only witch in the woods."

"Unfortunately, she's not very fortunate at all."

There was a lot of unfortunate-ness going on, and someone kidnapped Cammerelda, thinking she could chant a spell to undo the princess' choice of husbands.

This whole secret thing has been a point of contention since about 1315. Seven witches, seven blabbermouth young women who wouldn't keep anything to themselves. In our younger days, say seven hundred years ago, we thought it was cool to share our spells with whoever brought us a piece of pie. War broke out, famine stalked the land, bubonic plague wiped out a good part of Europe, and we thought *oh, cool!* But not so much, and we were punished. Our beloved Uncle Gilligan cast a spell on us:

(As an ANGRY POWERFUL MAN.) "Now you will learn to keep to yourself that which must be kept. If you spill your secret, you will lose your power."

Cammerelda spilled...just last week. Mind you she held it for about seven hundred years, so *whatever*, uncle.

(Back to the story!) There was a lot at stake, and if you're a witch, at stake is the last place you want to be. But that's where Cammerelda wound up. Not *tied* to a stake, but at a steak dinner after seven centuries as a vegan. You can imagine how badly this went down when they tried to force her to give up her witch's secret!

(As her KIDNAPPERS, gruff.) "Tell us the eye of newt replacement!" they demanded, "or you'll eat the meat."

"Tell us the leg of toad replacement!" That was my secret, and she didn't know it. But she did know the eye of newt. I should explain. We had to go start casting our spells with plant-based ingredients because we were ruining the ecosystem with our witches' brews.

A great sage came to us, bearing parsley. (*Wise, yet arrogant.*) “You witches created a world of one-eyed newts and three legged toads. Every time you cast a spell, the forest suffers.”

We agreed, but we’re witches. Suffering is our thing. (*Raspy and crabby.*) “That’s the point of being a witch!” said my sister Choccolotta.

“Not. Any. More,” said our sage. “I’m going to show you how to cast a spell with the same force by using a vegan substitution. I’ve also been in conference with your Uncle Gilligan. So each one of you will have one secret spell to activate your ingredient. You must cast your spell over your plant-based replacement where the others can’t hear you. Then together, all the spells will work as one. (*With witch-like laughter.*) If you spill your spell, you’re condemned to forget it and you’ll be a witch-laughed...with no witch craft.”

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