

**The Witches You Couldn't Burn: a WitchTok LiveStream**

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By Leo Grierson

Estimated run time: 10 Minutes

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### Cast of Characters

Gina - Late teens/early 20s. Black girl. Skilled practitioner of magic passed down from her family. Very online. Well read.

Goodie Abby - Late teens/early 20s. White girl. Big sister of Goodie Betty, and leader of their “coven.” Very online. Insecure.

Goodie Betty - Mid to late teens. White girl. The sensitive younger sister to Goodie Abby. Wants to please her sister very badly. Fairly online.

### Setting

TikTok For You Page, TikTok live stream, Goodie Abby’s bedroom. Present day.

Notes from the playwright:

Em dashes ( – ) indicate a character being cut off

“All Goodies” is choral, and trance-like, spoken by Abby and Betty, but reverberated throughout the space to seem like many more voices.

*Three TikTok stations are set up on a blank stage Three phones on stands with ring lights. Gina steps to the middle ring. She begins her video. Chime.*

GINA

You've all heard of Smokey Bear, right? Well, I read on Twitter, that before white people settled on the west coast, Indigenous people would do controlled forest burns to keep those ecosystems healthy, and keep naturally occurring forest fires from causing devastation. The colonizers didn't WANT there to be any fire. Period. Enter, Smokey Bear. Smokey the Bear is a bitch ass tool of the colonizer, but more importantly, is emblematic of what it means to practice ancestral magic in America - you ritualize something, something for healing, and white people are so afraid of it they have to slap a cute face on their propaganda, throw nature out of whack, and call it harm prevention.

*Chimes. Goodie Abby steps to one of the ring lights, starts her video.*

ABBY

When I was 4 I started a fire with my mind. That is how I knew I had the gift. My meemaw said that my great great great grandmother was tried for witchcraft, but when they tried to burn her at the stake, she said a curse and the whole town burned down instead. Destruction. The power of fire to destroy. My ancestral grandmother emerged from the ashes, looking fierce. I'm just like her.

*Chimes. Goodie Betty steps to the last ring light, and starts her video.*

BETTY

When I craft a love spell I like to use "Fresh Cut Roses" by Yankee Candle company. This is unsponsored content, by the way –

*Chime, a new video .*

GINA

I feel the ancestral spirits in the smallest things. An acorn picked up from the ground. A drop of rain. Nature, and the spirit world cannot be stopped. Even the smallest of objects can become a portal if imbued with the right intention.

*Chime*

ABBY

Does your magic practice necessitate secrecy? Will your friends and coworkers laugh at you, be hostile to you, generally just not understand? Mine don't. Nobody does. That's why I wear a

necklace with a protection charm. Anything can be a charm if imbued with the right energy and intention!

*Chime*

BETTY

My sister gave me a necklace that gave me a rash!

*Chime*

GINA

There are lots of alternatives to white sage and palo santo as a cleansing tool. Maybe those cheap ass yankee candles y'all like so much.

*Chime*

ABBY

I found the cutest little bundles of white sage at a local boutique.

*Chime*

BETTY

What if the real magic is the friends we make along the way?

*Chime*

GINA

The definition of “closed practice” is —

*Chime*

ABBY

– Women who don't support other women in their practice don't have any right to tell other witches what to do –

*Chime*

GINA

But if you want to do –

*Chime*

BETTY

Evil Eye Banishment –

*Chime*

ABBY

All you have to do –

ALL

Is say it with me:

“Double Double Toil and Trouble  
Coochie burn and pussy bubble  
Goodie, Goodie water and blood  
Waist be snatched and charm be good”

*(They do a TikTok dance.)*

“Double Double Toil and Trouble  
Decline that facecard. Make her struggle  
Poison water, boiling blood  
She’ll rue the day she came for the Good.”

*They continue to dance and chant, working themselves into a frenzy. It does not work, ring lights sputter and eventually, black out. Chime.*

GINA

It has come to my attention that a couple of accounts have been straight up copping my shit. I have tried to report them but the platform keeps saying they don’t see anything wrong with what they’re doing. I think that is really fucked up. I’m not gonna @ anybody, you know who you are, all I ask is please give me my credit when messing with MY spiritual practice, you don’t want that kind of energy following you.

*The TikTok ends. Chime. Abby and Betty sit in Abby’s bedroom, doing a joint livestream. Betty takes a seat next to Abby, rings a chime. They begin.*

ABBY

I now call this meeting of the Granddaughters of the Witches You Couldn’t Burn to order. I want to thank everyone for tuning in to my, and my sister’s, livestream tonight. I want to remind you

all that in this space, you are not alone. In this space we understand. In this space, we are good. That's why we call you and each other "goodie."

BETTY

I thought it was an old-timey word for "wife" –

ABBY

– It is symbolic, Goodie, of our commitment to each other, and to our spiritual practice. It's also ironic because as witches we reject the patriarchal bullshit that says we "need men" in order to be complete, fulfilled women.

BETTY

Oh! But that reminds me, I wanted to give a shout out to Goodie Mckaighliegh from Nevada who sent us herbs from her garden that will bring fulfillment in this new moon in Gemini!

ABBY

My sister and I know they were grown with the love we channel from our community. Say it with me, witches:

ALL GOODIES

Our community.

BETTY

We really have to stick together us witchest because no one understands us.

ABBY

No control :(

BETTY

But most importantly–

ABBY

Now hold on Goodie, good witches don't interrupt their sisters' processing their feelings!

BETTY

Oh, I thought we had–

ABBY

Silly Goodie. Just don't make it a habit. Continue!

BETTY

As an empath, I'm feeling a lot of hostility from you Abby-

ABBY

Goodie! Let's not fight! We're BOTH empaths! Sweet sister. The moment's passed and you are forgiven. Please, continue.

BETTY

Okay. If you tuned in last time, you'll remember that we talked about shifting, and practiced summoning charms, to entrap those who seek to harm us and our divine feminine mission.

ABBY

Say it with us, witches:

ALL GOODIES

Those who seek to harm us!

BETTY

To guide our practice tonight, as is tradition, I will now draw a card for the meeting.

*Betty takes out a tarot deck and shuffles. Chimes. The LiveStream glitches, the lights go out.  
Gina appears, hazy on their screen.*

GINA

Uh oh, Sisters! It appears there's been a vibe shift. Are "Those Who Seek to Harm You" in the room with you now? I've been watching you, and it looks like you don't need my help in opening whatever shit you've decided to open.

*Gina snaps away. The live stream continues.*

BETTY

What the fuck was that?

ABBY

I...I don't know, just keep going.

*Betty draws the card. (Abby and Betty gasp.)*

BETTY

Holy shit. You guys...The Devil!

ABBY

(Nods wisely) Girlboss.

BETTY

Werk!

ABBY

Goodies, near and far! My beloved sister has the gift of divination. This can be nothing but a sign from the divine feminine herself. Tonight is the night. The most important meeting of our coven to date. We are going to try it.

BETTY

Oh.

ABBY

What.

BETTY

I guess...I don't know—

ABBY

You don't know what?? We've been following her for months. We've reported every single post for violating platform rules. We have a 75% success rate on having her shit taken down.

BETTY

Abby-

ABBY

GOODIE!

BETTY

Cut the crap, Abby.

ABBY

Do I need to remind you we are still on live??

BETTY

...Goodie. I get that you're mad that she said you copy her—



ABBY

We aren't copying her!! We are calling on OUR ancestors just like she calls on hers. We have lived at the fringes far too long. As we have been isolated, misunderstood, our power grew within us! We will not be talked over, or uncentered, or deplatformed! We are the Granddaughters of the Witches you could not burn, and it's time to throw little miss Tituba to the wolves! We've shadow banned the bitch, now let's banish her to the shadow realm! We are going to open a portal that zaps her of all her power and influence and followers! Load the sacrifice!

BETTY

Yeah...yeah! okay!

*Betty dutifully obeys and pulls up Gina's latest TikTok. Chime. As Abby Speaks, you can faintly hear an echo of Gina's voice underneath.*

ABBY/GINA

It has come to my attention that the following account has been straight up copping my shit. I have tried to report them but the platform keeps saying they don't see anything wrong with what they're doing.

ABBY

I think that is really messed up. So, to GinaMagic713, please give me credit when messing with MY spiritual practice, you don't want that kind of energy following you.

*Chime. The Goodies begin to dance and chant.*

GOODIES (no Gina)

Double Double Toil and Trouble  
Coochie burn and pussy bubble  
Goodie Goodie water and blood  
Waist be snatched and charm be good

Double Double Toil and Trouble  
Decline that facecard. Make her struggle  
Poison water, boiling blood  
She'll rue the day she came for the Good.

*(The Goodies continue chanting and dancing,) Chime. Gina starts a live. We can see the goodies dancing on a monitor in the background.*

GINA

So, if you're just tuning in, these bitches keep reporting me, I keep losing followers, my viewership is low, and I'm straight up shadowed banned. They think they are hurting me by doing this. Going viral won't fill the hole in you, Goodie Girls. My magic isn't like a tree falling in Smokey Bear's woods - it survives even when no one is watching. That being said, sharing my magic brings me joy. I gave you food and you poisoned it. I want my shit back.

*The lights shift. A low hum.*

GINA

Goddamnit, what did you witches do??

ABBY

Holy shit. It's working!

*All comes to a stand still. Betty lets out a blood curdling scream. She throws her head back and closes her eyes. Pause. She springs to life, body rigid, she speaks in a voice that is not her own.*

BETTY

Double double, children in trouble!  
I am the granddam pulled from the rubble!  
Goodie, Goodie who made them burn!  
No witch myself, but witches spurned!

ABBY

Betty cut the crap!

My lily white fingers pointed in hate!  
In my name burned the reprobates!  
The spells you cast have brought me forth!  
Now dragged to hell for all you're worth!

ABBY

Holy shit...you're...you're not Betty...

No witch was I, as you proudly boast!  
You're spawned from one who made them roast!  
You little harlots brought me hence!  
To banish me, make recompense!

Double double, children in trouble! Double, double, children in trouble!

*Betty collapses.*

...Betty?! Betty...?

*Abby, panicked, turns her camera off. Gina remains,*

GINA

Damn!

*Gina lights a candle, and takes a deep, cleansing breath. The monitor behind Gina is black. The sound of viewers rejoining Gina's livestream. Chime.*

GINA

Welcome back followers!

END OF PLAY

**Playing Wolves**  
**By Leo Grierson**  
**Jim Henson Award Scene**  
**Draft 2/26/2023**

*A small pool of light on a wolf stuffed animal. The stage is bare except for everything we need, and this wolf, but we can't see everything else. Out of the darkness a hand reaches into the pool of light and takes hold of the wolf. Turns its head from left, to right, then directly up into the light.*

TELEMEDES

“A lone wolf will not survive. A wolf is defined by the pack around it. A wolf without another wolf is just a dog. A wild thing is transformed by ways of seeing. A wild thing is transformed by ways of seeing —”

*The lights snap onto the stage revealing LUX, wolf in hand.*

LUX  
Shit.

*LUX grasps their abdomen.*

LUX

No. no no no no.

*LUX turns around and unzips their pants.*

LUX  
Shit tit balls goddammit.

*LUX frantically looks around, pants unzipped.*

KENDRA  
(Offstage) Yo Lux.

*KENDRA enters. Their voices collide in panic. LUX attempts to push them out of the door.*

LUX  
-Kendra!

KENDRA  
-yoooo

LUX  
-Get out!

KENDRA  
-What the hell??

LUX  
-Get out!

KENDRA  
Your mom told me to come up.

LUX  
Yeah well, my mom's a cunt.

KENDRA  
I don't think you get to use that word anymore.

LUX  
Get out!

KENDRA

No I'm not going back out there, your mom's a cunt.

LUX

Will you just...not look? Please?

*KENDRA does. LUX frantically continues their search for something, anything to put in their underwear.*

KENDRA

What's wrong with you?

LUX

Nothing, I...I got my...

KENDRA

OH!

LUX

Yeah.

KENDRA

Your period!

LUX

Shut up!

KENDRA

Oh grow up it's not a dirty word.

LUX

It feels like it is.

KENDRA

That's not very feminist!

LUX

Well I'm a...guy getting his first period so!

KENDRA

Well congratulations are in order!

LUX

For why?

KENDRA

Because now you're a-

*Stops herself*

KENDRA

It's a right of passage.

LUX

I'm already a bar mitzvah.

KENDRA

I am fondly aware.

*KENDRA picks a sock up off a pile of laundry. Smells it. It's clean. She hands it to LUX. LUX turns around and puts the sock in their pants. Zips. Turns around.*

LUX

Thanks.

KENDRA

Do you want something...else?

LUX

I want to play the game.

KENDRA

I have an extra pad in my backpack I can give you.

LUX

I want to play the game.

KENDRA

A sock's not a long term solution, it's fine for now but long term is gross.



LUX

I want to play the game! Kendra! I'm fine. Do you hear that?

KENDRA

I hear you. I hear you. Sorry.

*LUX picks up the wolf toy off the ground and Kendra removes a similar wolf from her backpack. They sit on the floor, facing each other, wolves in hand.*

KENDRA

Ready?

LUX

Ready.

*The light zeros in on the wolves and the rest of the world disappears. LUX and KENDRA are now Telemedes and Electeera, leaders of their wolf clan and protectors of the lunar secrets.*

ELECTEERA

“‘Tis the first full moon since your bite, Telemedes, your change is on its way.”

TELEMEDES

“I fear I have betrayed you, Electeera. My gratitude to your clan for taking me in runs deep in blood, as well as my shame.”

ELECTEERA

“But now something else runs deep as well. This change will leave you exiled from the clan.”

TELEMEDES

“Tell me what I must do. Please, guide me towards the antidote to this awful curse.”

ELECTEERA

“There are whispers of those who have overcome the change, but such knowledge lies beyond my wolfly knowledge.”

TELEMEDES

“But you are the wisest and most powerful wolf in all of Lupinia. If you do not know the cure, surely I will suffer an exile, a fate worse than death.”

ELECTEERA

“Your mutation does not change my affection for you, dear Telemedes, you shall always have a home with me. But you must embark on a quest of discovery if you are to ever truly be one of us.”

TELEMEDES

“Will you be with me? Will you run in the snow by my side?”

ELECTEERA

“As far as my paws will take me.”

*They howl together. Lux snaps out of the game. Their grip on the animal loosens.*

LUX

Telemedes and Electeera run through the mountains.

KENDRA

No we don't! We stay in the cave and plot our next moves!

LUX

But we haven't hunted in three sessions.

KENDRA

Oh right. We need to feed the pack or they'll revolt.

*They're back in it. Hands on puppets.*

ELECTEERA

“Attend, ye Wolfkins! The lean winter will not break us. No matter how hungry we may feel – for meat, understanding, magic powers...love...”

*Both Kendra and Electeera look at Lux/Telemedes.*

TELEMEDES:

“...Love? My queen?”

ELECTEERA

Oh. Yeah. “Love! Together we shall find what we seek. Together we shall sustain. Tonight, we hunt!”

*They howl again. The game has reached its natural conclusion. The pair pause.*

KENDRA

Do you feel better?

LUX

Yes.

KENDRA

Good.

LUX

That “love” stuff was funny.

KENDRA

Oh. Psh. Yeah. Don’t know where that came from.

LUX

Tomorrow?

KENDRA

Tomorrow.

*Kendra packs up her wolf. She looks once again at Lux, and exits. Lux looks at themselves in the mirror. Touches where the sock bulges. Holds their wolf. End of scene.*