

SHEP. I have to go. (*Crosses up to door—GILLIAN opens it.*) SHEP holds out his hand to GILLIAN.) Well, good night, and—Merry Christmas.

GILLIAN. (*Taking his hand.*) And to you.  
SHEP. Thank you. (*Bowing to MISS HOLROYD.*) Good night. (GILLIAN closes door, crosses to u.l. of ottoman. MISS HOLROYD walks away with exaggerated nonchalance, aware of the scolding that is coming to her, and trying only to postpone it. She puts her cape on window seat and presents on r. table. GILLIAN stands watching her, like a cat waiting to pounce.)

MISS HOLROYD. So you've met him, after all. Do you still think he's attractive?

GILLIAN. (*Quietly.*) Yes, I do. Very.

MISS HOLROYD. (*Crossing to back of r. chair.*) Did you—bring him here?

GILLIAN. No. He came here to talk to me. (*Pause. Then, springing it. She turns to MISS HOLROYD.*) About you.

MISS HOLROYD. (*Naïvely.*) Me?

GILLIAN. (*Coming toward her.*) Yes, and it's no good acting innocent. I'm angry. Really angry.

MISS HOLROYD. (*Backing to r. of table.*) Why, what have I done?  
GILLIAN. (*Above r. table.*) You know. Broken into his apartment—played tricks with his telephone . . .

MISS HOLROYD. That was because he reported me to the agents. (*She backs to below r. chair.*) That was just to pay him out.

GILLIAN. (*Very angry, she crosses to below table.*) I don't care what it was. You promised when I let you move in here . . .

MISS HOLROYD. I promised to be careful.

GILLIAN. And do you call that being careful? Getting caught in his apartment? Twice!

MISS HOLROYD. What harm did I do? I didn't take anything. (*She crosses to c.*) Oh, yes, I read his letters, it's not as if I were going to make use of them. Though I'm tempted to now—now that he's told on me—to you. (*She steps r.*)

GILLIAN. (*Menacingly, and quite frighteningly.*) Auntie, if you do—well, you'll be sorry. And you know I can make you sorry, too.

MISS HOLROYD. (*Defensively.*) She sits in r. chair. GILLIAN steps to r. of table.) He'd never suspect, darling. Not in a million years. No matter what I did. Honestly, it's amazing the way people don't. Why, they don't believe there are such things. I sit in the subway sometimes, or in busses, and look at the people next to me, and I

think: I wonder what you would say if I told you I was a witch? They'd never believe it. I just know they wouldn't believe it. And I giggle and giggle to myself.

GILLIAN. (*Crossing to above r. table, l. of MISS HOLROYD.*) Well, you've got to stop giggling here. You've got to swear, swear on the Manual . . .

MISS HOLROYD. (*Retreating a step, to below table.*) Swear what?

GILLIAN. (*Crossing to above ottoman, turns to her.*) That you'll stop practicing—in this house—ever.

MISS HOLROYD. You practice here.

GILLIAN. I can be discreet about it. You can't.

MISS HOLROYD. (*Very hurt. She crosses down r.*) I shall move to a hotel.

GILLIAN. Very well. But if you get into trouble there, don't look to me to get you out.

MISS HOLROYD. (*Huffily.*) I've other people I can turn to.

GILLIAN. (*Scornfully.*) Mrs. de Pass, I suppose.

MISS HOLROYD. Yes, she's done a lot for me.

GILLIAN. (*Crosses up. l.*) Well, I wouldn't count on Mrs. de Pass, if I turn against you. I'm a lot better than that old phony. Now . . . (*She gets a large white-bound book from a closet—in book-case.*)

MISS HOLROYD. (*Really scared.*) Oh, Gillian, please—not on the Manual.

GILLIAN. (*Crosses down c.l. of ottoman. Relentlessly.*) On the Manual. (MISS HOLROYD crosses to GILLIAN.) Now, put your hand on it. (MISS HOLROYD does so, terrified.) Now, then, I swear that I will not practice witchcraft in this house ever again. So help me Tagla, Salamandrae, Brazo and Vesturriel. Say, "I swear."

MISS HOLROYD. (*After a moment.*) I swear.

GILLIAN. Good. (*She replaces book.*)

MISS HOLROYD. I think you're very cruel. (*She crosses to below sofa.*) GILLIAN. (*Returning, somewhat softened, to r. of sofa.*) Oh, Auntie, if you'd only have a little sense!

MISS HOLROYD. (*Continuing.*) And hypocritical. Sometimes I think you're ashamed of being what you are. (*She sits c. of sofa.*)

GILLIAN. Ashamed? I'm not in the least ashamed. No, it's not a question of that, but . . . (*Sits on arm of sofa.*) Auntie, don't you ever wish you weren't?

MISS HOLROYD. (*Amazed.*) No!

GILLIAN. That you were like those people you sit next to in the busses?