

Mr Crumhorn writes down 'not very happy at all', saying it as he writes. The mob exit. Mr Crumhorn takes his place behind the counter. Three witches, complete with broomsticks, enter. One is dragging a stuffed black cat on wheels. They are arguing.

Mildred: It was my turn to turn that prince into an amphibian.

Bunty: Yes, Mildred, but you're always trying to be clever. Why can't you just turn them into toads like everyone else?

Drusilla: Bunty's right. I mean, does the world really need another great-crested newt? Or a lesser spotted salamander?

Mildred: I can't help it if I've got an imagination. Toads are just so, well, warty.

Drusilla: That's the point you cretinous harpy.

Bunty: Drusilla!

Drusilla: I'm sorry Bunty, but I really think she's too soft for this game.

Bunty and Mildred approach the desk. Drusilla sits on the sofa.

Mr Crumhorn: Good evening.

Bunty: Hello. Could we check in please?

Mr Crumhorn: Of course. (*Checks his list.*) The Wyrd Sisters?

Drusilla: No. The Abominable Snowmen.

Mr Crumhorn: Ah-ha ha. I think madam is having a little joke.

Mildred: Yes, we're the Wyrd Sisters. Although of course we're not really sisters.

Mr Crumhorn: No?

Drusilla: We're brothers.

Bunty: *(To the audience, mysteriously.)* We are not related by blood. We swore an oath to each other under the new moon to be loyal, faithful and true.

Mr Crumhorn: So...not like sisters at all.

Bunty: I suppose not.

Mildred: Drusilla was particularly good at swearing.

Drusilla looks pleased with herself.

Mr Crumhorn: *(Rings the bell.)* Boris! *(Boris enters, with a spoon. He is chewing something.)* Show these ladies to their rooms – 208 to 210. *(To the witches.)* I do hope you have a pleasant stay.

Boris: This way mistresses.

Mildred: Can I turn them into guppies then?

Drusilla: A guppy's not an amphibian you daft old bat.

Mildred: Is it not?

Bunty: No Mildred dear, a guppy is a fish.

Mildred: How about a mongoose?

Boris and the witches exit.

Enter three vampires – smoke machine. They are all wearing dark glasses and the classic black cape.

Count Backula: Election the for here we're. Sir you to evening good.

Vlad-the-Retailer: Please forgive Count Backula – he can only talk forwards when the moon is full. He said 'Good evening to you sir. We're here for the election.'

Mr Crumhorn: Luckily for sir it's a full moon tomorrow.

Backula: Right that's.

Vlad: That's right.

Backula: Said I what that's.

Milo: We represent the Transylvanian community. Count Backula you know already, this is Vlad-the-Retailer and I am Milo Veins.

Mr Crumhorn: *Vlad-the-Retailer?*

Backula: Shop a got he's.

Vlad: I've got a shop.

Mr Crumhorn: Does sir sell blood sausage? Ah-ha ha.

Milo: No – my colleague sells doilies.

Backula: Nice very they're.