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# Bell Book and Candle

By Daniel Taradash

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[No Audible Dialogue]

[Purring] [Bell Jingles]

Oh, Pye, Pye, Pyewacket.

What's the matter with me?

Why do I feel this way?

It's such a rut.

The same old thing day after day.

The same old people.

Oh, I know I'm feeling sorry

for myself, but it's true.

Why don't you give me something

for Christmas, Pye? [Meows]

Hmm, what would I like?

[Meows] I'd like to do

something different.

I'd like to meet

someone different.

[Meows]

Look, there's that man upstairs.

[Purring]

[Purring Continues]

He's different.

Why don't I ever know

people like that? Hmm?

Why don't you give me him

for Christmas, Pye? [Meows]

Why don't you give me him?

[ Whistling Deck the Halls]

[Continues]

[Woman] Oh, dear!

[Drawer Closes]

You startled me.

Well, we're even.

Who are you?

You do have a nice place here.

Thank you. Would you mind if I ask

what you're doing in it?

Certainly not.

I was going downstairs, and

your door happened to be open.

And I saw your window open too.

And the snow was coming through,

and I thought

you'd like me to close it.

So I did.

Uh-huh.

Uh, it's odd I had  
to unlock the door to get in.

Yes, isn't it?

After all, you are fairly new  
in the building.

I was only being neighbourly.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, are you the one  
that lives above me?

Ah. Well, tell me something,  
would you?

Are you studying dramatics,  
by any chance? Dramatics?

Well, at night, I hear you through  
the ceiling as I'm trying to sleep.

It sounds as though you're  
reciting or something.

- Can you understand what I say?

- No.

I'll try not to do it so loudly.

You read, don't you?

And you have such a correspondence.

I straightened your desk up a bit.

I'm afraid you're very sloppy.

Well, if you don't mind terribly,

I have some telephoning to do  
some personal telephoning.

Before you moved in,  
a theosophist lived here,  
and he was very pleasant.

Very pleasant.

Wow.

[ Garbled Voice On Phone, Singing]

[Dials Operator] Hello?

[Distorted Voice Speaking

Foreign Language] Operator?

[Knocking]

[Knocking Continues]

I'm sorry to bother you.

I'm Shepherd Henderson. I live just above.

I know.

I'm Gillian Holroyd.  
How do you do?  
My phone seems to be out of order.  
I wonder if I might use yours.  
I'm late for an appointment.  
Certainly. Come in.  
Thank you.  
It's in the back.  
Thank you.  
You reading this?  
Oh, Magic in Mexico. Yes.  
Are you interested  
in that sort of thing?  
Well, not personally, but,  
professionally, I'm a publisher.  
Hello, operator?  
I'd like to report a phone out of order.  
All right.  
Did you publish that?  
No, but I wish I had.  
Sold like the Kinsey Report.  
Well, I can't think why.  
It's completely phony.  
- Oh, it is?  
- I spent a year in Mexico.  
I'm sure they fed him a lot of fake  
tourist stuff, and he swallowed it whole.  
Maybe they did that  
to Kinsey too.  
I certainly wish  
I'd put this one out though.  
As a matter of fact, I understand Redlitch  
is about ready to change publishers.  
And, uh-Uh, yes.  
Well, I'll wait.  
Would you like to meet him?  
- You know him?  
- No, but I might know someone who does.  
Well, I understand he's a drunk and a nut, but  
there's always a big market for the supernatural.  
Yes, I'd like very much to meet him.  
- Then I'll see if I can arrange it sometime.  
- Thank you.  
Uh, uh- Supervisor?

My number is Chickering 4-5099,  
and it's out of order.  
Well, I don't know  
what's wrong with it.  
If you want my opinion I  
think it's sick. [Laughs]  
Well, no matter what I dial, I get  
nothing but these idiotic sounds. I...  
How's that? No, that's just it.  
They're not mechanical.  
They're more human.  
Or inhuman.  
Well, maybe it is goblins.  
I know it sounds strange,  
but I want it fixed, huh?  
Merry Christmas to you too.  
[Handset Settles In Cradle]  
Perhaps you need a drink.  
Well, I'm in an awful hurry.  
Maybe I can have a rain check.  
Certainly.  
Thank you.  
There we are.  
This is a fascinating shop.  
What's this? That's a Bayaka  
mask from the Belgian Congo.  
Looks a little like a German governess  
I used to have.  
How did you ever  
get interested in all this?  
I majored in anthropology at college.  
Gillian, you've got to change  
your mind and come along.  
I didn't know you had company.  
This is Shepherd Henderson, Queenie.  
This is my aunt, Miss Holroyd.  
Your aunt?  
Mr. Henderson and I  
saw each other a little earlier.  
I'm afraid he thinks I've been naughty.  
Oh, no. No, not exactly.  
Oh, good.  
Gillian, you can't stay in tonight.  
All our friends will be at the Zodiac.

Mr. Henderson, persuade her for me.  
The Zodiac? I don't think I know it.  
I don't imagine you would.  
It's kind of a dive.  
But it's fun.  
[Laughs]  
Coax her for me.  
Uh-huh.  
Well, is it fun?  
It certainly can be.  
Well, then you oughtn't  
stay home Christmas Eve.  
Yeah. Well, now, thanks again  
for the phone.  
And merry Christmas.  
Merry Christmas.  
Good night.  
Merry Christmas.  
I think you like him.  
Yes, I do.  
Very much.  
Did you bring him here?  
No. No, he came to use the phone.  
[Laughs]  
You broke into his apartment,  
didn't you?  
I didn't break in, dear.  
And you fixed his phone.  
I'm angry with you, Queenie.  
Really angry. You promised.  
I promised to be careful.  
Besides, it serves him right.  
He wasn't nice to me at all.  
And what harm did I do? I didn't take anything.  
All right, I read his letters.  
Now really, Queenie.  
But it's not as if I were going  
to make use of them.  
It's too bad, though,  
he's getting married, isn't it?  
He's getting married?  
How do you know?  
Oh, one of his letters, I suppose.  
[Chuckles]

Well, that rules him out.  
I don't see why.  
I don't take other woman's men.  
But it would be so easy,  
and it would be such good practice  
for you, darling.  
And he'd never suspect,  
not in a million years.  
[Meows] Honestly, it's amazing  
the way people don't.  
They just don't believe  
there are such things.  
I sit in the subway sometimes  
or on buses or at the movies.  
I look at the people next to me,  
and I think,  
What would you say  
if I told you I was a witch?  
[Chuckling]  
I know they'd never believe it.  
They just wouldn't believe it.  
And I'd giggle- [Giggles]  
and giggle to myself.  
[Bell jingles] You have got  
to stop giggling here.  
Queenie, I want you to swear that you'll  
stop practising in this apartment house.  
But you practice here.  
I can be discreet about it. You can't.  
I shall move to a hotel.  
Very well then.  
But if you get into trouble there,  
don't look for me to get you out.  
Auntie, I want you to swear...  
that you will never practice  
witchcraft again in this house.  
If you don't, you'll be sorry.  
And you know I can make you sorry too.  
"Say I swear."  
I swear.  
[Sighs]  
Really, Auntie.  
It's for our own good, dear.  
Well, I think you're very cruel.

[Meows]

if you'll wait, I'll change.

[Purring]

[Jazz Combo]

[Crowd Chattering, Laughing]

[Continues]

[Man]

I was present. I was there.

There were only a few of us, of course,  
but I actually saw her do it.

I'm afraid I must agree with you...

up to a point.

Matilda's technique is superb,  
but her brewing lacks quality.

But on the other hand, Mrs. de Passe, you must  
admit that her ointments. Have done wonders.

Ointments.

Oh, my dear.

I abandoned ointments when I was 14.

That's understandable.

Of course, no one can mention  
Matilda and you in the same breath.

There's been nothing this  
century like you. Sweet.

[Continues]

Oh, Gil, darling, you're depressed.

I expect it's Christmas.

Always upsets me.

Auntie?

Auntie, don't you ever wish that  
you weren't... what we are?

NO.

That you could just spend Christmas Eve  
in a little church somewhere,  
listening to carols instead of bongo drums?

Now, now. Come over and join  
Zoe and Waldo and the others.

Why, even Mrs. de Passe is here.

I wish I could just spend some time  
with some everyday people for a change.

You wouldn't like it, darling.

They're ordinary and humdrum.

Yes, I suppose so.

But it might be pleasant



to be humdrum once in a while.  
Perhaps you'd like to be humdrum  
with that Mr. Henderson?  
I wouldn't mind.  
[jazz Continues, Mufed]  
Well, it has to be around here  
some place.  
I looked it up in the directory.  
All right, Shep, I grant you  
this place may be different.  
But must it be invisible?  
Now, listen.  
I swear I hear music.  
Don't you hear music?  
Uh-uh. Now, listen.  
Listen. Shh, shh.  
What's that? Look.  
[ Continues, Muffled]  
Drums.  
[Laughs]  
Hey, hello down there!  
Hello! Zodiac?  
Hello down- Hey, this is it.  
See there?  
Okay, I'll bet this is it.  
There. A trail.  
Follow the yellow line...  
and keep going and keep going...  
and there is an arrow.  
Success. Come on.  
[Continues]  
Are you sure you wouldn't rather  
go back to El Morocco?  
Oh, come on.  
This will be fun.  
Good evening.  
Oh, hello.  
Providing the signs are favourable,  
the Zodiac welcomes you.  
Date of your birth, sir?  
Um, March 12.  
Sign of the fish.  
The time is favourable.  
[Laughing]

Fish. Sign of the fish.

[Chuckles]

Shep, this is the scrabby end.

The night is favourable- auspicious  
for love, pleasure, entertainment.

Go right down. Oh, thanks.

Thanks. Come on.

[Crowd Applauding]

[ **Band:**

[ Man Singing In French]

[Continues In French]

it's not supposed to be known,  
but he's from the Paris chapter.

[Continues In French]

This is a charming little number...  
about a man who was assassinated  
and thrown into a river.

That was 10 years ago,  
and there he's been all this time...  
at the bottom.

Without food, alcohol  
or a female friend.

In addition, he detests water.

[Chuckles]

You won't catch her at El Morocco.  
She looks like she's been living  
in a pickle barrel.

[Continues]

[ Ends] [Crowd Cheering]

I think she's the one.

There's a snapshot of her in his desk drawer.

But, Auntie, I think...

Yes. Yes, I'm sure I do.

I know that girl.

[Crowd Chattering]

[Slow Tempo]

You sure you don't mind?

Of course not.

We're delighted.

That's very kind of you.

There we are.

Thank you.

I believe Miss Kittridge

and I know each other.

Oh? I don't seem

to remember.

Wellesley. We were

in the same dormitory.

Yes. Yes, of course.

You were that girl who used

to come to class barefoot.

[Laughs] They put you on  
probation for it, didn't they?

Somebody wrote a note  
to the dean about it.

I wear them in public now,

Mr. Henderson. Oh, sure.

That, uh- that band certainly is different.

Yes, Nicky and the boys

play very well together.

Nicky's the one playing the bongos.

- Up to a few months ago, he'd never studied music.

- He's quite remarkable.

Yes, particularly when you consider that,  
before that, he used to work in an herb shop.

Uh-huh. Looks to me as if  
he's eaten one herb too many.

[Chuckling] That's why he  
acts so creepy, I suppose.

No, it's not that at all.

It's just that all the Holroyds  
are a little sinister.

You see, Nicky's my brother.

[Sighs] Yeah.

I'm terribly sorry.

Uh...

Oh, waiter?

Yes, sir?

Give us two more of those, a vodka  
and tonic and a scotch and soda.

Yes, sir.

[Mouthing Words]

[ Band Stops]

[Mouthing Words]

[ Stormy Weather ]

Miss Kittridge had a-  
a quirk at college too.

- Thunderstorms.  
- Thunderstorms?  
- You do remember them?  
- [ Chuckles ] Just an old bugaboo of mine.  
Why, that last spring at school,  
it was most astonishing how many  
dreadful thunderstorms there were.  
- Remember?  
- Yes, I remember.  
It was most extraordinary.  
Why, they lasted for weeks.  
Did they really scare you?  
I'd rather not talk about it.  
[ Playing Louder ]  
Merle, are you all right?  
[ Frenetic ]  
[ Yells ] [ Screams ]  
Shep, get me out of here!  
[ Laughing ]  
[ Queenie Giggling ]  
All the girls loathed her.  
She was a liar and a sneak.  
And you know what else, Auntie?  
She used to write  
poison-pen letters.  
That note to the dean  
was from her.  
Didn't you do  
anything about it?  
[ Laughs ] Why do you suppose we had  
all the thunderstorms that spring?  
Then that was you She was a nervous  
wreck by the end of the term.  
Did you hear that, Nicky?  
Nicky!  
Why, Nicky, how clever!  
[ Giggling ]  
Yeah, it's nothing really.  
Just something I picked up the other day.  
Oh, Nicky,  
will you ever grow up?  
[ Giggling ]  
And, Auntie, you know  
something else?

She had a terrible reputation  
as a beau snatcher.  
Well, isn't that nice?  
Now you can't have a single twitch  
about taking him away from her.  
Why, it wouldn't be anything for you.  
Just a few words to Pyewacket.  
No, I don't want him that way.  
Gillian, you haven't fallen in love  
with him and lost your powers?  
Of course not. You don't  
believe that old wives' tale?  
Well, they say it's true. Nonsense.  
It's the other way around.  
We can't fall in love.  
I wonder.  
I wonder if I could  
get him without tricks.  
I wouldn't know, dear.  
I could never do it at all.  
If you both come in a moment,  
you can have your presents now.  
After all, it's been Christmas for hours.  
Wait a minute. Let me open.  
It's my turn now, Nicky.  
Let me. Auntie...  
Well, really!  
If Nicky can, why can't- Auntie!  
Yeah.  
[Laughing] Gil, I've got  
your present with me, dear,  
but I'm afraid it's  
kind of mingy this year.  
I've never been so broke. That's all right, dear.  
I like it just the same.  
Thank you. Let me do it again. Come on.  
No. No, Nicky, that's enough.  
[Nicky] Come on, Queenie, it's present time.  
Come on, come on.  
You know something? You know what I used  
to wonder as a kid? Pye, Pye, Pyewacket.  
Huh? Oh, Pyewacket.  
I always used to wonder why, all through  
history, witches were continually poor...

when you'd think they could get  
whatever they wanted.

It's only because they weren't any  
good at it, any more than we are.

[Nicky] Thank you.

[Cat Toy Squeaking]

We can turn out street-lights, but  
we can't make anything turn to gold.

Gil could.

She could hex the entire stock market  
if she wanted to, but she's scared.

- She's afraid of the repercussions.

- No, Nicky.

I just say you don't know what this kind  
of thing can do to you if you go too far.

Oh, records! Oh, Gil, wonder-

Gee, they're fine!

But I don't have

a phonograph any more.

You'll find you have one

when you get home.

Oh, now, Gil, that's too much.

Really?

Did you get it for me?

Did you witch it, or did you pay for it?

None of your business, Nicky.

Tell me anyway.

You mustn't ask that, Nicky.

It's like asking what it cost.

Oh, this is lovely, Gillian.

What does it do?

Makes you look fascinating.

You mean...

No, Auntie, it has no powers.

I just thought it was pretty.

Oh, it is. It's very pretty.

L-I love it.

Thanks again, Nicky.

What's it for?

It's for summoning.

You're supposed

to take this liquid,

and you paint it on an image or a drawing  
or a photograph of anybody that you want.

And then you set fire to it, and- [ Exclaims] they gotta come to you.  
[Laughing]  
Found it in a new little shop.  
Very interesting, Nicky. Gee, I hope it works for you.  
I couldn't even make it light.  
Let's try it, right now.  
Who are you going to try it on?  
[Gillian] You'll see.  
Nicky, get the bowl.  
Auntie, the book on the desk  
and the scissors.  
The book on the desk  
and the scissors.  
Who are you going to try it on?  
The man who wrote this bool-  
Sidney Redlitch.  
Where is he now?  
The wrapper says he lives in Acapulco.  
Any words?  
It says not.  
All right. Got a match? Here.  
Go.  
[Knocking] You're a genius.  
Why, it's Mr. Henderson!  
Hello. Well, are you having fireworks?  
I'm sorry to disturb you.  
I just thought the place was going up in flames.  
Oh, no.  
It's nothing like that.  
It's just a little game  
that we play. [ Laughs]  
Well, it seems rather dangerous, but go right ahead with it.  
[Gillian] No, no, no. It's all right.  
We'd finished. Nicky, I'm terribly tired.  
I must be leaving.  
Good night.  
Huh?  
I think everything's working out wonderfully.  
Merry Christmas.  
Oh! Oh, yeah.  
Merry Christmas.  
Thanks again for the present.  
Good night, Mr. Henderson, and merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

Well, merry Christmas.

Perhaps you'd like  
that rain check now.

Uh, all right. All right.

Only make it a brandy, will you?

Tell me, how did you like the Zodiac?

Well, I'm not quite sure.

No, I...

Somehow it seemed more like  
Halloween than Christmas, but, uh...

I-

[Sighs]

Did you know Merle well  
in school?

Not very.

I'm afraid your brother and those  
drums were a little too much for her.

Thank you.

She really is quite a wonderful girl.

[ Pyewacket Meows]

[Bell jingling]

Oh, is that your cat?

I've seen him in the stairs lately,  
watching me come in and out.

What's his name?

Pyewacket.

- How's that?

- Pyewacket.

Pyewacket. Well, well, well.

Mm-hmm.

How do you do, Pyewacket?

Ouch. [Meows]

Oh, bad cat.

[Chuckles]

Oh.

I'm glad he didn't scratch you.

Oh, no. No, no, it's all right.

He doesn't have  
very good manners, does he?

It's just because  
you're a stranger.

Once he gets to know you...



it's nice having you over me.  
I mean, it's reassuring  
having a man near one,  
in case he's needed.  
Merle and I are getting married tomorrow.  
I mean, today. We're, uh...  
We decided the whole thing  
driving home this evening.  
You see, there's this party she's  
giving tomorrow, and we were going...  
I mean, today she's giving the party.  
We were going to announce  
the engagement then...  
and then do it later on.  
But that seems like such a hack's way  
of getting married,  
so what we're gonna do, we're just gonna  
drive up-state or over to Jersey...  
or wherever it is that you do it...  
and... do it.  
Hmm. Pyewacket.  
[Shepherd] You know, it's  
funny, but all my life...  
I've been either too busy  
or too careful to get married.  
But now, all of a sudden  
I just- I just can't wait.  
Just, uh-just can't wait.  
Of course, I imagine it'll be a  
little strange at first because, uh...  
[Sniffing] it, uh...  
Well, it'd be sort of like somebody  
reading over your shoulder all the time.  
[Clears Throat] But, uh...  
You know, I think I'm allergic to your cat.  
[Clears Throat]  
[Hoarse Voice]  
If it was anybody else but Merle,  
of course, I'd-  
[Clears Throat]  
I'd be scared stiff.  
For one thing, she has such wonderful taste.  
[ Humming]  
In clothes, books, everything.

[Continues]

And she paints very well too.

[ Pyewacket Purring]

She paints in this sort of cloudy style.

[ Humming]

[Continues] She did a  
portrait of me last year.

She was crazy about it.

So I just never did tell her that  
I thought it was upside down.

[Purring Continues] I've known  
her ever since she was a kid.

Then she went away to school,  
and I sort of lost track of her for...

[Continues] [Clears  
Throat] for a while.

[Purring]

[Humming] [Purring]

[Clears Throat]

I've sort of been rattling, haven't I? I...

[Clears Throat]

You know, it's getting late.

I think maybe I'd better go up.

And- [Clears Throat]

thank you for the drink.

[Resumes Humming]

You know, tomorrow's going to be  
quite an important day for me.

I mean, today is going to be  
quite an important day.

So if you'll excuse me now.

[ Humming]

That tune you're humming,  
what-what is that?

Just something I sing to  
Pye now and then. Uh-huh.

Well...

[Shepherd] Say something.

I want to hear your voice again.

[Gillian Chuckles]

Do you like my voice?

I like everything about you.

Don't you know that by now?

Well, you've made it

charmingly apparent.

[Foghorn Blaring In Distance]

just what are you thinking

at this moment?

Nothing. Nothing at all.

And you? Nothing. Nothing either.

I can't think.

Certainly, not this close to you.

By the way, where are we?

On top of the Flatiron Building.

You liked its shape, and you wanted  
to be on top of a tall building.

We had no luck at the Empire State.

Well, didn't we knock?

Yes, we did, but they said no,

**not at 6:**

They were

very understanding though.

But not as understanding as  
this fellow downstairs. Mm-mmm.

Well, what about before?

My place.

Why did we ever leave?

You wanted to go dancing in the snow.

Ah. Of course, you

don't remember.

I remember every single moment,  
and I'm going to mush your nose.

[Laughing]

There's a timelessness about this.

I-I feel spellbound.

Stay that way.

Gillian, tell me now.

Just what has it meant to you?

Meant?

These hours.

They've been enchantment.

That's all?

Do we have to talk about it?

Yes.

Why?

Well, to begin with, I'm supposed  
to be getting married this morning.

Are you? If not, I'd better ask  
myself some questions in a hurry.  
Do you want to ask them, Shep?  
[Foghorn Blaring] Right at this moment,  
I want never to stop seeing you.  
I know it doesn't  
make sense, but...  
I have an idea  
I must be in love with you.  
Has it hit you that way?  
[Foghorn Blaring] I want you  
as much as you want me.  
Would you like it  
to go on for always?  
Does anything go on for always?  
One likes to think  
some things do.  
Maybe this is one of those things  
that burn themselves out.  
If it is, it's a whale of a fire.  
Shep, it has hit me hard.  
Good morning, Pyewacket.  
Good morning. [Meows]  
[Bell jingling]  
[Sighs]  
Mmm, Pyewacket.  
Have we done something  
dreadful? Hmm?  
Good morning, sir.  
Good morning.  
[ Thinking ] Merle, I've been taking stock.  
I'd make an impossible husband.  
Well, things I've never told' you.  
I-I gargle. I eat radishes.  
I chew tobacco. I spit.  
[ Thinking ] I'm an insomniac.  
Don't sleep at all.  
I stomp around the bedroom  
all night long, talking to myself.  
[Doorbell Buzzes]  
Besides all that, I snore.  
What? You won't be happy with me, Merle.  
Not at all.  
Oh, Shep, what's the matter with you?

Matter?

Well, I don't know exactly.

You look green.

Darling, I hope you haven't too much of a hangover from last night.

No, you're just nervous

You'll be all right.

Bonita phoned from Westport. She's found a minister for us, and he'll be ready for us at 1:00.

He even arranges

for the photographers.

Isn't it exciting?

It's no good, Merle.

It's just no good.

No use.

Are you still drunk?

No, I'm not drunk

I'm not drunk.

I may be intoxicated,

but not drunk.

You're certainly

not acting like yourself.

No, I'm not.

You're almost like another person.

That's exactly the way I feel, Merle-like another person.

And I just don't seem to want to marry you any longer.

And you wouldn't want me to marry you when I don't want to, would you?

Are you trying to say you're...

jilting me?

That's a very heavy word, Merle.

That's a very heavy word.

Let's just say that we're uncoupling.

You sound like a lunatic.

Yes, that's very true.

Very true.

Merle...

I'm sorry, Merle.

I can't really explain this.

I don't fully understand it myself.

What am I supposed to tell people?

Just what do you expect me to do?

You could go back to Arthur O'Neill,  
the fellow you jilted.  
Or you could take a world cruise.  
You could redecorate this apartment.  
It really needs it, Merle.  
You are a vile, sleazy-  
Uh-huh.  
Contemptible-  
Uh-huh. I'm a cad.  
Good-bye, Merle.  
Almost forgot my hat.  
Oop. Sorry.  
Excuse me. Taxi!  
Good morning, Tina.  
Nice Christmas?  
Oh, very nice.  
And yours, Mr. Henderson? Superb.  
The mail is on your desk,  
and Mr. White is in,  
and the Faulkner galleys  
are ready.  
And that gentleman  
is waiting to see you.  
Bergdorf called about that negligee  
you wanted sent to Miss Kittridge.  
I see. Tina, why don't you just have them  
send that to your house? Hmm?  
And I'm not going to have lunch  
with Miss Kittridge, or dinner.  
So you can just cancel all those reservations.  
You mean you've broken up with that...  
And we don't want to have a perfectly  
good negligee go to waste, do we?  
Uh, Mr. Henderson,  
I'm Sidney Redlitch.  
You don't know me, but, uh,  
I think I want to see you.  
- You're who?  
- Redlitch.  
Magic in Mexico.  
Magic in Mexico?  
Oh, of course.  
Uh, Redlitch.  
Well, I'm glad to see you.

I'm astonished to see you.  
Here, sit down.  
Yeah, I was just talking  
to some...  
I was talking to some people  
just the other night about you.  
Only I understood you were in Mexico  
Yeah, that's, uh- that's right.  
[Sighs] You see, there is this new  
book that I'm about to get into.  
And all of a sudden  
I get this urge,  
this uncontrollable urge  
to talk with you about it.  
First, I figured I'd write to you.  
Then I thought maybe I'd phone.  
All of a sudden  
I decided I had to see you.  
Sol grabbed a plane,  
and here I am.  
[Shudders] I didn't expect this kind of weather.  
It's chilly here, isn't it?  
- Yeah.  
- [Sighs]  
Are you looking for something?  
Um, a little, um,  
post-Christmas cheer?  
Oh, certainly. Tina, get the...  
- Scotch? Bourbon?  
- It doesn't make any difference.  
Uh, sit down.  
Oh, thank you.  
Listen, um...  
Mr. Henderson.  
You ever publish anything  
on witchcraft?  
Uh, no.  
You know anything about it?  
Well, not exactly.  
You will. You will.  
When this new one comes out, this  
will knock you over. It will?  
Water or soda? Uh... [Mumbles]  
Knock 'em over.

[Shepherd Chuckles]

Shep, I thought

that we might- Oh.

Oh, Andy, come in.

Meet Sidney Redlitch.

This is my partner, Andy White, Mr. Redlitch.

How do you do, sir?

Mr. Redlitch wrote Magic in Mexico.

Oh, yes.

Yes, remember that one? He's just about to do another.

What are you going to call this one?

Magic in Manhattan,

or Witchcraft Around Us.

- Is it around us?

- You bet your boots it is, son. It's all around us.

You probably thought it was kind of

confined to the jungles and the tropics.

Well, it's not. It's right here

New York is full of 'em.

[Chuckles] Full of what?

- Witches, boy. Witches.

- Now, how do you know that?

Oh, sure. Go ahead.

Uh, what was that?

Scotch.

Make this one bourbon,

would you?

How do I know?

I've met a couple.

Met them through my book,

before I went to Mexico.

Take my word for it. Right here, all around

us, there's a whole community of them.

- What do they look like?

- Like anybody else.

Like, uh- Like her.

- Like him.

- [Shepherd Stifles Laugh]

- Of course, when it's a man it's called a warlock.

- Mm-hmm.

- Did you know they can't cry?

- They can't cw?

Physically impossible for a witch

to shed a tear or blush.



When you throw them in the water,  
they float.

Well, you mean you can actually  
contact these people?

Of course you can contact them.

They have their hangouts.

And they're open to the public-  
cafes and bars and nightclubs.

They've got a place there  
in the Village- the Zodiac.

Then over in Brooklyn,  
there's one called the...

You don't take this  
very seriously, do you?

Oh, yes, I do. But I've got  
some work to do right now.

Besides, Mr. Henderson's in complete  
charge of our abracadabra department.

Well, see you later.

Um, uh, Redlitch,  
you said the Zodiac.

The little place in the cellar? Yeah, yeah.

The headquarters is downstairs.

Their headquarters?

Is that- Well, I'll be darned.

- What's the matter?

- Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing.

What are you doing this evening?

I'd like you to have a drink  
with a couple friends of mine.

Oh, sure. I'd love to.

[Redlitch] There's something else about them.

They can't cry.

They can't shed a tear  
or blush.

If you throw them in the water,  
they float.

Tell them about the Zodiac,  
the place where Nicky works.

Mmm, the Zodiac.

That's their headquarters.

The place is infested with them.

What do you know?

Just take a good look

at the proprietor sometime.

You mean to tell me

he's a witch?

- Absolutely.

- What is it they call a man witch?

- [ Redlitch ] A warlock.

- A warlock.

Warlock. You'd never know it

to look at him, would you?

You wouldn't, but I would.

You can recognize them?

Like a shot.

How?

Just a look or a feeling

or something.

I can't put my finger on it,

but if one came in here right now

I'd know him in a minute.

Yeah.

I wonder if we know

any of them?

I wonder. I suppose

there's lots of it around.

- Yeah, it's sort of like the u.

- Make fun, make jokes, but my old publisher's interested.

Oh, no. Oh, no. As a matter of fact,

I've come to a decision.

I'll publish your book. Tell you the truth,

I wouldn't think of not publishing it.

I've watched everything from arthritis

to the Dead Sea hit the best seller list.

Why not this? Great, boy.

You'll never regret it.

Well, this calls for a little celebration.

I think I'll join you.

This is just

an amazing coincidence.

Only the other night, Gillian was asking

me if I'd like to meet Mr. Redlitch.

It was in this room, wasn't it?

Remember?

Toast.

"Ring the bell, close the book,

quench the candle."

That's how they used to exorcise them,  
put them out of business.

In medieval times, of course.

Of course, of course.

Tell me, Mr. Redlitch,  
is it safe to write about all this?

- Aren't you afraid of reprisals?

- As a matter of fact, I am.

But, you see, there's a woman  
very high up in the movement.

If I can find her,  
I hope to get her on my side.

- Who's that?

- It's a Mrs. de...

Ah. I can't tell you.

Oh, Mrs. de Passe?

[Meows]

How do you know that?

I heard someone mention her name  
at the- at the Zodiac.

They say she smokes cigars  
made of seaweed.

Sounds like her all right. Sure hope I can locate her.  
I'm going to start looking tonight.

[Clears Throat]

[Clears Throat] [Purring]

Hasn't this cat got  
anything better to do?

Couldn't you give him  
something to read?

[Continues Purring]

[Gillian] I'll put him out.

[Clearing Throat, Sniffing]

I don't know.

There's something about that cat.

- They make excellent familiars.

- [Shepherd] Familiars?

Almost all witches have them- pets who  
have to carry out their master's bidding.

Shep, you did say we're going dancing,  
didn't you? Oh, oh! Yes, yes!

Oh, my! I forgot.

I've got something on the stove upstairs.  
Don't dance all night.

Good-bye.

Yes, I've got to go too. I'll get my coat.

[Shepherd Clears Throat]

Turn off the lamps, won't you, Shep?

Oh, surely.

Sorry we have to run,

Mr. Redlitch. Oh.

I don't like him looking  
for Mrs. de Passe.

Put him off the track.

Yeah.

Yeah, I see what you mean.

Mr. Redlitch, what you said  
is terribly interesting.

If wonder if you'd mind  
if I walked along with you?

Oh, that's a wonderful idea.

Maybe we can stop some place  
and have a little drink.

I know just the spot- a little  
bar called the Mumbo Jumbo. Oh.

Keep in touch with me now.

Oh, don't worry.

I'll touch you for an advance.

[Chuckles]

That's a little play on words.

Good night.

Good night.

Quite a fellow, that Redlitch.

I thought you'd be interested in meeting him.

Don't forget your shoes.

Here. The amazing part about it, I think he  
really believes there are such things as witches.

Just so he doesn't think I'm one.

Yeah.

[Chuckles] Now, now, we're  
going dancing. Remember?

Yeah, yeah. But first...

Why do we have to go dancing?

I like it here.

You'll be back.

You bet I will.

[Meowing]

Let's see now.

Laundry, hotel room, mon-money.  
Barbershop. A good barber.  
A little trim. Not too much.  
And a typewriter.  
I've got to get a typewriter.  
I'll loan you mine.  
Really?  
Yep. That's very friendly.  
Thank you.  
Listen, you know something?  
There's one thing that you might...  
need I%ah.  
He's closed.  
And that would be a collaborator.  
[Scoffs]  
No, I mean it. Someone that could  
really scout around for you.  
[Mumbling] You know,  
get some dope for you.  
Let you in on some things.  
Let me in?  
Yeah.  
Listen. I am as in as anybody...  
but one of them himself could be.  
And if I got you one of them  
to collaborate with?  
Uh, that would be different.  
Would you split 50-50?  
Su-Sure.  
Be worth it.  
Uh-huh.  
[Scoffs] You're naive, boy.  
They're very tight with  
their trade secrets.  
They wouldn't- I could never  
get near a deal like that.  
You are nearer than you think.  
See them?  
Watch.  
[Snaps Fingers]  
[Horn Blaring]  
[Blaring Continues]  
[Mouthing Words]  
[Blaring Stops]

You.

[Chuckling]

**[Orchestra:**

[No Audible Dialogue]

[No Audible Dialogue]

[No Audible Dialogue]

[No Audible Dialogue]

You know, you get better  
all the time.

So do you.

Your nose is cold.

Mmm. I'm cold-blooded.

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

[Phone Rings]

That's not fair.

[Ringing Continues]

Hello.

Oh, Nicky, what is it?

I know I haven't.

I've been busy. Quite busy.

No, no, not the way you think.

Just busy.

Now, what do you want?

Very well then.

Say it over to me,

and I'll correct you.

- That's it.

- [Tea-kettle Whistling]

Oh, just a minute, Nicky.

The water's boiling.

Shep, will you? Oh, sure.

[Whistling Continues]

Nicky, no, not now, I tell you.

I'm not alone. No, nothings going on.

[Whistling Stops]

Just what do you want

to know all this for?

What?

What do you mean

you're working with Redlitch?

No. Look, I've got to hang up now.

I'll see you tomorrow.

Gil, where's the tea?

Oh. Oh, the tea.  
Just a minute.  
Where's the tea?  
Right here.  
Oh, there it is.  
Gil?  
Hmm?  
When are we going  
to get married?  
Oh.  
Well, I must have missed  
a chapter somewhere.  
After the last two weeks,  
you can't say this is so sudden.  
No. No, but I just...  
Well, I hadn't  
thought of marriage.  
Darling,  
that's the man's remark usually.  
Gil, I-I've really got it bad.  
I've let everything slide.  
I have a pile of unopened  
manuscripts in my office this high.  
I can't stay in my office  
for wanting to get to you.  
I'm going crazy.  
We can't go on like this. Shep.  
Shep, that's the woman's  
remark usually. No, no.  
Why don't you get your shoes?  
I'm sure they're dry. Wait a minute.  
Why are you ducking this?  
Tell me. I'm serious.  
Shep, I just don't think I'm cut  
out for marriage. That's all.  
Why not? Well, because of  
the way that I've lived...  
selfishly and restlessly,  
one thing after another.  
You make it sound so-  
I don't mean affairs.  
What does it mean then?  
I don't understand.  
It's just that...

It's just that my life  
has been sort of,  
well, disreputable.

At least,  
seen through your eyes.

Well- I'm cynical,  
and I'm jealous  
and I'm vindictive.

I don't believe that.

Well, it's true.

Shep

I have always lived  
for and by the special,  
not the ordinary.

Why, I've never even  
thought of marriage.

Well, it would mean giving up  
a whole way of thinking...

behaving...

a whole-whole existence.

I don't know if I could.

But I wish I could.

Oh, Gil...

Shep, why don't you take this and  
the tea into the other room? What?

I'll get your shoes.

Oh, I wonder, I wonder.

I wonder if I could.

Suppose he found out afterwards?

[Meows]

Don't look at me like that.

I will if I want to.

Shep, I will.

I'd like to hear that again.

I will. I want to.

And I'll be different from now on, I swear.

I don't want you any different.

But I want to be. I want to be quite different.

No, I won't stand for it.

[ Man Vocalizing]

[ Organ ] [vocalizing]

[Singing In French]

[Typing]

; , ' [Singing Continues]



Hey, surprise!  
You're quite a stranger.  
Makin' hay, huh?  
[Laughs] Boy, we are.  
Shep promised Redlitch  
he'd read the first half tonight.  
N icky.  
Huh?  
When did you get mixed up in this?  
What? Hmm?  
Oh, the night that Redlitch and  
I left your shop. You remember?  
Honestly, you'd die laughing if you read  
some of the stuff Redlitch has been writing.  
It's wrong. It's all wrong.  
It took me quite a while to straighten him out.  
What do you mean straighten him out?  
Huh? You haven't told him  
about yourself, have you?  
Well, of course.  
I told him nearly everything.  
I want it to sell, don't I?  
He doesn't know about me,  
does he, Nicky?  
Oh, no, dear.  
He doesn't know about you.  
I told him I was the one  
who summoned him to New York.  
Of course, if you want  
to take the credit...  
I do not want  
to take the credit.  
You fool.  
Don't you know it doesn't pay  
to tell outsiders?  
Wow. Well, I think it will  
pay very well this time.  
Shep has already given Redlitch  
a generous advance.  
Nicky, you cannot publish this book.  
What is the matter with you?  
Why not?  
Shep and I are getting married.  
Well, goodness sakes.

Bless your little heart.  
Congratulations.  
Thank you.  
Marriage, no less.  
[Chuckles] What fun.  
Shep's really gonna have  
quite a time, isn't he?  
No jokes, Nicky, and no tricks.  
You don't mean this is on the level?  
Yes. Yes, I do.  
Why? You already got him.  
What do you want to marry him for?  
Because I want to live with him.  
Because I'm happy with him. Oh.  
I suppose the next thing  
is you're going to say...  
you're giving it all up,  
you're renouncing.  
I have renounced.  
You've what?  
And this is too close  
to home, Nicky.  
Well, I'm sorry.  
This is very important to me.  
Well, it is much more  
important to me.  
And I want you to stop it.  
What are you doing?  
Not a chance! I'm not gonna spend  
my life being a tom-tom player!  
Very well then.  
I'll just have to do something about it.  
You mean you're gonna pull one, are you?  
I thought you said you were renouncing.  
I'll make a farewell appearance for this.  
You will? But I wouldn't.  
I wouldn't, Gil.  
If you do,  
I promise you something.  
Your little romance  
is gonna go on the rocks!  
[Groans]  
[Humming] [Purring]  
; , [ Humming Continues]

Absolute trash. Garbage.  
Very frankly, this is the most idiotic  
thing I've ever read in my life.  
You should call it What Every  
Young Witch Ought to Know...  
and include a do-it-yourself kit  
with every sale.  
But I thought you were  
keen on the idea.  
Yes, I was, but I certainly  
have changed my mind.  
Why?  
Why? Because...  
Be- [ Stammers]  
I couldn't go on with a spoof.  
- Spoof?  
- Silly, isn't it?  
It certainly is silly,  
and I don't intend...  
to become the laughingstock  
of the trade by publishing it.  
Every word is gospel, boy.  
Gospel.  
What's the use, Sid?  
He isn't having any.  
[Groans]  
This is my hour of grief.  
Well, now, Sidney, maybe we can  
find something to tide you over.  
[Groans] A little bourbon?  
Scotch?  
Oh, that's right,  
you don't, uh...  
You don't care which one it is.  
Nicky, will you have one?  
No thanks.  
I've had plenty.  
Here you are.  
Uh...  
Hello, Miss Holroyd.  
Hello.  
Is Mr. Henderson busy?  
Yes, but there's a Mr. Holroyd with him.  
[Shepherd] Now of course you

understand, you can keep the advance.  
Well, think of the devil.  
I'm sorry, Shep.  
I have to see you. Now.  
Hi, dear.  
This is a pleasant surprise.  
Come on in.  
[Nicky Chuckles]  
What do you suppose, Gil? Shep turned down the book.  
Yes, I'm afraid I had to.  
Here, sit down.  
You bet you did.  
So long, Shep.  
Bye, Nicky.  
You and Gil will be hearing from me.  
Sidney.  
Oh, here, you forgot  
your manuscript.  
Well, just drop it  
in the waste-basket.  
It was silly of me to try this  
writing bit anyway. Wasn't it, Gil?  
Of course, Nicky, you can  
always go to another publisher.  
No, I don't guess any other  
publisher would do us much good.  
Would it, Gil?  
I doubt it.  
I don't suppose you'd be interested  
in the sequel I have in mind...  
about the islands in the Caribbean...  
Voodoo Among the Virgins.  
No, huh?  
Hmm.  
[Gillian] Nicky.  
Don't trouble, Nicky.  
I'm going to tell Shep.  
Either way, it's your funeral,  
isn't it, dear?  
Well, now,  
what was that all about?  
Shep, I decided this morning that...  
Well, that there's something  
I had to tell you, even...

even if I thought  
you'd never find out.  
Tell me what?  
Shep.  
There are people who...  
Well, I've got to say it-  
who live by magic.  
BY magic, huh?  
You don't believe there is such a thing.  
No, no, dear.  
No, I don't. [Sighs] Shep.  
I'm one.  
You're one what?  
One of the people that the book's  
about, and Nicky's one too.  
[Chuckling]  
Oh.  
[Laughing]  
He persuaded you  
to come in on it, huh?  
Well, I-I'm sorry, dear  
It just won't work.  
I'd be happy to publish the book for you,  
but just for you.  
But it's just terrible.  
No, you don't understand, Shep.  
I'm trying to explain something.  
Now, if you're trying to prove  
to me that Nicky's a witch...  
The word is warlock. All right, warlock.  
We don't have to be technical.  
Dear, listen...  
Well, what is wrong? Has Nicky  
been threatening you or something?  
About telling me  
something about you?  
Well, that's easy.  
You can just tell me yourself.  
That's what I'm trying to do.  
Is it something in your past?  
What have you been up to?  
You been engaging  
in un-American activities or something?  
No, I'd say very American.

Early American.

[Intercom Buzzes] Hmm.

Yeah?

Maybe. I don't know.

Okay, I'll have a look.

Just give me a minute.

Shep, there are people who possess powers that others don't.

You go right ahead, dear.

I'm listening.

There are ways of altering things, of manipulating things for yourself.

- That's very interesting.

- It's true, I know! I can do it.

You can? Well, go ahead, do something.

Go on, show me.

No.

Why not?

Because it's habit-forming.

I gave in to it only last night.

But I'm gonna fight it, Shep.

I'm not gonna let it destroy me as a person.

Just what did you do last night?

I stopped that book from being published. [Laughs]

No, you didn't.

No, no, that was my problem.

Shep, I didn't say that I stopped you from publishing it.

I stopped anyone from publishing it.

Just how did you do that?

I...

You'll say it's absurd.

I put on a spell. I used Pyewacket.

You mean you spoke to the cat about it?

You sent him around to the publishers and had him talk them out of it?

Is Pyewacket a witch too?

All right, don't believe it.

Don't believe

I brought Redlitch to you.  
And don't believe that- Oh. Oh, just a second.  
Let's get our stories straight.  
- Nicky says that he brought Redlitch.  
- He's lying, 'cause I did.  
With luminous paint, I suppose.  
Yes.  
What about your telephone?  
Who do you think put it out of order?  
- Providence!  
- No!  
- Who?  
- Oh, never mind!  
Gil, for Pete's sake, why would anyone  
want to put my telephone out of order?  
As a prank, a trick.  
Like turning all the traffic lights  
on 57th Street green.  
That's what Nicky uses it for.  
That and his love life.  
His love life?  
Gee, that's kind of useful, isn't it?  
I don't know what this is all about.  
I certainly don't know anything  
about Nicky's love life,  
but as far as the lights  
on 57th Street...  
and Redlitch and my telephone-  
they're coincidences.  
Oh, yes, Shep,  
they look like coincidence.  
There's always a rational  
explanation if you want it.  
Well, I'll take  
the rational explanation.  
YES.  
Yes, just as you took  
the rational explanation of us.  
Yeah. Yeah.  
What was that?  
There. I've said it.  
You mean that was-  
Yes. Yes, that was.  
Oh, now wait a minute.

[Sighs] Oh, Shep.  
What did happen early  
Christmas morning?  
Was that rational?  
Why not?  
What happened after Nicky  
and Queenie left exactly?  
Well, you asked me  
to have a drink.  
Sol sat down and I started  
to talk about Merle. Yes.  
And then I suddenly realized I  
must be allergic to that cat of yours.  
That's right. Go on.  
Well, I went over.  
I picked up my hat and coat and...  
And then I seemed to see you  
for the first time.  
You left something out.  
What was I doing?  
You weren't doing anything.  
You were just sitting there  
humming to the cat.  
What made you kiss me?  
The same thing that makes me  
want to kiss you right now.  
Gil, Gil, now, I believe you.  
I don't know why you want me to  
believe you, but I believe you.  
I believe you cast a spell on me,  
an absolutely wonderful spell.  
And I believe it, and I'm crazy about you.  
All right, Shep.  
If you don't believe it,  
you don't. I've tried.  
I've tried my best.  
I have tried my very best.  
[ Thinking] It's not possible.  
But then I I've never seen her blush.  
Would she oat?  
Oh, stop!  
No, not you.  
You keep going.  
Oh, Mr. Henderson. Oh, Mr. Henderson,



I'm so thrilled about it all.  
You and Gillian.  
Thank you. Good evening.  
I bumped into Nicky this afternoon,  
and he's told me everything.  
To think that Gil's willing to  
tell you all about herself.  
I do hope you appreciate it, because  
that's a very dangerous thing to do.  
And it's so lovely that you  
and Gil are getting married.  
Marriage, and to an outsider.  
You know, that may be  
totally unprecedented.  
I'm dining with Mrs. de Passe tomorrow  
night, and I must discuss it with her.  
She's sure to know if it ever  
happened to one of us. What?  
Whether it has or not, Shep- I can call  
you Shep, can't I? Now, wait a minute.  
And you must call me Auntie.  
Hey, let me get this straight.  
You mean you think  
you're one too?  
Why, yes, Shep.  
How else could I get into your  
apartment when the door was locked?  
Yeah. Very true.  
Ah! All right.  
There. That door's locked.  
Let's watch you open it.  
No, I mustn't.  
I've been forbidden.  
You see, I took the oath.  
You took the oath.  
Gillian made me.  
Sure she did.  
You know,  
Gil is the gifted one.  
But then she began so much  
earlier than most. So did Nicky.  
I came into it late, but they were  
just babies when they started.  
Went to children's sances,

I suppose. Baby witch parties.

Oh, yes. We lived in Massachusetts.

I See.

Miss Holroyd, you don't really think that Gil has any powers, do you?

Why, I know she has.

She's done some wonderful things.

[Groans]

Oh, no, it's my friend.

- [ Meows]

- Those thunderstorms, for instance.

What thunderstorm?

The ones that made your Miss Kittridge so sick at college.

Gil made them happen, but she had to do it to settle accounts with her.

Just as she had to do what she did about you.

I must go.

But wh...

What did she do about me?

Oh, my.

Didn't she mention about the spell?

Yes, I got that.

Well, then, otherwise you would have gone and married Miss Kittridge.

You mean that Gil went after me out of spite against Merle?

No, not altogether.

She found you very attractive.

[Loudly] She liked me?

She liked you.

Oh, that's a great deal for us, Shep.

It's not as if we could fall in love.

Love is quite impossible.

Not hot blood though.

Hot blood is allowed.

But, of course,

you know all about that.

Miss Holroyd, I don't think we had better go on with this.

I've been too bold, haven't I?

I hope she likes it.

I'm sure she will. Good-bye.

Good-bye.

Thank you.

[Door Closes]

I gather Queenie's been talking.

Yes, she has. Yes, she certainly has.

It seems you omitted a few high spots  
this afternoon, didn't you?

You didn't tell me all about yourself and  
Merle Kittridge at college, did you?

You didn't tell me that you went after me  
deliberately just to spite her, did you?

I didn't, not to spite her.

But you did. You went after me.

Yes. Because I wanted you. Why?

Because you were in love with me?

How could I be? Shep, I'd just met you.

Are you in love with me now?

I'm more in love with you than

I have ever been with anyone.

That's an evasion!

I tried to tell you

how it was with me, Shep.

I tried to tell you

how it started with us.

I tried to tell you that getting

things that way was no good,

and it was you that made me

resolve to be through with it.

I tried to tell you this

afternoon, but you- Yeah.

Well, I did, but you found it

so dreadfully funny!

Oh, now, don't tell me you're getting angry?

I am not angry. I'm sorry.

How do you think I feel- to suddenly find out

that you haven't been there the whole time,

and it's all been a sort of a merry,

little adventure?

Now don't pretend to cry,

because you can't do that either!

So now you believe it?

Of course I don't believe it!

Not one single, stupid word of it!

Shep...

I'm getting out of here,  
out of this building.

And don't think I'm ever coming back,  
because I'm not coming back! Ever!

You will. You have to.

Oh, you mean the spell? [ Scoffs]

We'll see about the spell!

[Door Closes]

Taxi! Taxi!

[Groans]

[Continues Groaning]

lam-

[Groaning]

[Continues Groaning]

[Groaning]

[Jazz Combo]

[People Chattering, Laughing]

[No Audible Dialogue]

[No Audible Dialogue]

Fascinating, boy. Fascinating.

I hope I can watch.

[Doorbell Chimes]

[Parrot] You're a fool!

Who's a fool?

You're a fool!

- Hello, Bianca.

- Good evening, Nicholas.

- Good evening, gentlemen.

- Mrs. de Passe.

I assume this is the one  
you phoned me about.

Oh, no, I'm all right.

No, this is Sidney Redlitch, Bianca.

Why, certainly. Oh, I'm an admirer of yours.

Oh, this is indeed an honour.

The honour is mine.

Bianca, this-this is Mr. Henderson.

He's the one.

How do you do? Nicholas has explained  
your condition. It's too bad.

Too bad.

Can you help me?

I can but try.

Please, step in.  
Huh? [Softly] Go in, go in.  
No, no. No, I'm sorry.  
It's quite impossible.  
Well- Well, we'll wait  
in the cab, Shep.  
No, no, no.  
Better just carry on.  
These matters often take  
considerable time.  
Good luck, Shep.  
Good-bye, Shep.  
Hey...  
Thank you.  
[Parrot Squawks]  
Uh- Oh! Who's a fool?  
You're a fool! [Whistles]  
Be quiet, Sybil.  
Ah, dear Gillian.  
Only an amateur, of course, but  
very effective now and then.  
- Do you know what she used?  
- Used?  
Heart of toad, white vinegar,  
swallows liver?  
She used a cat. [Squawks] Cat?  
That's right.  
[Liquid Bubbling]  
You must wear this.  
Put it on.  
Can we get on with it, please?  
[Bianca] Patience.  
[Bubbling Continues]  
[Gurgling]  
[Hissing]  
[Groans]  
I conjure thee to remove all chains  
and break all bonds which bind thee.  
Drink it. Drink it?  
I will do no such thing!  
Drink it! [Sybil] Drink it!  
Quickly, while it has strength.  
Oh-  
Drink it!

[Sighs]

[Bianca] Drink it!

All of it.

[Gulps]

[Sybil] You're a fool!

Who's a fool? You're a fool!

So cheapening-

you taking him to see her.

He's too good for that sort of thing.

Oh, come now, Gil.

Just because you and Bianca are rivals.

We are not rivals.

[Scoffs, Tapping Drum] A third-rate,

vulgar, self-advertising,

mail-order sorceress.

Ooh.

Just the same, you should never

have told him, and you know it.

You know what it says on love potions-

Shake well, but don't tell.

[Chuckles] [Sighs]

That's what happens to people like us.

We forfeit everything and...

and we end up in a little world

of separateness from everyone.

Say, if you don't mind, I'd like to

see Miss Holroyd for a few moments.

[Murmurs] Shep, ol' boy?

Oh, Nicky, will you, please?

Yeah, how are you?

Huh?

Yeah. Oh, you're fine.

[Chuckling] Yeah. What? You...

I heard about last night, Shep. Oh...

What did you go there for?

For the hair of the dog that bit me. That's why.

Listen, I don't want to be here,

and I wouldn't be,

except that old bag said that the treatment

wouldn't be complete until I confronted you.

Well, nice of her

to make that a condition.

Oh, and she told me to tell you that, in

case you have anything further in mind,

she's fixed it  
so you can't undo this one.  
Yes, and just how did she do that?  
Well, she said it was something she put in  
that disgusting mess she made me drink.  
Ew. I've never been  
so humiliated in all my life,  
to say nothing  
of the money it cost me.  
What did she charge?  
A thousand dollars!  
What?  
A thousand- At least she was  
willing to take a check.  
She also pointed out to me that,  
if we'd gotten married,  
it would cost a lot more  
than that to get divorced.  
Well, that's a pretty comparison.  
Yeah, but it's a good one.  
A pretty good one. Not bad, pretty good.  
And now, if you'll forgive me,  
I think I'll be going.  
"Believe me, I've had my fill  
of this bell, book and candle" set.  
It really wasn't necessary  
for you to move, Shep.  
Oh, yes, it was. Of course, I may have  
a little trouble subletting.  
This isn't the kind of a house that I could  
wholeheartedly recommend to anybody.  
Good day.  
You mean good-bye?  
That's right.  
I'll never see you again?  
Well, I can't see what for.  
I suppose you'll go back  
to Merle.  
Perhaps, if she'll have me.  
Oh, I forgot. I'm going to a hotel,  
so I won't be needing this.  
But maybe you might, in case you ever  
get sick of the primitive art business.  
Have broom, will travel.

So, a trip to the Brooklyn harpy,  
a visit to me,  
a final moronic joke  
and away we go.  
It's that easy, is it?  
Go back to Merle Kittridge?  
You'll not if I have anything to say about it!  
Perhaps you're defrosted, but I haven't  
even begun with her! Gillian, I...  
Let's see,  
what would be fancy enough?  
I'll transport her.  
Before I'm through with her, she'll  
see more geography than Marco Polo!  
Gillian, what- And you needn't  
try to chase after her,  
'cause before she leaves,  
I'll- I'll infatuate her.  
I'll make her fall for someone- the  
first stranger that walks in on her!  
The mail man, the plumber,  
the window washer!  
Pyewacket!  
U h-oh.  
Pyewacket!  
Holy smoke.  
Pyewacket, where are you?  
Pyewacket!  
Pyewacket!  
Pyewacket, where are you?  
Pye.  
Pye!  
I know how it sounds.  
I'm under a spell. I'm enchanted.  
Sure, it's inconceivable,  
but it's a fact.  
I tell you there are such things,  
and they're right here in New York.  
There are? Yes, that girl you  
know- Gillian Holroyd, she's one.  
A witch?  
Yes!  
Shep, you've just  
never learned to spell.



How about those thunderstorms  
while you were in college?  
I suppose they were just plain  
ordinary thunderstorms.  
Well, they weren't  
plain, ordinary th...  
Merle, in the last half hour, have you had a  
sort of- an urge to go away on a vacation  
to sort of get away from it all?  
No, dear, only from you.  
Only from me. That's a good one.  
All I want to do  
is to tell you why I'm here.  
I have to tell you that something  
very peculiar may happen to you,  
and, if it does, maybe I can help you.  
If this is your idea  
of a clever way to crawl back...  
All right, you think what you like.  
Just don't blame me if you're eating  
sukiyaki before the week's out.  
[Meows]  
Naughty cat.  
Oh, you naughty cat.  
Gillian's been looking  
all over for you.  
How can I make you understand that I'm just trying to  
take precautions- Why don't you let me call Dr. Cook?  
Maybe he can help you. A doctor?  
I'm not crazy, Merle.  
I may sound like a lunatic,  
but I'm not crazy.  
I'm not trying to whip up any old passion, so  
you- Miss Kittridge, It's the exterminator man.  
He wants to know if he can come in now.  
Yes, dear.  
No. No, I wouldn't let him  
come in here now. What?  
Just why not?  
Because he'll seduce you.  
- Send him in, Betty.  
- Yes, ma'am.  
Shep, I'm really getting fed up with all this.  
What do you think I feel like?

I'm just trying to help- Good morning.

You can start in the bedroom.

- Uh-oh.

- Yes, ma'am.

[Growls, Barks]

Bon voyage.

Gillian?

On the roof, of all places.

He's never gone off like that

before, has he? [Gillian] No.

Do you think he was looking

for a mate?

Pyewacket. Pyewacket, come here.

[ Meows]

- [ Screeches]

- Pyewacket, get down here this instant.

[ Meows ] Pyewacket!

Come here. Get down.

Come on. [Yowling]

[Continues Yowling]

Oh, Gillian, what's the matter?

Stop it.

I've got a little job for him to do.

You mean...

Yes. Oh, how thrilling!

[Claps Hands]

Who is it going to be?

Miss Poison-Pen Merle Kittridge.

[Meows] It's just wonderful, dear.

You're staging a comeback.

What are you going

to do to her?

Why don't you burn down her house

or have all her hair fall out?

Queenie, if you-

Pyewacket! Pyewacket!

[Horn Honking]

Pyewacket!

Pye!

[Horn Honks]

Pye!

Pyewacket!

Tears.

Real tears.

It's true, that old wives' tale.  
It's true.  
That's why Pyewacket ran away.  
You've lost your powers.  
I've fallen in love.  
I've been coming down with it  
all along, I guess.  
I didn't know what it was.  
What is it like, Gillian-  
love?  
I've never had it, you know.  
Is it wonderful?  
Wonderful? Oh, no.  
Oh, Auntie, it's awful.  
Oh, Auntie, I don't want to  
be human, not now. [Crying]  
[jazz Combo]  
I've said for years,  
the ideal situation of cockcrow  
is to be alone with one's subject...  
on the threshold of a deserted lea.  
But where can one find  
a deserted lea nowadays?  
Well, it's impossible.  
[Chuckles]  
You can't even find a barbershop  
that's open at 4:00 a. IN.  
I haven't had any luck.  
[Laughing]  
Hey.  
[Continues Laughing]  
I'll put that down.  
Hey, Queenie, I think our friend Redlitch  
is kind of gone on Mrs. de Passe.  
Really? Haven't you heard?  
He's writing her life story.  
[Chuckles] I'm so worried  
about Gil, Nicky.  
She's been so unhappy these last  
couple of months. She asked for it.  
You mustn't talk like that, Nicky.  
She's so alone.  
Even Pyewacket left her,  
and I can't get him to go back to her.

No wonder. He's a cool cat.

[Laughs]

I keep thinking, if only  
something could be done...  
about getting her and Shep together,  
nature might take its course.

All right. Why don't you fix it?

My hands are tied.

She's even forbidden me  
to tell Shep about her predicament.

Hmm.

Nicky, would you handle it?

Me? No. I'm sorry.

I don't believe in it.

Queenie, if I told you once,  
I told you a thousand times.

It never pays to get mixed up  
with human beings.

The best thing that could happen to Gil would  
be to come back here to us where she belongs.

You don't really understand, Nicky.

She's in love.

Wouldn't she rather be dead?

I simply have to do something.

I simply have to.

[Book Clatters]

Tina, I'm trying to work  
I'm sorry, Mr. Henderson.

[Wind Gusts] [Groans]

For Pete's sake.

I'll bet I've told you a thousand times  
about that window.

- I'll close it, Mr. Henderson.

- Leave it alone, leave it alone.

I've got to have some air  
in this godforsaken office.

[Intercom Buzzes] Now what?

Yeah?

Finish it? How am I-

[Clears Throat]

How am I suppose to finish it  
when I get interrupted?

[Clearing Throat, Sniffing]

Let's get some lights in here.

You can do all that later,  
can't you?  
But you wanted these arranged right away.  
I know what I want.  
I know what I want.  
Just leave me alone. I'm working!  
No, you're not.  
You're howling.  
You've been howling for  
weeks and weeks and weeks.  
If you want to fire me, go ahead.  
Who wants to work for a coyote?  
[Door Closes]  
Coyote.  
[Clears Throat]  
[Purring]  
[Sniffs]  
[Clears Throat]  
[Sneezes]  
[Meowing]  
[Yowls]  
[Yowling]  
[Door Bell jingling]  
[Pyewacket Meowing]  
[jingling] [Door Closes]  
[ Pyewacket Meows]  
[Continues Meowing]  
Can I help you?  
[Clears Throat] Yes, you  
can take your cat back.  
I should think this little game  
of yours is about worn thin.  
But what on earth are you  
doing with Pyewacket?  
Somebody gave him my address.  
I didn't, and if you think...  
He's your cat, isn't he?  
No, he's not my cat.  
Listen, I don't care whether you put him  
outside my window or had him fly up there.  
It doesn't matter.  
I thought I made myself clear on that.  
L- What do you mean  
he's not your cat?

I mean he doesn't belong  
to me any more. Why not?  
- He broke too many shells.  
- [ Pyewacket Yowling]  
Where's he going?  
Queenie's. He's hers now.  
Queenie's?  
[Yowling Continues]  
Oh, yes, Queenie.  
[Meows]  
[Pyewacket's Bell jingling] Oh.  
L-I'm very sorry, Shep.  
I'll speak to her.  
I promise nothing else will happen.  
I didn't mean to get sore.  
That's all right.  
When did all this take place?  
Recently.  
It's quite a change, isn't it?  
Yes.  
You seem changed too.  
Do I?  
Oh, look, please. You don't  
have to stay and be polite.  
Is this one of the rare ones?  
No, it's a Triton's Trumpet...  
from the Philippines.  
Are you doing well?  
Yes. Very.  
How are things with you?  
Fine.  
Good. How's Merle?  
She's fine. Fine. I guess.  
I haven't seen much  
of her lately.  
I must say, it was decent of you  
not to hex her after all.  
What, you think better of it?  
Yes.  
It's extraordinary the way we can  
discuss things like this. Isn't it?  
Because I-  
I know.  
I know. We're-

We're strangers to each other.  
No, not quite that.  
I... wish you wouldn't  
stare at me so. it...  
Gil, you're not blushing?  
Of course not.  
I want you to have this.  
It's...  
Well, it's... small return for-  
for what I cost you.  
So little compared  
to what you gave me.  
I'm afraid I never  
gave you much of anything.  
Oh, yes, yes, you did.  
You gave me something wonderful.  
[Sighs] You made me unhappy.  
You're crying too.  
All right, I'm crying.  
Well, why didn't you  
come and tell me?  
I don't know.  
Pride, I guess. Or shame.  
How did it happen?  
It just happened.  
It does sometimes.  
No, it only happens one way.  
The story is, it only happens  
if you fall in love.  
And it's been happening  
to me too, Gil.  
Ever since I walked in here.  
Only it's real this time.  
Oh, Shep.  
Or has it been real all along?  
Who's to say what magic is?  
Oh, Gil, don't you want  
to stop crying now?  
I don't think I can.  
I'm only human.  
[Purring]  
[Meows]