

Wyrd Sisters Casting Wishes from the Director

Principals:

Playing Male: 4 (Verence, Fool, Tomjon, Felmet)

Playing Female: 4 (Granny Weatherwax, Nanny Ogg, Magrat, Lady Felmet)

Ensemble:

7-9 mixture of people playing males and females

Ensemble Musts:

short person for Hwel, dwarf
a few slighter innocent types
a large boisterous theatre manager type
a quite tall and imposing and shall we say Deathlike figure
two rough tough assholes
one uxorious lady

From the Playwright:

Granny Weatherwax. In the opinion of many, not least herself, the greatest witch on the Discworld. She is nominally the village witch of Bad Ass in the kingdom of Lancre in the Ramtops (a mountainous and unforgiving area of the Disc). For practical purposes, however, she regards the whole kingdom and, indeed, anywhere else she happens to be as her rightful domain. She lives in the woods outside the village in a traditional, much-repaired witch's cottage, with beehives and a patch of what might be medicinal plants. She owns a broomstick, but despite the best efforts of dwarf engineers everywhere, it cannot be started without a considerable amount of running up and down with it in gear. Esmerelda ('Granny') Weatherwax is a formidable character with every necessary attribute for the classical 'bad witch' – a quick temper, a competitive, selfish and ambitious nature, a sharp tongue, an unshakeable conviction of her own moral probity, and some considerable mental and occult powers. Granny likes to look the part. She is tall and thin, with blue eyes and with long, fine, grey hair tied back in a severe bun. She wears sensible black, her skirt incorporates some serviceable pockets and her lace-up boots have complicated iron fixtures and toecaps like battering rams. She likes to wear several layers of clothing, including respectable flannelette petticoats. She wears a reinforced pointy hat, held in place by numerous hatpins. She has perfect skin – a source of irritation: her complexion has resisted every one of her attempts to gain some warts.

Nanny Ogg. Gytha ('Nanny') Ogg is probably in her seventies. Her family arrangements are cosy but haphazard. She has been formally married three times. All three have passed happily, if somewhat energetically, to their well-earned rest. She has fifteen living children. Contrary to the rules of traditional witchcraft Nanny Ogg now lives in quite a modern cottage in the centre of Lancre, with up-to-date conveniences like a

modern wash copper and a tin bath a mere garden's walk away on a nail at the back of the privy. The cottage is between those of her sons Shawn and Jason. She likes to have all her family around her in case of an emergency, such as when she needs a cup of tea or the floor washed. Nanny's hair is a mass of white curls. She is a small, plump, attractive and good-natured woman, with a crinkled face, thighs that could crack coconuts and a large and experienced bosom. She smokes a pipe and, like Granny Weather wax, she wears heavy, lace-up boots.

Magrat Garlick. A witch in Lancre. The youngest member of the coven which Granny Weatherwax swears she has not got. Magrat has a cottage in Mad Stoat. She was selected and trained by Goodie Whemper, a methodical and sympathetic witch with a rather greater regard for the written word than is common among the Lancre witches. In a certain light, and from a carefully chosen angle, Magrat Garlick is not unattractive. Despite her tendency to squint when she's thinking. And her pointy nose, red from too much blowing. She is short, thin, decently plain, well-scrubbed and as flat-chested as an ironing-board with a couple of peas on it. She has the watery-eyed expression of hopeless goodwill wedged between a body like a maypole and hair like a haystack after a gale. No matter what she does to that hair, it takes about three minutes to tangle itself up again, like a garden hosepipe left in a shed. She likes to wind flowers in it, because she thinks this is romantic. She looks like someone has dropped a pot plant on her head. Magrat has an open mind. It is as open as a field, as open as the sky. No mind could be more open without special surgical implements. A lot of what she believes in has the word 'folk' in it somewhere (folk wisdom, folk dance, folk song, folk medicine) as if 'folk' were other than the mundane people she sees every day. She thinks it would be nice if people could just be a bit kinder. She is, however, more practical than most people believe who see no further than her vague smile, startlingly green silk dress (which would be both revealing and clinging if Magrat had anything for it to reveal or cling to) and collection of cheap occult jewellery. She is incidentally a great believer in occult jewellery – she has three large boxes of the stuff. Although she has a black cloak lined with red silk, she hardly ever wears a pointy hat. She's just not a pointy hat person.