

Phoebe: But the cold plays havoc with my arthritis. What say I get the book out? She's clearly not coming.

***Knock at the door.***

Seline: There you are. She's here.

Phoebe: About time.

Seline: Phoebe, be nice.

Phoebe: Huh!

Seline: Come in.

*Harper, enters. She wears mirrored sunglasses and avoids looking directly at the witches. She immediately turns to take an Instagram post.*

Seline: Er – yes. Please do come on in. We don't bite.

*Harper hold out a hand and completes her post. The others roll their eyes.*

Harper: Minute.

Phoebe: Huh!

Seline: I'm Seline and this is Phoebe.

Harper: Sup.

Seline: Please, take a seat.

Harper: *(Affronted)* What, me? Take a seat?

Seline: Er, yes. This one.

Harper: Ah! Soz. Where to?

Seline: Sorry?

Harper: Where d'ya want me to take it?

Phoebe: *(Under her breath)* Oh, no.

Seline: Oh, no, I mean, please sit down.

Harper: Oh, right. *(Sitting)*

Seline: Phoebe, would you like to start?

Phoebe: No, no. Be my guest.

Seline: Right. Well then, welcome Miss Wayward –

Harper: Not Miss. Mux.

Seline: Pardon?

Harper: It's gender neutral.

Phoebe: *(Under her breath)* Oh shit.

Seline: Right. Well, Mux Wayward –

Harper: Harpy.

Seline: Sorry?

Harper: You can call me Harpy. It's, like, short for Harper.

Phoebe: Not exactly though, is it?

Harper: S'cuse?

Phoebe: Shorter.

*Harper looks confused.*

Phoebe: Never mind.

Seline: So, Harpy. You've applied for the position as witch number three.

Harper: Bet.

Seline: And you've read the job description and understand what the role entails?

Harper: Reck'n.

Seline: Well, that's a good start. Um, Phoebe, would you like to ...

Phoebe: So, Mux Hayward ...

Harper: Harpy.

Phoebe: Harpy, what made you apply for this role?

Harper: Well, I like, need a job. I like, went for one at Maccas, like, but didn't get it. Which is OK like, cos working at Maccas is like, real cheugy now. But, like, this gig seems quite lit.

Phoebe: Lit?

Harper: Yeah, like it really hits different, y' know, and so it'll be like, a good fit for a main character like me.

Phoebe: Pardon?

Seline: A main character?

Phoebe: I wouldn't exactly call witch number three a main character.

Harper: Course not. I mean, like, how could they be? Cos, they're like a witch, right?

Seline: *(Confused)* Right.

*(Beat)*