

NICKY

(Gillian's brother, a warlock, shares his thoughts on the financial habits of witches as he gives Christmas gifts to Gillian and their Aunt Queenie.)

I'm afraid mine's pretty mingy, dear –but I've never been more broke. You know, I used to wonder when I was a kid why all the witches in history were always poor and miserable old men and women, living in hovels, when you'd have thought they could have anything they want. But I've learned why, since. It's only because they weren't *good* enough at it. Anymore than we are. Or else they got scared, like Gill here. She admitted to me once that she could hex the whole Stock Market if she wanted.

(He hands his Aunt a small bottle, sits next to her.)

Here's something that has got powers for you, Auntie. It's an unguent. You feel colors. Quite a sensation. *(Teasing her.)* Kind of sexy, too.

(She giggles. Then, to Gillian, as she unwraps small phial.)

I got that in a new little shop I've found. It's a sort of paint. For summoning. You just paint it on an image—or a drawing or a photograph, they said—of anyone you want, and then set light to it. And they have to come. I hope it works for you. I couldn't even make it light. Try it. Now.