

THERE'S A GHOST IN MY LOCKER

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Christopher Burruto

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THERE'S A GHOST IN MY LOCKER

By Christopher Burruto

SYNOPSIS: It's awful. It's beyond awful. Jason Henshaw has problems. What teenager doesn't have them, right? When Jason is locked in his locker overnight by school bullies, he thinks he'll never get out. That is until his two best friends, Monica and Dewey, rescue him just as the clock tolls "thirteen." That's when a ghost appears and grants him three wishes and Jason's already topsy-turvy world gets a little topsy-er and turvy-er.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(FOUR MEN, SEVEN WOMEN, EIGHT EITHER GENDER, EXTRAS)

JASON (m)A middle school or high school student with a serious crush on Monica, but he is too shy (and awkward) to admit it, or do anything about it. *(173 lines)*

DEWEY (m)Jason's best friend. He is sly, wise, irreverent, and the anchor for humor in the play. *(83 lines)*

MONICA (f)Jason's love interest. She's no pushover. *(68 lines)*

TRELANE (m/f)Old? Young? A ghost or genie, or a wacky fairy godmother from a slanted fairy tale universe. Trelane pops out of Jason's locker and grants him wishes. Saucy, irreverent. *(80 lines)*

ALEXIS (f)Jason's older sister by a year or two. *(9 lines)*

JANEY (f)Jason's younger sister, elementary age. *(6 lines)*

DAD (m).....Jason's father. (14 lines)

MOM (f)Jason's mother. (14 lines)

TEACHERS (m/f)Several teachers needed to people the scenes, and at least one to admonish Jason during his dream.

GHOST (m/f).....Like a ghost of Dickens...but with a twist. (13 lines)

BULLIES

CRASH (m).....The leader of the bullies. (23 lines)

SKID (m/f)A bully. (12 lines)

BURN (m/f)A bully. (14 lines)

ROXIE (f).....A girl bully. (8 lines)

MAGWORT (m/f)Principal of Jason's school. (21 lines)

FENTON (m/f).....Assistant Principal of Jason's school. (9 lines)

MS. PEPPINGER (f).....Jason's English teacher. Preferably dowdy. (7 lines)

COUNSELOR (m/f)Typical school counselor. (1 line)

SECRETARY (f)Counselor's secretary. (2 lines)

EXTRA STUDENTS

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE 1	JASON'S BEDROOM
SCENE 2	SCHOOL HALLWAY
SCENE 3	SCHOOL HALLWAY
SCENE 4	SCHOOL HALLWAY
SCENE 5	SCHOOL HALLWAY
SCENE 6	JASON'S BEDROOM
SCENE 7	SCHOOL HALLWAY
SCENE 8	COUNSELOR'S OFFICE
SCENE 9	SCHOOL HALLWAY
SCENE 10	SCHOOL HALLWAY

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SCENE 1
JASON'S BEDROOM

JASON is asleep in bed, in the throes of a nightmare. The characters appear as if in a dream. A little creative lighting is necessary to suggest the dream.

Off to one side is Alexis. Lights focused on ALEXIS.

ALEXIS: Jason, this is your older sister Alexis speaking. Never, EVER go in my room to borrow CDs, my iPod, or my Hello Kitty shower wrap. Or anything else you little **thief**. If you do, I will personally put you in little-brother purgatory...

The light goes down to focus now on JANEY.

JANEY: *(Holding up Mr. Bun, a stuffed animal.)* Look, everyone! I found Mr. Bun! Only...his head and body are no longer attached! *(She shows the dismemberment.)* Jason did it! I just know it! *(She cries in exaggerated fashion.)*

The light goes down to focus now on DAD.

DAD: *(In a careworn voice.)* Hi buddy. This is Dad. Your Dad. You know Jason, son, failing math is one thing, but how does anyone fail **homeroom**? *(Beat.)* And **study hall**? And **lunch**!

The light goes down to focus now on MOM.

MOM: Jason, Mom here. Your room has just been condemned by the Sierra Club and a number of other environmental protection groups. How could you?

The light goes down to focus now on a teacher.

TEACHER: Mr. Henshaw. When I asked you to do a research report on the BUSH Presidency, I didn't expect it to be about the Bush **TWINS.** *(Beat.)* This is a research paper, not an article for *People* magazine!

Lights focus on three bullies: CRASH, SKID, and BURN.

CRASH: Yo, Henshaw. This is Crash, your bully speaking. Sorry to interrupt your swell dream and all...but I've got a couple of exciting variations on my usual bullying repertoire, and I'm looking forward to trying them out this morning. On you. I think, you'll agree, that I've really pushed the envelope this time.

JASON: *(In his dream.)* Mom! Dad! *(He tosses and turns.)*

MONICA: Jason. Monica here. We've been friends for a really long time, and I want to finally say something to you...something that's been on my mind and in my heart for an awfully long time. And that something is: I really...really like—

DEWEY: *(Interrupting Monica.)* Jason my man...I got nothin' to say except: "Jason! My man!" Rest easy little buddy. We've got a full day ahead!

Remaining dream ghosts exit, waving...

JASON VO: *(Like guests who've stayed too long.)* Good night everybody. See you later. Thanks for stopping by. Maybe now I can get some sleep!

They all disappear except for a single figure, huddled in a cloak. A GHOST VOICEOVER.

GHOST: Jason...Jason Henshaw... *(Ghost points a finger at Jason.)*

JASON: What...what do you want?

GHOST: Jason...

JASON: What do you want?

GHOST: You. Jason Henshaw...you....

JASON: What do you want with me?

GHOST: ...stuff...

JASON: *(Bewildered.)* ...stuff?

GHOST: Stuff...

JASON: What stuff?

GHOST: Ghostly stuff

JASON: Like?

GHOST: *(Taken off guard)* ...I don't know yet...

JASON: Then why are you here disturbing...

GHOST: Let's not get technical, okay...it's in the script. Okay? Plus, I had a little free time—

JASON: —I'm just saying, if you're here disturbing my dreams.

GHOST: Okay, smart guy...I do have a purpose here...You, Jason Henshaw, will be visited by apparitions...

JASON: I **just had** a bunch of ghosts in my room!

GHOST: Oh. ..Guess I'm late. They **were** *(emphasizing past tense)* your ghosts.

JASON: My ghosts?

GHOST: Let me finish, okay?

JASON: Okay...I'm just sayin'

GHOST: *(Clears throat.)* You, Jason Henshaw, have a crummy life--

JASON: I know! You don't think I know that? That's not news. To anyone. Especially me...

GHOST: And furthermore— *(Jason's alarm clock goes off cutting the ghost off.)* Sorry! Time's up! Gotta go...

Lights fade up. JASON sits bolt upright, frightened. He looks around and under the bed. He grabs a Hello Kitty pillow, somewhat relieved...

JASON: It was just a dream. A dream. Phew!

A loud knocking is heard. JASON'S DAD enters.

DAD: Jason, you look terrible. You've got to get more sleep. *(Difficult to start this conversation.)* Uh, buddy? Your English teacher, Mrs. Peppinger, called. This morning.

JASON: *(mouths the words.)* Mrs. Peppinger? At 6:30? IN the morning? This should be good.

DAD: She says you have an essay; it's overdue...

JASON: Overdue?

DAD: Way overdue...

JASON: Way? By..?

DAD: By three months!

MOM: (*Pops head in.*) Hi. We're looking for Janey's hamster. It's gone missing. Again. Jason...you didn't put it in the freezer like last time, did you? (*She wrinkles her nose.*) What's that smell? Do you smell that?

JANEY enters.

ALEXIS: (*Enters. To JASON.*) Slug-boy! Where's my rugby shirt? (*ALEXIS looks around the room, throwing clothes up everywhere.*) Here it is! (*She singles out a piece of clothing. Smells it.*) Ugggh! You stunk it up with your prepubescent smell-toxins. Now it's ruined. This doesn't have...**critters** does it? (*ALEXIS unfolds it, and pulls out a stuffed animal, Mr. Bun.*)

JANEY: Mr. Bun! You're alive! Alive! (*Hugs Mr. Bun, then wrinkles up nose.*) Ewwwww. Mr. Bun says he's happy to be rescued, but this room is...scary! Stinky, too. Look Dad, Mr. Bun isn't dead!

DAD: (*Avoiding smelling it with a wave of his hand.*) No, he just smells that way.

MOM: (*A little perturbed.*) Jason, what was Mr. Bun doing (*JASON shakes head and shrugs shoulders.*)

DAD: Jason, see, in my day we **did** our homework. That's how things worked. Teachers assigned it. You did it. No questions asked...

MOM: Breakfast is on the table, hurry before it gets cold!

JANEY: What is it?

MOM: Cereal.

ALEXIS: Then it's already cold, Mom.

MOM: (*Beat.*) Right. (*Exits.*)

DAD: Jason— (*About to go into a man-to-man talk, notices ALEXIS there, nods for her to leave. ALEXIS exits.*). Put some more effort into it, okay son? Try a little harder? Hmm?

JASON: (*Dejected.*) Sure, Dad. Promise.

Dad exits.

JASON gets out of bed. He's slept in his clothes. He reaches under his bed and pulls out a box of cereal. He opens his mouth, pours some in. Some of it gets on the floor; he doesn't care. He takes his backpack off the floor and slings it around his back, stops by his dresser, still chewing, opens a tube of toothpaste and brushes his teeth. With his finger. He exits.

SCENE 2 SCHOOL HALLWAY

Lights fade up on school hallway. There may be a flat of lockers. Students sit on benches, or talk in small groups. It is noisy and active. A group of bullies: CRASH, SKID, and BURN, amble down center. One of them checks his watch. A girl, ROXIE, accompanies them. They become agitated, waiting. Finally, JASON enters, going to his locker...

CRASH: Henshaw! (JASON stops in his tracks. His shoulders sag.)
You're a little tardy this morning.

BURN: You're right, Crash, Henshaw is a tad tardy.

SKID: That's ain't like you.

BURN: You're usually so punk...punk victual...

JASON: ...Punctual?

BURN: He's got good vocab-larry.

On the other side of the stage, down left, are MONICA and DEWEY.

MONICA: Hi Dewey! What's up with Jason and Crash?

DEWEY: Well, Monica, Jason is currently enjoying another of Crash's morning rituals of intimidation and bodily harm. Shh. I'm trying to listen in... (Pulls out a cone to use as a listening device.)

CRASH: Henshaw. I'm concerned...we got today due that there big project.

JASON: (Emphatically.) I don't have it!

THERE'S A GHOST IN MY LOCKER

The BULLIES gasp in surprise.

CRASH: You, don't have—

SKID: Our homeworks?

BURN: (*Panicked.*) What'd do we do? We can't not repeat Junior High...for 'da third time (*Holds up five fingers. SKID folds down a few.*)...I'm the only kid here who drives! I car pool with the lunch ladies!

ROXIE: You're the only kid who shaves! Twice a day!

JASON: Look. I had a rough night!

CRASH: (*Interrupting. Puts hand on shoulder.*) It's all about time management!

ROXIE: And prioritizing!

SKID: You need to **find** the time...to do our work for us!

JASON: What can I say?

CRASH: It's not what you **say**, it's what **WE'LL do** if'n the homework don'ts get done!

The bring their fists up in threatening manner, then slowly exit.

DEWEY: Jason! (*Jason sees MONICA and DEWEY and crosses to join them.*) Hey, little buddy! Tough time with the bullies today?

JASON: Try every day! I wish they'd leave me alone sometime...By the way, thanks so much for stepping in to help...

DEWEY: Look at it this way: your interactions with the bullies are ...an existential reminder that you're alive! I didn't want to mess with that!

MONICA/JASON: What?

VOICEOVER: Just a friendly reminder: The big "End of the Year Dance-a-Palooza" is **this** Friday night!

JASON: There's a dance Friday?

He says this despite there being posters plastered on lockers advertising it, and a person walking around with a sandwich board promoting it.

Monica is dismayed...

JASON: *(Continues.)* Oh, uh, Monica...can I ask you something?

MONICA: Yes... *(Nearly faint with anticipation.)* I mean a girl hopes, but...

JASON: *(Slowly.)* Would you want to... *(Quickly.)* hold my books *(he gives them to her.)* I've got this itch that's been bothering me.

MONICA dumps the books after this insult.

MONICA: Men! *(JASON and DEWEY are taken aback.)* Just when you think they're going to... *(Shakes head.)* they open their mouths and prove *(Grabs DEWEY around the collar.)* they're nothing more than grunting, burping, armpit scratching, Neanderthal chumps!

MONICA stalks off. As she does, she passes by BULLIES. She growls, they back away.

JASON: *(Mouth open, confused.)* What?

DEWEY: *(Knocking on JASON'S head.)* Hello? Mr. Dense? Do I have to spell it out for you? Monica has a certain **something** for a certain **someone**...

JASON: *(Disbelieving.)* Who? *(Beat.)* Me?

DEWEY: Bingorooni!

JASON and DEWEY cross to exit.

JASON: *(Exasperated. Looks in Monica's direction.)* Why can't women just come right out and say what they want? It would save us so much time! Why so much secrecy? I'll never understand women...

DEWEY: *(Placing hand on JASON'S shoulder)* I don't think we're really supposed to....

The bell rings. JASON and DEWEY bump into PRINCIPAL MAGWORT and FENTON.

MAGWORT: Fool!

JASON: (*Quickly trying to pick things up.*) Sorry! I didn't mean—

A crowd of students has gathered to witness. JASON looks to DEWEY for help, but he slinks off unapologetically.

MAGWORT: (*To JASON.*) What's your name?

JASON: Um, um...J-J-J-Jason.

FENTON: Mr. Magwort, what did he say? (*Fumbles through a large black book.*)

JASON: (*To Fenton, repeats it slowly.*) J-A-S-O-N.

MAGWORT: Do you come with a last name, Mr. **Jason**? Or are you planning to join the ranks of Cher, Madonna, and (*Says slowly to give it emphasis.*) F a b i o?

DEWEY: (*From afar.*) It's Henshaw. His last name. (*Jason gives him a look. Dewey slinks off.*)

MAGWORT: (*Pointing.*) Oh, there he is, Fenton! Jason Henshaw. Crimes include: last year's spit ball war... (*Looks up.*) Lots of teacher casualties in that one! The seventh grade coup d'etat—

FENTON: Food fight and—

MAGWORT/FENTON: Eating school paste! (*The crowd of students laughs.*)

JASON: (*Beat.*) That was in the second grade! (*He leans in to look but they both cover file.*)

MAGWORT: Silence! And today—

FENTON: Accosting!

MAGWORT: Assaulting! Your principal. You're a bad egg, Mr. Henshaw...

JASON: (*Frightened now. Stuttering.*) I was just running to class!

MAGWORT/FENTON: Likely story!

MAGWORT: (*Arm around JASON's shoulder. JASON clearly uncomfortable.*) Do we not have rules here?

FENTON: Do we not have rules?

MAGWORT: Are rules not meant to be followed?

FENTON: Are rules not meant to be followed?

MAGWORT: (*To FENTON.*) Must you repeat everything I say?

FENTON: Must you repeat everything ...?

MAGWORT gives FENTON a look; FENTON sheepish.

MAGWORT: *(To FENTON.)* Write this episode down in...THE BOOK.

CROWD repeats, "The Book."

JASON: What'd I do?...if you don't mind me asking—

MAGWORT/FENTON: We do...

MAGWORT: *(Ignoring JASON now. FENTON writes.)* Running in the halls!

FENTON: Tardiness!

MAGWORT: Inexcusable rudeness!

FENTON: Dalliance.

MAGWORT: Insubordination, and— *(Looks at JASON.)*

MAGWORT/FENTON: Bad hair day!

The crowd erupts in laughter.

JASON: *(Tries to fix hair.)* I have to get to class. If I'm late, my English teacher, Ms. Peppinger *(MS. PEPPINGER enters and crosses.)* will be pretty upset!

MAGWORT: Peppinger! *(Laughs.)* Why she's nothing more than a left wing—

FENTON: —book loving,

MAGWORT: —poetry spouting,

FENTON/MAGWORT: —sniveling radical!

PEPPINGER, hearing the comments, bursts into tears and exits.

MAGWORT: *(To audience. Pumps arm.)* YES! *(BEAT.)* I love doing that! *(To students.)* What are you all looking at? Get to class you miserable vermin! And learn something useful for a change!

Students exit.

SCENE 3

SCHOOL HALLWAY

CRASH, SKID, BURN and ROXIE stand in a group looking at their homework papers.

CRASH: These answers we got from Henshaw yesterday are all wrong.

BURN/SKID: Yeah!

CRASH: It's time we took more appropriate action. Should we pound him here? Or wait for a darkened alleyway...so we can enjoy our privacy? *(Punches his hand.)*

BURN: Five of one, half dozen of the other...

A TEACHER enters.

TEACHER: Did you ever consider the intellectual challenge, and concomitant benefits and pleasures of doing your own homework?

BULLIES: No!

TEACHER exits in a huff.

BULLIES cross upstage. JASON, MONICA, and DEWEY enter. A TEACHER comes up to Jason with a letter.

TEACHER: Jason Henshaw?

JASON: Uh, huh...oh, Hi. Mr. Barnes. See you in band later, right?

BARNES: Uh...right....Here. *(Hands Jason a letter. TEACHER exits.)*

JASON opens the letter.

JASON: *(Reading aloud.)*

Dear Mr. Henshaw:

This letter is to inform you that because of poor performance and a general slacker attitude, you are hereby discharged from marching band effective immediately. Please return your band instrument, the tuba, and uniform, by noon today, or face possible criminal charges.

JASON is in shock. Students gather around.

MONICA: “Discharged from marching BAND”?

JASON: “Criminal charges”?

DEWEY: (*Depressed. Sits on bench.*) What kind of doofus gets kicked **OUT** of marching band? Oh...sorry.

MONICA: You okay? Kind of sudden isn't it? Didn't even hear the bullet!

JASON: What does this part mean, a “general lack of competence”?

MONICA: I... (*hesitant.*) I think it means...well...

DEWEY: It means you stink! (*MONICA gives him a dirty look.*) There it is, out in the open. No more tip-toeing around the truth. No more walking on egg shells! No more lying. **YOU. STINK!** (*Wipes brow. To himself.*) That was very cathartic!

JASON: Stink? You're saying I stink? (*Looks at one, then the other.*)

MONICA: The tuba is just a very difficult instrument to play with...a musical mandate.

DEWEY: It requires nuance...subtlety...

JASON: What do you know? You play the triangle!

DEWEY: Which is a very difficult instrument to play with authority!

JASON: What a day! What a terrible day...could it possibly—

The BULLIES have crossed to JASON. JASON already depressed, sinks to a new low.

JASON: (*Continued.*) —get any worse?

CRASH: Jason, Jason, Jason...

MONICA and DEWEY slink off backwards.

JASON: Look, I told you that I couldn't...

BURN: This is about **yesterday's** homework...

SKID: It's all wrong.

CRASH: Totally wrong...

BURN: As wrong as wrong could be.

The bell rings.

JASON: I'd love to stay and chat, but my friends and I... (*JASON looks and realizes he is alone*) Great...

SKID: It appears your **gang** of friends has left!

BURN: Or is that a "**gaggle**" of friends?

JASON: (*Looking around. Weakly.*) Look, my mom is picking me up.
She's right out—

SKID: Like, we're afraid of your (*Beat.*) mommy!

CRASH: Jason, here's what disappoints me: I thought that we had a
relationship. A good, solid working **relationship**.

SKID: Relationship!

BURN: Working together...

ROXIE: Collaborating!

CRASH: And, when you don't hold up your end of the
bargain...things get a little complicated...

ALL: Complicated...

CRASH: And a little ugly.

ALL: Ugly.

ROXIE: You don't mean me, do you?

CRASH: Course not, doll face.

BURN: Maybe Henshaw here isn't spending time on our homework,
because he's spending too much time on that girlfriend of
his...what's her name? Monique?

SKID: Yeah.

JASON: It's Monica. St. George. And, she's **not** my—

CRASH: You can be honest with us!

BURN: That's it...you're spending too much time with that...

CRASH: ...Too much time with (*Slowly, meant to really rile him up.*)
That four-eyed. Girl. Nerd. Monica St. Dweeb.

JASON: (*Getting bugged.*) You shouldn't talk about her like that—

CRASH: We'll talk about her any way we like...how's this?

CRASH leans in and whispers to JASON. From JASON'S face, we see that it's horrible. JASON'S face contorts in anger. He throws his books down and takes an impossibly absurd swing at CRASH who easily avoids it. They grab JASON and hold him.

BURN: Mr. Loverboy here needs a time out!

SKID: To cool off! *(They shove him in the locker.)*

JASON: But...it's the end of the day! I'll be here all night!

CRASH: That's a problem!

ROZ: Your problem!

BULLIES: Get in there!

They place JASON in the locker and close the door. JASON'S backpack is outside his locker.

CRASH: Come on guys, let's go!

JASON VO: Hey, you can't leave me in here all night! What if I need to use to the bathroom? Okay. Guys. Look. I'm sorry! I'm sorry I got upset, and lost my cool. Listen, if you let me out, I'll give you **EACH** five dollars. Cash. No strings attached.

SOUND EFFECTS: CRICKET SOUNDS.

STUDENTS walk across the stage to the lockers, then exit. DEWEY and MONICA stop down center, as if waiting for Jason. Jason doesn't realize no one can hear him.

JASON VO: Okay. Okay. You win. Ten dollars. And my iPod shuffle.

DEWEY and MONICA shrug.

DEWEY: I'm tired of waiting around for him. I think he's already left.
See you tomorrow, Monica!

MONICA: *(Disappointed.)* Yeah, see 'ya. *(They exit.)*

JASON: I'll just call my mom! Cell phone! Saved! *(Beat.)* Where is it? *(Frustrated.)* Oh, no! Backpack! Outside locker! Now what do I do? Great! This could be the worst day of my entire life! Everything's gone wrong...I wish...why can't I have a magic wand, or fairy godmother to make everything okay? Ugh. Hello? Anybody out there? Anybody?

Lights down except for a single spot on Jason's locker. We hear the sound of crickets...Lights fade to black. After a moment or two, lights rise. JASON begins to snore.

SCENE 4
THE SAME

Spotlight on locker, highly focused. Dewey and Monica, with flashlights, make their way across the stage.

DEWEY: Jason? Jason? I know you're in here somewhere!

MONICA: Where could he be? Jason, it's us, Dewey and Monica.

DEWEY: Last I knew...Crash and his gang...they must have—

MONICA: Wait! *(They stop.)* You hear anything?

They're frightened.

DEWEY: It sounds like...

TOGETHER: Snoring!

DEWEY: How could he be **sleeping**? At a time like this?

MONICA: Where's it coming from?

They look all around, then at one another.

TOGETHER: LOCKER!

MONICA and DEWEY pound on the locker.

JASON: Hello? Anybody there?

DEWEY: Jason! It's us! Monica and Dewey!

MONICA: Give us your combination!

JASON: 16-25-9.

They let JASON out.

JASON: *(Relief.)* Oh...thanks so much. You have no idea! This feels so great! *(He rubs his arms to return their circulation)*

MONICA: We were worried about you.

DEWEY: We figured Crash and his friends had something to do with it.

JASON: They locked me in my locker. How did you guys get in the school?

DEWEY: Mr. Shaw never closes his windows; we found an open one!

JASON: Good! I'm so glad! It's a little scary here at night. You know what I mean? *(They move to leave)* What time is it anyway?

Just then, we hear a clock strike. The sound is harsh, loud, and haunting. The kids count along..

MONICA: Midnight...*(Then we hear one more)*

DEWEY: Thirteen? Thirteen o'clock? Is there such a thing?

MONICA: Did we count that right? —

JASON: —We did.

We hear the sound of bells and gongs and scraping and moaning. A school bell goes off but won't stop.

MONICA: *(Stuttering.)* D-d-do you hear?

JASON/DEWEY: Yeah...

ALL: Let's get outta here!

As they exit, they hear an insistent knocking inside the locker, like someone is trying to get out.

ALL: What is that?

THERE'S A GHOST IN MY LOCKER

They are frightened and huddle together.

DEWEY: (*Stuttering.*) I-I-is there someone in there?

MONICA: Jason, was there someone in there with you?

DEWEY: A cheerleader?

JASON: No! I was alone!

DEWEY: (*Egging him on.*) Are you sure...? Huh?

JASON: Of course I'm sure! How much room do you think is in there?

DEWEY: It depends on what you're doing...

MONICA: (*Jealous*) It's just our imagination! It has to be--

We hear more insistent pounding.

DEWEY: Our imagination is pretty loud!

JASON: What should we do?

MONICA: I say we run away!

DEWEY: I'm with you! Let's get out of here! (*They begin to exit.*)

JASON: Wait! If someone is stuck in there, we need to let them out...

DEWEY: What if it's not human?

MONICA/JASON: Dewey!

DEWEY: Okay. Be my guest! (*DEWEY gestures to JASON to open the locker.*)

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