

GHOST STORY

By Kristen Doherty

CHARACTERS

CAMP LEADER

Harli – Jess

CAMPERS

Bailey - Bailey

India- Charlotte

Baxter - Elliot

Ali - Alice

Spencer - Noah

Taylor - Amelia

Tanayah - Adele

Damian - Aiden

Demi - Olivia

Kelsey - Caylee

Chloe - Kate

Jacko – James

Sarena - Sienna

Cleo - Chelsea

GHOST/NAUGHTY KIDS

Daniel - Hugo

Jessie - Nick

Maximus - Deagan

Playwrights note: Please feel free to change words/slang to suit your setting. Gender is flexible on most characters. I am also happy to allow the merging or splitting of characters to fit your numbers. Just ensure continuity as to whether and when the character is a believer or non-believer.

SETTING: *Night time - A campsite. Deck chairs/benches/logs sit empty around a campfire in a semi circle.*

AFX – Forest at night illuminated by a campfire.

SFX – The crackling of a fire. Forest sounds.

(Harli enters and blows a whistle)

HARLI: *(calls out)* Ok, campers gather round.

(A group of student campers emerge in their PJ's and sleeping bags, unhappy about being woken up. Their complaints overlap as they begrudgingly take a place around the campfire)

JESSIE: What's going on?

BAILEY: This sucks!

SARENA: Why are we out here? It's late, it's freezing.

TAYLOR: This is stupid.

HARLI: Take a seat around the fire.

ALI: This is like some sort of torture.

TANAYAH: It's so cold out here.

INDIA: Can anyone get the fire going better?

CHLOE: You were a Girl Scout; didn't you learn that?

INDIA: I was five.

DEMI: I was asleep. And warm.

KELSEY: I was having the best dream... Jacob Elordi was in it. *(*please update to latest heart throb)*

GIRLS: Again?

KELSEY: Yes. It was really good. He was about to ask me to date him.

GIRLS: Again?

BAXTER: I'd rather be in my tent. You know it's true, you get the best night's sleep in the Strindberg Sleeper Deluxe. It's amazing.

ALL: We know.

BAILEY: Too right! Mine is awesome. You guys are missing out.

ALL: We know.

BAXTER: You really should invest in one.

ALI: Will you guys stop bragging about your stupid sleeping bags?

BAXTER: They're the best!

TANAYAH: We are seriously sick of hearing about your dumb Strindberg's.

CLEO: So sick!

BAXTER: Jealous?

BAILEY: Yeah you are.

ALI: Yeah maybe... Mine sucks. I think my brother left food in it when he used it last. It reeks.

JESSIE: Ewh. That's gross.

DEMI: Ugh. Don't want to hear it.

CLEO: I've got to share a tent with you.

ALI: Well, I've got to sleep in it!

CHLOE: You need a new one.

BAXTER: Can I recommend the Strindberg?

TAYLOR: Are you sure it was your brother, not some creature that crawled in and died and is rotting away?

ALI: Argh! I'm definitely not sleeping in it now.

DAMIAN: You sure it was food?

JACKO: Yeah! Are you sure it's not some sort of body stuff?

ALI: Body stuff?

CHLOE: Please stop.

JESSIE: Oh I feel sick now.

SARENA: What is body stuff?

JACKO: You know like toe jam, or like other gross stuff that like sheds, you know?

GIRLS: Ewh!

INDIA: Sheds?

DAMIAN: Yeah, or oozes.

CHLOE: I said stop! You're making me feel sick.

DAMIAN: Awesome!

CLEO: That is seriously disgusting.

INDIA: I think I'm gonna vom.

SPENCER: You are rank mate.

ALI: I am definitely not sleeping in it now. I'd rather freeze.

BAXTER/BAILEY: Shoulda' got a Strindberg.

ALL: Shut up!

(Everyone throws something at them)

SPENCER: Seriously if I hear Strindberg one more time...

HARLI: Ok, ok, quiet everyone. I've brought you out here for a reason.

DEMI: What? So you can make us freeze to death?

HARLI: No, because you are camping.

SARENA: Unfortunately!

BAILEY: Yeah and...?

HARLI: And what normally happens when people go camping?

INDIA: Um, they get dirty.

DEMI: That's for sure. My nails will never be the same.

TAYLOR: Go fishing? Or hunting.

JESSIE: They freeze to death.

TANAYAH: Cook marshmallows. Did anyone bring any?

DAMIAN: I wish.

HARLI: No.

SPENCER: I did! (*stuffs his face with them*) Mmm delicious.

DAMIAN: Give me some.

SPENCER: No way.

KELSEY: Hey, you're supposed to cook them.

CHLOE: You're supposed to share them.

SPENCER: (*continues to shove them in his mouth*) They're terrible... You wouldn't like them. (*smiles through the marshmallows*)

ALI: Ewh!

KELSEY: Gross.

CHLOE: Seriously!

HARLI: Can I continue? Come on... Camping? What else do you do?

INDIA: Not get any sleep, that's for sure.

CLEO: Get cold.

BAILEY: Get a cold. (*sneezes*)

KELSEY: Get bored. (*gets phone out*) I can't believe there's no coverage here. I'm going to lose my streaks.

CHLOE: I know, right.

HARLI: Come on guys... Answer the question.

DEMI: Um, sit around the camp fire?

HARLI: Yes! And what does one do around a campfire.

DEMI: Cook stuff?

HARLI: Yes, what else.

TAYLOR: Burn stuff.

JACKO: Yeah, burn stuff!

(Jacko grabs Baxter's shoe and threatens to throw it in fire)

BAXTER: Jacko! Give it back! Give it back!

JACKO: Make me.

HARLI: Sit down! Now!

(They sheepishly return to seats)

HARLI: Right... Fire. Camping. What do we do? On a dark, dark night, just like tonight.

DAMIAN: Um... tell stories.

HARLI: Yes! What sort of stories?

KELSEY: Um, scary stories.

BAXTER/ALI/INDIA: Oooohhh

HARLI: Yes! Ghost stories.

SARENA: I love ghost stories!

CLEO: I don't.

BAILEY: We're too old for ghost stories.

JESSIE: I hate ghost stories.

SPENCER: Yeah they're rubbish *(goes to get up)*

CHLOE: Scared, are you?

SPENCER: No! As if.

BAILEY: Yeah you are!

SPENCER: I'm so not.

TAYLOR: Well, sit down then.

TANAYAH: Yeah sit down.

SPENCER: Fine. *(sits)*

HARLI: Just listen

TAYLOR: I won't sleep now.

SARENA: Neither.

SPENCER: So who's the scared one now?

CLEO: Whatever!

(Spencer clucks like a chicken)

CHLOE: I will seriously punch you in the face.

ALL: Shhhhh

HARLI: Ok. This is actually a true story.

DEMI: Sure it is.

SARENA: They always are.

HARLI: About a group of kids that went camping here... Just like we are. On a moonlit night, just like tonight. But they were only boys.

CHLOE: Ooh boys.

KELSEY: I don't mind this story so much. I wish there were some decent boys on this trip.

SPENCER: Hey! I'm decent.

CHLOE: You wish!

KELSEY: Keep telling yourself that.

INDIA/TANAYAH: (*teasing*) Oohh!

CHLOE: Ooh burn.

HARLI: Be nice girls! Let's get on with the story. So! They went camping, just like we are, one hundred years ago, on this very night.

BAXTER: Of course it was. (*sneezes gullible*)

DEMI: (*sarcastic*) What a co-incidence.

HARLI: They were from the local boy's school.

BAXTER: There was never a boy's school around here.

TAYLOR: Yeah there was. A long time ago....My dad told me about it. It shut down cause there was some sort of tragedy.

DAMIAN: Cool.

BAXTER: As if!

TAYLOR: No, it's true.

SPENCER: I've heard about it too.

SARENA: So have I. It's a pretty famous story actually.

CHLOE: What happened to them?

TAYLOR: The students went camping and never came back.

JACKO: What do you mean, never came back?

SARENA: They disappeared.

CLEO: Oh a bit like 'Picnic at Hanging Rock'.

INDIA: What do you mean?

CLEO: You know... Picnic at Hanging Rock? It's legendary.

ALI: I've heard about that.

DAMIAN: Yeah me too... It's an urban legend.

INDIA: Wasn't it some creepy movie in the 70s? My mum loved it.

CLEO: It was a book first.

ALI: I think it was based on a true story.

DEMI: What happened in it?

CHLOE: Yeah what happened?

CLEO: Oh some school girls at the start of the last century went on a picnic at a place somewhere called Hanging Rock and disappeared.

DEMI: So the same sort of thing really.

KELSEY: Except our story had boys.

KELSEY/CHLOE: Yeah, boys.

SARENA: They never came back. Disappeared. Probably fell off the cliff or something. But they never found the bodies.

TANAYAH: Who's bodies?

SARENA: The boys.

INDIA: That's really creepy.

DAMIAN: It's pretty cool to think that this was the last place they were ever seen.

TAYLOR: You reckon?

DEMI: I really don't like this story.

SPENCER: I don't like any story. We are way too old for this rubbish.

KELSEY: Yeah, and I don't believe it.

SARENA: It's true! They disappeared and no one ever found out what happened to them.

JACKO: Until now.

DAMIAN: (*dramatic*) Dun Dun Dunnnn.

ALL: Damian!

DAMIAN: Sorry.

ALI: Can I go back to my tent now? Please?

JESSIE: I need to go to the bathroom. Come find me if I'm gone to long... You know just in case a ghost gets me. (*laughs*)

CLEO: Do you want me to come with you?

JESSIE: Nahh... I don't believe in ghosts.

(*Jessie exits*)

INDIA: They're braver than me.

TANAYAH: Yeah, you wouldn't catch me going into those woods alone... who knows who... or what could be there.

SARENA: Stop! I want to sleep tonight.

BAILEY: Ok, get on with it.

DEMI: Or don't.

HARLI: Shhh.... On this very night, a hundred years ago, a class of students were on a school camp. When one student became ill, the teacher had to take him back to town by horse, leaving the others with promises he would return before it got dark. He didn't. They did their best to set up their tents in the clearing over there.

(The group crane their necks to see)

ALI: *(nervous)* Over where?

HARLI: Over there... Well so the legend says.

SFX - A noise is heard off.

(While everyone is distracted with the noise Damian and Bailey sneak around behind the group)

DEMI: What was that?

TAYLOR: A ghost?

DEMI: Shut up.

(Damian and Bailey jump out)

DAMIAN/BAILEY: *(yell)* Rahhhh!!

(Everyone screams)

SARENA: Stop it!

DEMI: You suck!

CLEO: You actually scared me.

(Damian and Bailey laugh and high 5 before returning to their seats)

INDIA: Keep going. I want to hear this now.

SARENA: Me too.

HARLI: And just like tonight it was a full moon.

INDIA: Oh, it is a full moon.

TANAYAH: All the looonies will be out.

CHLOE: They already are.

KELSEY: Ha!

JACKO: Speak for yourself.

CHLOE: Excuse me?!

TAYLOR: Shhhhhh.

SARENA: What happened? Did the teacher get back?

INDIA: Yeah, tell the story.

HARLI: Ok, so the boys were getting scared. Their teacher didn't come back and it was really, really dark.

DEMI: I thought it was a full moon?

TAYLOR: Good point.

BAXTER: It probably got cloudy.

SARENA: That happens.

SFX – Another noise.

(Some people get nervous)

JACKO: What was that?

ALI: Who's over there?

DEMI: Who's not here?

CLEO: We're all here. Thirteen of us?

ALI: We have sixteen in our PE class.

TANAYAH: Maximus and Daniel were suspended, remember?

SARENA: Yeah... and Jessie went to to find a toilet... They've been gone a while now.

INDIA: I hope he's ok.

DEMI: Baxter. He's not here. Typical.

BAXTER: I'm right across from you. *(a beat)* Hey! What do you mean typical?

SFX - Noise again.

(A few of the girls scream, jump up)

CHLOE: Now that's just not ok.

(Most of the campers are really scared by now)

CLEO: What is that? *(slowly stands)*

(A few figures emerge in the shadows)

DAMIAN: What?

CLEO: That!

CHLOE: What are you talking about?

INDIA: There's someone standing there.

KELSEY: Where?

SARENA: Yes! There is.

BAILEY: What? I can't see anyone.

KELSEY: Where!?

INDIA: There! There! Can't you see them?

TAYLOR: Them? What do you mean them?

ALI: There's more than one.

CHLOE: Ewh.

CLEO: That's it. I'm out.

(She goes to go, Sarena grabs her back)

SARENA: Don't leave me!

ALI: There's three of them.

KELSEY: Stop it! You're freaking me out.

DAMIAN: There's nothing there.

JACKO: *(calls out)* Hello.

TAYLOR: Don't!

BAXTER: Don't be stupid. What if it's a... a thing.

TANAYAH: A thing? What's a thing?

TAYLOR: I can't see anyone....

ALI: Are you kidding? They're right there.

INDIA: How can you not see them? There?

TAYLOR: Oh my God. I can actually see them now.

TANAYAH: You're lying.

JACKO: I can't see anything.

TAYLOR: There! There. Right there... Can't you guys see them?

SPENCER: Stop mucking around.

CHLOE: No she's right. I can see someone too. In the shadows... Sort of hunched over.

CLEO: Don't! You're creeping me out.

DEMI: You guys are so lame. There is no one there. We are kilometers away from anywhere. I didn't hear a car... Did you? We are all here. Aren't we? Thirteen?

SFX - Another noise.

BAILEY: *(gasp)* I can see them too.

KELSEY: Oh God... So can I.

TANAYAH: Where?

BAILEY: Over there.

DEMI: Go over then.

BAILEY: What? No way.

DEMI: Scared?

TANAYAH: Yeah you are.

BAILEY: You go then.

DEMI: As if! *(sits down)* You go!

BAILEY: Not likely!

TANAYAH: *(calls out)* Hello... Is it you? Boys? Have you come back?

DAMIAN: What are you doing?

DEMI: Stop it!

TANAYAH: What if they want our help.

CHLOE: Our help? What do you mean our help?

HARLI: Yeah! What can *we* do?

KELSEY: You're telling this story.

HARLI: ...This isn't part of the story!

(Long horrified pause as realisation hits. The campers cling to each other)

SFX – Spooky music rises.

GHOSTLY VOICES: *(whisper)* Help me... Help me...

INDIA: We have to do something...Can't you hear them?

ALI: *(horrified)* No!

TAYLOR: They're asking for help.

CLEO: I can't hear anything.

INDIA: They're saying "Help me!"

BAXTER: *(cries)* Stop it!

This play is not finished. Printable PDF scripts for perusal, classroom or rehearsal use are available for \$8 AUD / \$5 USD per copy, charged per student or participant. Email me at kristencmdoherty@gmail.com to order.