

# 👉 **Nine Tenners** 👈

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Nine short plays  
by  
**John Glass**

“The Witch Makes Five”

“Raiders of the Lost Rakasa”

“It’s Aunt Alice”

“Katie and the Crutches”

“Money in the Graveyard”

“A Day in Court”

“Mrs. Calapooza and the Culebra”

“Don’t Let Bigfoot Bite!”

“The Great Galapanza”

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## 👉 About Student Plays 👈

*Student Plays* consists of **John Glass, Jackie Jernigan,** and **Dominic Torres.** We are a group of playwrights and directors that have written scripts for elementary school through college. We are proud of the variety of ages that our scripts serve.

*Student Plays* has comedies, dramas, “creepy” plays, and also Latino-themed plays. These are scripts that focus on Latino youth and the Latino experience. Any school can perform a Latino-themed play: it just requires a general introduction and basic exposure to the Spanish language, something that most schools and students already have.

To contact *Student Plays* or to communicate with one of the playwrights, simply email us at [john@studentplays.org](mailto:john@studentplays.org).

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After a bizarre group camping trip, a student is checked into a youth mental facility. When she is visited by the other members of the trip, memories of the weekend trickle out . . . and horrific things begin to happen.

### ***Raiders of the Lost Rakasa***

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Seven young explorers arrive at a cave in a far-off land in search of the great “Rakasa.” They find what they want . . . along with a few of the cave’s unexpected surprises.

### ***It’s Aunt Alice***

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It’s a pleasant evening at a local restaurant. That is, until Alice discovers that her two nieces are sitting at another table, avoiding her. What will Alice do??

### ***Katie and the Crutches***

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Katie needs help! Due to an injury, she is on crutches, and desperately needs help with chores around the house. Or does she . . . ?

### ***Money in the Graveyard***

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An old map leads a group of friends to a potential discovery in the local cemetery. But will the rumors of a “Pine Ghost” thwart their find?

***A Day in Court******page 84***

Alaina loves to speak Spanish in public. But she is taken to court because of this! How does the judge rule in this loud, silly, gavel-banging comedy? **\*\* A Latino-themed play. \*\***

***Mrs. Calapooza and the Culebra******page 95***

Fed up with their grouchy teacher's classroom ways, four students complain and bicker back and forth during a Spanish quiz. The situation grows worse when the friends discover that one of them has pulled the ultimate prank on the teacher  
**\*\* A Latino-themed play. \*\***

***Don't Let Bigfoot Bite!******page 107***

Despite the local legend of Bigfoot, four campers decide to go camping. But as strange noises from the forest are heard, some of the campers' fears are confirmed.

***The Great Galapanza******page 121***

Galapanza is a magician and has had local success in performing locally. But her attitude holds her back! Her friends devise a plan, and work together to teach her a lesson.

☞ In each play, the names of the characters may be changed, giving flexibility to the gender of each character. *Any* gender can play *any* of the characters. ☞

# The Witch Makes Five



# The Witch Makes Five

## Characters of the Play

<b>JOYCE</b>	High school student. Distraught. Agitated.
<b>ROD</b>	High school student. Nervous.
<b>STACIE</b>	High school student. Nervous.
<b>WORKER 1</b>	Either gender. Small role at the play's end.
<b>WORKER 2</b>	Either gender. Small role at the play's end.

The setting is a patient's room in a mental treatment center for the youth. JOYCE is a patient and is being visited by ROD and STACIE. She is wearing a hospital/facility gown or shirt. There are a few chairs, a small table with a telephone, and if possible, a bed or cot. Everyone is shaken and somewhat uncomfortable.

The time is the present, October, and there are several Halloween decorations hanging about. A witch face should be one of the decorations, prominently displayed.

This ten-minute spooky play is best suited for **middle school** or **high school**. The few allusions to “high school student” and so forth can easily be altered.



*ROD and JOYCE are seated, in the middle of discussion.*

**ROD:** Well, I'll tell you one thing.

**JOYCE:** What?

**ROD:** I'm never going camping again.

**JOYCE:** Man. No kidding!

**ROD:** And I'm also never going to go looking for *anything* in the middle of the woods. Stupid *StoneHouse*  
...

**JOYCE:** Well, let's be honest: something tells me the StoneHouse found *us*.

**ROD:** Tell me about it (*Beat.*) But you know what was really cool?

**JOYCE:** What?

**ROD:** Those wicked-looking pine trees! In the moonlight!

**JOYCE:** Don't start with the pine trees!

**ROD:** Seriously, Joyce. I wasn't going to mention it. But the way those needles silhouetted against the moon! Wow . . .

**JOYCE:** You are such a writer.

**ROD:** Come on, it was beautiful. We've got to find something positive out of all this. Right?

**JOYCE:** Um, I guess.

**ROD:** It was exotic.

**JOYCE:** Look. I don't want us to keep ignoring this. You know what we saw. Don't you?

**ROD:** Well . . . (*Uncomfortably*) I know what I *think* I saw.

**JOYCE:** You mean, you *know* what you saw.

**ROD:** Hmmph.

**JOYCE:** Come on, Stacie saw her too. Let's not pretend. Okay?

**ROD:** (*Quietly.*) Yeah. I know.

**JOYCE:** We all saw her. (*Beat. She is very distraught.*) But . . . Rod?

**ROD:** What?

**JOYCE:** You know what I absolutely *can't* pretend about that camping trip? I know we agreed to drop this for now. But Rod . . . there were four of us out there. *Four* of us!

**ROD:** Look, Joyce—

*(Enter STACIE, carrying a small bottle/can of juice. She sets it down.)*

**JOYCE:** *(Grabbing him by the arm.)* I know, I know. You guys think I lost it out in those woods. Both of you do!

**ROD:** I didn't say that!

**STACIE:** *(Groaning, at hearing the discussion)* Ughh!

**JOYCE:** But it was you, me, Stacie . . . and *Scottie!* Scottie was the one that organized the whole camping trip!

**ROD:** Joyce—

**JOYCE:** You guys have known him since that film class our freshman year! And I've known him for almost that long!

**STACIE:** Joyce? We know that you—

**JOYCE:** Oh, don't start, Stacie. I know what you're thinking! You've already said that I belong in here. That this place might be good for me for a little while.

**STACIE:** You know that I didn't mean it like that! Come on!

**JOYCE:** Whatever.

**ROD:** Joyce, it's just that we've already told you. We don't know a *Scottie!* We never have! It was you, Stacie and me! Three college idiots in the middle of the woods!

**STACIE:** Searching for something we never should have been looking for.

**ROD:** *(Slowly.)* Something . . . *happened* out there, Joyce. Something really bizarre.

**STACIE:** Right.

**ROD:** Something that affected you.

**JOYCE:** Stacie, you believe that we saw something. Don't you?

*(Pause. STACIE sits, and speaks slowly.)*

**STACIE:** Oh, yeah. Absolutely. I told you that I did. That face . . . I can't get it out of my brain.

**JOYCE:** Okay. So if you remember that, don't you remember how Scottie walked right up to that window? Holding that flashlight?? Scottie was the first one to see her!!

**STACIE:** Joyce, that didn't happen! *Rod* was holding the flashlight! There *was* no Scottie! There were only *three* of us out there, Joyce.

**JOYCE:** There were FOUR OF US!! Us three, and *Scottie!*

*(Pause.)*

And that . . . that *witch*. The witch makes five.

*(Off their look.)*

Don't look at me like that!

**ROD:** Joyce, take your medication.

**JOYCE:** Ughhh.

**STACIE:** Yeah, here's the juice.

**JOYCE:** I don't have the pills yet. The nurse should be bringing them in a minute.

**ROD:** Okay. Well . . . relax. You're okay.

**JOYCE:** And anyway, I need water. The doctor said not to take medication with juice.

**ROD:** I'll go get some water.

**STACIE:** Sorry, I'll get it.

**ROD:** No, it's fine, I got it. There's a fountain down the hall.

**JOYCE:** There are cups in the nurse's office.

**ROD:** Be right back.

**JOYCE:** Thanks, Rod.

*(Pause as he exits. JOYCE attempts to collect herself.)*

**JOYCE:** I'm sorry, Stacie.

**STACIE:** It's okay. Just try and stay calm.

**JOYCE:** I know. I know.

**STACIE:** You'll be out of this place in no time.

**JOYCE:** I hope . . . *(Pause. She sighs, looks around the room.)* Damn. Do they have to have these stupid Halloween decorations in here?

**STACIE:** Well, it *is* October.

**JOYCE:** I know . . . but sheesh. I'm already freaked out as it is.

*(Beat. Still distraught.)*

I apologize, Stacie. I'm just a wreck.

**STACIE:** It's fine.

**JOYCE:** No, I'm really a wreck. I'm eighteen years old and I had a nervous breakdown. What teenager does that?

*(Beat.)*

And my parents, wow, they're all upset. I had to practically beg them to leave this afternoon, to get away for a few hours. To go grab some dinner.

**STACIE:** I talked to your teachers. They all know you'll be out of school for a bit.

**JOYCE:** Aggh! My classes!

**STACIE:** It's fine. They understood. You'll be out of here soon. Your teachers don't know *exactly* what you're going through but they know that it's serious.

**JOYCE:** Well, what we went through *was* serious.

**STACIE:** Gosh . . . don't remind me. It's . . . the *explaining* part that's eventually going to be tough. For *all* of us.

*(Pause as they reflect.)*

**JOYCE:** I can still see her. Her face. Uggh. Those wrinkled, bony hands, holding that candle. So vicious and dark.

**STACIE:** *(Slowly.)* Nobody knows, Joyce. Nobody.

**JOYCE:** What??

**STACIE:** I didn't tell anyone. About her.

**JOYCE:** Are you serious? No one??

**STACIE:** I mean . . . how can I? My parents don't know, or anyone else. I don't know if I'll ever tell a single person. *(Slowly.)* I just don't want to . . .

**JOYCE:** . . . end up in here like I did?

**STACIE:** No. I didn't say that.

**JOYCE:** Well. You don't *have* to. It's all over your face.

**STACIE:** I'm sorry. I—

**JOYCE:** (*Holding a hand up.*) Don't. It's fine. I understand.

*(Pause. They gather themselves, uncomfortably.)*

**STACIE:** Okay. Well. Yeah. Stupid StoneHouse.

**JOYCE:** I know . . .

**STACIE:** Stupid witch.

*(Beat. JOYCE attempts to lighten things up.)*

**JOYCE:** And Rod! Ha! Rod screamed like a little girl!

*(Pause as she laughs. STACIE stares at her in confusion.)*

**STACIE:** Who . . . ?

**JOYCE:** *Rod*, Stacie. Our friend.

**STACIE:** Who the heck are you talking about?



**JOYCE:** ROD!! (*She jumps up and paces in anger.*)  
Oh, what is HAPPENING here?? First Scottie, and now Rod??

**STACIE:** Joyce—

**JOYCE:** He's our *friend*, Stacie! He's down the hall, getting water for my medication!

**STACIE:** Who are you talking about?? Nobody came to visit you but me!!

**JOYCE:** You came with Rod!! Our goofball writer friend!! *Rod*, Stacie! We went camping with him this weekend!!

**STACIE:** Joyce, I don't know a *Rod*! Or a *Scottie*! You and me went camping, and you and me *only*.

**JOYCE:** No!

**STACIE:** Joyce, get a grip of yourself!

**JOYCE:** I've *got* a grip of myself! It's everybody else I'm worried about!! (*Tears down the witch decoration.*) I should have taken that down a long time ago!

**STACIE:** Look, I'm going to call one of the nurses.  
(*Moves to pick up the phone.*)

**JOYCE:** (*Calling down the hallway.*) ROD?? Rod, get in here! Rod!!

**STACIE:** *(On phone)* Hello . . ? Hello! I need help in Room 8!

**JOYCE:** ROD!

*(She exits, calling his name.)*

**STACIE:** Joyce, come back! *(Back on phone.)* Hello? Is anyone there?? Hello??

*(Pause.)*

Oh, yes, I am in room 8, and I really need your help! The patient here just ran out!

*(Pause.)*

What?? What do you mean, *there's no patient in this room??* Joyce Carol is in this room! Room 8!

*(Pause. She repeats herself.)*

Her name is Joyce Carol! I'm here visiting her! Hello? Did you hear me?? HELLO??

*(Slams the phone down. She turns to the hall way, and begins to exit.)*

JOYCE?? JOYCE!!

*(She runs out, calling her name. Long pause. Enter two workers from the other side of the stage. They are carrying a broom, cleaning materials, and a clipboard with papers.)*

**WORKER ONE:** You brought the dustpan, didn't you?

**WORKER TWO:** Yep. Right here.

**WORKER ONE:** Okay. Nobody's been in here for a few days so it's probably a little dusty.

**WORKER TWO:** Can't believe how quiet it's been all day.

**WORKER ONE:** I know. It's like a ghost town.

**WORKER TWO:** I wish it were always this quiet.

*(Pause.)*

How many do we have left to clean?

**WORKER ONE:** Two more. But they want this room ready by the morning, for a new patient.

**WORKER TWO:** Yeah.

**WORKER ONE:** *(Picking up the witch decoration.)*  
Looks like one of the decorations fell off the wall.

**WORKER TWO:** Ugghh. I've never liked witches.

**WORKER ONE:** Ha. I've always liked them. This needs to go back on the wall.

**WORKER TWO:** Mmmm. If you say so . . .

*(They continue working in silence. Lights fade.  
End of play.)*

# Raiders of the Lost Rakasa



# Raiders of the Lost Rakasa

## Characters

<b>HUNTER</b>	Male. Adventurer. Leader of the group.
<b>CHRISTINE</b>	Female. Adventurer.
<b>MILTON</b>	Male. Adventurer.
<b>JENNY</b>	Female. Adventurer.
<b>LAMONICA</b>	Female. Easily scared.
<b>JOHN</b>	Male. Easily scared.
<b>SALLY</b>	Female. Easily scared.

The time is the present, the setting a large cave, somewhere far away. On the far side of the stage should be a simple pedestal or small altar, perhaps two or three feet high, with the “Rakasa” on top. The Rakasa is simply a book, wrapped in gold or silver paper; it, however, should *look* like a sacred idol.

Once it is wrapped, the shape should not resemble a book.

On the other side of the stage is an entry-way into the “cave.” The entry-way can be an easy arrangement of aluminum/plastic or pvc-tubing, four to five feet wide, draped in cobwebs or old torn sheets.

All of the characters are dressed in adventurer/explorer clothing, such as safari khakis, boots, straw fedoras, satchels, etc. CHRISTINE should have a small bag of sand.

An assortment of toy rubber snakes are needed for this play.

*The group is just outside the entry to the cave, about to enter.*

**HUNTER:** Okay. This is it! The entrance to the great Rakasa!

**LAMONICA:** Yeah! This is where the other guys cashed in.

**JOHN:** Huh? Who?

**MILTON:** You know, the other guys. The great explorers.

**CHRISTINE:** Pierre Pancake! José Javalina! Lana the Lasso!

**SALLY:** Oh yeah. Those dudes. But are we *all* going to go in there?

**HUNTER:** Of course. Come on.

**LAMONICA:** Uh . . . I'll stay here.

**MILTON:** What? Are you serious?

**LAMONICA:** Yep. I'll stand guard.

**JENNY:** Why??

**LAMONICA:** You know. In case someone comes.

**JOHN:** Me too.

**CHRISTINE:** You guys are scared!

**SALLY:** Yep. Hey, guilty as charged. I *know* I'm scared. I'm staying here too.

**HUNTER:** But come on! This is the Rakasa we're talking about!

**SALLY:** I don't care if it's all the lemon pie on the planet. It looks creepy in there.

**JOHN:** Very creepy!

**LAMONICA:** Yep.

**MILTON:** Okay. Whatever. (*To the others.*) You guys ready?

**HUNTER:** Yes!

**JENNY:** Let's do this. Come on!

**HUNTER:** Okay . . . here we go.

**LAMONICA:** I'll say a prayer!



**JOHN:** I'll say two!

**SALLY:** I'll say three!

**CHRISTINE:** Oh, hush!!

*(They enter the cave slowly. LAMONICA, JOHN, and SALLY all quietly exit.)*

**JENNY:** Wow. It's dark.

**MILTON:** No kidding.

**HUNTER:** Okay . . . go slow. Easy.

**CHRISTINE:** I can't believe I traveled 4000 miles for *this*.

**MILTON:** I know. Mosquito bites. Mud and sweat!

**JENNY:** No hot baths. No television!

**CHRISTINE:** No "Desperate Housewives"!

**HUNTER:** Stop! Come on, look. *(Pointing ahead.)*  
Do you guys see it?

**CHRISTINE:** Yep. Is that it?

**HUNTER:** That's it! The great Rasaka! Come on. Be careful where you walk. Don't step in the red areas.

**JENNY:** Why not?

**HUNTER:** Because if you do, poison darts will fly out of the walls!

**MILTON:** What??

**HUNTER:** Come on, didn't you see the movie??

**CHRISTINE:** Oh, yeah! The poison darts.

**HUNTER:** Come on, keep moving.

**JENNY:** This is not what I bargained for!!

**MILTON:** No kidding!

*(Beat. He notices something on the floor.)*

Wait . . . what is that?

**JENNY:** It's . . . oh no.

**MILTON:** It's . . .

**HUNTER:** *(With great anguish.)* Snakes. Why did it have to be snakes??

**CHRISTINE:** Ohh!!

**MILTON:** Uggh!

**HUNTER:** Wisconsin vipers. Very dangerous.

**JENNY:** Go around them!

*(They begin to do so.)*

**MILTON:** That one is huge!!

**HUNTER:** Careful!

**CHRISTINE:** Ugghhh!

**HUNTER:** Okay . . . boy, those things are ugly.

**MILTON:** Yes they are!

**JENNY:** *(Focusing on the Rakasa.)* Look: there it is!  
The great Rakasa!

**HUNTER:** Okay, we have to grab it carefully . . . do  
you have that bag, Christine?

**CHRISTINE:** *(Hands him the bag of sand)* Yep. Right  
here.

**HUNTER:** Okay. Wow . . . here we go.

**MILTON:** Yes! We are finally doing this!

**JENNY:** I know!

**HUNTER:** *(Preparing to swap the Rakasa with the bag of sand)* Okay . . . one . . two . . three . .

*(Pause as he swaps the two. Everybody breathes a sigh of relief.)*

**CHRISTINE:** That's it!

**MILTON:** Yeah! You did it!

**JENNY:** I can't believe it was that easy!

**HUNTER:** I know! Wow!

*(A low rumbling noise is suddenly heard. The sound quickly becomes louder.)*

**HUNTER:** Wait . . maybe it *wasn't* that easy!

**CHRISTINE:** What is that noise? What's happening?

**JENNY:** The temple is coming down!

**MILTON:** No!!

**HUNTER:** Go! Run!

**CHRISTINE:** Aghh!

*(They all run back to the entrance, screaming, dodging the snakes, diving and tumbling through the entry to the cave. LAMONICA, JOHN, and SALLY run over to meet them.)*

**MILTON:** Agghhhh!!!

**CHRISTINE:** Ohhh!!

**HUNTER:** Boy, they don't come any closer than that.

**JENNY:** Amen to that!!

**JOHN:** Guys! What happened??

**JENNY:** The temple came crashing down!

**MILTON:** Yeah, it was epic!

**SALLY:** You guys got the Rakasa?

**HUNTER:** Yep. Right here.

**SALLY:** Sweet!

**LAMONICA:** Wow, there it is.

**JOHN:** Man! The Rakasa!

*(HUNTER begins to remove the paper/  
wrapping.)*

**SALLY:** What are you doing?

**HUNTER:** I'm opening it! What do you think I'm doing??

**JENNY:** That, uh, comes off . . . ?

**HUNTER:** Yep.

**LAMONICA:** Whaa . . . ?

**JOHN:** Okay, this does *not* look good.

**MILTON:** What is that? It's . . . *español?*

**JENNY:** Huh?

**SALLY:** A Spanish book?

**HUNTER:** Si! The great Rakasa! Aquí está! A Spanish book! Mira . . .

*(Opening it, reading the inside.)*

"Ándeale. Buenas tardes. Por favor!!"

**CHRISTINE:** We came 4000 miles for *this?*

**MILTON:** A Spanish book?

**HUNTER:** Not *just* a Spanish book! The Rakasa!!

**JOHN:** I can't believe this!

**SALLY:** Does anybody else want to strangle him besides me??

**LAMONICA:** *(Suddenly sees something in the distance.)* Guys, look!

**CHRISTINE:** What?

**JOHN:** *(Also looking off in the distance.)* Who is that?

**HUNTER:** The Indians!

**JENNY:** Who??

**HUNTER:** The Indians!! This is the part where they chase us!!

**LAMONICA:** Oh yeah! Come on, let's get out of here! Back to the plane!

**HUNTER:** Run!

*(Everyone except for JOHN begins to flee in the same direction.)*

**JENNY & SALLY:** Agghhh!!

**CHRISTINE:** Go! Go!

**MILTON:** To the airplane!

**JOHN:** Guys?? Wait!!

*(They all stop and turn to face JOHN.)*

**CHRISTINE:** What?

**SALLY:** What is it??

**HUNTER:** Come on!! Hurry!

**JOHN:** *(Pointing in the other direction.)* The plane is  
THAT WAY!!

**ALL except for JOHN:** AGGHHH!!

*(They begin to run in the other direction,  
stumbling and screaming. End of play.)*