

☞ **Three Creepy Plays** ☞

“The Witch Makes Five”

“Forty Whacks”

and

“Hockey Masks in Hueytown”

by

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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 “creepy” plays, and we also have Latino-themed plays. These are scripts that focus on Latino youths 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.

The Witch Makes Five

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A one-act play

by

John Glass



Characters of the Play

JOYCE:	High School Student. Distraught. Agitated.
ROD:	High School Student. Nervous.
STACIE:	High School Student. Nervous.
WORKER 1	Either gender. Small role at the play's end.
WORKER 2	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 play is best suited for middle school, high school, or even college. The few allusions to “high school student” and so forth can easily be altered, if necessary.

At RISE: 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 as they work.)

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.)*