

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

By Ron Dune

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CHARACTERS

(4 M, 12 F, 11 Either, 9 Audience Members (Either), Extras)

THE ADULTS

MISS HAZEL: (F) Mean, nasty, teacher
MISS BLOOD: (F) Absent minded Principal
DAVE/DAPHNE: (M/F) School Janitor

THE STUDENTS

DAWN PETERSON: (F) Attractive and Daring
CHAZ HAGEE: (M) Average Kid, in love with Dawn
TYLER: (M) Tough, hard core, punk rocker
COOPER: (M) Student Body Officer
MIKE: (M) Football player with substandard intelligence
CARISSA: (F) Weird drama student
BRITTNEY: (F) Perfect straight "A" student
NOELLE: (F) Preppie type
ADREIN: (F) Cowgirl
CHERIE: (F) Army brat-in camouflage
2 AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENTS: (M/F) Audience Members

THE FONZIES - They wear white tee-shirts with black leather jackets and blue jeans. Their idol is Fonzi from the old "Happy Days" television show.

ARTHUR: (M/F)
FONZIRELLI: (M/F)
THE FONZ: (M/F)
AUDIENCE MEMBER FONZI: (M/F) An Audience Member

THE BARBIES - They all dress as their individual Barbie with long blonde wigs or blonde mop heads, complete with accessories. They never stop smiling.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT BARBIE: (F)
INTERNATIONAL SPY BARBIE: (F)
ALIEN BARBIE: (F) Dresses and looks just like a normal Barbie except she has a discolored clawed-hand.
AUDIENCE MEMBER BARBIE: (F) An Audience Member

THE VAMPIRES - They all dress like vampires and have fake vampire teeth, which they occasionally take out of their mouths to talk.

HEAD VAMPIRE: (M/F)
2ND VAMPIRE: (M/F)
3RD VAMPIRE: (M/F)
AUDIENCE MEMBER VAMPIRE: (M/F) An Audience Member

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THE DISNEYS - They all are obsessed with anything Disney. They dress in homemade costumes of their favorite Disney characters and have Disney paraphernalia all over them. They are super spastic and never calm down. They can't stop moving and jumping up and down like they're doing the potty dance.

GOOFY: (M/F)
DONALD: (M/F)
PLUTO: (M/F)
AUDIENCE MEMBER MICKEY: (M/F) *An Audience Member*

UGLY GIRL: (F) The ugliest girl in the school

THE BODY: (M/F) A dead body which is dug up and taken to the party. Completely lifeless – at least for little while.

EXTRA PARTY GOERS: Students who show up at the party.

NOTE: If being produced by a school, the names of the characters could be changed to the real names of teachers, administrators, janitors, and students at the school.

NOTE: When an audience member is on stage the actors must involve them in the scene by directing some of their lines to them and dragging them where they should go.

A NOTE ON AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION: The use of audience members is completely optional! If you do not want to use audience members, you can cast the parts with actors so that it would be a normal play without audience participation. Also, if you are nervous about the unpredictability of audience members being brought into the play, you could plant actors in the audience to play audience members who are participating. However, we have found that the unpredictability of audience participation makes it all the more fun!

SET

Simple. School desks or tables and a chalk board for a classroom scene and a sofa for a living room scene.

PRODUCTION NOTES

INSTRUCTION NOTE TO BE TAPED ONTO MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER'S DESK DURING SCENE 1 -

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When Miss Hazel says to you – “What would you rather be doing, you canker sore?”

You say to her – “Nothing, I love your class, Miss Hazel. It's my biggest reason to get out of bed in the morning.”

Then she will pull you up to the class by your ear. Then just follow her instructions.

INSTRUCTION NOTE TO BE TAPED ONTO FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER'S DESK DURING SCENE 1 –

When Miss Hazel says to you – “Is there something you'd rather be doing, say sampling the donuts and orange punch at the Halloween Party?”

You say to her - ‘No thank you, my mother told me not to spoil my appetite before lunch. We're having chicken today.’

Then she will have you stand up on your chair. Then just follow her instructions.

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THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

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SCENE 1 – THE CLASSROOM

SETTING: An empty classroom. There are twelve empty student desks Stage Left and a teacher's desk Stage Right. There is also a stool Up Center. There is a black board behind the teacher's desk, on which sits a yardstick.

AT RISE: A school bell RINGS. ALL THE STUDENTS except for CHAZ enter from Left in loud voices. On their way to their seats, several of them grab two audience members, one male and one female of any age, out of the audience to come with them, saying things like, "Come on we don't want to be late for class" and "Remember what happened last time you were late" and "You don't want to meet Mr. Splinter, do you?" THE STUDENTS sit in their seats and show the two AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENTS where to sit. On top of the AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENTS' desks are taped large signs telling them what to say (explained later). *If audience participation is not desired, then these two students can be actors who would just use the audience member lines as their lines. THE STUDENTS are loud and boisterous. General chaos ensues which might take place when a teacher is not present-students sitting on top of their desks, throwing paper airplanes, listening to head phones, etc. MISS HAZEL enters from Right. Suddenly all the students become silent and scramble to stand at attention next to their seats. DAWN sits in the front row second seat from Stage Right. The seat Stage Left of her is unoccupied. HAZEL grabs the yardstick off her desk. It is perfectly quiet.

HAZEL: Quiet! (pause) That's better.

(SHE points downward and they ALL sit.)

Now, my little pig's droppings, today we are going to write an essay on the theory of psychological control, which was used in Shakespeare's Macbeth. That is, unless any of you have anything better to do? Well!? Is everyone content with my little lesson plan of writing an essay? So, no one has anything they'd rather be doing than writing an essay?

(SHE turns back toward her desk. MIKE raises his hand–SHE spins around and looks sharply at him.)

Michael! You overgrown mucus factory! (SHE walks to him and leans over his desk, getting in his face.) What would you rather be doing, Michael?

MIKE: Duh, Spanish club is having a Halloween party today and I thought maybe I could go or maybe we could have our own. . .

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HAZEL: Ah, Halloween. Today is Halloween, isn't it? The day of Hollow's eve. The night of spooks, specters, monsters, vampires, mummies, and witches.

Do you believe in vampires and witches, Michael?

MIKE: Duh, no. I just like the donuts and orange punch.

HAZEL: Michael, the stool.

MIKE: Duh, again?

HAZEL: Now, Michael.

MIKE: Yes, Miss Hazel.

(MIKE gets out of his chair and approaches the front of the class where HE sits on the stool.)

HAZEL: The hat, Michael.

MIKE: Oh, Man.

(HE gets up and goes to MISS HAZEL's desk and grabs a tall pointy white hat from behind the desk and returns to the stool, putting the hat on. It reads "Dunce." HE sits sulking.)

HAZEL: And the thumb.

(MIKE hesitates at first but HAZEL's gaze forces him to comply. HE puts his thumb of one hand into his mouth and the other hand grabs his ear like a baby would. CARISSA can't control herself anymore and lets out a snicker. HAZEL whips around and slams her yardstick down on her desk)

Do you find something amusing, Creepy Carissa?

CARISSA: No, Miss Hazel.

HAZEL: Perhaps all of you would prefer to go to the Spanish Club's Halloween party. Is that it? How about you, Tyler, you useless blob of protoplasm?

TYLER: No, Miss Hazel, I'd prefer to stay here and write an essay.

HAZEL: Noelle, you malodorous splash of vomit.

NOELLE: I can't think of anything more engaging than the psychological control of Macbeth.

(HAZEL approaches the MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENT. On his desk is taped a paper with HAZEL's lines to him and his response. It reads, "When Miss Hazel says to you, 'What would you rather be doing, you canker sore?' You say, 'Nothing, I love your class. It's my biggest reason to get out of bed in the morning, and I think I have a crush on you.'" If audience participation is not used, this is an actor and his lines would be the lines of the Male Audience Member Student.)

HAZEL: Mister Anderson (or if known, SHE uses the real last name of the audience member), what would you rather be doing, you canker sore?

MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENT: Nothing, I love your class. It's my biggest reason to get out of bed in the morning, and I think I have a crush on you.

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HAZEL: Don't you try to kiss up to me! I saw you try to wipe a booger on the underside of your desk. *(SHE grabs him by the ear and drags him to the front of the classroom.)* Ten Push ups! Now!

(SHE forces him down and HE starts doing push ups. While HE is doing that, SHE approaches the FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENT.)

Miss Johnson *(or if known, SHE uses the real name of the audience member.)* Is there something you'd rather be doing, say sampling the donuts and orange punch at the Halloween Party?

(On the FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER STUDENT's desk is taped a paper which reads, "When Miss Hazel says to you, 'Is there something you'd rather be doing, say sampling the donuts and orange punch at the Halloween Party?' You say, 'No thank you, my mother told me not to spoil my appetite before lunch. We're having chicken today in the cafeteria.'" If audience participation is not used, this is an actress and her lines would be the lines of the Female Audience Member Student.)

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER: No thank you, my mother told me not to spoil my appetite before lunch. We're having chicken today in the cafeteria.

HAZEL: Your mother is a twit. I'm sorry, Miss Johnson, that is not the correct answer—too much nonessential information. Up on your chair, you half twit.

(FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER stands on her chair.)

Since you seem to be concerned with chickens, show us the chicken dance.

(AUDIENCE MEMBER dances like a chicken. Some kind of farm or circus music and chicken Sound FX could be played here.)

Alright, that's enough. Both of you back to your seats!

(HAZEL walks to the back of the classroom. ALL THE STUDENTS in the front turn to watch her. SHE turns around and faces them.)

And what about you, Cooper? Our glorious student body officer, who leads the rest of the students with the incessant stench of his manure scented panting.

COOPER: A Halloween party or an essay? I'll take the essay every time. Parties? Who needs them? Yuck!

(CHAZ sticks his head into the classroom from Left. HE is obviously late. DAWN waves to him. HAZEL sees her wave. CHAZ ducks his head back out of the room as HAZEL spins around quickly. SHE does not see anyone. SHE turns back to DAWN who still has her hand up, but has realized SHE has made a mistake.)

HAZEL: Are you waving to someone, Miss Peterson, or do you have a question?

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DAWN: *(trying to cover her mistake)* Uh, both. I was waving to you because I have a question.

HAZEL: And what is your question, Miss excremental intellect?

(As DAWN speaks HAZEL approaches the front of the class and CHAZ peeks back into the room. HE sneaks up to the back row while HAZEL's back is turned.)

DAWN: Well, as we've learned, Macbeth had several psychological controlling factors working on him. What do you think is the most powerful?

(HAZEL spins around to address the entire class; CHAZ ducks.)

HAZEL: What is the most powerful psychological influence played upon Macbeth?

MIKE: Duh, It was the . . .

HAZEL: Shut up. I'm speaking rhetorically.

MIKE: Oh. *(HE puts his thumb back in his mouth.)*

HAZEL: The most powerful psychological influence played upon Macbeth would have to be. . . What's this, a gum chewer in my class?! *(SHE advances on and stands directly in front of NOELLE, staring her down.)*

NOELLE: *(looking around as if to see who could be chewing gum)* Who's chewing gum?

HAZEL: If there's one thing I will not tolerate in my class, you canker sore, is a gum chewer! *(SHE grabs NOELLE by the cheeks with one hand and squeezing them together.)* Spit it out!

NOELLE: *(trying to talk through her pinched cheeks)* Who Me? I'm not chewing gum.

HAZEL: *(now wrapping her hands around NOELLE's throat and choking her)* Oh no? Spit it out, you filthy buffoon!

(CHAZ peeks up and gets so caught up in watching this, that HE forgets to make a run for his seat.)

NOELLE: *(still being choked)* I hate gum. I hate gum!

HAZEL: Stand back, children. She's choking on it! *(SHE throws NOELLE to the front of the class.)*

NOELLE: I am?

HAZEL: Luckily, I know the Heimlich maneuver.

(SHE spins NOELLE around and grabs her around the stomach and applies the Heimlich maneuver several times, lifting her off the ground.)

NOELLE: Yieow! I can't breath!

(Finally, NOELLE spits a huge wad of gum out and it flies high into the air and across the class room. HAZEL releases NOELLE and goes to the gum. SHE picks it up with her yardstick and takes it back to NOELLE, who is still catching her breath.)

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HAZEL: On the nose, Miss I don't chew gum, all day.

(NOELLE takes the gum off the end of the yardstick and sticks it on her nose, then SHE takes her seat. HAZEL then walks back to the black board and starts to write something. While her back is turned, DAWN waves CHAZ on in and HE makes his way to his seat. In huge letters, HAZEL has written "L-O-V" on the board but stops abruptly on the next letter, her back still to the class.)

Mister Hagee. *(SHE spins around)* Nice try. *(SHE grabs a pink slip off her desk and approaches CHAZ.)* Now, I've got you exactly where I want you. That's your fifth tardy, this quarter. *(SHE hands him the slip.)* After school detention.

CHAZ: Please, Miss Hazel, My mother works and I had to drop my little sister off at pre-school.

HAZEL: *(pretending to cry and makes falling tears motions on her cheeks with her fingers)* I had to drop my sister off, boo-hoo. *(sadistically)* After school detention, Mister Hagee! *(SHE returns to the chalkboard and finishes the last letter – "E")* Love. The enticement of a beautiful woman. That is the most powerful psychological control heaped upon the shoulders of Macbeth. *(SHE walks over to stand by DAWN pulling her hair back so that CHAZ can get a good look at DAWN's neck.)* You see, my little donkey pucks, the promise of a pretty little neck can make a man do things he is not normally inclined to do. *(SHE walks to the front of the class and faces the audience to include them in her lecture.)* Men accomplish great things or get into great trouble, all for the love of a woman. So you see, ladies, we females have all the power. The promise of love is most powerful. *(SHE turns around to her desk.)*

DAWN: *(accidentally saying it much too loud)* Who'd ever love you?

HAZEL: *(spinning around violently)* Who said that?!

(The entire class looks scared, especially DAWN.)

I know it came from the front row! Which one of you said it!? *(SHE plants herself in front of DAWN and looks her straight in the eyes.)* Who could say such a nasty thing?

(DAWN looks to CHAZ for help. CHAZ looks terrified. HAZEL moves as to grab DAWN.)

CHAZ: *(trying to sound like DAWN)* It was me. I said it.

DAWN: Chaz!

CHAZ: I was mad about the tardy slip. I said it.

HAZEL: *(looking back and forth between DAWN and CHAZ)* Mister Hagee. Interesting. *(getting in his face)* Prepare to meet mister splinter! *(SHE grabs him around the back of the neck and throws him toward her desk.)* Assume the position!

(CHAZ bends over slightly and puts his hands on the desk with his back to the class. HAZEL walks around the desk and pulls out a wooden paddle. SHE walks back around and stands next to CHAZ.)

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Mister Hagee, meet Mister Splinter. *(SHE lifts the paddle high ready to whack him in the buttocks. CHAZ braces for the impact but SHE is interrupted.)*

DAWN: Wait!

HAZEL: Miss Peterson! You have something to say?!

(CHAZ looks at her hopefully.)

DAWN: Uh. . . No. Never mind.

(CHAZ's eyes almost drop out of his head.)

HAZEL: Very well. *(SHE raises the paddle again about to strike when something catches her attention at CHAZ's desk.)* What is this? *(SHE walks over to CHAZ' desk and picks up a small piece of paper. SHE opens it up and looks at it.)* It looks like. . . a love note?

MIKE: Is it for me?

HAZEL: No Michael. It seems to be a picture of a stick figure of Miss Peterson.

(CHAZ's head falls.)

She's got really big lips and she's kissing another stick figure labeled. . . Chaz.

MIKE: *(to DAWN)* Ha ha. Your stick figure kissed Chaz's stick figure! Now your stick figure has stick cooties!

HAZEL: No Michael, don't make fun. This is sweet. Oh look, and the two figures are enclosed in a heart. *(SHE walks back to CHAZ.)* Turn around.

(HE does.)

Did you draw this?

CHAZ: *(embarrassed)* Yes.

HAZEL: In my class?

CHAZ: No! I drew it last night. It must've fallen out of my pocket.

HAZEL: *(puts the paddle down on the desk)* Let's try something different. *(takes the paper in both hands and stretches it tight)* Stick out your tongue.

CHAZ: Why?

HAZEL: Tongue!

(CHAZ sticks out his tongue. HAZEL quickly runs the edge of the paper across his tongue. The ENTIRE CLASS flinches and moans. CHAZ grabs his mouth.)

NOELLE: Ouu! A paper cut on the tongue.

CHERIE: Ouch!

CARISSA: I got one of those when I was helping mail my sister's wedding invitations. My aunt opened her invitation and a bunch of taste buds fell out.

HAZEL: All for the love of a woman, eh Mister Hagee? You may sit.

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(HE walks back to his seat still holding his mouth. HAZEL puts the paddle away.)

Now, your essays are due at the end of class and seeing that today is the end of the quarter, a lot of your grades are depending on how you do, although, I do not have much hope for most of you prepubescent globs of puke. Now, get to work.

BRITTNEY: I wrote mine while everyone was talking. *(SHE hands her paper to HAZEL)*

HAZEL: *(briefly looking at it then handing it back)* Rewrite it in cursive.

BRITTNEY: *(happy to do so)* Alright! And thanks for letting us write these papers.

(The STUDENTS silently pull out paper and pencils and begin working on their essays.)

HAZEL: Back to your seat, Michael.

(MIKE takes off the hat and sits back in his desk. HAZEL sits at her desk. Several seconds pass. From Stage Left enters MISS BLOOD.)

BLOOD: Excuse me, Miss Hazel.

(ALL THE STUDENTS suddenly stand up and snap to attention. MISS HAZEL has trained them to show respect to adults by standing at attention whenever one enters the room.)

HAZEL: *(immediately switches to be the kindest teacher in the world)* Ah, Miss Blood, our wondrous principal. To what do we owe this visit?

BLOOD: Well, I found this folder in the hallway. I thought it might belong to one of your students.

HAZEL: *(pointing down, which signals the STUDENTS to sit)* One of my students leaving a notebook in the hallway? I don't think one of my students would do such a thing. They're all such well behaved little darlings. But let's have a look, shall we?

(BLOOD takes the folder to the front of the class and meets HAZEL in front of her desk. The STUDENTS keep one eye on them and one eye on their papers. CHAZ seems particularly interested in the folder.)

Oh, look here, it does belong to one of my little angels, I recognized the name on this paper. *(SHE points to a paper inside the folder.)* I'll see that he gets it after he finishes his assignment.

BLOOD: Thank you, Miss Hazel. Your students are so well behaved. They seem to like you very much.

HAZEL: Oh, they are the love of my life, my precious, adorable, snuggle bunnies. They're all that gives meaning to my days. Isn't that right, Cooper?

COOPER: Uh, yes, of course it is. . .my darling.

BLOOD: You are such an inspiration. I wish all the teachers here were just like you.

HAZEL: Oh, you.

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BLOOD: Thank you.

(BLOOD exits. HAZEL's eyes follow BLOOD out and then when SHE knows SHE is gone, her glare falls heavily onto CHAZ. SHE opens the folder again.)

HAZEL: Well, I guess the student who carelessly left his folder in the hall, didn't want it. Let's see what's inside. Oh, look a math assignment for Miss Kersey's Algebra class. I can't imagine why this student wouldn't want to turn it in and get credit for it. Oh, well. *(SHE rips the assignment into pieces.)* And look here, a term paper for Mr. Hadley's History Class. Looks like someone put in a lot of work on this one. I guess he didn't want this either. Oh, well. *(SHE rips the paper into pieces. Then SHE approaches CHAZ with the folder.)* Here's your folder back, you filthy piece of parrot crap!

(BLOOD enters again. The STUDENTS all snap up to attention.)

BLOOD: Oh, Miss Hazel?

HAZEL: *(sweetly to CHAZ)* Now remember not to leave your folder in the hall, my precious. *(then to BLOOD)* Yes, Miss Blood?

BLOOD: Would you be able to leave your class for a moment and come see me in my office?

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