

SENIOR YEAR GHOST STORY

by Shawn Deal

Copyright © 2020 by Shawn Deal, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-130-1

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

SENIOR YEAR GHOST STORY

by Shawn Deal

SYNOPSIS: Ms. Lovell’s senior English class goes virtual. The assignment: a video journal about a book they are reading. The final product: a glimpse into the students’ lives, loves, and struggles of senior year. It is a typical assignment until students start disappearing and a mysterious shadow person appears—this is one *Senior Year Ghost Story* you’ll never forget! An original ghost story written for a virtual audience.

DURATION: 60 minutes.

TIME: Present.

SETTING: Virtual – homes of students.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6 female, 4 male, 1 extra)

BLAKE (m)	(4 monologues)
CHLOE (f)	(4 monologues)
TAYA (f)	(38 lines)
KK (f)	(62 lines)
CHARLES (m)	(59 lines)
DYLAN (m)	(10 lines)
LAUREN (f)	(52 lines)
DAVY (m)	(42 lines)
JILL (f)	(26 lines)
SHADOW (m/f)	The ghost creature. (Non-Speaking.)
MS. LOVELL (f)	The teacher of the English Lit class. (1 line)

CAST NOTE: All student characters are in Ms. Lovell’s English Literature Class their senior year in high school.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1: Video Journals

ACT 2: Ghost Story

SETTING

The settings are all in the locations of the students homes. For the best understanding by the audience, have each student pick a location in their home they will act from and keep that location throughout. There will be times when a character may not immediately appear on screen and it will be good if the audience can identify the room of the character before the character comes on.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I imagine the shadow as an actor/actress in a black body suit. This person does not have to be the same person in every scene. This person may be closer than six feet. If the body suit is used, the actor/actress will never be seen and can be played by anyone, or by several. That way this character can be played by someone who is quarantined with the actor/actress in the scene.

ACT ONE

VIDEO JOURNALS

For Act One, all students will just be staring into their computers. For the most part only one student will be on screen at any one time. NOTE: There will be split screens near the end of the act and all through Act Two.

SCENE 1: BLAKE

AT START: *BLAKE absently stares at the screen of his computer.*

BLAKE: Ummmm... yeah... hi... *(Beat. Long pause where BLAKE just stares at the screen.)* Are you there, Ms. Lovell? *(BLAKE moves his face very close to his screen.)* I don't see you. *(BLAKE looks down at his papers.)* I think I'm following the instructions right. *(Looks back down at the instruction sheet.)* Oh... this is the video journal part. Oh... okay... I must be recording then.... *(Beat.)* What do I do now? *(BLAKE makes a series of funny faces at the screen.)*

SCENE 2: CHLOE

CHLOE: We get to do a video journal! All of us... the whole class. *(Looks down at the assignment, which she has printed out in front of her.)* This is awesome! Now, for the first time ever, I can talk in my bedroom, without having one of my parents give me a hard time about it.

I talk to myself.

I have no brothers and sisters to talk to... and it's hard to be alone and deal with all the silence, all the time. So I talk to myself... I have probably done it since I was about three or four. But now... I have a reason to talk. You've given me a reason to talk. This couldn't be more perfect.

Can I talk about anything?

CHLOE looks down at the assignment.

So we have to choose a book to read. Comment on the book and relate it to our life and talk about it.

Ms. Lovell. This could be the greatest English assignment ever. You could be the greatest English teacher ever. I'm going to so love this.

SCENE 3: TAYA

TAYA: Ms. Lovell, I'm sorry. I'm going to be late getting started. It was kind of sudden. We had to move. We've been waiting to find a house for such a long time. We were cramped where we were living. And well, it's not easy living in such a small space, when there are five of you. At any rate, this house was for sale and apparently it closed quicker than my dad thought it would—I don't really know what that means but anyway we got a house. And I am so happy. For the first time ever, I get my own bedroom and don't have to share it with anyone.

Anyway, this is my new room. (*TAYA can show off the room or just motion to her room.*) It's not quite ready. It needs to be cleaned. There is still stuff left by the people who lived here before. I found this diary under a creaky floor board. Who would leave their diary behind? Well anyway. I still have many boxes to unpack. I promise I will get to the assignments as soon as I can. It's just really a crazy time on top of it being crazy out in the world now....

So as soon as I get my own books and the rest of my school things in here, I will pick a book to start reading.

Talk with you soon, Ms. Lovell.

TAYA looks at the diary and begins to read the first page.

SCENE 4: BLAKE

BLAKE: I think I know what I'm doing. (*Shakes his head. Reads from the instruction sheet.*) In your first video journal, tell me what you've chosen to read. Why you've chosen to read it and give an examination of the title.

I am reading *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare.

Why? Because it's on your list and my parents have a copy of Shakespeare's collected works, which sits in our front room on a book shelf.

I think it is just there to impress visitors because in my entire lifetime, I've never seen either one of my parents open the book. I mean ever. I took the book down and it's like brand new, except for the layer of dust on it that made me sneeze. The binding hasn't even been creased. So I'm willing to bet I will be the first one to ever read a word from it.

So the title is *Hamlet*.

I guess *Hamlet* is the name of the main character. So I assume the play is mostly about him. Although, who would name their kid *Hamlet*? What's that about? Doesn't *Hamlet* mean tiny village? My name, *Blake*, means bright and shining. And *his* means tiny village... or maybe they were trying to name him after some sort of pork product.

I don't know. It's awfully confusing. Is the title supposed to be this confusing?

SCENE 5: KK

AT START: *KK looks down at the printed assignment.*

KK: Hi... Ms. Lovell. *(KK sighs and looks over assignment again.)* I don't want to say this, Ms. Lovell... but... I'm going to hate this.

I'm going to go from being an "A" student to struggling to get a "C" in this class.

I have a deep dark secret... my family doesn't own one book. We don't even have a collection of books to put on a shelf just to impress other people who come over.

I'm in a family who doesn't read. Unlike seemingly every other child growing up, I wasn't read to. I've never read a Dr. Seuss book. I never got one read to me or any other children's book for that matter.

I mean, I read... I know how to read and so do my parents... I mean, I guess they do. It's just that no one in my house chooses to sit down and read a book.

Mostly, we just watch television. We get sucked up in those fantasy war series or the one's with the kids on bikes and something weird happens to them. We're always looking for another good series to watch but reading... it's just not done in my house.

You're going to have to send me a book... or... I guess I can come and drive by the high school, if you want to leave one out there or have someone bring it to me wearing a mask and gloves. That is so weird.

I don't care which book you send me... just pick something... and I'll try to get through it.

SCENE 6: CHARLES

AT START: CHARLES looks at the screen. He has a book in his hand.

CHARLES: I guess looking at your list of books to read here... I've chosen this one. It is [insert title of book] by [insert author(s) name].

Beat. CHARLES looks at book for a while and places it down on a surface.

I know I should have read fifty pages or so and tell you all about it and what I think of it and how it relates to my life but... something incredible happened on the last day of school for ninety-seven seconds and I can't stop thinking about it.

I held a girl's hand.

Ms. Lovell, I held a girls hand for ninety-seven seconds. And just not any girl but Lauren. The one in this class. The very cute one who sits next to the windows, third desk from the front. That's why I sit in the next row over fifth seat back, so I can always look at her without her noticing.

Anyway, I held her hand for ninety-seven seconds and it was the greatest ninety-seven seconds of my life.

What was really amazing is that I didn't even notice I was holding her hand for like the first thirty seconds.

It was one of those weird things. We were on the Geology field trip. We're both in Geology. Well, duh. And she had slipped or fallen or something. I actually just looked back, and there she was on the ground. There was no one else around and it looked like she was struggling a bit to stand up. I don't know why. So I rushed over there and reached out my hand and she grabbed it and I helped her up.

That's incredibly when the ninety-seven seconds started.

I asked her if she was alright. And she said okay but she seemed nervous or something... shaky maybe. And we started walking to catch up with the rest of the class. And we held hands. I didn't really notice at first. Then as we continued to walk, I suddenly noticed and for that blissful moment about a minute or so, I was holding hands with Lauren, the most beautiful girl in school. And she didn't let go. She was holding my hand as much as I was holding hers.

Isn't that amazing?

I think it's amazing.

Her hands were really soft, Ms. Lovell. They really were.

SCENE 7: DYLAN

AT START: *DYLAN is checking the assignment that is on printed pages in front of him.*

DYLAN: You've got to be kidding me.... We're supposed to make a video journal... really.... What kind of BS is this?

I'm like supposed to stare into this screen (*Points to computer screen or at the audience.*) and tell someone my deepest, darkest secrets.

NO!

How does this relate to English class? Tell me that, Ms. Lovell, how does this relate to English... really?

Are you testing how well I speak English...?

I speak English good.

Or how does this, (*Points to the screen.*) me recording this for you, have anything to do with literature?

DYLAN reads through some of the instructions.

WAIT!

DYLAN points to something on the paper.

We have to relate our video journal to something that we are reading for class.... What?

OH this is BS!

DYLAN tosses instructions.

No way, Ms. Lovell... I'm not doing it... I'm just not.

Frustrated DYLAN walks away from his screen.

SCENE 8: LAUREN

LAUREN: I know that I'm supposed to choose a book.

LAUREN looks over the list of possible books she can choose from.

How am I supposed to know which one of these books relates to my life now? I can't find the right one.

Ms. Lovell can you recommend a book to me because the one I need the most... *(Waves list in front of screen.)* I can't find on this list.

I need a book that explains boys. I just don't get them. This crazy thing happened to me, on what turned out to be the last day of school. Actually, it wasn't a crazy thing—it wasn't a crazy thing at all.

I fell and someone was nice enough to help me up.

See normal... a thousand people must fall on the ground every day. And I'm sure many of them get helped up. It's just I got helped up by a boy... okay it was Charles. He reached out his hand and pulled me up. It seemed so easy for him. I mean he was strong but gentle. He didn't jerk me up or anything, or try to pull my arm out of my socket.

He just helped me up and looked straight into my eyes... he has amazing coal, blue eyes—have you noticed—and asked if I was okay. In fact, he was sweet enough to ask me twice. I was still kind of out it, maybe in shock or something and he was nice enough to continue to hold my hand after he helped me up. It was really calming, very reassuring. It helped. It was really nice. I liked it. (*Slight pause.*) And then all of a sudden he jerked his hand away and that was it. He didn't say anything more to me. He kind of just walked away.

Beat.

So what was that all about?
I didn't get it.
I don't get boys.

Looks back at the list.

Is there a book on this list that will help?

SCENE 9: CHLOE

AT START: *CHLOE is holding up the list of approved books for Ms. Lovell's English literature class. The list is about three pages long.*

CHLOE: Ms. Lovell... I just printed off the list of books.... So we have to pick a book that we own or can get a hold of off this list to read... and we do the video journal based on that book.

Ms. Lovell, I have a problem.
I have a serious problem.

Beat.

I have too many to choose from. I own ten on page one. Fifteen on page two. And on page three, there are at least three books I've always wanted to read.

"The Crucible" by Arthur Miller. That's supposed to be one of his most famous plays.

"Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton. My mom still has her copy from high school, I could read that one.

And "To Kill a Mocking Bird" supposedly one of the greatest novels of all time.

Ms. Lovell. I can't possibly choose.

This is too hard.

SCENE 10: TAYA

TAYA: Sorry, Ms. Lovell... we've been really busy moving into this new house. I know you've sent messages—I got both your e-mails and both your phone calls—I'm not trying to avoid you.

TAYA stands up and twirls in front of the screen.

See. I'm okay... doing just fine... I've got my room mostly organized.

TAYA looks around at her room.

There's still a box or two I have to unpack yet... but nothing critical.

I found this diary.... Did I say that earlier? Well, I started reading it the other night... and it's about a teenage girl who lived in this house many years ago I think...

I promise I will start reading the book I'm supposed to be reading for class, but at least I'm reading... right?

So... I'm totally okay. I haven't died or gotten sick or anything... just very busy with the move. So... I'll send a virtual journal entry tomorrow.

TAYA waves bye to the screen.

SCENE 11: KK

KK: Ms. Lovell, there was a part two to my deep, dark secret... I don't enjoy reading. As I said before, my parents never read to me or bought me books, so it's something I didn't grow up with. So I don't really enjoy it.

Now, I can read it... I'm just not going to enjoy it.

KK lifts novel up.

So I got the book [insert title and author name]. I was able to find it online so I can listen to it.

KK shows phone or iPod to the screen.

I am not going to be very good at this. I get so much more out of these books, when we are all discussing them in class. I struggle to pick anything out...

I don't see the foreshadowing... at least, not when I read it... yet I do understand it once somebody points it out in class. I don't see theme or meaning or symbolism, again until somebody points it out in class. It's like I'm reading in a dense fog. I read the word, I follow the story but everything else is lost in the fog.

Beat.

I'll do my best.

SCENE 12: DAVY

AT START: *The screen comes up on DAVY'S location, but DAVY is not there.*

DAVY: *(Voice from off screen.)* Am I visible? Seriously, Ms. Lovell, I think sometimes I am invisible.

Beat. DAVY walks into view.

Can you see me?

DAVY waves his hands.

Is it better if I do this?

DAVY jumps up and down and waves his hands.

You must be able to see me now right?

Well, if you can see me, I wish others could.

Okay, that's not exactly true. I like being invisible most of the time. It's like a super power. No one notices me so I can get away with more than other students can. I notice more things. People will do things in front of me that they wouldn't normally do because they don't realize I'm there or don't think I'm watching. I've seen some amazing stuff. And I can ditch almost any class. I can't tell you how often I get up to go to the bathroom, leave class, and don't come back. The teachers usually don't notice I'm even gone. It's amazing really. I'm sorry, I shouldn't be telling you that but since it looks like we won't be in class for the rest of the year, and I'm graduating... I think it's okay.

I know... I know... I should use my powers for good.

But it's so hard.

And I don't have full control over it.

There's one person who I would really like to see me and that's Taya.

I wish she could see me.

Beat.

Oh and I chose "Invisible Man" by Ralph Ellison.

SCENE 13: TAYA

TAYA: Okay, Ms. Lovell, here is a proper virtual journal.

I'm going to read "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens. That probably seems strange, since Christmas was three months ago and is not for many months yet... but I love Christmas... I love everything about Christmas... Christmas makes me happy and I've been depressed...

I actually miss school. I miss my friends. I also miss my teachers—I miss seeing you, Ms. Lovell. And I miss doing regular schoolwork—at school. I never thought I'd say that but I do miss being at school.

So I just want to feel a bit happy. This move is an adjustment, on top of everything else. And so nothing in my life seems normal... and it's been kind of hard.

So anyway, that's why I chose this story, I guess.

TAYA picks up the diary.

This diary is fascinating... I read an entry in it every night. I have reread the first part so many times... It's just fascinating. I don't exactly know why, but this person is amazing. I want to know if there is something I could do with this diary for class. Maybe I could do some sort of special report? Or another virtual journal just about this...?

Maybe, I could read some of this to you.... Tell you what. I'll send some of what I'm reading and you see what you think.

TAYA suddenly looks off screen.

I hear something, must be my mom calling me. I've got to go.

TAYA sets down the diary and walks off screen. Beat. The diary begins to slowly move across the table.

SCENE 14: JILL

JILL: This was supposed to be a great year. My best friend Taya— You knew Taya and I were best friends, right? Ever since second grade, when she shared her birthday cupcake with me.—Well, I guess you do now.

Anyway, Taya is finally getting a house. I don't know if you knew that she has been living in an apartment this whole time. But they have a house now... just up the block. Admittedly, it's also the creepiest house in the entire neighborhood...

We've lived in our house my entire life and Taya's new house must have sold close to ten times.... Nobody ever stays in that house long... I don't know why really.... All the kids in the neighborhood say it's haunted but—I don't believe them—when you ask why they think so, every single person has a different story. Some say there was a murder, others say it's built on a graveyard, or haunted by a ghost or any one of a dozen other things.

It's an old house that probably creaks a lot because... well... it's old.

But none of that's the point. Finally, Taya is within walking distance. I could see her all the time... we can walk to school and home together. I was going to get to spend all kinds of time with my best friend before we both go away to college... and this happens... and we have to stay sequestered away from each other.

It's disappointing...

It's depressing...

I want us to be friends forever.

Who knows what's going to happen once we both go to college.

SCENE 15: DYLAN

AT START: *A much more chagrined and resigned DYLAN appears on screen. Beat. DYLAN stares into the screen and takes a big sigh. Beat.*

DYLAN: I'm.... *(Clears throat.)* Well... my mother got mad at me and told me to apologize. So... I'm sorry, Ms. Lovell.

(Sorry but not really sorry.) It's not like I even swore... I just said BS. Just those two letters. I didn't say bull... *(Suddenly stops himself.)* well... I didn't. But Mom said I should apologize for my tone... so....

I'm sorry again, Ms. Lovell...

I understand that I have to do this to pass this class and graduate...

I will try to take it more seriously.

Beat.

I don't promise to like it though.

SCENE 16: TAYA

TAYA: I've been reading the diary. Sorry I haven't read any of Dickens but whatever... I'll get to it eventually but... this diary....

The girl in this diary... her name is Sara... I think she might have been crazy... I really do.

The diary started off like any other... a teenage girl's diary... thoughts on life, thoughts on boys, thoughts on parents... some drawings, some poetry... I was really liking it. I couldn't stop reading it. I felt a connection with her, she sounded so much like me. But as it goes on, as I read more and more of the entries, she really begins to lose it.

She starts hearing things. She starts seeing things—things moving around in the house, in her bedroom, which is now my bedroom. So that's a little creepy.

She starts seeing shadows move. She even thinks that there is some sort of shadow creature watching her.

TAYA fumbles around with the diary or pulls out a folded piece of paper from it.

She's even drawn a picture of it.

TAYA shows a drawing of a shadow being, which is a shadowy human like creature.

Her words grow more and more paranoid and they make less and less sense and then there is just no more—the diary entries just stop.

They must have moved or she had to go somewhere to get help.

So sad really... I liked her... at least, I felt we could have been friends.

A noise is heard off screen. TAYA looks around. Another noise off screen is heard.

Have to go.

TAYA looks around again.

Mom, is that you?!

SCENE 17: CHARLES

CHARLES: I panicked.

There's just no doubt about it. I straight out panicked.

I looked down and saw our hands touching, our fingers mingled together and I was okay at that point. I was okay until I noticed Lauren was also looking at our hands, holding each other and I don't know—it was something about her face, she had this funny expression on it—a cross between bewilderment, shock and something else, some sort of undefined quality, which I didn't interpret as... as... as... being a good thing.

Like one of those rogue waves that happen in the ocean—the ones that are so much bigger than all the rest—well, that was all my doubts and fears, washing over me in a blink of an eye.

So I quickly let go... not knowing what to do... my mouth got instantly dry and I coughed and then I broke out into a sweat.

I was just a mess and I knew it. I had lost my mojo... I had lost my cool, most crucially, I had lost the moment. And once I realized this, I began to sweat even more. Then I became embarrassed and I could feel my face turning red. Well... then I really began to sweat—like Niagara Falls sweating. And so I left... I mean I got away from her—maybe, too quickly—it may have looked like I was running away from her.

I'm not proud of that.

I just panicked... I straight out panicked.

SCENE 18: BLAKE

BLAKE: So.... *(Reads from assignment sheet.)* Your next video journal should be about the first fifty pages of what you have read in your book.

Well... it was kind of hard to follow but I think I get it.

Hamlet is depressed. I don't really know why. Apparently, his mom married his uncle? That's kind of gross. Didn't really understand why she did that.

Hamlet's father comes back as a ghost.... I really don't see how that's possible. So Hamlet's dad tells Hamlet that Hamlet's uncle killed him by putting some sort of poison in his ear. I think it was his ear? It might have been his drink. I don't know... it had something to do with his ear.

I didn't get that.

Hamlet's uncle really has it bad for Hamlet's mom, which is just super gross, and that's why he killed his brother. I didn't get why he would do that. I guess it was one of those things that seemed like a good idea at the time.

Beat.

It's kind of a strange story.
But that's alright with me. I like strange.

Beat.

Can't really think of anything more.

SCENE 19: JILL

JILL: So, I'm reading a collection of short stories by Edgar Allen Poe. I may have made a mistake. Maybe, this wasn't what I should have chosen.

I was doing fine, enjoyed "The Black Cat" and "The Tell-Tale Heart" but... I got to "The Fall of the House of Usher" and now the only thing I can think of is Taya's new house.... That might have been a bad decision too... them moving in to it.

I mean her family buying that house. I know I said I didn't believe the stories about it being haunted or anything like that but... there have been a lot of strange things that have happened surrounding the house.

Lights turn on and off in the house during times that no one has lived there. My dad always said it was just faulty wiring. But I swear, I've seen someone in the house sometimes. There are still curtains on the windows and they're never opened. But I see a person's shadow walking in the vacant house sometimes.

The cops have gotten called several times over the years and never find anyone.

But then there was my cat Snowball. Snowball was an old cat, we had had him forever, and with a name like Snowball, you can guess he was an all-white cat. He had marvelous blue eyes. Well, one day he went missing. I cried and cried... he was my cat. He use to lay down on the ground and grab me by the ankle with his paws and make me pet him.

I went around the whole neighborhood, knocked on every door, asking if people had seen him. Mr. Tamisee thought he saw a white cat in the yard of that house. This was when it was vacant. So I went into the yard and called for Snowball, and looked all around for him.

I've never told anyone this part.... I found a black cat there in the back yard, by the base of a tree. It had probably been dead a couple of days at least. I checked its collar, so I could at least call the owners and let them know... well... it was Snowball's collar.... It was my phone number on the collar.

I stopped looking for Snowball and he never came back. It still freaks me out how Snowball's collar got on that black cat...

I'm worried about Taya being in that house...

I know it's silly but I can't stop worrying about her.

SCENE 20: DAVY & TAYA

AT START: *DAVY appears on the screen by himself.*

DAVY: I just want to... okay, I'm just going to do it.

DAVY taps on the keyboard. Screen splits in half with DAVY on one side and TAYA soon to be on the other. TAYA appears. TAYA looks into her screen a bit surprised.

TAYA: Davy? Hey, how are you?

DAVY: Oh you know... stuck at home.

TAYA: Oh, yeah, I know.

DAVY just stares into the camera. TAYA waits to see if DAVY is going to say anything. Beat.

TAYA: So... things are going alright?

Beat. DAVY thinks for a moment.

DAVY: Yeah... I guess...

TAYA: (*Slightly uncomfortable, it's the dull conversation.*) Okay... good.

Another long pause as DAVY stares into the screen and TAYA, growing more and more impatient tries to wait for DAVY to say something.

TAYA: So did you need something, Davy?

DAVY: What?

TAYA: Did you call me for a reason?

DAVY: Uhhh... well... you know.

TAYA: (*Growing more impatient.*) No. I don't know. That's why I asked.

DAVY: Oh... yeah... well, I guess that makes sense.

Another long pause where DAVY just looks into the screen.

TAYA: Okay... well... I've got to go. Nice seeing you, Davy. Talk with you later.

DAVY: Yeah... okay... you too, Taya.

DAVY screens goes dark or disappears completely. Beat. TAYA just stares into her screen.

TAYA: Boys.

SCENE 21: LAUREN & CHARLES

LAUREN stares into her screen.

LAUREN: I have to talk to him. Can't keep thinking about it.

LAUREN manipulates her screen and CHARLES appears.

CHARLES: Lauren... hey... hi... I'm surprised... uh... yeah... hi.

LAUREN: Charles you're driving me crazy... you need to stop.

CHARLES: I'm driving you crazy? Really? How? I mean... what am I doing? Because we haven't seen each other since this whole thing started....

LAUREN: *(She points to her head, frustrated.)* You're in here and I need you to vacate because I can't get anything else done...

CHARLES: *(Perplexed.)* I'm in your head? I don't know that I have the kind of power to leave it. I mean, I would if I could... because you want me to... but, I'm really... in your head?

LAUREN: Yes and I don't like it. Get out.

CHARLES: Is this about the hand holding?

LAUREN: *(Stares in the screen as if CHARLES is dense.)* Of course, it is about the hand holding!

CHARLES: *(Excited.)* You felt something?

LAUREN: Yes, of course, I felt something.

CHARLES: What'd you feel?

LAUREN: I felt... *(Thinks.)* I guess, I felt your hand... within mine.... It was warm... uhmmm, it was comforting... it was, well, you helped me up so it was strong and... helpful.

CHARLES: *(A bit disappointed.)* Oh... okay... well, that's nice... was that all you felt?

LAUREN: What did you feel?

CHARLES: Well... well... I felt...

Beat. CHARLES doesn't finish his sentence.

LAUREN: *(A bit upset.)* Charles, you can't ask me these questions, if you're not going to answer them yourself.

CHARLES: You're right. Fair is fair. I guess I felt more than what you did. I will admit, it kind of freaked me out, and I didn't handle it well after, but I felt a connection.

LAUREN: What do you mean freaked out? And what do you mean connection?

CHARLES: By freaked out, I mean, I absolutely panicked and ran away from you... by connection I mean.... Well, I mean by holding your hand... I realized that I liked you.

LAUREN: Like me?

CHARLES: Have feelings for you. You know... I like you and that I really liked holding hands with you and I would really like to do it again. It's okay that you didn't feel the same way....

LAUREN: I never said that.

CHARLES: What? What?! What!

LAUREN: Stop saying that.

CHARLES: But... but... but...

LAUREN: Oh, that's worse.

CHARLES: Okay... what do you mean?

LAUREN: Well... I liked the hand holding.

CHARLES: (*Surprised.*) You did?

LAUREN: I did... and I can't stop thinking about it. That's why you're stuck in my head, driving me crazy.

CHARLES: Did what I just say help?

LAUREN: Yes and no. And that makes it even more frustrating. You like me.

CHARLES: Yeah... I know... I just made it awkward. I didn't mean to.

LAUREN: I like you too. At least, I think I might like you at any rate.

CHARLES smiles.

CHARLES: Honestly, that is great news. More than I could have possibly hoped for. I just never thought you might be interested in me.

LAUREN: So what made you panic?

CHARLES: I don't know... I was scared.

LAUREN: (*Laughs.*) Scared of me?

CHARLES: No, not you. Scared to talk to you.

LAUREN: Why?

CHARLES: I don't know why I'm so afraid of speaking... I just get tongue tied... I can't come up with the words. I can later... at my house... looking in my mirror in the bathroom, but finding the right words to tell a girl that you like her... is just about impossible.

My body began to sabotage me. I felt like I was a volcano getting ready to erupt. Just getting warmer and warmer and warmer. I should have been wearing a tank top and shorts I was so warm and sweaty.

It was then that my mind froze and words failed to form. I should have said something to you right when you stared down at our holding hands... right then I should have said something cool... or something suave... or something at all... instead I pulled away and ran.

Kicked myself for it as soon as I did it. But I felt so bad about doing it I didn't know if... I didn't know at all what to say to you and I might not have said anything, if you had not've contacted me right now. So I am so glad you called me.

LAUREN: Why are boys so weird?

CHARLES: I don't know... that's one of the great mysteries and I don't even think that us boys know. So what do we do now?

LAUREN: (*Thinks.*) Okay. We need to talk a lot.

CHARLES: Yeah, I'm not so good at that.

LAUREN: Here's what we're going to do. I will call you at this same time tomorrow. You go to your bathroom mirror and practice everything you want to say... practice a lot and we'll talk tomorrow.

CHARLES: Okay, I will.

SCENE 22: DAVY

DAVY: I'm like white toast. Toast with absolutely nothing on it. No jam. No way! I'm not worthy of anything... *(DAVY shows a piece of toast to the screen.)* interesting like jam. *(DAVY shows a jar of jam to the screen.)*

After that talk with Taya, I don't even merit butter.

DAVY shows some butter.

Why is it so hard to talk to Taya?

DAVY stares at the toast.

Why am I so plain?

DAVY looks into the screen. He opens the jar of jam and begins to slowly spread it all over his face.

I need to be more confident.

I need to be more interesting.

I need to have something to say.

Taya should want to talk to me.

By now DAVY'S face is all covered in jam.

I should be worthy of jam.

SCENE 23: TAYA

AT START: *TAYA comes on the screen looking very haggard.*

TAYA: I don't think Sara was crazy... not at all. I think everything she wrote in this diary is true. The noises... thinking someone else is here... that she... that I'm being watched every second... of shadows moving.

TAYA shows the shadow drawing to the screen.

I haven't slept in several nights.

This creature... it exists... I've seen it.

My parents don't believe me and it's not like we can leave.

Ms. Lovell... I don't know what to do... I think it's trying to get me.

I don't know what to do.

SCENE 24: CHARLES & LAUREN

AT START: Split screen of CHARLES and LAUREN.

LAUREN: We just can't talk about it anymore.

CHARLES: What about? Us holding hands?

LAUREN: Yes... we can't talk about it anymore.

CHARLES: *(Slight pause. Looks around his room.)* With the world like it is, we can do nothing but talk. Besides, you felt something... you know you did... you admitted it.

LAUREN: I know I did... I said so... it's just. *(Motions to the screen.)* I don't feel the same way talking like this...

CHARLES sighs.

CHARLES: Yeah, I know.

LAUREN sighs.

LAUREN: It was nice... the hand holding...

CHARLES: Better than nice... I know what we should do.

LAUREN: Are you saying?

CHARLES: I think we should.

LAUREN: Think we should what?

CHARLES: Well... ya... know.

LAUREN: I think I know but it would be good if you said it.

CHARLES: Let's sneak out...

LAUREN: We're not supposed to...

CHARLES: We're teenagers. This is exactly what we're supposed to do.

LAUREN: I don't want to get in trouble...

CHARLES: Then don't let anyone see you. You can sneak out and sneak back in, can't you?

LAUREN: Yeah, I can... my parents leave me alone in my room for hours. They'll never know... because, if they ever find out...

CHARLES: Oh... don't worry about that. Where can we meet?

LAUREN: There's that park at the end of my block...

CHARLES: Gabriel Park... yeah... great idea. Tonight after dark.

LAUREN: *(Thinks.)* Okay... I can make that happen. But...?

CHARLES: But what?

LAUREN: Exactly, what did you have in mind....

CHARLES: How about we just walk in the park?

LAUREN: Holding hands?

CHARLES: Holding hands.

LAUREN: *(Smiles.)* See you then.

LAUREN clicks off.

CHARLES: *(Throws his hands and arms into the air.)* YESSS!

SCENE 25: DAVY & TAYA

DAVY stares at the screen waiting, waiting, and waiting.

DAVY: *(Talking to himself.)* Has it ever been this bad? Have I been this bad? Have I been such a nightmare that Taya won't even answer?

Well, of course, I have.

I've been a disaster.

I rank right up there with the Hindenburg and the Titanic. Well, maybe Titanic should be first, Hindenburg second, *(Slight pause.)* I am a solid third place, when it comes to the great disasters.

DAVY begins to slowly hit his head against the desk or use a pillow to smack himself in the face repeatedly. TAYA comes online looking tired and frazzled. Beat. TAYA watches DAVY repeatedly hit himself.

TAYA: Davy is that you?

DAVY suddenly stops what he is doing and looks slowly at the screen.

DAVY: Not again.

TAYA: What was that? What did you say?

DAVY: That I've done it again.

TAYA: What again?

DAVY: Somehow managed to embarrass myself, or at the very least, look like a complete fool around you again.

TAYA: It is comforting to know you're not trying to do it on purpose.

DAVY: No, I swear to you, I'm not.

TAYA: Good, because that would have been weird and not in a good way.

DAVY: I'm sorry. I had thought you weren't going to answer. I'd been waiting a while and I had just thought you weren't around or didn't want to talk to me.

TAYA: It's not that I don't want to talk to you Davy. It's just... well... you don't seem to talk much.

DAVY: Yeah, that's my fault. I don't always know what to say.

TAYA: I don't mean to be rude or anything Davy but you hardly ever know what to say.

DAVY: *(A bit surprised, but nods.)* Yeah, that's fair.

TAYA looks over her shoulder, as if she heard something.

DAVY: When it comes to you, I freeze for some reason. I want to tell you everything and when I see you or get around you my mind suddenly can't form any words for me to say. And I just fall apart.

TAYA: I don't know why... I'm like the shortest person in class, not at all intimidating.

DAVY: *(Blurts out.)* It's because I like you.

TAYA: *(Suddenly looks uncomfortable.)* Davy... that's... well... very sweet of you and everything, but I don't like you. No, I didn't mean

that... I like you... I just don't like you, like you... I mean I don't like you in the same way you like me.

DAVY: Yeah.... I kinda get that...

DAVY looks at the screen somewhat miserably. TAYA looks at her screen somewhat sympathetically.

TAYA: I'm sorry, Davy.

DAVY: It's okay.

Some sort of shadow or black thing crosses TAYA'S screen.

DAVY: *(Alarmed.)* What was that?

TAYA: *(Picking up on DAVY'S alarm.)* What was what?

DAVY: That black thing, that shadow of some kind.

SHADOW PERSON crosses TAYA'S screen.

TAYA: *(Looks around.)* What? Where?

DAVY: There. I mean I just saw it on your screen.

TAYA: Oh... just on my screen. I thought you were telling me that there was something here in my room.

TAYA looks around her room concerned.

DAVY: Taya, are you all right?

TAYA: I'm not sure. There have been a lot of strange things happening—lots of strange things.

DAVY: Like what?

TAYA: Strange noises. Moving shadows. This really creepy diary I've been reading. I'll be honest, it's been freaking me out.

DAVY: Really? Tell me.

TAYA: No. No. I have read from it too much. It's affecting my dreams.

DAVY: How so?

TAYA: I don't know... I haven't slept well in a week. I'm having nightmares. Nightmares about this creature, this ghost, this entity or whatever it is, described in this diary.

TAYA: *(Continued.)* I should have never read this. I hate horror stories. They're scary for me. And this one is freaking me out. I see this shadow figure in my dreams. He's chasing me in my room and chasing my friends and always just about the time he reaches out to grab me, I startle awake. I'm covered in sweat... my blankets are all knotted up on the floor and the bed is just soaked. I can't....

TAYA puts her face in her hands as she begins to cry. DAVY looks on super concerned and at a loss of what to do or say.

DAVY: Oh, Taya. It's okay... well... it's going to be okay... it's going to get better.

TAYA: I hope so.

The lights in TAYA'S room go off. TAYA is startled and looks around.

DAVY: What happened?

TAYA is looking around.

TAYA: The lights have gone out... we may have lost power...

TAYA is paranoid and looks around her quickly. A strange noise from off screen is heard.

TAYA: Who's there? I can hear you walking. Davy, the shadows are moving. *(Looks all around her, absolutely panicked.)* They're moving. They're all moving. They're moving everywhere. *(Screams.)*

DAVY: Taya!

TAYA'S screen goes black.

DAVY: Oh no... oh no. What do I do? What do I do?

END OF ACT ONE

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
SENIOR YEAR GHOST STORY by Shawn Deal. For
performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

DO NOT COPY