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The Haunting of Chip Lake Lodge**

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# THE HAUNTING OF CHIP LAKE LODGE

A COMEDY-MYSTERY IN ONE ACT  
BY  
*J. Robert Wilkins*



*The Haunting of Chip Lake Lodge*  
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## Characters

- Stephanie:** 18 years old  
A typical teenage princess. She is dressed in designer jeans and top.
- Justin:** 18 years old  
Stephanie's date. He is not as strong or as bright as he thinks he is. His lines don't have typos — he often mixes up his words.
- Jennifer:** 18 years old  
A worrier.
- Amy:** 18 years old  
Self-assured and in control.
- Leroy:** Late 30's  
The owner of Chip Lake Lodge. He is dressed in jeans or overalls, a plaid shirt and work boots.
- Patricia:** 17 years old  
She is Leroy's deceased sister. She wears a prom dress from the late 70's/early 80's.

## Setting

The lobby of Chip Lake Lodge on a late Saturday afternoon in spring. The Lodge is a rustic old country inn that has seen better days.

There is a main entry door on lower stage right. An old wood chair sits downstage of the door. There is a light switch on the wall beside the door.

A reception desk is at lower stage left. The desk is cluttered with papers and binders. A telephone sits on the desk. A broom leans against the wall behind the desk.

A hallway to the rest of the lodge is at upper center.

An old sofa sits at right center. Various other chairs, tables and lamps fill in the set as space allows.



**Scene I**

*Lights up. It is late afternoon. Sun streams through the fourth wall window. The foyer of the Lodge is empty. STEPHANIE enters excitedly from the Main Entry.*

STEPHANIE: Come on, Justin. This is going to be, like, so cool. (*looks around the room*) We must be the first ones here.

JUSTIN: (*enters from Main Entry carrying two large suitcases, a make-up case, and a sports bag*) I'm coming, Stephanie. (*drops suitcases and looks around the room*) So, this is it.

*JENNIFER enters from the Main Entry with AMY. Both carry a suitcase.*

JENNIFER: Where is everybody?

AMY: This place looks deserted.

JUSTIN: (*crosses to down center and looks out fourth wall window*) Maybe everybody is down at the lake. In their bikinis.

JENNIFER: I don't think this is the right place.

STEPHANIE: Like, where's the welcoming committee?

AMY: And the desk clerk? We need to check into our rooms.

STEPHANIE: (*runs her fingers over the back of a chair. Looks at the dust on her fingers*) Eeeeyu! Totally gross! This is so not a nice place.

JUSTIN: It's all right. It's kind of rusty, that's all.

JENNIFER: You mean rustic.

JUSTIN: Whatever.

AMY: This isn't rustic. This is a dump.

STEPHANIE: This is, like, worse than the inside of your locker, Justin.

AMY: Are you sure you followed the map?

JUSTIN: (*sarcastically*) Yes, I followed the map.

AMY: Let me see the map.

*JUSTIN takes a map from his pocket. AMY immediately takes it from him.*

JUSTIN: I don't know why you don't trust me.

*STEPHANIE screams and jumps up on the wooden chair.*

JENNIFER: What's the matter?

STEPHANIE: It's a rat!

*JUSTIN jumps up on the sofa and picks up a throw pillow.*

JUSTIN: Don't panic ladies. I'll protect you.

AMY: What are you going to do, smother it?

STEPHANIE: (*pointing to the corner behind the desk*) There it is again!

JENNIFER: It's only a little mouse.

JUSTIN: Exactly what do you mean by little?

JENNIFER: Little, like a regular sized mouse.

JUSTIN: (*stepping down cautiously from the sofa*) Mice can get pretty big out here in the country.

STEPHANIE: Mice, rats. They're, like, all the same to me. Let's get out of here.

JUSTIN: But this is our prom weekend.

AMY: I don't think the prom is going to happen here.

JENNIFER: Why not?

AMY: Because Christopher Columbus here read the map wrong.

JUSTIN: That's impossible. Let me see that. (*Takes the map from AMY and studies it. AMY turns the map right side up.*) So. I don't see a problem.

AMY: What's the name of this place?

JUSTIN: I don't know. (*looks around*) There must be a name somewhere. (*looks through papers on the desk*) Here. It's the Chip Lake Lodge.

STEPHANIE: But we're supposed to be at Chip Lake Resort.

AMY: Yes we are. And where is the resort relative to where we are now?

JENNIFER: (*JUSTIN studies the map. JENNIFER takes the map from him. She looks briefly at the map.*) We are on the opposite side of the lake. You took the wrong turn right here at the T-intersection, Justin.

STEPHANIE: (*gets down from the chair*) Oh, Justin. Now my prom is, like, totally ruined.

JUSTIN: It's my prom, too.

AMY: Don't panic. We've still got time to get to the other side of the lake.

STEPHANIE: Well, let's go. I'm, like, starting to get itchy. (*exits by the Main Entry*)

JUSTIN: Can I have the map, Jennifer?

AMY: (*takes the map from JENNIFER*) I'll keep the map. You just drive where I tell you. (*Exits by the Main Entry with JENNIFER. Each take their suitcase.*)

JUSTIN: (*mockingly*) You just drive where I tell you. (*picks up remaining suitcases*) Sometimes you can be so infumigating. (*exits by the Main Entry*)

*After several seconds AMY enters followed by JUSTIN, JENNIFER and STEPHANIE. STEPHANIE is hesitant about coming completely into the room. AMY immediately begins to search the room.*

AMY: Where did you have them last?

JUSTIN: I told you. I put them in my pocket. I already checked.

AMY: How could you lose a set of keys in such a short time? Check again.



JUSTIN: (*turns out his pockets*) See. Nothing.

JENNIFER: Let's retrace your steps. Where were you in this room?

JUSTIN: I came in the door. I walked around a bit. Then I was over by the desk.

STEPHANIE: You were up on the sofa when you, like, ran away from the rat.

JUSTIN: I did NOT run away.

JENNIFER: Let's check under the cushions.

STEPHANIE: Just a minute. (*gets up on the wood chair*) OK. Now you can look.

AMY: Do you want to get up there with her, Justin?

JUSTIN: There isn't room.

*AMY lifts the sofa cushions. A mouse climbs up the back of the sofa and disappears behind.*

STEPHANIE: There it is again. Get it.

JENNIFER: It's gone already.

STEPHANIE: Gone where? It could be anywhere waiting to, like, attack me.

AMY: Don't worry. Here's the keys.

*JUSTIN takes the keys from AMY.*

JUSTIN: Good. Now, let's get out of here.

*All exit by the Main Entry except STEPHANIE, who remains on the chair. She slowly steps down and exits quickly by the Main Entry.*

STEPHANIE: Wait for me!

*Several seconds pass. During this time a song from the disco era is heard playing faintly. JENNIFER enters from the Main Entry followed by JUSTIN,*

AMY, and STEPHANIE. STEPHANIE immediately climbs up on the wood chair. JENNIFER is distressed.

JENNIFER: This is really weird.

AMY: This is beyond weird.

STEPHANIE: Don't you have, like, you know, a spare in the trunk, Justin?

JUSTIN: I don't keep spare spark plugs in the trunk, Stephanie.

JENNIFER: How can spark plugs disappear?

STEPHANIE: Maybe they fell out.

AMY: Somebody must have stolen them.

JUSTIN: Who would want spark plugs?

JENNIFER: We weren't in here that long.

AMY: It was long enough for someone to remove the plugs.

STEPHANIE: You mean we're not alone?

AMY: Maybe not.

STEPHANIE: I'm getting really, like, creeped out.

JUSTIN: (*begins to panic*) Don't panic, Stephanie. Everything will be fine.

STEPHANIE: How can everything be fine, Justin. We're in the wrong place. Our sparky thingys have, like, totally disappeared. We're being attacked by some kind of mutant rats. And I'm supposed to be at my prom. It's not fine.

JUSTIN: We're going to get there, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE: How?

JUSTIN: I don't know yet. But I'm working on it.

AMY: Settle down you two. The first thing we should do is report this to the police.

JENNIFER: That's a good idea.

AMY: You make the call, Jen. I'm going to scout around. Maybe I can find somebody. (*exits by the Hallway door*)

STEPHANIE: (*gets down from the chair*) Maybe the police can drive us. That would be, like, a totally awesome way to arrive at the prom.

*JENNIFER crosses to the telephone on the desk.*

JENNIFER: Look. Here is a number to the police right by the phone. (*dials*) Hello. I would like to report a theft. (*pause*) Our spark plugs have been stolen. (*pause*) My name is Jennifer Atkins. (*pause*) I'm calling from the... hello... hello? Are you still there? We've been cut off.

JUSTIN: What? Let me see that. (*crosses to the desk and takes the receiver from JENNIFER*) It's dead.

STEPHANIE: Oh great! I don't know why we ever decided to have prom, like, way out here in the country anyway. It's a totally stupid idea.

JENNIFER: It was your idea, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE: It was not.

JUSTIN: Yes, it was. You wanted prom to be in a country club setting. By a lake, dancing in the moonlight, crickets cheeping. Remember? You pushed and pushed until you got your own way.

STEPHANIE: I did not push. We, like, took a vote.

JUSTIN: And you were in charge of counting the bullets.

JENNIFER: All right you two. It really doesn't matter. What matters is how we get out of here. Somehow we've got to get to the other side of the lake.

*AMY enters from the Hallway.*

AMY: I think I know how we can get there.

STEPHANIE: Did you find a car?

AMY: No such luck. But I did find a boat. Actually, it's a canoe. Down in the boathouse.

JUSTIN: A canoe? What good is a canoe? We need a car, Amy.

AMY: *(takes the map from her pocket)* Look at the map. It's only about three miles straight line. If we all paddle, we should make it.

STEPHANIE: But we'll be, like, all hot and sweaty by the time we get there.

AMY: Hot and sweaty at the prom, or cool and dry here. Take your pick.

JENNIFER: Besides, Steffy, I'll bet we will be the only ones there to arrive by boat.

STEPHANIE: Yes. We will be the talk of the night.

AMY: All right then. Let's get going. There are some lifejackets hanging on the wall in the boathouse.

STEPHANIE: Let's go Justin. I'll be, like, Cleopatra and you can be my Anthony. We'll sail down the Nile on my barge.

JUSTIN: Get real, Steffy. It's a canoe. On Chip Lake.

STEPHANIE: That's the trouble with you, Justin. You have, like, no imagination.

JUSTIN: Yes, I do. Right now I'm imagining who is going to do most of the paddling.

STEPHANIE: Stop your whining. Like, that's what men are for. *(exits by the Hallway)*

JUSTIN: I am not a wino, Stephanie. *(exits by the Hallway)*

AMY: Did you get through to the police, Jennifer?

JENNIFER: Yes. But the phone went dead before I could tell them where we were.

AMY: Really? *(crosses to the telephone)* Let's try it again. *(picks up receiver)* It's still dead.

JENNIFER: What are we going to do now?

AMY: We are going to row across the lake in the canoe.

JENNIFER: You make it sound so simple. Are you sure we can do this, Amy?

AMY: Of course we can. You and I took outdoor ed. Justin used to go camping with his parents every year. All we have to do is keep Stephanie from freaking out. As long as we keep her focused on making a big entrance, everything will be fine.

JENNIFER: Maybe we should leave a note. You know, in case something goes wrong and they send a search party.

AMY: Nothing is going to go wrong, Jen. It's just a little canoe ride.

JENNIFER: I know. But what if a wind comes up? Or we lose the paddles?

AMY: You have to stop worrying so much. Your hives are going to flare up.

JENNIFER: I know. OK, let's go.

AMY: We had better go out to the car and get the suitcases.

*AMY and JENNIFER exit by the Main Entry. Several seconds pass. During this time, the song played previously is clearer.*

*JUSTIN enters from the Hallway and crosses quickly to the sofa and removes the blanket. STEPHANIE enters from the Hallway. She is wearing a lifejacket. She is soaking wet and has seaweed hanging from her hair and shoulders.*

JUSTIN: Here. Wrap this blanket around you. (*helps STEPHANIE to the sofa and sits with her*) Are you OK, Stephe?

STEPHANIE: (*sarcastically*) Do I look OK?

JUSTIN: (*removes seaweed from STEPHANIE's hair*) This green really brings out the colour of your eyes.

*JENNIFER enters from the Main Entry followed by AMY. JENNIFER has her own suitcase. AMY has STEPHANIE's suitcase and the make-up case. She places them behind the sofa.*

JENNIFER: What happened to you, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE: It's all his fault.

JUSTIN: *(rises and crosses to the front of the desk)* Oh, sure. It's always my fault.

STEPHANIE: You told me to get into the boat first.

JUSTIN: I was being a gentleman. You know, ladies first.

STEPHANIE: You've never been a gentleman before.

JUSTIN: How was I supposed to know the bottom was rotten?

STEPHANIE: If you had gotten in first, like, you would have known.

AMY: That was the only boat there was.

STEPHANIE: Now I'll never get to be prom queen.

AMY: The first thing we should do is get you into some dry clothes. I brought your suitcase in. Let's go to a guest room so you can change.

STEPHANIE: What for? My life is over.

JENNIFER: Come on, Stephanie. It isn't that bad.

STEPHANIE: Like, that's easy for you to say. You never had a chance to be prom queen.

JUSTIN: She didn't mean that. Her brain is a little water-bogged.

AMY: *(takes STEPHANIE's suitcase)* Come on, Stephanie. Let's go change.

*STEPHANIE rises and exits by the Hallway with AMY.*

STEPHANIE: If we meet any rats, don't let them, like, eat me, OK?

JENNIFER: This prom is a disaster.

JUSTIN: Rats don't eat people do they?

JENNIFER: No. I don't think so. Besides, it was only a mouse, Justin.

*JUSTIN searches the room and picks up the broom.*

JUSTIN: You can never be too careful.

JENNIFER: What are you doing?

JUSTIN: I want to be ready to protect you girls.

JENNIFER: From what?

JUSTIN: You never know what is smurfing about.

JENNIFER: *(scratches her hands)* You're starting to scare me.

JUSTIN: *(crosses to JENNIFER)* Don't get historical, Jen. I'm here to protect you.

JENNIFER: You know what scares me more than anything? Spiders. I hate spiders.

*A large black spider slowly descends on stage behind JUSTIN. JENNIFER sees the spider and is speechless.*

JUSTIN: Me too. Spiders gross me out.

*Blackout.*

## Scene 2

*Ten minutes later. JUSTIN and JENNIFER are seated on the sofa. JUSTIN is breathing into a paper bag.*

JENNIFER: Take deep breaths, Justin. That's it. Are you feeling better?

JUSTIN: I think so. You were very brave just now. You must think I'm a big sissy.

JENNIFER: It was no big deal. I just reacted, that's all.

JUSTIN: You were pretty good with that broom. That spider didn't stand a chance.

JENNIFER: I'm sure you would have done the same thing if I didn't grab the broom from you.

JUSTIN: Let's not say anything about this to Amy and Stephanie, OK?

JENNIFER: Don't worry. I won't.

JUSTIN: Thanks, Jen. Besides we have more important things to worry about.

JENNIFER: You're right. We're not going to get to the prom, are we?

JUSTIN: I don't see how.

JENNIFER: How could this happen?

JUSTIN: It's pretty simple. We took the wrong road.

JENNIFER: I know that. But how can spark plugs just disappear?

JUSTIN: I've been trying to figure that one out. Maybe I should go out and look around again.

JENNIFER: It's going to be dark soon.

JUSTIN: Would you like to come with me?

*AMY enters from the Hallway.*

AMY: Where's that music coming from?

JENNIFER: What music?

JUSTIN: I don't hear any music.

AMY: Come on you two. There was a song playing. You must have heard it.

JENNIFER: No. Not at all.

AMY: That's really strange. I could hear it clearly down in the room.

JUSTIN: Then there must be someone else here. That would explain where the spark plugs went.

JENNIFER: How can there be someone else here? Wouldn't we have seen them by now?



AMY: Not if they don't want to be seen.

*JENNIFER now starts to scratch more frequently. As the situation becomes more frightening, she intensifies her scratching.*

JENNIFER: Now I am scared.

JUSTIN: Don't worry, Jennifer. I'm scared too.

JENNIFER: Where's Stephanie?

AMY: She fell asleep in the room after she changed.

JUSTIN: Maybe we shouldn't leave her alone.

AMY: Good idea. You go sit with her for a bit. She's down the hall in the first room on the left.

JUSTIN: Who, me? I mean, OK, me. *(rises)* I'll go down to the room. *(moves hesitantly towards the Hallway)* I'm going now. *(pauses in the Hallway entry)* Are you sure you will be OK in here by yourselves?

AMY: *(sits on the sofa)* We'll be fine.

JUSTIN: Good. Well, here I go. *(hesitantly exits into the Hallway and then quickly reappears)* Make sure you yell if you need me. I'll do the same at my end. *(takes a deep breath)* Here goes nothing. *(exits into the Hallway)*

JENNIFER: I really am spooked, Amy.

AMY: There's nothing to get spooked about, Jennifer.

JENNIFER: Oh no? How about missing spark plugs, a dead telephone, a rotten canoe, and now music out of nowhere?

AMY: I'm sure there is a logical explanation for all of that. Stop scratching.

JENNIFER: I would feel a lot better if I knew what those explanations were.

AMY: *(rises and paces)* We just have to figure them out. We're all high school seniors. Soon we'll be high school graduates.

JENNIFER: Maybe not Justin.

AMY: I know. But my point is that we are smart enough to figure this out.

JUSTIN: (*enters from the Hallway*) Did you say the room on the left?

AMY: Right.

JUSTIN: Oh. On the right.

AMY: No, on the left.

JUSTIN: But you just said right.

AMY: No, I meant right as in correct.

JUSTIN: So it is the room on the right.

AMY: No, it's the room on the left.

JUSTIN: Right.

AMY: No, it's on the left.

JUSTIN: Well then, we've got a big problem. Stephanie is not there.

JENNIFER: Are you sure you went to the right room?

JUSTIN: I went to the left room, which I think is the right room, but not the room on the right.

AMY: Are you sure she's not there?

JUSTIN: Of course she's not there. I looked in the room. I didn't see Stephanie. Do you think I'm some kind of idiot?

AMY: This is no time to get into a debate about your IQ, Justin.

JENNIFER: Did you look anywhere else?

JUSTIN: No. Amy said she was in the room.

AMY: Maybe she went to the bathroom.

JUSTIN: Well then, I'm not going to walk in on her, am I?

AMY: No. But you could have knocked on the door. (*exits to the Hallway*)

JUSTIN: There were two doors. How was I supposed to know if the bathroom was the left one or the right one?

JENNIFER: Don't worry about it, Justin. Amy will find her.

JUSTIN: (*sits on the sofa beside JENNIFER*) She can be so irritating sometimes.

JENNIFER: She's uptight like the rest of us, Justin. This is turning into the worst day of my life. All I wanted to do was go to prom.

JUSTIN: It's OK, Jen. You're young. I'm sure you will have worse days than this.

JENNIFER: That's not very comforting.

JUSTIN: I know. But there will be other proms.

JENNIFER: Maybe for you. You're not graduating. I'm sorry, Justin. I shouldn't have said that.

JUSTIN: That's OK. You were just stating the obvious.

JENNIFER: I know, but sometimes the truth is better unsaid. I'm just so upset.

*AMY enters from the Hallway.*

AMY: We've got a big problem. Stephanie is not in the room.

JUSTIN: What did I tell you? Score one for Justin.

AMY: This isn't a game, Justin. This is serious.

JENNIFER: Did you check all the rooms?

AMY: No. I only checked the first two rooms.

JUSTIN: Well, don't you think you should check the rest of them? I mean, get with it, Amy.

AMY: Why don't I shove my fist up your nose and check if your brain is still there?

JENNIFER: Arguing isn't going to get us anywhere. We need to find Steffy.

JUSTIN: *(rises)* Well, I guess I will have to go. After all, she is my date.

JENNIFER: We'll all go.

AMY: Someone should stay here in case she shows up. If she comes here and we're all gone, she'll panic.

JUSTIN: Good idea. *(sits on the sofa)* I guess I will have to stay. After all, she is my date.

AMY: You are making absolutely no sense. But, fine. You stay here and Jennifer and I will check all the rooms. OK, Jen?

*JENNIFER stands and crosses behind the sofa.*

JENNIFER: OK. I think I will feel better if I am doing something.

AMY: Good. Now what ever you do, Justin, don't leave this room. Stay here and don't do anything. We don't want to lose anyone else. *(to JENNIFER)* Don't scratch.

*AMY and JENNIFER exit by the Hallway.*

JUSTIN: No problem. Doing nothing is right up my alley cat. *(Stands. Picks up the broom. Moves about the room and feigns attacking an unseen enemy.)* Don't mess with the great and powerful Justin. *(Sits in the wood chair and tries to relax. The previously played disco song rises. JUSTIN stands.)* Who's there? I know somebody's there. Come out where I can see you. *(Song plays louder. JUSTIN becomes increasingly distraught.)* Please, come out. I won't hurt you.

PATRICIA: *(voice is heard over the music)* Justin.

JUSTIN: *(fearful)* Who, me?

PATRICIA: Justin.

JUSTIN: *(fearful)* Who is that? What do you want?

PATRICIA: Come with me.

JUSTIN: *(fearful)* Where are you?

PATRICIA: Come with me, Justin.

JUSTIN: (*terrified*) Please don't hurt me.

*JUSTIN crosses to the sofa and covers himself with a cushion.*

*Blackout.*

### Scene 3

*About fifteen minutes later. JUSTIN is still under the sofa cushion. During this scene the lighting shows the light of the setting sun coming through the fourth wall windows.*

*AMY and JENNIFER enter from the Hallway.*

AMY: Justin. I told him not to leave. Justin. Justin.

JUSTIN: (*terrified*) Please don't hurt me. Please don't hurt me.

JENNIFER: Why would we hurt you?

AMY: What's wrong with you? (*pulls the cushion away*) What are you doing under there? Did you see another mouse?

JUSTIN: No rat. Not this time.

JENNIFER: What was it?

JUSTIN: Music.

AMY: Music? What kind of music?

JUSTIN: Horrible, creepy music.

JENNIFER: Like the kind in a scary movie?

JUSTIN: It was worse than that. It was disco.

JENNIFER: Is that what you heard, Amy?

AMY: Yes. It was definitely disco.

JUSTIN: That's not all. There was a voice.

AMY: What kind of a voice?

JUSTIN: A woman. A girl. I don't know for sure. But it was a female.

JENNIFER: What did she say?

JUSTIN: She called my name. And then she asked me to come with her.

AMY: A girl asks you to come with her. Are you sure it wasn't a dream?

JUSTIN: It was not a dream, Amy. I heard her.

JENNIFER: He heard music like you did, Amy. You weren't dreaming.

JUSTIN: There's something really abdominal going on here. (*stands*)  
Let's get Stephanie and go.

AMY: That's going to be a problem.

JENNIFER: We haven't found Stephanie yet.

JUSTIN: Where could she be?

AMY: If we knew that, we would have found her.

JENNIFER: Besides, even if she were here, how would we get out?  
We have no transportation and it is starting to get dark. I don't think we want to be walking these back roads at night.

JUSTIN: There must be something we can do.

AMY: I think our first priority should be to find Stephanie. Don't scratch.

*The telephone rings. Everyone is startled. All three look at the telephone as it continues to ring.*

JENNIFER: I thought it was dead.

JUSTIN: Maybe somebody fixed it.

*AMY crosses to the telephone and picks up the receiver.*

AMY: Hello. Hello. Is anybody there?

JENNIFER: What's happening?

AMY: There's no one there.

JUSTIN: Is it dead again?

AMY: No, it's working. But there's nobody on the other end. (*hangs up the receiver*)

JUSTIN: There has to be someone there. Phones don't ring by themselves.

JENNIFER: Spark plugs don't disappear either. But ours did.

AMY: If the phone is fixed, we can dial out. (*picks up the receiver*) It's dead. (*hangs up the receiver*)

JUSTIN: But it just rang. Let me try. (*crosses to the telephone and picks up the receiver*) It's dead. (*hangs up the receiver*)

AMY: That's what I told you.

*The telephone rings. All are startled.*

JUSTIN: What should I do?

AMY: Answer it.

*JUSTIN slowly picks up the receiver. He speaks timidly.*

JUSTIN: Hello. (*drops the receiver and quickly backs away from the telephone*)

JENNIFER: What's wrong, Justin?

JUSTIN: It's her.

JENNIFER: Who? Steffy?

JUSTIN: No. The girl. The one whose voice I heard.

*AMY crosses to the telephone and picks up the receiver.*

AMY: Hello. Who is this? There's no one there. It's dead. (*hangs up the receiver*)

JUSTIN: (*frantically*) That's impossible. I heard her. I really heard her.

JENNIFER: I hope there's some logical explanation for this.

AMY: I'm sure there is. Like maybe someone is freaking out.

JUSTIN: I'm not freaking out, Amy. I know what I heard. I am not crazy.

JENNIFER: (*sits on the sofa*) No one is crazy. Let's make sure it stays that way, OK?

JUSTIN: (*sits beside JENNIFER*) Good idea. Let's think happy thoughts. (*forces a smile*)

AMY: There can't be any happy thoughts. We have stuff to do. Don't scratch, Jennifer.

JUSTIN: That's not helping, Amy. (*forces a smile*) Remember the time we...

STEPHANIE: (*her voice is heard faintly*) Justin. Justin.

AMY: Quiet. Listen.

STEPHANIE: Help me, Justin. Get me out of here.

JENNIFER: (*stands*) That's Steffy.

AMY: So much for your strange female voice, Justin. (*JUSTIN stands*)

JENNIFER: Where is she?

STEPHANIE: Justin. Justin.

AMY: It's coming from over here. (*crosses to the wall behind the sofa*)

STEPHANIE: Justin. Help me.

JUSTIN: (*crosses to the wall behind the sofa*) It's coming from this vent.

JENNIFER: She must be in the basement.

JUSTIN: (*yells into the air duct*) Stay there, Steffy. We're coming to get you.

JENNIFER: How do we get to the basement?

AMY: I saw some stairs down at the end of the hall.



JUSTIN: Let's all go this time.

JENNIFER: Good idea.

AMY: OK. Let's stick together.

*AMY crosses to the Hallway. JENNIFER follows her. JUSTIN quickly jumps in-between the two girls. All exit by the Hallway.*

STEPHANIE: Justin. Please help me. Justin. Justin.

*PATRICIA's voice replaces STEPHANIE's voice.*

PATRICIA: Justin. Justin. Come with me, Justin.

*Blackout.*

#### **Scene 4**

*One half hour later. The sun has set and the set is lit with dim moonlight coming through the fourth wall. A flashlight beam appears in the Hallway.*

*AMY enters from the Hallway carrying a flashlight. She searches for the light switch. She finds it and turns on the lights. She puts the flashlight on a piece of furniture near the light switch.*

AMY: OK. Bring her in here.

*JENNIFER enters from the Hallway with STEPHANIE and JUSTIN. STEPHANIE is wrapped in a blanket. JUSTIN and JENNIFER sit with STEPHANIE on the sofa.*

JENNIFER: Come sit here.

STEPHANIE: I'm so cold.

JUSTIN: *(puts his arm around STEPHANIE)* I'll keep you warm.

AMY: How did you wind up in the basement, Steffy?

STEPHANIE: I don't know. I, like, heard a voice calling through the door, so I went to, like, see who it was.

AMY: (*sits in the wood chair*) The door to the room? So you went out into the hall.

STEPHANIE: No. The other door.

JENNIFER: The closet door?

STEPHANIE: I guess so. But it wasn't a closet. There were, like, these stairs. So I, like, go down for the longest time. Then I was, like, in the basement. But there was, like, no one there.

JUSTIN: What kind of a voice was it?

STEPHANIE: A girl's voice.

JUSTIN: See. She heard it, too.

STEPHANIE: You heard the voice.

JUSTIN: Yes. But somebody doesn't believe me.

AMY: But, how did you end up in the storeroom in the basement? And how did you get locked in?

STEPHANIE: I don't know. It was, like, dark, you know, and I just kept following the sound of the voice. When I got into the room, the door, like, shut behind me. I tried to get out, but the door was, like, locked. So I, like, started yelling.

JUSTIN: There must be someone else here.

JENNIFER: Maybe it's not a someone.

JUSTIN: What does that mean?

JENNIFER: Maybe it's a sinister spirit or something.

STEPHANIE: You mean like a ghost?

AMY: Let's not let our imaginations get carried away. Don't scratch, Jen.

JUSTIN: That voice was not in my imagination.

STEPHANIE: Mine either.

*Lights go out. There is a dim moonlight coming in through the fourth wall.*

JENNIFER: What's happening now?

JUSTIN: The lights went out.

AMY: Brilliant observation. Where is that flashlight I brought from the basement?

*AMY finds the flashlight and turns it on. She shines it around the room. She crosses to the desk and the light picks up LEROY standing in the door to the Hallway. LEROY is holding a large axe. She gasps and backs away in fright.*

JENNIFER: What's the matter, Amy?

*AMY points to LEROY. All turn and see him and react in fright. JENNIFER stands and crosses to the wood chair.*

STEPHANIE: (*cowers in the corner of the sofa*) It's a ghost!

JUSTIN: (*hugs STEPHANIE*) It's an axe murderer!

AMY: Are you a ghost?

LEROY: I'll ask the questions here. Everybody relax and stay still.

*LEROY crosses to the light switch and turns on the lights. STEPHANIE and JUSTIN are sitting ramrod straight on the sofa.*

LEROY: Now then, what are you folks doing in my lodge?

JENNIFER: You're the owner?

LEROY: That's right.

STEPHANIE: You're not an axe murderer are you?

LEROY: Do I look like an axe murderer?

JUSTIN: (*examines LEROY*) We're all going to die!

AMY: Nobody's going to die. If he's the owner, maybe he can help us get out of here. Stop scratching, Jennifer.

LEROY: I wouldn't think about leaving just yet. We've got a little problem with trespassing.

JUSTIN: We weren't trespassing.

JENNIFER: He's right. We had reservations.

LEROY: Really. I don't remember taking any reservations.

AMY: My friends are a little confused. The reservations aren't for here.

LEROY: Where are they for?

AMY: They're for the Chip Lake Resort.

LEROY: That's clear on the other side of the lake. What are you doing here?

AMY: We took a wrong turn. We got lost and ended up here.

LEROY: You didn't figure out that you were in the wrong place?

JENNIFER: Oh, yes. We knew almost right away.

LEROY: Then why didn't you go to the Resort?

AMY: We couldn't. It's a long story.

LEROY: I've got lots of time and I haven't got a TV. Let's hear this long story of yours.

AMY: It's not that long really. First of all, our spark plugs disappeared so we couldn't drive to the Resort. Then we decided to row across the lake, but the boat sank.

LEROY: (*angrily*) What did you do to my boat?

*STEPHANIE and JUSTIN cower. JENNIFER sits on the wood chair and cowers.*

AMY: We didn't do anything. It just sank.

JUSTIN: (*points to STEPHANIE*) It was her fault. She got in first.

STEPHANIE: He told me to. All I did was step in and it, like, sank.  
That's all. (*timidly*) Please don't kill me.

LEROY: What's so darn important over there at the Resort, anyway?

AMY: It's our prom.

JENNIFER: Our senior prom.

LEROY: Your prom. How very exciting.

STEPHANIE: I'm supposed to be prom queen.

JENNIFER: You don't know that for sure, Steffy. The vote hasn't  
taken place yet.

LEROY: (*crosses to JUSTIN*) Are you her date?

JUSTIN: Who, me?

LEROY: No. I'm talking to that other guy in the room.

*STEPHANIE stands and crosses behind the sofa. She  
looks nervously around the room.*

STEPHANIE: There's someone else in the room?

LEROY: No, there isn't. I'm talking to macho-man here.

JUSTIN: Yes. That would be me. Well, it's like this. (*pauses*) What  
was your question again?

LEROY: You're a touch slow, aren't you?

STEPHANIE: He might not graduate.

LEROY: So, is he your date?

STEPHANIE: Yes, he is, sort of.

LEROY: A nice looking girl like you couldn't find somebody better  
than him?

STEPHANIE: Like, I tried, OK? (*Crosses to the sofa and sits. She is very  
upset.*) Sometimes it's not that easy being perfect, you know.  
People expect so much.

LEROY: Hey, relax. I really don't care who your date is.

STEPHANIE: All right! It was the zit, OK. The biggest one I've ever had. I got it, like, three weeks before prom. No one else would ask me. There. Now you know.

*JENNIFER stands and crosses to the sofa. Sits beside STEPHANIE.*

JENNIFER: It's OK, Steffy.

LEROY: One thing I know for sure is that you're all going to miss that prom over at the Resort. Best thing you can do is spend the night here and we'll see about getting you out of here in the morning.

JUSTIN: I don't think that's such a good idea.

LEROY: You got a better plan?

JUSTIN: Well, not actually.

LEROY: Of course you don't.

JUSTIN: *(crosses to AMY)* We can't stay here. This place is hunted.

LEROY: What was that you said?

AMY: Justin here thinks your lodge is haunted.

LEROY: How do you figure that?

JUSTIN: Well, I've heard music. And a woman's voice.

STEPHANIE: I heard her, too.

JUSTIN: She was calling for me.

LEROY: That would be Patricia.

JENNIFER: You know about her?

LEROY: Sure do. Her name is Patricia Kratz. This old place hosted its fair share of fancy parties over the years. The last prom held here was in 1981. That was Patricia's prom. It was quite an affair. The dance floor was right out there on the terrace. They had lights strung out on the veranda and along the dock. Everything was perfect until Patricia and her date decided to

take a little moonlight canoe ride. Somehow the canoe tipped. Her date made it back to shore. Patricia didn't.

AMY: So Patricia's ghost is still here?

LEROY: So they say.

JUSTIN: The voice is a ghost?

LEROY: So they say.

STEPHANIE: A ghost! But it sounded, like, so real.

LEROY: She was supposed to be prom queen just like you. The story goes that she is still waiting.

JUSTIN: Waiting for what?

LEROY: To be crowned. Once she has her prom queen crown, she will finally rest.

JENNIFER: Why hasn't there been a prom here since she died?

LEROY: The story about Patricia got out real quick. Once people knew about it nobody would book a prom here. In fact, the only people who come around here now are those ghost-chaser types. You're the first people I've had here in the last two months.

AMY: How do you afford to keep it open? Why not sell it off?

LEROY: I'm kind of attached to this place. It's peaceful and there's a great view of the lake.

JENNIFER: What about Patricia?

LEROY: She doesn't bother me. I'm used to her. We get along fine.

JUSTIN: You've heard her?

LEROY: A few times. Listen, you folks must be hungry. I'm going to go make myself some supper. How about I make some for you, too?

JENNIFER: Oh, that would be very kind of you. Would you like some help?

LEROY: No, that's fine. You stay here and relax. This must be very upsetting for all of you. By the way, my name is Leroy. (*exits by the Hallway*)

AMY: There's something about that guy I don't like. (*crosses to desk and begins to look through the drawers and the papers on top*)

JENNIFER: (*moves to end of sofa closest to desk*) What are you doing? Those are private papers.

AMY: Just keep an eye out for him. (*JUSTIN crosses to the Hallway and stands guard*) I want to find out what's going on.

STEPHANIE: The only thing that's going on is that I'm missing my prom. And my crowning.

JUSTIN: Give it a rest, Stephanie.

*AMY removes a scrapbook from the desk. She crosses to the sofa and sits between JENNIFER and STEPHANIE.*

AMY: Look at this.

JENNIFER: What have you found?

AMY: It's a bunch of newspaper articles. They're all about Patricia's death.

STEPHANIE: Does it, like, say anything about her being prom queen?

AMY: Yes. It's all here. With pictures.

JUSTIN: (*crosses to behind the sofa and looks over AMY's shoulder*) Let's see what she looks like. She was quite a babe.

AMY: Here's a picture of her date.

JENNIFER: He kind of looks like you, Justin.

STEPHANIE: Only he's a hunk.

AMY: It says here that there was a murder investigation. The prime suspect was Patricia's date, but no charges were laid because there was no evidence.



STEPHANIE: Look at the pictures of the Lodge. This must have been a high-class place. There's the boathouse.

JENNIFER: Here's an interview with a local clairvoyant.

JUSTIN: What does it say?

JENNIFER: "Patricia is not at peace. She will not be so until her destiny has been realized."

STEPHANIE: What destiny?

JENNIFER: To become prom queen. Listen. "Everyone at the Lodge that night knew that Patricia was to be crowned. It was to be the end of a highly successful high school career. This tragedy put an end to her life, but not to her spirit. Her spirit will remain at the Lodge until she can realize her destiny."

JUSTIN: Do you suppose she's watching us now?

JENNIFER: That's not all. The clairvoyant gives a warning. "Let everyone know that Patricia does not intend to go to her peace alone. She intends to take a king with her. She waits for the next prom to select her eternal date."

AMY: That explains why there hasn't been another prom here.

JENNIFER: And that explains why she wants you, Justin.

JUSTIN: It does?

AMY: She needs a king. You're the only guy here.

JUSTIN: Sweet.

JENNIFER: But you have to die, Justin.

JUSTIN: Then count me out. What about Leroy? He's a guy. Why can't she take him?

JENNIFER: Look at this picture.

AMY: It's Leroy.

JENNIFER: Leroy Kratz.

AMY & JENNIFER: Patricia's brother.

*Blackout. Pale moonlight shines through fourth wall.*

STEPHANIE: What now?

*LEROY enters from the Hallway with a flashlight.*

LEROY: Don't panic. It's only the main breaker. The wiring is so old I can't run too many appliances at the same time. I'll go throw the breaker. *(exits by the Hallway)*

AMY: I told you there was something strange about him.

*PATRICIA appears in the Hallway door. She is lit with a pale green light.*

JENNIFER: Does anyone feel cold all of a sudden?

PATRICIA: Justin. It's almost time, Justin. Come with me.

JUSTIN: It's her again.

PATRICIA: Come and be my king, Justin. Come with me.

*The green light fades and PATRICIA exits.*

JUSTIN: I don't want to be a king. I'm too young to be a king.

*Lights come up. JUSTIN is sitting on STEPHANIE's lap with his arms around her neck.*

JENNIFER: You're choking me, Justin.

JUSTIN: *(rises and sits on the wood chair)* I was only trying to protect you.

AMY: *(rises, crosses to the desk and returns the scrapbook to the drawer)* Leroy will be back any minute. We've got to figure this out.

JENNIFER: What's going on here, Amy?

AMY: I'm not sure. But this is all too strange. I mean, why is Patricia's brother here? After all these years. Don't scratch.

STEPHANIE: Maybe he's here to help her.

JENNIFER: How can he help her?

AMY: You're right, Steffy. Maybe he's hanging around here waiting for an opportunity to free his sister's spirit.

JUSTIN: Right. Like, how would he do that?

JENNIFER: He could hold a prom.

AMY: And crown Patricia as queen.

JENNIFER: And Justin could be her king.

JUSTIN: No way, man.

*LEROY enters from the Hallway with a tray and coffee mugs that he serves to the teens. The teens are now very suspicious of LEROY.*

LEROY: I made some hot chocolate for everyone. It gets a little nippy out here in the evenings.

JENNIFER: This is very nice of you, Leroy.

LEROY: It's no big deal. It's only hot chocolate. So, you know my name, but I don't know yours.

JENNIFER: My name is Jennifer. This is Stephanie and Amy. And this is...

JUSTIN: Larry. My name's Larry

STEPHANIE: Stop horsing around, Justin. His name is Justin.

LEROY: Right. The guy who might not graduate. So, what school do you go to?

JENNIFER: McNally High. In the city.

LEROY: Really. I graduated from McNally myself. Mind you that was quite a few years ago.

AMY: What have you been doing since then?

LEROY: Oh, a little of this and a little of that. Couldn't seem to find anything I was really interested in.

AMY: Until you found this place.

LEROY: That's right. There was something about this place that called out to me.

JUSTIN: (*whispers to STEPHANIE*) He isn't the only one she calls out to.

LEROY: You know, I've been thinking. I feel real bad that you kids are missing out on your prom. What do you say we have a little prom right here?

STEPHANIE: Tonight?

LEROY: Sure. I've got a stereo and some tapes. It isn't the modern music you listen to, but we can make do.

JENNIFER: We don't want to put you to any trouble.

LEROY: It's no trouble. It will be fun.

AMY: But it is such short notice.

LEROY: That's part of the excitement. Let's see what we can throw together. I've already got some pizza in the oven.

STEPHANIE: I don't think this is, like, a good idea.

LEROY: Sure it is. We can even crown you prom queen. And Justin here can be king.

JUSTIN: I don't want to be king. You can be king.

LEROY: I'm too old to be king.

JENNIFER: I'm getting very tired.

STEPHANIE: Right. We're very tired. (*whispers to JENNIFER*) Good one, Jen.

JENNIFER: No, really. I'm very tired. (*falls asleep on the sofa*)

JUSTIN: I'm sleepy, too. (*lies down on the floor and falls asleep*)

AMY: The hot chocolate. He's put something in the hot chocolate. (*falls asleep on the floor*)

STEPHANIE: Mine has marshmallows.

*LEROY crosses to STEPHANIE. He removes a rope from his pocket and ties STEPHANIE's hands together.*

LEROY: Don't you worry about them, little lady. I've got special plans for you.

STEPHANIE: What are you doing?

LEROY: *(pulls STEPHANIE to the Hallway)* I'm taking you downstairs and locking you up.

STEPHANIE: Why? What did I do? Why can't I go to sleep like everybody else?

LEROY: Because I can't have any competition around. There can only be one prom queen and that's going to be Patricia, not you.

STEPHANIE: What's going to happen to my friends?

LEROY: They're going to a prom.

*He exits with STEPHANIE by the Hallway.*

*The lights fade and dim green lighting comes up. Disco music is faintly heard. PATRICIA enters from the Hallway and slowly crosses to JUSTIN. She stands over him and takes his hand.*

PATRICIA: Tonight is the night, Justin. It's our night. Tonight we will be crowned.

*Blackout.*

## Scene 5

*About fifteen minutes later. AMY, JENNIFER, and JUSTIN are still sleeping. They have their hands and feet tied up.*

JENNIFER: *(wakes slowly)* Oh, my head. *(looks around the room)* Amy. Amy. Wake up.

AMY: *(wakes)* What? Jennifer. What's going on?

JENNIFER: We were drugged. Remember. In the hot chocolate.

AMY: Right. That explains the light-headed feeling.

JUSTIN: *(still sleeping)* Don't do that. That tickles. No. That tickles.

AMY: He doesn't seem to be feeling any pain. I wonder who he is dreaming about?

JENNIFER: It might be a girl nibbling his ear in his dreams, but in real life, it's a mouse.

AMY: Really? *(looks closely at JUSTIN)* So it is. *(stomps her foot on the floor)* Justin!

JUSTIN: *(Startled out of his sleep. Sits up.)* What!?! Oh, my head.

AMY: There he goes.

JUSTIN: Who are you talking about?

AMY: Just a little friend of yours.

JUSTIN: Man, I was having the best dream. Hey! Why am I tied up?

JENNIFER: We're all tied up, Justin.

AMY: We were drugged, Justin. Don't you remember?

JUSTIN: Drugged? By who?

AMY: By Leroy. Does anything stay in that little brain of yours?

JUSTIN: Lots of stuff stays. I'm not as stupid as I look, Amy.

JENNIFER: Don't you think we should concentrate on getting out of these ropes?

AMY: Good idea. *(all three struggle to untie their ropes)* Here, Jennifer. Let me see if I can loosen yours.

*LEROY enters from the Hallway with a tape deck that he places on the desk. He is wearing a light-coloured tuxedo from the '70s.*

*AMY, JENNIFER, and JUSTIN stop working on their ropes.*



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