

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**

# **The Ghostly Chaperone**

*(One of Four Short Plays from "The Witching Hour")*

by Kira Shaffer  
and  
Cory Larsen



Newport, Maine

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*(One of Four Short Plays from "The Witching Hour")*

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## **CAST:**

### **The Ghostly Chaperone (2f, 1m)**

HANK: an amiable young man, 20s or 30s

ARIA: Hank's girlfriend who can see ghosts, 20s or 30s

GWENDOLYN: a well-dressed ghost, Hank's dead mother

**Settings** should remain simple so they can easily be changed.

**Props** should be minimal.

**Costumes** should help delineate the period as well as the character

**THE GHOSTLY CHAPERONE One of Four Short Plays for Halloween (or any time) by Kīra Shaffer and Cory Larsen.** 2f, 1m. About 23 minutes. Period costumes. Simple Setting and props. A couple's private Halloween at home is disrupted by a surprise visitor. The festival of Samhain, or as we more commonly know it, Hallowe'en, is a favorite time of year for many people. The festival of Samhain, or as we more commonly know it, Hallowe'en, is a favorite time of year for many people. This play from *The Witching Hour*, a collection of short plays of the haunting and the macabre is a perfect fit for the celebration of that season, or for any time of the year. Content Advisory: Thematic elements. Suitable for most teens and adults. **ORDER # 3338**

**Kīra Shaffer** graduated from Brigham Young University–Idaho in 2014 with a BA in English, creative writing emphasis. Her love for Halloween and supernatural stories inspired these plays. She met her collaborator and co-writer Cory Larsen in 2015. They developed a friendship after she joined the volunteer choir he directed in 2017. She sang under him for five seasons before the choir disbanded with the COVID-19 shutdown of 2020. Kīra lives in Utah with her husband and children.

**Cory Larsen** has performed on Broadway and toured in Broadway productions. He has directed plays, musicals, and choirs. He shares Kīra's love of Halloween. Cory lives in Utah.

The World Premiere production of *The Ghostly Chaperone* was produced at The Hive Collaborative in Provo, Utah, in 2021, as a part of the collections of plays entities: *The Witching Hour*. Directed by Cory Larsen. The cast was as follows:

### **The Ghostly Chaperone**

HANK: **Kobe C. Black**

ARIA: **Kirsten Rast**

GWENDOLYN: **Sheldon Bladh**

# The Ghostly Chaperone

A short play

by

Kīra Shaffer and Cory Larsen

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Cast of Characters:

HANK — an amiable young man, 20s or 30s

ARIA — Hank’s girlfriend who can see ghosts, 20s or 30s

GWENDOLYN — a well-dressed ghost, Hank’s dead mother

PLACE: An American living room

TIME: Halloween night, 1950s

## Scene

*Lights up: A love seat center stage, a chair right of the love seat, and a console table with a lamp and radio upstage from the chair. A door upstage left. HANK, wearing an apron, enters by the table and crosses to open the front door, letting in Aria.*

**HANK:** Aria! I’m really sorry, dinner’s not ready yet. It’s been a day.

*(HANK starts to help Aria out of her coat.)*

My neighbor’s car had to go into the shop unexpectedly for repairs, so he asked me for a ride to the airport because he didn’t want to pay for a taxi, so I started late—

**ARIA:** Hank, Hank, it’s fine. Really. Go back to the kitchen. I keep a book in my bag. I’ll just sit, relax, and read while you finish.

*(ARIA sits on the love seat.)*

**HANK:** Righto.

*(HANK starts to leave. He turns back.)*

By the way, with the porch light off and a sign on the door, we shouldn’t have any trick-or-treaters interrupting us tonight.

**ARIA:** No interruptions? Sounds perfect.

I

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Contact: **Leicester Bay Theatricals**

**HANK:** Yes it does.

*(HANK gives Aria a peck on the cheek and exits. As ARIA takes a book out of her purse and starts to read, GWENDOLYN enters where Hank exited. She eyes Aria. ARIA startles when she notices Gwendolyn.)*

**ARIA:** Who are you?!

**GWENDOLYN:** You can see me?

**ARIA:** Yes, perfectly.

**GWENDOLYN:** That is a surprise. Oh, and I'm Henry's mother.

**ARIA:** His mother? So much for a night of no interruptions.

*(ARIA puts her book away.)*

**GWENDOLYN:** My thoughts exactly. The name's Gwendolyn. And you're Aria... at least that's what I overheard. Such a pretty name. Are your parents opera lovers?

**ARIA:** How could you tell?

**GWENDOLYN:** Just a lucky guess. Do you come here often?

**ARIA:** Do *you* come here often?

**GWENDOLYN:** Often enough. However, my haunting habits aren't any of your business.

**ARIA:** As my dating habits aren't any of yours.

**GWENDOLYN:** Ohhh, aren't we the spunky one? Does Henry know about your gift?

**ARIA:** Not yet. And right now it feels more like a curse than a gift.

**GWENDOLYN:** You wound me, Aria.

**ARIA:** Do I?

**GWENDOLYN:** No, not really. But there's always next time. May I show you out?

**ARIA:** No. Thank you. Hank and I are on a date, and I'm sorry to say—

**GWENDOLYN:** Clearly, not sorry enough.

**ARIA:** As I was saying—

**GWENDOLYN:** Yes, please continue. This conversation is riveting.

**ARIA:** Hank and I are on a date.

**GWENDOLYN:** Yes, we've established that. I'm dead, not deaf. No need to repeat oneself now, is there?

**ARIA:** Now's not a good time for you to be here. To be frank, you're interrupting our evening. Did you come to scare me, or did you have your heart set on being a third wheel tonight?

**GWENDOLYN:** A third wheel? Not at all. However, as we're being frank, I was merely feeling nostalgic for my old home, and my only child. So I decided to drop in. I was looking through some of Henry's old school things, when I heard the doorbell ring, followed by a sound I had never in my life—or death—heard before. Then I realized it was your cloying voice. What good mother wouldn't wanted to see who her son's lady caller is? And how was I to know she would be some kind of witch?

**ARIA:** I am not a witch!

**GWENDOLYN:** I suppose that all depends on who's defining it.

*(HANK enters.)*

**HANK:** Are you trying to talk to me?

**ARIA:** Oh! No. I was reading out loud. I remember things better that way. I hope you don't mind.

**GWENDOLYN:** From what I can see, it would behoove you to read aloud more often.

**HANK:** Not at all.

*(HANK kisses Aria's cheek)*

Carry on.

*(HANK turns to leave.)*

**ARIA:** Why don't I join you in the kitchen? I can help, we can talk.

**GWENDOLYN:** Oh yes, more riveting conversation. How exciting.

*(HANK leads Aria back to the love seat.)*

**HANK:** I promised you wouldn't have to lift a finger tonight. I'm making you dinner, and that's what you're going to get. So just sit, keep reading, and relax. There'll be plenty of time to talk over dinner.

**ARIA:** I'm not sure how much reading and relaxing I'll be doing.

**GWENDOLYN:** Not much, if I have any say in the matter. Oh, yes, I do.

**HANK:** There's a good girl. I need to get back to the potatoes. They're not gonna mash themselves, ya know?

*(HANK gives Aria a kiss on the cheek and exits.)*

**GWENDOLYN:** A kiss. How quaint.

**ARIA:** What, Gwendolyn? Your son and I are dating. I know Hank brought girls around while you were alive. I'm not a jackalope. And I don't appreciate your disdain for me. Was it your fault none of the others stuck around?

**GWENDOLYN:** I resent that baseless insinuation. The fault was theirs, not mine, as I'm sure you are acutely aware.

**ARIA:** What?

**GWENDOLYN:** Oh, I'm sorry. Should I have put that in writing for you to read out loud?

**ARIA:** *(standing)* I beg your pardon!

**GWENDOLYN:** There's no need to beg, dear girl. It's most unbecoming of a lady. I see you two are alone in the house.

**ARIA:** Only in the corporeal sense, unfortunately.

**GWENDOLYN:** Unfortunately, indeed. It appears you are in need of a chaperone.

**ARIA:** Excuse me?

**GWENDOLYN:** A chaperone. I'm quite sure you've heard of it. Ah, but don't mind me, Aria. I'll just be scowling—I mean, standing in the background.

**ARIA:** We'll leave if you won't. Would you rather we go down to the drive-in cinema and play backseat bingo?

**GWENDOLYN:** You play bingo? How very matronly of you.

**ARIA:** Yes! I mean... anyway... There's a ghost story playing tonight. I'd rather watch one than star in one.

**GWENDOLYN:** For shame, Aria. You would ruin my son's plan for a romantic evening in? He would be so disappointed if you said you wanted to go out when he's put in all this work and forethought into a cozy Halloween at home.

**ARIA:** You're ruining his plans by being here. And a ghostly chaperone is not at all cozy.

**GWENDOLYN:** You're right, Aria. Three definitely is a crowd. Perhaps if you take a little ride—

*(HANK enters holding two open bottles of soda. As he talks, he hands a bottle to Aria.)*

**HANK:** Chicken is in the oven, and dinner will be ready in less than half an hour.

*(HANK leans in to kiss Aria on the lips. ARIA turns away distractedly.)*

**ARIA:** Oh, sounds fine.

**HANK:** Aria, is everything alright?

**ARIA:** Huh? Oh! Yes. Just dandy.

*(HANK raises his bottle for a toast.)*

**HANK:** Happy Halloween.

**ARIA:** *(raising her bottle)* Happy Halloween.

*(THEY clink their bottles together and take a drink.)*

**GWENDOLYN:** Yes. It's turning out to be quite the happy Halloween.

*(ARIA looks at Gwendolyn.)*

**HANK:** So, how was your day?

**ARIA:** *(distracted)* My day?



*(ARIA returns her attention to Hank and hands him her soda. While she talks, she sits on the love seat and HANK sets the bottles on the table and joins her.)*

**ARIA:** Business as usual at the bank: Mr. Banger is still a wet rag. He made Mary take off the spider brooch she wore specially for today. She'd hoped he wouldn't notice. A fool's hope.

**GWENDOLYN:** There seems to be a fair amount of that in this very room.

*(ARIA glares at Gwendolyn.)*

**HANK:** Your boss is a terror.

**ARIA:** *(eyes still on Gwendolyn)* What?

*(ARIA returns her attention to Hank.)*

I mean, yes, he is. He retires at the end of the year, though, so he won't be my problem anymore. But enough about me—

**GWENDOLYN:** I'd say more than enough.

*(GWENDOLYN sits in the chair and ARIA glares at her.)*

**ARIA:** *(to Hank)* How was your day? Apart from the last-minute ride you gave your neighbor.

*(While HANK answers, he and ARIA cozy up and ARIA shoots smug looks at Gwendolyn.)*

**HANK:** I went through some old school papers of mine. Fittingly, one was about the history of Halloween. Folklorists think some Halloween traditions were influenced by a Gaelic festival called Samhain. People believed the souls of the departed would revisit their homes seeking hospitality during Samhain. Wild, right? Anyway, I got to thinking about the fact that this was my mother's house, and that she died here... And... Well, now it's my place. A perk of being an only child: inheritance was one more thing I didn't have to share. Wait! Wouldn't it be crazy if my mother came here tonight?

*(GWENDOLYN laughs.)*

**7 MORE PAGES TO THE END**