

MOSTLY GHOSTLY

A Humorous Skit

**by
Vernon Howard**



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

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CHARACTERS: Professor Ghost Big Ghost
 Little Ghost First Lady
 Medium Ghost Second Lady
 Third Lady

SCENE: Living room of furnished but unoccupied house. At curtain, the four ghosts are on stage. (White sheets over the head will serve as ghost costumes) The Little Ghost is gliding about the room with outstretched arms, as he practices moaning and groaning. The Medium Ghost is weirdly swaying from side to side as he drags a chain about. The Big Ghost is laughing hysterically as he clutches outward and chases about. The Professor approaches Little Ghost.

PROFESSOR: (Nodding approval as he watches Little Ghost) Not bad, not bad, but let's see if we can get a little more spirit into it. Here, watch me a moment. (Dips up and down about the room) Now note that I groan on the upward stroke and moan on the downward beat. Get It? Up--groooooan--down--moooooan--up--groooooan--down--moooooan. Let's try it together. (Dip together for a bit. Observes Medium Ghost) That's it, that's it, only let's see if we can't give it that eerie, that weird, that spinetingling rattle. After all, we have a reputation to keep. Try it like this. (Takes chain, sways to far left and right, swinging chain along the floor from side to side) You see, it's that sweeepy sway that does it every time. Swaay as you drag and you'll scare the living daylights out of everyone. Try it.

MEDIUM GHOST: (Imitates him, ad libbing) Sway, sway, sway.

PROF: (Shakes head as he observes Big Ghost) No, no, no, you've got it all wrong. You don't clutch after a person as if you were going to hand him an apple. (Illustrates as he speaks) You curl your fingers into eagle claws, you swoop like a ferocious bat, you scream like an hysterical hyena. Watch this! (Illustrates) You try it.

(Big Ghost imitates, giving squawky scream)

PROF: (Stepping back as others cease) Men, you are now ready for practical training in the field. For this purpose I have selected this furnished house which is up for rent. (Looks offstage) Quickly, all back in the corner except Little Ghost. (All rush back except Little Ghost) This is your big chance--make the ghost of it!

(The First Lady enters. Being a prospective renter, she inspects the furniture, ceiling, etc. Little Ghost creeps up behind her. He suddenly goes into the act previously rehearsed. The Lady turns, appears more baffled than startled)

FIRST L: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know the house was occupied.

LITTLE G: (Gliding, groaning) Whooooooo! Yaaaaaaa! Wheeeeeee!

FIRST L: (More baffled) Or, maybe you're just looking it over, too.

LITTLE G: (Repeating act) Whooooooo! Yeooooooooow!

FIRST L: I'm sorry but I just don't understand you. What are you saying?

LITTLE G: (Desperate) Arrrrrrrgh! Yiiiiiii!

FIRST L: (Laughs as she understands) Oh, I must be dense today. You have a tummy ache. Here. (Opens purse) Let me get you an aspirin.

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- LITTLE G: (Desperate) Lady, I'll give you one more chance. Get a load of this! (Does act. Lady shakes head)
- FIRST L: Whatever it is you're trying to convey, you'll just have to do better than that. And what on earth are you wearing that silly sheet for? (Turns away, briefly glances at furniture) Wonder what the rent is? (Turns to go, looks at Little Ghost) Sure you don't want an aspirin? (Exits)
(Little Ghost's shoulders droop as he drags over to others)
- LITTLE G: (Muttering) I just don't get it. I just don't get it!
- PROF: (Sternly) Little, to say I am disappointed, is to put it extremely mild. Why, she actually thought you were a--(Fearful to say it) were a--(Blurts it) human being. (Big and Medium shake heads and groan) For this un-ghostlike conduct you will spend the next ten nights alone in your belfry practicing up on ghostly groans. (Looks offstage) Here comes another customer. (Pats Medium on back) Get out on the field boy, and revenge our honor.
- SECOND LADY: (Enters, inspects house. Plops into chair and sighs. Talks to herself) Househunting all day--what a tiresome job.
(Medium repeats his previous act by swaying and dragging chain in front of her. She looks up)
- SECOND L: Beg pardon? (Medium repeats act. Lady brightens) Oh, you're trying to tell me something about that chain. (Thinks) Oh, I know, you're the caretaker and that chain is for the front gate. (Medium shakes head, does act) You're the next door neighbor and you're returning the borrowed chain? (Medium shakes head and desperately repeats act. Lady brightens) I've got it, you've lost your dog. Here, let me help you. (Gets up, runs about) Here, Fido, here, Fido, here, Fido.
- MEDIUM G: (Chases after her, desperately shaking head) Look lady, you want me to get kicked out of the union? I'll give you a hint. (Shakes chain) Clank, clank, clank--get it? Clank, clank, clank.
- SECOND L: (Thinks, puts finger on temple) Clank, clank, clank. Let's see--? Oh, I know, your doggie's name is Clank. (Runs about, searching) Here, Clank, here, Clank, here, Clank. What an odd name for a dog. Here, Clank, here, Clank--(Exits. Medium droops back to others)
- MEDIUM G: (Muttering) I don't know what's gotten into people these days. Why, that chain rattling was positively nerve shattering.
- PROF: (Critically) Your rhythm was way off, boy. Better brush up on that left-to-right sway in particular. (Discouraged) Two failures in a row. We'll be the laughing stock in every haunted house in the nation. (Looks offstage) Here comes someone else. (Dramatically puts hands on Big's shoulders) It is no exaggeration to say that centuries of successful haunting look down upon you--in this, your supreme moment. Go--don't give her a ghost of a chance!

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