

*BRYSON raises his hand*

BRYSON: Mrs Abernathy? You know, if I had a hall pass, I could be out *in the hall* and I could find these *late students*..

MRS ABERNATHY: Thank you, Mr. Collins, but no thank you. Let me get through the announcements. As I was saying, (*begins reading again*) Please remember to cover and/or contain any sneeze or cough in public areas.

*SOUND: We hear a strange ominous moan off stage followed by a strange chant.*

MRS ABERNATHY: That is quite enough Mr. Collins!

BRYSON: That wasn't me!

CODY: That wasn't Bryson, Mrs. Abernathy.

HEATHER: Was that thunder again?

CODY: I don't think so.

MRS ABERNATHY: Well who was it?

*The Students look around and at each other. Finally -*

KELSEY: It sounded as if it came from out there. (*pointing toward door*) In the hall.

CODY: I think she's right. It sounded like it was..you know, out there.

BRYSON: (*raising hand*) If I had a *hall pass*, I could see who was making that noise...

MRS ABERNATHY: (*interrupting*) Thank you Mr. Collins but..

*SOUND: We hear a strange moan again off stage.*

BRYSON: OK See! That wasn't me again.

HEIDI: Well then, what is that? Or who is that?

*Pause as they all look toward door for a moment. Finally:*

HEATHER: It's probably that creepy janitor.

HEIDI: The who?

CODY: She said the creepy janitor.

KELSEY: Not to be confused with the un-creepy janitor.

MRS ABERNATHY: That's quite enough.

BRYSON: So why do you think it's the freaky janitor?

CODY: She said 'creepy'.

HEATHER: Because he's always making creepy sounds. That guy's so weird.

HEIDI: And what makes him creepy and weird?

HEATHER: Don't you know? Haven't you heard? He steals the frogs from the Biology lab and keeps them in his pockets. Mr. Ernst caught him last month and he..

MRS ABERNATHY: Heather! That will be enough!

BRYSON: In his pockets? Why?

KELSEY: Maybe he belongs to PETA. Who knows?

MRS ABERNATHY: I said, Enough!

SCOTT: He's a warlock.

MRS ABERNATHY: Something you want to share with the class Mr. Wilson?

SCOTT: I was saying the janitor dude is like a 5th degree Warlock.

MRS ABERNATHY: Thank you for your input. Let me say there will be no more talk about Mr Crowley the janitor.

BRYSON: Warlock? Did you say *warlock*? Like Harry Potter?

CODY: Actually Potter was a wizard wasn't he?

HEIDI: How do you know he's a warlock?

BRYSON: Yea Scott! Cause Heidi is friends with all the warlocks around here and she would know.

HEIDI: Shut up Bryson.

SCOTT: I know many things. I also know those so called *creepy* noises he makes are actually incantations.

BRYSON: Indentations?

CODY: He said 'incantations'.

BRYSON: He said *what*?

HEIDI: Chants!

MRS ABERNATHY: What did I say about this chit chat?!

BRYSON: No, *chants*.

*We hear a strange brief chanting off stage*

BRYSON: Yea, like that.

HEATHER: See! I told you he was creepy!

MRS ABERNATHY: What is that ruckus?

BRYSON: That ruckus ain't us! It's the creepy guy you said not to talk about. He's doing it.

KELSEY: What is he doing?

BRYSON: He's chit chant-ing.