

Jackalope - by River Viets

3 witches
3 or 4 hunters
1 Jackalope
4 Townspeople who need help

Scene I

The Hunters, the church, nighttime, 1736

Max:

Ugh, those evil Witches got away again!

Breqxley(the thinker in the group):

I have a plan, surely they won't get away this time!

Axwel (maggie the witch in disguise):

Oh good, because whatever we've been trying has not been working

Breqxley:

Well, we know where they like to meet, and tomorrow is blood moon.

Max:

Oh, this is a wicked plan!

Breqxley:

Not too wicked, we're not the witches.

All 3 laugh.

Axwell:

Nice one, Breqxley

Breqxley:

They will be very focused on their sacrifice. They will never hear us coming.

Max:

This is so good, it will be the last hunt of our lives.

Breqxley:

Exactly, but if they find out we'll be at their mercy.

Axwell:

We should get some rest, tomorrow is going to be a big day.

Scene II

The Witches, inside a cottage in the woods, smaller than a regular house but inside is like a mansion, nighttime

Witches cackling about their escape earlier in the evening.

Rosaville:

Did you see their faces when we turned the mayor into a frog?

Witches laughing again.

Garnavelt (the leader):

If they only knew the transmutation spell lasts a few hours.

Witches laugh again.

Axwell/Maggie:

Enters and pulls off hunter disguise

Garnavelt:

Maggie, what has taken you so long?

Maggie:

Sisters, they have a new plan. It actually isn't the worst plan, I'm quite impressed.

Garnavelt:

Aaaaaaaannnnnnndddd that plan is?

Rosaville:

Yeah, I'll believe it when I see it.

Maggie:

No truly, they plan to strike tomorrow during the blood moon festival.

Garnavelt:

They wouldn't dare!

Maggie:

It's Brexley's plan, they told me everything. The disguise as Axwell worked.

Garnavelt:

It seems we may need to enlist the help of our good friend, the Jackalope.

Garnavelt claps twice with purpose, and the Jackalope bounds through the door.

Jackalope:

Yes ma'am, you called?

Rosaville:

The Hunters, Max, Axwell, and Brexley, plan to attack during the blood moon festival tomorrow evening.

Jackalope:

Ha! They would never think of such a good plan.

Maggie:

I would agree, if I had not heard it with my own ears.

Jackalope:

Clears his throat and speaks like Axwell.

I've been working on my Axwell impression.

Witches laugh and clap at the impression.

Axwell:

Locked in a cage.

How rude! I'd dare to say that doesn't sound anything like me.

Jackalope:

How rude! I'd dare to say that doesn't sound anything like me.

Witches all laugh again.

Rosaville:

Perfect, that's the impression we need! We can't have Maggie disguised as Axwell, we will need her with us.

Jackalope:

Ooooooh, I am so glad I have a use for this impression. I've wanted to ruin the hunters' day since they made my family into carpets.

Maggie:

Oh my!

Axwel:

You liar! That never happened!

Rosaville:

That's not what it looks like, when we peak through your windows.

Axwel:

You what?!

Garnavelt:

We would. It's best to know your enemies.

Jackalope:

Oh, this is going to be the best day of my life!

Axwel:

Promise you'll leave our families out of this.

Jackalope:

I can't make any promises.

Rosaville:

Ok, everyone take a deep breath. Axwel, we take no issue with your children. Especially, your youngest, Lilith, she seems to have some magical abilities of her own.

Axwel:

She better not! You stay away from her!!!!

Maggie:

(Axwel impression)

She won't even know it's us. She'll just think it's dear old Dad.

Rosaville:

Enough of this! We need to make a fool-proof plan. So we can defeat them once and for all.

(Fade to black. End Scene II)

Scene III

Woods, blood moon festival. Blood moon large on the back wall, CS. Rosaville, Garnavelt, and Maggie are on stage, surrounding a cauldron on a fire CS. Jackalope is not in the circle but watching SL. Axwel is hanging from a cage in a tree USL, the witches have put a spell on him binding him from speaking.

Garnavelt:

(performing an incantation)
With chilly wind blowing
In the autumn season, I look
Forward to gathering
Family, tis now a perfect
Reason. I look to the moon
To fill my heart with light,
Removing pain or anxiety, on
This very night. Now ready
To harvest the crops of my
Blessings, so I may share my
Abundance & show the
Gratitude I'm expressing.

(We hear a branch fall OSR Garnavelt makes a gesture toward Axwel)

Garnavelt:

Your words be blocked, during this full moon your mouth is locked.
Shhhhhhhhhhhh!

Maggie:

I think I can hear them coming!

Jackalope:

Go hide, it's time!

(the witches hide behind the trees, Jackalope bounds off SL and the hunters enter SR)

Breqxley:

Where is Axwel?! I thought for certain he would meet us here.

Max:

I feel there is a traitor amongst us.

Breqxley:

I wouldn't be surprised if his youngest Lilith did this, I knew she was a witch!

Max:

They wouldn't leave their cauldron out in the open like this. They must have planned something themselves!

Brexley:
MAX, LOOK OVER THERE!

Max:
What is i- AXWEL!

(Axwel muffles trying to talk)

Brexley:
Who did this to you?

Max:
Where are they?!

(Axwel points to the trees where the witches are hiding. Maggie peaks out behind the tree on SR.)

Maggie:
Over here!

(Ducks behind the tree, the hunters run over and walk around the tree.)

Brexley:
Where is she?!

(Rosaville peaks out from behind the tree SL)

Rosaville:
(cackles)
Ahahahahahahaha!

Max:
Get her!

(The hunters run to Rosaville who has ducked behind the tree, and run behind the tree again.)

Max:
She's gone.

(Garnavelt walks up behind them from the tree CS)

Garnavelt:

You shall not walk this night, frozen from fright.

Breqxley:

Let us go you hag!

(Maggie and Rosaville come out from behind their trees with the witches surrounding the hunters)

Maggie:

Oooooooh, that's not very nice.

Max:

Please let us go, we won't do anything!

Jackalope:

No one likes a liar.

Breqxley:

(stuttering)

We- we- we aren't l- l- l- lying. We promise.

Garnavelt:

We have heard your empty promises for centuries!

Jackalope:

Perhaps, we should listen to your pleas, the way you listened to my family beg for their lives.

Max:

This is a misunderstanding.

Maggie:

The carpets on your floor, tell a different tale.

Breqxley:

We can't change the past, but we can ch- ch- ch- change the future!

Garnavelt:

You're right, we can change the future. So we will be leaving you frozen here in the woods as a warning to future generations.

Rosaville:

And we have already welcomed young Lilith into our coven.

(Axwel is struggling in his cage with muffled shouts)

Jackalope:

My Axwel impression came in very handy, leading Lilith away from your home.

(Witches and Jackalope cackle)

Maggie:

Guess the Axwel disguise was too good at the meeting where Breqxley concocted the plan for the blood moon. This truly is the last hunt of your lives.

(Witches and Jackalope cackle. The witches and Jackalope begin to exit in different directions. Mocking and laughing at the hunters as they leave.)

Rosaville:

We must hurry home to our new witch, Lilith.

Garnavelt:

No use in fighting, my powers have been around for more years than you.

Maggie:

Toodles!

Jackalope:

Surely they won't get away this time!

Black out. End of play!