

# KRAZY KAMP

By TIM KELLY

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DENVER, COLORADO

**For preview only**

# KRAZY KAMP

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

		<i># of lines</i>
EVE HUNNICUTT .....	Manager of Camp Pocahontas, college age, capable	144
ALVA DORIGHT .....	Her assistant, younger	123
ADAM APPLE .....	Director of Camp John Smith, a wheeler-dealer	102
WILLARD .....	His sidekick. There's only one thing he dreads in life... a real job!	58
THEODORA WOLFSWINKLE ...	Compulsive eater	76
VIVIAN VANDERSNAP .....	Spoiled teenager	74
KATE MILLFLOSS .....	A runaway	38
HILDEGARD VON FISHBECK ..	European counselor	57
OFFICER DUMM .....	A policeman. Summer camps frustrate him	64
MR. TERWILLITER.....	A trustee for Camp John Smith	25
SMUDGE .....	The camp nurse	30
LINDA BIDDLE.....	Romance on her mind	29
CINDY .....	A summer camper, charming	27
SYLVIA.....	Her friend	26
JENNY .....	The cook at Pocahontas. Doesn't like complaints	11
JOE .....	Refugee from Camp John Smith	13
LARRY .....	Another	14
IVAN THE TERRIBLE .....	Another	22
ELMER CRUMB.....	Alva's cousin, a carnival type	24
CLEOPATRA NILE .....	His associate, has a basket of snakes!	25
CLAMS MARINARA.....	A gangster	12
DIXIE .....	His girlfriend, makes "music" with a machine gun	16
DOYLE .....	A young state employee on his first assignment	10
MRS. THISTLEMIST .....	Owns Camp Pocahontas	48

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GLORIA.....Kate's older sister 11  
EXTRA CAMPERS .....As desired

CASTING NOTE: Some roles can be either male or female:  
TERWILLITER, JENNY (change name to JIM), DOYLE, GLORIA  
(change name to GEORGE).

### SYNOPSIS

The action of the play takes place at Camp Pocahontas, an exclusive summer camp for young ladies.

#### ACT ONE

Scene One: Morning.

Scene Two: The following day.

#### ACT TWO

Scene One: The next afternoon.

Scene Two: The following day.

## KRAZY KAMP

### ACT ONE

#### Scene One

**SETTING:** The stage depicts various locales at Camp Pocahontas, a summer camp for young ladies, located in a rural area. The main section of the stage, **CENTER**, represents an office. This is the camp's "nerve center." A desk and chair face out to the audience. To the **LEFT** of the desk is a visitor's chair. **UP RIGHT** in the office is a cot. **UP CENTER** is a bulletin board with announcements, rules, schedules. **UP LEFT** is a file cabinet or, maybe a table, for dossiers on the campers, reports, etc. Also, a phone, water pitcher and glass, microphone on the desk. Wastebasket, additional odds-and-ends as desired. **STAGE RIGHT** suggests the interior of a tent or small cabin. Two cots. Actors can **ENTER** tent from **UP RIGHT**, **DOWN RIGHT**. Unseen portion of the tent is **OFFSTAGE, RIGHT**. **STAGE LEFT** is a wooded area represented by a bench and a few bushes (painted or realistic). The avenue between the tent and the office is "PATHWAY A." The avenue between the **OFFICE** and the wooded area is "PATHWAY B." The area in front of the office (**FORESTAGE**) is "PATHWAY C." **ENTRANCES** and **EXITS** are **DOWN RIGHT** and **DOWN LEFT**, **UP RIGHT** and **UP LEFT**. (For stage floor plan, see **PRODUCTION NOTES**.) There is no curtain and when the audience enters, Camp Pocahontas is lighted to suggest a warm and sunny day. The time is the present. As the auditorium goes to dark, we hear the sounds of birds chirping.

**AT RISE:** **VOICES** from **OFFSTAGE, DOWN RIGHT**.

**EVE'S VOICE:** Hurry up, Alva. We've got a million things to do.

**ALVA'S VOICE:** I'm hurrying as fast as I can.

**EVE'S VOICE:** New Indian maidens will be arriving any minute.

**ALVA'S VOICE:** I know.

**EVE:** (*ENTERS.*) Busy, busy. (*EVE HUNNICUT, the camp director is young, clever and pretty. She carries a clipboard and marks off items as she speaks. Trailing is her assistant and friend, ALVA DORIGHT. She, too, carries a clipboard and marker. Both girls wear summer camp clothing. Consult PRODUCTION NOTES for description of general costuming.*)

**ALVA:** I got the oddest phone call this morning.

**EVE:** Who from?

**ALVA:** I think it was from my cousin Elmer. All I heard was a muffled voice and the phone went dead.

EVE: If it's anything important he'll call back. Don't forget to see that the plumbing is in working order throughout the camp.

ALVA: *(Checks spot on clipboard.)* Check.

EVE: Everything freezes in the winter, especially the water pipes. There may be cracks.

ALVA: *(Checks another spot on clipboard.)* Check for cracks.

EVE: I hope no possums have gotten under the bungalows and died.

ALVA: *(Another spot.)* Check for dead possums.

EVE: It would be a good idea to spray the poison ivy patch.

ALVA: *(Another spot.)* Poison the ivy.

EVE: Remind me to tell Jenny that this season we won't be serving liver under any circumstances. Too many complaints.

ALVA: *(Another.)* Cut out the liver.

EVE: *(Worried.)* I must be forgetting something.

ALVA: Can't do everything at once.

EVE: Opening week at Camp Pocahontas is a struggle.

ALVA: Nothing to worry about. You've got everything under control, as usual.

EVE: There are still a million details.

ALVA: One detail at a time, Eve.

EVE: *(Relaxes.)* You're right. *(Takes a deep breath.)* Ah, smell that clean country air.

ALVA: Healthy.

EVE: Invigorating.

ALVA: And free.

EVE: Free? Not at Camp Pocahontas. *(THEY exchange a hearty laugh. Pocahontas is an EXPENSIVE summer camp. THEY ENTER office. EVE sits behind the desk, does paperwork. ALVA busies herself with the files.)*  
*(ADAM APPLE, DIRECTOR OF THE NEARBY "All-Male" CAMP JOHN SMITH, ENTERS cautiously DOWN LEFT. With him is his sidekick, WILLARD. THEY wear sweatshirts, whistles around their necks, track shoes. It's plain they don't want anyone to overhear their discussion.)*

ADAM: You let me do the talking.

WILLARD: You're coo-coo if you think Eve will go for your crazy idea.

ADAM: You got a better idea?

WILLARD: If I had a better idea I wouldn't be here.  
*(ADAM is impulsive, hyper-active, always working an angle to survive. Approaching disaster is his constant companion. His view of the world is slightly upside down and he lives for the moment, which gets him into all kinds of trouble. Despite all this he's an appealing character with a certain puppydog quality that females find hard to resist. ADAM, like WILLARD, EVE and ALVA, is about college age. Mentally, WILLARD does his best to keep up*

*with ADAM, but he's always one step behind. He's incurably lazy and ill-kempt.)*

ADAM: Willard, let me acquaint you with the facts. *(He pushes him on to the bench.)* The only way we're going to survive the long, hard winter is to have a paying job this summer.

WILLARD: We won't have a paying job, either one of us, if Camp John Smith doesn't open.

ADAM: Camp John Smith MUST open.

WILLARD: But the inspector said it wasn't ready to open.

ADAM: He said it wasn't FIT to open. *(Fast.)* We already have guys lined up for their cabin assignments. What will happen if they have to return home?

WILLARD: We'd have to refund their money.

ADAM: *(Clutches his heart, dramatic.)* I'd sooner die!

WILLARD: I don't suppose it would look too good for Camp John Smith's reputation.

ADAM: Reputation! The only thing lower than Camp John Smith's reputation would be a whale's belly. Don't forget, Willard, we're on probation. If we don't pull the camp through this season we might have to go out into the real world and get a REAL job.

WILLARD: *(Jumps up, horrified.)* A REAL JOB!

ADAM: *(Cups his hand over WILLARD'S mouth.)* Shhh. Quiet.

THEODORA: *(About 14, friendly, a compulsive eater, she ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, a candy bar in each hand. She wears a jogging suit.)* Hi!

ADAM: *(Waves timidly.)* Hi.

WILLARD: Hi.

THEODORA: I bet you men are from the other side of the lake.

ADAM: Uh-huh.

THEODORA: *(Indicates candy bars.)* Wanna bite?

ADAM: *(Smiles.)* Some other time, maybe. *(To WILLARD.)* Let's plan strategy. *(Pushes him OFFSTAGE, DOWN LEFT.)* This could be our most crucial hour.

WILLARD: *(Still horrified at the possibility.)* A REAL JOB! That's gross.

VIVIAN: *(VIVIAN VANDERSNAP ENTERS UP LEFT. She's a rather beautiful teenager, mature in manner and speech, but she's terribly spoiled and selfish. She is dressed fashionably . . . for the city, not summer camp. She carries a chic piece of travel luggage, walks DOWNSTAGE, into "PATHWAY C".)* You there, stuffing your face.

THEODORA: *(Looks about.)* You mean me?

VIVIAN: I don't see anyone else. Are you an employee?

THEODORA: I don't work here if that's what you mean.

VIVIAN: That's what I mean.

THEODORA: *(Steps LEFT.)* Betcha you're enrolling for summer camp.

VIVIAN: (*Puts down luggage.*) Summer camp, ugh! How I hate those words. So infantile.

THEODORA: I come back every summer.

VIVIAN: So do the mosquitoes.

THEODORA: I'm Theodora Wolfswinkle. What's your name?

VIVIAN: Vandersnap. Vivian Vandersnap.

THEODORA: Vandersnap? That's a funny name.

VIVIAN: Try Wolfswinkle.

THEODORA: I hope we're going to be friends. (*Hopeful.*) Are you a compulsive eater?

VIVIAN: (*Offended.*) Certainly not!

THEODORA: (*Shrugs.*) Welcome to Camp Pocahontas, anyway. (*Forgetting that her hand holds a candy bar, THEODORA slaps it into VIVIAN'S palm.*)

VIVIAN: (*Horrorified.*) You fool! Look what you've done. Messy chocolate all over my fingernails and delicate skin. Oh, oh!

THEODORA: (*Upset.*) I'm sorry, Viv. I forgot that candy bar. If I had known I was gonna meet you I would have been eating grapes.

VIVIAN: (*Plucks out a hanky and wipes away the candy.*) You could do me two big favors. Direct me to the admissions office and stay out of my way.

THEODORA: You're not mad at me, are you?

VIVIAN: (*Through clenched teeth.*) No, I'm not mad at you.

THEODORA: Good.

VIVIAN: I'm furious!

THEODORA: (*Jumps back.*) Boy! That's some temper you got.

VIVIAN: The admissions office. Where is it?

THEODORA: You mean the nerve center?

VIVIAN: (*Finishes wiping her hand clean.*) There's nothing the matter with my nerves. I'm in perfect health.

THEODORA: We call the camp office the nerve center. (*Points.*) You're standing in front of it.

VIVIAN: (*Looks.*) What a nauseating coop.

THEODORA: Got things to do. See you around, Viv. Sorry about the chocolate. (*She turns, trots UP PATHWAY A.*)

VIVIAN: (*Shouts after THEODORA.*) And don't call me Viv. I don't allow anyone to call me Viv. My name is Vivian. (*She sighs, picks up luggage, MOVES to office from LEFT. In the office, EVE stands with the microphone for the loudspeaker system in her hand.*)

EVE: Alva. (*ALVA stops her work with the files, MOVES to EVE, picks up a whistle from the desk, blows three short blasts into the microphone, returns to the files. EVE pats at her mouth and makes sound of Indian war whoop.*) Attention! Attention! I would like to welcome all the Indian Maidens who have arrived early for a season at lovely Camp Pocahontas on the shores of beautiful Lake Lookeeloo. We will be serving herbal tea this afternoon on

the boathouse veranda. Thaaaank you. *(She taps the microphone.)* Oh, no, not again. *(She blows into microphone.)* The microphone must have a short. It only works about half the time.

ALVA: I'll have it checked out.

VIVIAN: *(While EVE has been making the announcement, she has ENTERED, stands LEFT. Annoyed that she hasn't been noticed.)* I'm here!

EVE: Oh, I didn't see you there.

VIVIAN: I believe I'm expected.

EVE: You must be Vivian Vandersnap. Your aunt telephoned and said you'd be here this morning. I'm Eve Hunnicutt and this is Alva Dorith.

ALVA: Won't you sit down, Vivian.

VIVIAN: *(CROSSES to visitor's chair, sit, puts down luggage.)* The rest of my luggage is out by the gatehouse. Send someone for it, will you.

EVE: *(Sits on edge of desk.)* I'm afraid here at Camp Pocahontas everyone carries her own luggage. I hope you haven't taken along more than two pieces. That's the limit.

VIVIAN: *(Irritated.)* It certainly is.

ALVA: *(Steps to EVE with file.)* Here's Vivian's application form. Her aunt has filled it out.

EVE: *(Takes file.)* See if you can find Hildegard, will you, Alva?

ALVA: Good as done. *(ALVA EXITS office RIGHT and leaves STAGE DOWN RIGHT.)*

EVE: *(Opens file.)* Your aunt feels it would be a good idea for you to spend some time with us.

VIVIAN: My aunt feels I lack discipline. She also feels I act too old for my age. According to her I'm spoiled, selfish, egotistical and conceited. Conceited? Imagine anyone calling me conceited!

EVE: *(Lies.)* I can't imagine.

VIVIAN: I had a wonderful summer planned. A trip to Europe. Pocahontas has spoiled that. I'll never forgive her.

EVE: Pocahontas?

VIVIAN: No, my aunt.

*(KATE, about 16, runs into PATHWAY A from UPSTAGE, MOVES DOWNSTAGE while EVE and VIVIAN are talking. She's distraught and disoriented, looks LEFT and RIGHT as if someone were after her. She sees the tent, RIGHT, ENTERS. Once inside she hastily looks about for a place to hide. She scrambles under the DOWNSTAGE cot, out of sight.)*

EVE: Once you make some new friends, Camp Pocahontas will be like your home away from home.

VIVIAN: That's the whole point! I don't like my home. I spend as much time away from it as possible. I'm not here by choice. I've been CONDEMNED to spend the summer here. This isn't a



summer camp to me . It's Devil's Island. I.

EVE: Condemned is too harsh a word. A little fresh air, exercise, good food . . . we don't serve liver . . . and your attitude will change.

VIVIAN: (*Stands.*) I doubt that.

HILDEGARD: (*She is a camp counselor. ENTERS DOWN RIGHT and into the office. She wears severe braids piled on her head and her demeanor is Prussian. She's a no-nonsense type with a thick European accent.*) You vished to see me?

EVE: (*Gets off desk.*) Ah, Hildegard. We have a new Indian maiden. Vivian Vandersnap.

HILDEGARD: You vish for me to assign her a bungalow?

EVE: I think we'll put Vivian in Squirrel Bungalow!

HILDEGARD: All ze bungalows and tents are named after ze forest animals.

VIVIAN: That's nauseating!

HILDEGARD: Raucoon, Badger, Rattlesnake . . .

VIVIAN: Rattlesnake!!!

HILDEGARD: . . . possum, chipmonk, moose . . .

VIVIAN: (*Indignant.*) You expect me to tell my friends I live in a place called Squirrel Bungalow?

EVE: If you don't like that we have a vacancy in Muskrat.

VIVIAN: Muskrat!

HILDEGARD: Also the Porcupine is vacant.

VIVIAN: Porcupine!

EVE: The choice is yours.

VIVIAN: (*Fuming.*) I'll take Squirrel.

EVE: Splendid.

HILDEGARD: If you vill follow me, Vivian. Ve jog.

VIVIAN: Please call me Miss Vandersnap. (*Jogging, HILDEGARD leaves the office. EXITS UP RIGHT.*)

EVE: We use first names at Camp Pocahontas, Vivian.

VIVIAN: That's repulsive.

EVE: Jog along.

VIVIAN: I never jog. It's bad for the complexion. (*She starts to EXIT.*)

EVE: Oh, Vivian.

VIVIAN: (*Turns.*) What is it now?

EVE: Haven't you forgotten something? (*She indicates the luggage by the chair. Resentful, VIVIAN CROSSES for it. In doing so, her foot manages to get stuck in the wastebasket.*)

VIVIAN: Ow!

EVE: Let me help.

VIVIAN: I'm perfectly capable of helping myself. (*Wastebasket still on her foot, VIVIAN picks up the luggage and follows after HILDEGARD.*)

(*During the business with the wastebasket, OFFICER DUMM of the Highway Patrol ENTERS DOWN LEFT. He's young, in*

*uniform, wears dark glasses, checks his work book. EVE goes to "door" and watches the departing VIVIAN who walks UP PATHWAY A trying her best to act as if nothing were wrong . . . the wastebasket still with her. EVE shakes her head at this difficult new arrival, goes back to desk, picks up her clipboard and EXITS RIGHT, into PATHWAY A and OFF.)*

MISTER TERWILLITER: *(A small man in a dark suit, wearing a derby and carrying an attache case, ENTERS DOWN LEFT.)* Excuse me, Officer?

DUMM: *(Still looking at work book, doesn't turn.)* Yeah?

MISTER TERWILLITER: I'm looking for Adam Apple.

DUMM: *(Turns.)* Who?

MISTER TERWILLITER: Adam Apple.

DUMM: Apple? Apple? You mean that crazy college kid who runs Camp John Smith?

MISTER TERWILLITER: The same.

DUMM: I had trouble with him all last season. He doesn't run a summer camp . . . he runs a funny farm. One time his kids covered my patrol car with straw.

MISTER TERWILLITER: Tsk, tsk.

DUMM: Never would have found it if I hadn't seen a herd of cows munching around a funny-looking hay stack. It was giving out traffic reports.

MISTER TERWILLITER: I can assure you there'll be no more of that.

DUMM: *(Dubious.)* I'd like to believe you.

MISTER TERWILLITER: As a matter of fact, the trustees at the bank have sent me to investigate conditions at Camp John Smith. That's why I'm here.

DUMM: Where?

MISTER TERWILLITER: Here. Camp John Smith.

DUMM: This isn't Camp John Smith. This is Camp Pocahontas.

MISTER TERWILLITER: *(Distressed.)* I have a poor sense of direction.

DUMM: *(Points DOWN LEFT.)* John Smith's on the other side of beautiful Lake Lookeeloo. You can't miss it. There's usually a pile of tin cans and rubbish surrounding the place. There used to be a buffalo roaming about.

MISTER TERWILLITER: A buffalo!

DUMM: Mangy old thing. Looked like a hairy walking rug with moths. Haven't seen that buffalo all winter. Maybe it died.

MISTER TERWILLITER: A buffalo, tsk, tsk. I think my visit is long overdue. Thank you for your assistance.

DUMM: Anytime.

MISTER TERWILLITER: I don't know what the bank trustees will say about a buffalo. *(He EXITS LEFT.)*

ALVA: *(ENTERS from DOWN RIGHT.)* Hello, Dumm. *(THEY meet*

*DOWN CENTER in front of the office.*) What brings you here?  
DUMM: A runaway.  
ALVA: You've come to the wrong place. Runaways can't afford Pocahontas.  
DUMM: She took the family car. Ran out of gas down the road. I'm checking around. If you see anyone acting suspicious, give me a call.  
ALVA: Got a picture?  
DUMM: Not yet. I will have. Name's Millfloss. Kate Millfloss.  
ALVA: What's her description?  
DUMM: What difference does it make. Describe one teenage girl and you've described 'em all. *(He EXITS DOWN LEFT as SMUDGE, the camp nurse in a starched white uniform ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. She's a befuddled medic, almost comical in her attempts to prove efficient. She holds papers.)*  
SMUDGE: So far so good. I'm managing to keep up with our new arrivals.  
ALVA: Vivian Vandersnap checked in.  
SMUDGE: *(Flips papers.)* Vandersnap, Vandersnap . . . *(Finds her name.)* Here she is. Under "D". I'll want her complete medical history. I'm anxious to meet her.  
ALVA: Good luck, Smudge. You'll need it.  
SMUDGE: How do you mean?  
ALVA: Each summer we get one thorn in with the roses. This season it's Vivian Vandersnap.  
SMUDGE: The Vandersnaps are terrible wealthy.  
ALVA: Vivian is aware of that.  
SMUDGE: There's only one more camper to arrive and the week's roster is complete.  
ALVA: That would be Linda Biddle.  
SMUDGE: *(Checks papers.)* Biddle . . . Biddle . . . ah, here she is. Under "Y".  
ALVA: "Y" ? "Y" for Biddle? "D" For Vandersnap?  
SMUDGE: My own system. You see, it's boring filing names under the correct letter. More interesting to mix them up and then hunt for them.  
ALVA: Whatever works.  
THEODORA: *(Bounces in from DOWN RIGHT, a large box of popcorn in her grip.)* Hi, Smudge! Hi, Alva!  
SMUDGE: *(Disapproving.)* Theodora, you're doing it again. Eating, eating, eating!  
THEODORA: First bite I've had all day.  
SMUDGE: Lying, lying, lying.  
ALVA: Theodora, we went over all this last summer. You're a junk food junkie. If you don't stop, you're going to blow up like a helium balloon with feet.

THEODORA: This popcorn will be my last mouthful.

SMUDGE: After you've finished with that popcorn, please don't eat the box even if there's butter left on the cardboard. (*SMUDGE EXITS DOWN LEFT.*)

THEODORA: (*CROSSES to ALVA.*) Little popcorn never hurt anyone.

ALVA: It hurts you. Popcorn leads to candy bars, candy bars lead to cupcakes, cupcakes lead to ice cream . . .

THEODORA: Soon as I'm through with this popcorn I'm going on a diet.

ALVA: If you don't, all you'll get for dessert is Jell-O.

THEODORA: What flavor?

*(ALVA throws up hands in despair, EXITS up PATHWAY B. THEODORA CROSSES to bench, sits, eats popcorn. During the following scene, THEODORA will finish the popcorn and toss the box over her shoulder after tracing the inside for a taste of melted butter. She will produce another candy bar and proceed to eat it, stripping away the wrapper as if it were a banana peel. As soon as ALVA ENTERS PATHWAY B, we hear the VOICE of HILDEGARD from OFFSTAGE RIGHT.)*

HILDEGARD'S VOICE: You will find Squirrel Bungalow fit for habitation.

VIVIAN'S VOICE: Fit for habitation? I'm not a bear planning to sleep away the winter!

KATE: (*Sticks her head out from under the cot.*) Oh, no! Company!

HILDEGARD: (*ENTERS tent from UPSTAGE.*) Clean sheets twice a week. Towels, too. You clean Squirrel Bungalow every day.

*(KATE ducks back under the cot. VIVIAN follows in after HILDEGARD.)*

VIVIAN: You mean I'm expected to clean and dust?

HILDEGARD: And mop.

VIVIAN: Mop! That's the pits. (*She puts down the piece of luggage, sits on DOWNSTAGE cot, begins to remove wastebasket from her foot with some difficulty.*)

HILDEGARD: Lights out at nine.

VIVIAN: Next you'll be telling me there's a daily inspection. Like the army.

HILDEGARD: If I were in charge of Camp Pocahontas everything would run like clockwork. Eve Hunnicutt believes a summer here should be like a birthday party. Bah!

VIVIAN: I don't like her any more than you do. And I wish . . . I mean "wish" I could get out of here right now. (*Finally removes wastebasket.*) There must be a way. (*THEODORA has finished her candy now, then produces an apple, munches.*)

HILDEGARD: I have more experience! I am more suited to the work! I should be the commandant! (*In a fury, HILDEGARD snatches up*

*the pillow from the cot and bites into it.)* Grrr! Grrr! Grrr! (VIVIAN, appalled, stifles a scream. HILDEGARD settled down, returns the pillow.) That always helps. (*Deep breath.*) I feel better.

VIVIAN: I've heard of transferring aggression, but that's the first time I've ever seen it. (*Cautious.*) You bite pillows often?

HILDEGARD: (*Ignores the question, points to OFFSTAGE rear of tent.*) The closet and wash basin are back here.

VIVIAN: (*Stands, EXITS into "back" of tent, OFFSTAGE.*) I don't like this hovel.

HILDEGARD: It's nice . . . as hovels go.

VIVIAN: (*OFFSTAGE.*) What's all this stuff?

HILDEGARD: Vhat stuff?

VIVIAN: (*Returns with some old theatrical-type dresses or gowns.*) These dresses. There are more back there,

HILDEGARD: There was a musical revue last summer and the costumes were stored in Squirrel and Ground Hog.

VIVIAN: I don't sleep in storage rooms! (*Tosses costumes OFF-STAGE.*) Don't you have a bungalow with a southern exposure?

HILDEGARD: Goose.

VIVIAN: (*Outraged.*) Who are you calling a goose!

HILDEGARD: Not you. The bungalow. Vild Goose bungalow. It has a southern exposure.

VIVIAN: Good. I'll have a look.

HILDEGARD: Ve jogs! (*She jogs UPSTAGE and OFF. VIVIAN follows HILDEGARD, with luggage.*)

LINDA: (*ENTERS UP LEFT and walks down PATHWAY B. She carries a suitcase. KATE scurries out from under the cot, steps into PATHWAY C.*) Excuse me.

THEODORA: Hi.

LINDA: I'm Linda Biddle. (*Not wishing for them to see her, KATE dashes into the office, looks around for a place to hide, sees cot, scrambles under it.*) I'm looking for the office.

THEODORA: You're standing in front of it. You a new maiden?

LINDA: Maiden?

THEODORA: Indian maiden . . . anyone who spends the summer at this camp is called a maiden. Y'know . . . like Pocahontas. She was a famous Indian maiden.

LINDA: (*Points to office.*) This building is the office?

THEODORA: The nerve center . . . yup. (*Stands.*) I'm hungry. Haven't eaten all day. See you around, Linda. (*THEODORA jogs OFF, UP LEFT. LINDA ENTERS the office, looks around. Two campers, CINDY and SYLVIA, jog in from DOWN LEFT and jog up PATHWAY A and OFF, talking as THEY go.*)

SYLVIA: How many times around the camp does this make?

CINDY: Only four. Two more to go.

SYLVIA: I'll never make it. I came to summer camp for relaxation.

CINDY: Relax later. Jog now.

SYLVIA: You sound like Hildegard. (*THEY'RE OUT.*)

LINDA: Anyone here?

KATE: (*From under cot.*) I can't spend my whole life under cots. It's degrading. I'm beginning to feel like a mole. (*She pulls herself out and up.*)

LINDA: (*Astonished.*) What are you doing down there?

KATE: Hiding.

LINDA: From whom?

KATE: (*Steps toward LINDA.*) From anyone who wants to find me. My parents mostly. They've got the police looking for me.

LINDA: The police?

KATE: It's nothing serious. I ran away.

LINDA: To summer camp?

KATE: (*Brushing dust from her clothing.*) I want a career in show business. I act.

LINDA: That's why you ran away?

KATE: There's a summer stock company I can join. It's my big chance! My parents said no way. My dad will be furious I took his car. They're going to Mexico on a holiday. I don't want to go with them. That summer theatre is opportunity knocking. Knock, knock, knock.

LINDA: What are you going to do?

KATE: I'm going to call them and let them know I'm all right. Maybe they'll go to Mexico without me.

LINDA: Wishful thinking if I know parents. (*Sits in visitor's chair.*) We're sort of in the same pickle. My boyfriend is going into the Air Force Academy in Colorado. My parents think we're getting too serious, so here I am. We didn't even get a chance to say goodbye to each other.

KATE: Then go to Colorado.

LINDA: Ha! The minute they discovered I wasn't here at Pocahontas the sky would fall.

KATE: (*A bright expression on her face.*) What if you were actually in Colorado but everyone swore you were here?

LINDA: That isn't possible.

KATE: Has anyone at this camp ever seen you before?

LINDA: (*Thinks.*) Not that I know of.

KATE: (*Enthusiastic.*) Don't you see? I could take your place. How long would you be gone?

LINDA: Two days at the most. I'd catch a plane.

KATE: What's your name?

LINDA: Linda Biddle.

KATE: I'm Kate Millfloss.

LINDA: (*Suddenly excited.*) Do you think it would work?

KATE: I'm an actress! This will be a great chance to prove what I can do.

LINDA: (*Jumps out of chair.*) It sounds crazy to me. Crazy enough to work.

KATE: I'll keep a low profile.

LINDA: I'll be back before anyone gets wise.

KATE: From the little I've seen of this place we shouldn't have any trouble. Camp Pocahontas is Flake City.

LINDA: Thanks, Kate. (*Suitcase.*) I won't need this. (*Puts down suitcase, runs out LEFT into AVENUE B and OFF, UP LEFT. SMUDGE ENTERS from DOWN LEFT and ENTERS the office. She has her "papers".*)

SMUDGE: Ah. A new Indian Maiden.

KATE: (*Into her new "personality".*) Ah, I'm Linda Biddle . . .

SMUDGE: Don't tell me. Let me guess. (*Thinks.*) You're Linda Biddle.

KATE: (*Perplexed.*) Didn't I just say that?

SMUDGE: (*Checks her papers.*) Here you are, filed under "Z".

KATE: "Z"?

ALVA: (*ENTERS DOWN LEFT, followed by an anxious WILLARD.*) That has to be the craziest thing I've ever heard.

WILLARD: Give us a break, Alva. We need help.

ALVA: You don't need help. You need a psychiatrist! (*THEY ENTER office from LEFT.*)

SMUDGE: Alva, this is Linda Biddle.

ALVA: Nice to have you with us, Linda.

KATE: (*Curtsies. Fakes a country accent.*) Nice to be here, ma'am.

ALVA: A curtsy? My, aren't you the sweet, old-fashioned girl.

KATE: (*Another curtsy.*) Yes, ma'am.

ALVA: So natural.

KATE: I'm as natural as biscuits and gravy.

SMUDGE: Come along with me, Linda. Watch where you step. The place is alive with sumac and ivy.

KATE: Ivy who? (*SMUDGE EXITS office, DOWN RIGHT. KATE follows with suitcase.*)

WILLARD: Where's Eve?

ALVA: (*Sits at desk.*) No use talking to Eve. She won't listen to you.

WILLARD: But I may be forced to go to work! Real work! (*Moans.*) Oooooooh.

ALVA: It will do you good.

WILLARD: I'm a free spirit. I have to have my freedom. (*He clenches his jaws, stomps up and down like a child in a temper fit.*) No, no, no! (*He throws himself on his back, slapping the floor with his feet and hands. ALVA has obviously seen this weird behavior from WILLARD in the past. As he thrashes about, she speaks into the microphone as ADAM runs into the office from DOWN LEFT.*)

ALVA: (*War Whoop.*) Nurse Smudge. Calling Nurse Smudge. Please report to the nerve center.

WILLARD: No! No! No!

ALVA: (*Looks at him, shakes her head in disapproval, speaks again into microphone.*) And bring a straitjacket. (*Taps mike.*) I forgot. It's not working.

ADAM: What have you done to this poor boy?

ALVA: I haven't done anything. It's the thought of going to work that's making him ill.

ADAM: (*Drops to one knee.*) Willard, speak to me! (*WILLARD continues his tantrum. ALVA stands, calmly pours herself a glass of water, sips. What's left in the glass she pours into WILLARD'S face. EVE ENTERS PATHWAY A from UP RIGHT, into office.*)

WILLARD: (*Sits up, wipes his face.*) I'm drowning!!!

ALVA: Nonsense.

WILLARD: Shows the emotional state I'm in!

EVE: What's going on in here? (*ADAM helps WILLARD to his feet.*)

ALVA: You'd better sit down, Eve. The men from Camp John Smith have something to ask.

EVE: I'm listening. (*ALVA steps RIGHT of desk. EVE sits.*)

WILLARD: I'd better rest. I'm emotionally exhausted. (*He CROSSES to cot, collapses on top.*)

ALVA: (*Annoyed.*) Make yourself right at home, Willard.

WILLARD: (*Feebly.*) I'm not well.

ALVA: That's news?

EVE: What is all this?

ADAM: (*The salesman.*) Eve, aren't we friends?

EVE: As far as I know.

ADAM: We're in the same line of business.

EVE: We both run a summer camp.

ADAM: Eve, I'm desperate.

EVE: Again?

ADAM: I've got young "gentlemen" waiting for bungalow assignments and the state inspector says Camp John Smith isn't ready to open.

EVE: Young "gentlemen"? Come off it, Adam. You get the freaks no other camp will take. You run the only summer camp for social misfits in the state.

ADAM: We've got to open this season. If we don't, the bank trustees will holler. (*WILLARD moans.*)

EVE: I don't see why you came to me.

ADAM: Who told you when Mrs. Thistlemist was looking for a new director?

EVE: You did.

ADAM: Who lent you his car when yours broke down?

EVE: You did.

ADAM: Who always has a shoulder for you to cry on?

EVE: For heaven's sake, Adam, what do you want?



ADAM: (*Quickly sits in visitor's chair, leans across desk.*) I can't send the guys back. I'd have to refund their money. If the bank discovers the camp isn't ready to open they'll close the place down for good.

EVE: What can I do about it?

ALVA: He wants you to house his young "gentlemen" for a few days.

ADAM: (*Eager.*) By then the inspector will have given his okay. The bank doesn't even have to know about the delay.

EVE: (*Stands, aghast.*) Have you lost your mind!

ADAM: (*Hands together as if in prayer.*) Please, please! I'm at your mercy! (*WILLARD moans.*)

EVE: It's out of the question.

ADAM: Why? This is your opening week. Only a few girls are here. There's plenty of room.

ALVA: If Mrs. Thistlemist heard about this . . .

ADAM: Don't tell her.

EVE: That would be deceitful.

ADAM: If I lose Camp John Smith my life is over.

EVE: Don't be melodramatic.

ADAM: (*Drops to his knees, grabs a letter opener from the desk, bares his chest and tries to hand EVE the "knife". The hammy actor.*) Go on, Eve, cut my heart out and toss it on the campfire with the marshmallows. You might as well. I'm finished if you don't help me.

EVE: It isn't up to me. The Indian maidens have to be considered.

WILLARD: (*Sits up.*) They're good people. I know most of them. Let's put it to a vote.

ALVA: Vote?

EVE: If we put it to a vote you'll be disappointed.

ADAM: I'll take the chance.

EVE: EVERY Indian maiden and counsellor would have to agree.

ADAM: Anything!

EVE: Don't say I didn't warn you. You'll have to abide by the decision.

ADAM: (*Still on his knees, he "walks" to EVE, takes her hand and slavishly kisses it. ALVA MOVES from the office into PATHWAY C, CENTER.*) Thank you, Eve! Thank you!

EVE: Stop that, Adam. Behave. (*Delighted that things seem to be going his way, he sits up like a happy, playful dog, hands held like paws, pants.*) You're incorrigible. (*She EXITS RIGHT, MOVES beside ALVA who blows a whistle . . . three loud calls.*)

ADAM: Come on, Willard. We're not out of the woods yet. (*THEY hurry from the office, MOVE beside ALVA, who gives another three calls on the whistle. THEODORA trots in from UP LEFT with a watermelon or melon under her arm. (See PRODUCTION NOTES) She is eating a slice. She MOVES to bench, sits as CINDY, SYLVIA, KATE, SMUDGE, VIVIAN and HILDEGARD*

crowd in from DOWN RIGHT. JENNY, the cook, wearing a white apron and chef's hat, also ENTERS.)

AD LIBS: What's up?

Too early for dinner.

Do we get a movie tonight?

I want to go for a swim.

Etc.

EVE: (*Hands up for attention.*) Indian maidens of Camp Pocahontas . . . (*CAMPERS slap their mouths with open palms and make the "war whoop" sound.*) Most of you know Adam Apple from Camp John Smith. (*Scattered applause.*) He has a little problem. John Smith won't be ready for occupancy for a few days and . . .

ADAM: (*Interrupts.*) The point is, my "gentlemen" need a place to stay. Since Camp Pocahontas is so close and has plenty of empty cabins, I thought they might live here until John Smith is ready.

WILLARD: That'll be in no time. Day or two at the most.

EVE: I've already explained to Mister Apple that I don't think it's a wise idea, but I will accept the opinion of the staff and the present campers.

CINDY: I think it's a wonderful idea, Eve.

SYLVIA: Camp Pocahontas . . . co-ed! (*CAMPERS applaud.*)

EVE: Smudge?

SMUDGE: The camp is less than ten percent occupied. I'm sure we'll all stay out of each other's hair.

WILLARD: (*Rubs his hands gleefully.*) Good. That's settled!

EVE: Hardly. What is your opinion, Hildegard?

HILDEGARD: (*Steps from crowd.*) The idea is ridiculous. Miss Thistlemist would never approve. I absolutely refuse to go along.

CAMPERS: Oh, no! (*Ad libs.*)

Have a heart, Hildegard!

It's only for a few days!

Etc.

WILLARD: (*Hand to head.*) I don't feel so good. Again.

VIVIAN: (*Steps forward.*) Surely, Hildegard, you'll reconsider.

HILDEGARD: (*Surprised.*) What?

VIVIAN: (*Smiles.*) I'm certain Miss Thistlemist WILL approve. (*Pointedly.*) When she FINDS OUT about Eve's good deed.

HILDEGARD: (*Gets VIVIAN'S point. EVE could get into trouble with this co-ed action.*) Well, I don't wish to be the only von out of step. (*Pause.*) I, too, agree.

EVE: WHAT!

ADAM: UNANIMOUS! (*Applause, cheers, etc.*)

WILLARD: It's all settled . . . good!

ADAM: (*Blows a whistle. ALL simmer down. Announces.*) Pocahontas . . . meet John Smith! (*He gestures DOWN LEFT as a mob (See PRODUCTION NOTES) of lads from Camp John Smith*

*push in. THEY are disheveled, undisciplined, almost a rabble. THEY wear everything from baggy walking shorts to skin diving outfits. One carries an inflated inner tube. One wears a snorkel mask. Another carries luggage and wears an absurd hat, sunglasses, etc. Instead of being appalled, the Pocahontas CAMPERS are delighted with the new arrivals. THEY jump up and down, cheering, yelling, applauding, etc. The "gentlemen" from John Smith return the compliment. EVE and ALVA, naturally, are about to pass out. What have they gotten themselves into!*)

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE ONE

ACT ONE

Scene Two

SETTING: The same. In the blackness Sound of Birds chirping, followed by the insistent ringing of the telephone.

AT RISE: It is the next day. Lights DIM Up to suggest another sunny time. EVE hurries into the office.

EVE: Hold on. I'm on my way. *(Another ring.)* Here I am. *(Picks up receiver.)* Camp Pocahontas. *(Makes war whoop sound.)* Oh, Good Morning, Mrs. Thistlemist! I thought you were traveling in Texas. Didn't you say you were going to check on some oil properties? *(Listens.)* You're in New York? New York! No, no, nothing's wrong with New York. It's so-o-o-o-o close, that's all I meant. *(EVE listens. She is worried.)* Coming up for a visit, you say? A visit! *(ALVA ENTERS tent, sits on cot as EVE continues conversation. EVE shoots her a pained expression, covers mouthpiece, hushed tone.)* It's Mrs. Thistlemist!

ALVA: Yipes!

EVE: *(Listens.)* Yes, Mrs. Thistlemist, I'm still here. *(Listens.)* I sound funny? *(Lies.)* I've got a touch of hay fever. *(Fakes a sneeze.)* Why don't you stay in New York a little longer. I know you like the city and you must have some shopping to do. *(Hand over mouthpiece.)* I hope. *(Back to conversation, listens.)* You'll be here the first of next week? We'll look forward to your visit. Oh, where are you staying? *(EVE picks up pencil, writes.)* Mrs. Thistlemist . . . Waldorf Hotel . . . Suite 505 . . . Manhattan . . . *(Writes some more.)* Yes, I'm writing the number down. Goodbye, Mrs. Thistlemist. Nice talking with you. Enjoy your shopping. *(Hangs up receiver. ALVA jumps to her feet. ADAM ENTERS from DOWN LEFT into tent.)*

## PRODUCTION NOTES

### PROPERTIES:

**ON STAGE:** For Office: Desk, chair, visitor's chair, cot with pillow and blanket, bulletin board with announcements, file cabinet or table with file folders. Phone, water pitcher with water and glass, microphone, letter opener, whistle, papers (on desk) and wastebasket.

**FOR TENT:** Cots (2) with blankets and pillows.

**ON GROUNDS:** Bench, bushes (shrubbery can be real or painted).

**BROUGHT ON:** ACT ONE, Scene One: Clipboard and pencil (EVE and ALVA), candy bar (THEODORA), luggage, hanky (VIVIAN), workbook (DUMM), derby or some other style of hat, attache case (TERWILLITER), paper forms (SMUDGE), box of popcorn, watermelon or cantaloupe, candy, apple (THEODORA). Innertube, snorkel, assorted junk (BOYS).

ACT ONE, Scene Two: Volleyball (SYLVIA), photo (DUMM), box of chocolates (THEODORA), large bush (KATE), skin diving outfit (JOE), whistles (CAMP PERSONNEL).

ACT TWO, Scene One: Add to tent: Clothesline with male swimsuits, underwear, sox, etc. And, as space permits, a TV, dilapidated chair, paper plates, soda pop cans, trash barrel.

**BROUGHT ON:** ACT TWO, Scene One: Fishing poles, (IVAN, JOE, LARRY), frying pan (JENNY), handkerchief (TERWILLITER), candy bar (THEODORA), large stuffed animal with money (ELMER) basket (CLEOPATRA), violin case (DIXIE), banner on poles/CAMP JOHN SMITH (ADAM, WILLARD), name tag, clipboard, broken eyeglasses (DOYLE), walking stick or cane (MRS. THISTLEMIST), fishing pole with boot on hook (IVAN).

ACT TWO, Scene Two: Stuffed animal (ELMER), basket (CLEOPATRA), violin case containing tiny pistol (DIXIE), telegram (WILLARD), bridal bouquet (LINDA), telegrams (ADAM), hanky (SMUDGE), cream pie (THEODORA), suitcase (LINDA).

**COSTUMES:** As indicated in script. However, keep in mind that the more colorful and "summer camp" the outfits, the more interesting the show will be visually. Jogging suits, shorts, tennis

outfits, etc. The citizens from Camp John Smith wear just about anything . . . but it all looks ill-kempt and unwashed in sharp contrast to the spick and span quality of the young ladies.

Mentioned here are only those costumes that, in some way, are essential to the plot. DUMM should wear a policeman's uniform, or something to suggest one, including hat and dark sunglasses, holster and revolver. SMUDGE should wear nurse's whites. JENNY should wear a white apron and chef's hat. ELMER wears a "loud" sports jacket, maybe a straw hat. CLEOPATRA wears a long gown and large flat necklace to suggest the Egyptian queen. Also, a straight wig, dark. CLAMS wears a "gangster suit and hat," and DIXIE is dressed flashily with plenty of sparkling jewelry. MRS. THISTLEMIST is dressed fashionably and expensively with a hat, gloves, purse. Exercise suit (THEODORA). Bridal outfit or wedding gown (LINDA).

**SOUND EFFECTS:** Birds singing and chirping. Telephone bell.

**STAGING HINTS:** It helps visually if the office and/or the tent can be somewhat elevated. Don't fill the water pitcher full because someone is bound to tip it over. All that's needed is enough water for ALVA to half fill one glass. Some canvas backing might be used to aid in the tent "effect" (Squirrel bungalow). Scattered about the grounds should be some shrubbery, especially by the bench. This can be "real" shrubbery, or it can be painted "cartoon fashion" in keeping with the cartoon quality of the farce.

THEODORA gets bigger . . . this effect is really one of the funniest in the play. All that's necessary is to "stuff" Theodora's jogging suit with more and more tissue paper or rags. Each time she will make an entrance, more padding has been added.

KATE in bandages . . . she should look like a walking mummy in her effort to disguise herself so no one will know her true identity.

**EXTRAS:** Director may wish to use additional campers from both Pocahontas and John Smith. Use them in the "crowd" scenes as best fits the stage picture.

VIVIAN on mike . . . when she uses the microphone to summon EVE, it has supposedly been fixed, so it's a good effect if her voice Booms Out over the speaker system. Same of ADAM in ACT TWO, Scene Two.

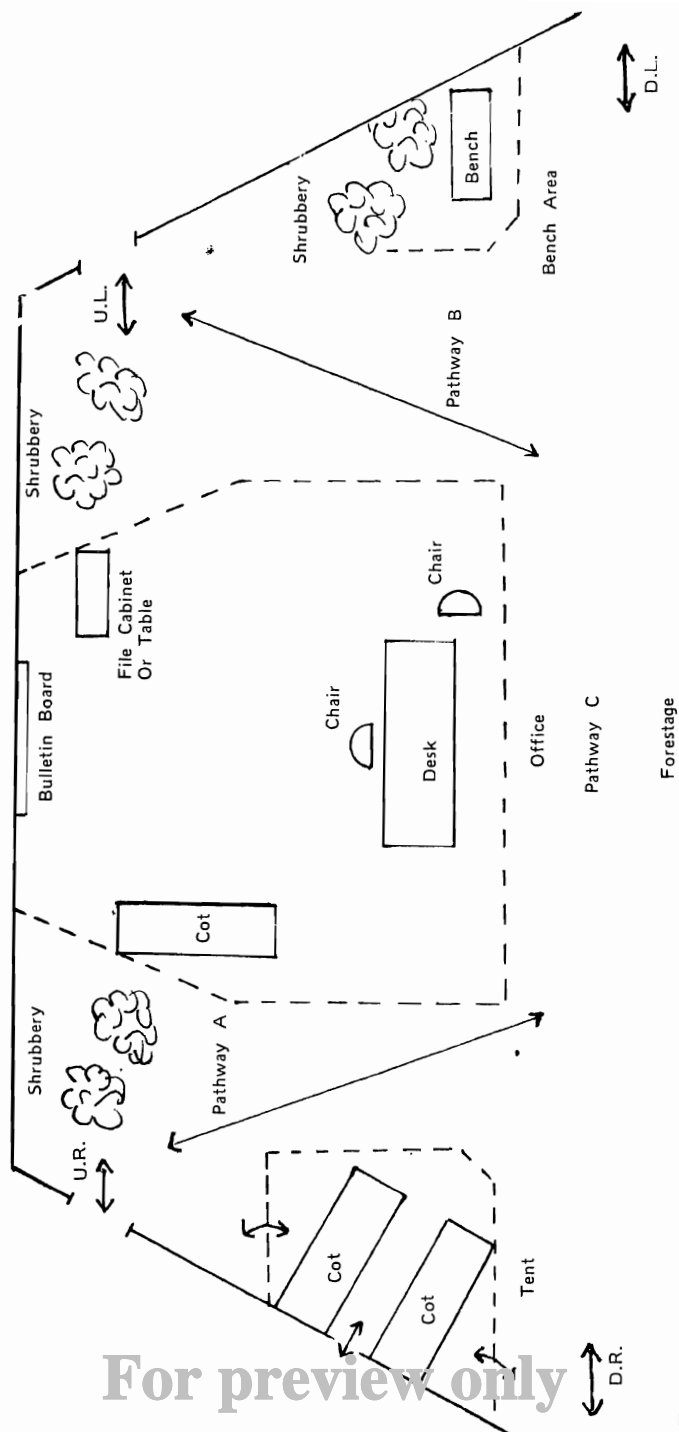
**ON STAGING A FARCE:** There are a few rules that are essential in staging farce-comedy: **KEEP IT MOVING.** The pace must be quick and lively, but never so hectic that the audience misses dialogue or plot points. **DO NOT SPEAK IF THE AUDIENCE IS LAUGHING . . .** there's no point to it. Wait a moment until the laughing subsides and then pick up the line. **ALWAYS SPEAK LOUD AND CLEAR.**

It will take a few rehearsals to work out all the simultaneous action but the result is always fascinating to an audience. The play is written in a jig-saw fashion, a series of short scenes that interlock, but each scene must quickly flow into the next. With so much action going on simultaneously, it will be necessary to **DRILL** the blocking until everyone is absolutely sure of when they enter and exit, where they go, and what they do and say. There is a certain "mechanical" aspect to farce but what makes it work perfectly is enough rehearsal to smooth out any awkward spots.

Remember . . . no pauses. Once the play begins it's a non-stop express until the final blackout.

THE AUTHOR

# KRAZY KAMP FLOOR PLAN



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