

# Monologue Mania!

## Camp Stowaways

By Tracy Poverstein

**About the play:** This delightful coming-of-age fantasy has fun exploring the “right” age to give up sleeping with stuffed animals and blankies. It’s summer break and a new group of tween girls are about to face their fears and insecurities as they learn to cope at Camp Libertas, where they’ll find only tough love, not loveys. While Major Marjorie and Miss Angie aim to lay down the law and turn another group of girls into young women. But the little ladies’ sleep toys, who have all stowed away to come to camp, come to life with other plans. Maybe the girls are ready to give up their loveys, but the talking, walking cuddly toys sure aren’t ready for the transition! What happens once they’re discovered goes to show that no one ever really outgrows unconditional love and the security of having a loved one near—even if those loved ones are plush novelties and blankies with make-believe personalities.

**About the scene:** Major Marjorie was once an attendee of Camp Libertas. Now, she is the unforgiving camp director who has no problem adhering to the strict rules of the camp in an unyielding manner. As they all sit around the campfire one night, she tries to toughen up the girls—by telling them a ghost story!

\* \* \*

### MAJOR MARJORIE:

That’s right, campers, I know the joys of Camp Libertas firsthand. When I was a young cadet, the camp included boys, and there was a boy here named Eric Mueller. I’ll never forget that name. He had the bluest, kindest eyes I had ever seen. One night our camp director sat with us around a campfire, much like this one, and warned us not to leave our cabins in the middle of the night. For safety, he said. Then, we all retired to our cabins for the evening. The next morning, no one could find Eric. The boys said he had left the cabin to look for his flashlight back at the campfire. All morning, we searched for Eric—behind every bush and rock. It wasn’t until we looked up into the trees that we saw poor Eric Mueller draped

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(continued)

over a tree limb... dead! We never discovered who—or what—had gotten to him. *(Beat.)* Okay, sleep well, campers! Tomorrow is the scavenger hunt, and the camper who find the most things gets her Darwin badge. Remember, the nearest hospital is 200 miles away, and I sleep with ear plugs, so... nighty-night. Caw, caw!