

CAMP MONSTER

A scary good musical for monsters of all ages
Book and Lyrics by Sharyn Rothstein
Music by Kris Kukul

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Kids:

JACOB WEST, male, 11, son of Wolfman and the Wicked Witch of the West; Jake has a green face, with a long nose and a witch's hat; he's a smart, dweeby kid who worries a lot.

SARAH WEST, female, 14, Jake's brother, daughter of Wolfman and the Wicked Witch of the West; Sarah looks like her father, which is to say she's covered in fur, even on her face. Sarah's wants to be popular.

DAVE STEIN, male, 14, the son of Frankenstein and his bride. Dave looks like his dad, with all the scars and neck bolts, but he's a teenage hottie, and he knows it.

LILY DRACULA, female, 11, the daughter of Dracula and step-daughter of a waitress in Vegas. Lily is a very polite vampire, who feeds on blood popsicles so that she doesn't have to kill people. She's a smart and slightly awkward kid.

LISA KONG, female, 14, the daughter of King Kong and Godzilla. Surprisingly attractive and super popular. She got Godzilla's scales along the side of her face and back.

THE INVISIBLE KID, 12, who of course we never see.

LEE LAGOON, male, 12, son of the Creatures from the Black Lagoon. Webbed hands and feet, and an overall fishy appearance—and smell.

DEBBIE MUMMY, female, 13, the Mummy's niece, with a head wrapped in toilet paper. With a brain that was buried long ago.

ERIN EERIE, female, 12, daughter of the Lake Erie monster.

MADELINE MONSTER, female, 13, a totally normal human girl, who is not supposed to be at Monster Camp.

TONY CYCLOPS, male, 12, a kid with one really big eye.

GOLEM, 11, a mythical creature who can burp the ABCs.

ZOMBIE BOY, male, 10, an undead kid who loves soccer.

CERBERUS, 12, a kid with three dogs heads. Woof!

MARCY MARTIAN, female, 10, a little girl alien, impervious to sunburn!

The Adults:

ROSEANNE MALICULA, female, an adult, the new camp director. Roseanne is a sly and demanding biochemist, with an avowed hatred of monsters, and a deep burning desire to "normalize" them all.

SYLVIA BUNNY, female, late teens, Roseanne's assistant, a nervous and star-struck doppelganger.

LINDA WEST, female, 40s, the Wicked Witch of the West. Actually a very nice woman.

FLOYD WEST, male, 40s, the Wolfman. A feminist who took his wife's name.

KING KONG, male, Lisa's dad.

MINDY and LOU LAGOON, a lovely couple, married 345 years.

COUNT DRACULA, male, an emotionally combative vampire.

SHELLY DRACULA, female, his second (or third) wife, a cocktail waitress from Vegas.

The following double-casting can be used:

Linda West can also play Erin Eerie.

Floyd West can also play Tony Cyclops.

Mindy Lagoon can also play Marsha Martian.

Shelly Dracula can also play Debbie Mummy.

Count Dracula, King Kong and Lou Lagoon can also play Golem, Zombie Boy or Cerberus.

To create more casting opportunities, productions may add an unlimited number of ensemble members.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Welcome to Camp (Underscore)

The Best Summer Yet: Linda, Floyd and Company

Camp Flonster: Company

In the Bunks (Underscore)

The Best Summer Yet Reprise: Jacob

Hairy Girl: Sarah

Dave's Reprise: Dave and the Boys

Business at Camp: Lily and Jacob

It's Not Natural: Roseanne, Sylvia and Company

Business at Camp Part 2: Lily and Jacob

I'd Like to Call You Baby: Dave

Business at Camp Part 3: Lily, Jacob and Company

I'm a Monster: Lisa

Camp Flonster Reprise, Note: Company

Nobody's Normal: Jacob and Company

Finale – Best Summer Yet Reprise: Company

SCENE 1

(The Wests' family car, packed with Sarah and Jacob's summer camp stuff. LINDA WEST [aka the Wicked Witch of the West] drives. Next to her is her husband, FLOYD WEST [aka Wolfman]. In the back are SARAH WEST, 14, who looks like her dad, and JACOB WEST, 11, who looks like his mom.)

SARAH: *(Mid-sentence:)* I hope I get one of the new bunk beds. I wonder how much stuff Lisa brought this year. Last year she had three trunks and the counselors made her keep one in the bathroom. I hope we're close to the boy's bunk this year. I bet the food's gonna be even worse than last year. I mean, how do you mess up pizza bagels? Mom, if you don't send me food I'll probably STARVE to death.

LINDA: Okay, Sarah. Jacob, honey, what about you? Are you excited for your first summer at camp?

(Jacob tries to say "no" but no sound comes out.)

FLOYD: What'do you say, Jake-ster?

JACOB: *(A high-pitched squeal of terror:)* Eeeeeek.

LINDA: It's all right to be nervous, honey. I remember my first year at camp. I was so nervous. I had Medusa in my bunk, and she was so mean to me. But she was pretty, even with snake hair. Floyd, do you remember how pretty Medusa was?

FLOYD: Oh I remember.

LINDA: She was just so— *(Looks at Floyd:)* What does that mean?

FLOYD: She was pretty. I'm agreeing with you.

LINDA: Well you don't have to agree *that much*.

SARAH: I bet Debbie brought her own refrigerator. I wish I had a refrigerator.

FLOYD: You can't bring a refrigerator to camp. That's cheating.

(Jacob zips himself into an invisible safety pod.)

JACOB: *(Another squeal of terror:)* Eeek.

LINDA: Oh Jakey. Floyd, he's zipped himself up into one of his invisible safety pods. *(To Floyd:)* Maybe this is a mistake.

FLOYD: It's not.

LINDA: Maybe he's too young.

FLOYD: He's not.

SARAH: I hope that girl Lily isn't in my bunk, she never showers. And Erin Eerie said last year –

LINDA: Hey guys, look! We're here!

FLOYD: Wow. It looks exactly the same, doesn't it?

LINDA: It really does.

SARAH: Oh my god!
There's Lisa Kong! Lisa! Oh
my god Lisa! Mom pull
over there's LISA!!!

(Floyd, Linda and Sarah get out of the car. A single spot stays on Jacob, still in the car.)

JACOB: Eeek.

SCENE 2

Welcome to Camp (Underscore)

(A giant banner reads: "CAMP FLONSTER!" Music from "YOUR BEST SUMMER YET" plays under the beginning of the scene.)

(A rush of kids and parents and counselors take the stage, the kids running to each other, the mothers talking to other mothers and the fathers grunting as they carry luggage to the bunks.)

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(ROSEANNE MALICULA, the new camp director, surveys the scene, a grim look on her face. Beside her is her assistant, SYLVIA BUNNY, a normal person.)

(KING KONG unloads boxes and boxes of stuff from the car, while his daughter, LISA, 14, supervises. Lisa wears giant sunglasses and sips an iced mochaccino.)

SARAH: Lisa! Lisa!

LISA: Hi? (To her dad:) Father, I'll need the fan unloaded first. I'm already perspiring.

KING KONG: All right honey.

(Floyd looks into the car, where Jacob is still sitting.)

FLOYD: Hey Jake, you want to get out of the car and look around?

The Best Summer Yet

(Jacob shakes his head no.)

JACOB: WHO WOULD WANT TO GO TO CAMP?

FLOYD: It's gonna be fun!

JACOB: NOW I THINK I'VE GOT A CRAMP. WHAT AM I GONNA DO FOR 4 WEEKS IN THIS PLACE?

FLOYD: THERE'S FRISBEE AND FOOTBALL AND FISHING!

JACOB: BUT NO AIR CONDITIONING.

SOME KIDS WERE MADE FOR CAMP.

SOME KIDS DON'T SNEEZE IN THE SUN.

SOME KIDS WERE MADE FOR GROUP ACTIVITIES...

JUST LIKE SOME KIDS LOVE CHEESE.

BUT ME, I'M LACTOSE FREE.

FLOYD: Jakey, listen to me:

I KNOW THAT IT'S HARD TO BE DIFFERENT.

I KNOW THAT'S IT'S TOUGH, STICKING OUT.

LINDA: SOMETIMES YOU PRAY YOU WOULD JUST DISAPPEAR.

SOMETIMES YOU WISH YOU COULD JUST DROP OUT.

LINDA/FLOYD: BUT HERE AT CAMP FLONSTER, YOU'RE NORMAL.

FLOYD: THERE'S ALIENS, AND MONSTERS AND THE PARANORMAL.

LINDA/FLOYD: HERE AT THIS CAMP, YOU FIT IN.

FLOYD: FOUR WEEKS HERE WILL FLY BY IN A SPIN.

FLOYD/LINDA: TRUST US JACOB,
YOU CAN BET
THIS SUMMER'S GONNA BE
YOUR BEST SUMMER YET.

(Sarah is still stalking Lisa.)

SARAH: It looks like all the girls are in the same bunk this year.

LISA: I'm sorry. Who are you?

SARAH: Sarah. I was in your bunk two years ago. We were in the same swim group last year...?

LISA: Oh my god. I totally remember you.

SARAH: You do?

LISA: You were the only girl at camp that didn't have a date to the Banquet.

(DAVE STEIN, 14, son of Frankenstein, and very cool, strides into camp. Lisa steps toward him, shoving Sarah aside.)

Holy hotness, it's Dave Stein. He looks even more FETCHING than ever. Paws off, ladies. This year: He's all MINE.

AT HOME I'M THE LEAST COOL OF THE COOL.
I'M BEHIND LIKE EIGHT OTHER GIRLS AT MY SCHOOL.

BUT HERE, AT CAMP
I'VE GOT OPINIONS.
DEEP IN THE WOODS
I'VE EVEN GOT MINIONS.
YEAH, AT SLEEP-AWAY CAMP
I MAKE THE DECISIONS,
YEAH, SO ON THIS YOU CAN BET
THIS SUMMER'S GONNA BE
MY BEST SUMMER YET.

(Roseanne approaches with a big, fake smile on her face. Sylvia trails behind her.)

ROSEANNE: Greetings to you, young women. I'm Roseanne Malicula, the new camp director. And you must be –

LISA: I must be *sweating*.

(Lisa walks off.)

SARAH: Lisa! Wait up! We can bunk together!

(Sarah runs after Lisa.)

(Lugging Lisa's bags, King Kong introduces himself to Roseanne.)

KING KONG: I'm Elvis Kong, Lisa's dad.

ROSEANNE: What a lovely child you have.

KING KONG: So this is your first summer, huh? What were you doing before this?

ROSEANNE: I'm a biochemist by training. But it just wasn't fulfilling enough. I can't tell you how thrilled I am to have this...opportunity.

KING KONG: A biochemist, huh? You know, my father was a pharmacist –

LISA: *(Calling from the bunk:)* DAD!!! HURRY UP!!!

KING KONG: Coming honey.

(King Kong shrugs at Roseanne, then shuffles off with the bags.)

(MADELINE MONSTER, a completely normal girl, wanders up to Roseanne.)

MADELINE: Excuse me, I'm Madeline Monster —

ROSEANNE: Oh good. Just what the world needs. Another monster.

MADELINE: But I'm not actually a —

(Roseanne walks away. Madeline follows her.)

I think my parents misread the brochure...?

(Meanwhile, the LAGOONS, MINDY and LOU, both of them Creatures from the Black Lagoon, and their son LEE, are speaking with Roseanne and Sylvia. Mindy and Lou are each holding one of Lee's arms, attempting to keep him still.)

MINDY: Now, Lee suffers from —

LOU: Mindy.

MINDY: What, Lou?

LOU: We don't say "suffers from." We say "experiences."

MINDY: I'm sorry. Lee "experiences" bouts of hyperactivity which alternate with periods of psychotic mania and the desire to hurt other children.

(Lee breaks free from his parents.)

But we decided —

LOU: Since it's summer —

MINDY: To take him off his medications —

LOU: To see if he improves —

MINDY: While he's here at camp. That won't be a problem will it?

(Lee runs back in.)

LEE: Dad?

LOU: Yes, son?

LEE: I lit the grass on fire.

(Mindy and Lou look at the grass. Mindy screams. Lee laughs and runs away.)

MINDY: Lou! He lit the grass on fire!

LOU: Lee! Lighting grass on fire is NOT OKAY!!

(Lou and Mindy run after Lee. Dave walks by Lisa, ERIN EERIE and Sarah.)

DAVE: Hello ladies. Lisa, Erin and, Sarah is it?

(Dave blows them a kiss. The girls gasp, mouths agape.)

AT HOME ALL THE GIRLS JUDGE ME

"FREAKENSTEIN" – THEY DON'T THINK MUCH OF ME.

DAVE: BUT HERE, AT
CAMP

I'M KIND OF A STUD.
IN THE BROKE-DOWN
BUNKS,

I'M EVERYONE'S BUD.

GIRLS: OOO – WAH
WAH!

UH HUH!
OOO – WAH WAH!

OH YEAH!

DAVE: AND THIS SUMMER AT CAMP
I'M LOOKIN' FOR LOVE.

GIRLS: Ahh!

DAVE: "FREAKENSTEIN" THIS.
"FREAKENSTEIN" THIS. *(Optional repeat.)*
CAUSE ON THIS YOU CAN BET,

DAVE: THIS SUMMER'S
GONNA BE

GIRLS: AH –

DAVE: MY BEST SUMMER YET.

GIRLS: HIS BEST SUMMER YET!

WAH WAH—
HIS BEST SUMMER YET.

(LILY DRACULA, 11, and her parents, COUNT DRACULA and SHELLY, arrive.)

COUNT DRACULA: Lily, I told you not to pack so much stuff. *(A Dracula laugh:)* Ha ha ha.

SHELLY: Roger, she really didn't—

COUNT DRACULA: Shelly, are you the one shlepping it three miles uphill? Ha ha ha.

LILY: *(Mumbling:)* It's just my clothes...

COUNT DRACULA: Just your clothes? You're four feet tall—how much can your clothes weigh?

SHELLY: Roger, please—Lily, honey, did you pack enough blood popsicles?

LILY: I think so.

SHELLY: Don't let yourself get hungry. We can always send more.

(Count Dracula hoists Lily's bag, groaning dramatically:)

COUNT DRACULA: Oh my back. *(Accusing Lily:)* You know I've got a bad back and you pack too much anyway.

LILY: *(Looking at her feet:)* I'm sorry, Dad.

COUNT DRACULA: Well you ought to be. Ha ha ha.

LILY: AT CAMP I'M ALWAYS ALONE.
IT'S KIND OF LIKE BEING AT HOME.
BUT MAYBE THIS YEAR
WON'T BE SO BAD.
AT LEAST
I WON'T BE WITH MY DAD.
MAYBE THIS SUMMER WILL BE
UNLIKE ANY OTHER I'VE HAD...!

IN FACT, MAYBE, I BET
THIS SUMMER'S GONNA BE –
Yeah, right.

(Linda crawls into the back seat with Jacob.)

LINDA: Come on, Jakey. It won't be so bad. Why don't you get out of the car and look around?

(Jacob shakes his head no.)

It'll be fun, I promise. Look how many kids there are.

JACOB: SOME KIDS WERE MADE FOR CAMP.

KIDS: THE BEST SUMMER YET!

JACOB: SOME KIDS DON'T MIND THE BUGS.

KIDS: THE BEST SUMMER YET!

JACOB: SOME KIDS DON'T SUFFER FROM HEAT SENSITIVITY...

JUST LIKE SOME KIDS DRINK TEA.

BUT ME, I CAN'T HANDLE CAFFEEEEINE –

LINDA: Just give it a chance. Okay, my little pet? And anything you need or want, I'll send you. Anything at all. You hear me?

(Jacob nods yes.)

AT HOME YOU SIMPLY DON'T FEEL

KIDS/LINDA: NORMAL.

LINDA: AT –

KIDS/LINDA: HOME YOU JUST DON'T FIT IN.

LINDA: BUT HERE THE ONLY NORMAL'S ABNORMAL.

HERE, THE COOLEST KID'S GOT FINS.

SO TRUST ME JACOB,

YOU CAN BET

THIS SUMMER'S GONNA BE

EVERYONE: THE BEST SUMMER YET!

JACOB: SOME KIDS WERE MADE FOR CAMP.

LINDA, FLOYD & SARAH: I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

JACOB: SOME KIDS DON'T CRY DURING SPORTS.

LINDA, FLOYD & SARAH: ANXIOUS AND SINKING.

JACOB: SOME KIDS WERE MADE TO LIVE IN CAPTIVITY.	FLOYD, LINDA & SARAH: STUCK IN A BUNK WITH A WHOLE LOT OF STRANGERS.
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JACOB: DAD, I'M BEGGING YOU PLEASE...

KIDS: THE BEST SUMMER YET.

LILY: AT CAMP I'M ALWAYS ALONE.

KIDS: THE BEST SUMMER YET.

LINDA & FLOYD: THOSE STRANGERS WILL BE

LINDA, FLOYD & SARAH: THE BEST FRIENDS YOU'VE EVER HAD!	KIDS: THE BEST SUMMER YET.
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DAVE: HERE, AT CAMP
I'M KIND OF A STUD.

KIDS: THE BEST SUMMER YET.

LISA: YEAH...

LINDA: SO SAY

LINDA/SARAH : GOODBYE MOM,

(Linda and Floyd hug Jacob and Sarah goodbye.)

FLOYD: SAY

FLOYD/SARAH: GOODBYE DAD...

DAVE: "Freakenstein" this!

FLOYD/LINDA: JUST TRUST US, JACOB,
YOU CAN BET

LINDA, FLOYD, LISA, KIDS: AH—!
DAVE & LILY: THIS
SUMMER'S GONNA BE

ALL: YOUR (MY) BEST SUMMER—

PRINCIPALS:	KIDS 1: THE	KIDS 2: THE
THE BEST	BEST	BEST SUMMER
SUMMER YET!	SUMMER!	YET!
THE BEST	THE BEST	YEAH!YEAH!!
SUMMER YET!	SUMMER!	

ALL: THE BEST SUMMER YET!

DAVE: FREAKENSTEIN THIS!

ALL: THE BEST SUMMER YET!

FLOYD: Just try to have a good time, okay, Jake?

JACOB: Yeah Dad.

KIDS: Bye Mom! Bye Dad! Send lots of stuff! Bye!	PARENTS: Bye kids! Be good! We love you!
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(The parents exit. Roseanne and Sylvia enter. Sylvia speaks into a bullhorn.)

SYLVIA: The first official camp assembly will begin in one minute. In one minute, the first official camp Assembly will begin.

(The kids are milling around, excited. Jacob stands near Sarah.)

JACOB: Can I sit with you at Assembly?

SARAH: I mean, I'm going to be sitting with my friends.

JACOB: Oh. That's okay.

(Sarah looks around, then whispers to her brother-)

SARAH: Fine. But just kind of like, stay behind me, in case Lisa wants to sit next to me, okay?

ROSEANNE: Settle down, settle down.

(The kids ignore her.)

I said: *(A roar:)* SETTLE DOWN YOU RASCALS!!!!

(All of the kids sit on the ground in front of Roseanne.)

(Utterly pleasant:) Welcome to Camp Flonster.

Camp Flonster

THIS CAMP IS GOING TO MAKE YOU NORMAL.
THIS CAMP IS GOING TO MAKE YOU FIT IN.
I'M SORRY TO BE SO FORMAL,
BUT I'D LIKE TO BEGIN.

SYLVIA: HAS ANYBODY SEEN
THE INVISIBLE KID?

THE INVISIBLE KID: Here!

ROSEANNE: Excellent. As you know, Camp Flonster was founded by...

(Roseanne looks to the kids to answer. Instead:)

SYLVIA: Flonster Figberry!

ROSEANNE: Yes, that's right... Flonster was a gassy, orange alien who was stranded here on Earth, when his spaceship slammed into an unfortunate space goose. Though Flonster soon adapted to the bounty of American life, he was very upset when no one would accept his only son, Shmonster, for sleepaway camp. Now, in honor of Flonster Figberry, let's all sing the Camp Flonster alma mater.

(The kids groan.)

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!!!

EVERYONE: CAMP FLONSTER,
WE'LL FOREVER PRAISE YOUR NAME.
CAMP FLONSTER,
OUR LIVES WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.
CAMP FLONSTER,
AMONG CAMPS YOU ARE UNIQUE.
CAMP FLONSTER,
OF THEE I TENDERLY DO SPEAK.

ROSEANNE: For 60 years, Camp Flonster has served as a retreat for the weirdest and ugliest of monster children.

JACOB: Did she say ugliest?

ROSEANNE: But this year, camp is going to be...a little different. For the first time in its history, Camp Flonster will be run by two completely normal, non-monster human beings, Sylvia and myself. Sylvia's so average that even her mother can't remember her name.

SYLVIA: She sometimes calls me Henry.

ROSEANNE: And me, well, I'm so dull that getting stuck in an elevator with me could actually kill you.

(Sylvia mocks being killed in an elevator. Roseanne shoots her a venomous look.)

Sylvia and I are to be your role models. Because this year, in addition to playing softball and dodgeball and canoeing in Lake Shirley, all of you are going to learn some very basic skills that will help you to fit in better with the rest of society.

THIS CAMP IS GOING TO MAKE YOU NORMAL.
ONE SUMMER HERE AND YOU'LL FIT IN.
CRAFT TIME AND COLOR WARS AND ONE
SEMIFORMAL.
IT'LL SEEM LIKE FUN
BUT IT WILL TRANSFORM YOU...
SO TRUST ME KIDS,

YOU CAN BET
 THIS SUMMER WILL BE
 THIS SUMMER WILL BE
 THIS SUMMER WILL BE
 YOUR BEST SUMMER YET.

(As the number dies out, Roseanne grabs the bullhorn:)

Welcome to Camp Flonster! Get your stuff and move into your bunks! Go go go!

(Roseanne hands the bullhorn to Sylvia, who announces:)

SYLVIA: And please be aware of the skunk that lives behind the bunks. Don't bother the bunk skunk!

(The kids runs off.)

ROSEANNE: Look at them, scurrying around like the rats that they are.

SYLVIA: *(Into the bullhorn:)* Rats!

ROSEANNE: We've got four weeks, Sylvia.

SYLVIA: *(Bullhorn:)* Four weeks!

ROSEANNE: In just four weeks, we've got to turn these mutant pests into worthwhile human beings. It's not going to be easy.

SYLVIA: *(Bullhorn:)* No it's not!

ROSEANNE: But with your ill-advised commitment to helping at-risk youth, and my diabolical desire to make the world a better place, we can make it happen, Sylvia.

SYLVIA: *(Turning so the bullhorn is in Roseanne's ear:)* Make it happen, Sylvia!

ROSEANNE: That was my EAR.

SYLVIA: *(Still in her ear:)* SORRY.

(Annoyed, Roseanne grabs the bullhorn.)

ROSEANNE: Give me that thing!

(Roseanne stalks off. Sylvia follows.)

SCENE 3

In the Bunks (Underscore)

(Bunk beds are wheeled out to indicate the inside of the bunks.)

(The kids unpack their stuff and jostle for the best beds.)

(Dave sneaks into the girls bunk.)

DAVE: Hello ladies.

SARAH: Holy mackerel, you're not supposed to be—

LISA: Shhh! *(Husky:)* Hi Dave.

(Lisa grabs him.)

DAVE: Cool.

(Roseanne enters the girls' bunk.)

ROSEANNE: Mr. Stein, you seem to think you're a girl.

(Some of the girls laugh.)

DAVE: How do you know I'm not?

ROSEANNE: May I escort you to the boys' bunk, Dave?

(Dave starts taking off his pants.)

DAVE: I think first we oughta make sure I'm not a girl—

ROSEANNE: GET OUT OF THIS BUNK MR. STEIN!

(Dave runs around the bunk in his underwear, forcing Roseanne to chase after him.)

(Roseanne grabs Dave by the bolts in his neck —)

DAVE: Ah! Not the bolts! Not the bolts!

(— and throws him out of the bunk.)

LISA: Bye Dave. Come again... Soon.

SARAH: (*Awkward:*) Bye Dave! Thanks for visiting! It was really great to see you!

(*Lisa rolls her eyes at Sarah. Madeline runs up to Roseanne.*)

MADELINE: Excuse me, Camp Director Roseanne, I really do think there's been some kind of mistake. I'm not supposed to be in this bunk.

ROSEANNE: This is the girls' bunk.

MADELINE: But all of the girls in this bunk are monsters.

ROSEANNE: I know. It's disgusting. (*To the bunk:*) There will be checks for lice at 2:30. Those of you with fur will need to get there early.

(*Roseanne exits the bunk.*)

(*DEBBIE MUMMY, 13, pretty and also a mummy, and ERIN EERIE, 13, a small Lake Erie monster, bound into the bunk.*)

(*Lisa runs to the girls. Sarah forces a smile and unpacks.*)

LISA: Debbie! Erin!

ERIN: Hey girl. Lookin' fierce.

LISA: I'm sooo glad you guys are here! Where have you been?

DEBBIE: I missed my first flight, because it took like forever to get through airport security. I was like: You really don't want me to take off my wrapping. But they were like: Yeah, we do. So I was like: Okay, fine. Maggots, maggots, maggots. And they were like: Ugh, gross! And I was like: I told you. Can I go now? I really have to get to camp.

LISA: All that matters is you're here now. Do you know who I've had to hang out with?

(*Sarah pretends like she can't hear them.*)

(In the boy's bunk... Jacob is trying out the sturdiness of the bunk beds. Just as he finds one he likes, LEE LAGOON, 11, and TONY CYCLOPS, a kid with one really big eye, run in and grab the bed.)

LEE: Back door bunk bed!

TONY: I want the top bed.

LEE: No way!

(Tony stops shoving Lee when he notices Jacob unpacking boxes of ramen from his suitcase.)

TONY: *(To Lee:)* Hey look! The new kid's got ramen.

(Tony and Lee approach Jacob.)

Hey uh I'm Tony, this is Lee.

JACOB: It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

TONY: Yeah, okay, it's an acquaintance to make you too. Um, any chance I could get one of your soups? I'm really hungry. I'm starving. I'm DYING.

JACOB: Unfortunately, my sharing skills are in the lowest percentile for children my age.

LEE: I love those soups. My mom won't let me have them cause she says dehydrated chicken makes me act CRAZY.

(Lee emits a high-pitched crazy laugh.)

TONY: Dying...

JACOB: Well...

(Jacob looks over his neatly stacked ramen collection. He takes two off the pile and hands them to Tony and Lee.)

Okay. But don't tell anyone I gave you one.

TONY: Thanks! You're the best.

(Tony and Lee take their soups and turn to the bunk.)

LEE: Hey everybody! The new kid's got ramen!

(The boys in the bunk stampede Jacob, grabbing the ramen containers on Jacob's shelf. Jacob throws his body over the ramen in a valiant attempt to save them.)

JACOB: I said— Don't— Hey! Those belong to me—! You can't—! That's PRIVATE PROPERTY!

(All of the boys, with almost all of Jacob's ramen, retreat. Jacob practices deep breathing.)

(Back in the girl's bunk... Lisa and Sarah unpack their bags.)

LISA: Sarah, do you mind if I put my stuff on both sides of the bed? I don't like to have my self-tanning lamp on the same side as my retainer case. I'm sure you understand.

SARAH: Sure...

LISA: Great. That's utterly great. Listen: This is my favorite shirt. I got it at a thrift store in New York. Okay. I totally didn't get it at a thrift store, but it looks like I did, doesn't it?

SARAH: Yeah. It looks really...old.

LISA: So: I'll let you borrow it IF you promise not to be a lame tattletale when my girls and I sneak out to party in the boys' bunk. I mean, we'd totally take you with us, but wolves, midnight, whatever.

SARAH: Oh, okay. Yeah. I mean that's only under a full moon, but whatever...

LISA: *(Beat; Lisa considers Sarah:)* You know, you don't *have* to dress that way.

SARAH: What way?

LISA: *Badly.*

(Roseanne is locking the several locks affixed to her building's door. Jacob approaches her.)

JACOB: Excuse me.

ROSEANNE: *(With a startled jump:)* Gah! What?!

JACOB: My name is Jacob West. This is my first year at camp and I have grave misgivings concerning spending my entire summer vacation at such a place. These misgivings were confirmed just this morning under your very nose.

ROSEANNE: Do tell.

JACOB: I fear for the safety of my food supply. A duo of duplicitous bunkmates had the audacity to announce to everyone that I had ramen soup noodles in my possession and now my stock is almost completely diminished.

ROSEANNE: That's a pity. What do you have left?

(Jacob shows her his two remaining bags of ramen.)

JACOB: Only these.

ROSEANNE: You really should have read you camper's contract more closely, Mr. West. I believe it's section 3.b which clearly states:

(Roseanne grabs the ramen, rips one open and crunches on the uncooked noodles.)

There will be absolutely no food allowed in the bunks. Including ramen.

(Despite himself, Jacob eeks.)

Welcome to camp, kid.

(Roseanne, still chomping, exits.)

Dodgeball will start in FIVE MINUTES!

(Sarah and Jacob wander out alone, sad and depressed. Jacob takes out a pad and begins writing a letter to his parents.)

The Best Summer Yet (Reprise)

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JACOB: WHO WOULD WANT TO GO TO CAMP?

(Bitter:) It's gonna be fun!

THE BUNKS SMELL OLD, THE BEDS ARE DAMP.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO FOR FOUR WEEKS IN THIS
PLACE?

(Bitter:) THERE'S FRISBEE AND FOOTBALL AND FISHING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SENT ME HERE, DESPITE ALL MY
INSISTING...

THAT SOME KIDS AREN'T MADE FOR CAMP.

SOME KIDS, WE WHEEZE IN THE SUN.

SOME KIDS AREN'T MADE FOR GROUP ACTIVITIES...

SOME KIDS, LIKE ME...

MOM, I'M BEGGING YOU, PLEASE...

P.S. Send more ramen. Emergency stash has been assaulted.
Also send Kit Kat bars. Thanks. And Sun Chips.

(Jacob zips himself into his safety pod.)

(Across the stage, Sarah stands alone.)

Hairy Girl

SARAH: WHEN YOUR MOM'S THE WICKED WITCH
AND YOUR DAD'S A WOLVERINE
IS IT TOO MUCH TO HOPE YOUR LOOKS
WOULD LOOK SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN?

BUT GENETICS, THEY ARE FUNNY

AND LIFE CAN BE CRUEL,

SO LOOK, HERE SHE COMES.

GET READY TO POINT.

GET READY TO GAG.

GET READY TO HURL...

IT'S THE HAIRY GIRL.

IT NEVER TAKES LONG FOR SOCIETY

TO PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE.

WHEN I WAS BORN THE NURSES COO'D

(The other girls pop their heads out of the bunk.)

GIRLS: WHAT LOVELY CURLS!
WHAT LOVELY CURLS!

SARAH: TOO BAD THEY'RE ON HER FACE.

CAUSE GENETICS, THEY ARE FUNNY,
AND LIFE IT CAN BE CRUEL.
LOOK, HERE SHE COMES.
GET READY TO POINT.
GET READY TO LAUGH.
GET READY TO HURL...
IT'S THE HAIRY GIRL.

JUST ONCE,
I'D LIKE TO BE
AS NORMAL
AS CAN BE.
JUST ONCE,
I'D LIKE THE WORLD
TO SEE ME
FOR ME.

IF MY GENES LOST THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR,
IF LIFE STOPPED BEING CRUEL,
I'D WALK AROUND MY SCHOOL
AND NOBODY'D POINT,
NOBODY'D GAG,
AND NOBODY'D HURL...
CAUSE I'D NO LONGER BE
DISGUSTING AND GROSS,
LOWER THAN DIRT,
A MUSTACHE...
...IN A SKIRT.

BUT IT'S CLEAR THAT WON'T HAPPEN,
CAUSE DREAMS DON'T COME TRUE.
I'LL DIE ALL ALONE,

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CAUSE THAT'S WHAT HAIRY GIRLS DO.

CAUSE GENETICS

They're hilarious.

AND LIFE CAN BE CRUEL.

OH LOOK, HERE SHE COMES

GET READY TO POINT.

GET READY TO SNORT.

GET READY TO HURL.

LOOK, HERE SHE COMES,

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

LOOK, HERE SHE COMES.

IT'S THE HAIRY GIRL.

LOOK, HERE SHE COMES.

IT'S THE HAIRY GIRL.

ALL I'LL EVER BE...

IS THE HAIRY GIRL.

IS THE HAIRY GIRL.

(During her song, Lisa has come out of the bunk and is eavesdropping.)

LISA: Wow. You're like, really sad and pathetic.

SARAH: I didn't know anyone was out here.

LISA: I feel your pain. I mean, my dad's King Kong and my mom's Godzilla. *(She motions to her face:)* This all could've gone a whole 'nother way for me.

SARAH: You're one of the prettiest girls at camp.

LISA: Sometimes I think I must've been adopted, or like, kidnapped from the top of a skyscraper or something. But I do have my mom's scales, so I guess I really am related to them.

SARAH: You're so lucky. Scales are sexy.

LISA: Yeah. I know. Listen: what I said before about you being a terrible dresser...I meant it. But you've obviously got the figure to pull off better clothes.

SARAH: I do?

LISA: I'll tell you what, bunkie. This year Lisa Kong is going to make sure you've got a date to Banquet.

SARAH: Really? You mean it?

LISA: I mean it. I'll even take you raiding with us. BUT: you have to promise you'll stay away from Dave Stein. He and I are going to fall in love this summer and nothing can stop us.

SARAH: Okay. I mean, who would even want Dave Stein? He's so...tall.

LISA: Great. So. Why don't you change into something more comfortable, like heels?

(Sarah and Lisa run off.)

(In the boys' bunk, Dave enters, a smug smile on his face.)

TONY: Hey man, where have you been?

DAVE: Just a little place called: The Girls' Bunk.

GUYS: Whoa!/Nice!/Bring me next time!

LEE: Guess you're on the prowl this year.

Dave's Reprise

DAVE: You could say that.

AT HOME ALL THE GIRLS JUDGE ME

GUYS: NUH UH.

DAVE: "FREAKENSTEIN" – THEY DON'T THINK MUCH OF ME.

GUYS: WHAT?!

DAVE: BUT HERE, AT
CAMP,
I'M KIND OF A STUD.
IN THE BROKE-DOWN
BUNKS,

I'M EVERYONE'S BUD,

DAVE: AND THIS SUMMER AT CAMP
I'M LOOKIN' FOR LOVE.

GUYS: HE'S LOOKIN' FOR LOVE!

DAVE AND GUYS: "FREAKENSTEIN" THIS!

GUYS: HE'S LOOKIN' FOR LOVE!

DAVE AND GUYS: "FREAKENSTEIN" THIS!

DAVE: CAUSE ON THIS YOU CAN BET

GUYS: YOU CAN BET, YOU CAN BET.

DAVE AND GUYS: THIS SUMMER'S GONNA BE

DAVE: MY BEST SUMMER YET.

GUYS: HIS BEST SUMMER YET!

DAVE: FREAKENSTEIN
THIS!

FREAKENSTEIN THIS!

FREAKENSTEIN THIS!

GUYS: OH, YEAH.

THE MAN.

OH, YEAH.

OH, YEAH

GUYS: YEAH, YEAH!

HIS BEST SUMMER YET!

YEAH, YEAH!

HIS BEST SUMMER YET!

(During his dance number, Dave's foot falls off.)

TONY: Uh, dude? Your foot fell off.

(Embarrassed, Dave grabs his foot.)

DAVE: Nobody saw that.

LEE: Hey. You're gonna go for Lisa Kong, right? She's the hottest girl at camp. I mean, those scales...

(The guys shuffle off, laughing.)

(Lily approaches Jacob. She's sucking one of her blood popsicles.)

LILY: Hi.

(Startled, Jacob immediately zips into his safety pod.)

What are you doing? Hello? Can you hear me?

JACOB: I'm in my safety pod.

LILY: Your what now?

JACOB: My safety pod, where no one can see or touch me.

LILY: *(Poking him in the chest:)* I think your safety pod's got a hole in it.

JACOB: Please leave me alone.

LILY: Okay.

(Lily sits down next to Jacob and reads a sci-fi book.)

JACOB: I believe I was polite but firm in my request: leave me alone.

LILY: I'm not bugging you. Ever think you're not the only one who needs a safety pod around here?

JACOB: What flavor popsicle is that?

LILY: Blood. You wanna lick?

(Jacob recoils. Roseanne and Sylvia enter, carrying packages.)

ROSEANNE: Mail!

(All the kids run out, grabbing at their mail and packages, then run off. Roseanne and Sylvia look stunned by the rampage.)

I hate monsters.

(Sylvia approaches Jacob with a large box. Sylvia puts it down with a thud.)

SYLVIA: Jacob West? This is for you. I think somebody really loves you!

(Roseanne rolls her eyes and grabs Sylvia. They exit. Jacob rips open the package.)

LILY: What is all that stuff?

JACOB: Supplies from my mom.

(Lily sticks her head in the box.)

LILY: Cup of Noodles, Nerds, bubble gum...is that a whole Oreo cheesecake?

JACOB: My mom makes it with soy milk because dairy makes me – *(He manages to stop.)* Never mind.

LILY: You know what you could do with this stuff?

JACOB: Have a cheesecake – Cup of Noodles – Skittles buffet?

LILY: This is obviously your first time at camp.

JACOB: What are you suggesting?

LILY: Sell it. We could make gobs of money.

JACOB: We?

LILY: Selling snacks is an illegal activity at Camp Flonster. You're gonna need someone to show you the ropes. That kind of advice doesn't come free.

JACOB: This food is my only source of comfort for the next twenty-two-and-a-half days. Why would I want to sell it?

Business at Camp

LILY: I'll tell you why.

IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

THE AUDIENCE IS CAPTIVE,

COMPETITION'S NONREACTIVE,

AND SUPPLY NEVER OUTMEASURES DEMAND!

WHEN YOUR CUSTOMERS ARE PRISONERS,

AND YOU'RE THEIR SOLE PROVISIONERS,

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IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP!

JACOB: How do I know you know what you're doing?

LILY: My dad's Count Dracula, and my stepmom's a cocktail waitress in Vegas. I know how to take advantage of people.

JACOB: I don't know...

(Tony Cyclops approaches.)

TONY: Hey, man, can I get a Cup of Noodles?

LILY: It's a dollar.

TONY: A dollar?!

LILY: You're giving us lip? Now it's two dollars!

TONY: I don't have two dollars!

LILY: Then you don't have Cup of Noodles.

(A stare-off, Tony's big eye and the unwavering Lily.)

TONY: Fine. *(Defeated:)* Monster's gotta eat.

(Tony pulls out the cash. He takes the noodles and leaves.)

JACOB: Bon appetit!

LILY: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

THE AUDIENCE IS CAPTIVE,
COMPETITION'S NONREACTIVE,

LILY: AND SUPPLY NEVER OUTMEASURES DEMAND!
WHEN YOUR CUSTOMERS ARE PRISONERS,

JACOB: AND YOU'RE THEIR SOLE PROVISIONERS,

LILY/JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT
CAMP!

(Lee approaches Jacob and Lily.)

LEE: I'm soooo hungry. Can I ppplease have a piece of that cheesecake?

LILY: The cheesecake is gonna cost you.

LEE: But I don't have any money.

LILY: I heard Debbie Mummy lost her wallet in the lake. Why don't you go get it?

(While Jacob and Lily are distracted by Lee, the cheesecake starts to float away, snatched by the Invisible Kid.)

LEE: I don't know how to swim.

(Jacob notices the flying cheesecake and runs after it.)

JACOB: Hey!

LEE: Go, Jared, go!

LILY: Put down that cheesecake or else!

LEE: Or else what?

(Lily bares her fangs and grabs Lee.)

LILY: Or else your friend becomes my dinner!

(Pause. Lee and Jacob stare at Lily, frightened.)

LEE: *(A scared squeak:)* Put down the cheesecake, man. Just put it down.

(Slowly, the cheesecake lowers down back to table. Lily lets go of Lee.)

I'm sorry. Don't eat me. Please don't eat me.

(Lee [and the Invisible Kid] run away. Jacob stares at Lily.)

JACOB: That was truly terrifying.

LILY: What's the point of being a monster if you don't get to scare the jujubees out of somebody every now and then?

(Jacob considers this – he smiles.)

JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

LILY: I told you!

JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.
THE AUDIENCE IS CAPTIVE,

LILY: COMPETITION'S NONREACTIVE,

LILY/JACOB: AND SUPPLY NEVER OUTMEASURES
DEMAND!

WHEN YOUR CUSTOMERS ARE PRISONERS,
AND YOU'RE THEIR SOLE PROVISIONERS,
IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS,

LILY: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS,

JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS,

LILY/JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT
CAMP!

(Jacob extends his hand. Lily shakes it. They're in business.)

SCENE 4

(Roseanne enters and grabs the bullhorn.)

ROSEANNE: *(Sing-song:)* Assembly-time, children!

(None of the kids listen to her.)

(Into the bullhorn:) GET YOUR BACKSIDES ON THE GRASS
NOW!!!

(The kids assemble on the lawn.)

As you know, camp is a time for self-discovery. And what Assistant Director Sylvia and I hope you discover this summer is that each of you, in your own unique way, is completely and utterly inadequate and defective.

SYLVIA: She means defective in a good way.

ROSEANNE: Defective: Adjective, Marked by subnormal structure, function, behavior or intelligence. That's what I mean.

SYLVIA: So not in a good way.

ROSEANNE: No. At Camp Flonster, we reward conformity. And so, it gives me great pleasure to announce the Natural Awards, given to those of you who cast off their oddest qualities and commit to a life of boring human decency. Our first award of the summer goes to Madeline Monster. Come up, Madeline.

(Madeline approaches.)

Congratulations.

MADELINE: But I'm NOT –!

(Roseanne shoves Madeline offstage.)

ROSEANNE: Why am I so committed to helping all of you find a place in society already inhabited by countless other human beings? It's because I want each of you to complete the journey of social obedience that I myself have travelled...

(Roseanne elbows Sylvia, who takes out a triangle, rings it.)

That's right, like all of the campers here at Camp Flonster, I had to learn the importance of fitting in...

It's Not Natural

I ADMIT THAT I
WAS A WAYWARD YOUTH.

SYLVIA: You? No!

ROSEANNE: THAT THERE'S NO DENYING.

SYLVIA: Did you behave badly?

ROSEANNE: I WOULD CURSE AND RANT
I WOULD WEAR NO UNDERPANTS,

But hey I was kid!

IT WAS ONLY
NATURAL

BUT AS THE YEARS THEY CAME AND WENT,
MY ANTICS LOST THEIR CHARM.
AS THE DAYS TURNED TO YEARS,
I FOUND MYSELF ALONE, UNLOVED, ALARMED...

PLAGUED (YOU COULD SAY), BY MULTIPLE
PERSONALITIES,
I LONGED FOR A LIFE OF BORING
BANALITY...

SYLVIA: Get ready to be inspired!

ROSEANNE: I DECIDED MY LIFE NEEDED NEW
DIRECTION.

I DETERMINED MY LIFE NEEDED A NEW PLAN.
WHEN YOU FIND YOUR SPIRIT NEEDING
RESURRECTION,
IT'S TIME THAT YOU BEGIN WHAT I BEGAN...!

NATURALLY.

I'M LIVING NATURALLY.

LIVING AS THE HEAVENS, THEY DEMAND!

I CAST OFF ALL MY SINS

AND FOUND STRENGTH DEEP WITHIN
TO LIVE NATURALLY.

SYLVIA: Can I learn to live naturally too?

ROSEANNE: Of course! Let me tell you how I did it:
I TOOK MYSELF ON A VACATION.

All expenses paid!

A THREE DAY CRUISE OF SELF-EXAMINATION.

I PRAYED AND ATE NO MEAT.

I READ SOME BOOKS! OH, IT WAS NEAT.

AND SUDDENLY

IT CAME TO ME-
 I WAS PUT HERE ON THIS EARTH
 TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, SEE,
 AND THE DIFFERENCE THAT
 ONLY I COULD MAKE
 WOULD BE TO COME TO CAMP FLONSTER
 TO CLEAN UP GOD'S MISTAKES...

NATURALLY.

I'M LIVING NATURALLY.

I'M LIVING AS THE HEAVENS, THEY DEMAND!

I'LL CAST OFF ALL MY SINS,

AND FOUND STRENGTH DEEP WITHIN,

FOR ONLY THEN CAN YOU BEGIN

TO LIVE

NATURALLY.

What each of you needs to learn is what is natural, and what is not. For example:

EGGS AND PEANUT BUTTER?

SYLVIA: IT'S NOT NATURAL.

ROSEANNE: SOX AND YANKS WHO LOVE EACH OTHER?

SYLVIA: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

ROSEANNE: Now you try.

DAVE: HAIRY MACARONI?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

TONY: TEETH IN YOUR BOLOGNA?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

ROSEANNE: Very good!

AND BELIEVE YOU ME,

YOU WILL COME TO SEE

WHAT IS VIRTUOUS
AND TRUE,
WHAT IS RIGHTEOUS
THROUGH AND THROUGH
IS WHAT'S NATURAL!

SARAH: DRINKING SHAMPOO?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

LISA: GIVING MOM A TATOO?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

LILY: HAMSTERS WEARING HATS?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

JACOB: BARBECUING CATS?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

ROSEANNE/KIDS: AND BELIEVE YOU ME
YOU WILL COME TO SEE
WHAT IS VIRTUOUS
AND TRUE,
WHAT IS RIGHTEOUS
THROUGH AND THROUGH
IS WHAT'S NATURAL!

ERIN: LIVING WITH THE DEAD?

KIDS: IT'S NOT NATURAL!

LEE: THE VOICES IN MY HEAD?

KIDS: THEY'RE NOT NATURAL!

ROSEANNE: SOME THINGS ARE NOT MEANT TO BE,
AND WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE IS UP TO ME!

SYLVIA: Monsters, march!!!

KIDS: AND BELIEVE
YOU ME,

ROSEANNE:
NATURALLY.

YOU WILL COME TO SEE
WHAT IS VIRTUOUS
AND TRUE,

WHAT IS RIGHTEOUS
THROUGH AND
THROUGH

IS WHAT'S NATURAL.

ROSEANNE: I'LL CIVILIZE YOU,
I'LL MORALIZE YOU,
AND BY SUMMER'S END
I'LL NORMALIZE YOU...
BECAUSE I DECIDE,
YES I DECIDE
WHAT'S NATURAL!

KIDS: WE'RE NOT NATURAL!

ROSEANNE: Very good! Now go clean your bunks! I want them SHINY!

(Roseanne turns to Sylvia.)

This is going to be even easier than re-sequencing DNA and using it to make lab rats act out Mexican soap operas.

(Madeline runs up to Roseanne.)

MADELINE: Lee Lagoon jumped in the lake and ate all of the canoes! And I think there were campers in some of them.

ROSEANNE: Gr! Not again!

(With the stifled look of an evil plotter whose evil plot has been stifled, Roseanne and Sylvia follow Madeline offstage.)

SCENE 5

Business at Camp Part 2

(Throughout the scene, kids run around stage doing campy things: frisbee, capture the flag, etc.)

(Jacob and Lily have set up a little crate/storefront, with a sign that reads: "West & Dracula: We take a bite out of prices!" Sarah approaches her brother.)

SARAH: Mom's gonna be mad when she finds out you sold all the food she sent you.

JACOB: Mom's not gonna be mad, cause mom's not gonna find out. Capeesh?

SARAH: Who *are* you? *(Then, with a wink:)* Just don't get caught.

(Sarah walks off as Debbie Mummy approaches Lily and Jacob.)

DEBBIE: TWENTY-FOUR SNICKERS

TWO PAGES OF STICKERS

TWELVE PACKS OF ROOT BEERS

COSTCO-SIZE MUSKETEERS

ONE HUNDRED GUMMY BEARS, RED

JACOB: All that candy will kill you.

DEBBIE: I'M ALREADY DEAD.

(Jacob hands out the goods and Debbie hands out the money. Jacob and Lily HUM "It's a Pleasure Doing Business at Camp" as...)

(On the other end of the stage, some of the kids, including Sarah, Dave and Lisa, sit in Arts and Crafts, painting. Roseanne leads arts and crafts time.)

ROSEANNE: And when you're done painting, each of you will crochet an oven mitt. Sylvia is passing out the sewing patterns. Sylvia, what do the oven mitts say?

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SYLVIA: Conformity Is Delicious.

ROSEANNE: Isn't that lovely? I think it's just lovely.

SYLVIA: And true, too. Conformity. Yum.

(Roseanne sees Tony and Lee trying to break into her cabin. She runs out of the art shed.)

ROSEANNE: You two! Stop it right there! That bunk is PRIVATE!

LEE: I'm almost in!

(Roseanne chases Tony and Lee.)

ROSEANNE: IF YOU GO INTO THAT BUILDING I WILL SELL YOUR SKIN ON EBAY.

TONY: Retreat! Retreat!

(Dave leans over Sarah's drawing.)

DAVE: Wow. That drawing is awesome.

SARAH: Thanks. Drawing is the only thing I'm good at.

DAVE: I play the guitar. That's the only thing I'm good at. You wanna hear me play?

SARAH: I'd love that.

(Dave takes out his guitar.)

I'd Like to Call You Baby

DAVE: I wrote this one.

I'D LIKE TO CALL YOU: BABY,
 NOT CAUSE I THINK YOU'RE A TODDLER,
 BUT BECAUSE, JUST MAYBE
 IF I CALL YOU BABY
 YOU'LL BE WITH ME, LADY,
 JUST LIKE MASH POTATOES AND GRAVY.
 YEAH.

(Dave's hand falls off on his final strum.)

Aw man, that's so embarrassing.

(Sarah picks it up. She's seriously impressed.)

SARAH: That song is so beautiful.

DAVE: Even though my hand fell off while I was playing it?

SARAH: Your hand fell off cause you're so passionate. You're an artist.

DAVE: Thanks. Hey. You know what that picture needs? Glitter.

SARAH: Glitter – ?

(Dave grabs a handful of glitter from a bowl on the table and throws it at Sarah. She laughs and throws a handful back at him.)

Business at Camp Part 3

LILY/JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP...

(As they're laughing and throwing glitter, Lisa appears.)

LISA: Hi Sarah.

SARAH: Oh. Hi Lisa.

LISA: Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your intimate moment.

SARAH: It's not – we're not –

LISA: No worries. But Sarah? You have glitter in your beard.

(Mortified, Sarah begins cleaning out her beard, and runs out of the room.)

DAVE: That's wasn't cool.

LISA: Cool is what I say it is. You're cool. *(Sexy:)* Want to help me make my oven mitt?

(Dave is tempted.)

DAVE: Maybe later.

(Dave exits. Lisa glares after him.)

(CERBERUS approaches Jacob and Lily.)

CERBERUS: TWO BAGS OF TWIZZLERS
A GIFT CARD TO SIZZLERS

(Spoken:) My grandma's coming to visit.

THE IRON MAN DVD

(I'VE GOT A MINI TV)

AND TEN CANS OF DINTY MOORE STEW.

LILY: WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

(Lisa huddles with Debbie Mummy and Erin Eerie.)

LISA: I can't believe I thought she was friend material.

DEBBIE: Sarah West is a back-stabbing hairball.

LISA: I was totally clear with her: Dave Stein is Mine. And she throws GLITTER at him?

ERIN: Why not just throw HER WHOLE BODY at him? Ugh.

(Like her father, Lisa emits a startling roar and bangs on her chest with her fists. The other girls look at her, scared.)

LISA: If she wants Dave Stein so much, let's give her Dave Stein. Hand me some paper. *(Debbie gives her a notepad.)* And a pen. *(Debbie gives her a pen.)* Now write this down.

(Lisa shoves the pen and paper at Debbie, who begins writing.)

Hi Sarah: It's Dave. I think it's so cool that your dad is the Wolfman. If you want to be my date to Banquet...

(Madeline is reciting her order to Jacob and Lily.)

MADELINE: FOUR CUPS OF NOODLES
TWO THINGS OF CHEEZE DOODLES
AND OATMEAL COOKIES, ONE BAG

WITH NO NUTS, OR I'LL GAG
AND CAN YOU GET ME SOME PIE?

JACOB: I'VE GOT A GUY.

(Madeline exits.)

LILY: WHEN YOUR CUSTOMERS ARE PRISONERS,

JACOB: AND YOU'RE THEIR SOLE PROVISIONERS...

(Roseanne and Sylvia enter. Sylvia is holding a box. Roseanne snaps her fingers.)

SYLVIA: I don't know about this...

ROSEANNE: Sylvia, as you may know, I am a spiritual person. And what my faith has taught me is that God doesn't present things to us unless he wants us to take them. My religion tells me to TAKE, TAKE, TAKE!

SYLVIA: What religion is that?

ROSEANNE: Never mind. Give me the box.

(Roseanne opens the box, and reads an insert.)

Fifty-four blood popsicles. Disgusting.

(Roseanne starts dumping the popsicles into a garbage bag.)

SYLVIA: But Lily needs those popsicles. Without them, she might –

ROSEANNE: What? She might not be a monster anymore? Wouldn't that be a shame.

I'm a Monster

(Music starts.)

(As Roseanne and Sylvia stalk off, Debbie, Erin and Lisa creep over and fling the note at Sarah.)

(Sarah looks up startled. She hasn't seen who dropped it. She smiles and exits with the note. The mean girls grin at each other.)

(Lisa turns to the audience:)

LISA: What?!

YOU ALL KNOW A KID LIKE ME.
AS A BABY, ON PLANES, I WOULD SCREAM
AND KIND HEARTED STRANGERS WOULD SHUSH ME.
POOR LITTLE CHILD, SHE MUST BE HUNGRY.

BUT I'M NOT A BRAT,
I'M A MONSTER.
I CRIED ON PLANES JUST FOR FUN!
I'M WICKED AND WILD,
I AM EASILY RILED
BUT I'M NO PROBLEM CHILD,
I'M A MONSTER.

GIRLS LIKE ME,
WE'VE GOT A MISSION
TO SNIFF OUT KIDS IN WEAKER CONDITIONS.
WE DO AS WE WANT AND THAT'S JUST HOW WE ROLL,
CAUSE WE'VE GOT LOTS A TRICKS BUT WE'RE MISSING A
SOUL.
YEAH.

BUT I'M NO "TROUBLED YOUTH,"
I'M A MONSTER.
I MADE THE SCHOOL SHRINK CRY!
I'M WICKED AND WILD,
I'M EASILY RILED
BUT I'M NO PROBLEM CHILD,
I'M A MONSTER.

THE TRUTH IS THE PERKS ARE QUITE NICE.
I'VE BEEN WINTER DANCE QUEEN TWICE.
MY TEACHERS ALWAYS GIVE ME A'S.

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MY PARENTS LET ME HAVE MY WAY.
MY BARISTA GIVES ME FREE LATTES.
THE NERDS DO EVERYTHING I SAY.

BUT I'M NOT A BULLY,
I'M A MONSTER.
I EAT THE SAD KIDS FOR LUNCH!
I'M WICKED AND WILD,
I'M EASILY RILED
BUT I'M NO PROBLEM CHILD
YOU CAN SOLVE AND ABSOLVE.

NO, I'M NOT A WITCH
YOU CAN EASILY FIX.

I'M NOT MISUNDERSTOOD,
I'M JUST NOT ANY GOOD.
YEAH!
I'M A MONSTER!

(As the number ends, Lisa sneers at the audience.)

Don't judge me.

(The girls exit.)

(All of the campers gather for assembly. Roseanne speaks to the group.)

ROSEANNE: As you all know, the last night of camp is the semi-formal Banquet.

(The kids whisper excitedly.)

While in the past, *every* camper has been allowed to attend the Banquet, this year, in order to participate, you will have to take a videotaped oath committing to living a less villainous life.

(The kids groan.)

THIS IS NON-NEGOTIABLE! (*Calming:*) Sylvia will be posting a schedule of oaths on the poolhouse bulletin board. Now everyone will sing the Camp Flonster alma mater.

(*The kids groan again.*)

Camp Flonster Reprise, Note

SING!!!

KIDS: CAMP FLONSTER
THE FOOD HERE IS SO GROSS-

ROSEANNE: Those are not the words!

KIDS: CAMP FLONSTER
I FOUND MAGGOTS IN MY TOAST-

ROSEANNE: Stop it!

KIDS: CAMP FLONSTER
THE BATHROOMS, THEY ALL REEK-

ROSEANNE: I SAID STOP IT!!!

KIDS: CAMP FLONSTER
WHERE EVERYONE IS A FREAK!

ROSEANNE: Every one of you will be punished for this!
Sylvia, grab them! When we get a hold of you!

(*The kids run, laughing, as Sylvia and Roseanne chase them off stage.*)

(*Sarah stands on a corner of the stage, staring at her note.*)

SARAH: HE SLIPPED ME A NOTE.
THERE'S A LUMP IN MY THROAT.
HE SLIPPED ME A NOTE.

IT'S PROBABLY MEAN.
IT'S PROBABLY A JOKE,
AND SHOULDN'T BE SEEN.
IT'S PROBABLY MEAN.

(Lily and Jacob count their money.)

LILY/JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS—!

(Roseanne and Sylvia run on and see Lily and Jacob counting the money.)

ROSEANNE: What are you doing with all that money?

JACOB: Playing Monopoly?

ROSEANNE: There is no selling food at camp!

LILY: Run!

ROSEANNE: Catch them!

(Lily and Jacob run, followed by Roseanne and Sylvia. Sarah continues her song.)

SARAH: BUT WHAT IF I'VE BEEN WRONG?

WHAT IF HE LIKES ME?

WHAT IF HE THINKS

I'M NOT HALF BAD?

WHAT IF WHEN I

LOOK AT THE NOTE

IT'S FILLED WITH ALL

THE THINGS I HAVE HOPED

THAT SOMEONE WOULD FEEL FOR ME

FOR OH SO LONG?

HE SLIPPED ME A NOTE.

(A group of kids enter, throwing balls, frisbees, running around.)

KIDS: CAMP FLONSTER

SARAH: THERE'S A LUMP IN MY THROAT.

KIDS: NO VIDEOGAMES.

SARAH: HE SLIPPED ME A NOTE.

KIDS: CAMP FLONSTER

LILY/JACOB: IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS AT CAMP.

KIDS: MUDSLIDES IN THE RAIN

(Winded, Sylvia catches Jacob.)

SYLVIA: I got him!

(Lily taps Sylvia on the shoulder. Sylvia turns around and Lily bares her fangs. Sylvia lets go.)

I lost him!

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!