

CAMP OMIGOSH
By Wade Bradford

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AUDITION #1-- for 4m, 1 flex

In this scene, the campers have just arrived at the camp and are meeting Coach.

(CONNOR, PARKER, RAYMOND and SHELDON are on stage. COACH DUNBOM approaches them, blowing a whistle.)

COACH: Attention Cabin F! That's you, maggots. All right, ladies, gather round and listen up.

PARKER: We're not ladies. The girl side of the camp is over there.

COACH: I know that! That's what I call newbies. I'm gonna call you ladies and girls until you earn my respect.

SHELDON: But my mom's a lady and she's cool. And some of my best friends are girls. *(Optional line if Coach is played by a female: "And you're a lady, and I respect you.")*

COACH: What's your name, junior?!

SHELDON: Sheldon.

COACH: You make a very good point, Sheldon. Which is unfortunate because I really wanted to intimidate you on the first day. But, I'm out of practice. I was a camp counselor here thirty years ago, and I have not worked with children since, so my political incorrectness may be out of date. So, I need a way to insult you. Let's see. How about I call you maggots?

CONNOR: Some of my best friends are maggots.

COACH: So, you think you're funny?

CONNOR: *(Standing at attention, saluting.)* Sir, yes sir!

COACH: You must be Connor Parrish. The dropout from military school. Your mom didn't want you around this summer, so she dumped you here. Look at all of you. You're friends with maggots, and I can't call you ladies.

COACH: *(Cont'd.)* You look like a raggedy bunch of hobgoblins. So, that's what I'll call you!

RAYMOND: *(He pronounces his Rs as Ws.)* What's a hobgobwin?

COACH: What's your name, camper?

RAYMOND: Waymond.

COACH: Waymond?

RAYMOND: No. Waymond.

COACH: Oh, you mean Raymond? Can't say your Rs, huh? I tell ya, in the old days I would have made fun of you up and down the field. But times have changed. Live and learn. I'm glad you're here, Raymond. I'm glad you're all here because Camp Omigosh is gonna make men out of you hobgoblins! *(SOMEONE offstage tosses Coach a dodgeball. Or he picks up one already on the ground.)* And we're going to start right now by playing dodgeball! *(Throws ball at CONNOR'S head.)* Think fast!

CONNOR: Ow.

COACH: You snooze you lose!

(SOMEONE offstage tosses COACH another ball, or COACH picks it off the ground. COACH throws it at SHELDON and RAYMOND who laugh as they run off stage. COACH follows. PARKER is starting to follow them.)

CONNOR: Hey – um – golf ball kid.

PARKER: My name is Parker.

CONNOR: Parker. Cool. I'm Connor.

PARKER: I know.

CONNOR: I was just hoping we could start over.

PARKER: *(Holding the golf ball.)* Just don't ever try to take this again. This is my lucky golf ball, and it's mine.

CONNOR: Okay. I get it.

PARKER: Was Coach right about you? About your mom?

CONNOR: Yeah. I guess. My mom and I aren't the best of friends right now. So she punished me by sending me here.

PARKER: This place is paradise, not punishment.

CONNOR: Really? Everything is broken. The cabins have leaky roofs. And there's not a video game in sight.

PARKER: This place is a carpenter's dream come true! Think of all the projects we can work on, all summer long!

(COACH, SHELDON and RAYMOND enter.)

COACH: Good game, good game. Tomorrow, we'll play some more! Remember, these dodgeball lessons could save your life one day.

SHELDON: Do we play any other sports besides dodgeball?

COACH: Good question. We will be playing many different sports this summer: dodgeball, bombardment, sock'em, duck-or-die, catch-or-catapult, gotcha globes, danger-spheres, bounce battle - all kinds. Now, time to gather round the campfire and eat marshmallows and enjoy summer! *(Exits.)*

AUDITION #2-- for 3m, 2w, 4 flex

In this scene, Tasha, Kimberly, Parker, and Connor have been abducted by aliens, while Mr. Warren tries to assist.

Far downstage, preferably in front of the curtain, TASHA, KIMBERLY, and PARKER stand, trapped in an invisible box. CONNOR is in an invisible box of his own.)

CONNOR: Hey! Guys! I'm over here!

(PARKER, KIMBERLY, and TASHA pound on their invisible cages. They try to shout, but they are silent. CONNOR feels around his invisible box. He talks into the device Mr. Warren gave him.)

CONNOR: *(Cont'd.)* Mr. Warren! Mr. Warren! Do you read me?

(In a SPOTLIGHT, or a special part of the stage, MR. WARREN talks back into another device.)

MR. WARREN: You can call me Billy.

CONNOR: Billy, we're in these force field storage chambers. We're trapped like a bunch of mimes.

MR. WARREN: I'm trying to lock in on a signal so I can beam you out of there. But I can't do it until you shut down all the force fields. Do you see any aliens?

CONNOR: I see two approaching!

MR. WARREN: Adjust the translation knob to understand what they are saying.

(The ALIEN and RICH ALIEN enter, escorted by two ROBOTS. They speak gibberish, until CONNOR adjusts his device. Then the aliens speak a few different languages until they start to speak in English.)

RICH ALIEN: I thought you only had three for sale.

ALIEN: Ah, that one is just a troublemaker. He'll fetch a small price on the restaurant market.

CONNOR: *(Into the communicator.)* He's putting me on the menu!

ALIEN: But these three over here have been hand selected for their talent and intelligence. They would make excellent pets. This one is brave and exhibits scientific and detective skills. This male is a prime example of primitive engineering. And this female is a natural entertainer.

CONNOR: *(Quietly into communicator.)* He's boasting about their talents.

MR. WARREN: That's because the smarter the human, the more valuable they are as a pet.

CONNOR: Guys! Look at me! Act stupid! Pretend to be stupid!

(The OTHERS look at CONNOR, who gestures for them to act dumb. They figure it out and TASHA gives him a thumbs up.)

RICH ALIEN: Let us see how smart these young humans are.

(The RICH ALIEN looks at KIMBERLY who begins to flap her hands around, occasionally hitting herself.)

RICH ALIEN: *(Cont'd.)* She doesn't look very talented.

ALIEN: She's never done that before.

(The RICH ALIEN looks at PARKER who is jogging around in a circle with tongue hanging out. Then he looks at TASHA who is bobbing her head back and forth, making monkey facial expressions. Meanwhile, CONNOR sits down and begins to play his card game Find the Queen.)

RICH ALIEN: These humans don't look smart or talented at all. I want to own one that will learn tricks and play fetch.

(Points at CONNOR.) What's that one doing there?

ALIEN: I'm not sure.

RICH ALIEN: Why, you've been holding out on me! This human is the smartest one of the bunch. Look at him play that little game of his.

CONNOR: It's called Find the Queen. Would you like to play?

RICH ALIEN: And he speaks our language!

ALIEN: He has a translator. Where did you get that?

RICH ALIEN: Never mind. Lower the force field. I want to play this primitive little game of his.

CONNOR: Keep your eye on the queen. *(Mixes the cards around.)* Now, see if you can find her.

ALIEN: Such a pathetic attempt at trickery.

RICH ALIEN: I think it's rather cute.

ALIEN: He hides it beneath the center card, sticking two of them together.

CONNOR: If you're so sure that what I did, then show me.

ALIEN and RICH ALIEN: It's right here.

(THEY both reach for the card. CONNOR uses the space cuffs and links the two criminal aliens together.)

CONNOR: Gotcha!

MR. WARREN: Good job, Connor! Now turn off the other force fields.

CONNOR: How do I turn off the force fields?

ROBOT ONE: You cannot turn off the force field without the proper command.

CONNOR: Please?

ROBOT TWO: Proper command accepted.

PARKER: We're free!

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