

THREE BOYS AT A GIRLS' CAMP

A Comedy in One Act

By James Brock

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Three Boys at a Girls' Camp

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Story of the Play

Combine three guys on a hiking trip who think they've found their uncle's mountain cabin with three gals who know the cabin is part of their all girls' summer camp and you've got fun and confusion. The teens could get the problem worked out if only the camp counselor, Miss Keegle, would stop popping in, and if they could ever get Bunkie, one of the guys, to wake up and realize the girls are not a dream!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 m, 4 w)

FRAN: At 15, she is pretty, energetic, the “All-American Girl” type.

BARBARA: Also 15 and pretty, typical teenager, the shiest of the three girls.

MAGGIE: Also 15, perhaps not as pretty as FRAN and BARBARA, but with a much sharper wit.

MISS KLEEGLE: Age 22, camp counselor whose bark is worse than her bite.

CHRIS: Age 15, the outdoor type. His uncle owns a cabin.

BILL: Also 15, and the outdoor type but nervous.

BUNKIE: 15 and a real sack hound, thus his nickname. He has to have his 8-10 hours sleep or he is shot.

TIME: The present, mid-afternoon on a summer day.

SETTING

Inside a cabin at a girls' camp. There are three bunks in the room, SL, CS and SR. The bunks are turned sideways against the wall. Each bunk is low to the floor with a large, bulky blanket that covers bed, mattress and pillow. The blanket drapes off the side of the bunk all the way to the floor. The front door to the cabin is SR (*could be off right if necessary.*) The back door is SL (*could be off left.*) There is a large, free-standing closet at the foot and to the SL side of the middle bunk. To the L of this closet is a small window. The closet is situated so that anyone standing behind it to look out the window would not be seen from the front door as you enter.

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: The room is empty. Enter FRAN, BARBARA and MAGGIE through the front door, SR. Each is carrying a tennis racket. They are dressed in tennis shorts, blouses, and sneakers. Fran also has a towel around her neck. Maggie walks straight across the room and collapses onto the bunk SL.)

MAGGIE: Boy! I've had it!

FRAN: Come on, Maggie. Admit it. That was a fun afternoon, now wasn't it?

MAGGIE: Sure! Sure! Kind of like hitting yourself over the head with a baseball bat. It feels so good when you stop!

FRAN: Well, I had fun. Didn't you, Barb?

BARBARA: Yeah. But I'm pretty beat myself. (SHE plops down on the bunk SR.) Still, I learned a lot about the game I didn't know before. Hey, toss me that towel, will you, Fran? I'm still perspiring like crazy.

FRAN: Sure. (She tosses BARBARA the towel, then crosses to center bed and puts her racket under it.) You know, that Miss Kleegle is one terrific counselor, isn't she?

MAGGIE: Frankly I think the woman's taking something. Where is she getting all that energy? Two days in camp and already I'm a physical wreck!

BARBARA: Oh, quit your griping. You know you love it.

MAGGIE: Sure I do, but I don't plan on entering the Olympics, either. Couldn't she let up a little?

FRAN: Think of how good this is going to be for your figure! Getting in shape and all. You'll drive the boys wild when school starts next fall.

MAGGIE: Oh! In that case, how would you gals like to go another set or two? (SHE jumps to her feet and holds her racket ready. MISS KLEEGLE enters.)

KLEEGLE: What are you doing, Maggie? Posing for *Sports Illustrated* or swatting flies?

MAGGIE: Oh, hi, Miss K. What's up?

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KLEEGLE: I thought we might all have a nice little hike before dinner. Stretch your legs after the tennis. Good for you.

FRAN: Sure! Sounds like fun.

BARBARA: Where to?

KLEEGLE: I had in mind the top of the mountain!

MAGGIE: Hike! That's more like an adventure. Look, I want to get in good shape this summer, but not too good. Boys still like girls to be a little bit helpless.

KLEEGLE: Where did you ever get that idea? That's old fashioned. "Be all that you can be" ... that's the modern day motto, isn't it?

MAGGIE: "Be all that you can be?"

KLEEGLE: Right!

MAGGIE: That's what I want to be. Helpless.

KLEEGLE: Maggie, you're impossible! Okay, Miss Helpless, get rid of that tennis racket and meet me down by the counselors' cabin in ten minutes. Barbara, you and Fran, too!

BARBARA: Right!

FRAN: Sure thing! We'll just be a minute. (*MISS KLEEGLE exits SR. The three GIRLS go about getting ready for the hike.*) I wonder if we shouldn't slip into some jeans or something. We may get our legs all scratched up climbing the mountain in these tennis shorts.

MAGGIE: Who cares? There aren't any boys to see how cute we look anyway!

BARBARA: Wow, Maggie! Do you have boys on the brain today!

FRAN: Not just today!

MAGGIE: Okay! Okay! I'll admit it. But it's just the thought of spending three whole weeks here at Black Mountain Girls Camp without even seeing a boy that gets me depressed. I mean, I think you two are "swell" but ...

BARBARA: Yeah! But! (*This is said with the attitude that SHE agrees girls are fine, but boys are better.*)

FRAN: Well, come on you two. Let's go take that hike. Maybe that will take our minds off of the opposite sex.

End of Freeview

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