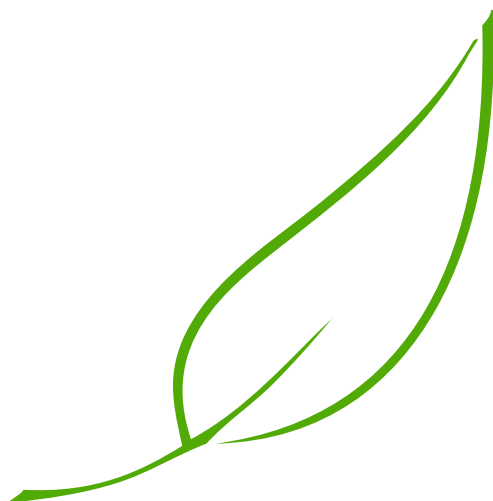


CAMP OOMYGOSHA

by Ken Bradbury



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(Camp Oomygosha, summer. Five o'clock in the morning.)

HACKMAN: *(Half drill summer-camp-director, half drill sergeant, half tiger and totally commanding ... Hackman is something totally new to anthropology.) (shouting)* Okay, you dog biscuits! Time to rise and shine! Let's go girls! Get those sleepy empty heads out of bed and hit the floor for roll call! Hup Two! Hup Two!

MANDY: *(who up until this moment has been sleeping peacefully)* What time is it?

HACKMAN: Time to rise and shine, my little planter's wart! Time to get up and greet the new day at Camp Oomygosha! Time for our three-mile nature hike through Python Swamp! Time to climb Razortooth Mountain! Then we'll think about breakfast! Hup Two! Hup Two!

MANDY: *(groans)*

HACKMAN: I'll be back in two minutes girls ... just time enough for you to shower, scrub the floors, make your beds, and put that new corrugated tin roof on the dormitory. *(marching off)* Hup Two! Hup Two!

MANDY: This is why I come to summer camp. It's so much ... fun. I've had it. Yesterday Hackman took us on a nature walk through the state rattlesnake preserve. At least we got plenty to eat last night with four campers missing. This afternoon she says we're playing water volleyball ... in the deep end of the pool ... with our hands tied behind our backs. I think I'll drown just to spite her.

HACKMAN: *(shouting offstage)* Come on, Schmidt! That timber wolf won't hurt you! It's your turn to give it a bath! *(there are vicious, growling, yelping, howling sounds, followed by a little girl's scream.) (a silence, then)* Hey, anybody want a pair of used hiking boots?

MANDY: I'm going nuts. I swear this place is driving me crazy! I wish ... I just wish that I had a ... I don't know ... magic wand or ... fairy godmother ... anything to get me...

BRUNHILDA: (*crashing onto the stage, stumbling, tripping, falling, finally ending up in a heap on the floor*) Whoa! Whoa! Get back! Look out! Germonimo! (*she crashes on the floor*) (*Brunhilda is a wild, flamboyant, half-crazed and extremely talkative lady*) Geesh! You ever wash these floors?

MANDY: Who are you?

BRUNHILDA: (*holding her head*) Give me a minute. I'm not sure. Let me check. Let's see ... two arms ... two legs ... half a brain. Yep! It's me! I'm the one you called for kid! Your fairy ... whatchamacallit ... You got any coffee? Not decaf, I need the real stuff.

MANDY: You're who?

BRUNHILDA: You gonna just stand there or are you gonna gimme a hand? (*Mandy helps her up*) Brunhilda! Fairy Whatchamacallit!

MANDY: You're my fairy godmother?

BRUNHILDA: Hey, what can I say? It's a job, all right? The ad said, "Career in social work. Good hours, lots of travel, frequent flier miles included." I thought I'd be handling luggage complaints for TWA. They didn't say nothin' about summer camp. ... Hey. Is that an alligator in the shower?

MANDY: Yeh, that's so we won't spend all day in there.

BRUNHILDA: Works for me. Okay, kid, so what's the problem? I mean other than amphibians in the outhouse?

MANDY: Hackman. She's a slave driver! She makes my life miserable.

BRUNHILDA: (*looking out the window*) She the one out there running a fifth-grader up the flagpole?

MANDY: Yeh. We don't have a flag of our own. We gotta take turns.

BRUNHILDA: Why does she have blood on her hiking boots?

MANDY: Don't ask.

BRUNHILDA: Geesh. Here she comes.

MANDY: Oh, no!

BRUNHILDA: Relax ... I can handle this ...

MANDY: Really? You can make her go away?

BRUNHILDA: No. Her kind always comes back. I can change her attitude.

MANDY: Wow!

BRUNHILDA: But don't say that word again.

MANDY: Wow?

BRUNHILDA: Did I tell you not to say it? Of course I did. And what did you do? You said it.

MANDY: But what does that have to do ...?

BRUNHILDA: I don't know. I don't understand why. It's a glitch in the software, I guess. Here she comes. Watch this.

HACKMAN: (*entering in a huff ... she cannot see Brunhilda*) And what do I see here? A room full of girls still in their jammies? I think maybe it's time for a good, healthy round of line dancing *in* the campfire!

MANDY: I ... I'm sorry, Miss Hackman.

HACKMAN: You know, girlie-girl, I think it's about time I taught you ...

BRUNHILDA: (*tapping Hackman on the head and proclaiming*) Loving!

HACKMAN: (*suddenly overcome by all the sweetness in the world*) ... How to make your bed. Oh, no, sweetheart. Don't bother yourself. I'll do it! I'll do it! (*she begins making Mandy's bed*) Oh, I just love doing things for others ... especially sweet little girls like you.

MANDY: Wow!

BRUNHILDA: (*smacking her own forehead*) Duh!

HACKMAN: (*again becoming her tyrant self*) Do I have to do everything for you, you little parasite?!

BRUNHILDA: Did I tell you? Did I tell you!

MANDY: Sorry.

HACKMAN: Sorry won't hack it, girl. I want this bed made in five seconds! One! Two! Three!

BRUNHILDA: (*taps Hackman's head*) Artistic!

HACKMAN: (*begins to dance a waltz with Mandy ... gently and with affection*) One-two-three, one-two-three ... that's it. Oh, don't you just love the waltz, Mandy? Oh, let's just



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