

## NOTES

For those parents who search for original, recreational escapes for their children, it seems there are more and more “specialized camps” popping up each summer; however, how many of these camps actually *deliver* what their brochures *promise*? This is the rhetorical question Gregory T. Burns asks in his send-up of children's summer camps. *Camp Bigfoot* may be performed by either a male or female and is the perfect choice for those actors who can portray a myriad of characters. Make each character vocally and physically distinct. Don't be afraid to really punch the humor, when appropriate. *Camp Bigfoot* is a one-act comedy that may be entered in Humorous Interpretation, Duo Interpretation, or Duet Acting. If performed in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting, the actors have permission to divide and share Chris' narrative transitions between scenes. The *italicized* words should be *emphasized* by the performer(s). This is a tour-de-force and is ideal for the talented comedian, who excels at quick exchanges of dialogue, creative blocking, and has great comic timing.

### **Characters:**

**Chris**, a nine-year-old future photographer

**Mother**, Chris' mother

**Father**, Chris' father

**Higgins**, the Director of Camp Bigfoot

**Sassy**, Higgins' assistant at Camp Bigfoot

**Kyle**, a counselor at Camp Bigfoot

**Martha**, a fellow camper

**Vu**, a fellow camper

**Chris:** (*To the audience*) Hi, my name is Chris, and when I grow up—I want to be a famous photographer. I've already taken hundreds of great pictures from all over the country. I've traveled a bit, because my parents like to broaden my horizons by sending me to “camps.” Every year—my parents send me away to a different summer camp for two weeks.

**Father:** Chris, as you know, summer is fast approaching. Your mother and I have been giving a lot of thought as to which summer camp to send you to this year.

**Mother:** Sweetie, there were a lot of interesting choices! But there were really only two that your father and I considered: Camp Guinea Pig—

**Father:** (*Quickly interjecting, almost defensively*) Now, Chris, we

*know* how much you loved guinea pigs—that is, until that overbearing neighbor’s *boa constrictor* got loose—crawled into our ventilation system, found its way into your room, knocked over your guinea pigs’ cage and devoured the two of them before you got home from school.

**Mother:** Poor Miley and Justin—they just didn’t stand a chance, did they? They just—didn’t stand a chance. (*Visibly hurting for her child*) Oh, remember how you came home from school, rushed into your room, found the snake and thought we bought you a new pet?

**Father:** We, of course, *didn’t* get you a snake. Or—at least—I knew that *I* hadn’t purchased you a new pet, but to make sure your *mother* hadn’t bought you a *snake*—I looked at her and said, “Honey—did you—?” She said no, so your mom and I ran to your room as fast as we could, saw the empty cage and immediately put two and two *together*. But not *you*—no, Chris—not *you*.

**Mother:** (*Trying not to upset Chris with painful memories*) You kept—*pointing*—to the two big *lumps*—in the snake’s body.

**Father:** Then, you ran and hugged us!

**Mother:** (*Trying to make it sound like a happy memory*) You said, “Thank you, Mommy! Thank you, Daddy! You got me something really rare! You got me a “*Camel-Hump*” snake.” (*Touches her breaking heart*) It was so cute.

**Father:** (*Touched*) Out of the mouths of babes.

**Mother:** Anyway, your father and I thought attending Camp *Guinea Pig*—well, attending a camp dedicated to members of the *rodent* family—might stop your nightmares.

**Father:** (*Disgusted*) Then I read in the newspaper this morning—that Camp *Guinea Pig*—is actually a *scam*. (*Getting angry while thinking about it*) It was appropriately *named* all right. Camp *Guinea Pig* has been using its little campers—as *actual* guinea pigs—for the *medical community*!

**Mother:** (*Also visibly angry and/or upset*) Is nothing sacred anymore?

**Father:** So Camp *Guinea Pig* is *out*! (*Beat, still huffing and puffing*) Camp *Guinea Pig* is **OUT!!**

**Mother:** (*Trying to diffuse the situation by really building this up*) Chris, don’t worry, because this year—we’re sending you to the *one* camp—whose sole purpose for *existing*—is to dispel the *myth*—

**Father:** The *myth*—surrounding the mysterious *Sasquatch*—running loose in every *backwoods* town in America!

**Mother:** (*Excited*) Chris, have you *guessed* yet?

**Father:** (*Really excited*) Do you *know*—Do you *know*... where you’re going to go???

**Both:** (*Super excited*) Camp **Bigfoot!**

**Chris:** (*To the audience, impressed*) Camp **Bigfoot!** Let’s face it. For

an aspiring photographer, it's a dream come true. Who knows? I might be the first person in history to take a *legitimate* picture of a Bigfoot. (*Realizing how incredible that would actually be*) Then I would no doubt be a *guest star* and possibly a new *cast member*—on the reality television series, *Finding Bigfoot!*



**Chris:** (*To the audience*) When we arrived at Camp Bigfoot, my parents were surprised. It looked like a fortress. There was a big wall built around the entire camp, and there was an armed guard at the entrance. My parents started to worry, until the guard explained that there is not a *safer* camp in the country. His explanation eased my parents' worries, so we drove through the gate and continued down a long, winding road until we arrived at the actual camp site. As soon as we stepped out of the car, my parents' jaws—*dropped*.

**Father:** (*Dumbfounded*) Look at how many kids are here.

**Mother:** (*Almost speechless*) I don't understand. The brochure proudly boasted of the limited number of applicants that were accepted for each camp.

**Father:** There must be *hundreds* of them.

**Mother:** (*Shocked*) It looks like—a Democratic convention.

**Chris:** (*To the audience*) Mom wasn't joking. Seriously, it looked like one of those opening ceremonies you see at the Olympics! (*Pause*) Once all of the parents left, the two directors of the camp announced there would be a welcoming assembly.

**Higgins:** Good morning, Campers! I'm Higgins, the Camp Director here at Camp Bigfoot.

**Sassy:** And I'm Sassy! They call me Sassy, because I like those Sassy-*Squaches* out here in the woods! And we'd like to welcome each and every one of you to—

**Both:** Camp Bigfoot!

**Higgins:** We're excited you're here, and we promise—

**Both:** (*In unison*) This is going to be one of the best experiences of your life!

**Higgins:** Now, some of you may have noticed...that we had each of you—

**Sassy:** And your parents!

**Higgins:** Sign a waiver...*releasing* Camp Bigfoot of any and all damages to any of your personal property...or to your *person*...throughout the duration of this camp. But we want to tell you something.

**Sassy:** And what we tell you is the truth!