

## NOTES

If you're into "boys" as a cat is into "boxes," then you just might be "boy-crazy." In her explosive new comedy, playwright Kyra Payton introduces us to Clara, who, sadly, isn't *clairvoyant* when it comes to meeting and talking to boys, so her mother sends her to a camp that specializes in educating young girls in all things "BOY." This offbeat comedy should be performed by a female and be entered in Humorous Interpretation; however, with careful editing and creative blocking, this selection may be performed by two performers for Duet Acting or Duo Interpretation.

### Characters:

Jessica

Clara

Josh

Helga

Mom

Vlad

Penny

Dude

Dr. Boys

**Jessica:** Come on, Clara. Just do it.

**Clara:** Jess, I can't. What if he says *no*? And I'm just standing there looking like an idiot?

**Jessica:** You won't look like an idiot, because he is going to say *yes*. He broke up with Helga weeks ago.

**Clara:** You don't know that for sure. Her claws could still be sunk deep into his... you know, ever-so-taut muscles. You never know what he could—

**Josh:** Well, hello there, ladies...

**Clara:** (*Turns around slowly*) Heeeeyyy, Josh... What are you doing here? Wow, this is crazy, huh? I mean, here we are, like, in the same place at the same time, basically living the same *life*... It's like we'll maybe move in together one day and start a family and—

**Josh:** (*Matter-of-factly*) Uh, this is my locker...

**Clara:** Oh, right. Sorry. I got carried away... hahahahaha... Well, uh, Josh, I was wondering if—wait, let me start over. I kinda wanna go to prom this year, and I was wondering—

**Helga:** Oh, hey Clorox...

**Clara:** (*Correcting her*) It's Clara.

**Helga:** Hahahahahahahahaha... What are you doing here? Hahahahahahaha...

**Clara:** Oh, I was just gonna help Josh with his Chemistry homework, ya know. It's...basically *math*... but *harder*.

**Helga:** Hhhmmmm, I bet. Joshie, would you mind leaving us alone? Clarinet and I...

**Clara:** (*Correcting her again*) It's not Clarinet. It's just Clara.

**Helga:** Whatever. Josh, sweetie, she and I need to have a little girl talk, just one

on one.

**Josh:** But...this is my locker.

**Helga:** Hahahhaahhahahahaha, right hahahahaha, silly me! See you later, Josh! *(Pulls Clara aside)* Listen, Clown Girl, why did I just see you try and ask my Josh to prom?

**Clara:** *Your* Josh...? No, Helga, I would never—

**Helga:** My name is **Helga**

**Clara:** Sorry, I thought that's what I said—

**Helga:** There's an emphasis on 'Hell...'

**Clara:** I'm sorry, *Hell-ga*, you know, I would never do that to you! I don't really think I—

**Helga:** *(Finishing Clara's thought)* Know anything about boys? You're right! You're, like, really not a threat...like, at all hahahahahahaha... hmm. Well, I'm glad we could chat, Claire...

**Clara:** It's, uh, Clara...with an "uh" at the end.

**Helga:** Oh, really?... Don't care. *(Smugly)* Hahahahahahahahaha...hmmmm.

## Scene Two.

**Clara:** Mom, I don't get guys at all.

**Mom:** Oh, well, me neither, darling. They are quite the specimen, aren't they?

**Clara:** Mmmm Hmm. When you met Dad, how did you guys...you know... end up falling in love and having me?

**Mom:** Oh, darling, we didn't fall in love. You were a drunk night in Cabo.

**Clara:** Oh. Well... alright, um. Do you think you could teach me a little something-something about boys?

**Mom:** Like what?

**Clara:** Oh, I don't know... *(Quickly)* Like how to seduce them?

**Mom:** Oh, no! Clara, there's nothing I can teach you. Actually, fun fact—I was like *you* when I was a kid...you know... all awkward, and socially unaware and a little—

**Clara:** *(Embarrassed)* Okay-okay, I get it. Can we move on, please?

**Mom:** Let me finish...and a little ugly....

**Clara:** So...what did you do?

**Mom:** Well, my mom sent me off to see a doctor that would teach me everything I need to know about boys.

**Clara:** That's great! Can I go, too? Is this doctor still around?

**Mom:** Oh, honey, as soon as I held you in my arms when you were a sweet little baby, I knew I would need to send you off to him someday. I've got your bags packed in the hall closet. You leave tomorrow morning.

**Clara:** *(Shocked)* Tomorrow??? *(Collecting herself)* Okay, no. This is good. I'm gonna learn about boys, and this is gonna be great...

**Scene Three.**

**Mom:** Well, darling, off you go

**Clara:** Mom. I'm about to get on a bus that smells like rotting fish and dirty socks.

**Mom:** Sweetie! You're being so *Dramatic*...and this is *Humorous Interp!* Hop on, and get going.

**Clara:** But...we're in the middle of nowhere! What are you stirring? (*The mother has been stirring an imaginary bowl of cookie dough, but this activity could be replaced by another alternative character distinction*)

**Mom:** Oh darling, we have to have character distinction. Now, off you go, sweetie!

**Scene Four.**

**Clara:** (*With her suitcase in hand*) Okay, so, here it is...BOYS DROOL. Hahaha, okay... I get it... because girls *rule* boys—

**Vlad:** Drul, It is pronounced 'drool,' which, in Romanian, actually means 'doctor.' Look it up. It is spelled D-R-U-L. It is actually an interesting play on words—

**Penny:** (*Awkwardly laughing, even snorts*) Oh, that's funny—"play on words..." When can we "play" with the boys? (*Looking around*) Where are they anyway? (*Acting like she's leading a protest march*) We want boys! We want boys!

**Vlad:** Oh, dear. This is a camp for women and girls only. So... off you go, young man.

**Penny:** But...I *am* a girl.

**Vlad:** Oh, dear. (*Looking her up and down*) So sorry for your unfortunate disposition.

**Penny:** My name's Penny. I'm poor, so I'm here on a scholarship from the U.G.L.Y committee from my school. I'm the president.

**Vlad:** What does that stand for?

**Penny:** (*Clearly hurt*) Nothing. I just feel better about it if I spell it out instead of saying it.

**Clara:** (*Horried*) That's horrible. Hi, Penny. I'm Clara, and I assure you. You're not...(*Not sure what to say*) You're—going to grow into your looks. Wait and see! You'll be a swan in no time!

**Vlad:** Anyway...hello, everyone! Welcome to Drool Boys, but since you are obviously both American, you may call him: Dr. Boys. When you have passed the preliminary test, he will see you and tell you everything you need to know about boys. Now, go ahead and partner up.

**Clara:** (*Looking around*) But...there's only two of us...

**Vlad:** Perfect, then that shouldn't take too long. Okay...girls... For your preliminary test, all you have to do... is make it from one side of the room to the door on the other side. Good luck. Your time starts now.