SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Little Green Men

Book, Music and Lyrics by
Scott Martin

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 2010 by Scott Martin

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Cover Image © 2010 Justin "Squigs" Roberston

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *LITTLE GREEN MEN* is subject to a Licensing Fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur and professional live stage performance rights to *LITTLE GREEN MEN* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur Licensing Fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing Fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing Fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Professional/stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Samuel French, Inc., 45 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

ISBN 978-0-573-69858-3 Printed in U.S.A. #29652

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

RENTAL MATERIALS

An orchestration consisting of a **Piano/vocal score, 13 vocal chorus books, Conductor's score, Clarinet/Saxophone, Rhythm Guitar, Drums/Percussion, and Bass** will be loaned two months prior to the production ONLY on the receipt of the Licensing Fee quoted for all performances, the rental fee and a refundable deposit. Additionally, a music-only performance **Accompaniment CD** and **Sound Effects CD** (including edited Charlie McCarthy and *War of the Worlds* radio cues) is available for rental.

Please contact Samuel French for perusal of the music materials as well as a performance license application.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of *LITTLE GREEN MEN must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for the purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* appear on a separate line on which no other name appears, immediately following the title and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of the title type.

In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

LITTLE GREEN MEN was developed with the generous cooperation and support of John Sparks and the Academy for New Musical Theatre; www.anmt.org

LITTLE GREEN MEN was first produced by Calia Mintzer and Larry Cosgrove for the Kentwood Players at the Westchester Playhouse in Westchester, California on September 12, 2008. The performance was directed by Scott Martin, choreographed by Alison Matizza, with sets by Tony Pereslete; costumes by Sheridan Cole Crawford, Jayne Hamil, and Shirley Hatton; lighting by Tom Brophey; sound by Susan Stangl; set decoration and creature design by Valerie Ruel; and props by Judy Polak. The production stage managers were Jordan Bland and Adam Dunberger. The cast was as follows (in order of appearance):

TED CONNORS . . . . . Drew Fitzsimmons
IDA ROTHBERG . . . . . Marcy Agreen
SPARKY SCHULTZ . . . . . Sergio Christophalo
NANCY GRIBBLE . . . . . Francesca Palermo
CARL BENNETT . . . . . Slater Garcia
JOAN McDOOGLE . . . . . Megan Moylan
JOEY DeLUCA . . . . . Dylan LaRocque
GEORGIE JOHNSON . . . . . Logan Gould
MARY GALE . . . . . Hannah Provisor
SUSIE SLAUSON . . . . . Emma Kate Hatton
MRS. KOLOSTKY . . . . . Susan Goldman Weisbarth
MORTY KLEIN . . . . . Greg Abbott
SALLY DUNBAR . . . . . Meredith M. Sweeney

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION CREW:

Assistant Directors . . . . . Jayne Hamil, Sheridan Cole Crawford
Recording Engineer . . . . . Devin Thomas
Master Carpenter . . . . . Lori A. Marple-Pereslete
Tech Booth Crew . . . . . Nikki Corso, Ron Gould, Mel Miller, Russell Ham, F. Kaye Porter
Hospitality . . . . . Alta Abbott
Audition Assistants . . . . . Gert Nord, Jeanne Spain
Publicity/Photography . . . . . Shari Barrett
Postcard/Program Design . . . . . Liz Reinhardt
Graphics/Logo Illustration . . . . . Justin “Squigs” Robertson
Lobby Artwork . . . . . Michael Cohen

CHARACTERS

TED CONNORS – late 20's; young Gary Cooper/Jimmy Stewart type
MORTY KLEIN – early 30's; young Lou Costello/Frank McHugh type
SALLY DUNBAR – late 20's; young Jean Arthur/Barbara Stanwyck type
IDA ROTHBERG – early 30's; young Nancy Walker/Martha Raye type
MRS. KOLOTSKY – early 50's; Ruth Donnelly/Shelley Winters type
CARL BENNETT – mid-teens; young Donald O'Connor/Bobby Van type
SPARKY SCHULTZ – mid-teens; young Mickey Rooney/Frankie Darro type
JOAN McDOOGLE – mid-teens; young Debbie Reynolds/Jane Powell type
NANCY GRIBBLE – mid-teens; young Jane Withers/Judy Garland type
JOEY DeLUCA – pre-teen; cute Scotty Beckett type
GEORGIE JOHNSON – pre-teen; precocious Spanky MacFarland type
MARY GALE – pre-teen; cute Margaret O'Brien type
SUSIE SLAUSON – pre-teen; precocious Natalie Wood type

SETTING

Camp Gitchiegoomie, a wilderness youth retreat in
Northern New Jersey

TIME

Sunday evening; October 30, 1938

AUTHOR'S NOTES

This is intended to be a nostalgic, family-friendly musical, as if conceived and directed by Frank Capra with a score by Rodgers and Hart.

The animal puppets that appear at the doors and windows are optional to the story, but the audience had great fun seeing where they would pop up unexpectedly during the show, for example, at the campsite during the "Boogey Man" song or attacking Morty during the "Little Green Men" song. We used squirrels and raccoons, but other critters can be used at your discretion. Finding ways to hide the puppeteers should be considered when designing your set. But don't let the puppets upstage the actors. Keep their appearances brief and occasional. We found the most realistic-looking puppets at: www.folkmanis.com.

The Goblin costume is something that Mrs. K. supposedly made herself, so it can appear somewhat fake; scary enough to spook the frightened characters on stage, but not so as to terrify young children in the audience. We used a hand-made, over-the-head papier mache globe painted to look like some yeti-creature and a hairy full-length body suit with latex hands and feet. For the actress' comfort, include large eye and nose/mouth holes in the headpiece and a strong zipper or velcro on the back of the body suit for easy access.

During the "No More" song, the purpose of the multi-costumed dancing characters is to confuse Mrs. K. into thinking that something weird is going on. She's not sure whether she's really seeing these things or getting drunk from the wine. It makes her appear more confused and susceptible to believe that Ted, Sally, Morty and Ida's voices are coming from the radio during their prank broadcast. She gets so drunk and panicked that when the "Martians" finally enter, she believes they are real.

The scene change between ACT I, Scenes 3 and 4 can be done fluidly without stopping the action. Have Mrs. K. move downstage as she begins her song, then close the forest curtain. Quietly strike the wall plug, picnic table, barrels, crates, shelves, window curtains and wall dressing and store them off-stage. Pivot units "A" and "B" into place, then set the beds/cots, window curtains, wall dressing and personal props for the cabins. Move the teens and kids into place and open the forest curtain after the audience applauds for Mrs. K.'s song.

We used three different areas of light to separate the interiors of the two cabins and the path between them, keeping the boys on one side, the girls on the other and Ted and Sally on the path (except when they look at their initials carved onto one of the downstage trees). However, for the Busby Berkeley-like dance sequence during the song "Say Goodnight," special lighting combined all three areas into one so people could dance the full width of the stage. Our fantasy tech effects included bubbles, glitter and confetti falling slowly from above. The break at bar 114 in the piano score can be an extended group tap dance sequence (without tap shoes) with percussion accompaniment; e.g. the "Lullaby of Broadway" tap specialty in "42nd Street."

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I:

#1: HALLOWEEN . . . . . All (except Sally)
#2: GIRLS AND BOYS . . . . . Teens & Kids
#3: HOW THE HECK ARE YA? . . . . . Ted & Sally
#4: BOOGEYMAN . . . . . Ida, Teens & Kids
#5: I WANNA GET MARRIED . . . . . Carl & Joan
#6: WHAT'S AN OLD GYPSY TO DO? . . . . . Mrs. Kolotsky
#7: SAY GOODNIGHT . . . . . Ida, Morty, Teens & Kids
#8: AND IT ALWAYS MADE YOU SMILE . . . . . Ted & Sally
#8A: FINALE – ACT I . . . . . All

ACT II:

#9: LITTLE GREEN MEN . . . . . All
#10: I WILL BE YOUR HERO . . . . . Ida & Morty
#11: FOR EVERY GIRL THERE'S ONE GUY . . . . . Joan, Mary & Susie
#12: NO MORE . . . . . Mrs. Kolotsky, Ted, Sally, Ida, Morty
#13: FINALE – ACT II . . . . . All

ACT ONE

Scene One

(The Dining Hall; sunset; a large open room built like a log cabin with animal heads, Native American blankets, and hand-made rustic crafts hanging on the walls. A few windows reveal the wooded countryside. A main entrance to the outdoors is on one side, with a food service area and a door to the kitchen on the opposite wall. A picnic table is at the center area. Several strands of black and orange paper streamers, a few carved pumpkins and various hand-made Halloween decorations have been placed around the room especially for tonight. A radio is on a table in a downstage corner.)

(The **TEENS** *[***CARL**, **SPARKY**, **JOAN,** *and* **NANCY***] and the* **KIDS** *[***JOEY**, **GEORGIE**, **MARY,** *and* **SUSIE***] are seated at the table, dressed in various hand-made or improvised Halloween costumes, eating dinner.)*

(NOTE: the costumes and make-up should minimally suggest the Halloween characters so as not to distract from their real characters during the first three scenes.)

*(***TED** *and* **IDA** *wear rustic-colored camp counselor uniforms, but* **TED** *also wears a flat-top Frankenstein head and old suit coat, and* **IDA** *wears a "Bride of Frankenstein" wig and a white robe.)*

#1: HALLOWEEN

(The stage is dark. After a short musical introduction, a spotlight comes up on **TED**, *downstage, singing to the audience.)*

TED.

AT THE END OF OCTOBER,
ON WHAT THEY CALL "ALL HALLOW'S EVE,"
ALL THE SPIRITS OF THE UNDERWORLD
COME OUT TO PLAY, THEY SAY.

*(***IDA** *enters the spotlight.)*

IDA.

WELL, IT'S THE END OF OCTOBER,
AND SO WHATEVER YOU BELIEVE,

TED & IDA.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOME SPOOKY THINGS,
I BET YOU MIGHT TONIGHT.

(The stage lights come up full, revealing all of the **TEENS & KIDS** *in the dining hall.)*

TEENS & KIDS.

OUR FAV'RITE TIME O' YEAR FINALLY IS HERE.
OH, BOY, OH, BOY, WE REALLY ENJOY HALLOWEEN.
THAT CREEPY HOLIDAY IS ONE MORE NIGHT AWAY.
OH, BOY, OH, BOY, WE ALWAYS ENJOY HALLOWEEN.

TEENS.

WE KNOCK, KNOCK ON EV'RY DOOR
AND OPEN OUR SACKS

JOEY & GEORGIE.

FOR LEMON DROPS AND LOLLIPOPS

MARY & SUSIE.

AND BOXES OF CRACKER JACKS.

TEENS & KIDS.

HEY, HEY!
HAVIN' LOTS OF FUN SCARIN' EVERYONE.
WITCHES AND RATS AND VAMPIRE BATS APPEAR.
GOBLINS AND GHOULS AND MONSTERS THAT DROOL ARE HERE.
YEAR IN, YEAR OUT, WE'RE CRAZY ABOUT HALLOWEEN.

(Dance break, during which **TED** *and* **IDA** *remove their scary disguises.)*

TEENS & KIDS.

WE RING, RING ON EV'RY DOORBELL,
READY TO YELL:

KIDS.

"TRICK OR TREAT! TRICK OR TREAT!"

TEENS.

FOR CHOC'LATE AND CARAMEL.

TEENS & KIDS.

HEY, HEY,
WHEN THE MOON IS BRIGHT LATE TOMORROW NIGHT,

(short dance break)

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT, WE'RE CRAZY ABOUT HALLOWEEN.

(As the music underscores, **MRS. KOLOTSKY** *enters from the kitchen, wearing a head scarf, shawl and some jewelry like a gypsy fortune teller. She places a large, decorated cake on the picnic table. All of the* **TEENS & KIDS** *cheer and lunge at the cake.)*

TED & IDA.

EV'ERYBODY EATS FAR TOO MANY SWEETS,
BUT, OH, BOY, OH, BOY, THEY REALLY ENJOY HALLOWEEN.

*(***MORTY** *enters from outside. He wears a short-order cook's hat and apron, smeared with dirt and grease.)*

MRS. K.

CANDY BARS AND CAKES GIVE 'EM BELLYACHES,
BUT, OH, BOY, OH, BOY, THEY ALWAYS ENJOY HALLOWEEN.

MORTY. Hey!

IT'S HALF PAST AND GETTIN' LATE.
THE SUN'S GONNA SET.
HAVE THEY PLAYED A GAME? WHAT A SHAME
NOBODY'S BOBBIN' FOR APPLES YET!

(exits into kitchen)

(Music underscores.)

TED. Everybody! Morty's right! The party is almost over –
IDA. – and we haven't played any games!

*(***TEENS & KIDS** *cheer loudly.)*

MRS. K. You better hurry, Mr. Connors. That bus has to leave tonight on time!

TED. Alright, here we go, Campers! Line up!

(As the **TEENS & KIDS** *form a line,* **MORTY** *returns from the kitchen with a large metal bucket filled with water and apples.* **TED**, **MORTY** *and* **IDA** *take turns dunking the* **TEENS' & KIDS'** *heads into the bucket, and they come up for air with their faces wet and big red apples stuck in their mouths. They try to sing, then spit the apples back into the bucket.)*

ALL.

HEY, HEY,
WHEN THE MOON IS BRIGHT LATE TOMORROW NIGHT,

TED, IDA, MORTY & MRS. K.

RAGGEDY ANNS AND RAGGEDY ANDYS MEET
MINNIE AND MICKEY MOUSES FOR TRICK OR TREAT.

TEENS & KIDS.

WE GET IN LATE AND PARENTS MIGHT HATE IT
BUT WE WAIT AND WAIT AND ANTICIPATE IT.

ALL.

ALL YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT WE ARE SO CRAZY –
ABOUT HALLOWEEN –

(After the applause, **MRS. K.** *removes her gypsy disguise as* **TED** *stands at the head of the table, banging a cup to quiet the room.* **MORTY** *returns the bucket to the kitchen.)*

TED. Alright, alright. Settle down. We had lots of fun this weekend, but we've run out of food so it's time to get you down the hill and back to civilization.

(Rowdy ad-lib "awwww" from the **TEENS & KIDS** *as they sit at the table.* **MORTY** *re-enters from the kitchen.)*

That is, if Morty can get that old bus running.

MORTY. I don't know, Ted. It was chugging along fine yesterday.

MRS. K. Mr. Klein! It's Sunday evening! We have a responsibility to return these children to their homes and families.

MORTY. I hear ya, Mrs. K., but that ol' junk heap just don't wanna co-operate.

IDA. Is the gas tank full?

MORTY. Yeah, and I checked every hose and thingamajig in the engine and I still can't get it to turn over.

MRS. K. And you call yourself a mechanic!

MORTY. *YOU* call me a mechanic. *AND* a handyman. *AND* a cook. I call myself a slap-happy comedian between jobs in the middle of nowhere!

IDA. Try again, Morty. The kids have school in the morning.

GEORGIE. And Halloween!

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *ad-lib excitedly.)*

MORTY. We could coast down the mountain in neutral. The brakes won't burn out for at least a mile and then we'd be free-wheelin' straight to the bottom.

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *shout and applaud for that idea, but* **MRS. K.** *gives them and* **MORTY** *a silencing look.)*

MRS. K. Children, you've had your party, and your nature weekend here at Camp Gitchiegoomie is coming to an inevitable conclusion.

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *ad-lib "awww.")*

CARL. Can we come back again sometime, Mrs. K.?

MRS. K. Well, Carl, that's up to your parents and the generous Board of Directors who paid for your wilderness adventure. We'll see about that next season.

IDA. If there *IS* a next season.

MRS. K. None of that kind of talk, Miss Rothberg. The reputation of our beloved Camp Gitchiegoomie is as stable as it's always been.

SUSIE. Except for the Goblin!

(The **KIDS** *huddle together, teasing each other, pretending to be scared.* **MORTY** *chuckles and sits on a crate.)*

TED. There is NO Goblin. I've told you a dozen times, there is no scary monster roaming around in the forest up here. Save that for the campfire!

IDA. Honest, kids, it's just some nasty rumor that's been going around.

JOAN. It's the Gitchiegoomie Goblin that's been "goin' around!" We heard him!

SPARKY. Heavy footsteps stumbling in the dark –

GEORGIE. Moaning and groaning real spooky-like –

NANCY. Then howling at the moon like some kind of horrible creature!

MARY. We all heard it!

IDA. *(playfully)* Ohh, that was just Morty in the latrine after last night's Chili Surprise!

*(***MORTY** *reacts, stands.)*

MRS. K. You're scaring yourselves for no reason. Goblin or not, you're all safe and sound for now, and you'll be back in your own beds tonight – hopefully.

(glares at **MORTY***)*

CARL. If it's any help, ma'am, me and Sparky know about car engines.

SPARKY. Tops in our auto repair class at school.

MRS. K. *(hedging for an excuse)* Thank you, boys, but my liability insurance won't allow for something like that. Heaven forbid, something should happen to you, I don't know what I'd do.

JOAN. *(sweetly, to* **CARL***)* Neither do I.

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *ad-lib, teasing them.* **CARL***, embarrassed, moves further away from* **JOAN***.)*

MRS. K. Mr. Klein, I suggest you return to the "junk heap" and get that thing running before the moon comes up. You know how treacherous that road is at night.

MORTY. *(in a W.C. Fields voice)* 'Tis not a fit night out for Man nor Beast!

(No one is impressed by his imitation. They stare at him silently. **IDA** *punches his arm, and* **MORTY** *exits outside.)*

MRS. K. *(to* **TED** *and* **IDA***)* And the two of you, into my office. We may have a situation here –

(quietly to them)

– and I don't want to discuss it in front of the children.

TED & IDA. Huh?

MRS. K. *(quietly)* I don't want to discuss it in front of the children.

TED & IDA. Eh?

MRS. K. *(loudly)* I don't want to discuss it in front of the children!!

IDA. *(to the* **KIDS & TEENS***)* We'll be right back. Clear off your tables – quietly. Joanie, you're in charge.

JOAN. Yes, ma'am.

*(***MRS. K.***,* **TED** *and* **IDA** *exit into the kitchen. The* **TEENS & KIDS** *take their dinnerware and trash to the food service area.)*

JOEY. Ooooo, Joanie's in charge!

MARY. Better than you, Joey DeLuca!

SUSIE. Yeah, better than you.

SPARKY. Ohh, Joanie's so smart, Joanie's so good, Joanie thinks she knows everything.

JOAN. Well, I do, Schultz. At least more than any city boy.

CARL. I wouldn't bet on that, country girl. You learn an awful lot growin' up on the streets.

NANCY. Yeah, but knowing important stuff; things that matter. That's what we mean.

GEORGIE. Like what?

JOAN. You wouldn't understand. You're boys!

CARL & SPARKY. So?

#2: GIRLS AND BOYS

JOAN.
TO BE A BULLY, AGGRESSIVE AND CRUEL,
AND MAKE EXCUSES TO GET OUT OF SCHOOL;

JOAN & NANCY.
THAT'S WHAT LITTLE BOYS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A GIRL.

NANCY.
TO BE CONCEITED, ANNOYING AND MEAN,
AND NEVER KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE CLEAN;

JOAN & NANCY.
THAT'S WHAT LITTLE BOYS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A GIRL.

CARL & SPARKY.
BOYS WANT CHOICES, BOYS WANT FREEDOM.

JOAN.
BOYS WANT GIRLS TO COOK AND FEED 'EM.

NANCY.
GIRLS WANT BOYS, BUT SURE DON'T NEED 'EM

JOAN & NANCY.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY TRY TO GET FRESH.

MARY & SUSIE. You said it!

(wipe their mouths as if the boys tried to kiss them)

JOAN.
TO SAY WE'RE CHARMING, ATTRACTIVE AND SWEET,

NANCY.
THEN SAY IT TO EVERY GIRL THAT YOU MEET!

JOAN & NANCY.
THAT'S WHAT LITTLE BOYS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M NOT LIKE MY DAD.
THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A GIRL.

SPARKY. Ohh, them's fightin' words!

NANCY. You WOULD fight with a girl.

SPARKY. How else can we prove you wrong? You never shut up long enough to listen to the facts!

JOAN. What facts?

CARL. It's human nature, Joanie. You can't argue with human nature.

TO HAVE THE BABIES AND CLEAN UP THE HOUSE,
TO BE A QUIET, OBEDIENT SPOUSE;

CARL & SPARKY.

THAT'S WHAT LITTLE GIRLS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A BOY.

SPARKY.

TO SEW THE BUTTONS AND WASH ALL THE CLOTHES,
WEAR LOTS OF LIPSTICK AND POWDER YOUR NOSE.

CARL & SPARKY.

THAT'S WHAT LITTLE GIRLS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A BOY.

JOAN & NANCY.

GIRLS LIKE PRESENTS, GIRLS LIKE FLOWERS.

CARL.

GIRLS LIKE BOYS TO SIT FOR HOURS.

SPARKY.

BOYS LIKE GIRLS WITH PEP LIKE OURS

CARL & SPARKY.

UNTIL THEY START TO OPEN THEIR MOUTHS.

JOEY & GEORGIE. Blah, blah, blah!

(wink and shake hands)

CARL.

TO SMILE PRETTY AND BE A GOOD WIFE

SPARKY.

AND NOT WANT ANYTHING MORE OUT OF LIFE;

CARL & SPARKY.

THAT'S WHAT LITTLE GIRLS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M JUST LIKE MY DAD.
THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A BOY.

(Dance sequence between the **TEENS***; an "any-step-you-can-do-I-can-do-better" contest; then the* **KIDS** *take over.)*

MARY.
COLLECTING BULL FROGS AND BEETLES AND WORMS,
SUSIE.
AND ANY CREATURE THAT SLITHERS OR SQUIRMS;
MARY & SUSIE.
THAT'S WHAT LITTLE BOYS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A GIRL.
JOEY.
LIKE SHIRLEY TEMPLE, YOU WHINE AND YOU CRY
GEORGIE.
TO GET THE TOYS YOU WANT PARENTS TO BUY;
JOEY & GEORGIE.
THAT'S WHAT LITTLE GIRLS WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD I'M A BOY.
ALL GIRLS.
GIRLS WANT FAMILIES,
ALL BOYS.
BOYS WANT KISSES,
JOAN & NANCY.
ONLY IF YOU MAKE US MISSES.
CARL & SPARKY.
OUR IDEA OF WEDDED BLISS IS:
JOEY & GEORGIE. *(imitating their fathers)* "I'm goin' out ta-night wid da boys. Don't wait up!"
MARY & SUSIE. *(imitating their mothers)* "Wahhhhh –"
ALL.
WE'D BE SO HAPPY IF YEAR AFTER YEAR
THERE'D BE SOME WAY TO MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR.

GIRLS.	**BOYS.**
THAT'S WHAT LITTLE GIRLS	THAT'S WHAT LITTLE BOYS
WERE MADE FOR,	WERE MADE FOR,
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD,	OH, YEAH?
YOU MAKE ME SO MAD!	TOO BAD!
THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD	THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD
I'M A GIRL,	I'M A BOY,
A GIRL, A GIRL, A GIRL –.	A BOY, A BOY, A BOY –.

(After the applause, **TED**, **IDA** *and* **MRS. K.** *enter from the kitchen.)*

MRS. K. Campers! Campers, give me your attention.

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *sit at the table.)*

As you know, there's been a slight delay getting the bus ready for your trip home. I have every confidence that the repairs will be made post haste – but until then –

(There's a loud crash from outside and a car wheel rolls in through the front door. **MORTY** *enters, picks it up, smiles meekly, and exits.* **MRS. K.** *holds up a large tin canister.)*

– but until then, I found one last tin of marshmallows in the pantry so you can all go out to the campfire and –

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *cheer and exit outside with* **IDA** *and the tin.)*

TED. Well, that oughta keep 'em busy for a few minutes.

(sweeps floor with a broom)

MRS. K. What a way to end the season! Everything was going so well this year until now.

(wiping the picnic table with a cloth)

TED. I thought attendance was down, especially there in late August. That's usually our busiest time and half of the cabins were empty.

MRS. K. Well, yes, perhaps in numbers, but in the quality of care and safety, we're still very much on track.

TED. Except for Billy Johnson wandering onto the archery range.

MRS. K. A near miss. The Board of Directors were worried about that one. Luckily, his family is too poor to sue.

*(***TED** *opens the door to sweep out the dirt and chases away an annoying squirrel.)*

TED. Maybe some of the regulars are taking that gossip seriously. Those rumors about "The Goblin" have been circulating for over a year now.

MRS. K. How can people believe such rubbish?

TED. A lot of people swear they've seen The Jersey Devil.

MRS. K. To promote tourism in those small towns around the Pinelands. It's a boon to their economy. A child-eating monster prowling up here only discourages parents from sending me their children.

TED. Not good news for the Board either; probably K.O.'s the property value.

(exits into the kitchen with the rest of the Halloween cake)

MRS. K. *(mysteriously, to herself)* Yes – it does.

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *scream from offstage.)*

SALLY. *(off)* Sorry! Oh, I'm so sorry.

MRS. K. Now who's that?

*(***SALLY DUNBAR** *enters; an attractive young woman, obviously from the big city by the way she dresses and talks.)*

MRS. K. Who are you? What are you doing up here this time of night? What do you want?

SALLY. One at a time. I'm still a little out of breath. Sally Dunbar. New York Tribune. How are ya? There was nobody to meet me down below so I hitched a ride partway on a hay wagon with a – Mr. Hutchins? Hootchins?

MRS. K. Hootkins. He has a farm a couple miles from the main road.

SALLY. Well, lucky for me. Are you Elaine Kolotsky?

MRS. K. I am.

SALLY. We spoke on the phone last week; about me doing a story on Camp Gitchiegoomie? Closing weekend? Maybe closing for good?

MRS. K. *(more excuses)* Oh, my goodness. Yes. I was so busy that day. I completely forgot about it.

SALLY. A good story is a good story and I wasn't gonna let this one get by me. Can I have a glass of something?

MRS. K. Oh, of course.

(shouts towards the kitchen)

Mr. Connors, could you bring out a glass of lemonade?

TED. *(off)* You got it, Mrs. K.

SALLY. Hey, I'm sorry about scarin' the kids out there by the campfire. The old guy dropped me off at the bridge. I had to walk the rest of the way up in these heels. It's almost dark and I guess I stumbled out from the bushes.

MRS. K. Not to worry. The campers love to tell spooky stories this time every night. They're ready to scream at anything, –

(obviously perturbed)

– even a reporter from The Tribune.

(As **SALLY** *brushes off her muddy shoes,* **TED** *enters from the kitchen with the glass of lemonade.* **MRS. K.** *points to* **SALLY** *and* **TED** *offers her the glass.)*

SALLY. *(to* **MRS. K.***)* So what can you tell me about this Gitchiegoomie Goblin?

(looking up, taking the glass from **TED***)*

Thanks.

TED. Sally? Sally Dunbar?

SALLY. Ted?

(A friendly handshake between them turns into a hesitant, affectionate hug.)

TED. My, gosh! What are you doing back here?

SALLY. How about you? You were going into business with your uncle or something.

TED. Ohh, that never got off the ground. What was that? Ten years ago?

SALLY. Yeah, something like that. I'm a reporter for The Tribune in New York. I'm doing a story on our old stomping ground.

TED. I don't believe it!

MRS. K. You're an alumnus of Camp Gitchiegoomie?

TED. Sally and I were campers here during high school; summer of '26 or '27?

SALLY. We carved our initials on an elm tree out there by the girls' cabins.

TED. Still there, above eye level now.

SALLY. Remember the blue ribbon for the relay race finals?

TED. Did you take that home? It's not on MY wall.

MRS. K. *(seizing the chance to get away)* Well, how lovely for you. There must be so much to catch up on. Why don't you two take a moment to get reacquainted? I'll see what's keeping Mr. Klein and that stubborn jalopy of a bus.

SALLY. But, Mrs. Kolotsky, I really want to ask you –

MRS. K. Please, dear, it's "Mrs. K." to everyone around here. There's more lemonade out back. I'll just be a few minutes.

*(***MRS. K.** *opens the door, kicks at the annoying squirrel, and exits outside* **TED** *and* **SALLY** *awkwardly size each other up. The* **TEENS & KIDS** *scream from offstage.)*

MRS. K. *(off)* Sorry!

TED. Sally Dunbar.

SALLY. Ted "Beanstalk" Connors.

#3: HOW THE HECK ARE YA?

TED. Well.

SALLY. Yeah, Well.

TED.

SO HOW THE HECK ARE YA?
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
I HAVE TO CONFESS I GUESS IT'S GOOD YOU'RE HERE AGAIN.
IT SEEMS THE YEARS HAVE BEEN KIND.
YOU'RE GROWN UP AND REFINED,
AND YOUR TEETH ARE ALIGNED, TOP AND BOTTOM.

SALLY. And worth every penny!

TED.

SO HOW THE HECK ARE YA?
YOU HARDLY HAVE CHANGED
EXCEPT IN SOME PLACES MOTHER NATURE'S RE-ARRANGED.
LET'S SHARE A GLASS, HAVE A SHOT,
AND SEE WHO REMEMBERS WHAT.
HEY, HOW THE HECK ARE YOU?

SALLY.

SO HOW THE HECK ARE YA?
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
YOU'RE PRACTICALLY JUST AS I RECALL BUT NOT AS THIN.
YOU HAD A HEAD FULL OF SCHEMES
AND A HEART FULL OF DREAMS,
AND, BY GOLLY, IT SEEMS YOU STILL GOT 'EM!

TED. Rome wasn't built in a day!

SALLY.

SO HOW THE HECK ARE YA?
WHO NEEDS TO BE RICH
AS LONG AS YOU GET THROUGH EVERY DAY WITHOUT A HITCH.
SOMETIMES I CREAK OR I CRACK
OR I FALL FLAT ON MY BACK,
BUT HOW THE HECK ARE YOU?

TED.

CITY LIFE, I S'POSE, CAN BE EXCITING.

SALLY.

COUNTRY LIFE, FOR SOME, IS WORTH THE FUSS.

TED.

BUT IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT
THAT OPPOSITES ATTRACT.

SALLY.

IT'S HARD TO FIND TWO MORE ATTRACTIVE
OPPOSITES THAN US.

BOTH.

SO HOW THE HECK ARE YA?
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?

TED.

WE OUGHTA CATCH UP ON THINGS,

SALLY.

BUT WHERE DO WE BEGIN?

TED.

I TOOK A CHANCE,

SALLY.

SO DID I.

TED.

BEAT THE ODDS, BY AND BY.

SALLY.

AND WHEN THINGS WENT AWRY, I FORGOT 'EM.

TED. What else can you do?

SALLY.

SO HOW THE HECK ARE YA?

TED.

I'M DOIN' O.K.
I MAKE IT A POINT EACH DAY TO KICK THE CLOUDS AWAY.
WHILE I WAS HERE,

SALLY.

I WAS THERE.

BOTH.

BUT WE'RE NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.
HEY, HOW THE HECK ARE YOU?

(dance sequence, then,)

TED.

WHILE I WAS HERE

SALLY.

I WAS THERE.

BOTH.

BUT WE'RE NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.
HEY, HOW THE HECK,
I SAY, HOW THE HECK,
TELL ME, HOW THE HECK ARE YOU – ?

(blackout)

#3-A: SCENE CHANGE

Scene Two

(The Campfire; immediately following; a wooded area near the dining hall; Darkness has arrived; there's moonlight, stars and the sounds of crickets and frogs in the distance. **IDA** *and the* **TEENS & KIDS** *are seated around a glowing campfire made from logs and rocks. Most of them have blankets wrapped around their shoulders and are holding long sticks toasting marshmallows over the fire.* **IDA** *is telling them what she thinks is a spooky story.)*

IDA. And he ran through the house – thump-thump, thump-thump. What was wrong with those stupid policemen? Couldn't they hear it? – thump-thump, thump-thump – And when they ripped open the floorboards next to the bed, they finally found the old man's disgusting, rotting corpse. And that sound – that sound –

TEENS & KIDS. *(bored to death)* "…was the beating of the old man's heart."

IDA. You kids got ice water in your veins?

MARY. That wasn't scary.

SUSIE. Bippy the Clown told that one on the radio last week.

CARL. Ida, we saw that coming a mile away.

NANCY. Thump-thump, thump-thump! Of course, it was his heart.

IDA. But that's a classic. It scares everybody. Did ya hear the one about the guy in this pit with a big pendulum –

TEENS & KIDS. *(ad-lib)* Naw – heard it – that's not scary – no, no –

JOAN. Face it, Ida. People from your time were scared by different kinds of things than we are.

IDA. From MY time? I'm not THAT old!

MARY. Don't you know anything about Dracula or the Werewolf?

SPARKY. Or King Kong? He's my favorite!

*(***SPARKY** *and* **NANCY** *imitate Kong and Ann Darrow. When he tries to put his hand where he shouldn't, she pulls away.)*

NANCY. Don't get any ideas, you big baboon.

IDA. Your parents let you see those kinds of movies?

CARL. They give us a quarter just to get us out of the house on a Saturday afternoon, and off we go.

JOAN. Cartoons, newsreels, coming attractions, a chapter story, and then –

TEENS & KIDS. Monster movies!

#4: BOOGEYMAN

*(***JOEY, GEORGIE, MARY** *and* **SUSIE** *leap up towards* **IDA** *and growl like monsters. The* **TEENS** *laugh, and the* **KIDS** *cross below the campfire.)*

KIDS.

THE BOOGEYMAN IS GONNA GET YOU.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE HE WILL BE.
INSIDE THE CLOSET, BENEATH THE STAIRS
OR BEHIND THE VERY NEXT TREE.

TEENS. Watch out!

*(***IDA** *nervously plays along.)*

KIDS.

HE'S HIDING SO YOU CANNOT SEE HIM.
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, BEWARE!
THE ONE TIME WHEN YOU DON'T EXPECT IT,
THE BOOGEYMAN WILL BE RIGHT THERE.

(short dance break)

JOEY.

FRANKENSTEIN IS BIG AND SCARY.
HE COULD TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB.

MARY.

THE INVISIBLE MAN COULD BE STANDING BESIDE YOU
AND YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT WAS HIM.

GEORGIE.

ZOMBIES COULD BE AT THE WINDOW.
MUMMIES COULD BE AT THE DOOR.

SUSIE.

AND WHO'S THAT CRAWLING UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR?

KIDS.

THE BOOGEYMAN IS GONNA GET YOU.
HE'S WAITIN' 'TIL YOU TURN YOUR BACK.
THE NIGHT IS STILL AND THE MOON IS FULL.
THAT'S WHEN HE GOES ON THE ATTACK.

TEENS. Watch out!

KIDS.

YOU BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN.
'CAUSE IF YOU WALK ALONE SOMEWHERE,
THE ONE TIME WHEN YOU DON'T EXPECT IT,
THE BOOGEYMAN WILL BE RIGHT THERE.

(Dance sequence, the **KIDS** *imitate monsters and scare* **IDA***; then:)*

TEENS & KIDS.

THE BOOGEYMAN IS GONNA GET YOU.
YOU ALWAYS GOTTA BE ON GUARD,
AND CAREFUL RUNNING ON BUSY STREETS
OR IN ANYBODY'S BACKYARD.

(A deep booming voice from the forest says "Watch out!" and **IDA** *screams.)*

HE'S PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK AROUND YOU,
AND NEVER PLAYS IT FAIR AND SQUARE.
THE ONE TIME WHEN YOU DON'T EXPECT IT –

(They stalk **IDA** *from one direction.)*

YOU LOOK AWAY AND DON'T SUSPECT IT –

(They stalk her from the other direction.)

THE BOOGEYMAN WILL BE – RIGHT – THERE –

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *point one way,* **IDA** *trembles.)*

THERE!

(same business, opposite side)

TEENS & KIDS. *(cont.)*

THERE!

(Same business, and **IDA** *hides under a blanket. As the* **TEENS & KIDS** *laugh, a gust of wind makes the campfire roar and large scary shadows dance across the trees. Everyone hides under their blankets.)*

(blackout)

#4-A: SCENE CHANGE

Scene Three

(The Dining Hall; immediately following; **TED** *and* **SALLY** *are seated at the picnic table, sipping their glasses of lemonade, laughing about old times.)*

SALLY. No, no. I put the firecracker in the tomato soup. You thought of it, but I was the only camper that summer with the nerve to actually do it.

TED. But Mr. Hausenmeyer caught *me* running away and I was the one scraping it off the walls all weekend.

*(***MRS. K.** *cautiously pokes her head in through the kitchen door.)*

SALLY. Hey there, Mrs. K.

MRS. K. *(caught, she enters)* Sounds like you two are having a wonderful time. How nice. Mr. Connors, it's nearly eight o'clock. We have to make a decision.

TED. We don't have much choice, Mrs. K. We'll keep the kids overnight and telephone their parents so they can pick them up first thing in the morning.

SALLY. Is there some problem?

MRS. K. We have a broken-down camp bus and a handyman who isn't all that handy. The mountain road is too narrow and treacherous for anyone to drive up at night –

TED. Or walk it. I don't know how you made it.

SALLY. Tenacity, my friend. When I set out to do something, I never give up. A good reporter learns that the hard way.

TED. *(re: her muddy high heels)* Well, good reporter, you won't be going far in THOSE shoes. There must be a pair of moccasins around here somewhere.

(looks in cabinet)

(As **SALLY** *bends over to remove her shoes, the* **TEENS & KIDS** *scream from offstage.* **MORTY** *enters from outside, more disheveled than ever, carrying the tailpipe from the bus.)*

MORTY. *(to the* **TEENS & KIDS***)* Sorry!

IDA. *(off)* Morty, you blockhead! You scared the livin' you-know-what outta me!

MORTY. Well, what are you doing under that blanket?

(accidentally gooses **SALLY** *with the tailpipe)*

Oh. 'Scuse me.

(closes the door)

TED. Morty, this is Sally Dunbar; reporter from The New York Tribune, former camper, and a very old personal friend.

SALLY. You're the handyman?

MORTY. Only when the WPA is looking. Otherwise, it's Morty Klein, jokes, impressions and snappy patter for every occasion.

SALLY. 'Spleasure.

(shakes Morty's greasy hand; reacts)

MRS. K. And what's the word on the bus, Mr. Klein?

MORTY. Broken; "broken" is the word for that old beer wagon.

TED. Then we might as well get the kids to bed.

SALLY. So you're saying we're stuck out here until morning?

*(***SUSIE** *enters quietly from the kitchen, crosses behind them to the radio at the corner table.)*

MORTY. No guardrails on that road and a sheer drop on several curves. I wouldn't risk walking the kids down, OR having their parents drive up at night.

SALLY. What about this Mr. Hootchins and his hay wagon?

MRS. K. Mr. *Hootkins* has no telephone, my dear. No, we'd better bunk down for the night and send them off in the morning.

MORTY. Heck of a time for the bus to konk out on us –

(in a Boris Karloff voice)

– especially with that monster roaming around out there.

*(***SUSIE** *turns on the radio and the static and music startles everyone.)*

TED. Susie! Gosh, what are you doing in here?

SUSIE. Sunday night; time for my program.

MRS. K. Little girl, you should be out with the others at the campfire.

SUSIE. Too scary. I never miss Charlie on Sunday nights.

MRS. K. Turn that thing off and come outside with us. I have an announcement to make.

*(***SUSIE** *turns the radio off and crosses next to* **MRS. K.***)*

SALLY. Mrs. Kolotsky, I came all the way up here for an interview. I skinned both elbows and ruined a five dollar pair of shoes. If you could just answer a couple questions, I can phone the story into my editor and make the morning edition.

MRS. K. Miss Dunbar, I'm responsible for the safety of those innocent children out there. They should have been returned to the loving arms of their families over an hour ago. I'll bed them down in their cabins, telephone their parents, *then* perhaps we can talk about – whatever it is you have on your mind.

*(***MRS. K.***'s gentle embrace on* **SUSIE** *has turned into a choke-hold around her neck, and* **TED** *releases the gasping girl. Flustered,* **MRS. K.** *glares at* **MORTY**.*)*

This is all *your* fault.

MORTY. *(in a Jack Benny voice)* Well!

MRS. K. *(calling offstage)* We're coming out! It's only us. Don't be alarmed!

*(***MRS. K.** *exits outside, followed by* **MORTY**. **TED** *and* **SALLY** *exchange an amused look then follow with* **SUSIE**. **TED** *flips a light switch off and moonlight comes in through the windows. After a beat,* **CARL** *and* **JOAN** *enter playfully from the kitchen.)*

CARL. Will you stop that! We're going to get in trouble.

JOAN. What can they do? Send us home??

(tickles him)

CARL. Cut it out. I never should've told you where I'm ticklish.

JOAN. Uh-hmm!

CARL. And I don't know where *you're* ticklish.

JOAN. For me to know and you to find out!

CARL. Shh! They can hear you.

JOAN. Oh, they can not!

CARL. Can, too! Sparky knows my pals at school. He could tell them all about this.

JOAN. About what? That you have — a girlfriend??

CARL. No, no. You're a girl, and you're a friend, but none of this "girlfriend" stuff. I have a reputation to think of.

JOAN. Reputation as a what?

*(***SUSIE** *enters from the kitchen in the dark and crosses to the radio.)*

CARL. Listen, Joan. I like you — a lot. I don't understand why. I just do. You make me wanna put down my books and comb my hair and skip meals.

JOAN. Well, I guess that's a compliment.

CARL. You get me all confused. Two more years and my father's pulling some strings to get me into college. I can't let him down. I don't have time for this love stuff.

JOAN. Love stuff? You make it sound like a disease.

*(***SUSIE** *turns on the radio and startles them with sudden music.* **CARL** *turns the lights on.)*

CARL. Susie, you're supposed to be out by the campfire.

SUSIE. So are you.

JOAN. We — have business to discuss.

SUSIE. Kissy smoochy business. It's almost time for Charlie.

JOAN. It's not kissy smoochy business. It's just — talk. We're just talking.

CARL. And you better not tell anyone what we were talking about!

*(***SUSIE** *puckers her lips and makes "kissy" sounds at them, then turns the dial on the radio to another station.)*

JOAN. Susie Slauson, I'm your cabin leader. You turn off that radio and get out of here.

SUSIE. Uh-uh, Joanie. That only works when we're *in* the cabin. Ida says.

CARL. That's it. The kid's got us. We're busted by a six-year-old.

SUSIE. I'm seven.

CARL. You wanna be eight?

SUSIE. You wanna cut the chatter? I can't find my program.

JOAN. Susie, please – as a favor to me – for all the extra cookies I let you sneak at dinner –

CARL. And all the times I led your pony around the track?

SUSIE. *(turns off the radio)* Well, alright. But make it snappy. I never miss Charlie on Sunday night.

(imitating Charlie)

Kiss her and get it over with or "I'll mow ya down!"

(hits the light switch, leaving only moonlight again, and exits outside.)

JOAN. Kids; you gotta love 'em.

CARL. Why?

JOAN. And someday, Carl, we'll have a whole bunch of our own.

CARL. Whoa!! Hold on a minute there, lady! Did we just skip ahead a few chapters?

JOAN. Isn't that what we're talking about? You like-a me and I like-a you –

CARL. Yeah, sure. But how did we get a whole nursery of our own all of a sudden?

JOAN. Silly boy. Don't you know anything about this "love stuff?"

#5: I WANNA GET MARRIED

JOAN. *(cont.)*

OH, I WANNA GET MARRIED SOMEDAY.
I WANNA BE SOMEONE'S BRIDE.
TAKIN' A VOW WITH THE BOY OF MY DREAMS
STANDIN' THERE BY MY SIDE.

I WANNA SEE FATHER BEAMING.
I WANNA SEE MOTHER CRY.
MOST OF ALL I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW
I LOVE A WONDERFUL GUY.

HEAR HOW THE WEDDING BELLS
ARE DINGING AND DONGING FOR ME.
SEE ALL MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY

CARL.

EATING AND DRINKING FOR FREE.

JOAN.

YES, I WANNA WEAR SOMETHING BORROWED.
I WANNA WEAR SOMETHING BLUE.
BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING THAT I WANT
TO MAKE SURE IT ALL COMES TRUE,
I WANNA MAKE SURE I MARRY YOU.

(Dance break, then **JOAN** *freezes as gloomy lights focus on* **CARL**.*)*

CARL.

WHY DO I FEEL LIKE A PRIS'NER IN THIS ROOM?
WHY DO I FEEL AN IMPENDING SENSE OF DOOM?

*(***GEORGIE***,* **SUSIE***,* **JOEY** *and* **MARY***, dressed as brides and grooms, enter and criss-cross in front of* **CARL***, the brides holding leashes that are wrapped around the grooms' wrists.)*

HOLY MATRIMONY IS SO MUCH BALONEY
WHEN YOU'RE A YOUNG AND AMBITIOUS GUY LIKE ME.

(The gloomy lights disappear as the two couples exit.)

I DON'T WANNA GET MARRIED SOMEDAY.
I DON'T WANNA BE SOMEONE'S GROOM.

CARL. *(cont.)*

SEEIN' THE BIG PLANS I MADE FOR MYSELF
SUDDENLY GO KABOOM.

I DON'T WANNA WALK DOWN THE AISLE.
I DON'T WANNA GET HIT WITH RICE.
ANYONE WHO THINKS THAT'S SOME KIND OF FUN
SHOULD GET PSYCHIATRIC ADVICE.

HEAR HOW THE WEDDING BELLS
ARE TOLLING DISASTER FOR ME.
SEE HOW YOUR FAMILY'S ASKING,
"HOW MANY KIDS WILL THERE BE?"

JOAN. First one, then two, then three –

CARL. Aw, gee!!

JOAN.	**CARL.**
I WANNA GET MARRIED SOMEDAY.	DON'T WANNA GET MARRIED;
I WANNA BE SOMEONE'S BRIDE.	DON'T WANNA NEW BRIDE.
BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT	BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT
THING THAT I WANT	THING THAT I WANT
TO MAKE SURE IT ALL	TO MAKE SURE IT ALL
COMES TRUE,	COMES TRUE,
I WANNA MAKE SURE I –	
	I WANNA MAKE SURE YOU DON'T,
WANNA MAKE YOU SAY "I DO,"	
	I NEVER WILL SAY IT!
I WANNA MAKE SURE	I WANNA MAKE SURE
I MARRY YOU –	I DON'T MARRY YOU –.

(After the applause, **MRS. K.** *enters from outside and switches on the lights.* **CARL** *and* **JOAN** *pretend to be "cleaning" – in the dark! – and nonchalantly avoid* **MRS. K.***'s suspicious gaze.* **MRS. K.** *chases away the squirrels and raccoons that have been watching at the windows, then shouts out through the door.)*

MRS. K. Yes, they're in here.

(All of the others enter from outside and sit at the table. **SUSIE** *hovers near the radio.)*

TED. So that's the situation. We're going to spend one more night here, then your parents will come up and get you in the morning.

(The **TEENS & KIDS** *cheer.)*

MRS. K. But all cabin rules still apply. No rough-housing, no mischief, no leaving the premises –

(a look to **CARL** *and* **JOAN***)*

– and no fraternizing between cabins.

SALLY. *(to* **TED***)* And I thought *our* rules were tough.

GEORGIE. Do we get anything to eat?

TED. Did you finish that whole tin of marshmallows?

MARY. What was left, after the boys got to it first.

JOEY. We shared!

NANCY. The burnt ones!

IDA. If I find anything in the pantry, I'll bring it along. You can take the costumes home with you tomorrow. Tonight, it's jammies and long woolies.

TED. Now let's show Miss Dunbar how we proceed to the cabins for bedtime.

*(***TED** *blows a whistle, the* **TEENS & KIDS** *form a straight line, facing the main door. He blows again, and they turn "right face." Before he blows again, they "cheer" and run out the door.* **IDA** *and* **MORTY** *chase after them and exit.)*

SALLY. Mrs. Kolotsky –

MRS. K. I can offer you a bed in the girls' cabin. All the comforts of home, and then some.

SALLY. Thank you. But if I could just have five minutes of your time –

MRS. K. There's so much to do tonight. Couldn't it wait?

SALLY. I'd really like to make that morning edition. My editor would be so happy to get this story out for Halloween.

(milking the melodrama)

SALLY. *(cont.)* He's not a happy man, the paper's circulation is down, he's facing an early retirement –

*(***TED** *mimes playing a sad violin, then signals* **SALLY** *that he'll meet her outside, and exits.)*

MRS. K. If you must.

(polite, but stalling; sits)

What is it you want to know, Miss Dunbar?

SALLY. These rumors about a Gitchiegoomie Goblin; any idea where they came from?

MRS. K. Goodness, how should I know? People say the strangest things.

SALLY. But attendance has been down here for the past two years.

MRS. K. Well, yes –

SALLY. So even though your Board of Directors continues to sponsor these poor city kids for a few days in the country, parents aren't signing up for fear of their children's safety.

MRS. K. There's no proof of that.

SALLY. Whether or not this goblin creature is real or imaginary –

MRS. K. What do you mean, "whether or not?" No such "monster" could exist in this day and age. Or in ANY day and age, for that matter!

SALLY. I've combed through the records. There've been some pretty reliable sightings of this thing. Big and hairy and green; glowing eyes, huge teeth –

MRS. K. Miss Dunbar, I thought your paper stood for some standard of excellence. Are you writing for the news section or the funny pages?

SALLY. Just trying to get the truth, Mrs. K. My sources tell me that business is so bad, the market value of this land has gone through the basement, and the Board is ready to sell to the first buyer for whatever they can get.

(As **MRS. K.** *moves* **SALLY** *towards the main door,* **SUSIE** *sneaks in behind them from the kitchen, unplugs the radio, and exits with it into the kitchen.)*

MRS. K. Well, your sources had better ask the Board about that. I just run this humble little camp on a day-to-day basis, trying to create joy and memories for all those children less fortunate than ourselves.

SALLY. Weren't you involved in some shady real estate dealings several years ago in Atlantic City?

MRS. K. Shady?

SALLY. Questionable – as in, not quite on the up-and-up?

MRS. K. Your cabin is down there on the right, Miss Dunbar. Pleasant dreams.

SALLY. I *know* where the girls' cabin is. I suspect I know a few other things about ol' Camp Gitchiegoomie as well.

MRS. K. Goodnight.

*(***SALLY** *exits through the main door.* **MRS. K.** *leans against it and sighs.)*

#6: WHAT'S AN OLD GYPSY TO DO?

SHE COULD BE TROUBLE; THEY ALWAYS ARE;
CURIOUS REPORTERS FROM "THE TRIBUNE" OR "THE STAR."
QUIZZING ME WITH QUESTIONS, ACCUSING ME OF CRIMES,
THEN PRINTING ALLEGATIONS IN "THE JOURNAL" OR "THE TIMES."

CAN'T THEY BE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND FORGIVING
TO A HELPLESS WIDOW SIMPLY TRYING TO EARN A LIVING?

I'VE DEPENDED ON MEN, AGAIN AND AGAIN,
BUT THEIR PROMISES DON'T COME TRUE.
THEY LEAVE ME AFTER THEY DECEIVE ME.
LIKE SOME OLD GOULASH GONE ROTTEN,
I SIT THERE FORGOTTEN.
WHAT'S AN OLD GYPSY TO DO?

MRS. K. *(cont.)*

I NEED SHOES ON MY FEET AND SOMETHING TO EAT;
PAY MY LANDLORD THE SAME AS YOU.
I OUGHT TO DO THE THINGS I'M TAUGHT TO.
BUT IN A STATE OF FATIGUE I'LL
TRY SOMETHING ILLEGAL.
WHAT'S AN OLD GYPSY TO DO?

I ADMIT WITHOUT ANY APOLOGY
ADVISING CONGRESSMEN WITH ASTROLOGY.
NINE YEARS AGO, THE PLANETS ALIGNED.
THOSE WHO PAID ME CASH SOLD BEFORE THE CRASH.

I MADE WATERED-DOWN HOOTCH, I DANCED AS A COOTCH,
AND I HEISTED A BANK OR TWO.
THEY SHOT ME, BUT THEY NEVER CAUGHT ME.
I MOVE FROM CITY TO CITY.
THOSE COPS HAVE NO PITY.
THAT'S WHAT A GYPSY, BORN IN POUGHKEEPSIE,
WHAT AN OLD GYPSY MUST DO.

I tried to go legit. I really did! But I had the most awful luck whenever I went after the honest dollar.

I BOUGHT TENEMENT SLUMS, EVICTED THE BUMS,
THEN REPAINTED THEM LIKE BRAND NEW.
VIBRATIONS UNDER THE FOUNDATIONS
MADE HEALTH INSPECTORS DETERMINE
I'D BOUGHT LOTS OF VERMIN.
WHAT'S AN OLD GYPSY TO DO?

THEN I DESPERATELY TOOK A JOB AS A COOK
AT A SCHRAFT'S ON FIFTH AVENUE.
OLD FOGIES CHOKED ON MY PEROGIES.
MY BLINTZES STAYED ON THE DISHES.
I KILLED WITH MY KNISHES.
WHAT'S AN OLD GYPSY TO DO?

THEN WHEN CAMP GITCHIEGOOMIE HIRED ME
AFTER F.W. WOOLWORTH FIRED ME,
SUDDENLY I'M IN CHARGE OF ALL THIS!
OPPORTUNITY FINALLY KNOCKED FOR ME!

MRS. K. *(cont.)* They're ready to sell this land for pennies on the dollar thanks to MY well-placed rumors about that nasty Goblin. And I'll snatch it up and build my own luxurious Oasis for the Privileged Elite. I think it's time for The Goblin himself to chase these little campers clear off the mountain for good. And what's better than on the night before Halloween! Ha-ha –

I'LL LET THE FULL MOON PREPARE 'EM,
THEN DRESS UP AND SCARE 'EM.
THAT'S WHAT A GYPSY –
WHEN SHE'S NOT TIPSY –
WHAT THIS OLD GYPSY – WILL DO!

(blackout)

#6-A: SCENE CHANGE

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS