

CAMP KAPPAWANNA

A New Lisa Loeb Musical

Book by Marco Ramirez, Cusi Cram
& Peter Hirsch

Music and Lyrics by Lisa Loeb,
Michelle Lewis & Dan Petty

SAMPLE SCRIPT

the
Licensing
House

November 28, 2025

CAMP KAPPAWANNA

A NEW LISA LOEB MUSICAL

BOOK BY MARCO RAMIREZ, CUSI CRAM & PETER HIRSCH

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY LISA LOEB, MICHELLE LEWIS & DAN PETTY

INSPIRED BY LISA LOEB'S CAMP LISA Album

**ORIGINALLY COMMISSIONED BY CITY THEATER, MIAMI
STEPHANIE NORMAN, PRODUCING ARTISTIC DIRECTOR**

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Total Cast size: 7

THE YOUNGSTERS (ALL 12-14)

AT CAMP KAPPAWANNA:

JENNY JENKINS: shy, wry, easy to root for

VERONICA: a priss, a fashionista with very hidden depths

NICK: a videogame guru, prefers screens to people

SNORING GIRL: self explanatory

AT CAMP BANKSTON:

MAXIMUS: seems like a future frat boy but could be a poet if you squint

TINA: like Veronica but without the hidden depths

JANE: annoyingly perfect , she is seems like a robot and guess what-she is.

THE GROWN UPS (ALL OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE)

BETTY TIBALDI: has done a lot of living and may not have quite recovered but has a heart of gold

CHAD BANKS: the viciously competitive director of "Camp Bankston.

JENNY'S MOM: a harried but caring Mom with a vicious toddler

DOUBLING:

NICK/JANE

JENNY'S MOM/TINA/SNORING GIRL

RECORDED VOICES:

MIMI: the most vicious toddler in the world

ANNOUNCER 1: a man, annoying and chatty

ANNOUNCER 2: a woman, less annoying and less chatty

Suggested skill set: Jenny should be able to play the guitar.

ACT ONE

(The band starts playing the instrumental opening to "GOING AWAY." Everyone in the cast except NICK, VERONICA and JENNY are revealed in various stages of packing for camp. Hiking boots, teddy bears, tennis racquets - you name it -are tossed through the air and then crammed into overstuffed duffle bags, trunks, and suitcases.)

ALL

GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

(VERONICA, NICK and JENNY enter - JENNY in the middle, NICK and VERONICA on either side. VERONICA has a cell phone, a chichi purse and a fancy wheelie suitcase; NICK has an iPad and a big, messy backpack; JENNY has an old fashioned, vintage suitcase and a guitar case with lots of stickers on it.)

ALL (CONT'D)

GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME
GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

*(Pin spot up on NICK, typing on iPad. *Design note: if we have a screen we can see him type.)*

NICK

Dear TRAVIS: Tomorrow morning at 8:10 AM Eastern Standard Time, the bus is gonna drive me to camp for the whole summer. While I'm gone, I wanted to make a couple of things clear. You are under no circumstances allowed to touch my 360 or my PS3. You will not turn on the Wii, the GameCube, not even my lava lamp. I know you're jealous that I'm ranked fourth in the world in Need For Speed, third in Gnome Quest4:Demise of Frago, and first place - for six months undefeated - in Zombie Tsunami, Version 6, Rise of the Squid Men. But if you put a single fingerprint on my controllers, if any of my player settings get changed, I will do everything in my power to get you kicked out of the family.

Sincerely, Nick T. Papadapolous, Jr.

(music briefly stops)

NICK (CONT'D)

P.S. Feed my tarantula.

(Music starts in again, as NICK tries to stuff electronics into his already full backpack.)

ENSEMBLE

(singing)
GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

NICK & VERONICA

BUT BEFORE I LEAVE THERE'S SOME
THINGS I'M GONNA NEED

VERONICA

GOT MY SOAP AND TOWEL AND
TOOTHPASTE, MY SUNSCREEN AND MY SHOES

NICK

MY NAME SEWN IN MY UNDERWEAR SO NO
ONE GETS CONFUSED, GET MY TURTLE
FROM MY BROTHER, TEACH HIM HOW TO
FEED MY SNAKES

VERONICA

MAKE SURE THAT MY GRANDMOTHER KNOWS
WHERE TO SEND THE CUPCAKES

(Pin spot up on VERONICA. She texts on her very pink phone.)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

BFF squared! Cannot wait 2 sun and fun it up at Bankston with you! Sooooo sad, I couldn't drive up with U in your limo Why do Dads have birthdays anyway? People over 16 should forget the whole b-day thing. WITP, they're way too old to have fun.

(A reply text pops up the screen behind her. Or V.O. Or both.)

TINA

LMHO! Cannot wait 2 compare bikini wardrobes. Warning: mine is OTH. Your BFF squared times ten 2 the MAX!

(VERONICA screeches)

VERONICA

DAAADDY! We have to go to the mall ASAP, PRONTO, THIS MILLISECOND!

(The music stops. VERONICA opens her suitcase and groans.)

Three bikinis does not a wardrobe make!

(The music starts, as VERONICA unpacks everything in a tizzy.)

ENSEMBLE

GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME
GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

(JENNY sits on her suitcase and looks at an old harmonica)

VERONICA & JENNY

BUT BEFORE I'M THROUGH THERE'S SOME
THINGS I GOTTA DO

VERONICA

TAKE THE TV FROM MY GRANDPA'S ROOM
AND ALL HIS DVD'S 'CAUSE I MAY NOT
COME BACK SO SOON

VERONICA & JENNY

A DAY OR TWO AT LEAST

JENNY

GOT MY AUNT SALLY'S HARMONICA THAT
I MIGHT LEARN TO PLAY AND THE BLUE
T-SHIRT WITH THE HOLE IN THE
SHOULDER THAT I WEAR EVERYDAY

(Pin spot up on JENNY)

JENNY'S MOM (O.S.)

Honey! I hope you didn't pack that ratty T-shirt!

JENNY

Nope!

JENNY (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

I'm wearing it.

(JENNY'S MOM comes on stage. She is frazzled and distracted.)

JENNY'S MOM

(pointing to the guitar)

You're bringing Lou? Why? You never play that old thing.

JENNY

I do play it. Just not for other people.

(We hear the YOWL of a cat OS. JENNY'S MOM calls out—)

JENNY'S MOM

MIMI! Stop riding the cat.

(back to Jenny)

I just want you to have fun this summer, meet people, make some friends...

JENNY

I have friends.

JENNY'S MOM

Honey, Mrs. Ramirez at the 7-Eleven is not a friend. She's 50 years old and she has a family.

(offstage, we hear a toddler giggling maniacally)

JENNY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Sweetie! A Diaper is not a hat!

(back to JENNY)

This summer is all about you.

(offstage we hear—)

MIMI (O.S.)

MIMI! MIMI! MIMI!

JENNY'S MOM

I've gotta... Have a good summer, Jenny! We'll miss you.

(the music stops)

JENNY

This is going to be a total disaster.

(The music starts again. Everyone is all packed and hauls their bursting bags to the edge of the stage.)

ENSEMBLE

GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

BUT BEFORE I LEAVE THERE'S SOME
THINGS I'M GONNA NEED, BUT BEFORE
I'M THROUGH THERE'S SOME THINGS I
GOTTA DO

VERONICA

GOT MY SOAP AND TOWEL AND
TOOTHPASTE, MY SUNSCREEN AND MY
SHOES

NICK

MY NAME SEWN IN MY UNDERWEAR SO NO
ONE GETS CONFUSED, LEAVE MY TURTLE
FOR MY BROTHER, TEACH HIM HOW TO
FEED MY SNAKES

VERONICA

MY ADDRESS FOR MY GRANDMOTHER SO
THAT SHE CAN MAIL THE CUPCAKES

JENNY

THE T-SHIRT AND THE TV, THE
HARMONICA AND DVD'S 'CUZ I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I MIGHT NEED, I MIGHT BE
GONE A WEEK

VERONICA

ALARM CLOCK

PET ROCK

NICK

MY EASY CHAIR

VERONICA

SWEAT SOCKS

NICK

HEADPHONES, STOPWATCH

JENNY

BOOK ABOUT SASQUATCH, JOYSTICK

NICK

COMPASS

JENNY

A CUSHION FOR MY RUMPUS, A LADLE,
AND A RADIO

VERONICA

AND OREOS, AND I KNOW

JENNY

MY DAD BROUGHT ME A FLASHLIGHT

NICK

SOME OINTMENT FOR A BUG BITE, A PEN
SO MAYBE I'LL WRITE HOME... ALL
RIGHT...

JENNY

ENSEMBLE

I'M GOING AWAY, I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

I'M GOING AWAY, I'M GOING AWAY
I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

BUT BEFORE I LEAVE THERE'S SOME
THINGS I'M GONNA NEED BEFORE I'M
THROUGH THERE'S SOME
THINGS I GOTTA DO
I'M GOING AWAY FOR FOREVER

ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)

AND A DAY

I'M GOING AWAY FROM HOME

(The sound of a bus honking and revving its engine. VERONICA, NICK and JENNY go off stage. ENSEMBLE exits. lights up on a Camp Kappawanna sign that is slightly askew. TIBALDI enters carrying tons of bags. NICK, VERONICA and JENNY follow her.)

TIBALDI

(panting)

Welcome to Camp Kappawanna! You're new home of Fun, Sun and Iguanas!

VERONICA

Ahh! Where?? I hate lizards!!

TIBALDI

I was kidding. There's not a lot that rhymes with Kappawanna.

NICK

Do you have any spiders?

TIBALDI

Um, not that I know of.

NICK

(bummed)

Aw, man...!

(TIBALDI walks around the room, showing it off, while hiding bits of mail, picking up single socks, kicking away the larger dust bunnies. The place is kind of a wreck.)

TIBALDI

This here's the Activities Room. And the Dining Room. And the infirmary. And, um, this area is the library...

NICK

Where's the Game Room?

TIBALDI

Oh we have tons of games! Clue, Stratego.

(picks up a really dusty box)

TIBALDI (CONT'D)

Something called "Mr. Stoat Goes Motoring"...

NICK

I mean video games. If I don't slay at least fifty zombies a day I kinda get the shakes.

TIBALDI

Oh. Well, we have a TV? If you fiddle with the antenna, sometimes you can get the Farming Report...Nick sits down heavily.

NICK

Oh man. This is bad. This is very bad.

(VERONICA looks at a brochure she's brought and then goes up to TIBALDI.)

VERONICA

Excuse me, but can I speak to the manager?

TIBALDI

You're looking at her.

VERONICA

Oh! Sorry. I thought you were, like, the grounds-keeper-person...

TIBALDI

I'm that, too. I'm everything. Gina Tibaldi - cook, Sherpa, chimney sweep, shoulder-to-cry-on, lap-tolie-on. Open 24-7 and most major holidays, checks and credit accepted.

(TIBALDI curtsies)

VERONICA

OK, Miss, um, everything, why doesn't this place look the one in the brochure? Tibaldi takes the brochure, looks at it - she's impressed.

TIBALDI

Whoa. This is beautiful.

(gasp!)

They have an infinity pool! Where do I sign up...

(then she notices...)

Waitaminute - this is the camp across the lake - Camp Bankston!
She BLOWS A RASPBERRY AT THE BROCHURE, drops it, steps on it.

TIBALDI (CONT'D)

BOOOOO! OK everyone, here's your first cheer. When I say "Bankston" -you say, "BOOOO!!!" Ready? "BANKSTON!"....

NICK & JENNY

(weakly)

Booo.

(TIBALDI shakes her head)

TIBALDI

You're like a bunch of sick ghosts. That's OK, we'll work on it.

VERONICA

(realizing)

Ohhh, I must be in the wrong place!

(looks over at NICK and JENNY)

That explains so much!

(beat)

No offense.

(TIBALDI picks up a clipboard)

TIBALDI

What's your name?

VERONICA

Veronica Penelope Granger. The third.

NICK

There were two others? Man, I feel sorry for that family...

TIBALDI

Nope. You're right here. Veronica Penelope Granger. The Third.

(going back into her routine)

Welcome to Camp Kappawanna! You're new home of Fun, Sun and No Iguanas!

(VERONICA looks devastated)

VERONICA

But... I'm supposed to be over there!

VERONICA (CON'T)

(pointing out, over audience)

Across the lake with my BFF Tina!! How could this happen?

(TIBALDI joins her, commiserates)

TIBALDI

I dunno, sweetie. I'm guessing Daddy made some bad investments. And this is what he could afford. But you're here now, and you're going to have FUN! I guarantee it, or your money back.

(TIBALDI faces the others with her clipboard)

(quickly, back to VERONICA)

Just kidding about that "money back" part.

(to others)

OK! Time for roll call! Nick Pappa...

NICK

Pappadopolos. Kinda rhymes Necropolis, as in "Necropolis V: War of the Undead" – the game I won't be playing all summer.

(looks at his shaking hands)

Oh man, it's starting!

(HE sits on them)

TIBALDI

Jenny Jenkins?

JENNY

Here.

TIBALDI

Oh. I didn't notice you.

JENNY

Yeah, I get that a lot.

TIBALDI

Nice guitar.

JENNY

Thanks.

TIBALDI

You play?

JENNY

Kinda.

TIBALDI

What kind of music?

JENNY

Um, just like a few chords? I don't know, it's not really music...

TIBALDI

That's what they said about my band.

JENNY

You were in a band? Now Tibaldi's turn to seem a little shy.

TIBALDI

Kinda.

(beat)

Maybe you can play for us later...

(JENNY stands up, walks around—too much scrutiny)

JENNY

Um, yeah, probably not - hey, what's this penguin doing here?

(SHE walks up to a wall, which has a few plaques and trophies on it. But in the center is a shelf that looks like it should hold a big trophy - but there's a stuffed penguin on it)

TIBALDI

Oh that? That's Larry.

(she grabs the penguin)

He's just keeping the spot warm until we can get the trophy back.

NICK

(dubious)

This place won a trophy?

TIBALDI

Inter-Camp Olympics.

(looking at spot on shelf)

See? You can still see the dust outline. That trophy was ours every year - until Camp Bankston stole it from us.

VERONICA

They stole it? You should sue them. My Mom and Dad are lawyers.

TIBALDI

No, I mean “stole” in the sense that they won it fair-and-square five years ago because their counselor Chad Banks turned his campers into competitive mutants.

JENNY

Who knows? Maybe this will be the year you win it back?

(TIBALDI smiles weakly at Jenny, then puts the penguin back)

TIBALDI

Um, yeah, probably not. I uh...kinda forgot to sign up on purpose

(kicking into gear)

OK, so before we get you bunked and lunched, we have to go over the rules.

NICK

There are rules?

TIBALDI

Of course there are rules! What’s a camp without rules?

(VERONICA grimaces at the dusty bench she’s on)

VERONICA

Is never cleaning one of them?

TIBALDI

Nope! They’re just a few little helpful tips to make sure you don’t get eaten by raccoons.

CAMP RULES

WE WANT YOU TO FEEL WELCOME... WE
WANT YOU TO BE SAFE. BEFORE YOU RUN
OFF TO THE WOODS, OR GO JUMP IN A
LAKE. WE’VE GOT SOME SIMPLE RULES

TIBALDI (CONT'D)

HERE YOU'LL HAVE TO MEMORIZE A
LITTLE CAMP TRADITION SO NONE OF
YOU WILL DIE

NO HITTING
NO BITING
NO SPITTING
NO FIGHTING
NO UNSUPERVISED STANDING

NICK

What?

TIBALDI

ON YOUR HEAD
NO PULLING
NO PUSHING
NO POKING
NO SQUISHING
DON'T SHORT SHEET THE BED EITHER OR
CUT IN LINE THESE ARE CAMP RULES
THESE ARE CAMP RULES
CAMP RULES
THIS IS WHAT WE DO HERE
CAMP RULES
THESE ARE CAMP RULES
I CAN SEE YOU LOVE 'EM SO HERE'S A
FEW MORE OF 'EM
NO SCREAMING
NO PUNCHING
NO LOSING
YOUR LUNCHING
AND LISTEN TO YOUR COUNSELORS

That's me!

NO CURSING AT FLOWERS
REQUIRED: A SHOWER
AND BRUSHING YOUR TEETH
AT LEAST ONCE EVERY WEEK
THESE ARE CAMP RULES

VERONICA

CAMP RULES

TIBALDI

(implied “yeah”)

CAMP RULES
THIS IS WHAT WE DO HERE
CAMP RULES

NICK

CAMP RULES?

TIBALDI

CAMP RULES

(pointing out audience member, front row)

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT
CAMP RULES

KIDS

(as if camp is cool = camp rules)

CAMP RULES!

EVERYONE

CAMP RULES!

KIDS

YOU'VE GOT SO MANY OF 'EM

TIBALDI

SO BETTER LEARN TO LOVE 'EM
UNTIL YOU CAN REMEMBER EVERY ONE
NOW GO HAVE SOME FUN

(Lights down on Kappawanna. A spot comes up on the perfectly chiseled face of CHAD BANKS. He wields a golden clipboard.)

BANKS

What is our least favorite word in the English dictionary, children?

(Lights up on the Bankston campers. JANE quietly plays the flute while maintaining a perfect split; TINA strengthens her core Pilates style; while MAXIMUS deftly practices fencing.)

MAXIMUS/TINA/JANE

Mediocrity!

(JANE jumps up and does a split to the other side. As she goes down.)

JANE

From the root word: Medio-cris. To be mediocre, to be medium, not large, not small, just right there in the boring middle.

(SHE is now in a full split. SHE punctuates this with a few perfect flute notes. MAXIMUS stops fencing.)

MAXIMUS

(re: Jane)

It's weird how she does that. I get flute playing and gymnastics but at the same time?

(TINA stops her Pilates and takes a swig of water)

TINA

She also never hydrates.

(BANKS pounds his clipboard)

BANKS

Back to work!

(VERONICA and MAXIMUS return to their previous activities)

BANKS (CONT'D)

There is no "downtime" at Camp Bankston. There is no "taco night" or macrame class, or recreational tanning.

TINA

Even if you're in training to be a super model?

BANKS

Fine but you can't enjoy it. We don't "hang" or "chillax" or have "FUN" at Camp Bankston. Why?

TINA/MAXIMUS/JANE

Fun is the enemy of perfection!

JANE

Perfection from the Latin word "perfectio" meaning to...

BANKS

Yes, yes we know, Jane Maybe work on your headstand?

(SHE flashes an eerie smile. JANE does a headstand. Can she even play the flute in that position?)

BANKS (CONT'D)

Fun is for those losers across the lake. And what does the future hold for those lotus eating lazy bones?

(JANE and MAXIMUS stop their activities)

TINA

Kappawanna kids are destined to be followers not leaders.

JANE

To be under-earners and overeaters.

MAXIMUS

To read The Hunger Games instead of writing them.

TINA

To play video games instead of inventing them.

JANE

They're the opposite of winners! The campers all make "L's" on their foreheads.

BANKS (CONT'D)

EVERYONE THEY. ARE. LOSERS!

(BANKS smiles, he just loves a good Kappawanna dig)

BANKS

Perfect! Time for lunch! It's egg white omelets and conversational Chinese.

(TINA, JANE and MAXIMUS head out. BANKS stops MAXIMUS.)

BANKS (CONT'D)

Maximus can I have a word with you?

MAXIMUS

I really need to work on my Chinese, Sir.

BANKS

Yes, your accent could be better.

MAXIMUS

Better.

BANKS

Or perfect?

MAXIMUS

Right.

BANKS

Maximus do you believe in striving to be the absolute best you can be?

MAXIMUS

Um...yeah sure. I guess....

(BANKS pulls out a frisbee)

BANKS

Then what is this!?

MAXIMUS

Uh...

BANKS

What's next? Hacky sack? Dread Locks? Not finishing high school at 15?

MAXIMUS

It must have come over from the other camp, Sir. I dunno. It just looked like fun - I didn't say that. I did but I didn't mean it.

BANKS

Have I taught you nothing?

MAXIMUS

No, you've taught me too much...I mean SO much.

(BANKS puts his arm around MAXIMUS - it verges on looking like a wrestling hold.)

WHAT PERFECT LOOKS LIKE

BANKS

MAXIMUS, I WAS ONCE LIKE YOU
SAD PALE AND LONELY
AND SHALL I SAY CONFUSED
JUST A MESS
TERRIFIED AND BLUE
SCARED OF MY OWN SHADOW

BANKS (CONT'D)

AND THOUGH YOU'RE A LITTLE FATTER
I CAN STILL SEE A BIT OF ME IN YOU

MAXIMUS

THERE IS MUCH TO DO
TO TURN YOU INTO SOMEONE THAT IS
MORE LIKE ME THAN YOU

MAXIMUS

YOU CAN BE ONE OF US INSTEAD OF
WALLOWING IN MEDIOCRITY
IF YOU NEED A SAMPLE
I'M A BONAFIDE EXAMPLE
WHEN YOU ASK WHAT PERFECT LOOKS
LIKE IT LOOKS LIKE ME

MAXIMUS

THERE IS HOPE, IT'S TRUE
I'VE SEEN SORRY CASES ALTHOUGH FEW
AS BAD AS YOU
MAXIMUS I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO
CHANGE THE WAY YOU THINK AND FEEL
AND MAXIMIZE YOUR SHELF-APPEAL
TILL YOUR OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW
ITS YOU

MAXIMUS

IN CASE YOU'RE CURIOUS
AND IF YOU'RE WONDERING JUST WHAT
PERFECT MEANS
LOOK UP IN THE DICTIONARY
I'M THE PICTURE YOU'LL SEE
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT PERFECT LOOKS
LIKE,
IT LOOKS LIKE ME

THAT'S WHAT PERFECT LOOKS LIKE
LOOK IN THE MIRROR
DO YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?
ARE YOU REFLECTING, EXCEPTIONALLY?
CAUSE STATUS QUO'S A NO-NO-NO
AND NORMAL'S A DISEASE WHEN YOU ASK
WHAT PERFECT LOOKS LIKE

MAXIMUS CONT'D)

WHAT DOES PERFECT LOOK LIKE?

BANKS

HERE'S WHAT PERFECT LOOKS LIKE: IT
LOOKS LIKE ME

(BANKS hands MAXIMUS the frisbee)

Tomorrow we'll do a quick 15K sprint up Mount Evertrail on The Devil's Cranky Elbow side.

MAXIMUS

That's almost sheer cliff face...

BANKS

Great way to start the day! And we'll get rid of that saucer thingy...

MAXIMUS

It's a called a frisbee, Sir.

BANKS

Whatever it is, there's no place for it at Bankston!

(Maximus nods nervously in agreement. Lights down on Bankston. The lush sound-scape of summer camp at night: frogs, crickets, owls...A double-decker bed is wheeled on. Silence. Then a long, elaborate snore comes from the bottom bunk. We never see this "SNORING GIRL" - just hear her.)

SNORING GIRL

(SNORRRE!)

(spot up on JENNY, in the top bunk)

JENNY

Seriously?

SNORING GIRL

(SNORRRE!)

JENNY

I'm bunking with a lawn mower.

SNORING GIRL

(SNORRRE!)

(JENNY leans over her bunk)

JENNY

Chloe, wake up, you're snoring. Again.

(the sound changes into a sort of wheezing, gasping)

SNORING GIRL

(WHEEZE...)

JENNY

Now you're wheezing.

SNORING GIRL

(GASPING...)

JENNY

Now you're gasping. I dunno, maybe you should just go back to snoring. At least it was predictable.

(the girl does - as if on command)

SNORING GIRL

(SNORRRE!)

JENNY

(Sigh!)

(dryly)

Thanks.

(JENNY hops out of bed. She grabs her guitar.)

C'mon, Lou. Let's go for a walk.

(JENNY leaves the cabin. SHE walks downstage to the very edge, which is "the lake". We hear the lapping water, maybe see the reflection of the water and moonlight play across her face.)

So, Lou. Three days of camp so far. What do you think?

(SHE plays a negative chord or note)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Yeah me too. I just feel -invisible, know what I mean?

(SHE plucks at the strings. It helps her think, helps her express herself...)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Like, you say the name Jenny Jenkins and the world just goes –

(AN OWL SAYS: “WHO...? WHO...?”)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Exactly.

(Segue into JENNY’S SONG, which is basically a song about not fitting-in, being overlooked a wall-flower, and kind of playing along with this sentiment, but also wanting to be somebody, to be noticed...lights down on JENNY, and up on...Veronica’s Cabin. NICK is sneaking around, rather ineptly. He crawls into VERONICA’S cabin. HE’S about to grab a pair of socks when...HE’S illuminated by a powerful flashlight beam.)

VERONICA

Hold it right there!

NICK

AHHH!!!

VERONICA

One more step and I’ll tase you!

NICK

No, please! I’m allergic to shocks! I don’t even wear socks cause of the static electricity!

(VERONICA flips the lights on. SHE’S just holding her cell phone as if it were a gun.)

VERONICA

Is that why you were trying to steal mine?

NICK

Huh? No! I - hey, that’s just a phone.

VERONICA

One call and you’ll be doing twenty to-life in Sing Sing.

(SHE whips her socks out of his hand)

VERONICA (CONT'D)

What on earth did you want with these? They're not even cashmere!

(NICK sits down)

NICK

(sigh!)

It was a dare. Ricky Mendoza said I could play Angry Birds on his PS Vita if I stole some socks from a girl's cabin.

(shakes his head)

Angry Birds! That's how low I've fallen. This place is killing me.

VERONICA

Think how I feel! I haven't had a pedicure in a week! My nails have probably turned into turkey claws.

(NICK glances at them. VERONICA is barefoot.)

NICK

They look OK.

VERONICA

EWWW!! Avert your gaze, Sock, Sicko!!

(NICK looks away)

NICK

Sorry.

VERONICA

Where was I?

NICK

I think you were about to complain some more.

VERONICA

Oh right - and the food!

NICK

Ugh!

VERONICA

Where did that Miss Tibaldi learn to cook??

NICK

You mean, where didn't she learn to cook.

VERONICA

How can you mess up a grilled cheese sandwich?

NICK

Well, by not using cheese for starters.

VERONICA

That wasn't cheese?

NICK

It was cheze - with one 'e' and a 'z'. I saw the wrapper. Ricky Mendoza Googled it. Apparently, they use it for repairs on the International Space Station.

(VERONICA presses a button on her phone)

VERONICA

Siri, make me a Doctor's appointment for when I come back from camp.

*(There's a little BEEP-BEEP from the phone and Siri says "OK."
Then we hear a GROWL. VERONICA gasps.)*

VERONICA (CONT'D)

(gasp!)

What was that??

NICK

Um, my stomach.

VERONICA

No way!

NICK

Yeah, it can get pretty loud. It frightens babies.

(HIS stomach GROWLS again)

(to his stomach)

Down boy!

VERONICA

I'm kind of hungry, too.

NICK

Let's raid the kitchen! Maybe we can find some peanut butter!

VERONICA

Or some leafy greens!

NICK

You're not from this planet, are you?

(VERONICA turns off the light. JENNY is walking back to her cabin, just as NICK and VERONICA come creeping out of VERONICA'S. The Moon illuminates the three of them. The following is in staged whispers—)

VERONICA

Hey, it's –

JENNY

Jenny Jenkins.

VERONICA

I was going to say that.

NICK

Want to come raid the kitchen with us?

VERONICA

Miss Tibaldi has to keep some real food in there somewhere.

JENNY

Um...

(JENNY is frozen - not sure which way to answer)

NICK

You kinda have to decide now. If my stomach growls again, it'll wake up the whole camp.

VERONICA

Why do you have your guitar?

JENNY

Huh? Oh! I was just, um, uh --

VERONICA

Taking it for a walk? Does it need exercise?

(VERONICA laughs a little)

NICK

(to Veronica)

Hey --

VERONICA

What?

JENNY

Um, you know what? I'm good, you two go without me.

(JENNY hurries off, past them)

VERONICA

Oh c'mon, I was just kidding, Gemma.

NICK

Jenny.

VERONICA

That's what I meant.

(sigh!)

Whatever. Some people are sooo sensitive...

(Lights down. The next morning. The Camp Kappawanna crew is on a hike in the deep woods. VERONICA is in a constant state of spraying herself with bug spray; NICK is still jittery from gaming withdrawal; JENNY lags behind because she decided to bring her guitar.)

NICK

Can I borrow some of your bug stuff?

VERONICA

No way, it's Le Spray Away. It's designer and super expensive

NICK

There's no such thing as designer bug Spray!

VERONICA

There's designer everything! I bet at Bankston they even have designer mosquitoes.

(TIBALDI looks back at JENNY)

TIBALDI

Everything OK Jenny?

JENNY

I'm fine. Just a little hot.

(indicating her guitar)

Prolly shouldn't have brought this with me.

VERONICA

(kinda whispering to NICK)

Someone's BFF has five strings.

(NICK tries not to laugh. JENNY hears this and it hurts.)

TIBALDI

Back in my band days, I never went anywhere without my guitar. I totally get it.

(JENNY smiles. TIBALDI stops and takes a swig of water.

VERONICA perches on a stump. NICK paces.)

NICK

Tell me there's an awesome video arcade at the top? Please!!!

TIBALDI

Anything's possible?

VERONICA

Except that.

TIBALDI

You never know what's going to happen next. One day I was in a successful band on the brink of being signed, and then BAM a few twists and turns later, I was running a camp.

JENNY

How did you end up at Kappawana?

TIBALDI

My Great Aunt Maeve left it to me. She thought it would be grounding. I admit I've had better years, with more campers and counselors. And the whole camp could use a major renovation.

VERONICA

No offence, but your life sounds like a nightmare.

NICK

You should be way more depressed.

JENNY

I think it all sounds really exciting.

TIBALDI

Well, it's never been boring, that's for sure--it's been kinda like a hike, full of ups and downs. And sometimes the view has been spectacular.

(TIBALDI jumps up)

Come on we have another two hours.

(VERONICA and NICK groan. Even JENNY sighs.

SONG: "Ups and Downs", a song where TIBALDI gets THE KIDS excited to move, climb and enjoy the view. At deeper level, it's about pushing through when things are hard, because you never know what's around the corner. THE KIDS gradually start enjoying themselves. Even JENNY.-There could be a moment where VERONICA is stuck on a rock and JENNY uses her guitar to help her across a tough spot. As the song ends, VERONICA, TIBALDI and NICK all romp off stage and JENNY follows last. She is stopped by a frisbee landing at her feet.)

JENNY

Weird.

(the sounds of a wild hungry, panting animal)

Even weirder.

(SHE'S officially freaked and pulls her guitar close to her)

Lou, we might be eaten by a hungry frisbee playing bear! You've been a great guitar and I'm sorry I never played you in public...

(MAXIMUS bursts on stage and throws himself on top of the frisbee)

MAXIMUS

Please don't tell!

JENNY

Uh? What?

(He rolls over on his back and points to the frisbee, which now rests on his tummy.)

MAXIMUS

That I was playing with this!

JENNY

Um OK. But that's super weird.

(HE sits up and twirls the frisbee on his finger and looks at it longingly.)

MAXIMUS

It's just really, really fun! The way it glides through the air and you never know exactly where it'll go and you can look at the clouds...as it soars.

(a deep sigh)

I like looking at clouds.

JENNY

And that's bad, why?

MAXIMUS

Fun is bad.

JENNY

Says, who?

(BANKS and Jane jog on stage)

BANKS

Well done, Maximus! You beat Jane up the mountain, no ever beats her at anything.

(JANE looks extremely peeved but sounds calm)

JANE

To be clear: I beat my previous time by 5.78 seconds!

(BANKS notices JENNY)

BANKS

And who do we have here?

(O.S. Tibaldi calls out)

TIBALDI

Jenny! Where are you?

JENNY

I'm over here!

(VERONICA runs on over to JENNY)

VERONICA

Guess what happened! Nick ran into a family of camper geeks with a satellite TV! He is playing Zombie Death Squad, IV right now!

(TIBALDI runs on)

TIBALDI

It's like I said...you never know what's around the corner...

(TIBALDI and BANKS take each other in. There is major history and tension here.)

TIBALDI (CONT'D)

Chad.

BANKS

Gina.

TIBALDI

Banks.

BANKS

Tibaldi.

TIBALDI

If it isn't the Brigadier General of the Bankston Bot Brigade.

BANKS

If it isn't the cowardly Captain of Kappawanna clutzes.

(Everyone feels the mounting tension but isn't sure what to say. TINA fast walks into the fray, completely oblivious.)

TINA

'Kay, after fast walking up the Devil's Cranky Elbow, someone has earned herself an aromatherapy massage AND a French mani pedi.

VERONICA

Tina! Finally, someone who speaks my language.

(VERONICA is overjoyed. SHE runs over to hug her. TINA doesn't hug back.)

TINA

TCFC!

VERONICA

OMG! I've been sooo starved for intelligent, deep conversation.

(beat)

What's TCFC mean again?

TINA

Too close for comfort. I'm sweaty - and...I'm not sure we're besties anymore

VERONICA

What? But...

(VERONICA points to a half a heart on her charm bracelet)

This is my C and you have a matching C. And together they make up the most holy and sacred of all logos: Chanel.

TINA

Yeah um...I ditched the charm bracelet. It chafed against my wrist weights.

(VERONICA looks crest-fallen)

VERONICA

(crestfallen)

But we made a solemn vow...

TINA

(irritated)

We also made a vow to go to Bankston together but then you baled.

VERONICA

It's not my fault, stuff is going on with my Dad. I really wanted to go Bankston. It was my dream.

BANKS

(BANKS points to VERONICA)

And that's what average looks like campers. Why?

(beat)

Maximus!

(MAXIMUS steps forward)

MAXIMUS

An average person never pursues their dreams, Sir.

JENNY

(looking at MAXIMUS)

Maybe some dreams aren't worth pursuing.

(BANKS circles around JENNY)

BANKS

And who is this meek, retiring little door mouse?

JENNY

...Jenny Jenkins.

BANKS

(sigh)

Even the name is average.

(HE turns to TIBALDI)

No wonder you haven't answered any of my e-mails challenging you to an Inter-camp Olympics.

TIBALDI

(innocently)

I didn't receive any e-mails. The server must be down.

VERONICA

Was it ever up?

JENNY

(suddenly)

If we had a server and she could receive e-mails, of course she would have accepted your challenge.

BANKS

Well, if she would have accepted, we would have accepted and then beaten you to a dusty pulp!

TIBALDI

Well, I guess will never know.

(THEY turn away from each other. And then...)

BANKS

Unless...

TIBALDI

Oh dear God, no.

VERONICA

We accept! And we're gonna smash Bankston in to tiny little itty bitty fake diamond pieces!

(VERONICA takes off her charm bracelet and stomps on it)

JENNY/VERONICA/TIBALDI

Go Kappawanna!

(BANKS smiles)

BANKS

Let's make it more interesting. Rumor has it, your little camp is falling apart.

TIBALDI

That's an exaggeration.

VERONICA

The tiles in the showers, fungus city.

JENNY

And the main roof? I don't like to stand under the middle part.

TIBALDI

OK fine we could use some upkeep. So, what's your point, Banks?

BANKS

If you win, I pay for a complete renovation.

JENNY/VERONICA

That would be so great!/A Kappawanna makeover!

BANKS

And if I win, I get the camp.

TIBALDI

I'm sorry, what?

BANKS

Kappawanna becomes the stables for Bankston.

TIBALDI

Uh...

(JENNY grabs MS. TIBALDI'S hands)

JENNY

We can do this Ms. Tibaldi!

TIBALDI

I don't know if we can.

JENNY

Come on! It's like you said, we'll never know unless we try.

(TIBALDI steps forward)

TIBALDI

Chad.

BANKS

Gina.

TIBALDI

Banks.

BANKS

Tibaldi.

TIBALDI

You have yourself a deal!

(TIBALDI and BANKS “air” handshake. THEY can’t bring themselves to touch.)

BANKS

Bankstonites! We’re heading home via the Witch’s navel.

MAXIMUS

That means we’re climbing a whole other mountain! That’s just...

(BANKS stops in his tracks. He sees that MAXIMUS is still holding the frisbee. MAXIMUS quickly drops it.)

(covering)

....a really great way to improve our cardio vascular abilities?

BANKS

You still haven’t gotten rid of that THINGY MAJIGGY yet?

(JANE picks up the frisbee and crushes it with her bare hands)

JANE

You’re welcome.

(JANE smiles, always strangely, and sprints off. VERONICA, TIBALDI and JENNY look at each other)

VERONICA

Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea...

(TIBALDI starts to sing to lift her spirits because she doesn’t know what else to do)

A SHRED OF HOPE

TIBALDI

WE STAND ON THE SHORES OF
THE MIGHTY KAPPAWANNA
AS THE LAST RAY OF LIGHT
LEAVES THE SKY

JENNY

WE’VE SET THE CHALLENGE
WE’VE FOUND OUR PURPOSE
BUT PERHAPS WE HAVE LOST OUR MINDS
CUZ WE HAVE TO TURN THE TABLES SO

JENNY (CONT'D)

OUR CAMP WON'T BECOME STABLES
WE'RE AT THE END OF OUR PROVERBIAL
ROPES

VERONICA

WE'LL WIN BACK OUR HONOR
OUR HEARTS SAY YES EVEN

JENNY

WHEN OUR HEADS SAY SURELY
NOPE

VERONICA, JENNY & TIBALDI

A SHRED OF HOPE
A SHRED OF HOPE
JUST A TEENY WEENY SHRED OF HOPE
IF WE DON'T FALL APART
THEN WE'LL MAKE A NEW START
CAUSE WE STILL HAVE A SHRED OF HOPE
OUR CHANCES ARE SLIM
AND WE PROBABLY WON'T WIN
AND OUR DIGNITY HANGS BY A THREAD
THERE MAY BE CLOUDS OVERHEAD BUT
WE'RE NOT YET DEAD
CAUSE WE STILL HAVE A SHRED OF HOPE
A SHRED OF HOPE
A SHRED OF HOPE
JUST A TEENY WEENY SHRED OF HOPE
IF WE DON'T FALL APART
THEN WE'LL MAKE A NEW START
CAUSE WE STILL HAVE A SHRED OF HOPE

*(BANKS turns to MAXIMUS who's intrigued by Kappawananite's
anthem.)*

BANKS

MAXIMUS, THERE IS MUCH TO DO
TO TURN YOU INTO SOMETHING THAT IS
MORE LIKE ME THAN YOU
MAXIMUS, YOU CAN BE ONE OF US
INSTEAD OF WALLOWING IN MEDIOCRITY
IF YOU NEED A SAMPLE
I'M A BONA FIDE EXAMPLE
WHEN YOU ASK WHAT PERFECT LOOKS

BANKS (CONT'D)

LIKE
IT LOOKS LIKE
A A SHRED OF HOPE

VERONICA, JENNY & TIBALDI

A SHRED OF HOPE
JUST A TEENY WEENY SHRED OF HOPE
IF WE DON'T FALL APART THEN WE'LL
MAKE A NEW START
CAUSE WE STILL HAVE A
SHRED OF HOPE
THERE MAY BE CLOUDS OVERHEAD
BUT WE'RE NOT YET DEAD
CAUSE WE STILL HAVE A

ALL

Shred of hope!
Shred of hope!
Shred of hope!

(NICK peeps over a rock)

NICK

What did I miss?

(Blackout. End of Act One)

ACT TWO

(A rooster crows. A bugle blares. An alarm clock rings. Sun rises.)

ENSEMBLE

EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!)
EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!)
OPEN YOUR EYES
JUMP OUT OF BED
OPEN YOUR EYES
JUMP OUT OF BED
IF YOU'RE ON THE BOTTOM BUNK DON'T
BUMP YOUR HEAD

(CLAP BREAK. Over the following, we see JENNY, NICK and VERONICA stumbling on and off stage, brushing their teeth, putting on their clothes, etc...All facing out, as in front of mirrors, etc. NOTE: at some point JENNY grabs her guitar ("Lou"); she always has her guitar.)

ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)

EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!)
EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!)
FIND YOUR SHOES
FIND YOUR SOCK
FIND YOUR SHOES
FIND YOUR YOUR OTHER SOCK
DON'T HIT THE SNOOZE ON YOUR ALARM
CLOCK

(TIBALDI comes out in sweats, a work-out outfit, joins in the getting up ritual.)

ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)

EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!)
EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!!)
EVERYBODY WAKE UP
(WAKE UP!!!)
EVERYBODY WAKE UP

ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)

(WAKE UP!!!!)
TOOTHBRUSH
TOOTHPASTE
NOW WASH
YOUR FACE
ROLL OUT
SOUND OFF
IT'S TIME TO GET UP
YOU GOT TO GET UP
IT'S TIME TO GET UP THIS
MOOOORNING

(TIBALDI paces before them, like she's a drill sergeant. That is, a drill sergeant who has mild ADHD, a lot of therapy under her belt, and hasn't had her coffee yet.)

TIBALDI

OK, Campers. I'm not going to lie to you. This isn't going to be easy. The Camp Bankston kids are super athletes, consummate artists, nearly perfect in every way – I mean seriously, what does Chad put in their cereal...?

VERONICA

Food?

NICK

Some sort of nutrient that doesn't glow in the dark?

(TIBALDI wheels on them -)

TIBALDI

Hey, if cheze with one 'e' and a 'z' is good enough for the astronauts, then it's good enough for us.

(thinking)

Where was I...?

JENNY

The Bankston kids are nearly perfect in every way...

(TIBALDI starts pacing again)

TIBALDI

Right! But... they have a flaw...

JENNY

They do?

NICK

Coulda fooled me.

(TIBALDI pauses. Thinks hard.)

VERONICA

We give up. What is it?

TIBALDI

Just give me a second... Aha! They don't have team spirit!

(from off-stage we hear distant chanting)

BANKSTON KIDS (O.S.)

WE LOVE BANKSTON! WE LOVE BANKSTON!

GOOOOO... BANKSTON!!!

TIBALDI

Ok, but they don't have the right team spirit! You know why? Cause we like to have fun. And there's no 'i' in fun. But there is a 'u'. And "you" know how to have fun. And that's why we're going to win. So give me a "K"!

NICK, VERONICA & JENNY

"K!"

TIBALDI

GIVE ME AN "A!"

NICK, VERONICA & JENNY

"A!"

TIBALDI

GIVE ME A "P!"

NICK, VERONICA & JENNY

"P!"

TIBALDI

WHAT DOES THAT SPELL?

(THE KIDS all look at each other, a little confused)

NICK/VERONICA/JENNY

Um? / “Kap”? / What’s “Kap”?

TIBALDI

Kappawana’s really long and I haven’t had my coffee yet, so we’re Camp Kap for now.

(moving along)

OKAY!

(TIBALDI pulls out a folded paper from her pocket)

TIBALDI (CONT’D)

In keeping with the time-honored tradition of Inter-Camp Olympics, as well as competing in the traditional camp events, each camp gets two events of their own choosing. Any suggestions?

(VERONICA’S and NICK’S hands shoot up)

VERONICA / NICK

Oooh! Oooh! / Me! Me!

TIBALDI

Veronica?

VERONICA

A Style-Off. Me, Tina and the runway. The girl’s got game but she’s no match for - El Fashionera!

(VERONICA does a little flamenco flourish)

TIBALDI

OK, one Style-Off. Nick?

NICK

Easy. “Zombie Tsunami, version 6, Rise of the Squidmen”; I’m ranked number one in the contiguous United States.

TIBALDI

Yeah, computer games can’t be an event.

(NICK clenches his fists and rails at the heavens)

NICK

Why is the world against me??!!

NICK (CONT'D)

(calms down, looks up)

I pass.

(All eyes turn to JENNY)

JENNY

Me??

TIBALDI

Well you're the only other camper who's awake right now so, yeah, you.

JENNY

Uh...

NICK

Come on, Jenny. You know there's something you're really good at.

VERONICA

I bet it's right under your nose...

NICK

And a little to your left...

(The guitar is leaning against her left leg)

VERONICA

All you have to do is grab it!

(VERONICA picks up Jenny's guitar and shoves it in her arms)

TIBALDI

Well, Jenny? What's it going to be?

(half-kidding)

The fate of world is in your hands... But no pressure.

(JENNY looks to her guitar, then THE KIDS - it's a tense moment. SHE opens her mouth - and what comes out is—)

JENNY

Potato Sack Race.

VERONICA

What?!

TIBALDI

Really? Are you sure?

NICK

Please tell me you have bionic legs!

(JENNY lifts her legs up and down)

JENNY

Sorry. They're just legs.

VERONICA

Ms. Tibaldi Jenny has a fever that's turned her brains into bubble tea so I'll choose for her.

(She wants to play the guitar)

JENNY

No, I don't! I made my choice, so - just leave me alone!

(Beat. MS. TIBALDI makes a note on the paper.)

TIBALDI

OK. Potato Sack Race it is. And come race-time, we're really going to sack it to 'em! Ha ha!

(kids stare at her blankly)

Yeah, I really need that coffee now. At ease, carry on, fall out...

(TIBALDI heads off stage)

VERONICA

It's almost like you want us to lose.

JENNY

I don't want us to lose.

NICK

So why didn't you choose music? By the way you cling to that guitar I'm guessing you're pretty good...?

JENNY

Because I don't want to! Music is the most important thing in the world to me, and I'm not going to have everyone judging me and telling me I suck for some stupid camp competition, OK? So lay off!!

(Jenny grabs her guitar and storms off. Beat.)

NICK

Well, we don't know if she can sing but she sure can shout.

(Veronica shakes her head)

VERONICA

She's a lost cause. C'mon, lets start practicing. Grangers are not giver-uppers.

(Lights Down—Lights up on Camp Bankston. CHAD is looking through binoculars. JANE is kneeling nearby with headphones, which are plugged into a listening device. MAXIMUS and TINA are nearby.)

CHAD

Well Jane, anything from that bug we planted in the zipper of Tibaldi's track suit?

JANE

She's making coffee, sir! I believe it's filter coffee, cone size number two...

(CHAD rubs the bridge of his nose. This one's too perfect.)

CHAD

Yes, yes - but what about the events they chose?

JANE

A "style-off" and "potato-sack racing."

CHAD

Potato sack racing??

(evil laugh)

Ha ha ha!! That's one event we're sure to have... in the bag! Ha ha ha!

(Noticing the kids aren't laughing evilly, he gestures for them laugh evilly as well.)

CHAD & KIDS

Ha Ha Ha Ha --!!

(Chad makes a "cut it" gesture; the others instantly stop. CHAD ponders—)

CHAD

But this “style-off” - that one I’m more concerned about...

(TINA steps forward, all ‘tude.)

TINA

Oh, you don’t have to be concerned, Mr. Banks! I’m sure Veronica chose it, but I’m the queen of chic while she’s style-weak; I’m Tommy Hill, she’s Good Will; I’m Fine Art, she’s Walmart; I’m...

CHAD

I understand, Tina. Thank you. Still, one can never be too careful. Maximus?

(MAXIMUS has been staring at the clouds; he snaps to attention)

MAXIMUS

Yes! Here! Present!

CHAD

Make sure Veronica has a fashion accident during the Olympics.

MAXIMUS

Yes sir!

(MAXIMUS frowns - he has no idea what this means)

MAXIMUS (CONT’D)

Does that mean I’m supposed to replace her scarf with a python, Sir?

CHAD

No! Although, you get points for creativity. Just saw through one of her heels. One stumble and those Kappawanna’s never get up again! Ha ha ha...!

(CHAD gives the sign for the others to laugh evilly, too)

CHAD & KIDS

Ha Ha Ha Ha --!!

(CHAD makes a “cut it” gesture; the others instantly stop. CHAD shakes his head.)

CHAD

So much to work on...

(lights down on Bankston)

(The sounds of Nighttime: CRICKETS, FROGS, OWLS... Jenny's bunk is rolled on again. Lights up. Now, THE GIRL in the bottom bunk, is fitted with a sleep apnea mask, which covers her face and is connected to a little machine that WHIRS, PINGS and BEEPS. JENNY lies wide awake.)

JENNY

Now I'm bunking with Iron Man.

JENNY sighs and gets up. SHE picks up LOU and heads out of the cabin. She passes by another cabin (Veronica's) and stops hearing a sound coming from it. It's the steady rasp of a saw, sawing through a heel. JENNY shrugs –

JENNY (CONT'D)

Well, at least I'm not the only one with a noisy roommate.

(And walks away with "LOU" towards the edge of the stage—the "lake"). She sits down and starts softly plucking at the strings. The sawing sound stops and MAXIMUS comes out of Veronica's cabin, panting, nervous. HE holds a saw and walkie-talkie.)

MAXIMUS

(into walkie-talkie)

Muskrat to Grizzly-Bear, come in!

(Static, then –)

CHAD

(over walkie-talkie)

Grizzly-Bear here. What's the status report, Muskrat?

MAXIMUS

(into walkie-talkie)

Mission complete, I repeat, mission complete.

CHAD

(over walkie-talkie)

Excellent! Report back to base camp immediately. Over.

(MAXIMUS puts the walkie-talkie away and sticks the saw in the elastic of the back of his pants. HE takes a breather. Then he hears JENNY start to play and sing. It's the first verse of "What Average Looks Like.")

(over the following, HE creeps closer and closer to her, drawn by the music)

JENNY

I KNOW THREE CHORDS
MAYBE FOUR...
ENOUGH TO WRITE A SONG
SOUNDS OKAY
I'D RATHER PLAY
WHEN EVERYONE IS GONE...

(JENNY feels someone behind her. SHE turns around, sees MAXIMUS.)

JENNY (CONT'D)

(Gasp!)

MAXIMUS

Sorry, sorry!

JENNY

What are you doing here??

MAXIMUS

Nothing, I was just --

JENNY

I'm getting Ms. Tibaldi.

MAXIMUS

No, please! I just - I lost my Frisbee again!

JENNY

You were playing at night?

MAXIMUS

Yeah! I mean, it's kinda the only time I can play with it without anybody else noticing.

(JENNY mulls this over)

JENNY

Oh. I get it.

MAXIMUS

You... you sing really beautifully.

JENNY

Shut up.

MAXIMUS

No, I mean it. I wish... I wish I could do something like that.

JENNY

What are you talking about? You're at Camp Bankston. You guys are, like, perfect at everything.

MAXIMUS

That's not true! I'm only perfect at, like, 92% of things. The other 8% I'm a total A-.

JENNY

Poor you.

MAXIMUS

I was kidding.

JENNY

Oh.

(she lets herself giggle a little)

MAXIMUS

I'm actually perfect at 100% of things...

(THEY both laugh a little more freely)

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

But what you can do - it has nothing to do with perfect...

JENNY

OK, I know, I was a little off key -

MAXIMUS

That's not what I meant. I mean, you're singing is so... you. And it's really beautiful.

*(A moment. JENNY has never heard these words before.
Suddenly, the walkie-talkie bursts in.)*

CHAD

(over walkie-talkie)

Muskrat! Where are you?? Come in, Muskrat!

MAXIMUS

(to JENNY)

Oh, I... I gotta go! I guess they - noticed I was missing! Good luck tomorrow, Jenny.

(into walkie-talkie)

On my way, Grizzly Bear!

(HE hurries off. As HE retreats, the audience (and JENNY) can see the saw sticking out of the back of his pants Lights up! Trumpets Fanfare! An offstage announcer's voice booms—)

ANNOUNCER 1

LAAAAADIES AAAAAAAND Gentlemen! It's that time of the year! That precious annual occurrence! That event that only happens every 365 days!

ANNOUNCER 2

The Inter-Camp Olympics!

(A large scroll which reads: INTER-CAMP OLYMPICS drops from the ceiling.)

ANNOUNCER 1

And on the right, we have the Elitist of the Elite! The best and the Brightest. I mean, these kids put the "A" in astounding!

ANNOUNCER 2

Camp Bankston!

(BANKS, MAXIMUS, JANE and TINA trot out in sleek silver costumes and gracefully bow to the audience.)

ANNOUNCER 1

And on the left we have...Wow, my heart just goes out to these kids because all signs point to them being completely obliterated today. Did I mention those Bankston kids speak fluent Mandarin and have washboard abs and...

ANNOUNCER 2

You know everyone can hear you...

ANNOUNCER 1

Oopsy, sometimes I forget. The inside-my-head voice, just popped out there. On the left we have, the scrappy but definitely brave contenders:

ANNOUNCER 2

Camp Kappawanna!

(NICK, VERONICA, JENNY and TIBALDI enter. They wear home-made tie-dyed T-shirts with "K's" scrawled in magic marker. They look at the audience as if they're facing a firing squad.)

ANNOUNCER 1

Three minutes til show time! And what a show it'll be! For some reason I keep thinking
Gladiators, lions, body parts strewn in the coliseum -

ANNOUNCER 2

Too much!

(TIBALDI offers her hand to BANKS)

TIBALDI

(shaking hands)

In the spirit of good sportsmanship, have a great game, Chad.

BANKS

Why thank you, Gina but I believe in one thing and one thing only: WINNING!

(BANKS doesn't take her hand)

TIBALDI

(flustered)

Well - I'm not against winning, per se but I think...team spirit, and cooperation and FUN are just as important.

(When BANKS hears the word "fun" he cringes. He turns on his heels to his team for a last minute "pep" talk.)

BE VICIOUS/HAVE FUN

BANKS

YOU WILL BE VICIOUS YOU WILL BE
BIONIC YOU WILL TAKE NO PRISONERS
AND HAVE NO SYMPATHY

MAXIMUS

WE WILL BE FEARLESS
WE WILL BE RELENTLESS
WE WILL USE OUR TRAINING
AND WE'LL STOMP THE ENEMY

(TIBALDI gathers her terrified campers around her)

TIBALDI

BE EXCELLENT
BE THE BIGGER MAN
ALL THAT MATTERS
IS YOU DO THE VERY BEST YOU CAN
YOU CAN PLAY THE GAME
AND HAVE A BALL
IF WE WORK TOGETHER THEN,
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE
'CAUSE THERE IS NO I IN TEAM
THERE'S NO I IN AWESOME
AND THERE'S NO I IN WIN

CAMPERS

YES THERE IS

TIBALDI

JUST GO GET EM!
YOU CAN SAY THAT YOU'VE WON
IF YOU JUST HAVE FUN!

BANKS

FUN?

BANKSTON KIDS –

5,6,7,8

BANKS

THIS IS NOT ABOUT FUN

BANKSTON KIDS

127, 128, 129

BANKS

THE WORTHWHILE NUMBER
IS THE NUMBER ONE!

TIBALDI

BE THE DUMBLEDORE
TO THE VALDAMORT
BE THE JEDI TO THE MEAN AND EVIL
SITH LORD (?)

CAUSE THERE'S NO I IN TEAM
THERE'S NO I IN AWESOME

TIBALDI (CONT'D)

THERE'S NO I IN WIN

CAMPERS

YES THERE IS

TIBALDI

JUST GO GET EM!

YOU GUYS ARE GONNA ROCK IT

BANKSTON

There is no fun.

TIBALDI

YOU GUYS HAVE GOT
THE SPIRIT THREE CHEERS
FOR KAPPAWANNA

BANKSTON

Be number one.

TIBALDI

COME ON, EVERYONE
LET'S HEAR IT?!

TIBALDI/JENNY/NICK/VERONICA/AUDIENCE

CAMP KAPPAWANNA
CAMP KAPPAWANNA
CAMP KAPPAWANNA

JENNY/NICK/VERONICA

WE CAN SAY THAT WE'VE WON,
'CAUSE WE'VE HAD FUN

TIBALDI

YOU CAN SAY THAT YOU'VE WON
JUST HAVE FUN

ALL (EXCEPT BANKS)

JUST HAVE FUN

(the sound of the opening ceremony bell)

ANNOUNCER 1

And that was the sound of the opening ceremony bell.

ANNOUNCER 2

How about stating the obvious, AGAIN!

ANNOUNCER 1

Caught me off guard there. You're usually so -

ANNOUNCER 2

Quiet, I know. Times are changing Event 1 Jousting!

(A bell dings! MAXIMUS and NICK face each other in jousting gear.)

MAXIMUS

I will not go easy on you.

(BANKS calls from the sidelines)

BANKS

Eat. Him. For Snack!

NICK

(terrified)

I'm ready...

MAXIMUS

Look, I'm the better athlete.

NICK

No doubt, Android Andy, but I can beat Mortal Kombat IV with my eyes closed only using two buttons.

MAXIMUS

(terrified)

Which two buttons?

(A bell dings!)

ANNOUNCER 2

Event 2! A Style OFF.

ANNOUNCER 1

Now this is a new event.

ANNOUNCER 2

Shush it.

(TINA and VERONICA stand in haute couture and haute model poses. They are so “fashioned out” they look like aliens.)

TINA

Veronica.

VERONICA

SNIYA

TINA

Is that some lame Kappawanaism?

VERONICA

Stands for: so not interested in you anymore.

TINA

I guess I was a little harsh about your Dad.

VERONICA

In the words of some really old, probably dead singer I heard on the only radio station we get at camp: “too much, too little, too late.”

TINA

Harsh - like satellite radio?

VERONICA

There’s like satellite nothing over there. But I’m actually really glad Bankston didn’t work out this summer.

TINA

(sincerely)

Because you don’t have the right clothes?

VERONICA

No because there are people at Kappawanna who like me for me, not because I wear the right labels or have perfect bangs.

TINA

I’m totes jealous of your bangs.

VERONICA

You should be. And FYI: I am going to trounce you because all REAL fashionistas know you can’t buy style, you’re born with it!

(VERONICA does a “snapping gesture”)

ANNOUNCER 1

And that was a snap!

ANNOUNCER 2

Ever obvious. Always.

(a double ding sound)

ANNOUNCER 1

And that means our first two competitions are about to begin!

ANNOUNCER 2

Are you ready?

MAXIMUS

Okay!

NICK

Okay!

VERONICA

I was born ready!

TINA

Probably wearing that same onesie!

VERONICA

(affonted)

This is jump suit!

(A longer, louder bell ring! On one side of the stage: MAXIMUS and NICK start jousting. On the other: TINA and VERONICA start walking the catwalk with huge amounts of attitude.)

ANNOUNCER 1

In the jousting arena, we've got Maximus Zeter and Nick Papdaop..ah that's a lot of syllables.

NICK

Papadopolous!

ANNOUNCER 2

That Maximus looks like a real Prince Arthur. The other one – I hope he has insurance.

ANNOUNCER 1

And in the Style Off- I am not really sure how our judges are going to score this one.

VERONICA

(to the announcers)

When you see certified, bonafide, electrified style, you know.

(TIBALDI calls out from the side lines)

TIBALDI

Work it, Veronica!

TINA

From the looks of it, she's "overworked" that outfit.

ANNOUNCER 1

Snap.

ANNOUNCER 2

Yeah, just don't.

(a Short Rap/Slam between Veronica and Tina about who has real style)

(VERONICA has better moves and sassier come backs. They end the competition with a lightening-fast catwalk. Things are looking GREAT for VERONICA but then her high heel breaks and she topples down to the ground in a stylish heap. NICK and JENNY rush to help VERONICA up.)

ANNOUNCER 1

I'm gonna say that "totes" disqualifies her.

(a beat)

Too much?

ANNOUNCER 2

(a heavy sigh)

ANNOUNCER 1

And the judges have made it official: The Style Off goes to Bankston!

(BANKSTON cheers wildly! VERONICA holds a broken shoe in her hand and waves at the cheering campers.)

VERONICA

I call foul play! Somebody tampered with my shoe. I know it! They're unbreakable. They're French! Imported from France!

(JENNY ushers a distraught VERONICA to the side lines)

JENNY

I think someone did sabotage your shoe and I think I know who it is.

VERONICA

Who?

(JENNY points to MAXIMUS)

ANNOUNCER 1

And on the jousting front: Maximus makes another genius move.

(MAXIMUS gives NICK a good swipe)

ANNOUNCER 2

Papadopolous recovers.

(NICK recovers)

ANNOUNCER 1

It says here that Mr. Papa...Mr. Nick is a big deal in the gaming community.

ANNOUNCER 2

Look at that? He holds ten world records as the online user name: "Dragon Slayer"

(MAXIMUS is suddenly star struck)

MAXIMUS

-Wait a second- you're DragOnSlay3r?

NICK

In the flesh.

MAXIMUS

You're like my hero

(NICK takes another jab)

NICK

I'm a lot of people's hero.

(NICK takes a bunch of quick jabs)

MAXIMUS

No, please.

NICK

-YAAAA!

MAXIMUS

-uhhhh

NICK

-YAAAAAAA! OOOF!

(NICK knocks MAXIMUS down. NICK struts prances around)

ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED?!

ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED?!

(The KAPPAWANNAITES try to lift Nick up in victory - but he's too heavy for them)

ANNOUNCER 1

Annnd Kappawanna takes the jousting match. We are officially tied, folks.

(TIBALDI and VERONICA help JENNY into her potato sack. They look over at JANE getting into hers. Jane's sack is sleek and silky and never held a potato.)

JENNY

She has some special aero dynamic sack! Is she from outer space?

VERONICA

She might be.

TIBALDI

Don't worry. Just have fun.

JENNY

I've never had fun playing any kind of competitive sport. Ever

TIBALDI

Maybe this'll be the day that all changes?

(Banks pats Jane on her back as she gets into her sack)

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