

**CAMP ALPINE**  
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*The scene opens with a class sitting on the bus, getting ready to go. Their teacher, MRS. BANKS, addresses the class before their field trip.*

MRS. BANKS: Okay! Settle down, class. I know you are all very excited for the annual 6<sup>th</sup> grade field trip to Camp Alpine. We will be staying from today to Friday, and I want you all to be on your best behavior. *(Murmurs)* That means NO. PRANKS. Jacob. *(She looks at JACOB.)*

JACOB: You know that's impossible.

DYLAN: It's possible, bro, you just can't go a day without covering somebody in wet dog park grass.

JACOB: Not true. I can't go an hour. An entire day would be pure torture.

JACOB: So you know how we aren't allowed to bring food, electronics, candy, stuff like that?

DYLAN: Yeah...

JACOB: Well, take a guess what my bag is stuffed with!

DYLAN: *(Dryly)* Hmm. Let me see. Food, electronics, candy, stuff like that?

JACOB: Yep, all that, a football, and some pranking supplies.

DYLAN: How'd I know.

JACOB: Because you're a smartie. You get straight A's and I don't even know the second number in the alphabet.

DYLAN: They're called letters, bro.

JACOB: Potato, tomato.

DYLAN: Riiiiight.

*Scene shifts focus to REAGAN and AVA.*

AVA: You excited for camp?!?!?!?

REAGAN: Not really. I need my blow dryer and my shower, I hate the outdoors OMG!

AVA: Come on, Reagan. It'll be fun!

REAGAN: Whatever, Ava. Luckily Mom and I brought enough stuff to make it feel like home!

AVA: I hate to even ask.

*Scene shifts as they arrive at camp. The bus comes to a screeching halt. MRS. BARRINGTON, REAGAN'S mother, comes off first.*

MRS. B: Amy, Jackson, and Dirk—grab my bags!

AVA: Our names are Ava, Jacob, and Dylan—not Amy, Jackson, and Dirk.

MRS. B: Like I care.

JACOB: Hey Dylan, let's get out of here. I don't want to carry all that stuff Mrs. B brought.

DYLAN: You got it, dude.

*The boys exit, avoiding carrying MRS. B'S stuff.*

AVA: *(To REAGAN)* I think your Mom belongs at a nail salon, not in the forest with us.

REAGAN: That's ok, she brought all her nails stuff with her anyway. It's mani-pedi night in the cabin!

AVA: *(Carrying a bag)* What is even in here?!

MRS. B: Just the necessities, really. Clothes, a blow-up king-sized bed, a nightlight, my studded teddy bear, makeup...

AVA: Oh my.

REAGAN: Don't worry, Ava, it'll be fun!

MRS. B: WATCH THAT BAG! It's got all of my stuff in there for the camping trip.

*As AVA glares at MRS. B, ARNOLD the camp director enters. He's a bit nerdy, maybe an overgrown boy scout, with a pocket protector and taped glasses.*

ARNOLD: Welcome to Camp Alpine, folks! My name is Arnold and I'm the camp director here.

MRS. B: *(Aside)* Oh great, a geek gets to tell me what to do.

ARNOLD: Your cabin groups will be who you are sleeping and hiking with. Mrs. Barrington, you will be with your daughter, Reagan, and Ava.

AVA: Great. Excellent. Grand.

REAGAN: Yay!

ARNOLD: Dylan and Jacob, you will be in another group wi—where'd they go?

AVA: Good question.

ARNOLD: We need to find them! I guess this will be our first hike then.

MRS. B: WHAT?! I don't want to trudge through all this dirt! There's mud on the ground!!! Ew ew ew!

AVA: It's just mud.

MRS. B: Yeah, mud that will dirty my heels!

ARNOLD: Doesn't matter, Mrs. Barrington. We've got missing campers, and this is a perfect opportunity to see some of the forest while we look for those troublemakers.

MRS. B: Ugh, alright. Let me at least fix my makeup before we g—

ARNOLD: No time! Let's get a move on!

MRS. B: But my makeup! And my heels!

REAGAN and AVA: Let's go!

*They all exit to go on the hike. Reentering from the other side of the stage:*

MRS. B: How long is this hike??

ARNOLD: Only 2.5 miles

MRS. B: Ugh, my poor h—

AVA: WE KNOW, YOUR POOR HEELS.

ARNOLD: Don't worry, almost there.

*They approach DYLAN, alone at the rafting site!*

REAGAN: Dylan! Where's Jacob?

ARNOLD: You two should not have run off without checking with me first!

DYLAN: Don't worry, dude. Jacob just took a raft out and he went down the river.

ARNOLD: Well then, looks like we're going rafting. Everybody get into this canoe. Mrs. B, can you get upfront?

MRS. B: But I don't want to get dirty!

ARNOLD: Too bad. Everyone hop on and grab a paddle. Everyone needs to work as a team and communicate. Make sure not to run into the buoys and you'll do great.

REAGAN: Ava and I call front row seat!

MRS. B: No, ladies. I'll be sitting in the front row so I can lay down and sleep

ARNOLD: Alright, off you go!

*They begin to row away, ARNOLD exits with DYLAN.*

AVA: I'm surprised Jacob hasn't pranked anyone yet. If he was acting normal, he would've been sent home by now.

REAGAN: I'm sure he's got something up his sleeve.

MRS. B: Will you girls stop chit-chatting and row!

AVA: Ugh, ok.

MRS. B: Reagan, honey, will you hold my high heels, I need Ava to massage my feet.

AVA: Ewwwww.

MRS. B: C'mon, there's never a bad time for a massage. Get up here!

AVA: Well, here goes noth—

*AVA stands up to go to MRS. B, she rocks the boat.*

MRS. B: Woaaaah, what's going on—

AVA: I'm coming up there to massage your feet.

MRS. B: Hurry up!

*AVA continues to move up the boat, rocking it. Finally, MRS. B loses her balance up front and falls into the river.*

MRS. B: Woaaaaahhh, woaaah—I AHHHHHHH!! *(She falls in.)*

REAGAN: MOM!

AVA: *(Laughing)* Don't worry, Mrs. B, your shoes are safe.

MRS. B: They better be!

AVA: Hey look! There's Jacob right up there! JACOB!!!

MRS. B: *(Treading water)* Ooooooh, he's gonna be in so much trouble. Go get him!

*Scene shifts to boys' cabin. JACOB and DYLAN together.*

DYLAN: So dude, how was your little adventure?

JACOB: It was pretty awesome, not gonna lie.

DYLAN: Nice. Did the camp director say anything to you about it?

JACOB: Yeah, he said I'm not allowed to go on any activities today. Something about responsibility this, responsibility that, blah blah blah.

DYLAN: Gotcha.

JACOB: *(Beat.)* Hey. Ya know that freaky princess model lady?

DYLAN: You mean Mrs. Barrington, Reagan's mom?

JACOB: Yeah, that troll. Ava told me she's afraid of dirt, animals, and mud. Pretty much THE OUTDOORS.

DYLAN: What's so scary about a mixture of minerals, organic matter, gases, liquids, and countless organisms that support life on Earth?

JACOB: English, please.

DYLAN: What's so scary about dirt?

JACOB: No idea, but I think we should find out how much she hates dirt.

DYLAN: How?

JACOB: Obviously, bro! We're gonna prank her!

DYLAN: Right. You mean YOU'RE gonna prank her.

JACOB: Exactly. Just wait and see.

*Scene shifts back to girls' cabin, JACOB sneaks in as MRS. B, REAGAN, and AVA are asleep. He puts a pile of dirt in MRS. B's bed very carefully, then tiptoes out. After JACOB exits, the girls begin to wake up for the next day's worth of activities. MRS. B screams in agony.*

MRS. B: AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

AVA: *(Jolting awake)* What is it?! A bear? A mountain lion? You lost your makeup again?

MRS. B: Ewwwww ew ew ew, my sleeping bag is full of slimy SLUGS and dirt!

AVA: *(Holding back laughter)* Well get out...

MRS. B: Ooooooh, those boys. I need to go tell Arnold! *(She runs off, reenters to go talk to ARNOLD.)*

MRS. B: Arnold! I woke up this morning and found tons of dirt and slimy SLUGS in my bed!

ARNOLD: Well then...

MRS. B: What're you gonna do about this?! He ruined my fancy designer sheets!

ARNOLD: I think I have a solution.

MRS. B: Great because he really should be pun—

ARNOLD: You will BOTH be on dish duty until the very last lunch of camp! Together!

MRS. B: What?! B-b-b—

ARNOLD: No buts! You two need to learn to get along.

*MRS. B sulks off. Scene shifts to the kitchen, later that day. JACOB and MRS. B washing dishes. There is a mysterious box above them, labeled "SLUG MEAT."*

JACOB: Soooooo, Mrs. B...

MRS. B: Yes, Jacob.

JACOB: What do you think's in that box up there?

MRS. B: Uhhh, I don't really want to know.

JACOB: You're really afraid to get dirty, aren't you?

MRS. B: Well, yeah—dirt ruins all of my cool stuff.

JACOB: You know, this whole dishwashing thing would go a lot faster if you just get your hands nice and dirty.

MRS. B: But, what about all of my fancy stuff?

JACOB: Don't worry about all that, you can probably just buy more, right?

MRS. B: Well that's true...

JACOB: *(Demonstrating for her)* Just get your hands on in there, it won't hurt you.

MRS. B: Like...like this? *(She tries.)*

JACOB: Get even more in there!

MRS. B: Oh ewwwwwwwwww. *(She plunges her hands into the SLUG MEAT.)*

JACOB: There you go! Conquer your fear, Mrs. B!

MRS. B: You know, this isn't half bad.

*REAGAN and AVA enter, with DYLAN.*

REAGAN: Hey, Mom. We're gonna go hiking today.

AVA: Having fun, Mrs. B?

MRS. B: Jacob was just teaching me about washing dishes!

DYLAN: *(To JACOB:)* Dude. Nice. *(The boys high five.)*

REAGAN: I wish this wasn't the last day of camp!

AVA: Me neither. I could watch those two work all day.

DYLAN: Hey guys, let's get going. Don't want to be late for Arnold's hike.

MRS. B: Bye guys! Have fun!

AVA: Reagan...did your mom just tell us to have fun?

REAGAN: Uhhhh—yeah.

AVA: That's odd. Uhh thanks, Mrs. B?

*DYLAN, AVA, and REAGAN exit. DYLAN comes running back in as JACOB and MRS. B continue working.*

DYLAN: Before I forget, Arnold said you two should make dinner tonight. *(He winks at JACOB.)*

JACOB: *(Smirking.)* Thanks, dude

*DYLAN exits.*

MRS. B: *(Beat.)* Jacob. Are you thi—

JACOB: Way ahead of you, Mrs. B!

*JACOB grabs a container labeled "FINAL LUNCH." MRS. B opens up the SLUG MEAT container and pours the contents into the "FINAL LUNCH" container, as the two of them are giggling and plotting together.*

JACOB: This oughta make everyone "sluggish" on the ride back home later...

MRS. B: Jacob, I think you may be on to something here.

*They laugh together, embracing their new friendship and MRS. B conquering her fears.*

**END OF PLAY**