



**Sample Pages from  
Finishing Sentences**

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# FINISHING SENTENCES

A DRAMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Scott Giessler*



*Finishing Sentences*

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## **Cast of Characters**

(6W 4M + 8-30 Either)

### **Women**

Kendra  
Isabelle  
Innocence  
Self-Consciousness  
Denial  
Rage

### **Men**

Nat  
Lucien  
Curmudgeon  
Love

### **Either (Flexible Casting)**

Judge  
Red Warrior  
Frawley The Wise (Blue Warrior)  
Ref  
Kid  
Police Officer  
Kitchen Worker  
Blue Team Members  
Red Team Members  
Campers (guys and girls)  
Counselors

Production Notes may be found at the  
end of the script.

## Original Cast

*Finishing Sentences* was first performed by Kingswood Regional High School with the following cast:

**Isabelle:** Becky Holland

**Kendra:** Ann Borges

**Unca Natty:** Nick McMullen

**Judge:** Michael Bloomer

**Curmudgeon:** Ben Craycraft

**Doo-Wop Group:** Rai Bittues, Victoria Baxter, Julia Coughlin, Julie Custeau, Yazmine Custeau, Autumn Daggett, Amanda Davis, Cali Jacobs, Connor Nelson

**Lucien:** Matt Horton

**Love:** Michael Crew

**Innocence:** Isabelle Berry

**Conscience:** Patty Boutin

**Denial:** Angelina Balliro

**Rage:** Lily Miller

**Color Wars MC:** Ryan Pacheco

**Red Team Leader:** Rob Belliveau

**Blue Team Leader:** Carly Sedler

**Ref:** Chris Craycraft

**The Bill Larry Players:** Gwyn Anderson, Pamela Bonilla, Julian Cates, Paulo Hidalgo, Daniel Humer, Madison MacDonald, Mikayla Matos, Joie Milbourn, Kyleigh Moore, Sarah O'Keefe, Nicole Westfall, Kyle Willard, Gavin Williams

### **Production Staff**

**Sound/Video Technician:** Darien Bennett Kennedy

**Lighting Technician:** Justin Heiser

**Follow Spot:** Alex Topliffe, Isaiah Sekenski

**Technical Director:** Chris Colpoys

**Technical Design:** Darien Bennett Kennedy, Justin Heiser, Alex Topliffe

**Costume Design & Construction:** Garrison Barron, Yazmine Custeau, Aria Miller

**Costume Mentor:** Becky Miller

**Set Design:** Savannah Billings, Clay Drakely, Lexie Kust, Melly Moore, Savanah Waddington, Aaron Willette

**Set Construction:** Savannah Billings, Allan Bonilla, Clay Drakely, Lexie Kust, Hanson Matheson, Kyleigh Moore, Melly Moore, Kara Phu, Savanah Waddington, Aaron Willette, Isabelle Holden, John Langer, Sage Lincoln, Hanson Matheson

**Publicity:** Autumn Daggett

**Stage Manager:** Melly Moore

**Assistant Directors:** Adria Miller, Kim Kalled

**Set Mentor/Batman:** Norman Adjutant

**Directors:** Cali Jacobs, Scott Giessler

## Scene 1: Empty Stage / Judge's Quarters

*Empty stage. Lights up on KENDRA. She has a remote control. She presses a button. We hear an electronic chirp and suddenly we see ISABELLE on another part of the stage. The moment the lights come up, a small army of CAMPERS and COUNSELORS rush onstage cheering like crazy, lifting ISABELLE up on their shoulders. ISABELLE is understandably giddy with excitement. The CROWD chants.*

CROWD: IS-A-BELLE! IS-A-BELLE! IS-A-BELLE!

*After the third chant, KENDRA freezes the scene with her remote, with another chirp. The CROWD slowly fades into darkness.*

KENDRA: THAT is the big moment that Isabelle is waiting for, and THAT is the one thing that I can't give her. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

*She clicks the remote. And on a video projection screen we see photos of KENDRA being arrested and getting her mugshot. OPTION: Show video security footage of KENDRA smashing a car with a crowbar or a hammer.*

KENDRA: Really, the problem was, I got stupid. It was a place that I didn't know where the cameras were.

*Lights up on NAT, a man in his fifties, who is fly-fishing on another part of the stage.*

NAT: That wasn't your problem, Kendra.

KENDRA: So I got caught. No biggie. She had it coming.

NAT: Don't they all.

KENDRA: Don't! You have no idea.

NAT: Right. So mangling her car is what you do.

*A JUDGE's quarters appears onstage.*

JUDGE: \$1,895.68 in damages to be precise. That's not taking into account the 272 harassing text messages you sent her. And, to be honest, I'm not seeing a lot of remorse here.

KENDRA: I tried to pull that off, but he didn't buy it.

*KENDRA sits down in front of the JUDGE's desk.*

KENDRA: The trick is, when you cry, you have to think of something you find sad.

*She focuses for a moment and then cries, convincingly.*

KENDRA: I... I don't know why I did it... it was a dare... it was a stupid dare... I knew it was wrong... I just wanted them to like me...

JUDGE: *(reading)* "Kelly, just save us the trouble and kill yourself."  
"Kelly, you're an ugly bitch that no guy is ever going to want to touch." "Kelly..."

KENDRA: She said worse.

JUDGE: No she hasn't. Except for "please stop texting me." And since you claim to have thrown your phone in the river...

*KENDRA breaks out of it.*

KENDRA: ... and... scene.

JUDGE: You think this is funny?

KENDRA: I certainly don't think it's tragic. She's fat, and no guy is going to want to touch her with a ten-foot pole.

*NAT rolls his eyes. He puts down his fly rod and walks over.*

NAT: Your honor, may I jump in before she completely hangs herself?

KENDRA: Unca Natty to the rescue!

JUDGE: You're too late.

NAT: She's going to have to perform community service, yes?

JUDGE: Correct.

NAT: And she'll have to pay for damages?

JUDGE: Correct.

NAT: Jail time?

*JUDGE looks at her.*

JUDGE: I'm inclined to do the maximum, yes.

NAT: Right. I'd like to propose an alternative.

JUDGE: Which is?

NAT: I'd like to have her serve her community service working at my summer camp.

JUDGE: What?

KENDRA: Yeah! WHAT?

NAT: It's an overnight camp where I could keep a close eye on her.

JUDGE: You want to take a juvenile delinquent who's charged with harassment and vandalism, has a restraining order on her for bullying, and... you want her to take care of children?

NAT: She... look at her file. She wasn't always like this... Her dad left her when she was eight...

JUDGE: That does nothing for me...

NAT: Your honor, please. Have you ever been to a summer camp?

JUDGE: No.

NAT: Camp is a place that, in four weeks, we live lifetimes. It's farce, it's tragedy, comedy, and most of all catharsis all rolled into one. It's a place where things like character, ethics, and moral code are still more important than things like winning. I believe we can help.

*The JUDGE stares at NAT.*

JUDGE: Yeah, no.

KENDRA: Do I get a say in this?

*NAT puts his hand over her mouth, and speaks with powerful intensity.*

NAT: No. You don't. For the sake of your mother, you're about to try something new and exercise restraint by shutting that misguided mouth for yours for the next five minutes.

*He eases his hand away. He then turns back to the JUDGE.*

JUDGE: If I allowed this, she'd have to wear a tether. You'd better like pants in the summer.

NAT: Okay.



JUDGE: The moment she violated parole stipulations or her restraining order, she'd go to jail. And liability wise, this is on you. You'd be sticking your neck out pretty far.

NAT: Yes.

*The JUDGE looks at KENDRA for a while.*

JUDGE: Okay.

*They get up. The JUDGE leaves. They stand there alone.*

KENDRA: I think you may have a god complex. It is just a summer camp.

NAT: It is exactly that. Or it's a juvenile detention facility until you're eighteen. And then, maybe you just go to big people's jail. You want to go back in there?

*He steps out of her way to give her room. She attempts to go back to the JUDGE and NAT grabs her.*

NAT: (*rapidly*) That was rhetorical.

## Scene 2: William Lawrence Campus

*KENDRA hits the remote control. On stage we hear reveille, and suddenly the stage transforms into a camp. A POLICE OFFICER steps forward and puts the tether on her ankle, which is then hidden by her pants. A sign reads "William Lawrence Camp."*

KENDRA: To be fair, he's partially right. Camp is part Narnia, part *Lord of the Flies*, part *Heart of Darkness*. Opening day? When the returning girls see each other for the first time? It looks like this.

*KENDRA hits the remote. GIRL CAMPERS run on stage screaming, completely incomprehensible to one another.*

KENDRA: And when the guys see each other for the first time, it looks like this...

*KENDRA hits the remote. A group of GUY CAMPERS run onstage, screaming and yelling like they just won the world cup.*

GUYS: I love you, man! Don't ever leave me again man...

GUY: *(as they walk off)* Let the BROMANCE BEGIN!

KENDRA: But then, when you get the two groups together. It looks like this...

*KENDRA hits the remote. On stage, the GUYS face off against the GIRLS. The GUYS are all puffing their chests and looking off at the horizon. The GIRLS are huddling up in clusters.*

GUY: Hey.

*Long, dead pause.*

GIRL: Hey.

KENDRA: Wait for it...

GUY: We're going to go play some volleyball.

*GUYS all take off their shirts and walk off.*

KENDRA: This is what it looks like when the mail arrives.

*She hits the remote. One COUNSELOR is walking across the stage, petrified. COUNSELOR 2 sees him.*

COUNSELOR 2: KEVIN'S GOT THE MAIL!!!

*A swarm of CAMPERS and COUNSELORS all tackle COUNSELOR 2. KENDRA hits the remote.*

KENDRA: This is what it looks like when the campers play Frisbee Golf, or as they know it, "Frolf."

*She remotes again. On stage, a metal pole appears with a golf flag on it. On another part of the stage, several CAMPERS appear carrying a special golf-looking bag that holds Frisbees. Everyone talks like they're right out of the Hamptons. CAMPER 2 throws a frisbee that lands close to the pole.*

CAMPER 1: Brilliant shot, Kitten.

CAMPER 2: Thanks puddin'. I find that these new WHAM-O Frisbees are much better than the old Mattels. Honestly, who makes a 155 gram driver?

*She laughs, as a CAMPER 3 throws a frisbee and misses horribly.*

CAMPER 1: Nice shot, Troy. I haven't seen you choke like that since the tetherball fiasco.

*CAMPER 1 and 2 laugh obnoxiously. CAMPER 3 throws his visor down in disgust.*

KENDRA: ...and the singing...

*A bunch of GIRL CAMPERS cross the stage. They sing a pretty call and response, with multiple harmonies.*

GIRL 1: The cutest guy.

GIRLS: The cutest guy.

GIRL 1: I ever saw.

GIRLS: I ever saw.

GIRL 1: Was sipping cider through a straw the cutest guy I ever saw, was sipping cider through a straw!

*Then a bunch of GUY CAMPERS cross the stage with their call and response. It has virtually no distinguishable notes.*

BOY 1: My girl's a vegetable!

BOYS: My girl's a vegetable!

BOY 1: She's in the hospital.

BOYS: She's in the hospital.

BOY 1: But I'd buy her anything...

BOYS: But I'd buy her anything...

BOY 1: ...to keep her alive.

BOYS: ...to keep her alive.

KENDRA: Oh, and I almost forgot about our resident curmudgeon. Apparently, every camp has one.

*She hits the remote, and the stage darkens. We see the CURMUDGEON sitting in front of a campfire. He addresses the audience. DOO-WOP GROUP sings background music.*

CURMUDGEON: How to carve a spork out of wood. Leonardo Da Vinci said something along the lines that the spork is in the wood, all you have to do is chip away the excess material.

KENDRA: That wasn't...

CURMUDGEON: First select a piece of wood, making sure it's a hardwood like oak or ash, which is traditionally grown in deep, moist, well-drained soils that get a lot of sun. Ash. (*DOO WOP group pauses*) YOU MAKE BASEBALL BATS OUT OF IT! (*DOO-WOP resumes*) You carve with the grain, making sure the blade of the knife moves down and away from the carver. Swiss steel makes for the best blades...

*KENDRA interrupts. The CURMUDGEON vanishes.*

KENDRA: I'm assuming you all have lives, so I'll cut this off here.

*Meanwhile, NAT has suddenly appeared like a ninja next to KENDRA.*

NAT: Kennie!

*She jumps. He laughs.*

KENDRA: You are the worst human being who ever lived.

*He hands her a clipboard.*

NAT: You ready to get to work? Most of your campers are here.

*He looks at the list.*

NAT: Oh. Right. I'm sending you Isabelle. ISABELLE!!

KENDRA: Who's that?

*He motions for her to come over. Lights up on another part of the stage. ISABELLE comes running over.*

ISABELLE: NAT!!

*She hugs NAT.*

ISABELLE: I love you!!

NAT: Thank you, Isabelle. This is Kendra, your new counselor.

*She gasps and then hugs KENDRA.*

ISABELLE: HELLO KENDRA!!! I love you too.

NAT: Isabelle, why don't you head on over to your cabin.

ISABELLE: Okay!

*She runs over to a darkened part of the stage.*

NAT: Yeah. She'll be a project for you.

KENDRA: What? Why?

*NAT points. Lights come up and ISABELLE is around other CAMPERS.*

ISABELLE: HI EVERYBODY!!!!

*The rest of the CAMPERS groan.*

ISABELLE: Hellohellohellohellohelloooooohellohello!!!

RAGE: Oh my god, shut UP!

NAT: That's Isabelle.

KENDRA: She's one of those who's the first one dropped off and last one picked up by her parents.

NAT: By her mother, yes. No Dad.

KENDRA: *(slowly)* And you've matched her up with me. A little on the nose, even for you.

NAT: Go get em!

### **Scene 3: Shaw Cabin**

*KENDRA crosses to a group of CAMPERS. She sits with LUCIEN, another counselor. NOTE: All kids are played by actors about the same age as KENDRA although they are dressed much younger. We'll call them DENIAL, CONSCIENCE, RAGE, LOVE, and INNOCENCE. ISABELLE sits among them.*

KENDRA: Hi everyone.

KIDS: HI! Hey there. Hi... (etc.)

KENDRA: Wow. Okay. So, I'm Kendra and this is... Luke.

LUCIEN: Lucien.

KENDRA: ...Lucien. And we'll be your counselors for the next month.

LUCIEN: Which is going to be the best month of your LIFE!!

KIDS: Yeah! Woo! Aww yeah!

LUCIEN: Can we do the thing where we go around the circle and introduce ourselves, and tell us a little bit about yourselves? Daniel?

LOVE: Hi, my name is Daniel and I'm from Needham, Mass. This is my fourth year and I love Riflery. Last blahblahblah, I was the first junior to ever blahblah.

KENDRA: Okay next.

DENIAL: Hi, I'm blah. I'm from Blahblahblah. This is my blaht year. And I blah blah blah blah. Blah.

*It takes KENDRA a moment to notice that DENIAL is done.*

KENDRA: Oh, okay. You.

CONSCIENCE: BLAH! Blah blah blah blah blah... blah blah blah...

KENDRA: Okay, who's next?

CONSCIENCE: But I wasn't finished.

KENDRA: Sorry. Go ahead.

CONSCIENCE: Blah.

*Long pause.*

CONSCIENCE: I'm done now.

KENDRA: Okay. Isabelle?

ISABELLE: Hi!

*The other CAMPERS groan.*

LUCIEN: Hey!

ISABELLE: This is my third year at Bill Larry, and I love it here. I love you guys! My dad's a stock car racer, and he's busy during the summer so he sends me here.

RAGE: *(under breath)* No he's not.

*KENDRA turns to LUCIEN.*

KENDRA: Really?

LUCIEN: *(aside)* No.

*KENDRA starts to zone. ISABELLE changes her voice from a kid's to that of a young adult, taking on a different persona.*

ISABELLE: I tell everyone I love them.

RAGE: Shut up!

ISABELLE: Am I just saying it because I'm over-compensating for the fact that no one likes me?

RAGE: No matter how much you said it to your dad, he didn't stick around. So why should it work on anyone else?

ISABELLE: But, one thing's for sure...

*KENDRA suddenly jolts after hearing all this. Lights return to normal.*

ISABELLE: ...I loooooove canoeing! And I love you guys!

LUCIEN: Okay... so...

*She looks at her clipboard.*

KENDRA: You know what? We can do more introductions later. Let's move on... I guess what you guys have to do next is... come up with some rules? (to LUCIEN) Really? THEY do it?

LUCIEN: So who wants to go first?

LOVE: Um, what about no stealing?

*LUCIEN writes it down.*

DENIAL: Also leave my stuff alone.

RAGE: That's sort of the same thing.

ISABELLE: (*adult voice*) What about "No Cyberbullying?"

LUCIEN: Sounds good.

KENDRA: Wait, WHAT?

ISABELLE: I said no teasing.

LUCIEN: Let's try to state them in the positive. Like, instead of "no stealing", it would be "respect other people's property."

CONSCIENCE: (*adult voice*) ...or instead of "Don't physically abuse your boyfriend" it would be "be nice to one another."

LUCIEN: Right.

KENDRA: Huh???

CONSCIENCE: Don't pick on your cabinmates?

*Dead pause.*

LUCIEN: Is that all right?

KENDRA: Yeah. I'm just having a psychotic episode. That's all.

INNOCENCE: My mom had one of those.

KENDRA: I need some air.

*KENDRA steps away from the group.*

ISABELLE: Me TOO!

KENDRA: Goody.

*She runs after KENDRA. The two stand away from the rest of the group, who fade into darkness. KENDRA pauses the action.*

KENDRA: So she's with me. I figure I needed to do what I do best. Get inside her head. Actually, they told us to do that in staff training.

*Lights up on NAT who's talking to a group of staff, obnoxiously.*

NAT: Blah, blah, blah, BLLAAAAAAHHHHH!! (to KENDRA)  
Seriously?

KENDRA: I'm sorry! I'm not a good listener! WAIT! I remember something!

NAT: Every kid has motivation. If they're annoying, it's for a reason. You know why they're being annoying, then you'll be able to...

KENDRA: Yeah, that's when I fell asleep.

NAT: Are you kidding me?

KENDRA: So, I need to figure out what Isabelle wants. Really.

*She unpauses the scene. NAT and staff go away.*

KENDRA: Okay. What do you want? Really.

ISABELLE: Whaddaya mean?



KENDRA: In my experience, people don't go around all rosy and telling everyone that they love them unless they want something.

ISABELLE: I'm just like this. I'm a Broadway singer in the off-season, so being happy is...

KENDRA: No you're not.

ISABELLE: I am!

KENDRA: No you're not.

ISABELLE: Okay. We can agree to disagree.

KENDRA: Fine. Whatever. C'mon. What do you want? What do you want from your summer? Really.

ISABELLE: I...

KENDRA: Be a little selfish. Be like me. Be a lot selfish. What do you want?

ISABELLE: I... want to have my big moment!

KENDRA: There you go! Um, what's that?

ISABELLE: I wanna do something big. I want to win the big game! I want to win a trophy! I want everyone to be chanting my name and be the hero.

KENDRA: Okay. That's... um. *(to AUDIENCE)* Never going to happen. *(to ISABELLE)* That's a really neat goal, and I'm going to do everything I can to help you.

ISABELLE: Hey, what's on your ankle?

KENDRA: Let's go back inside.

#### **Scene 4: Curmudgeon Perch**

*Slow fade to the CURMUDGEON, sitting by his fire.  
DOO-WOP GROUP sings behind him.*

CURMUDGEON: How to cook the perfect s'more. It starts with a stick. Not too long, not too thin, but it needs to bear the weight, so choose wisely. Choose a marshmallow. Ask yourself a few question: Is it puffy? In general, does it have a pleasant demeanor? Once you have married marshmallow to stick, approach the fire, but not too close. Burned marshmallows are for AMATEURS and QUITTERS. Take your time, roll it carefully until all sides are a golden color, and the marshmallow is about ready to drip off

the stick. Lay it down gently upon its final resting place, graham cracker and chocolate. Then, get good and comfy. Listen to the fire crackle and look at the stars above... and keep a napkin handy.

### Scene 5: William Lawrence Campus

*We hear a BUGLE. Lights up. We see NAT fly-tying, and KENDRA sitting nearby.*

KENDRA: How do you expect me to do anything for a girl who I can't stand to be around, and won't STOP HUGGING ME? You know that I don't. Like. People.

NAT: Oh, hush! It's part of your charm.

KENDRA: Maybe I just need to go to jail. Get some time to think. Three squares a day and no decisions to make. How bad could it be?

NAT: Right. That's probably why most inmates seem really happy.

KENDRA: Well, at least I've managed to taper off the hugs. I've whiddled her down to high-fives, but I'm not sure that's much better.

*Lights up on ISABELLE. She walks past many CAMPERs and STAFF. She attempts to high-five everyone but they all leave her hanging.*

ISABELLE: Hi five! Don't leave me hanging! Catch you next time! Pour some sugar on me! Give it to me! Push palms! Reach up and touch the sun! Make the day about brotherhood!

KENDRA: O my god. I — I just want to punch her.

NAT: Someone did, last summer.

KENDRA: What? Why?

NAT: She kept asking for high-fives. Hence, the hugs.

KENDRA: IZZY!!!

*She stops.*

KENDRA: Just... stop. And go to swimming.

ISABELLE: Kay. LOVE you!

*She walks off.*

NAT: Well, keep at it. I'm sure you'll figure it out.

KENDRA: You know, all I need to do is get myself fired. I believe there's no smoking on camp property.

*She takes out a cigarette, lights up, and takes a long draw.*

NAT: Only, you don't smoke.

*KENDRA immediately coughs up her lungs, and then throws the cigarette away, pissed at herself.*

KENDRA: Holy crap, it's like sucking on a tailpipe.

NAT: You know what that's like, do you?

*She continues to cough.*

NAT: I'm not firing you, so...

KENDRA: ...so...

NAT: ...so what?

KENDRA: I don't know. You're the one who started the sentence...

NAT: Did I?

KENDRA: YES!

NAT: I guess I should finish what I started then?

KENDRA: (*sarcastically*) Ohhh, I see what you did there.

NAT: Yeah?

KENDRA: You turned it around and made it a little life lesson, there, didn't you?

NAT: Yeah.

KENDRA: You!

NAT: Me!

*NAT continues fly tying.*

NAT: Good talk.

KENDRA: Yeah.

*She starts to leave.*

NAT: Where you going?

KENDRA: I'm going to get Izzy signed up for color wars. She said she wants to win something big this summer, like a trophy or some crap like that.

NAT: Okay. Just a warning, color wars are... eh... You know what? I'm just going to let you go and ah...

*KENDRA stares, expectantly. NAT sighs.*

NAT: ... I don't think I'm finishing that sentence either.

## Scene 6: Color Wars Citadel

*We hear an activity bugle. We see the Color Wars Citadel: Think an absurd combination of summer camp and Game of Thrones. The color theme should be Blue and Red. A large fire sits in its center. On one side we see a banner featuring an emblem of the red team, and on the other a banner for the blue team. Each side has team members wearing red or blue cloaks. A COUNSELOR, wearing a neutral cloak stands, center. We hear a gong. ISABELLE and KENDRA enter.*

COUNSELOR: In a time, long ago, before camp, or time began, there was a schism in the world, giving birth to two great leaders. A Red Warrior, and a Blue Warrior. Since then, they have each roamed the earth searching for just the right team to lead. *(yelling)* And I THINK I HEAR THEM COMING NOW!

*We hear a gong. The RED WARRIOR appears.*

RED WARRIOR: Red Team!!

RED TEAM: RED WARRIORS! RED WARRIORS! Paint the world red with blood!

COUNSELOR: ...and a blue team...

*We hear another gong. FRAWLEY, the Blue Warrior appears.*

FRAWLEY: Blue Team!!

BLUE TEAM: BLUE WARRIORS! BLUE WARRIORS!

*They all give a different saying, creating a muddled response. FRAWLEY throws down his staff.*

FRAWLEY: We practiced this!!!

COUNSELOR: Now... the Red, and the Blue teams will lock together in a mortal struggle. This summer, as is with every summer, we will settle once and for all which team is greatest.

KENDRA: That doesn't make sense...

*RED and BLUE TEAMS cheer loudly. The RED TEAM exits the stage. ISABELLE and KENDRA remain and are given cloaks. FRAWLEY stands in front of the group.*

BLUE 1: Quiet! Frawley the Wise wishes to speak!

FRAWLEY: People of Blue Team! It is I, Frawley the Wise! We sitteth upon the eve of glorious battle! For now is the time for us to riseth up, and taketh what is rightfully ours, the throne of championship-ness.

BLUE 2: But sire! The Red Team is great both in number and size! They have dominated these lands for the better part of this summer's recorded history!

BLUE 3: And our ranks have been depleted both by homesickness and injury!

FRAWLEY: Courage, my stalwart companions! As to our ranks now, we enfold two newcomers from the mighty realm of Shaw Cabin. Kendra the Cantankerous, and Isabelle the Diminutive.

KENDRA: Hey!

*There is muffled conversation. Mixed in is...*

MUFFLED: Their titles are not promising. Who are they?

BLUE 4: I say they must prove themselves!

*GROUP cheers.*

BLUE 5: Yes! Prove themselves in battle!!

*GROUP cheers.*

BLUE 6: I miss my mother!

*GROUP cheers.*

FRAWLEY: Isabelle the Diminutive! You have been challenged to demonstrate your strength and might. Chooseth your TRIAL!

BLUE TEAM: Choose your trial! Choose your trial!

*BLUE 7, 8, and 9 whisper and slither like the witches from Shakespeare.*

BLUE 7: What about the Swedish Burnball game?

BLUE 8: Yes the Burnball game!

BLUE 9: Burnball game!

*GROUP gasps.*

FRAWLEY: Such sport is only meant for the mightiest of warriors!

ISABELLE: Um... I'm the Swedish Burnball champion at my school!

*The GROUP erupts! KENDRA looks at the audience and shakes her head. No she's not.*

FRAWLEY: Very well, then. Tomorrow, we will engage in conflict with the Red Team. At dawn's first light, we will assemble at the edge of the Forest of Karfoon, next to the baseball diamond, and our two new tribesmen will demonstrate their prowess in a fight to the death... in Swedish Burnball!

*The GROUP cheers.*

ISABELLE: What are the rules, again?

*KENDRA facepalms. We quickly transition to the baseball diamond. BLUE and RED TEAMS, KENDRA, ISABELLE, stand around a REF.*

## **Scene 7: Burnball Diamond**

KENDRA: Every camp has Swedish Burnball. But no two camps have the SAME Swedish Burnball.

REF: Okay, before we begin, let's go over the rules. The game works just like baseball, but with just a few changes. First, the batter stands halfway between home and third base. Second, we use a tennis ball instead of a baseball. Third, the batter may either hit the ball with an oar, a tire iron or this clipboard that has last week's inspection scores on it. You can kick the ball, but you have to be wearing wading boots. Fourth, you run around the bases backwards.

KENDRA: Let's fast forward, shall we.

*KENDRA pulls out the remote. We hear a tape fast forward sound effect. The lights strobe, and we're back to the REF.*

REF: Fifteenth, since it's Sunday, you can only catch the ball while balancing on your left foot. Sixteenth...

KENDRA: Sorry, a little further.

*Same fast forward effect again.*

REF: And finally, number thirty-three, sub section A, paragraph 3, line 19, all points scored during the Googleplex Phase will be tallied and be divided into the number of minutes in the Googleplex Phase and be scored accordingly. Team captains step up.

*FRAWLEY and the RED WARRIOR approach. They quickly rock-paper-scissors, and RED wins.*

REF: Red wins. Batting or fielding?

RED WARRIOR: Our mighty clan will do as they always, and dominate the field to crush your puny batting skills.

FRAWLEY: Today, your minions will fall to the might of our thunder!

*The REF puts the whistle in his mouth, and says, rapidly...*

REF: You guys'll never have girlfriends!

*REF blows the whistle.*

REF: BURNBALL!

*NAT and KENDRA watch from the side. ISABELLE bats first.*

NAT: So, Burnball today?

KENDRA: By the way, the fifty-two dollars that you were missing out of petty-cash? I stole it.

NAT: No you didn't. The fifty-two dollars was part of an accounting error by Stephanie. Nice try.

*Beat.*

KENDRA: So, yeah, Burnball today.

NAT: (*unoptimistic*) What's the endgame here?

KENDRA: You know, maybe I'm trying to accomplish something here.  
Unca Natty. You ever thought of that?

NAT: Kay.

*KENDRA eyes NAT briefly, then turns to the game.  
Fielders litter the audience in weird outfits and strange stances.*

KENDRA: Here we go now, Izzy. Lets go!

*The pitcher tosses the ball in an odd dance, and ISABELLE hits it with an oar. It rolls offstage. She drops the oar and starts to run but becomes confused.*

ISABELLE: Which way do I go?

KENDRA: Third base...

CAMPER: GO TO THIRD BASE!!!

ISABELLE: Which is third base??

KENDRA: That...

CAMPERS: (*shouting*) ARE YOU SERIOUS? C'MON, (*etc.*)!

FRAWLEY: DOES SHE NOT UNDERSTAND THE RULES?? Woe, woe is us! Isabelle the Diminutive has become lost in the fog of war! What must we...

*The ball gets thrown to two people onstage, who put their feet up on a bucket, do an elaborate ritual and then yell...*

CAMPERS: BURN!

REFEREE: YERRRRR OUUUUUTTT!!!

*BLUE TEAM groans. They jeer ISABELLE.  
KENDRA buries her face in her hands. Fade to the CURMUDGEON. DOO-WOP singers sing behind him.*

## Scene 8: Curmudgeon Perch

CURMUDGEON: How to catch a fish. It's not the lure. It's not the boat. It's not the rod. It's WHERE ya fish. You pick the wrong spot, (*DOO-WOP stop*) IT'S A WASTE OF TIME! You have to think like a fish. (*DOO-WOP start again.*) Where's the food? It's in the little pools in the corners of the lake. Where it's safe. Familiar.



*He stares off into the distance. Dead pause.*

What was I talkin' about? Oh, right. If you pick the right spot, and your cast is right, you can use a Wooly Buzzer, a Prince Nymph. It don't matter. If you want any creature to pay attention to you, you have to go where they eat!

## **Scene 9: Dining Hall**

*BUGLE: "Beans" followed by a dinner bell. We're in the dining hall. KENDRA and ISABELLE sit with the rest of SHAW CABIN. From another table, we hear...*

OTHER TABLE: There ain't no flies on us! There ain't no flies on us!  
There might be flies on Shaw! But there ain't no flies on us.

SHAW CABIN: There ain't no flies on us! There ain't no flies on us!  
There might be flies on Chocorua, but there ain't no flies on us.

*From offstage we hear...*

CHOCORUA CABIN: There ain't no flies on us! There ain't no flies on us...

ISABELLE: So MY father knows most of the Patriots. He works security for the team, so he hangs out with them a lot.

INNOCENCE: Really?

ISABELLE: Last summer we were invited to go on Tom Brady's boat.  
But my dad had to work, so we couldn't go.

DENIAL: That makes no sense.

ISABELLE: Yes it does!

DENIAL: If your dad works security for the Patriots, and he had to work, wouldn't Brady have to work?

*The OTHER TABLE stands up.*

OTHER TABLE: We're dynamite, we're dynamite, we're TNT, we're dynamite. We're tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, BOOM dynamite. BOOM, BOOM, dynamite.

LOVE: I thought your dad was a Sea Captain.

RAGE: Yeah, you were saying the other day that he was on that fishing show...

ISABELLE: He was when he was younger. Now he does this.

RAGE: AND he races street cars?

ISABELLE: It's not street cars, it's stock cars.

KENDRA: Isabelle...

OTHER TABLE: Hey SHAW CABIN!

SHAW CABIN: Hey what?

OTHER TABLE: Hey SHAW CABIN!

SHAW CABIN: Hey what?

OTHER TABLE: Show us how to get down!

SHAW CABIN: No way!

OTHER TABLE: Show us how to get down!

SHAW CABIN: Okay!

*SHAW CABIN stands up and begins dancing.*

SHAW CABIN: Jump, shake your booty! Jump! Jump! Shake your booty!

RAGE: You're lying again!

ISABELLE: No.

*A KITCHEN WORKER, carrying hotel pans, drops them all over the floor, creating a CRASH!*

EVERYONE: YAAAAAY!!!!

RAGE: You totally are!

KENDRA: Izzy, just stop, okay?

ISABELLE: Okay.

OTHER TABLE: Yes! Yes! Yes we do, we've got spirit, how about SHAW???

SHAW CABIN: Yes! Yes! Yes we do, we've got spirit, how about the AUDIENCE?

*All wait for a reaction. If silence, give them this reaction.*

SHAW CABIN: No camp spirit! (*Clap! Clap! Clap-clap-clap!*) No camp spirit! (*Clap! Clap! Clap-clap-clap!*)

*If a muddled response, everyone should hold up their thumb and forefinger in a pinching motion and say:*

SHAW CABIN: Weeeeeeeaaaaak!

*If a strong reaction, give “The Big Flamboie.” Take your arms and pump them over your head in an O formation, while yelling:*

SHAW CABIN: OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

*They sit back down.*

ISABELLE: So, yeah. He races stock cars on the weekend. But he may go pro in a couple of years.

*KENDRA gets up and takes ISABELLE’s hand.*

KENDRA: Izzy come with me for a sec. There’s something at the salad bar you should see.

*They separate from the rest of the group.*

KENDRA: Izzy, you have to stop lying.

ISABELLE: About what?

KENDRA: Your dad does not race stock cars or work security for Tom Bergeron.

ISABELLE: Brady.

KENDRA: Whatever.

ISABELLE: But he does. Just not often.

CROWD: Hey, Kendra!

KENDRA: Just... LISTEN to me. STOP trying to be the center of conversation all the time. You ever thought of just listening? Just try asking...

CROWD: Hey Kendra... !

KENDRA: ...Just try asking them questions about them.

CROWD: Hey Kendra!

KENDRA: Take it from the manipulator. People can feel loved if you just take an interest in them.

ISABELLE: I do listen...

KENDRA: No you don't.

CROWD: Hey, Kendra!

ISABELLE: Yes I do.

KENDRA: No you don't. You're not listening now.

ISABELLE: I am!

CROWD: Hey Kendra!

KENDRA: Oh my god SHUT UP!!!

*The room is quiet for a moment. Everyone looks at each other for a moment, and then...*

CROWD: NO CAMP SPIRIT! (*Clap! Clap! Clap-clap-clap!*) NO CAMP SPIRIT! (*Clap! Clap! Clap-clap-clap!*)

### **Scene 10: Curmudgeon Perch**

*We fade over to the CURMUDGEON. DOO-WOP GROUP sings.*

CURMUDGEON: How to pack for a hike. First, forget everything you know about comfort. Don't take the camera because the pictures never do it justice anyway. Don't take the extra clothes because you won't wear them. I haven't changed since 1972! Pack your common sense. Sturdy shoes! Pack your sense of adventure. Leave the itinerary at home and let the trip happen. (*DOO-WOP stop*) And for god's sake, TAKE A RAINCOAT!! Gortex is good.

### **Scene 11: Shaw Cabin**

*RAGE, INNOCENCE, LOVE, CONSCIENCE, ISABELLE and DENIAL are all playing cards. KENDRA is sitting with LUCIEN in the corner, staring at the argument.*

DENIAL: That's not a Wingo card!

ISABELLE: It is!

DENIAL: That's not a Wingo card!

ISABELLE: It is. It is!!

ISABELLE: You said last game that sevens were Wingo cards!

DENIAL: That was last game.

RAGE: Shut up!

CONSCIENCE: Maybe we can just start over.

ISABELLE: And you didn't cancel it!

INNOCENCE: I was nowhere close.

RAGE: You lose. Get over it! No one wants to listen to you.

ISABELLE: KENDRA!!!

KENDRA: OH MY GOD! Just stop!! This is siesta! This is supposed to be a quiet activity. Ahhh... sevens aren't Wingos, so just keep playing.

DENIAL: Hah! See!

LUCIEN: See, I thought the sevens were Wingos.

*Pause. He smiles. KENDRA glares back.*

LUCIEN: Kay. So, um... what do you do in the off-season?

KENDRA: I'm going to stop you right there, hun. You're nice and all that, but... never going to happen.

LUCIEN: Right. So you've told me. Seven times. I've counted. I'd understand once or twice, but you know. Seven times. It's a bit excessive is all I'm saying. *(beat)* I'm just curious to know why such a happy-go-lucky person like yourself would want to work with kids.

KENDRA: Bite me.

LUCIEN: Look, I'm just trying to get to know you, is all.

KENDRA: Well don't. I'm not here for that.

LUCIEN: Are you here because of your ankle thing?

*Dead pause.*

KENDRA: That's because of someone at my school.

*Beat. The lights dim and the CAMPERS remove their camper accessories to a more neutral palette. In this flashback, INNOCENCE, RAGE, DENIAL and CONSCIENCE represent voices in KENDRA's head. LOVE represents KENDRA's old boyfriend, and ISABELLE represents Kelly.*

KENDRA: Okay, fine. You want to know? I inflicted justice on some trash and she couldn't handle it.

INNOCENCE: That's not how it happened.

LUCIEN: What did she do?

KENDRA: She deliberately stole my boyfriend.

INNOCENCE: That's NOT how it happened!

DENIAL & CONSCIENCE: Do you think really think we're going to tell him that?

INNOCENCE: I'm just saying...

RAGE: How about you don't say anything at all!!

LUCIEN: So what did you do?

DENIAL: Tell him what you tell everyone else.

KENDRA: Well... um... .

*DENIAL walks right up to KENDRA and feeds her the lines.*

DENIAL: Let's just say...

KENDRA: Let's just say...

DENIAL & KENDRA: ...she took something from me, so I took something from her...

INNOCENCE: Stop it!

RAGE: Shut your mouth!

*The lights fade on the LUCIEN / KENDRA side of the cabin. KENDRA crosses over to the CAMPERS' side. LUCIEN freezes.*

KENDRA: Please, can we just drop it?

CONSCIENCE, INNOCENCE, DENIAL: We're trying, but you...

INNOCENCE: ...can't...

DENIAL: ...won't...

CONSCIENCE: ...shouldn't...

*LOVE moves forward.*

LOVE: Kendra...

KENDRA: Please, just...

LOVE: Kendra...

KENDRA: Not right now...

LOVE: Kendra, I...

KENDRA: What??

LOVE: I... uh...

*RAGE puts a hand on KENDRA's shoulder.*

KENDRA: WHAT? JUST SAY IT!

LOVE: Kendra, I'm thinking...

KENDRA: Thinking WHAT?

LOVE: I'm just thinking that this isn't working...

*DENIAL comes over and pushes RAGE away. She then puts her arm around KENDRA's shoulders from behind.*

KENDRA: What? What's not working??

LOVE: We're always fighting.

KENDRA: We're not always fighting.

*KENDRA approaches LOVE and places a hand on his cheek.*

LOVE: Yes we are.

KENDRA: You're just confused.

LOVE: Yes we are.

KENDRA: We're not breaking up.

*She turns to walk away.*

KENDRA: Prom is only like a month away and we're not breaking up.  
You just need to calm the hell down.

LOVE: Prom is three months away and you're not listening. I want to break up.

*RAGE and DENIAL stand on either side of KENDRA and lift her up so she towers over LOVE.*

KENDRA: NO WE ARE NOT, you MORON. You think you would last a day without me? An hour? A minute? You need to take a breath and realize what kind of a mistake you're making! Do you think anyone else would ever date you? You're a LOSER. YOU'RE NOTHING!!

*KENDRA slaps him. CONSCIENCE comes over and pulls her down.*

CONSCIENCE: I think we just overplayed our hand.

*KENDRA and LOVE stare at one another.*

LOVE: I have to go, Kendra. I'm sorry. Sorry.

*LOVE steps over to another part of the stage and stops, back turned to her.*

DENIAL: Don't worry. Give it a week, he'll be back.

CONSCIENCE: No, he won't.

DENIAL: Where's he going to go?

*ISABELLE, now as "KELLY" steps forward to LOVE, rests her forehead on his and holds his hands.*

RAGE: ARE YOU KIDDING ME!!

DENIAL: No way.

RAGE: ARE YOU KIDDING ME!!!

DENIAL: No way.

RAGE: KELLY??

*KENDRA starts to walk away from the pack to her side.*

DENIAL: That is some serious-ass desperation.

RAGE: She's hideous. She weighs three hundred pounds. She literally has nothing on you! I mean nothing.

CONSCIENCE: Except the one thing.

RAGE: Punish her.

CONSCIENCE: What?



RAGE: PUNISH. HER.

CONSCIENCE: It's not her fault.

RAGE: I DON'T CARE. IT'S HAPPENING, AGAIN. BECAUSE WE ARE LETTING IT. PUNISH HER.

*DENIAL grabs the phone from KENDRA and starts texting. LOVE sees this.*

INNOCENCE: What are you texting? Stop!

RAGE: (to DENIAL) I'll get the car.

CONSCIENCE: I think I'm gonna be sick.

*RAGE picks up a bat and walks offstage. We hear smashing noises. KENDRA squirms a little when she hears this.*

RAGE: Whoops. Wrong car.

*KENDRA nods as she remembers this.*

RAGE: Here it is.

*We hear more smashing offstage. OPTION: re-show the video footage of KENDRA smashing the car from the beginning. Slowly, in the background, RAGE approaches CONSCIENCE. The footage fades away.*

CONSCIENCE: This isn't us.

KENDRA: Yes it is.

LOVE: That's not true.

KENDRA: Really? Do you know, after all of this, the police, the court case, the rest... They didn't get my phone. I hid it from them. I told them I threw it in the river. And I still haven't deleted the texts.

LOVE: Kendra.

KENDRA & RAGE: I win.

*LOVE walks away. RAGE, pushes INNOCENCE down and starts to smack her. The other CAMPERS quickly put back on their accessories as the lighting changes back.*

RAGE: Give me back my Wingo card!

INNOCENCE: It's mine! Let go!

RAGE: No!

INNOCENCE: Let go!

*LUCIEN runs over and breaks up the fight.*

LUCIEN: A little help!

*KENDRA runs off.*

LUCIEN: Geez!

## **Scene 12: Curmudgeon Perch**

*Back to the CURMUDGEON. DOO-WOP sings.*

CURMUDGEON: How to build a log cabin fire for a camping trip. A lot of folk believe that it's about using hardwood. And they're WRONG. Any big fire starts small. Birch bark and twigs. All it takes is a little thing and a lot of time to make it a big thing. Don't smother it. Log cabin needs to breathe. Lighting the birch bark in the center is like pushing the boulder at the top of the mountain. With just a little push, sooner or later, that fire is gonna rage.

## **Scene 13: William Lawrence Campus**

*NAT and KENDRA are tossing pebbles into a tin can.*

NAT: Boom! That's how it's done.

KENDRA: You're over the hill. Your arc is a joke. I'm going pro one day with this arm, old man.

NAT: How come you're not with your campers?

KENDRA: Honestly? They're kind of freakin' me out. They make me feel... things. It's gross.

NAT: We humans call those things emotions. In time, your cold robot ways will get used to it.

*A BUGLE blows.*

KENDRA: I gotta go. That's free swim, and I've signed Izzy up for the Archery match against Camp Belknap.

NAT: Hey! She's pretty good at that.

KENDRA: Yeah. Check this out! I spent two days following her around to figure out what she's good at. Then, I've been sneaking her out during siestas to go and practice. Then, I had the program director schedule a match for juniors.

NAT: Nice.

KENDRA: Not just an incredibly attractive hat rack, Unca Natty.

NAT: You are good, Kennie.

KENDRA: You're mocking me.

NAT: No, I am not.

KENDRA: You watch me work, here.

NAT: I'm watching.

*She starts to walk off.*

NAT: Just so you know, we haven't lost an archery match in fourteen years.

KENDRA: Well, great then!

NAT: So, it might be a big deal if we did.

*She stops for a second, then keeps walking.*

## Scene 14: Archery Range

*LIGHTS up on an archery match. ISABELLE is lined up side-by-side with a BELKNAP CAMPER. He shoots, and people cheer. KENDRA pulls out the remote and pauses the action.*

KENDRA: Okay, yeah. She's going to fail. You see that coming. And I had it. I had it nailed. I had cooked the books so Izzy would shoot last, and also screwed with the fletching on the visiting team's arrows. I know what you're thinking and I don't care. So we get down to the last two shooters. The kid from Belknap and Izzy. All she has to do is shoot five reds, which she can do in her sleep.

*She resumes the action. The BELKNAP CAMPER shoots his last arrow. A COUNSELOR with a clipboard marks the score.*

COUNSELOR: Black. Three points.

*There is an audible groan from the other BELKNAP CAMPERS. Then ISABELLE steps up.*

WLC CAMPERS: Let's go IZZY!! IZZY!!!

*She shoots an arrow.*

COUNSELOR: Red. Seven points.

*Cheers. She reloads. Shoots.*

COUNSELOR: Red. Eight Points.

*Bigger cheers. She reloads. Shoots.*

COUNSELOR: Red. Seven points.

WLC CAMPERS: IZZY!!!

*She reloads. Shoots.*

COUNSELOR: Red. Seven points. Last one.

*She stops, looks at KENDRA, and reloads. Shoots. Gasps.*

COUNSELOR: Miss.

*The BELKNAP CAMPERS erupt with joy. The WLC CAMPERS are devastated, and walk off. ISABELLE walks to a separate part of stage and KENDRA follows.*

KENDRA: WHY??

ISABELLE: I'm sorry.

KENDRA: WHY?

ISABELLE: I missed.

KENDRA: On purpose.

*She's silent.*

KENDRA: This was going to be your "big moment". You can hit the reds blindfolded. Why?

*Beat.*

ISABELLE: You cheated. (beat) I saw it.

*Pause.*

KENDRA: I am trying to help you!

ISABELLE: I want it to be real!

*ISABELLE starts to stomp away.*

KENDRA: Yeah. Good luck.

*ISABELLE turns back around for a moment, and then runs off. We change back to the CURMUDGEON.*

## **Scene 15: Shaw Cabin/Curmudgeon Perch**

CURMUDGEON: How to really blow a gasket. Find a good-filled place. Make it a place that you really resent... then, demolish it.

*RAGE stands at the edge of the stage, watching. KENDRA starts trashing the cabin. She kicks over a chair, pulls down a poster, kicks the bunk, punches things. NAT then arrives.*

CURMUDGEON: Make sure there's someone you trust nearby to see that you don't take it too far.

NAT: Hey! Kennie! HEY!!

KENDRA: You did this! YOU DID THIS! Don't yell at me because you did this!

NAT: Fine.

KENDRA: FINE??

NAT: Yeah. Keep going. Here.

*NAT knocks a bunk over. Then for good measure, kicks the garbage can.*

NAT: There.

*KENDRA stares at him.*

NAT: You really think you're the first person to trash a cabin? Steel bunks. You can't break anything permanently.

*INNOCENCE joins RAGE in the corner.*

CURMUDGEON: Then take everything you've been holding up inside... and dump it out.

*Lights out on the CURMUDGEON. KENDRA sits.*

KENDRA: I tried... I tried...

NAT: Tried what?

KENDRA: She needs someone who gives a crap about her.

NAT: And you don't??

KENDRA: I CAN'T STAND HER!

NAT: That's not the same thing.

KENDRA: It is!

NAT: No! No it's not! If it was, then why have you been slamming your head against the wall trying to help her?

KENDRA: Because you TOLD ME TO!

NAT: Oh, yeah. That's how that works! An authority figure tells you to do something and you do it. That's EXACTLY how that works!

KENDRA: I'M NOT A ROLE MODEL!!!

NAT: She doesn't NEED ONE! She lives in a trailer, her mother weighs four hundred pounds, is on permanent disability, and swears like a sailor. And DAD?

*He whistles and gestures with his hand.*

NAT: GONE! And yet she walks around telling everyone that she loves them. I'd say character isn't her problem.

KENDRA: I can't give her what she wants. I can't do it.

NAT: NO ONE CAN! She's got to get that for herself. This isn't about what she wants, it's about what she needs.

KENDRA: Then what? WHAT DOES SHE NEED?

NAT: Has it occurred to you that in the dung-pool world that she lives in, she's just standing there, arms wide open, saying I love you to everyone, waiting for someone, anyone, to say it back to her?

*Beat.*

KENDRA: You know Unca Natty, for a person who tries to be so clever, you're not. If you wanted me to do that, why didn't you just say so from the start? It would have saved us all a lot of trouble.

*KENDRA storms out. NAT starts cleaning up.*



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