



Proudly Presents

CAMP BIGFOOT

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

Chris, a nine-year-old future photographer

Mother, Chris' mother

Father, Chris' father

Higgins, the Director of Camp Bigfoot

Sassy, Higgins' assistant at Camp Bigfoot

Kyle, a counselor at Camp Bigfoot

Martha, a fellow camper

Vu, a fellow camper

Chris: (*To the audience*) Hi, my name is Chris, and when I grow up—I want to be a famous photographer. I've already taken hundreds of great pictures from all over the country. I've traveled a bit, because my parents like to broaden my horizons by sending me to "camps." Every year—my parents send me away to a different summer camp for two weeks.

Father: Chris, as you know, summer is fast approaching. Your mother and I have been giving a lot of thought as to which summer camp to send you to this year.

Mother: Sweetie, there were a lot of interesting choices! But there were really only two that your father and I considered: Camp Guinea Pig—

Father: (*Quickly interjecting, almost defensively*) Now, Chris, we *know* how much you loved guinea pigs—that is, until that overbearing neighbor's *boa constrictor* got loose—crawled into our ventilation system, found its way into your room, knocked over your guinea pigs' cage and devoured the two of them before you got home from school.

Mother: Poor Miley and Justin—they just didn't stand a chance, did they? They just—didn't stand a chance. (*Visibly hurting for her child*) Oh, remember how you came home from school, rushed into your room, found the snake and thought we bought you a new pet?

Father: We, of course, *didn't* get you a snake. Or—at least—I knew that *I* hadn't purchased you a new pet, but to make sure your *mother* hadn't bought you a *snake*—I looked at her and said, "Honey—did you—?" She said no, so your mom and I ran to your

room as fast as we could, saw the empty cage and immediately put two and two *together*. But not *you*—no, Chris—not *you*.

Mother: (*Trying not to upset Chris with painful memories*) You kept—*pointing*—to the two big *lumps*—in the snake’s body.

Father: Then, you ran and hugged us!

Mother: (*Trying to make it sound like a happy memory*) You said, “Thank you, Mommy! Thank you, Daddy! You got me something really rare! You got me a “*Camel-Hump*” snake.” (*Touches her breaking heart*) It was so cute.

Father: (*Touched*) Out of the mouths of babes.

Mother: Anyway, your father and I thought attending Camp *Guinea Pig*—well, attending a camp dedicated to members of the *rodent* family—might stop your nightmares.

Father: (*Disgusted*) Then I read in the newspaper this morning—that Camp *Guinea Pig*—is actually a *scam*. (*Getting angry while thinking about it*) It was appropriately *named* all right. Camp *Guinea Pig* has been using its little campers—as *actual* guinea pigs—for the *medical community*!

Mother: (*Also visibly angry and/or upset*) Is nothing sacred anymore?

Father: So Camp *Guinea Pig* is *out*! (*Beat, still huffing and puffing*) Camp *Guinea Pig* is *OUT*!!

Mother: (*Trying to diffuse the situation by really building this up*) Chris, don’t worry, because this year—we’re sending you to the *one* camp—whose sole purpose for *existing*—is to dispel the *myth*—

Father: The *myth*—surrounding the mysterious *Sasquatch*—running loose in every *backwoods* town in America!

Mother: (*Excited*) Chris, have you *guessed* yet?

Father: (*Really excited*) Do you *know*—Do you *know*...where you’re going to *go*???

Both: (*Super excited*) Camp *Bigfoot*!

Chris: (*To the audience, impressed*) Camp *Bigfoot*! Let’s face it. For an aspiring photographer, it’s a dream come true. Who knows? I might be the first person in history to take a *legitimate* picture of a *Bigfoot*. (*Realizing how incredible that would actually be*)