



Dan Eden

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

Copyright © 2008, Dan Eden

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Camp Soap is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A "performance" is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play. The program must also contain the following notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Big Dog Publishing Company, Sarasota, FL."

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Big Dog Publishing Company, www.BigDogPlays.com, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

**BIG DOG PUBLISHING
P.O. Box 1400
Tallevast, FL 34270**

*For Becky,
and my
T.P.H.S. Drama Peeps*

Camp Soap

FARCE. A group of wannabe actors converge at Camp Soap to hone their acting skills under the tutelage of washed-up soap opera star Dirk Svenson. The actors include a man with an enormous amount of testosterone, an idiotic Barbie doll look-alike, a Goth, an insecure dork, a pair of movie extras, and a couple of Dirk-a-holics. Not only do the campers have to put up with Dirk's enormous ego, his entourage, and his theatrical rants, but they have to sleep on the floor or in chairs since there are no beds in the cabins—only posters of Dirk. But the campers' gladly suffer the camp's hardships after Dirk announces that the campers will be cast in a new soap opera pilot, "The Day Before Wednesday" (Tuesday), which will hopefully launch Dirk's comeback. The campers eagerly begin rehearsing so they can impress the Oxygen network executives while Dirk unsuccessfully tries to romance one of the campers. Your audience will roar with laughter!

Performance Time: Approximately 120 minutes.

Characters

(11 M, 13 F, 6 flexible, extras)
(With doubling: 9 M, 10 F, 1 flexible)

DIRK SVENSON: Washed-up soap opera actor who starred in "Pride's Patients"; weird-looking man with bad facial hair and an odd shaggy perm.

JULIE: Dirk's assistant; male.

KAREN: Dirk's publicist; female.

MARTY ZINFANDEL: Dirk's accountant who is constantly talking on a "cell" phone; flexible.

JILL ROTHCHILD: Camp Soap camper and member of Dirk Svenson's fan club, the "Dirk-a-holics"; wears a Dirk Svenson fan T-shirt.

PHIL ROTHCHILD: Camp Soap camper; Jill's brother and fellow Dirk-a-holic; wears a Dirk Svenson fan T-shirt.

BETTY GROVER: Camp Soap camper; an idiot who looks like a Barbie doll and talks like a Valley Girl.

JOSEPH "JOE" WINFIELD: Camp Soap camper who has an unusual amount of testosterone; large manly man with a muscular build.

AZRAEL: Goth Camp Soap camper from Boise, Idaho; wears Goth makeup and clothes.

CODY ADAMS: Dorky-looking, insecure Camp Soap camper; works in a coffee shop.

LORRAINE STEVENSON: Beautiful Camp Soap camper from Berkeley who loves theatre.

STEVE: Camp Soap camper from Anaheim, CA, who works as a TV and movie extra.

JACK LAWNDALE: Steve's friend and Camp Soap camper from Anaheim, CA; works as a TV and movie extra.

LLOYD: Timid Camp Soap camper who gets blamed for everything.

BETH: Dirk's beautiful ex-girlfriend.

MARCUS: Dirk's stunt double who looks nothing like him.

EXTRA: Camp Soap camper who has a broken pelvis; flexible.

MR./MRS. X/LARS: Mysterious narrator, guitar player, and singer; flexible.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Seated in audience; flexible.

EXECUTIVE 1, 2, 3: TV executives from the Oxygen cable network; female.

TV ANNOUNCER: Announcer for "True Hollywood Story"; flexible.

BOB GOOHAN: Dirk's childhood friend.

DADE/DANA WENCH: Tim Burton wannabe director who gesticulates a lot and has weird hair; flexible.

LEWIS/LOUISE MURTAUGH: Dirk fan who was found on a bus; flexible.

REPORTER: Female.

SHARON: Dirk's mother.

MORGAN FREEMAN: Voiceover.

JANICE: Actress who worked with Dirk on soap opera "Pride's Patients."

EXTRAS: As Camp Soap Campers, Woman, Man 1, 2, 3.

Setting

The Camp Soap classroom is on one side of the stage and the men's cabin is on the other side.

Camp Soap Classroom: The room is set up just like a cabin. The walls are made of wood, there are several chairs placed together for the campers, and there are posters of Dirk Svenson on the wall.

Men's Cabin: Extremely small room. The room is empty except for posters of Dirk Svenson on the wall and two folding chairs.

Dirk's Cabin: The men's cabin is transformed into Dirk's cabin by adding a couch in the center of the room with a coffee table in front of it. The walls are adorned with pictures of Dirk and there is a leopard print sheet covering the couch.

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

Prologue: Stage is black except for a large screen, or actors can enact scene onstage.

Scene 1: Camp Soap classroom.

Scene 2: Men's cabin, moments later.

Scene 3: Men's cabin, the next morning.

Scene 4: Camp Soap classroom, that evening.

Scene 5: Camp Soap classroom, two days later.

Scene 6: Camp Soap classroom, the next morning.

Scene 7: Men's cabin, that evening.

Scene 8: Camp Soap classroom, the next day.

ACT II

Scene 1: The men's cabin, that evening.

Scene 2: Dirk's cabin, that evening.

Scene 3: Camp Soap classroom, the next day.

Scene 4: Camp Soap classroom, that evening.

Scene 5: The men's cabin, the next evening.

Scene 6: Camp Soap classroom, the next day.

Scene 7: Jack and Lorraine's living room, six months later. There is a couch, coffee table, and TV/screen.

Props

Large TV or screen	Pot of porridge
Eye patch	Wooden spoon
Umbrella	Khaki shorts and polo shirt, for Dirk
Picture of Bea Arthur or another manly looking actress	Chart
Large banner that reads "Camp Soap"	Bars of soap
Picture of a cat	Boom box
Camera	VCR
Cell phone made out of a juice box with a straw for its antenna	Videotape
Picture of Dirk with actress	Doctor's lab coat, for Dirk
Award statue	Florescent light
Red carpet runway	Sticks with marshmallows
Large lamp	Folding chairs
Leopard print suitcase	Guitar
Suitcase with a picture of Spiderman on it	Table
Ball of string	Scripts
Micophones	Sheets of paper
Ramp	Bottle of pills
Cape	Framed picture of male soap star
Skateboard	Couch
Small firework	Cologne bottle
Cell phone	Stuffed dog
Book	Serving tray
Large portrait of a badly drawn Dirk with a messed up looking figure next to him	Glass of punch with ice
Poster with a picture of cows and a caption that reads, "This house is udder chaos"	Glass of punch without ice
2 Blankets	Coffee table
2 Pillows	Large bag
Several pictures of Dirk	Razor scooter or skateboard
Candles	Hat, for Dirk
Whistle on cord	Quarter
	Horribly made bush costume, for Jack
	List
	Watch, for Jack
	Pajamas, for Dirk
	Pajamas, for Julie

Party streamers
Table
Large punch bowl
Plastic cups
Karaoke machine
Tape recorder
Box

Bizarre costumes for Campers
Cowboy costume, for Cody
Notepad and pen
Barbara Bush mask, for Azrael
(Or another funny mask)
Giant fake beard, for Dirk
Knife

Sound Effects

Sound of bus pulling up
“Sprach Zarathustra” from
2001: A Space Odyssey, or
another suitable song

Instrumental version of
“Tempted” by Squeeze, or
another suitable song
“Hero” by Enrique Iglesias, or
another suitable song.

NOTE: Royalties paid to perform this play do not include other copyrighted material such as songs that aren’t in the public domain. Copyrighted material may be replaced with works in the public domain. Public domain works do not require royalties.

**Many years ago,
the Lord created a man.**

**A man whom the dear Lord spent
many hours perfecting
to create the ultimate being.**

**A man whom the dear Lord made,
so he can look at him and say,
"You're my most wondrous creation."**

A man who exudes talent.

**A man
with the world's greatest gift
of the stage...**

**Probably the greatest man
to ever walk the earth.**

**Ladies and gentlemen.
I give you...**

Dirk Svenson.

Act I

Prologue

(The stage is black. After 15 seconds of darkness, a TV set turns on. There is static on the screen for about 10 seconds, until, suddenly, the channel changes to a Martha Stewart-type show where the host is cooking or doing some sort of craft. The channel changes to a home shopping channel where they're trying to sell some sort of statue. The channel changes to a cartoon program. The channel changes to a talk show. And then, with one more flip, we see a "True Hollywood Story" graphic, and we hear the sound of an announcer narrating the show. Note: Instead of being prerecorded, the scene can be acted out onstage.)

ANNOUNCER: (On TV.) And now back to "True Hollywood Story"... *(We see the graphic change to the name of the celebrity it's profiling: Dirk Svenson.) ...of Dirk Svenson. (We see a still of this weird-looking man with bad facial hair and an odd shaggy perm smiling into the camera.) Critically acclaimed soap opera actor, Dirk Svenson, made his big break when he landed a guest spot on the second season of the ["Golden Girls,"] as an extra at a flea market. (We see a promotional still of the cast of the ["Golden Girls"] as the narrator continues.) Ever since that faithful day, Dirk loved acting. He ended up auditioning for various television and movie productions, including the [1985 comedy, "Teen Wolf."] (We see a promo still of an actor dressed in a [wolf] costume.) But after no success, Dirk was down in the dumps. [Or insert the name of another suitable TV sitcom and movie.]*

(A picture of Dirk, angry and washed up, appears on the screen. He's about to throw a vacuum cleaner in the picture. We see a man being interviewed soon after in a cut scene. There's a graphic on the bottom of the screen that reads, "Bob Goohan: Childhood Friend.")

BOB: (On TV.) Listen, if you can't even get a role in ["Teen Wolf"] then you know you're in a rut. And Dirk knew that, ya know? Needless to say, Dirk was pretty down about that. I remember he spent all day and night in his sister's basement drinking orange juice, watching re-runs of the ["Nanny"] and stuff. I couldn't even

look at him without feeling bad. [Or insert the name of another TV sitcom.]

(Show a picture of lead actress [Fran Drescher].)

ANNOUNCER: (On TV.) Yes, times were rough for Dirk Svenson, but after one simple twist of fate, Dirk was back on track.

(We cut to an interview with Dade Wench, a Tim Burton wannabe director who gesticulates a lot and has weird hair. A graphic reads, "Dade Wench: TV Director.")

DADE: (On TV.) After I saw Dirk's amazing extra work on ["Golden Girls,"] I called up their show producer, Robert Bruce, and I said to him three simple words: "Who's this guy?" And he said, "That's not a guy, that's [Bea Arthur]." (Show a picture of manly looking actress.) I said, "No, no, I mean this other dude in the episode—the extra." And he said, "Oh, that's Dirk Svenson. He's an actor from Hollywood." And I said, "Great! Gimme his phone number," and I called him up. I asked him if he'd like to read for a role in a new soap opera we were making. He accepted, and I had him read for Dr. John Pride, and he nailed it. It's like he was Dr. John Pride. I asked him, "Are you sure your name is Dirk, 'cuz I think it's John Pride. You got the role."

ANNOUNCER: (On TV.) The name of the show was "Pride's Patients," a daytime soap opera on NBC. It was there that Dirk Svenson became one of the biggest soap opera stars to ever walk the earth.

(We cut to an interview with a total stranger. The graphic reads, "Lewis Murtaugh: Some guy we found on the bus.")

LEWIS: (On TV.) It's like Dirk was big. Man, he was big. Like... (Raises his hand to show a scale.) ...here's God. (Lowers hand.) Here's Dirk. (Lowers hand.) Here are the other gods, the Greek ones, and company. (Lowers hand.) Here's us humans. (Lowers hand.) Plants. (Lowers hand.) Animals. (Lowers hand.) And here's dirt. Nothing's lower than dirt...I don't think. Maybe worms...because they're under the dirt, but not like under, under the dirt, ya know? They just live in it...

ANNOUNCER: (On TV.) But it wasn't always magical. (Cut to Dirk walking down a red carpet. He has a woman with him. A Reporter approaches to ask Dirk a question. Dirk tries avoiding the female Reporter by using an umbrella to block her way.) Dirk found himself an enemy: the press.

DIRK: (On TV. To Reporter.) Is this what you do when you're bored? You just...you just go around asking people questions about things that don't concern you?

REPORTER: (On TV.) Mr. Svenson, please. It's my job!

DIRK: (On TV.) Well, get a new job. I'm sick of this!

REPORTER: (On TV. Indicating woman.) Svenson, who are you with tonight? What's her name?

DIRK: (On TV.) I didn't catch it, now, please, go away!

REPORTER: (On TV.) Mr. Svenson, please! Do you have any remarks about tonight?

DIRK: (On TV.) Yes, if you weren't a woman, I'd probably slap you. I actually am seriously considering slapping you right now. At this point, I don't care if you're a woman or not.

REPORTER: (On TV.) You'd slap me?

DIRK: (On TV.) I'd slap you. No big mystery. And I can tell you where, too.

REPORTER: (On TV.) Oh, really?

DIRK: (On TV.) Yeah.

REPORTER: (On TV.) Where would you slap me?

DIRK: (On TV.) What?

REPORTER: Where would you slap me?

DIRK: (On TV.) Um? Probably the cheek. (To woman.) Let's go.

(We see Dirk walk away with the Woman. We see Dirk looking angry in a picture.)

ANNOUNCER: (On TV.) With all of Dirk's antics, he ended up fizzling and coming to the set of "Pride's Patients" late and sometimes not even showing up at all. (Cut to a clip of "Pride's Patients" featuring Dirk's character, John Pride, in a close-up. His character wears an eye patch.) And so, Dirk sank lower and lower, and by the seventh season of the show, the eye-patched doctor we all learned to love hit rock bottom. (Cut to a ["Hollywood Squares"] clip or another suitable TV game show.) Sure, he tried keeping his fading face on the map. He had a short stint on ["Hollywood

Squares,"] between [Bruce Vilanch], and [Caroline Rhea], of ["Sabrina the Teenage Witch"] fame, but that soon ended after Dirk started a fight with a fellow contestant, who for safety's sake, asked to remain anonymous. (*We cut to an interview with a mysterious figure seated behind a curtain. We only see this figure's silhouette talking but it's clearly Alf.*) Once again, Dirk was fading. He attempted to find love with several girlfriends and more than five marriages. He tried to patch things up with his on-again off-again actress/girlfriend, [Alicia Silverstone]. (*Show a picture of Dirk hand in hand with [Alicia Silverstone].*) Yes, Dirk Svenson was doomed. [*Or insert the name of another actress.*]

(*Cut back to interview with Lewis.*)

LEWIS: (*On TV.*) Is he planning a comeback? Yes. He just needs to find the right role, that's all.

(*Cut back to interview with Dade.*)

DADE: (*On TV.*) I'll never work with him again...too many bad memories. Sometimes, I can't even sleep at night, knowing that I once had to deal with this monster of a man for seven years. I still can't find my cat...his name was Noodle, and if anybody finds him... (*Dade pulls out a picture of his cat.*) ...contact me. Thank you.

(*Show a picture of Dirk Svenson as Dr. John Pride in a promo still as the camera slowly and dramatically zooms in on his face in the photo.*)

ANNOUNCER: (*On TV.*) Dirk was recently living at home with his entourage of assistants, whom still work for him—probably out of pity—to this date. He's currently planning a summer camp training facility that teaches fellow thespians how to master their craft of performing in television soap operas.

(*Cut to a clip of a Reporter running toward Dirk, who is being blocked by his assistants, Julie, Karen, and Marty. Marty holds a cell phone and gives the Reporter an angry look. Julie blocks the camera with her hand so we can't see Dirk's face.*)

REPORTER: (*On TV.*) Dirk? Dirk!

JULIE: (On TV.) Mr. Svenson has no comment as of now. Thank you.

REPORTER: (On TV.) But wait. Please. Dirk? Is it true your summer camp training facility is going off without a hitch, despite your filing for bankruptcy two months ago?

JULIE: (On TV.) Who told you that he filed for bankruptcy?

REPORTER: (On TV.) A reliable source. Why? Is it not true?

JULIE: (On TV.) No comment.

KAREN: (On TV.) Yes, he did file for bankruptcy.

JULIE: (On TV.) Karen?!

REPORTER: (On TV.) What about the camp?!

JULIE: (On TV.) Yes, the summer camp is beginning sessions in mid-June for anyone who will pay the fee.

REPORTER: (On TV.) Don't you think this camp is just an excuse to get Dirk some money he desperately needs? Is it a scam?

JULIE: (On TV.) Stop right there, sir!

REPORTER: (On TV.) I'm sorry. So is this Mr. Svenson's big comeback as we know it?

(Pause. Julie looks vulnerable while she thinks for a moment.)

JULIE: (On TV.) We can only hope so. No more questions.

(Cut back to "True Hollywood Story" graphic.)

ANNOUNCER: (On TV.) Coming up next on "True Hollywood Story": An intimate interview with Dirk's mother, Sharon.

(Cut to an interview with an older-looking woman.)

SHARON: (On TV.) My son wet the bed until he was 18. Did you know that? He couldn't bring friends over...he was too embarrassed. This much is true.

(The TV screen shuts off. Total darkness. Pause for a few seconds. Lights up CS. A huge banner that reads "Camp Soap" drops down from the top of the stage. Blackout.)

Scene 1

(AT RISE: *Camp Soap. Pause.*)

MR. X: (*Voiceover.*) I believe it was William Shakespeare who once wrote "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives." This quote really doesn't have anything to do with the story, but I like it. Anyways, I spent a week of my summer last year at this place—Camp Soap. It was an experience like none other. I still think about it to this very day. It was an experience that will be in my heart forever. I came here for the same reason everyone else did. (*The sound of a bus pulling up is heard.*) We all came here to learn how to act in a soap opera, but we learned so much more during that week...

(*Campers enter one by one. Joe enters, and with a cocky expression, he sizes up the room. Betty enters and looks around the room as well. Three male Extras enter together. They talk very softly to one another. Azrael enters decked out in Gothic makeup. She sneers as she looks around the room. People look at her. Insecure and dorky, Cody enters and tries to hide behind a lamp to avoid stares from fellow Campers. Lorraine enters carrying a suitcase and then plops it on the ground. Everybody looks at her.*)

LORRAINE: Whew! (*Indicating suitcase.*) This thing was heavy. (*Lorraine notices that everybody's looking at her. She smiles at everyone and waves. Waving.*) Hi! I'm Lorraine.

CAMPERS: Hi.

CODY: (*Late.*) Hi.

(*Everybody goes back to their business. Betty approaches Lorraine.*)

BETTY: (*Talks like a Valley Girl.*) Hi there, nice to meet you. I'm Betty.

LORRAINE: Hi.

BETTY: Are you here for the camp, too?

LORRAINE: Uh, yup. I, uh, I think that's why we're all here. Heh, heh.

BETTY: (*Laughs.*) You're funny. Ya know, I really like camp. One time when I was at Camp Christopher—that was the camp I went

to one time. It's a summer camp. It's not like those creepy religion camps, or anything, where we pray all day and stuff, but, like, ya know, like, a fun summer camp. And one time, I was there?

(*Like a Valley Girl, Betty says the last sentence as if it was a question. She's obviously an idiot. Lorraine looks puzzled. Pause.*)

LORRAINE: And?

BETTY: (*Confused.*) What?

LORRAINE: I'm sorry, were you going to say anything else?

BETTY: (*Still confused.*) Um? Maybe...so, uh, I'm going to be an actress.

LORRAINE: Oh yeah?

BETTY: Yeah, I'm going to be an actress.

LORRAINE: That's, uh, great. Why do you want to be an actress?

BETTY: Oh, um, I want to be an actress because I want to date [Colin Farrell]. Well, I want to date [Colin Farrell], or if there's, like, another actor like [Colin Farrell], whose not [Colin Farrell], but is equally as hot as [Colin Farrell], or maybe more hotter than [Colin Farrell], I want to date him. [*Or insert the name of another actor.*]

LORRAINE: (*Uncomfortable.*) Oh...I see.

(*Steve and Jack enter in a heated discussion. Steve looks upset. Jack seems to be trying to reason with him. Lorraine and Betty continue to talk silently.*)

STEVE: (*To Jack.*) I can't believe you dragged me to this thing. I, for one, stand firmly on the fact that this is just a waste of time.

JACK: It's not a waste of time. This is a good place to be if we ever want to become good at acting. We need this.

STEVE: No, no, no. You need this. I need this like I need a kick in the teeth.

JACK: (*Under his breath.*) Maybe you do need a kick in the teeth.

STEVE: What?

JACK: Nothing.

STEVE: I shouldn't be here. I should be at home catching ["The Office"] marathon on the BBC. You made me come here. [*Or insert another suitable TV program.*]

JACK: Yeah, well, what could possibly go wrong here? It couldn't hurt just to check it out, see if it helps.

STEVE: See if it helps?
JACK: Yeah, see if it helps.
STEVE: Yeah, sure, man, I'll see if it helps. Okay... (*Pause.*) It's not helping. Let's go home.
JACK: We just got here, Steve. And, besides, we paid good money to come to this camp. We'd be wasting it if we left.
STEVE: Yeah, you're right. You can't put a price on torture.
JACK: "Torture," Steve? Don't you think you're being a tad dramatic?
STEVE: I'm an actor. That's what actors do. I know this because I consider myself a decent actor, which further backs up my point that I shouldn't be here. See?
JACK: You're an extra, Steve.
STEVE: Please.
JACK: No, you're an extra! You stand there in the background and you keep your mouth shut while the real actors do the work!
STEVE: The real actors?
JACK: Yeah.
STEVE: Okay, lemme put you in a hypothetical situation, here. Okay?
JACK: Please.
STEVE: No, lemme put you in a hypothetical situation, here, okay?!
JACK: Fine.
STEVE: All right, let's say you're doing an episode of a show...
JACK: Okay.
STEVE: And you're—
JACK: Wait a second. Which show?
STEVE: I don't know.
JACK: Like a sitcom?
STEVE: Could be. It doesn't really matter.
JACK: Or a drama?
STEVE: It's not important.
JACK: What about a crime show? They got, like, a million crime shows on TV.
STEVE: Sure, whatever!
JACK: Okay...
STEVE: Okay, now, you're—
JACK: I'm thinking' ["CSI"]... [*Or insert another suitable TV show.*]
STEVE: Sure, ["CSI,"] okay! Now you're on ["CSI,"] and—
JACK: ["CSI: Special Victims Unit."]

STEVE: Fine! ["CSI: Special Victims Unit"]—you're on that show.
Okay? (*Stops.*) Wait a minute. No, wait. You're thinking of ["Law and Order: Special Victims Unit."]

JACK: What?

STEVE: ["Special Victims Unit"] is not a ["CSI"] spin-off. It's a ["Law and Order"] spin-off. You're thinking of ["Law and Order."]

JACK: No, I'm not.

STEVE: Yes, you are!

JACK: No, I'm not! Which is the one with [Ice-T]?

STEVE: ["Law and Order"]!

JACK: Oh...I guess you're right.

STEVE: Okay, so you're on ["Law and Order: SVU,"] and—

JACK: No, I'm not.

STEVE: What?

JACK: I'm not anymore. Now I'm on ["CSI: Miami."]

STEVE: Forget this!

JACK: (*Laughs.*) I'm just messing with you, Steve. (*Laughs.*) You know, I love it when you get mad... (*Flamboyant voice.*) ...you're so cute when you're mad.

STEVE: You're a freak. Okay, can I get you through this?

JACK: If you must.

STEVE: Thank you. Like I was saying...let's say you're on an episode of ["Law and Order,"] ["CSI,"] whatever. Like I said, it doesn't matter. Now let's say there's a scene where you need to sit in the back, at a coffee shop, as a customer, as an everyday citizen. Now, it's your job to never look at the camera or talk into the boom mic and to always look believable.

JACK: Okay, and...?

STEVE: And that calls for some good acting. You need to make that audience believe that you are just a simple guy at a simple coffee shop, commuting to the public. It's not that simple. You need to have skill. So, please, don't make it seem so simplistic. I shouldn't have to tell you this. You're one of those extras, too.

JACK: I know. But if we ever want to break onto the scene, we need to show it. I'm getting tired of sitting in the back drinking coffee on TV. Nobody even looks at us.

STEVE: Stop right there, Jack! Stop right there! I was approached by an old woman the other day who complimented me on my work in that commercial for diet pills.

JACK: Steve, you weren't in a commercial for diet pills! She thought you were someone else!

STEVE: At least she noticed that I looked like that guy in the commercial for the diet pills.

JACK: You don't look anything like him!

STEVE: Tell that to the granny who approached me! See what she says!

JACK: I'll get right on it.

STEVE: So, my point being, we shouldn't be here getting bossed around about acting by some washed-up soap star.

(*Jill approaches Steve, looking madder than ever. She is wearing a Dirk Svenson T-shirt, and is followed by her brother Phil, who is also looking mad and wearing a Dirk Svenson T-shirt.*)

JILL: (*To Steve.*) I'm sorry, what did you say?

STEVE: What?

JILL: You just called Dirk Svenson "washed up," did you not?

STEVE: I did...because he is.

JILL: Yeah, except for the fact that Dirk Svenson is not washed up! If anything, he's better than ever! I'm a member of his fan club, the Dirk-a-holics. (*Jill points at her Dirk Svenson T-shirt.*)

STEVE: Oh yeah? What has he done lately?

JILL: Uh...a little thing called "nothing," but he's making a comeback!

STEVE: Oh, yeah. How silly of me. When's his big rise to stardom again?

JILL: Uh, it's called "I don't know," but you can count on it.

STEVE: Okay, sugar, I think you had a wee too much cough syrup this morning. Now, I'd love to sit here and talk to you about how great Dirk Svenson is, but I'm busy here with my friend. (*Steve turns to Jack, but Jack is no longer there. Steve turns back to Jill, who is looking angry. Steve doesn't know what to say.*) All right...I'm going to be honest with you. It wouldn't have made a difference whether or not my friend was here because we weren't busy. I just really don't want to talk to you, and I needed a valid excuse. You make me uncomfortable, and I wanted to end our conversation. So if you don't mind, please walk away from me. Wait. You know what? I'll walk away from you and spare you the trouble. Okay... (*Steve walks away slowly from Jill, looking at her the entire time. She continues*

to give him an angry stare.) I'm walking away now...okay...bye-bye...

(Steve finally turns his back, focuses his attention on the look of the room, and examines everything in great detail. Jill turns back to Phil and they talk silently. Everyone in the room is still talking and mingling. Jack is standing near Betty and Lorraine.)

BETTY: *(To Lorraine.) Can you believe half of this hair on my head isn't even mine?! Isn't that cool?!*

LORRAINE: Huh?

(Jack interrupts their "conversation" by whipping out a ball of string out of his pocket.)

JACK: Hey, Betty, look what I got. *(Jack begins to wave the ball in Betty's face. Like a cat, she stares at the ball in his hands. Jack throws the ball across the room, Betty runs to get it, and then plays with the ball like she's a cat. Jack then turns to Lorraine, who is staring at Betty with a puzzled look on her face. Indicating Betty.) Sorry about her. Someone should've warned you—she's a little too perky.*

LORRAINE: That's all right.

JACK: No, really, she means no harm.

LORRAINE: It's okay, really. She seems nice...just a little... *(Can't find the word.)*

JACK: Dumb?

LORRAINE: Yes!

(Jack and Lorraine both laugh.)

JACK: Yeah, I had to deal with her the whole bus ride here. Try sitting through her singing "The Wheels on the Bus Go 'Round and 'Round" for three and a half hours, and then tell me how crazy things are going with you.

LORRAINE: *(Laughs.) Oh, no.*

JACK: I really thought she meant it when she sang that part in the song, "all day long..."

LORRAINE: *(Laughs.) Oh, that's funny.*

JACK: No, it's not, but thanks.

(Lorraine extends her hand to Jack.)

LORRAINE: I'm Lorraine.

(Jack shakes her hand.)

JACK: Jack. Nice to meet you. I thought I saw you on the bus. Were you alone?

LORRAINE: (Embarrassed.) Uh, yeah.

JACK: You should've come over. We could've both enjoyed the vocal stylings of Betty.

LORRAINE: Something tells me I was better off alone.

JACK: (Laughs.) You're probably right. So, are you here to take a shot at the big silver screen, too?

LORRAINE: (Embarrassed.) Yes.

JACK: (Mock narration.) As she modestly replies.

LORRAINE: Well, don't you think it's kinda cliché, the whole transformation from nobody to somebody, the trip to stardom, all of that?

JACK: (Determined.) Yeah, well, only if you think that way. You do have a point, though. There's no telling how lucky we'll be. As my parents say, "You're going to fall flat on your face."

LORRAINE: Oh, so I see you're getting strong support from your family, too.

JACK: (Sarcastic.) Oh, yeah, I can't push them off me. (Lorraine laughs.) It seems like...like...

LORRAINE: They won't take you seriously until your hands are frozen in the Walk of Fame?

JACK: Exactly!

LORRAINE: Yeah, I know exactly what you mean. When I told my folks I was coming to this camp, the first thing my mother said was, "Lorraine, do you enjoy wasting your life on pipe dreams?"

JACK: I see. Isn't it great to know we'll always have parents who are there for us?

LORRAINE: (Laughs.) I thank the Lord every day.

JACK: So? (Extends his hand.) Let's prove 'em wrong. (Lorraine smiles and shakes Jack's hand.) Good... (Jack notices Lorraine's suitcase. It's a leopard print design.) You wouldn't believe it if I told you, but I have that exact same suitcase.

LORRAINE: (Laughs.) Shut up!

JACK: No, seriously, I do, only... (*Flamboyant voice.*) ...mine's in pastels.

LORRAINE: (*Laughing.*) Okay, okay, come on!

JACK: Seriously, though, did you kill a leopard? Am I talking to Kraven the Hunter?

LORRAINE: (*Laughs.*) Okay, okay, lemme see your bag! (*Jack shows Lorraine his overnight bag. It features a picture of Spiderman on it.*) Oh, very nice.

JACK: What? It goes nice with my... (*Thinks.*) ...Incredible Hulk fanny pack. But yours...yours is safari!

LORRAINE: You just made an enemy, my friend.

JACK: Well, I can't deal with "enemy," but I will settle for that "friend" part.

LORRAINE: Okay.

(*Lorraine extends her hand.*)

JACK: Good. (*Shakes her hand. Pause.*) You won't believe it, but you just made the record for the most handshakes in five minutes.

LORRAINE: So I guess you're not very good with the ladies, are you?

JACK: Sadly, no. Is it the bag? (*Points to Spiderman bag.*)

LORRAINE: (*Laughs.*) Maybe.

(*Steve approaches Lorraine and Jack.*)

STEVE: (*To Jack.*) Hey, man, don't leave me alone with these people, okay?

JACK: Why? What's wrong?

STEVE: (*Sarcastic.*) Oh, gee, I don't know, was it the "Dirk-a-holic" over there... (*Indicates Jill.*) ...who wants to break my legs? Yes, it was! She scares me.

JACK: Sorry, man.

STEVE: Sorry's not going to cut it. (*Notices Lorraine.*) Who're you?

JACK: This is Lorraine. Show a little respect. (*To Lorraine.*) Sorry about him.

LORRAINE: (*To Steve.*) Hi! (*Waves to him.*)

STEVE: (*Threatened.*) Hello...I'm Steve.

LORRAINE: Lorraine. Nice to meet you.

STEVE: Yeah. (*To Jack.*) Who is this?

(Suddenly, "Sprach Zarathustra" from "2001: A Space Odyssey," or another suitable song is heard. It's being played loudly. After about 10 seconds, everyone goes silent. Julie, Dirk's assistant, appears from side stage holding a microphone.)

JULIE: (Into microphone.) Many years ago, the Lord created a man. A man whom the dear Lord spent many hours perfecting to create the ultimate being. A man whom the dear Lord made, so he can look at him and say, "You're my most wondrous creation." A man who exudes talent. A man with the world's greatest gift of the stage...probably the greatest man to ever walk the earth. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you...Dirk Svenson.

(All of a sudden, we see Dirk Svenson enter the side stage. He is dressed in a cape, and there's a spotlight on him. He is atop a ramp, standing on a skateboard, with his head down. As the song reaches its peak, Dirk raises his head for everyone to see, and he begins to be slowly pushed on the skateboard down the ramp by Karen and Marty. Marty is holding a phone to Dirk's ear. Julie lets off a small crappy firework as well. Just as the song winds down, the CD begins to skip. Dirk loses his calm demeanor and gets off the skateboard. He turns to Karen.)

DIRK: Okay, please, someone cut the music; it's doing that thing again. Thank you. (The music stops. Total silence. Dirk puts back on his cocky and threatening face and sizes up the people in the room.) Well, well, well...looky what we have here...fresh blood...young rabbits, who want to become...old rabbits. Old rabbits who are good at acting. I'm sure you all know me. My name is Dirk Svenson—yes, thee Dirk Svenson, who played John Pride on the hit TV soap opera "Pride's Patients." (Jill and Phil are the only ones who applaud.) Yes, thank you...thanks... (Jill and Phil are still applauding.) Shut up! (They stop.) Thank you. (Clears throat.) This is my assistant, Julie, my right hand man, so to speak. He will be helping us on our journey. And also with me is my publicist, Karen, who schedules all of my prestigious television appearances.

STEVE: (Whispers to Jack.) I bet her job's really easy. He hasn't been on TV in years.

DIRK: I'm sorry, did someone say something over there? (To Steve.) Was it you?!

STEVE: No, sir, it was... (*Points to Lloyd.*) ...him.

DIRK: (*Believes it.*) Oh, really... (*To Lloyd.*) ...you think you're a tough guy?

(*Lloyd looks scared and confused.*)

LLOYD: (*Nervous.*) Who, me?!

DIRK: (*Sarcastic.*) No, the other idiot who's making fun of me! Yeah, you!

LLOYD: I didn't make fun of—

DIRK: Shut up! Don't speak! Do not speak at all! What's your name, young man?! (*Lloyd doesn't say a word.*) What is your deal, mister?! I asked you a question!

LLOYD: You told me not to speak!

DIRK: Oh, a funny guy! I love funny guys!

LLOYD: My name's Lloyd!

DIRK: Lloyd, huh?! Well, Lloyd, you keep this up, and you will find yourself out in the hallway, mister! What do you think of that?!

LLOYD: (*Scared.*) I-I—

DIRK: (*Mocking..*) "I-I." Shut up! And the next word out of you is going to be spoken outside! You got it?! (*Lloyd nods his head.*) Good... (*Goes back to a smiling expression. Laughs.*) Anyways, where was I? Ahh, yes, that's Karen, and next to her is my accountant, Marty Zinfandel. He is the best in the biz.

(Everyone looks at Marty, who is on his "cell phone," which is really a juice box.)

MARTY: (*Into phone. Yells.*) No, you quit low-balling us with your offer, and then maybe we'll consider it!

DIRK: Ooh, sounds intense. So that's who we are, ladies and gents. We're just everyday normal citizens like yourselves, except we're just a tad higher on the social ladder, which certainly accounts for a lot these days. Yep...anyways, just last summer, I wrote a book. Did anyone read it?

(Jill and Phil raise their hands.)

JILL: (*With hand raised.*) Ooh, ooh, we did!

PHIL: (*With hand raised.*) Yes, we did, and it was great!

DIRK: Well, bless your souls. Anyone else?
JILL: I read it 27 and a half times. Half because I'm currently reading it again!
DIRK: (*A little uncomfortable.*) Well...um...that's a little creepy, but thanks. Nobody else?
JILL: I love you, Dirk!
DIRK: Um...I love you too...but...in a platonic way. I love all my fans.
JILL: No, seriously, I love you.
DIRK: Well—
JILL: I'd like to marry you and move into a house with you. Then, when the time's right, have a few kids with you. Hopefully a boy, so we can call him "Dirk, Jr." And if it's a girl, we'd name her "Dirkeeta Mitchell." We'd have a dog!
DIRK: (*Really freaked out.*) Uh...thanks. Okay, like I was saying, I wrote a book last summer called "All Dirk and No Play," and it explains to a certain degree how you master your craft of acting on a soap opera. And that's what we're going to do. Guys, I'm not gonna lie to you all. You don't deserve that. I'm just a normal person like you guys...just an average Joe.

(Julie pulls out a copy of the book "All Dirk and No Play.")

JULIE: Uh, sir, I'd hate to interrupt, but that's not what you said in the book. On page 57, you stated... (*Reads from book.*) ... "I am immortal, and I am so far beyond any human on earth."
DIRK: Uh...well...that line was meant to be ironic. I was just joking.
JULIE: Sir, the following line stated, and I quote... (*Reads from book.*) ... "I am not kidding. I am superior and I'm proud of it."
DIRK: Uh... (*Nervous.*) ...well, that wasn't directed to... (*To audience.*) ...you guys. That was directed toward everyone else...yeah... (*Nervous laugh.*) See?
JULIE: The following line, sir, and I quote... (*Reads from book.*) ... "This is directed to everyone out there in the world. There are no exceptions."

(Dirk grabs the book out of Julie's hands and throws it away.)

DIRK: Forget the book! Students, my point is, if you all want to become actors and actresses in a soap opera, you have to work

hard for it. You better believe it! Now, you all came here because you wanted to learn a few things to make it in the business. Well, prove to me you can do it. And I'll have you all know, I'm not going to be your mommy, okay? I'm not. I'm not going to spoon feed you, or tell you bedtime stories...or wipe the drool off your faces...that's actually Karen's job, really. (*Karen looks offended.*) So if we all work together, and we all cooperate, I believe we will have the best summer ever here at Camp Soap. (*Jill and Phil both stand up and cheer for Dirk. To Jill and Phil.*) Okay, okay, guys. That's enough.

PHIL: (*Crying.*) I can't believe you're here. Right now. In the flesh.
JILL: It's okay, Phil. I know, it's okay.

DIRK: All right, everyone. Moving right along...let's introduce ourselves. I think it's important that we get that right out of the way to avoid name confusion. What I want you all to do is stand up when I call on you and tell me your name, a few things about yourselves, and tell us why you're here—but don't go too crazy. Keep it brief, okay? I'll go first. (*Clears throat.*) I'm Dirk Svenson. My favorite film is ["Turner and Hooch."] .) [*Or insert the name of another suitable movie.*] My favorite food is meat-lovers salad, and my favorite soap star of all time is [David Canary]. He plays [Adam and Stuart Chandler] on ["All My Children"]. He's so amazing. You see, he plays twins on the show, but the truth of the matter is he's just one person in real life! How does he do it?! It must be CGI or something...anyways, I'm here to teach you, the students, how to act this week. Okay, that does it for me. (*Dirk points to Cody.*) How 'bout you? [*Or insert another male soap opera star.*]

CODY: (*Scared.*) Who, me?

DIRK: Yes, you.

CODY: Do I have to do this right now? Can I do it later?

DIRK: Uh, no. I can't know you if you don't tell me anything about you. So, please...

CODY: Um...

DIRK: What's your favorite color?

CODY: Um...periwinkle?

DIRK: Okay...what about your favorite TV show?

CODY: Um...I don't really watch TV.

DIRK: What?

CODY: I don't own a TV, really.

DIRK: You mean you've never seen my show?

CODY: Um...no...not really...sorry.

DIRK: Oh...I see... (*To students.*) Students, I want you to all study this guy. Look at him...examine him...because he's the reason why "Pride's Patients" was cancelled.

(Jill and Phil both stand up again.)

JILL: (*To Cody.*) You ruined everything!

PHIL: (*To Cody.*) Why did you do that?!

DIRK: Okay, how 'bout you guys? (*Points to Jill and Phil.*)

JILL: I'm Jill Rothchild, Mr. Svenson!

PHIL: And I'm Phil Rothchild, Mr. Svenson!

DIRK: Oh, isn't that nice? You guys have the whole...rhyming names thing.

JILL: Yeah, we got them legally changed so they can rhyme like that.

PHIL: We're both huge fans of your work, Mr. Svenson.

JILL: We watched all 162 episodes of the show, Mr. Svenson, religiously.

PHIL: I drew a painting of you for my art class. They all thought I was crazy. (*Phil pulls out a big portrait of what looks like a really badly drawn man. There is another messed up figure next to it. Pointing to his picture.*) That's you, and that's me next to you.

DIRK: (*Looks disgusted.*) Oh my...um...okay, thanks. Whose next? You!

(Dirk points to Joe. Joe stands up.)

JOE: Hello there. My name is Joseph Winfield. I'm here because my doctor says I have an unusual amount of testosterone in my body, so I need to perform more feminine activities—whatever that means. I broke his nose.

DIRK: Well, nice to meet you.

(Dirk extends his hand to Joe. Joe does nothing.)

JOE: I'm not going to shake your hand. I fear physical contact between another male and myself...but if any of you guys ever want to shoot pool, or fight, I'll be around.

DIRK: Well, that's good to know—really, it is—I take comfort in that.
(To Lorraine.) How about you?

(Lorraine stands up.)

LORRAINE: My name is Lorraine Thomas. Hi, everybody.

EVERYONE: Hi.

CODY: (Late.) Hi.

LORRAINE: I'm from Berkeley, and I want to be an actress. I love the theater, and I'd love to build my craft.

DIRK: (Flirtatious.) Well, we can help you with your craft, but I don't think the beauty department needs to assist you.

STEVE: (Scoffs.) Smooth.

DIRK: That's it, Lloyd! I warned you!

LLOYD: But, I swear, I didn't say anything!

DIRK: No excuses! (To Julie.) Julie, escort this clown out into the hallway!

JULIE: Yes, sir.

(Julie takes Lloyd by the arm and drags him outside.)

DIRK: (Shouts after Lloyd.) I hope you like linoleum, and silence! (To Betty.) You...who are you?

(Betty stands up.)

BETTY: My name's Betty Grover. I like good-looking guys and anything that has to do with shopping at the shopping mall. One time, I ran after a moving car for four straight hours because I thought it was mine. It turned out it was, and I was testing to see if it looked like ghosts were driving if nobody's in it.

DIRK: Oh...great! (To Steve.) You?

(Steve stands up.)

STEVE: I'm Steve.

DIRK: Great! (To Jack.) You?

(Jack stands.)

JACK: Uh...hello. My name is Jack and I'm an alcoholic.

(*He laughs but nobody else laughs.*)

STEVE: Good one.

JACK: Um...I'm an extra in movies and television. I've done a little theater work. I was in "Othello" one year, and I received decent reviews. And now I'm here to act, just like you guys. I hope we can all work together and all get better at what we do. Thank you.

DIRK: How inspiring. Well, that just about covers it.

JULIE: Sir, what about them? (*Points to Extras.*)

DIRK: They don't matter.

JULIE: Well... (*Indicates Azrael.*) ...what about her?

DIRK: Oh...uh... (*Scared.*) ...she doesn't want to go. (*To Azrael.*) Do you? (*Doesn't wait for her to answer.*) No, she doesn't.

AZRAEL: I want to go.

DIRK: (*Annoyed. Sighs.*) Okay...let's hear it. Who are you?

AZRAEL: Who am I? No one. Just another rat in this cage we call "earth." I'm a messenger—a disciple from the underworld.

STEVE: Oh, really? Where's the underworld located?

AZRAEL: Boise, Idaho. I'm beginning to wonder why I'm even here. I should be dead. I've committed social suicide.

DIRK: Yeah, why are you here?

AZRAEL: (*Vulnerable.*) I like the arts.

STEVE: Can I ask you a question?

AZRAEL: In exchange for your soul.

STEVE: (*Condescending.*) Yeah, sure. Why are people like you so obsessed with "The Nightmare Before Christmas"?

AZRAEL: I think it's cute...and spooky. Spooky like the fires around our country when the Dark Lord attacks us all from underneath! Hear his cry: Arrrggggggh!

DIRK: (*Nervously laughs.*) You scare me...well, that just about covers our introduction. Nice to meet you all. I feel like you're all my best friends now.

JILL: Nice to meet you too, Dirk!

DIRK: Don't call me Dirk.

JILL: Sorry, Mr. Svenson.

DIRK: Well, if you follow me, and Karen, we will show you the cabins here at Camp Soap. Karen, show the nice ladies where they will be sleeping.

KAREN: Yes, Mr. Svenson.

(Karen leads the way out the door, and the female Campers exit. Marty follows them out as he continues to talk on his "cell phone.")

MARTY: *(Into phone.)* Quit low-balling us, Tony! Stop right there!
Stop!

DIRK: Ooh, that sounds intense. I hope it's something good. *(To male Campers.)* Okay, guys, let's go!

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Men's cabin, moments later.)

MR. X: (Voiceover.) I guess I was a bit overwhelmed, if anything, toward Mr. Svenson's warm welcome to us "campers." I even got a little excited once I began to realize just why we were there. But the one thing that really knocked me off my seat was our cabin.

(*Male Campers enter one by one and clump together in the small room. Dirk enters with Julie and Marty by his side. Marty is on his cell phone. The Campers look disgusted by the room.*)

DIRK: Okay, gents, this is your humble abode for the next week.
(Sniffs. To Jack.) You smell that air? That's good, right?

JACK: (Sarcastic.) Oh, yeah, yeah, definitely.

DIRK: Yeah, that's a good scent. We're in pine country. Yes, we are.
Julie?

JULIE: Yes, sir?

DIRK: Where are we?

JULIE: Excuse me, sir?

DIRK: Where are we right now?

JULIE: Um...the men's cabin?

DIRK: No, we are in pine country. Heh-heh.

(*Dirk points to a sign on the wall with pictures of cows on it that reads, "This house is udder chaos!" He laughs and looks at Steve for approval.*)

STEVE: (Sarcastic.) Oh, yeah, that's funny. (Mock laughter.)

DIRK: Yeah, it is, isn't it? It says, "This house is *udder* chaos!" and it's got pictures of cows on it, get it? Ya know, 'cuz, like, cows have udders, but it's also a word with a different meaning. Play on words.

STEVE: Yeah, no, we got it.

DIRK: Comedy...what would the world be like without it?

JULIE: Probably like Nazi Germany, sir.

DIRK: You're right. Nazi Germany not funny, guys. And if you do think that's funny, then something's wrong with you.

JULIE: If you think that's funny, you're probably a Nazi, too, I'd imagine.

DIRK: Yes, very good, Julie.

CODY: Are we going to be sleeping here, Mr. Svenson?

DIRK: Of course. That, and studying, and hanging out in between classes, and hopefully getting to know your fellow actors, too.

JOE: But there's no bed in here.

DIRK: Yes, I know. Due to budget cuts, all we could really do was get you guys these folding chairs. And even those weren't that feasible.

JULIE: You should tell them about the blankets, too.

DIRK: Oh, thank you, Julie, yeah. I hope you guys brought blankets and pillows, too...we don't have those, either.

JACK: (Angry.) I thought you were providing them!

DIRK: I never said that.

JACK: Yes, you did! It said in the forms we had to fill out. "All blankets and pillows and other linens will be provided." That's what it said.

(*Dirk looks embarrassed. He has nothing to say. Pause.*)

DIRK: Uh, Julie? Help me out, here.

(*Julie doesn't know what to say either.*)

JULIE: Uh...no, we didn't?

(*Julie looks at Dirk like he's trying to ask, "Was that good enough?"*)

JACK: That's ridiculous!

PHIL: Look, nerd, if Dirk says he didn't say that, then he probably didn't say it!

JACK: (To Dirk.) What're we supposed to do?!

STEVE: (Sarcastic.) I thought the answer to that was obvious, Jack. We simply cuddle with one another, and hopefully, when our heads rest on Joe's stomach, we'll be reminded of our beds back at home.

JOE: (Angry.) Nobody's laying their head on my stomach! I do not tolerate that! If anyone tries it, I will break their face into eight pieces of destruction!

DIRK: Guys, guys, guys! Come on! Please...for every problem, there's a solution. Good luck with finding it. See ya tomorrow morning!

(*Dirk begins to exit the room, but Jack stops him.*)

JACK: Wait a minute! Stop! You can't just make us sleep here—tonight and all week!

DIRK: I know, it's unfair, but listen, Zack—

JACK: Jack.

DIRK: What?

JACK: My name is Jack.

DIRK: I don't think it is.

JACK: Are you saying I don't know my own name?

DIRK: I don't know. You tell me. One minute you're Zack, the next minute you're Jack.

JACK: I never said my name was Zack!

DIRK: Listen, Zack, Jack, Mack, whatever. What's more important to you? Sleeping comfortably at night, or learning the most vital acting information you've ever heard of?

JULIE: I'd pick the second choice.

DIRK: Me too, Julie, me too. What about you, Phil?

PHIL: The second choice! I slept on broken glass one time. This floor is like heaven compared to that.

STEVE: Why'd you sleep on broken glass?

PHIL: I was punishing myself for missing an episode of "Pride's Patients" three years ago. It was Episode 3F668: "Napoleon's Ghost Falls in Love With Gabriella, and Gabriella's Twin Sister, Lorelei."

DIRK: Serves you right. That was the season finale.

PHIL: (*Laughs.*) Yeah, I know.

JACK: This isn't fair! Somebody, please, back me up. (*To Cody.*) Cody?

CODY: (*Nervous.*) Um...I'm not really into the whole "yelling thing." I prefer maintaining a low self-esteem and just assuming that my opinion is incorrect. Yeah, sorry, though.

DIRK: (*To Jack.*) Just deal with it, duder. See ya tomorrow, ladies! Sweet dreams!

(*Dirk begins to exit the room with Julie and Marty.*)

JACK: Wait!

DIRK: (*Pretending.*) I-I can't hear you. We'll talk tomorrow!

JACK: Man! This is BS!

CODY: Bad sushi?

(*Jack gives Cody a look like he's appalled at what he said.*)

STEVE: It was your idea to come here, man.

JACK: (*To Steve.*) Shut up! I didn't think it was gonna be this way!

STEVE: Which way? Waste of money, waste of time, no beds, and a washed-up soap star for a counselor? (*Laughs.*) Because I gotta tell ya, Jack, that's the way I saw it, and I haven't been let down yet!

JACK: (*Sarcastic.*) Ha-ha.

STEVE: Listen, before you start crying and making me feel embarrassed to be your friend, it's okay. I brought reinforcements.

JACK: Really?

STEVE: Yeah, well, I thought maybe something like this might happen.

(*Steve reaches into his bag and pulls out a blanket and a pillow, followed by another set of bedding.*)

JACK: Oh, awesome, thanks!

STEVE: Yeah, well, what can I say? I'm awesome.

JOE: Are there any in there for me?

STEVE: Um...sorry, Joe. Fresh out.

JOE: Fine, whatever! You better watch your back, Steve! You just might end up looking like the clerk whose face I smashed in at the gas station.

CODY: What happened to him?

JOE: I smashed in his face!

CODY: Why?

JOE: He gave me the wrong change when I paid for my Power Bar. 'Cuz you know, strong guys eat Power Bars when they need the protein.

STEVE: Yeah, we know.

JOE: Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be in the cafeteria eating red meat and watching the football game and the boxing match simultaneously on TV...'cuz that's what men do! Nobody follow me, or they'll end up like the clerk whose face I—

STEVE: Smashed in at the gas station, yeah. We got it.
JOE: You better believe it, bucko! (*Exits.*)
STEVE: Wow...that guy sure is manly. (*To Cody.*) So, Cody, why are you here?
CODY: Me? I, um, want to become a great actor in a soap opera. I figured it would be a sure thing if Dirk Svenson taught the program.
STEVE: And then you realized that he was out of work and poor, right?
PHIL: I heard that, kemosabe! And F.Y.I., he's not out of work! He recently starred in an Eagle Man advertisement on public television with [Dennis Rodman]! So eat that, dweeb! [*Or insert the name of another celebrity.*]
STEVE: I rest my case.
CODY: Well, I just want to really save up money so I can personally distribute my novel.
JACK: Really? What do you write?
CODY: Um...stories.
STEVE: Ahh.
JACK: Well, let's just hope we can leave this place with a few contact numbers, so we can at least try to get some acting gigs. That's all I want.
STEVE: What's the matter, Jack? You tired of being the background pedestrian on the set of ["Will and Grace"]? [*Or insert the name of another TV show.*]
JACK: (*Condescending.*) Not as tired as you are with your scene on "Star Trek" as Klingon Number Six. Oh, wait, that scene got cut out of the episode, didn't it?
STEVE: (*Serious.*) Okay, that just hurts.
CODY: So you guys do extra work?
JACK: Yeah.
STEVE: (*To himself.*) I spent three hours in makeup looking like a Klingon, and they didn't even use my scene! That's unjust. That's what that is!
CODY: At least you guys are trying to become well-known actors. I work at Starbucks grinding coffee beans all day.
STEVE: (*To himself.*) "Star Trek." (*Scoffs.*)
JACK: Well, not for long. You'll see.

(Steve looks at Phil, who has been putting up several pictures of Dirk Svenson on his wall and lighting candles in front of them.)

STEVE: Oh, no, Phil built a shrine.

PHIL: You got that right, my friend, who's not really my friend. This place looks good now that Dirk is watching over us at all times. (Pretending he's Dirk with the picture.) "Hello, guys, I'm Dirk Svenson, and I'm the greatest actor on the planet! I'm watching you!"

JACK: (Enamored.) Wow...

(Betty enters and looks around the men's cabin. She doesn't say a word. She just looks very confused.)

BETTY: Wow, my cabin looks really different now.

STEVE: What're you doing here, Betty?

BETTY: I just went to go use the potty, and now our cabin is different...that's weird.

JACK: This isn't your cabin, Betty. Yours is a different cabin.

BETTY: Why're you saying these things, Lorraine?

JACK: Listen, I'm not Lorraine! Your cabin is down the hall! This is the guy's cabin!

BETTY: What?

JACK: (Sighs.) Hey, Betty... (Points outside the door.) ...look, a pony!

BETTY: Where?! Where?!

JACK: (Pointing.) Out there!

BETTY: (Excited.) Oh, boy!

(Betty runs out the door, and Jack closes it behind her.)

STEVE: Lock it, lock it!

(Jack locks the door.)

JACK: Man, that girl is not bright.

(Pause. A slam is heard on the other side of the door.)

BETTY: (Offstage.) Guys?! I found the pony! Lorraine?!

JACK: Go away!

BETTY: The door won't open! I'm gonna charge it!
JACK: Don't! (*A louder slam against the door is heard. Pause.*)
 Betty?...Betty?
STEVE: Oh, no, she's dead. Go see...
JACK: Why do I have to?
STEVE: Fine...I guess I have to do everything around here. Cody,
 open it. See if she's dead.

(*Cody makes his way to the door and checks outside. Betty is lying on the floor passed out.*)

CODY: She's not moving.
STEVE: Is she breathing?
CODY: I think so.
STEVE: She's fine. Let's go to bed.
JACK: Agreed. Goodnight, guys!
EVERYONE: Goodnight.

(*Jack hits the light switch, and the stage goes black. There's nothing but silence for a short period.*)

STEVE: (*Stage whisper.*) Hey, Jack?
JACK: What?
STEVE: (*Stage whisper.*) Who was that skirt you were talking to earlier?
JACK: That was Lorraine. She's cool.
STEVE: You like her? (*Pause. Pretending to be a child.*) Ooooh, Jack likes Lorraine. Hey, Jack?
JACK: What?!
STEVE: Do you like-like like her? More than a friend?
JACK: (*Laughs.*) Shut up, Steve!

(*Steve laughs like he just won a prize. Short period of silence. Another door slam is heard.*)

JOE: (*Offstage.*) What's going on here?!
BETTY: (*Offstage.*) Oops! Sorry!
JOE: (*Offstage.*) Oh...sorry I tripped on you.
BETTY: (*Offstage.*) It's okay. Hey, do you work out?
JOE: (*Offstage.*) Yeah, every day.

BETTY: (*Offstage.*) Wow...you sure are manly...

Scene 3

(AT RISE: Men's cabin, the next morning. Male Campers are all sleeping. After a short pause, Dirk and Julie storm into the room. Dirk blows a whistle hanging from his neck, and Julie bangs on a pot with a wooden spoon. Dirk is wearing a camp-type outfit of khaki shorts and a khaki-colored polo shirt. He blows his whistle right into Jack's ear. Groaning and sighing, the male Campers get up from the floor. Dirk blows the whistle again.)

DIRK: Wake up, ladies! Time to get out of bed, open your eyes, you babies! No time for personal grooming! I didn't shower this morning!

(Julie makes his way to Jack and scoops porridge out of the pan with the wooden spoon, and stuffs it into Jack's mouth. Jack spits it out.)

JACK: Eew! What is this stuff?!

DIRK: That's porridge, my dear boy! Eat up. You're gonna need your strength. Boy, we got quite the lesson planned for you guys today! We're gonna have a good time! (To Steve.) Wake up!

(Dirk kicks Steve, who is still on the ground sleeping. Steve stand up.)

STEVE: (Angry.) Ow! Don't kick me!

DIRK: Don't make me kick you then! Get up, Jackalope! (Blows whistle.)

CODY: Ow! My ear drums! I think they're bleeding internally!

DIRK: Stop crying! You can bleed when we're finished with the day!

JULIE: You heard Mr. Svenson, let's go!

STEVE: (To Jack.) Are we dead? Seriously, have we died, and went to hell? Is Ty Cobb hanging out around here by any chance?

JACK: I didn't think we'd be getting up this early. (To Dirk.) What time is it?

DIRK: Please, if you have a question, ask my assistant. That's what he's here for.

JACK: (Puzzled.) Okay. (To Julie.) Um...Julie?

JULIE: Yes?

JACK: What time is it?

JULIE: Let me ask Dirk. (To Dirk.) Dirk?

DIRK: Yes, Julie?
JULIE: Jack would like to know what time it is.
DIRK: Tell Jack it's 5:30.
JULIE: (*To Jack.*) It's 5:30.
JACK: Okay. And why are we up so early?
JULIE: Lemme ask Dirk. (*To Dirk.*) Dirk?
DIRK: Yes?
JULIE: Jack would like to know why we're up so early.
DIRK: Good question, Julie. Uh...maybe because we have a lot to cover in the span of one week's time, and if you have a problem with learning all of this vital information regarding soap opera acting in the wee hours of the day, then you can stay here in the cabin and cry in your little pillow. This is the big league.
JACK: Ya know, I would cry in my pillow if we had some!
DIRK: Whatever. Let's get a move on, shall we?

(*Dirk and Julie exit, followed by the male Campers. Shortly after, Karen and Dirk enter, leading all the Campers into the classroom.*)

KAREN: All right, come on, let's go.

(*Campers are groaning and grumbling to each other. Dirk silences them.*)

DIRK: Okay, now that we're all here, we can finally start! (*Everyone is still talking. Calmly.*) Guys, come on. Guys? (*Everyone is still talking.*) Guys? (*Loud and angry.*) Shut up! (*Campers start to quiet down.*) Thank you. Can we start now? Good. We have a lot to go over today, so let's all keep focused.

STEVE: It's too early, man.

DIRK: (*Sarcastic.*) Oh, really? Is it...is it too early? Oh, really? What time is it. Is it noon?

JULIE: Sir, it is not noon.

DIRK: (*Sarcastic.*) It isn't? Oh, geez, here I am thinking it was noon! Oh, wow, I guess I'm just completely oblivious as to what time it is and have no concept of time at all! That must be it! Here, tell ya what, why don't you all go back to your cabins and go to sleep until it's time to start class today?

STEVE: Really?

DIRK: (*Sarcastic.*) Really. Yeah. Tell you what...tomorrow we'll drop everything because you need your sleep in the morning, and

we'll completely bump all my lesson plans up seven hours and be totally delayed all week, okay? I want to make sure we accommodate your needs.

STEVE: (Serious.) All right, I get it.

DIRK: (Sarcastic.) Oh, do you?

STEVE: (Assertive.) Yeah.

DIRK: Okay. (With an angry look on his face, Dirk points at Steve and does so longer than he needs to. Finally, after a little while, he snaps out of it, and Julie hands him a chart.) Okay. Let's take attendance, here. (Looks at chart.) Uh...Adams?

CODY: Here!

(Campers quiet down. Jack makes his way to Lorraine, who is sitting alone.)

JACK: (To Lorraine.) How're you this lovely morning?

LORRAINE: Oh, very pleasant. I feel like I just got ran over by a really scummy steamer truck.

JACK: Oh, well, that's nice. Is your cabin situation as good as ours? (Matter-of-factly.) We don't have any sheets or pillows.

LORRAINE: Yeah, neither do we. Luckily, I have my really soft leopard skin overnight bag.

JACK: Yeah. (Nervous laugh.) Well, uh, if you want to, we can go... (Loss of words.) ...blanket shopping later.

(Jack realizes what he just said was stupid. So does Lorraine.)

LORRAINE: Yeah, heh-heh...maybe.

JACK: That was dumb, sorry.

LORRAINE: It's okay. Thanks for the offer, though.

JACK: It's the least I can do.

(Steve approaches Jack and Lorraine. Steve gets right in between them.)

STEVE: 'Sup, dawg?

JACK: Not too much with me. How 'bout you?

STEVE: Oh, not much...I'm thinkin' of doing some *blanket shopping* later.

(Jack's embarrassed. He realizes Steve overheard the conversation.)

JACK: Will you mind your own business?
STEVE: (*To Lorraine.*) Hi, Lorraine!
LORRAINE: Hi, Steve.
DIRK: Lawndale?
JACK: Here!
DIRK: (*Can't make out writing on chart.*) R-ran-ran-dolph? Randolph?
Is there a Randolph here?
JULIE: Uh, sir? (*Julie looks at the chart.*) That's not Randolph. That's,
uh...Stevenson.
DIRK: (*Looks closely at the chart.*) Oh! I see. Oh! Now I see it!
(*Embarrassed.*) "Randolph" looks a lot like "Stevenson" sometimes.
Uh...Stevenson?
LORRAINE: Here!
DIRK: (*Looking at chart.*) Uh...Svenson? (*Laughs and raises his hand.*)
Here. And the rest...I'll just assume is here. Okay! Let's get
started here! Now, our first question of the day—the \$64,000-dollar
question—what is a soap opera? Anyone? (*Julie raises his hand,*
eagerly.) Julie, put your hand down.
JULIE: But I know it!
DIRK: I know you know it. You helped me write this lesson!
JULIE: That's exactly why you should call on me, sir!
DIRK: I'm not going to call on you! Anyone else?! (*Nobody answers.*)
No? Anyone? (*Julie is still raising his hand.*) Fine! Julie?
JULIE: It's a show on TV that is a blend of characters and their
relationships intertwining with situations.
DIRK: Very nice. (*To Campers.*) You heard it from him, guys! He just
said it! But I can see some of you guys here still don't get it. So
why don't we break the phrase down. Because
sometimes...it...helps...if...you...break...a...phrase...down...bit...
by...bit...word...for...word...okay...students? It gives...the...
words...different...connotations...so...let's...do...just...that...
okay? Now, Julie and Karen, here, are going to go around the
room and pass out bars of soap. I, myself, prefer Dove.
STEVE: (*Jokingly.*) Mr. Svenson, I really don't feel comfortable
showering with my fellow classmates. Call me bashful, but I just
don't see it happening.

(Everyone in the room laughs except Dirk.)

DIRK: (*Mock laughter.*) You guys think that's funny? Yeah? You think this is a joke? Let me tell you guys a joke, okay? A guy walks into a studio. He sits down with a few producers. They tell him, "I'm sorry, Dirk, but your show is cancelled, the Nielsen's have just arrived, and they're telling us that the ratings are lower than ever!" Now that's a joke! That, folks, is a joke!

BETTY: I think I liked his better.

DIRK: Moving on, we are examining our bars of soap, and listening to the [Three Tenors] for our opera selection. Hence, "soap"..."opera." Let's try it. [*Or insert the name of another group.*]

(*Dirk turns on a boom box, playing a song by the Three Tenors, or other suitable opera song. Everyone in the room looks at their bars of soap with interest.*)

AZRAEL: It smells really pretty.

STEVE: This is a joke, right?

DIRK: Does it look like a joke?! No! I'm being serious! This is my serious face. (*Dirk points at his face. He looks blankly at Steve.*) It's like a stone wall of sincerity.

STEVE: This is crazy.

DIRK: Well, if this is crazy, then I guess I'm just a-a— (*Loss of words.*) Julie, what's crazy?

JULIE: A crazy person?

DIRK: (*To Steve.*) A crazy person! (*To Julie.*) More imagination next time, Julie. What am I paying you for?

JULIE: You're not paying me, sir. I haven't seen a paycheck in six months.

DIRK: (*Silently.*) Yeah, but *they* don't know that.

JOE: Can we keep these?

DIRK: The soap?

JOE: Yeah.

DIRK: I guess so.

JOE: Good, 'cuz I'm gonna need it to take a shower after I'm done working out while verbally abusing a woman because men are far more superior to women, and we can treat them like objects...'cuz we're men, and that's what men do...

JACK: (*Studying his soap.*) I honestly prefer Zest, but I guess this will do.

LORRAINE: I guess so.

DIRK: Okay, everyone, you all have your soap. You all examined it thoroughly. (*To Betty.*) Where's yours?

BETTY: I ate it.

DIRK: Um...I'm pretty sure you shouldn't do that. I believe you can die if you eat soap, so—

JULIE: At least she'll have a clean inside for the autopsy.

DIRK: Not funny, Julie.

JULIE: Sorry, sir.

DIRK: Okay, guys, I think you'll see now that the soap shows us the tender side of the show, whereas the opera side is more melodic in the sense that things are all...melodic.

STEVE: I did not get that at all.

DIRK: Well, that's not my problem. So...moving right along, if you need to become good at something, you'll need visual examples. So I took the liberties of bringing a copy of an episode of "Pride's Patients" to show you how a real actor gets things done.

PHIL: Which episode is it?

DIRK: Episode Number 2FC67.

JILL: You mean, "Christina Gets Abducted By Aliens That Kind of Look Like Bill Cosby"?

DIRK: Precisely.

JILL: That is probably one of the coolest episodes ever!

PHIL: No, it's not.

JILL: (*Shocked.*) What?!

PHIL: Every episode is the coolest episode ever!

JILL: Oh, yeah!

(*Jill and Phil try to perform their handshake again.*)

STEVE: No, please, you don't need to do that stupid handshake again!

DIRK: Yeah, he's right, come on, guys, that thing's really stupid. (*To Julie.*) Okay, Julie, ready?

JULIE: Yes, sir.

(*Julie pops a videotape into the VCR and it begins to play. We see a scene of a TV show. Dirk is on the screen dressed up as a doctor with an eye patch. He's with a Woman who looks to be crying.*)

DIRK: (*On TV.*) Janice, it's going to be all right...your son Billy is going to make it after all.

JANICE: (*On TV. Excited.*) Really, John?! Really?!

DIRK: (*On TV.*) Really.

JANICE: (*On TV.*) Oh, thank you, Dr. Pride, thank you!

(*Janice hugs Dirk on TV.*)

DIRK: (*To Campers.*) Are you guys studying this?

LORRAINE: What're we supposed to be studying?

DIRK: Shhh! (*All of a sudden, the clip of the show cuts, and we immediately see the opening of ["Baywatch" with the cast running on the beach.] [Or another suitable TV show.] Dirk looks embarrassed.*) Oh, no! I must've taped over it! Stop it, Julie! Stop the tape! (*Julie immediately stops the tape.*) Okay, yeah, that was the ["Baywatch"] marathon. I was taping that last week for a friend of mine. Sorry, my bad. I forgot. But I think you all got the message. What did you get out of the clip?

STEVE: [David Hasselhoff] plays [Mitch Buchanan]?

(*Everyone laughs.*)

DIRK: (*Angry.*) That's it! Lloyd, go outside!

LLOYD: Why?!

DIRK: I will not have you make a mockery out of me and my good name.

STEVE: What good name?

DIRK: That's it, Lloyd! Outside, tough guy! I'm not gonna tell you again! Outside!

LLOYD: But everyone was laughing!

DIRK: Just go! I don't wanna hear it! Geez! Can you believe that guy?!

STEVE: Unbelievable, sir.

(*Julie escorts Lloyd and they exit.*)

JACK: Steve, you really gotta stop that.

LORRAINE: (*Laughing.*) I think it's pretty funny.

JACK: You do?

LORRAINE: Yeah.

JACK: Well, I guess it *is* pretty funny.

DIRK: What I was trying to show you people was the magic of on-screen chemistry. You see, myself and young Janice, played by Julia Rothstein, had great on-screen chemistry in that show. But then again, I think I had good chemistry with all of the leading roles...even the guys...which even scared me—

(*Beth enters. She's beautiful and looks right at Dirk with a serious face.*)

BETH: Oh, really, tell me all about chemistry.

DIRK: Beth, please, don't do this to me right now.

BETH: Why not, Dirk?

DIRK: I don't want to talk about it. We'll talk later, okay?

BETH: Gotta talk about it sooner or later.

DIRK: Yes, later, that's what I want!

BETH: Have it your way. But you can't run forever.

(*Beth exits. The Campers are puzzled.*)

JACK: (*Stage whisper. To Julie.*) Okay, good thing that wasn't weird.

LORRAINE: Yeah, who was that?

JACK: (*To Phil and Jill.*) Hey, you guys are big Dirk-a-Holics.

PHIL: Yeah, the biggest Dirk-a-holics.

JILL: Yeah, the biggest.

PHIL: I just said that, Sis.

JILL: I know, I just thought—

PHIL: Stop it!

JACK: Do you know who that lady was?

JILL: No.

PHIL: She seemed to have a closeness to him, and if there's one thing
Dirk was always private about, it was his love life.

JILL: (*Dreamily.*) I wish I was part of his love life.

PHIL: (*Dreamily.*) Yeah, me too. (*Pause. Lorraine and Jack give Phil a concerned look. Embarrassed.*) I didn't mean that at all. I just meant because I love his work! Shut up!

LORRAINE: Okay, okay.

JACK: No need to get all defensive.

DIRK: All right, guys! This is where we part our ways. I know...don't cry, please... (*Pretending to cry.*) ...please, don't...please...see? (*Points at his tears.*) These are real tears. I bet

you thought I was really crying... (*Serious.*) Don't forget, tonight is our icebreaker activities in the classroom. I expect you all to be there. But right now is our lunch hour. You have 30 minutes.

JOE: I thought you said lunch *hour*!

JACK: Yeah, doesn't that constitute an hour?

BETTY: Yeah, doesn't that constitution an hour?!

DIRK: No, no! It's just a figure of speech, guys! It's not to be taken literal. It's like one of those non-literal terms. Like "Hang on a second." Or "I love you." Ya know, phrases like that.

JULIE: Or "Hold your horses." Or "I'm so hungry I can eat a horse!"

DIRK: Yeah!

JULIE: Or "Trojan horse" or "Faster than a horse!"

DIRK: Okay, Julie, will you stop it?! What's with all the horse stuff?!

JULIE: I watched ["Seabiscuit"] last night. *[Or insert the name of another horse movie.]*

DIRK: Oh, that's a good movie. But that doesn't explain you trying to be the teacher here. Why're you doing that?!

JULIE: I was only trying to help.

DIRK: Yeah. I understand that! Are you dumb? Did you not realize that? Are you taking stupid pills? Is that the big mystery...you're taking stupid pills?

JULIE: No, sir, I'm not taking stupid pills.

DIRK: Oh, you fooled me. (*Campers begin to exit but Dirk doesn't realize it because he's distracted. Julie is trying to get his attention.*) 'Cuz I thought you were taking stupid pills. After all, you are acting pretty stupid over here!

JULIE: Sir?

DIRK: What?!

JULIE: Let's just go eat a bagel.

DIRK: Yeah, okay. Wait! I got a better idea! Let's go get a bagel with cream cheese!

(Julie and Dirk both look at each other and smile and rub their stomachs at the same time.)

DIRK/JULIE: Mmmmm.
DIRK: Let's go.

(Dirk and Julie exit. Blackout.)

Scene 4

(Classroom, that evening. Lights fade on the stage to reveal the Campers sitting on the floor of the classroom around a fluorescent light, holding sticks with marshmallows at the end. In the center of the Campers, Dirk sits on a chair holding a guitar but not playing it. They all talk silently to one another.)

MR. X: *(Voiceover.)* So there we were...our first day of class over with. Later that night, though, Mr. Svenson had this brilliant idea of trying to bring the fellow campers together in an attempt to ease our first impressions. I guess it worked...but man, oh, man, I didn't think it was going to be like that.

DIRK: Um, I'd like to apologize to all of you, but due to health and safety codes, we can't have an actual campfire here in the classroom, yeah, so...I'm afraid we're going to have to roast marshmallows with this, uh, fluorescent light, here. Yeah, you're going to have to set the marshmallow next to the bulb and wait for it to burn a little. But, hey, you guys can all thank me when you're not burnt to a crisp. As a matter of fact, why don't you just thank me now?

CAMPERS: Thank you, Mr. Svenson.

CODY: *(Late.)* Thank you.

DIRK: You're welcome. Now, the reason I called this little pow-wow together was because I think you guys need to warm up to each other a little bit. If we're going to work together, we need to show we can do it. Now we may all seem a little different...but we actually all have something in common.

STEVE: Severe boredom? Or is that just me?

DIRK: No, stupid, we're all people here at Camp Soap. We're all just everyday, normal people.

JULIE: Except Azrael.

DIRK: No, no, no, Julie! *(Thinks.)* Well...kinda. So everyone's the same, ladies and gentlemen...we're all people.

JULIE: Except Azrael.

DIRK: Right. So let's act like we're the same, okay?

JOE: Okay, Mr. Svenson, but I think I speak for the men when I say we're not the same. We're men! That's obviously a difference from women. And it's obvious we're men—we're the ones who pave

your roads, and protect your house, and use our burly muscles to keep bad guys away. That's who we are!

JACK: What's with you, man?

JOE: I thought I made it abundantly clear! I have an unusual amount of testosterone in my body! Do you want me to show you with these? (*Shows fists.*)

JACK: No, that's okay.

JOE: All right then. Let me know when you are, Mary Ann. I'll be ready for ya.

LORRAINE: (*To Jack.*) He sure told you.

STEVE: Straight up, Jack. You should've unloaded some Chow Yun-Fat on him.

JACK: (*Sarcastically.*) Yeah, that's what I should've done. (*To Lorraine.*) So, Lorraine, did you go to high school in Berkeley?

LORRAINE: Yeah, I lived there all my life. I just love it there. How could I ever move? It's got everything! The weather's great, the people are okay...and I live right on the beach. It's paradise.

JACK: Sounds too good to be true. Yeah, Steve and me—

STEVE: Steve and I.

JACK: Steve and I live in Anaheim.

LORRAINE: Did you guys go to high school together?

JACK: Yeah, but I didn't start hanging out with him until junior year when he smashed his Honda into my Cavalier.

STEVE: (*Serious.*) It's true.

JACK: He still owes me \$1,500 dollars in damages.

STEVE: (*Serious.*) It's true. I do.

LORRAINE: (*Laughs.*) Sounds like golden memories.

JACK: Yeah... (*Sarcastic.*) ...I truly cherish them.

STEVE: (*Scoffs.*) Not me. I hated high school. I hated the hallways. I hated the teachers. I hated the conjoined social cliques of people who turn their backs on you, out of spite, for not owning the right pair of jeans—which need to be faded just the right way—in order to be considered “cool,” even though the concept of being ridiculed for the clothing you wear is ridiculous and makes you wonder why people waste so much time on worrying about a simple pair of jeans, for crying out loud, and then, ironically enough, act like they just threw the pants on in the morning, as if they didn’t waste the whole day wondering what to wear! And don’t get me started on that football team. They ruined my whole life. I remember this one time, I was walking down the hallway, and I had a lot of books

in my hand, and I got booked right in front of Debbie Townsend, the girl I loved, by the quarterback, Jimmy Reynolds. Worst day of my life.

JACK: (*Sarcastic.*) I love that story, Steve. It gets better every time I hear it. I love the whole stereotypical, misunderstood student who could care less about anything. So apathetic and likable.

STEVE: (*Confident.*) Yeah, that's right, and I stand by it. (*To Azrael.*) She knows what I'm talking about.

AZRAEL: I wish I wasn't invisible...

STEVE: (*To Jack.*) See?

AZRAEL: I feel kinda vulnerable...

STEVE: (*To Jack.*) You're preaching to the choir. Me and Azrael knew what it was like.

AZRAEL: I still do...it's like nobody even—

STEVE: (*To Jack.*) So don't tell me I'm living in stereotype.

JACK: I'm just saying, it seems like everyone was trying to be that way. That's what high school was...a constant struggle for acceptance when it turned out we were all the same.

AZRAEL: I'm so cold and alone...

DIRK: Guys, c'mon, stop—unless you're talking about me, then I suggest you keep the convo to a minimum.

LORRAINE: But we were talking about you.

(*Lorraine looks at Jack, as if she was asking him to play along with her lie.*)

JACK: Yeah. We were, actually.

DIRK: Really?

LORRAINE: Oh, yeah!

DIRK: (*Flattered.*) Oh...well, what were you two talking about?

JACK: (*Puzzled.*) Umm...

LORRAINE: "Pride's Patients," of course!

JACK: Yeah!

DIRK: Oh, really? What about it?

LORRAINE: We were just saying how much we loved the show.

JACK: Oh, yeah...loved it.

DIRK: Oh. (*Laughs.*) That's nice. It was a really good show.

PHIL: Sure was, Mr. Svenson!

JILL: Better than anything!

PHIL: We thought the show's premiere was a sign for the second coming of Christ.

DIRK: (*To Lorraine.*) What was your favorite episode?
LORRAINE: Um...oh, there were so many good ones.
DIRK: Well, if you had to pick one, what would it be?
LORRAINE: Uh...the one...where...it was like a cliffhanger?
DIRK: Oh, you must be thinking of "Matthew Goes to the Underwater City of Atlantis."
LORRAINE: That's the one.
DIRK: Ahh.
LORRAINE: Great episode.
DIRK: I'm glad you liked it. That was a nice little series of episodes.
JACK: I personally enjoyed part four.
DIRK: There were only three.
JACK: (*Covering.*) I know. I was joking.
DIRK: (*Serious.*) Well, that's not very funny at all. (*To Lorraine.*) So, Lorraine, seeing as how we both love me so much, why don't we get together tonight and "hang out," as the kids say. Ya know, "Boogie"? "Cut a rug?"
LORRAINE: Sorry, Mr. Svenson, I have...something...to do tonight.
DIRK: Okay, okay, I get it...I know what that means. I can take a sign...you'd rather do it tomorrow night.
LORRAINE: Uh, yeah, maybe.
JACK: So I guess there won't be any "rug-cutting" tonight.
DIRK: Yeah.... (*To himself.*) ...not yet.
PHIL: So, Dirk...
DIRK: Mr. Svenson.
PHIL: Mr. Svenson. Do you know any songs?
DIRK: Oh, me?
JILL: Yeah, can you play anything?
JOE: Can you play "We Will Rock You"? I feel like getting aggressive.
DIRK: Well...I'm so unprepared, really.
STEVE: You have a guitar with you.
DIRK: Okay, okay, Mr. Smarty Pants. I'll play you something.
JILL: Yay!

(*Dirk begins to play "Hero" by Enrique Iglesias, or another suitable song. He sings the chorus in a feminine and depressive manner. Afterward, only Phil and Jill clap for him, and they do it very enthusiastically.*)

DIRK: Thank you, thanks. Yeah...thank you...I wrote that song. I wrote it. I wrote it, actually, for someone special I always hoped I could find...but haven't quite found her yet.

STEVE: That was horrible!

CODY: (*Humble.*) I thought it was pretty good.

STEVE: (*To Dirk.*) Not only did you not write that song, but you can't even sing it!

CODY: (*Humble.*) It wasn't that bad.

DIRK: (*To Steve.*) You watch your tone, young man.

STEVE: I can play that song better with my shins!

DIRK: (*Stands up.*) You wanna go toe to toe?

KAREN: Sir, there will be no "toe to toe" tonight.

DIRK: No, there might be, Karen! Stevey, here, is asking for it!

JULIE: Dirk, please.

DIRK: (*To Steve.*) I know karate. Do you know karate?

STEVE: No.

JILL: You know karate, Mr. Svenson?!

DIRK: Yes, I do.

JILL: Awesome! Show me!

DIRK: All right...I need a volunteer. I'll show you all a move. (*Nobody volunteers.*) Nobody? Fine, I'll pick. (*Dirk points at the Extra in the room.*) You! Come here a minute. (*The Extra gets up and approaches Dirk.*) Alrighty, then. I'm gonna demonstrate to you a "donkey kick," as they call it in the industry. Now, I'm not gonna really hurt him, but be prepared. All right. I'm just gonna start with my back turned to you... (*Dirk turns around and gets in a fighting stance.*) ...and then I will turn and proceed with kicking you. Let's try it. (*Dirk turns and kicks at the Extra but accidentally kicks the Extra in the pelvis. The Extra screams in pain and hits the floor.*) Oh, no!

(*The whole room bursts into a frenzy of loud yelling.*)

CODY: Are you all right?!

JACK: Whoa, somebody help him!

(*Cody quickly gets down to the floor to check on the Extra.*)

CODY: (*To Dirk.*) I think you shattered his pelvis!

DIRK: (*Surprised.*) What?! Just from that?!

CODY: Yeah, he definitely needs medical assistance! Somebody help me get this guy out of here!

JOE: Perhaps I can be of assistance with my super-manly strength.

(Joe and Cody pick the Extra up and carry him out of the room. The Extra screams the whole way out.)

DIRK: Okay, how did that happen?!

KAREN: What do you mean, "How did that happen?" You kicked him in the pelvis!

DIRK: Well...he did it wrong!

KAREN: Oh, come on!

STEVE: *(Laughing.)* This is great.

DIRK: He'll be all right. It's cool.

JULIE: We may have to take this out of the camp account. Do you know what this means?

DIRK: *(Shocked.)* Oh...no...

KAREN: Why did you do that, Dirk?!

DIRK: Shut up, Karen, just shut up! *(Everyone goes silent. Dirk stands before everybody, and they stare at him with disappointment. Pause.) Uh...class dismissed. (The Campers get up and exit. Lorraine follows the Campers, but Dirk stops her before she can exit.)* Oh, Lorraine?

LORRAINE: Yeah?

DIRK: I'll see you around, okay?

LORRAINE: Sure.

DIRK: All right.

(Lorraine exits. Dirk is left smiling, engrossed in his own thoughts. He looks completely at ease.)

JULIE: Sir, what're we gonna do?

DIRK: Forget about that, Julie. That's the least of my problems. Julie?

JULIE: Yes, sir?

DIRK: I think I may be in love...I'm not sure...I don't think I've ever felt that way before.

JULIE: Sir, you've been married three times—not to mention your affair with [Alicia Silverstone]. You've never felt love? Well, who are you in love with? *[Or insert the name of another actress.]*

DIRK: Lorraine...ahh, Lorraine...a turtledove from above. Julie, I'm gonna tell you right now...when Dirk Svenson wants something, he gets it.

KAREN: What about a movie role?

DIRK: Not cool, Karen. I'm gonna win Lorraine's heart, no matter what it takes. You'll see.

JULIE: Wow, sir...I've never seen you this way before.

DIRK: I know. Isn't it exciting? I'm so motivated. Julie, we got a girl to win over! Come on, let's get some rest!

JULIE: Yes, Mr. Svenson.

MARTY: (*Into cell phone.*) I'm not gonna tell you again, man, you quit low-ballin' us, right now! We're walkin', I swear, we're walkin'.

(*Lloyd slowly enters the room.*)

LLOYD: Can I come back in?

DIRK: What did we tell you? Back in the hall until you're ready to start behaving!

LLOYD: (*Depressed.*) Okay...

(*Lloyd slowly exits the room with his head down. Blackout.*)

Scene 5

(AT RISE: *Camp Soap classroom, two days later. All the Campers are sitting on the floor, waiting to learn and silently conversing with one another.*)

MR. X: (Voiceover.) Two days had passed since that frightful night. We learned a few more useless tricks from Mr. Svenson, and I noticed Jack had begun to get closer to Lorraine. And although some of Dirk's actions were questionable, to say the least, and that poor young man in the hospital with a broken pelvis was contemplating legal action, morale was still pretty high. We all still had something to believe in: our futures.

(Enter Dirk and entourage. He looks to be in a rush. Campers go silent as he begins to speak.)

DIRK: Okay, guys, no time to spare! We have way too many things to cover!

STEVE: You keep saying that, but we never do!

DIRK: Steve, don't talk today. If you feel the need to say anything, just don't say it. That way, I don't have to hear it. Sound good?

STEVE: No.

DIRK: See, there you are, talking. I told you not to, remember? (To class.) Okay, boys and girls, I'm gonna get right into it today. There's a man here, whom I can safely say is a true inspiration, and one of the many, many reasons why I'm such a fantastic actor. He's stuck with me through thick and thin, and then some. Ladies? Gentlemen? I want you to say hello to Marcus!

(Marcus enters and waves to the Campers. Campers applaud.)

CODY: Hello there.

MARCUS: Hello.

DIRK: Marcus is my stunt double, ladies and gentlemen.

(Pause. Nobody speaks. Everyone is confused.)

STEVE: Your stunt double?

DIRK: Yeah, did I st-st-stutter?

STEVE: That can't be.

DIRK: Sure it can. (*Matter-of-factly.*) It is. I'm telling you guys, he was my body double when the time came for the more risky stunt work, or if I just didn't want to be in a scene on "Pride's Patients." Tricks o' the trade, students, tricks o' the trade. I've known Marcus for... (*Thinks.*) ...oh, I don't know, how long would you say, Marcus? (*Marcus shrugs his shoulders. Laughs.*) You are amazing!

STEVE: (*To the other Campers.*) Does anyone else see how odd this is?

DIRK: (*Defensive.*) Now, what is so darn odd about it, sport? He looks just like me! Look! Same build, same face, same hair...almost. It's uncanny!

CODY: I can see that.

BETTY: Yeah, me too! You two should-should— (*Betty doesn't say anything else. She just stares off into space with a dumb look on her face.*)

JACK: Yes?

BETTY: What?

DIRK: Listen, you guys, when acting in a soap opera, it's important to have a stunt guy, or girl—for some of you, namely the women—at all times. They will save...your...life. It makes you seem more active and that will result in more work, okay? And work equals good.

STEVE: And you equal an idiot.

DIRK: That's it, Lloyd!

LLOYD: What?! You were looking right at Steve! I clearly didn't say that!

DIRK: Julie, get him out in the hallway. I thought wrong about him. It looks like he's gonna need more time.

JULIE: Okay, Mr. Svenson.

(*Julie grabs Lloyd by the arm and starts to escort him out.*)

DIRK: (*Calls after him.*) What do you have to say now, Lloyd?! Nothing!

LLOYD: Is the whole world crazy?!

(*Julie and Lloyd exit.*)

MARTY: Shh! I'm on the phone!

JOE: So, Marcus, tell me...is being a stunt guy a good job?

MARCUS: Yes, it is.

JOE: Good, 'cuz I'm gonna need a job that calls for a lot of action... 'cuz guys love action and adventure and knock-em-ups. I know I do.

STEVE: (*To Dirk.*) Marcus cannot be your stunt double! He looks nothing like you!

DIRK: (*Scoffs. Sarcastic.*) Okay.

JACK: He's right, Mr. S, he really doesn't.

DIRK: How do you figure?!

JACK: (*Sighs.*) Oh, boy... sir... how do I put this while still sounding politically correct? Well... sir, Marcus is an [African-American] man. [*Or Marcus can be another race, ethnicity, height, weight, etc.*]

(*Pause. Dirk looks puzzled.*)

DIRK: So?

JACK: Um... nothing. I'm just saying.

DIRK: That doesn't matter... and shame on you for thinking that it does!

JACK: Listen, I'm sorry. I just—

DIRK: No! I am offended! Aren't you, Marcus?!

MARCUS: (*Careless.*) I guess so.

DIRK: Yeah, you see?! Now we're both offended! Marcus, I'm sorry. I suggest you kindly wait outside until after class for me. I don't think you're quite getting the respect you deserve with these ingreats! I'm sorry.

MARCUS: (*Careless.*) It's cool.

(*Marcus exits. Dirk couldn't be more mad at the Campers.*)

DIRK: I'm so angry at you guys. How can you even be like that?! Moving on! You're probably all wondering what's the big idea and opportunity of Camp Soap? And I'm gonna tell you right now! All of you guys—are you ready for this?—are going to be in an original pilot for a soap opera!

(*Everyone in the room bursts into interested conversation.*)

JILL: Really?!

PHIL: That's so awesome, Mr. Svenson! Give me a hug!

(Phil tries to give Dirk a hug, but Dirk backs away.)

DIRK: No, Phil, sit down...maybe later...

(Phil takes his seat.)

AZRAEL: (Unenthused.) I'm really excited.

LORRAINE: What do you mean by "soap opera," Mr. Svenson?

DIRK: Please, call me Dirk.

LORRAINE: No, that's okay.

DIRK: Well, my little kitten, I mean exactly what I said! We're going to act out an original soap opera. Now I hooked up with an old friend of mine, Miguel Guarez, a writer for "Pride's Patients," to write us a pilot for a brand new soap opera he's developing! Which reminds me, you guys, here's a free lesson: If you ever want to land a guaranteed leading role in a TV show or some sort of performance, just write the script yourself! Then you can just write yourself a big part! Just like Miguel did!

JULIE: I remember Miguel. How's he doing?

DIRK: Pretty good, actually. I think he joined a band or some kind of musical group 'cuz they call themselves the "Latin Kings," or something like that. They're supposed to be really good.

JULIE: Oh.

JACK: So we'll be taking on roles, huh? Is it gonna be on TV?

DIRK: Well, on the day we run through our script, completely flawless, I have taken the liberties of having three of the less prestigious TV producers come to our camp from network television! (*The room bursts into more collective chatter.*) But we gotta do really good, or we won't get picked up for the show.

JACK: What channel would it be on?

DIRK: Uh, Channel 26, the U. (*All of the students in the room groan.*)
Shut up!

JULIE: You guys should be lucky you're even getting a shot at TV!
You in-greats!

DIRK: Thank you, Julie.

JULIE: You stupid, stupid idiots!

DIRK: All right, Jules! So you'll be trying out for your roles tomorrow morning, and we'll all work on the pilot before the execs come next week!

CODY: Next week! Do we have enough time?

DIRK: (*Scoffs.*) Not my problem. I'm not the one whose gonna fall flat on his face if things fall through.

STEVE: You already have.

DIRK: That's it, Lloyd! Oh...he's not here. Never mind. So...any questions? (*Azrael raises her hand, but Dirk blatantly ignores it.*) Anyone? No? Nobody?

AZRAEL: I do!

DIRK: Nobody?! C'mon, someone must be wondering about something!

AZRAEL: I have a question!

JULIE: Sir, Azrael has a question.

DIRK: (*To Julie.*) But she frightens me. (*To Azrael.*) What is it, sweetie?

AZRAEL: Will we all be on TV if the show gets picked up?

DIRK: Oh, good question. No! Not everyone will make the cut. Think of it as football tryouts.

STEVE: (*To himself.*) Football...oh, no.

DIRK: So, I guess the pressure really is on. (*Laughs.*) Wow...it really is. I'll be honest with you, you all have a lot riding on this. So...uh...I think that's lunch. See ya'll in a little while!

(*All of the Campers begin to get up and exit the room. Steve, Jack, Lorraine, and Cody all walk together.*)

LORRAINE: Wow, this is exciting.

JACK: I know...I can't believe it. And here I was thinking this was a complete waste of time.

LORRAINE: Yeah. (*Indicating Dirk.*) What's with his stunt double?

JACK: I have no idea.

(*They exit. Only Dirk and his entourage remain.*)

DIRK: Julie, Karen, Marty? (*Marty gives Dirk the "one minute" sign, as he listens on his cell phone.*) You can all come to my wedding when I marry Lorraine.

JULIE: Can I be your best man?

(*Dirk thinks.*)

DIRK: Nah.

MARTY: (*Into phone.*) For the last time, we're not selling for that price, so quit low-balling us!

DIRK: (*Indicating Marty.*) That guy is a hard worker.

(*Blackout.*)

Scene 6

(AT RISE: Classroom, the next morning. The Campers are standing CS. Dirk sits at a table and Julie, Karen, and Marty sit next to him.

MR. X: (Voiceover.) We were all so excited about this new pilot that Dirk promised us, I don't think one person in the room was sitting still that next day. We were all so nervous...after all, we were trying out for our roles that day.

DIRK: Alrighty, guys, time for the tryouts. Moment of truth. Now, Karen and Julie, here, are going to pass out our scripts, and this will determine who we think will play the best role suited for them.

(Julie and Karen go across the room, handing out scripts to each Camper. Campers flip and skim through the pages. Betty tries to eat her script.)

JACK: (Confused, reading script.) "The Day After Tuesday"? That's the name of this show? Don't you mean "Wednesday"?

DIRK: (Loss of words.) Um...well...technically, yes. But there is relevancy, and a good reason why I didn't call it just "Wednesday"... (Thinks, but at a loss.) ...which I can't say right now for some reason. (To class.) So, flip through your scripts, take a look at the characters. Our two leads are John and Samantha. And then there's John's cousin Tony, who is oddly enough going out with Samantha's cousin, Elizabeth, but little does Tony know but Elizabeth is having an affair with Tony's best friend, Robert, who is John's brother-in-law. And Elizabeth's best friend, Rebecca, wants to go out with Robert, too, but she's with Dan instead. Dan is Samantha's brother and John's brother-in-law, obviously, and Dan is having an affair with Lorrie...Lorrie is a sea nymph. Any questions?

STEVE: No...I think I got all of it.

DIRK: Good. Read about whom the characters are like, and see who you'd like to try out for.

AZRAEL: Rebecca is upbeat and perky...I can identify with that.

BETTY: Who's playing Page 18?

DIRK: Betty, sweetheart, that's a page number in the script, okay? It's not a character. It's just a number!

BETTY: Well, how about Page 27?

DIRK: Betty...how do I put this? You're an idiot.
BETTY: (Laughs.) Okay!

(All of the Campers now silently speak to one another. Jack flips through his script.)

JACK: (To Lorraine.) So who're you gonna try out for?
LORRAINE: (Sarcastic.) You mean, out of all these in-depth, deep characters to play? I don't know. I'm thinking Samantha.
JACK: (Serious.) You can't play Samantha.
LORRAINE: (Laughs.) Oh, I can't?
JACK: No, you can't. I'm sorry.
LORRAINE: (Laughs.) Why?
JACK: Because that's the role I'm trying out for. You see how bad that's going to be?
LORRAINE: Oh, I'm sorry. (Laughs.)
JACK: It's okay. Just don't try out for her, and it won't be a problem.
LORRAINE: (Laughs.) Okay, okay! Who are you really trying out for?
JACK: I'm thinking John.
LORRAINE: Oh, okay...so if we both get the roles we want, we'll be married. Ooooohhh.
JACK: (Thinks. To himself.) Yeah, we would, wouldn't we? (To Steve.) What about you? Who're you trying out for?
STEVE: Besides the sea nymph?
JACK: Yes.
STEVE: I don't know...hey, what're you up to tonight?
JACK: Um...I'm not sure yet, why?
STEVE: Me and Cody are gonna take Betty to the lunchroom and make her break things over her head for change. Wanna come?
JACK: Sounds tempting, but I think I'll stay in.
STEVE: Hey, man, your loss...dumb blonde suffering further head injury.
JACK: No thanks.
STEVE: Okay...maybe another time.
JACK: Yeah, yeah, definitely.
DIRK: All right, guys! Are you all ready for your tryout?!
PHIL: Sure are, Mr. Svenson!
JILL: We're gonna do one together, if you don't mind.
DIRK: Uh, sure, whatever.

PHIL: Okay, Sis, let's put our mood caps on. (*Phil and Jill both pretend to put on hats and adjust them the right way. They then make their way to the center of the room, where they're the center of attention. They bow their heads, seriously, and breathe heavily.*) Get the face ready. (*Phil and Jill both wipe their hands over their faces and their smiles turn into serious faces. To Dirk.*) Okay. (*Looks at his script and reads in an soap opera actor voice.*) "Elizabeth, I just don't feel we should keep this from Robert."

JILL: (*Reading from script. In a soap opera actress voice.*) "Why not, Tony? It's a foolproof plan."

PHIL: (*Reading.*) "Even fools catch on eventually, Elizabeth."

JILL: (*Reading.*) "Oh, Tony. Kiss me."

(*Phil actually leans in to kiss Jill, but before they can, Dirk interrupts them. The Campers are all adlibbing, trying to stop the two from kissing.*)

DIRK: Okay, that's enough! Stop! (*Phil and Jill stop.*) Wow...that could've been really creepy. Um...good job.

(*Phil and Jill both jump up and down excitedly.*)

PHIL: We did it, Sis! We did it!

JILL: I knew we could. We always conquer our fears if we put our minds to it! At least that's what our counselors told us!

DIRK: Okay, guys, okay! That's enough! You're making me dizzy with the jumping and stuff. Okay...I liked it. It's no "Pride's Patients," but good enough. Who's next?!

(*Joe steps up.*)

JOE: I think I will just to get it over with.

DIRK: Okay. Go ahead.

JOE: Okay. (*Reads from the script.*) "(Enters room.) ROBERT: Why are you acting this way, Lorrie? (Sobs.)"

DIRK: Uh, Joe? You're not supposed to read the stage cues and descriptive directions. Yeah...for example, if you're sobbing in that scene, you don't say "Sobs," you actually sob, okay?

JOE: Fine! Geez! I'm gonna kill you!

DIRK: Just keep reading, please.

JOE: (*Reads from the script and acts really, really badly.*) "I don't understand why we don't go back to Sunny Acres where we belong...honey."

DIRK: Okay, I've heard enough! Stop! Please! Real...um...good.

JULIE: (*Serious.*) No, he wasn't.

DIRK: Subtlety, Julie. Think of a euphemism at least.

JULIE: Why?! He wasn't good!

DIRK: Listen, I know, but you're gonna make him do the Hulk thing again! Do you wanna die?!

JULIE: Some days...

DIRK: Okay, stop right there, Jules! (*To Joe.*) Good, Joe, good. We'll think of a...worthy part for you. Who's next?

JACK: (*To Lorraine.*) Wish me luck. (*To Dirk.*) I'll go!

LORRAINE: Good luck!

DIRK: Okay...all right, "Iron Jack," ...let's see what ya got. Show me something. Let me be impressed. Woo me!

JACK: All right. I'm trying out for John.

(*With his script in hand, Jack takes CS. Lorraine looks excited for him.*)

LORRAINE: Whoo!

(*Steve takes all of the impact of Lorraine's scream in his ears.*)

STEVE: (*Rubbing ears. Sarcastic.*) Good thing I'm deaf now.

JACK: (*Clears throat. Reads script.*) "Samantha, I need to talk to you."

(*Julie reads his lines using a woman's voice.*)

JULIE: (*Reads.*) "What is it, John?"

JACK: (*Reads.*) "I need you to tell me the truth...no more lies, okay?!"

JULIE: (*Reads.*) "Why, John, I have no idea what you're talking about."

JACK: (*Reads.*) "I said, no more lies! Now where is my cousin? What has Rebecca done with him?!"

JULIE: (*Reads.*) "I don't know what you're—"

JACK: (*Reads. Angry.*) "Liar!"

JULIE: (*Reads.*) "I swear, I don't know!"

JACK: (*Reading. Sighs.*) "I'll be at the motel. Let me know when you're ready to tell me the truth."

(*Everybody in the room cheers and claps for Jack except Dirk.*)

DIRK: Eh...I don't know. John has more dimension than that.

LORRAINE: (*Assertive.*) What're you talking about?! He was great!

JACK: Thanks.

DIRK: Nah...he was missing something in that scene.

STEVE: You're an idiot! He nailed it!

DIRK: No, he didn't!

STEVE: I say we take a vote. How many of you here thought Jack's performance was worthy of the part? (*Everyone in the room raises their hand except Betty, who is busy making shadow puppets in the air.*) Betty?!

BETTY: What?!

STEVE: Put your hand up!

BETTY: Okay!

(*Betty raises her hand. Dirk notices Julie has his hand raised.*)

DIRK: Julie, put your hand down!

(*Julie lowers his hand.*)

STEVE: It's a landslide, Dirk!

DIRK: Wait, I want to count. (*Dirk begins to count all of the hands raised in the room with his hands. He sees he's wrong.*) Okay! Okay, fine! I see what's going on here! You're all mad because lunch hour is only a half hour! Am I right?!

STEVE: No! We're doing this because Jack did a good job!

DIRK: Lorraine, back me up, here... (*She doesn't do a thing.*) Fine! Jack gets the part! (*Everybody cheers for him. Jack modestly thanks them. To Jack.*) Okay, so you're a good actor. (*Sings.*) "That don't impress me much!" Even though it's a bad decision, and you're gonna regret it later, he gets the part!

STEVE: We'll take our chances!

DIRK: Unbelievable. Un-freaking-believable! Ya know what?! I'll come up with the rest of the cast myself! I don't even wanna do this anymore!

(Everybody groans.)

LORRAINE: So we don't even get to try out for parts anymore?

DIRK: Yeah, but don't you worry, honey bun, I got just the part for you.

LORRAINE: That doesn't matter!

DIRK: I see what you're saying, here, but I think we should discuss this over dinner.

LORRAINE: Forget it.

DIRK: Okay, okay, class dismissed!

(Campers get up and exit the room except for Jill and Phil, who stay behind with Dirk.)

JILL: Dirk? We just want to let you know we think you're still the best.

PHIL: Definitely! You are the lights of heaven shining down on us!

DIRK: Thank you. Now kindly disappear.

JILL: Sure thing, Mr. Svenson.

(Jill and Phil exit.)

DIRK: What's wrong with them?

(Beth appears in the doorway. Dirk's back is turned to her.)

BETH: They don't appreciate you, hon.

(Dirk recognizes her voice and quickly turns around.)

DIRK: Why, Beth, I didn't hear you enter.

BETH: I'm as quiet as a ghost, aren't I? And just as invisible, too.

DIRK: Beth, I'm sorry about our past. I'm sorry I broke your heart.

BETH: Don't sweat it, Dirk...I'm not-. I see you pining over that girl in class. She's pretty.

DIRK: Yeah, Lorraine...that's her name.

BETH: Ahh, Lorraine...ya know, Dirk, I still love you. And I'd still do anything for you. You remember that now...

DIRK: Okay.

BETH: See you around...I'll be...around.

(Beth exits. Dirk turns his back on her.)

DIRK: Yeah...bye.

(Blackout.)

Scene 7

(AT RISE: *The men's cabin, that evening. Male Campers are sitting around relaxing, tired from the hard day's work. Steve and Cody are absent.*)

MR. X: There's nothing like a hard night's relaxing after a hard day's work. And we deserved it, after all that work we put forth earlier that day. Now it was time to just kick back and try to get a good night's sleep.

(Enter Steve, holding a boom box in his arms. He looks excited.)

STEVE: Hey, guys, what's up? Look what I got.

JACK: The new [Ricky Martin] album? [Or insert the name of another has-been pop singer.]

STEVE: What? No....wait, [Ricky Martin] has a new album?!

JACK: Probably not.

STEVE: Right. Anyway, I got us a little preparation for the pilot, so we can get picked up on TV.

PHIL: Really, what is it?

STEVE: It's an acting exercise tape.

(Everybody groans.)

JACK: Oh, come on, Steve, you of all people should know those things are just a waste of money.

STEVE: Ya know, any other time you'd be 100 percent right. But this time, you're 100 percent wrong. This one's good. This one is very good.

JACK: Why?

STEVE: Well, for one, Morgan Freeman is the instructor.

JACK: Really, Morgan Freeman?

STEVE: Yeah! Here, take a listen.

(Steve plays the boom box, and we begin to hear the audio of the tape.)

MORGAN: (On tape.) Hello, this is Morgan Freeman. You may remember me from basically any movie with a supporting role.

Let's work on your acting together. We'll start with a few pronunciation exercises. Repeat after me: Peter Piper picked a plenty peppers at the Port of Papa Pizza's Pub.

(Everybody repeats the audio, except Jack, who is unenthused.)

EVERYBODY: Peter Piper Picked a plenty peppers at the Port of Papa Pizza's Pub.

CODY: (Late.) Pub.

MORGAN: (On tape.) Very good. Let's try the next one. Morgan may only make movie's with medial movie roles, but the movie Morgan's making with the medial movie role is a main one, nonetheless.

ALL: Morgan may only make movie's with medial movie roles, but – (Speaking in monosyllabic gibberish.)

JACK: I think I'm gonna step out a minute.

MORGAN: (On tape.) Very good, you'll be driving Miss Daisy in no time.

(Jack makes his way out the back door of the cabin, and as he does so, the lights fade to black in the men's cabin. Lights up in the classroom. We see Lorraine sitting in the classroom, sitting on a chair, looking bored. Jack enters.)

JACK: Can't sleep?

LORRAINE: (Notices Jack.) Oh, hey. What's up?

JACK: Not too much, just getting some air. The guys have a Morgan Freeman tape playing in the cabin. So, what're you doing here?

LORRAINE: Nothing, really. Just thinking.

JACK: Oh. Did you want me to step out for a few minutes?

LORRAINE: No, no, that's okay. I could use the company.

JACK: Good. I could, too.

(Jack makes his way to a seat, pulls it up, and sits next to Lorraine.)

LORRAINE: (Deep in thought.) Jack, did you ever think you were going to be here?

JACK: (Confused.) Here? What do you mean?

LORRAINE: Well...my mother is one of those independent women...she's a lawyer. And like all somewhat successful parents, they all want their children to be just like them.

JACK: (*Understands.*) Oh...I see...well...my dad sells vacuum cleaners, and my mom is a homemaker, so I can't completely relate, but I think I know what you're saying. You're afraid. You're afraid you may have made the wrong decision.

LORRAINE: Exactly.

JACK: Because there's no guarantee you're going to be lucky enough to do what you really want to do.

LORRAINE: Yes! I mean, was she right the whole time? Should I just turn back now and go to law school? What?! It's so tough to find a balance between what I want to do, and what I should be doing.

JACK: Lorraine, I'm gonna tell you this in full confidence. What you want to be doing is what you should be doing. And that's it. Point blank.

(*Lorraine begins to think about what Jack said and she smiles.*)

LORRAINE: You're right...you're absolutely right, Jack...thank you.

JACK: No problem, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: Jack, tell me, are you doing what you want to be doing?

JACK: (*Thinks deeply. Defeated.*) Not entirely. (*Jack looks deep into Lorraine's eyes, and they lock eyes. They both slowly lean in to kiss, but right before they do, Dirk and Julie appear behind them, and Dirk blows a whistle in their ears. Jack and Lorraine quickly jump up out of their seats in shock.*) Whoa, whoa, whoa!

LORRAINE: What is wrong with you guys?!

DIRK: Sorry, guys, but me and Julie need to practice our yoga. Gotta get those muscles limber.

JULIE: (*Puzzled.*) No we don't...you said we were gonna come in here and sabotage Jack and Lorraine's conversation.

DIRK: Julie?!

JULIE: Isn't that what you said?!

(*Jack and Lorraine both give Dirk an angry nod "no."*)

DIRK: Julie? (*In Pig Latin.*) Ix-nay on the alking-tay about abotaging-say ack-Jay and orraine-Lay's onversation-kay!

LORRAINE: We can understand everything you just said!

DIRK: (*Shocked.*) You could?!

JACK: Yeah, we learned Pig Latin in, like, third grade!

DIRK: (*Shocked.*) You did?! Oh, man... (*Upset.*) ...and I took all those classes, too...

(*Lorraine starts to exit.*)

LORRAINE: I'll see you around, Jack. I'm sorry.

JACK: Yeah...see ya around. (*Lorraine exits.*) Why would you do that?

DIRK: Do what?

JACK: You guys are ridiculous.

(*Jack starts to exit.*)

DIRK: (*Calls.*) You're ridiculous! (*Jack exits.*) Heh-heh, I showed him...right, Julie?

JULIE: Yeah, sure thing, sir.

DIRK: Nobody's going to get in between me and the woman of my dreams...which reminds me, Julie.

JULIE: Yeah?

DIRK: I need you to do me a favor tomorrow.

JULIE: Sure thing, sir.

(*Dirk and Julie start to exit. Dirk puts his arm around Julie.*)

DIRK: (*Stage whisper.*) Right, tomorrow I'm not going to be in class...

(*They exit. Blackout.*)

Scene 8

(AT RISE: *Camp Soap* classroom, the next day. The Campers are holding their scripts and speaking silently to one another. Jack and Steve are chatting up Lorraine.)

MR. X: After that night, Jack was walking with a bit more ease, but I could tell he was still nervous around her. I could see the fear in his eyes the day we were supposed to rehearse for the first time in the classroom.

JACK: We were on, uh...an episode of ["Frasier,"] about six years ago. We were customers at that coffee shop they go to. [Or insert the name of another TV show.]

STEVE: What about [Titus]? Tell her about [Titus.] [Or insert the name of another cancelled TV show.]

JACK: Oh yeah, we were on [Titus,] before it got cancelled. We were lucky enough to be shown from the neck up at a park.

STEVE: Tell her about [Laguna Beach].

JACK: Yeah, more recently, we were on an episode of [Laguna Beach], on the lakefront. [Or insert the name of another TV show.]

LORRAINE: But I thought [Laguna Beach] was a reality show.

STEVE: (Scoffs.) Yeah, sure. Just because the cast talks like a bunch of idiots, doesn't mean the show isn't scripted by idiots.

JACK: It's kinda funny, though, that you mention that, Steve and me—

STEVE: Steve and I.

JACK: Steve and I appeared on an episode of [Hogan Knows Best]. [Or insert the name of another reality TV show.]

STEVE: Yeah, we figured the camera would always be following him, so we just waited outside of his house to get his mail.

JACK: That was quite a cameo. He told us to get off his property before we got hurt.

STEVE: He actually spoke to us, man!

LORRAINE: (Laughs.) Wow! You guys were on all of those shows, and you're going to tell me you haven't done anything?!

JACK: It's really nothing, Lorraine...just a few phone calls from our agent...a little talk with the producers, another talk with the producers.

STEVE: A little begging on our knees.

JACK: Yeah, a little begging on our knees.

STEVE: A hefty bribe helps, too.

JACK: Yeah, a hefty bribe, too. (*Lorraine laughs.*) Seriously, though, it's not tough at all. You should come with us sometime. You might like it.

LORRAINE: Hey, maybe I will.

JACK: They're always looking for someone who can eat a sandwich in the back of a diner and look really believable doing it.

(*Marcus, Julie, Marty, and Karen enter. The Campers look confused.*)

MARCUS: Hello, students.

PHIL: Hey, what gives? Where's Mr. Svenson?!

JILL: What did you do to him, stunt man?! Did you hold him hostage?!

PHIL: Is he tied to a chair in the back?!

JILL: If he's bleeding, you're bleeding!

JULIE: Please, please, please! Shut up!

PHIL: Where is Dirk?! I made him some menudo!

JULIE: Uh... (*Gives Phil a confused look.*) ...Mr. Svenson is out for the day. He has some...personal problems.

JILL: He doesn't have lupus, does he?!

JULIE: Um, I don't think so. I don't even know what lupus is.

JILL: Me neither. (*Laughs.*)

JULIE: Uh, no, he's not sick. He just has some important things to do today.

STEVE: Is he faking his death? (*The room goes silent. With concerned looks, they all look at Steve. Modestly.*) The way I see it, I'd probably fake my death if I was him...

JULIE: Anyways, Marcus, here, will be teaching the class for today, so you all be nice to him or I'll tell!

(*Campers gasp in shock.*)

CODY: (*Surprised, realizes.*) Wait! That guy's not Dirk! (*Points at Marcus.*)

JULIE: No.

CODY: (*Laughs.*) The resemblance is uncanny...

(*Julie approaches Lorraine.*)

JULIE: Lorraine, Mr. Svenson told me to cordially invite you to his deluxe cabin tonight to discuss the script for the pilot. And that he's... (*Reads from a sheet of paper.*) ...very strong and handsome in case you forgot.

(*Julie exits. Lorraine is puzzled by Dirk's proposition.*)

MARCUS: Okay, well, uh... (*Reads from a piece of paper*) ...it says here you guys are supposed to be rehearsing your parts for the soap opera pilot today. Does everybody have their scripts?

EVERYONE: Yes.

CODY: (*Late.*) Yes.

BETTY: Mine got burnt in a fire.

MARCUS: That's great, honey. I'll see you all later.

(*Marcus starts to exit.*)

JACK: Wait! Where are you going?!

MARCUS: I gotta go. I need to get an oil change for my sedan. It's been way past three months! (*Laughs.*) I'm in troooouuble!

(*Marcus exits. Campers don't know what to do.*)

STEVE: Okay...um...how many of you want to leave? (*Everybody in the room raises their hands.*) Okay, then, let's go!

(*Campers exit except for Jack and Lorraine.*)

JACK: Dirk wants to see you tonight?

LORRAINE: Yeah, I guess so. Maybe I'll catch my big break.

JACK: You're not really going, are you?

LORRAINE: Well...yeah.

JACK: Lorraine, uh... (*Jack doesn't know what to say. It's obvious he wants to tell her how he feels.*) Never mind...just watch out, okay? I think he has a thing for you.

LORRAINE: (*Sarcastic.*) You think so?

JACK: (*Mock laugh.*) Yeah, well, I'll see you later.

LORRAINE: Yeah, definitely. See you around, John.

JACK: (*Pretending to be happy.*) Okay, Samantha. (*Lorraine exits. Sarcastic.*) Great.

(Blackout. Intermission.)

Act II

Scene 1

(AT RISE: *The men's cabin, that night. Jack is upset. He is sitting on a "bed" with his head buried in a pillow. The rest of the male Campers are just sitting around relaxing.*)

MR. X: (*Voiceover.*) Welcome back. Did you enjoy the punch and cookies?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: (*Shouts.*) There was punch and cookies?!

MR. X: Perhaps you missed them, sir.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: (*Shouts.*) Why does this always happen to me?!

MR. X: Anyways, after Lorraine decided to go visit Dirk, Jack was in shambles. He immediately thought the worst of the situation. Unfortunately, that was a weak point of Jack's that he could never get over. Sometimes people act crazy for inexplicable reasons...

JACK: (*Groans.*) Ohhh, why do these things always happen to me?

STEVE: Oh, come on, Jack. It's not as bad as it seems.

JACK: She's going to Dirk's cabin to "discuss the script." You can only imagine what's going to happen.

CODY: They're going to discuss the script? (*Jack and Steve give Cody a confused look. Cody doesn't know why.*) What?

STEVE: (*To Jack.*) Maybe nothing will happen at all.

JACK: (*Hopeful.*) You think so?

STEVE: No.

JACK: (*Groans.*) Ohhhh.

CODY: Ya know, Jack, I once suffered from a problem similar to yours.

JACK: Oh, really?

CODY: Yeah. This one time, I was with this girl named Carla. I really liked her. I almost even loved her, I think. And after about two weeks, she died. She fell off a roof onto a car, and the car spun out of control, and it crashed into another car, head on, and then her body flew into a train...I think she had cancer, too.

[END OF FREEVIEW]