

Special Places

Characters.

MACK. *21 year-old, cynical camp counsellor. Dry wit and sarcasm hides a sensible inner self.*

ROB. *A bit of a tool, but quite humorous. 22. Good friends with Mack.*

NEIL. *35 year old head of the Special Places Summer Retreat. Likes the kids a bit too much.*

FRENCHMAN. *A random french guy with a ridiculously thick accent.*

NARRATOR. *A random narrator.*

EVIL MIDGET. *A random but very evil midget.*

CHIPMUNK. *The voice of Neil's chipmunk.*

(The Kids at Camp)

GIGETTE. *Pronounced "Gih-jett". Appears and talks like a 30 year-old smoking seductress, but is actually seven.*

GRADY. *A small, roundish boy.*

CADIE. *A tiny girl.*

BRIGHTON. *A tough guy with a lot of bling.*

LaSHONDA. *A black girl.*

THOMAS. *A crazy kid.*

JAMES. *A very friendly kid.*

ZOMBIE KID. *An undead kid.*

All child characters have high-pitched voices, making their serious lines much funnier.

MACK. These children are driving me crazy! I bet they're all dwarves in disguise, plotting evil dwarf plans in their tiny, disgusting dwarf minds.

ROB. Hey midgets can be evil too. Just ask the one over there.

EVIL MIDGET. I will chop off your head in the night... as soon as I'm tall enough to reach it *(jumps pathetically, trying to chop off Mack's head)*

MACK. *(casually dodging midget)* No, no they're dwarves I tell you. *(pushes midget aside, who stumbles offstage muttering. Mack grabs Grady by the collar)* Grady! You're a dwarf, aren't you! Aren't you! Admit it!

GRADY. No!

MACK. Wrong answer.

GRADY. Yes?

MACK. Wrong again, wise guy. *(he punts Grady like a football)*

GRADY. *(landing hard)* Owww!

MACK. Awww, did the little dwarf hurt himself?

GRADY. My tummy hurts... but the tears of my broken dreams burn more.

ROB. Mack, get a hold of yourself!

NEIL. *(enters with Frenchman, inserts himself into conversation)* Yes, I've been holding myself for the past 45 minutes, and let me tell you, it's a wonderful experience.

MACK. Can I kill the children, Neil?

NEIL. Mmmmm..... no. The insurance for next year would be too high, although we would save money on meat.

ROB. I thought most of our meat was made from dogs from the humane society.

NEIL. No! It's mainly cats. The dogs are too lean. Anyway, it's almost time for the talent show. Mack, you're the lead judge. I will be an associate judge, as will this Frenchman I found sleeping in the slop trough.

FRENCHMAN. *I love to bathe in the poop.*

MACK. Ok, let's get this over with... at least tomorrow camp will be over, and I can go home and suffer in solitude.

NEIL. That's the spirit!

MACK. I feel violated.

NEIL. In your... special areas?

MACK. I doubt I have any left.

(They enter the main cabin, where the kids are assembled. Rob, Mack, Neil and the Frenchman all take their seats behind the judges table. The kids act as an audience while one of their friends is on stage.)

MACK. Welcome to the Talent Show. Impress us or die, freaks.

NEIL. Mack! What he means, kids, is that everyone is equal, unless they come by my cabin at midnight tonight. Then they will be very, very special.

MACK. *(to Rob)* Rob can we please get this going?

ROB. First up, Thomas!

(Thomas on stage makes grunting noise)

ROB. Ok, Thomas, do the barney dance, like we practiced.

THOMAS. *(In a very low, satanic voice, while hopping up and down)* Barney Barney Barney Barney Barney Barney!

MACK. Wow. He is not allowed to speak for the rest of the camp. Next?

ROB. Little Mr. James DeHaviland is next.

(James struggles up to the stage, but then smiles.)

MACK. James, what's your talent?

JAMES. I have AIDS!

MACK. *(hesitant, unsure, so he's sarcastically enthusiastic)* Ohhh kay. That's great. Good job. Next, please.

ROB. Zombie Kid!

(Zombie Kid will not go up)

MACK. Hey, big guy, what's wrong?

ZOMBIE KID. Mrrmmrrmrr

MACK. Do you miss your parents?

ZOMBIE KID. Nnnnoooo.... Me want arms back.

MACK. Whoa! look at the... uh, lack of wristwatch on me... uh, Rob he's not going up.

ROB. Why?

MACK. Cause... he died. *(pulls off Zombie Kid's head)*. See?

ROB. Poor guy. Oh well. Next up, LaShonda!

LaSHONDA. *(very robotically, as if reading)* I have made a list. Here are the things all white people think about me. One. I am ghetto fabulous. Two. I will grow up to be a *(mispronounced)* prostitute. Three. I like your white Barbies. Well I do not like your white Barbie, because I am a black girl with black feelings. So I have painted your Barbie black, and I have given her an afro, and now I will submit

her to suppression like you have suppressed me. *(she smashes Barbie with hammer while yelling or singing spiritual)* Now you will give me your money, white devils, to (mispronounced) assuage your guilt for your race crimes against me.

ROB. Did daddy or mommy write that speech, honey?

LaSHONDA. Daddy said that the wise ass cracker would ask that and that I should smash his honky butt.

FRENCHMAN. What is this wise ass biscuit of which you speak? I would like biscuit from the butt, it would be tasty, no?

ROB. Ok, LaShonda you're in the lead, just please don't hurt me. Next, please, next.

(Cadie gets up to blow on bottles. She cannot produce the whistling sound. Brighton walks up and pours bottle on her head. Cadie walks sadly away... but at the end, she plays an astounding good beat with the bottles on the side of a wall. The crowd erupts with applause... until Brighton smashes the bottles.)

ROB. And we have... Grady.

MACK. Oh boy, my favorite.

GRADY. My presentation... is called... "How I found out I was allergic to bees." *(Grady mimes walking)*

Grady *(as his mom)*: Will you go get the mail dear?

GRADY. Ok mom! *(Grady walks out. He opens the mail box, gets the mail. As he is about to leave, he reaches to the back of the mailbox for something. It is a beehive.)* I think there's a beehive back here! *(He takes it out, and the bees swarm him.)* Ow. Ow! OWWW!! Oh god! Stop! Stop! It burns! They're stinging everywhere! They're stinging my soul! Mommy, mommy it burns! How could you do this to me Mommy? How??? Oh god it's like 100 flu shots at once! This is the worst mail ever!

MACK. That's enough, Grady. Thank you, good job!

GRADY. I love you *and* I hate you, Mommy!

MACK. Thank you, Grady. Rob, please, next.

ROB. Ok. Brighton G. White III.

BRIGHTON. Wassup. I got me a rhyme I wrote cause I ain't got no fancy toys to tote. But we gonna fix that. Gonna get me some big black chromed-out legos, y'here?

(beat starts)

Yeah, pedophiles get jealous,
Cause I'm so over-zealous,
5 year olds, 6 year olds,
Do things mommy wouldn't tell us.

I take 'em to a ride in the hot wheels,
Treat 'em latah to those hot Tater-tot meals,

Ooh girl, them pjs is nice,
Ring my bell like I'm Fisher-Price.

Seen my homeboy Joey T.

Gunned down on the playground,
right freakin' next to me.
Nerf kills. *(beat ends)* Peace out, grade three!

(The crowd cheers)

MACK. Wow. That was disturbing on many different levels.

FRENCIMAN. Yes, he needs more poop.

MACK. Thanks.

ROB. And last but probably not least - although you never can tell - Gigette!

GIGETTE. This is dedicated to my special someone in the audience.

(song starts. no specific tune is required. Gigette dances seductively)

When I was a young girl,
Just a silly one
The daddies loved me,
Thought they'd have some fun.

Later on the lawyers,
Asked me about those nights,
Said that I was sullied,
Said that I had rights.

They gave me a dolly,
Said, "I know this is rough."
But can I show them
Where the bad men touched?

He touched me here, here, here and here and here *(as she says here, she touches herself at various points)*
Here, there, and everywhere,
And I didn't care,

He touched me here... here... here, here, and here,

But why won't he touch me here? *(she indicates her heart. the song ends and there is a burst of applause)*

FRENCIMAN. Ah! This performance... it is the very essence of poop. Brown on the outside, mushy and chunky in the middle. I give it the thumbing up! *(puts thumb in air, then decides to give it a sniff. He likes what he smells.)*

MACK. Thanks, Gigette. Well, the votes have not been counted, but I'm eager to hit the sauce, so let's just start giving out prizes. Third Place: Lashonda!

(LaShonda walks defiantly to the stage)

LaSHONDA. I accept this award on behalf of my struggling ancestors in Equatorial Guinea. May the Spanish imperialists rot in heck.

MACK. Very moving. Second place... James the AIDS boy! ...James? James? *(Rob whispers something in his ear. Mack grimaces)* Second place, Brighton!

(Brighton walks up to the stand with a nerf gun in one hand, juice box in the other)

BRIGHTON. This juice-box is for all my n-words, dead and gone! *(pours juice box onto floor)*

MACK. And first place... Gigette! Gigette? Are you hear?

ROB. I think I saw her leave after her song... she was pretty upset. You better go find her.

NEIL. And can you take my video camera? Just in case, y'know.

MACK. Jesus. *(he leaves without camera)*

(Gigette is sobbing quietly behind the main cabin. Mack approaches.)

MACK. Gigette? Gigette, hi.

GIGETTE. Mack? Go away.

MACK. C'mon, kid. Uh, cheer up. The sun will come out tomorrow.

GIGETTE. I'm not six. I know how the sun works.

MACK. Yeah, but...*(struggling)* you don't know how love works.

GIGETTE. Wow. That was really retarded.

MACK. I know.

GIGETTE. Give up, ok? I know the hot passion we have wasn't meant to be.

MACK. Hey, hey, let's not talk big yet, baby. We can make this work.

GIGETTE. You really think so? You think our love can last?

MACK. Real love can last forever. From the very start, open up your heart,

GIGETTE. Be a lasting part... of everlasting love.

(at this juncture, you may insert more lyrics from Gloria Estefan's Everlasting Love if you so choose.)

MACK. Yeah! We're meant for each other! I mean, no! What the crap is going on? I'm three times your age.

GIGETTE. If Gloria Estefan isn't going to work, I guess nothing will. I thought I would find love at this camp... but sometimes your heart just guides you down the wrong paths.

MACK. I suppose... wait. Wait, maybe your heart wasn't wrong. Maybe you just misinterpreted it.

GIGETTE. Huh?

MACK. Well there are people here who have no problem with large age differences. Like Neil. And probably that French guy who showed up before.

FRENCHMAN. *(offstage)* I only love the poop.

MACK. Ok, just Neil.

(Neil enters)

NEIL. Pardon the intrusion, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation while I was filming you from the bushes.

MACK. Neil! ... why are you stroking that hamster?

NEIL. Winky is a special hamster.

MACK. Right. Don't touch me.

GIGETTE. Awww, Neil, you're so sweet to come and see how we're doing. You really care, don't you?

NEIL. Sure, if that's what you want to think.

GIGETTE. I mean, you care only about... *(gets lustful)* the sweet, sweet love making.

NEIL. Wow. That was... unexpected. I... I have to go to the bathroom.

GIGETTE. *(intrigued)* A public bathroom?

NEIL. *(seductively)* Is there any other kind?

GIGETTE. Well don't leave without me.

NEIL. *(takes her arm)* Thanks, Mack. ... hope you don't mind?

MACK. She's all yours.

NEIL. If only the federal courts could have that attitude.

GIGETTE. Come on, gorgeous.

NEIL. Now it's just you, me, and Winky the Hamster.

GIGETTE. I like furry things!

NEIL. Well, you're gonna like 'em a lot more when we're done with Winky.

(Neil and Gigette exit)

NARRATOR. Hi I'm the narrator. I know I haven't said anything until now, but I assure you I was brokering a very important business deal between my stomach and a stolen six pack. At this late juncture of the story, you're probably very distressed about the future of our new couple, Gigette and Neil. The author would like me to say that at the conclusion of this play, Neil was arrested by very brutal and ugly cops. and Gigette was sent away to a nunnery, where to this day she innocently tends to handicapped plants and very ugly children. Now, since no harm was done, we can all feel better about laughing about pedophilia, right? Right? *(sees no one is buying it)* I gotta go.

MACK. Wow, I guess this night turned out the best for everybody. Well, except for James. He's dead. And that other kid that got beat up. And Grady's scarred for life. But everyone else came off OK. I think I learned a valuable lesson, as did we all: summer camp is completely worthless.

GRADY. Do you really mean that, Daddy?

MACK. I sure do, Grady, I sure do. But I'm not your daddy.

GRADY. I'm so alone and cold inside.

MACK. You sure are, kid, you sure are. Hey look at that, full moon tonight. I bet the Zombie Kid would have loved that... if only he were here to enjoy it. I didn't even know his name.

NARRATOR. You can say that again!

MACK. What? That doesn't make any sense.

NARRATOR. I know. I'm a terrible narrator.

MACK. Yep, you sure are. Goodnight, Special Places Summer Retreat. Goodnight, children of the world! May you wake up far away from me.... cause I'm gonna have me a nasty hangover and some stanky beer breath.

(Curtain)

NARRATOR. Hey, hey I have a right to be here too! Look, here's my narrating permit, right on my fist. Oh, seen that trick before, eh? No need to be rude, buddy. Hey hey! Owwww! Help! Help!

(He is drowned out by the applause of curtain call.)