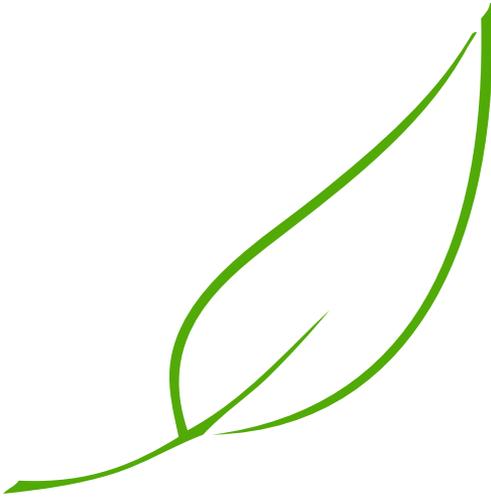


# SUNSET ON CAMP SUNSHINE

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

[greenroompress.com](http://greenroompress.com)

---

# Copyright Notice

---

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.*

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

**Sunset on Camp Sunshine**  
**By Ken Bradbury**

## Sunset on Camp Sunshine

By Ken Bradbury

*Characters: Uncle Ernie, Gloria, Lucille, Skip, Margo*

**GLORIA:** *(blowing into an imaginary microphone ... and blowing and blowing, then ...)* Can you hear me? Can you hear me now? Hey! You folks in the back of the bus! Can you hear me? Okay ... okay. So my name is Gloria. That's G-L-O-R-I-A, Gloria. As many of you know, I am the former 4<sup>th</sup> runner up in the Miss Arkansas Beauty pageant and the former activity director of Camp Sunshine, the best little Baptist Bible Camp in Arkansas ... or at least it used to be. I'm glad you've joined us for our farewell tour around the campsite. I gotta tell you that this is an emotional moment for many of us. Dear old Camp Sunshine holds a special place in our hearts ... and tomorrow it all comes crashing down. As you can see, our bus driver is now turning left on Armageddon Avenue. Please keep all body parts inside the windows.

**UNCLE ERNIE:** Easy ... easy gettin' off the bus folks. Let's have the walkers first ... that's it. That's it. Okay? Everybody here? As G-L-O-R-I-A Gloria probably told you when you got on, this here is the last weekday of Camp Sunshine, that spot made most glorious by the Lord God Almighty, right here in the middle of the Garden of Eden, Arkansas, United States of America. My name is Uncle Ernie ... Ernest, startin' tomorrow when I'll be workin' at the new Wal-Mart that's gonna be built right here on the site of what is now Camp Sunshine. You'll have to excuse Gloria. The events of this summer have put her into quite an emotional

snit, despite her heavy use of sedatives. Every half hour or so we need to give her a few moments alone to have a nervous breakdown.

Now on your right ...

**SKIP:** (*texting*) Dear Margo, this is so cool. Ever since your old man bought this camp, then got a Wal-Mart franchise my folks have quit tryin' to send me to summer camp. I needed a break. I got baptized six times last summer and I was startin' to get a rash from the algae in the pond.

**MARGO:** (*texting*) Dear Skip, I never want to speak to you again.

**SKIP:** What? What did I do? Come on, honey! We had a thing goin'!

**MARGO:** Dear Skip, when you applied for a job at Daddy's new Wal-Mart you wrote, "By the way, your daughter is mighty fine." on your application. Daddy read it. He's given your name to the Arkansas State Police.

**UNCLE ERNIE:** Now this building right here next to the wrecking crane, that's the Camp Sunshine Worship Chapel. In a few months it'll be the sight of ladies' underwear. Did I say that right?

**SKIP:** (*texting*) Hey, I just wanted to say that I knew the boss's daughter!

**MARGO:** The boss was not happy. Good luck, Bubba.

**SKIP:** Dear Margo, there's sirens comin' down the street and red lights are flashing out in front of my house. Come on, honey! Get me outa this!

**MARGO:** Would love to, but have a nail appointment in ten minutes.

**GLORIA:** Okay ... okay. I have finally pulled myself together with the help of the dear Lord and Seconal, which is now legal in Arkansas if taken in pill form. I'm sure that Uncle Ernie filled you in at the last stop. He is a dear man. Brain surgery can do wonders. Now as we turn

down Predestination Boulevard, let me give you your last sight of the Camp Sunshine volleyball courts.

**LUCILLE:** (*writing*) Dear Mommy and Daddy, this is for sure my last day at Camp Sunshine since they will be blowing it to bits at eight in the morning. They asked all us former campers to come back for one last look. Only three of us came. The other two have parents who work here. I'm just hanging around. It's pretty dull. The really good part will be tomorrow when they set off the dynamite charges.

**SKIP:** (*texting*) Margo, I need help and I mean it! I'm in the basement behind the old man's hunting trophies. I can hear the cops upstairs. Please ... please, honey! You gotta help me! I'm too young to go to jail.

**MARGO:** (*texting*) Dear Skip, you're never too young to go to jail.

**UNCLE ERNIE:** Easy ... easy now ... watch that last step. Sorry, but this old school bus was all we could afford for our farewell tour of the camp. Okay. This here used to be the boys' dormitory area. As you can see, there ain't much left of it. What? No, it wasn't no storm or tornado, just adolescence. Boys can be mighty rough on a camp ... and a camp director. Maybe some of you are curious about this metal plate I've got stickin' out of my right temple ...

**LUCILLE:** Mommy and Daddy, the bus just went by. Gloria seems to be leading the tour group this morning, but her eyes looked all funny. The kids say she's had most parts of her body lifted several times now and maybe there's just nothing left to grab hold of.

**GLORIA:** I'm truly sorry, but when I look upon these glorious mess halls and sanctified shower houses, something just speaks to my spirit. I am

touched in a way that I just cannot describe ... legally. Now on my right ... (*She points left.*) ... oh ... sorry ... I mean on your left (*She points right.*) ... Oh dear. Oh God forgive me. Has anybody seen that little bottle of pills I left on the front seat of the bus?

**SKIP:** (*texting*) I am serious, Margo! I can hear the cops upstairs questioning Mom and Dad! There must be a dozen of 'em! You gotta call your old man and tell him I was just kidding ... please?!

**MARGO:** (*texting*) Skip, remember that summer you snuck into the girls' dorm and stole my underwear, then ran them up the flagpole?

**SKIP:** (*texting*) A joke! Margo, it was just a stupid joke!

**MARGO:** ... and then when we went out for morning flag raising we sung the Star Spangled Banner while saluting my ... you know.

**SKIP:** Oh come on, Margo! I was just a stupid kid!

**MARGO:** Dear Skip, you ... still ... are.

**UNCLE ERNIE:** Easy ... take it easy there. These rocks are slippery. Okay, everybody, this was the lake where the little campers would go swimming. As you can see, it's pretty much taken over now with algae and junked cars. We had an awful time gettin' the state to approve it as a swimmin' hole with all these Chevy pickups stuck in mud here, but God was protectin' us, you bet your life! Many was the hours I spent here teachin' spindly-legged little campers how to do the backstroke for God. And those that didn't make it all the way across the lake? Well, we had a name for them. "Atheist!"

**LUCILLE:** Dear Mom and Dad, Uncle Ernie has the tour group down at the swimming hole now. He just jumped in to show them how God's love would protect a true believer. Several men in the group

are tryin' to get him untangled from the hood of a Chevy S-10 pickup.

**SKIP:** (*texting*) I promise! I promise I'll never pull anything again, Margo, if you'll just get me out of this mess!

**MARGO:** (*texting*) You remember the time you put the snake in the girls' shower?

**SKIP:** He was just a baby snake!

**MARGO:** Gloria saw it and went running across the campground during evening vespers?

**SKIP:** I sorta forgot.

**MARGO:** And she sorta forgot her towel. Do you remember the look on Reverend Azbell's face when she ran right through the group while we were singing "Amazing Grace"?

**SKIP:** I think of it every time we sing that song in church. My face gets red. But please ... please Margo! Help me!

**MARGO:** Gotta go. I'm next for my manicure.

**SKIP:** Margo!!!!

**UNCLE ERNIE:** (*sputtering, coughing*) No ... I'm okay. Really. No, I'm fine. I was just ... I was momentarily overcome by Satan. Just as I jumped into the water I had a flashback ... I thought of a snot-nosed little kid who used to come to Camp Sunshine. Name was Skip. The kid who put the alligator in the pond just before the diving contest.

**GLORIA:** Well, welcome back to the final tour on the good old Sunshine Bus. I hope you're enjoying your final tour of Camp Sunshine. It breaks my heart to think at this time tomorrow it'll all be blown to kingdom come and parts of Southern Missouri, but perhaps it's the will of God. As we say in my little Whole Lotta Holiness Church, Wal-Mart is like God ... it has



# GREEN ROOM PRESS

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:*

*SUNSET ON CAMP SUNSHINE*

*by Ken Bradbury.*

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,  
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.  
customerservice@greenroompress.com  
www.greenroompress.com