

ROUGH IT, HONEY

by Ken Bradbury



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(A Survivalist Scene for five girls.)

MARGIE: *(entering with Franny)* This can't be it. Tell me this isn't it.

FRANNY: *(consulting her map)* That's what the map says. "Two hundred paces past the rotten log, through the Swamp of No Return, located right on the bank of Lake Torment. This has gotta be the spot.

SALLY: *(offstage, screaming out)* Help!

MARGIE: Sounds like Sally's coming.

SALLY: *(offstage)* I'm dying out here!

FRANNY: She's so dramatic.

SALLY: *(offstage)* A bear! I know that's a bear!

CALLIE: *(offstage)* It's a chipmunk, Sally.

STEPH: *(offstage)* I tell you it's a bear! It's a very young, short bear!

MARGIE: Why are we doing this?

FRANNY: You wanted something different, we got something different. *(reading from her brochure)* "Feel the need for a real wilderness adventure? Try a week at Camp Survival, right on the shores of beautiful Lake Torment. The place where today's modern woman learns to battle nature and win!"

STEPH: *(offstage)* I'm dying out here!

MARGIE: I think we're already losing.

SALLY: *(dragging herself in, being supported on each arm by Katie and Sally.)* I ... am ... dying. *(she collapses onto the ground)*

FRANNY: Should we get her up or just bury her where she lies?

KATIE: *(looking around)* This is it?

MARGIE: This is it.

KATIE: Where's the cabin? Where's the McDonalds and the restrooms?

MARGIE: (*handing her something*) There's your McDonalds.

KATIE: A can of beans?

FRANNY: (*pointing off*) And there's your restroom.

KATIE: That's a bush. (*the others look at her knowingly*)
That's a bush! You expect me to ...

FRANNY: Either that or it's going to be a very long, painful week, Katie. And you're carrying our cabin on your back.

KATIE: This is a tent!

FRANNY: Think of it as a very soft cabin.

MARGIE: If I'm going to spend the entire week listening to you guys whine, I'll go find my own bush!

SALLY: Did I mention I was dying?

CALLIE: Yeh, a couple times. Look, we can do this! We always do this summer thing together ... volleyball camps, cheerleading, dance.

KATIE: I like those things. They have restrooms and snack bars.

CALLIE: Girl stuff. You all said you wanted something different and baby, this is different.

KATIE: We're going to eat out of cans all week?

MARGIE: If we get tired of beans and tapioca we can kill our own food. I brought a knife.

KATIE: I don't even know what a cheeseburger looks like while it's still alive.

SALLY: (*sitting up*) Oh no!

FRANNY: What?

SALLY: I didn't leave my folks instructions about the funeral!

CALLIE: Funeral?

SALLY: My funeral. How will they even find our bodies out here?

MARGIE: Okay, that's enough! Let's set up camp!

SALLY: I like that spot over there.

MARGIE: Under a tree?

SALLY: Yeh. The perfect spot for a grave marker. And you could put little flowers all around.

CALLIE: Don't listen to her. She whines through everything.
(*as the girls set about the business of trying to erect a tent and moving brush out of the way*)

SALLY: I have a right to whine! This place is made for whining! (*standing*) You hear me, world! This is Sally Hayes whining because this is what I do!

MARGIE: Sally, if you'll look around, you'll notice no one is listening.

SALLY: Then I'll pout.

FRANNY: Pouting is good, Sally. It'll be a nice change.

KATIE: Oh no! I've got to go home!

CALLIE: (*as the girls rush to her*) What happened?

KATIE: (*holding out her hand*) Look at that! Just look at that!

CALLIE: It's your finger.

KATIE: The nail, Callie! Look at the nail! It's broken!
(*grabbing Margie*) Tell me you brought the nail repair kit! Tell me I'll live through this!

MARGIE: You may not live through me because I'm about to toss you in Lake Torment, Katie. Would you just grow up? Geesh? (*looking around*) It's nearly dark. What's the deal with the tent?

FRANNY: It keeps falling down. I think it's defective. And there's no air conditioner or microwave.

MARGIE: It's defective because we're defective, ladies. Anybody here ever put up a tent? (*they all shake their heads*) Great. All right, we'll sleep on the ground.

SALLY: (*whines*)

KATIE: You've got to be kidding.

MARGIE: You got a better idea? It's a four-mile walk in the dark to get back to the lodge.

SALLY: I don't do dark.

FRANNY: You barely do light, Sally.

MARGIE: Look, we've got sleeping bags and this spot is nice and flat. See that! The stars are coming out!

SALLY: (*covering her head*) Make them go away.

MARGIE: Yea, I'll do that, Sally. First thing in the morning.

SALLY: (*smiles with gratitude*) Thanks.



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