BIBLE CAMP: THE MUSICAL

SCENE ONE

(*Lights up on ROD, AARON and JACK. They are sitting, waiting for the beginning of the year meeting to start.*)

ROD: I'm telling you, Bible Camp is the best place to meet girls.
AARON: So, you're telling me you didn't come here to study the Bible?
ROD: No! Jack, did you come here to study the Bible?
JACK: No, I came here because my parents are punishing me for getting arrested.

(*FATHER HORNSBY enters.*)

FATHER HORNSBY: Hello! Let's see, I recognize Rod and Aaron—it's a joy to see so many returning members!
AARON: It's a pleasure to be back, Dad!
FATHER HORNSBY: Please, Aaron, call me Father—not Dad. There is a *rather large* difference. Rod, good to have you back as well.
ROD: Not as good as it is to be back, Father.
FATHER HORNSBY: And this must be your first year here! Welcome to Camp Black Lake!
JACK: My name is Jack. My parents made me come here.
FATHER HORNSBY: Praise Jesus! It looks like all the campers are here! Go ahead and take a seat boys! Sister Margaret should be bringing in the girl campers any moment now.

(*SISTER MARGARET enters out of nowhere, followed soon after by BRITNEY, OLIVIA and JUDITH.*)

SISTER MARGARET: Did somebody say my name!
FATHER HORNSBY: AHH! Sister Margaret! It's so great to see you again for the first time since last year.
SISTER MARGARET: Yes. Since last year. Campers, Father and I haven't seen each other for a year. A year. A. Year!

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ROD: We get it.
SISTER MARGARET: Just making sure the point is across (*looks seductively at FATHER HORNSBY*).
FATHER HORNSBY: Sister! How many girl campers do we have this year!
SISTER MARGARET: Three! Why don't you go ahead and introduce yourselves girls!
BRITNEY: (*Taking control of the situation—showing her dominance*) Okay. My name is Britney, and this is my fifth year at Black Lake.
JACK: Fifth year?
BRITNEY: But my Mother came to this camp for years! And so did my grandma. You could basically say it runs in our blood. Aha.
OLIVIA: (*Ecstatic*) I'm Oliva and I came here to be an actress!
SISTER MARGARET: Olivia, I keep telling you... this is Bible Camp—not theater camp...
OLIVIA: It was all my parents could afford! *(lifts hands and shakes them)* Jazz hands!
JUDITH: (*Annoyed*) I guess my name is Judith, and my parents sent me here so they could go on a vacation to Ouagadougou without me because they never pay attention to me. (*To herself, even though everyone is listening*) They always do this… go away without me. They never pay any attention to me…
OLIVIA: So should we call you Judy?
JUDITH: No.
FATHER HORNSBY: (*Genuinely excited*) Six whole campers? This'll be our biggest camp in years! How many of you know each other?
JACK: Why do so few campers come to Camp Black Lake?
FATHER HORNSBY: Well, Jack, most campers just go to Camp Mercy, the state-of-the-art Bible Camp up the street.
JACK: How exactly is it "state-of-the-art"?
FATHER HORNSBY: They have a virtual-reality flood experience, a techno re-enactment of the Jesus story, and a Cineplex that only shows movies starring Kirk Cameron and Mel Gibson.
JACK: What do we have?
FATHER HORNSBY: (beat) We have paddleboats?
SISTER MARGARET: They read the Bible on iPads up there.
JUDITH: Duh—how else are you supposed to read the Bible?
SISTER MARGARET: The paperback, book version?
JUDITH: You said a word I am not familiar with.
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