

# The Battle of Camp Buggin'

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(Start "Firework")

Scene 1

**Time: 8:30am**

**Place: Marshall Arts Camp**

**At Rise: Campers are arriving and getting off the bus**

ARSNOLD:

Get ready to kick some butt!!!

*Jumping off the bus and flexing.*

MARK:

What are you going to kick, some canvases? This isn't a martial arts camp.

ARSNOLD:

Why aren't you pumped?

MARK:

I've been forced to be here, why would I be pumped?

Arsold (*Confused*):

Wait, where are we?

Owen:

Are you okay? What's the problem?

Iga:

Huh?

Owen (*Speaks slower and more clearly*):

ARE YOU OKAY ?? WHAT IS THE PROBLEM??

Arsnold (*Mimics Owen's tone*):  
ARE YOU OKAY?? WHY ARE YOU SPEAKING SO SLOW??  
Do you know where we are?

Owen:  
We are at a camp that will help us become better artists.

Iga:  
Marshall Arts Camp?

Arsnold:  
So we're not here to kick butt?? This is not a MARTIAL ARTS CAMP?  
*FRUSTRATED.*

***Ash and Michael walk off the bus together.***

Ash (*In mid conversation...*):  
I just don't think it's good enough...

Michael:  
I think it's pretty solid... but I think mine isn't good enough either.

***They walk over to the other campers and stand near them, still in conversation.***

Mark:  
Welcome to Marshall Arts Camp. We will be doing art. This is NOT a martial arts camp, this is  
an ARTS camp. The only muscle you'll flex here is your art muscle.

.....  
(Cue Beck's "Loser" chorus)  
Scene 2

**Time: 1:30pm**

**Place: Marshall Arts Camp; Camp Cabin**

**At Rise: Ash and Michael are setting up their beds.**

Ash:

I think we have our first painting session in a little while. I really don't want anyone to see my art because it's so bad.

Michael:

Me too. My paintings suck. My shading is horrible. My figures always look like abstract Picasso pieces but I'm not trying to make them look that way. I'm just not a good artist.

Ash:

Look, I can't even sketch a bug. I'm here trying to be an artist but I can't even draw stupid little bugs.

***Draws a beetle on the page.***

Michael:

Yeah that's pretty bad. Let me try. It will probably be just as bad anyway.

***Draws another beetle on the page.***

Ash & Michael (sadly, in unison):

We'll never be successful artists.

***The beetles on the page start to come alive.***

Ash:

If you think my drawing is bad, you should see my sculpting.

Michael:

If you think your sculpting is bad, I can't even build things from Play-doh.

***As the beetles come alive off the page, more begin to emerge and crawl across the page and floor.***

Ash:  
Let's not even talk about my watercolor skills.

Michael:  
My painting is so bad, it's not even good enough to paint monsters.

(Cue "Thriller")

***More and more beetles emerge and begin to flood the room. Ash and Michael are so wrapped up in their misery, they do not notice the bugs swarming and increasing in quantity. From outside, Mark Miller sees the flickering lights and bugs coming out of the doors/windows.***

Mark:  
Hey! What's going on? Where are all these bugs coming from?

Ash/Michael:  
What bugs?

***Mark is overcome by the beetles. One bites him.***

Mark:  
Are you blind? They're all over the place! You know what? I don't even care. Life is pointless anyway.

***Mark sits down amongst the beetles.***

***A camper gets bit by the bugs outside. A random voice yells, "I'm such a loser, I'm never going to get into college!" Suddenly, Owen, Iga, and Arsnold run into the room.***

Iga:  
Ohhh myy, what happened??

***Another random voice from outside yells, "I give up! I'm never going to accomplish anything in life!"***

Owen:  
Is everyone okay?

***Owen tries to swat the bugs off Mark and feel his forehead.***

Arsnold:  
These bugs, they are dangerous! They are making people talk bad about themselves!

Mark:  
I don't even care anymore. There's no point.

***Arsnold, Iga, and Owen run out of the cabin into the woods to escape the bugs.***

Iga:  
How do we kill these bugs without hurting anyone? How do we stop them?

Owen:  
Does anyone have bug spray? We need to get the bugs off people and check them for infections.

Arsnold:  
We need to go back into the cabin to get the first aid kit. Don't get bit or you'll be negative too.  
**STAND BACK! I'LL GO FIRST!**

(Cue "Ave Maria")

Iga/Owen (VERY SLOWLY):  
B-e c-a-r-e-f-u-!

***Arsold runs into the cabin to get the bug spray. He runs out and the bugs start chasing him.***

Arsold:  
**HELP!!!**

Owen:  
Spray it! Now!!

***Arnsold sprays the bugs. The bugs are stunned and stop momentarily but come back alive after a moment.***

Iga:  
You can do this! Keep going! Keep kicking butt!!

Arnsold:  
Yeah! I can do this!

(Cue Wonder Woman theme song)

***The bugs pursuing Arnsold suddenly disappear.***

Owen:  
We did it! The bugs are gone!

Iga:  
Didn't you notice that when I said something positive, the bugs stopped?

Arnsold:  
Yeah! And I kicked butt!

***More bugs disappear.***

Owen:  
Let's head back to the cabin and think positive so the bugs won't follow us.

***The Terminators run back into the cabin.***

Arsold:  
Y'ALL ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!!

***Some of the bugs start to disappear.***

Iga:  
Your guys' art is so beautiful and intricate!!

***More bugs disappear.***

Owen:  
Mark! Thank you for helping us! We all work together greatly as a team!

***Even more bugs disappear. The cabin is starting to clear.***

Mark:  
All of your art was really nice! I don't really like this camp but it's been kind of fun.

***The bugs completely clear off of Mark.***

Ash:  
I never realized that it's not about what others think about my art, what matters is I enjoy it!

***The bugs completely clear off of Ash.***

Michael:  
I don't care what anyone else thinks about my art, it's my art. My art is going to be in horror movies!

***The bugs completely clear off of Michael.***

Arsnold:  
Who wants to be picked up by THE BEAST??

***Arsnold picks up Owen and overhead presses him.***

Owen:  
I should put this on my med school application.

.....  
(cue all by myself)

Scene 3

**Time: 6pm**

**Place: Huntington Hospital, Pasadena, CA**

**At Rise: Mark is laying in the hospital bed, alone in his room.**

***Mark wakes up from a long nap. He is groggy and a little disoriented. He is attached to a heart monitor that is beeping softly to the side. There is an IV attached to his left hand.***

Mark:  
Where am I? What happened to the camp? There were bugs everywhere!

***There is a soft knock at the door. The nurse enters.***

Nurse:  
Hi Mark. Did you have a nice nap? There are some friends here to see you.

Mark:  
No, I'm still sleeping.

Nurse:  
Well, they are insisting.

***The door opens wider and Owen, Iga, Ash, Arsnold, and Michael enter. Iga is holding a small plate of jello. Arsnold is carrying a large basket of art supplies. Michael is holding an abstract painting. Ash is holding a watercolor painting.***



Arsnold:  
Hey my best of buddies! How are you feeling?

Iga:  
I brought you some jello. I hope this makes you feel better.

Owen:  
How are you feeling? Did you rest well? What did the doctors tell you?

Ash:  
I made you something. Hopefully this brightens your mood.

Michael:  
Do you like this abstract painting I made for you?

Mark:  
First of all, you're not my best buds. Second of all, I don't like orange jello. Third, I don't know what the doctors said, they speak gibberish. Lastly, both of your art that you gave me are better flipped.

(pause)

But thanks, I guess.

Iga:  
I think I heard the doctors say that you were all better.

Michael:  
See? You're all better. Now if we can just flip your face like I flip my art, you can look better too.

***Everyone laughs, including Mark.***

(Cue "Best Friend" by Harry Nilsson)