

The Five Rings



A Full-Length Family Musical

Music, Book & Lyrics by
Michael Lancy

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THE FIVE RINGS
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Characters

DIANE KLEIN: An attractive, cynical woman in her early twenties, Diane is a reporter for Time magazine and very proud of it.

BERNARD LUBLOW (*BURNOUT*): Professional, free-lance photographer on assignment with Diane. A friendly chap who, at times, is a bit of a space case.

The Staff

BILL EVANS: A young man in his late twenties, Bill is an idealistic but tough-minded individual graced with immense patience.

PERRY DENTON (*SKIP*): A carefree sort of guy who can turn into a hard-nosed professional when it comes to his job: Ski Instructor.

LINDA JAMESON: Embittered gymnastic coach who never made it to the Olympics, Linda has a great deal to learn about human nature.

PEGGY KNUTSON: The Swim Coach who doesn't put up with any fooling around, Peggy is an organizer that no one takes completely serious.

BARTHOLOMEW McBAIN (*NOODLES*): A simpleminded, fun-loving man of any age. He's the official cook of the Sierra Valley Sports Camp.

CHARLES POTTS (*POTTS*): The chief bottle (and pots) washer at the camp, he is also the resident comic. Potts is probably in his mid-teens.

MORIAH KLINKENHORN: The camp's resident freak, Moriah is the coach in charge of Mind Dynamics.

"MA" KEEPER: A cranky middle-aged woman who could probably fix anything with the right tools.

Skiers

CHRISSEY DAVIS: A young and very good skier who is torn between music and skiing as a career.

DENA LANG: She is the best skier on the team.

JENNY (*SKI POLE*)

BOB KABER

JASON SCOTT

CASEY CARTER

MIKE

BARRY STEINER (*Team Manager*)

Swimmers

ANDREA BUTLER (ANDY): A very young and very accomplished swimmer who has the problem that she simply can't stand water. And looks very boyish.

SAMANTHA EGGLESON (SAM): In her early teens, Sam sleep walks.

STEVEN

BILLIE

TAMMY

ALLISON

TRACY

JANET TURNER (*Team Manager*)

Gymnasts

DOUG GORDON: Doug is a handsome young gymnast who, of all the ones in the camp, is probably the one who will make it to the Olympics.

CARRIN MATTHEWS (COOKIE): Easy-going and perky, Cookie is Doug's counter part. Though only 15 she is well on her way to the Olympics.

DEBBIE MEYER: Another accomplished and devoted gymnast, Debbie's great dream in life is to participate in the Maccabiad in Israel.

STANLEY (STAN)

GREG BISHOP

SCOTT HARLOW

TINA SWANSON

TERRY McGRAW (TIGER) Team Manager

Basketball

MARY BETH AMES: A very spoiled and bigoted young lady from the deep, deep South.

The "Enes"

JOSEPHINE: An intelligent and fun-loving black girl, devoted to basketball.

CHARLENE

PAULINE

EILENE

IRENE

LAURIE DAVIS: Chrissy's sister, Laurie is a sympathetic and intelligent girl of college age.

Scenes & Songs

ACT ONE

INTRODUCTION	“What’s It Like?” (<i>Voice</i>)
OVERTURE	
SCENE I	THE FIRST DAY OF CAMP
	“The Very First Day” ... Diane, Skip & Company
	“Gotta Get Free” ... Diane
CROSSOVER	WARM-UPS
SCENE II	THE FOURTH DAY OF CAMP
	“Downhill Racers” ... Skip & Skiers
	“Maccabiah” ... Debbie
CROSSOVER	LETTERS TO HOME
SCENE III	NIGHT TIME (UPSTAIRS)
	“Can’t Sleep” ... Chrissy & Girls
CROSSOVER	THE COACHES
	“The Five Rings”
	“Olympic Theme”
SCENE IV	SUNDAY AFTERNOON / END OF THE THIRD WEEK
	“Where Do We Go From Here”
	... Diane, Bill, Cookie & Doug

ACT TWO

CROSSOVER	LETTERS TO HOME
SCENE 1	THE 4TH OF JULY
	“Country Boy & Girl” ... Ma Keeper & Skip
	“Follies Bizarre” ... Moriah, Skip, Noodles, Potts & Bill
	“Words For The Wise” ... Diane & Burnout
	“Snowflight” ... Dena & Chrissy

“No One Knows” ... Laurie Davis
“Unbeatable!” ... Company

CROSSOVER

FINAL LETTERS HOME

SCENE II

LAST DAY OF CAMP

“Sierra Valley” ... Peggy & Company
“I Don’t Know” ... Chrissy

OLYMPIC THEME (*REPRISE*)

THE PLACE

The Sierra Valley Sports Camp

THE TIME

This Summer



ACT ONE

INTRODUCTION

AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS FADE, A SOLO VIOLIN PLAYS A WISTFUL REFRAIN OF THE "OLYMPIC THEME." WHEN THE HOUSE IS COMPLETELY DARK A SINGLE SPOT OF LIGHT APPEARS CENTER, ON THE MAIN CURTAIN. THE VIOLIN SUSTAINS ONE NOTE AND A YOUNG VOICE SPEAKS THROUGH...

VOICE: (MALE OR FEMALE, OBVIOUSLY WISER THAN ITS AGE) What's it like, to chase the wind and catch it, to soar above a cloud? What's it like, to discover something undiscovered or, to watch something you love die? What's it like to stand all alone, at the top of the world?

THE SPOT FADES AS THE ORCHESTRA SWELLS INTO THE OVERTURE.

OVERTURE

SCENE I

At rise the lights come up to reveal the central common area of the valley sports camp. It's a large room with a majestic warmth to it. Through the upstage window we can see the rugged sierra-nevada mountains still capped with a crown of snow. It's quiet, and we can hear the sounds of the outdoors coming through the upstage screen door which leads onto the front porch.

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From the screen door, one enters on an upper level with a few steps down into the main area. Stage right there is a large stone fireplace and hanging on the stone above the mantle are five framed pictures of athletes in action. Surrounding the pictures is a rope that has been painted gold. Above these, on a wooden plaque, are the words: "Sierra Valley Gold".

Stage left there is a stairway which leads from the main area of the room, upstairs to where the bedrooms and showers are. On the stage left wall there is a telephone, the old-fashioned wall phone variety: beneath it is a small wooden desk. At the bottom of the stairs, upstage left, is a large window seat. Next to the phone, down stage, there is a sign which reads: "Danger Corrosive Materials."

Stage right, directly across from the kitchen door, is another doorway into an office with the word "Manager" painted on it. On the upstage wall next to this is an aerial map of the complete facility, labeled "Sierra Valley Sports Camp."

It is early morning, summer. The first day. We hear a set of footsteps bound across the front porch. Two kids open the squeaking door and enter the building, both laden with luggage and ski equipment. They are Jenny and Bob.

JENNY: (NICKNAMED "SKI POLE") (LOOKS AROUND AND CALLS OUT) Hello! Anybody here? (NO ANSWER)

BOB: I told you we'd be early. Hmmm, we must be the first.

THEY ENTER THE MAIN AREA, WITH BOB HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS GEAR.

JENNY: Yeah, yeah. C'mon, I'll show you around.

BOB: Wait a minute; gimme a hand with this crud. (SHE DOES, AS HE LOOKS AROUND, NOT IMPRESSED) Hey, Ski Pole, are you sure this place is worth the bucks?

JENNY: Hey man, Sierra Valley is one of the top five training camps in the country.

BOB: Well it doesn't look so hot to me.

JENNY: Yeah, well looks can be deceiving. C'mon, I'll take you upstairs first. (SHE HEADS FOR THE UP RIGHT STAIRWAY.)

BOB: (FOLLOWING) If this is one of the top five I'd hate to see what number six looks like.

JENNY: So it's a little rustic. You'll get used to it.

BOB: I hope so.

THEY GO OFF STAGE, UP THE STAIRS AS THE FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A SMALL BOYISH-LOOKING GIRL LEAPS IN. HER NAME IS ANDREA BUTLER, BUT EVERYONE CALLS HER ANDY.

ANDY: (VERY EXUBERANT) Hello you old camp, you! Bet you thought I'd never make it back!

SHE TURNS TO HEAD UP THE STAIRS WHEN A VOICE FROM THE PORCH RINGS OUT, BELONGING TO SAMANTHA EGGLESON.

SAM: Hey Andy! Open the door, would ya?

ANDY: (RUNNING BACK TO THE DOOR) Hey Sam' (SHE OPENS IT FOR HER)

SAM: (COMING THROUGH WITH HER LUGGAGE) Thanks. So you're back, too, huh?

ANDY: Yep.

SAM: Where's all your luggage?

ANDY: (HOLDING UP A BAG WHICH READS "REDONDO BEACH SWIM TEAM") Us little kids travel light. (THEY LAUGH)

SAM: (HEADING FOR THE STAIRS) Oh Andy, I hear we've got a new swimming coach for the summer. She's supposed to be really super. Course anything would be better than Shamu the Incredible from last year.

ANDY: No kidding... Boy was she fat!

SAM: (LAUGHS) Hey, you still hate the water?

ANDY: Yes! (GETTING EVEN) You still sleepwalk?

SAM: (AS THEY HEAD UP THE STAIRS) No comment.

THEY BOTH STOP AS MRS. KEEPER ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

SAM: (SEEING HER) Hi, Ma!

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MRS. KEEPER: ("MA") Hello Samantha ... Hello Andrea.

ANDY: Hi, Ma.

MA: Andrea, I want you to take it easy on the bunk beds this summer, alright?

ANDY: (LAUGHS) Sure.

MA: And pass the word along that there'll be no more sliding down the railing.

BOTH: Okay....

THEY BOTH EXIT AND MA STOOPS TO TIGHTEN ONE OF THE BOLTS THAT SECURE THE BANNISTER TO THE STAIRS.

MA: Probably have to reinforce this thing with cast iron.

SHE CONTINUES TO TIGHTEN AS A RATHER PORTLY FELLOW PRIES OPEN THE SCREEN DOOR WITH HIS FOOT AND ENTERS CARRYING TWO BAGS OF GROCERIES. THIS IS BARTHOLOMEW McBAIN, BETTER KNOWN IN THE KITCHEN AS NOODLES.

NOODLES: (CROSSING TO THE KITCHEN) Hello, Ma... Have you seen Potts yet?

MA: Not yet, Noodles.

NOODLES: Well when the King of Comedy gets here, send him straight to the kitchen, would ya? I gotta get lunch on before the whole herd gets here.

HE EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN. MA NODS HER PROMISE TO NOODLES AS A FEW OTHER KIDS ENTER FROM THE PORCH, ALSO LADEN WITH GEAR, AND BEGIN THEIR WAY UP THE STAIRS.

KIDS: Hi Ma!

THEY PULL ON THE RAILING AS THEY GO UP.

MA: Hey, lay off the railing! (TIGHTENS IT AGAIN) ... Kids! (LOOKS UP) God Love 'em... (SHE GLANCES AT HER WATCH) Hmmm... I've gotta get cracking here.....

SHE GETS ON WITH HER TIDYING AS THE SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND IN WALKS AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG FEMALE REPORTER NAMED DIANE KLEIN AND HER PHOTOGRAPHER, BERNARD LUDLOW, COMMONLY KNOWN AS BURNOUT. SHE IS DRESSED IN A STYLISH OUTFIT , OBVIOUSLY MORE AT HOME AT A COCKTAIL

PARTY THAN A SPORTS CAMP. BURNOUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS PROBABLY MORE AT HOME ON SOME OTHER PLANET. HE DRESSES IN CONTEMPORARY GRUBBIES.

DIANE: (LOOKS ABOUT QUICKLY, AND STATES SIMPLY) Well this is certainly depressing. I wonder if Steinbeck ever knew about this place...

BURNOUT: (LOOKS AROUND, LAUGHS) Boy... Kincaid must really love you. Your first big assignment and you end up with a real oinker.

THEY BOTH ENTER AND START ROAMING AROUND. NOW AND THEN BURNOUT WILL SNAP A PICTURE.

DIANE: There has to be some mistake. This couldn't be the place. Maybe we took the wrong road from Tahoe?

BURNOUT: There was only one road... Probably blazed by Father Kino.

DIANE: Father who?

BURNOUT: You know, Father Kino and his sister Peachie? (SNAPS A SHOT) Besides, look... (POINTS AT THE MAP) "SIERRA VALLEY SPORTS CAMP"....

DIANE: (READS IT) Sierra Valley (TURNS) My luck, this is the right place. (SPOTS

MRS. KEEPER) Uh, excuse me sir, could you give us some information?

MA: (STANDING) I'm not a "sir" and I don't give out information.

DIANE: (STARTLED HE'S A SHE) Oh, I'm sorry. But could you at least tell me where I can find... (PULLS HER NOTEBOOK FROM HER PURSE) ... find... a Mr. Evans? William Evans?

MA: (ON HER WAY OUT THE DOOR) Can't talk to you now. Gotta hurry; it's the first day, you know?

DIANE: (TRYING TO FOLLOW HER, THE SCREEN DOOR SLAMS IN HER FACE) It's the first day, alright. And it will be the last, too, if I have anything to say about it.

SHE STARTS STORMING AROUND, AS IF IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING.

BURNOUT: You won't.

DIANE: Yes I will. (STILL SEARCHING) I didn't go to school for five years and work

my way up on every rag on the East Coast to get stuck writing a garbage assignment about little jocks and jockettes. Why didn't Kincaid give it to the Sports Division, anyway?

BURNOUT: Good question. What are you looking for?

THE MUSIC STARTS.....

DIANE: A phone! A simple, ordinary phone!

BURNOUT: Maybe they don't have 'em out here yet.

DIANE: (FRUSTRATED) Oh, I can tell this is not the beginning of a positive experience!

SONG: "THE VERY FIRST DAY"

DIANE: It's the very first day
 and already I'm sure I want outta here;
 I honestly wish I could disappear,
 gonna make a quick exit today.

OTHER KIDS BEGIN COMING ONTO THE SET WITH THEIR GEAR AND LUGGAGE, AMONG THEM ONE OF THE INSTRUCTORS: SKIP. SOME OF THE NEWCOMERS ARE OBVIOUSLY NEW (AND LOST); OTHERS HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE...

 It's the very first day,
 I've developed a migraine, my nerves are shot;
 We're packin' it in, Kincaid can like it or not,
 it might be the first but it's also the very last day!

DIANE: (SPOKEN, TO ANYONE) Aw, c'mon there has to be a phone around here somewhere... (SEES SKIP) Hey buddy... Can you tell me something?

SKIP: Oh, you're new, eh? All new students are supposed to meet down in the gym in five minutes!

DIANE: But—

SKIP: No "buts"

 It's your very first day,
 and I can tell that your muscles are out of shape;
 Look at that flab, you're really overweight,
 better start crackin' today!

KID: It's the very first day,
 I've been waitin' a year, c'mon it's time to work!

DIANE: (TO BURNOUT) Did you hear what he said to me? Who was that jerk?

OTHER KIDS: Let's get a good workout today
 It's the very first day,
 and I'm ready to go farther than before,
 Ready to move and reach for more;
 Gotta get started today...
 (Gotta get started today)

 It's the very first day,
 Gonna show that I'm hot;
 C'mon clear the way!
 Like it or not, the best is here to stay,
 Get ready to meet Number One!
 'Cause we're ready to run,
 fire the gun, let's go!
 We're pushing faster and faster
 Don't know, goin' slow,
 C'mon the spirit is growing
 it's showing the very first day...!

DANCE BREAK.

ALL JOIN IN EXCEPT DIANE AND BURNOUT, WHO GET PUSHED UPSTAGE, RIGHT, WHERE THEY WATCH. SOME OF THE STAFF JOIN IN, TOO.

ALL: It's the very first day,
 and I'm ready to go farther than before;
 Ready to move and to reach for more.
 Gotta get started today....
 'Cause we're ready to run
 fire the gun, let's go!
 We're pushin' faster and faster
 Don't know goin' slow
 C'mon the spirit is growing
 It's showing the very first day...
 Very First Day!"

DURING THE LAST PART OF THE SONG, DIANE GETS PULLED INTO THE ACTION, IN FACT AT ONE POINT IT APPEARS HER LIFE MAY BE IN SOME KIND OF DANGER (AT LEAST IN HER OPINION) AND JUST AT THE MOMENT OF THE BIG

FINISH, DISHEVELED AS SHE IS, BURNOUT SNAPS A PICTURE OF HER ON THE LAST STING OF MUSIC.

LINDA JAMESON, ONE OF THE COACHES, ENTERS AND BLOWS HER WHISTLE.

LINDA: (NOT OVERJOYED WITH THE FRIVOLITY) Alright, everybody! Listen up! You have exactly sixty seconds to move it down to the gym so the staff (GIVING A GLARE AT THE STAFF WHO WERE IN ON THE SONG)... can take attendance. Hustle up! Let's go!

SHE EXITS. IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THE KIDS AND STAFF ARE OUT THE DOOR RIGHT BEHIND HER, LEAVING AN EXHAUSTED DIANE AND AMUSED BURNOUT.

DIANE: (COLLAPSING ON THE COUCH) I gotta get out of here. They're all crazy; did you see what they did to me?

BURNOUT: (CHECKING HIS CAMERA) Yeah, I got most of it on film.

HE SMILES AT HER, SHE RETURNS THE SMILE—WHICH IS ABOUT AS COLD AS COULD BE IMAGINED.

DIANE: You're so cute.

BILL EVANS WALKS BRISKLY FROM HIS OFFICE WHILE STARING AT THE CLIPBOARD HE CARRIES (A STUDENT ROSTER), WALKING PAST DIANE WITH HARDLY A GLANCE. THEN HE STOPS AND TURNS AROUND.

BILL: Why are you sitting on the couch?

DIANE: Well, I was just trying to...

BILL: No excuses. Come on, you're late for attendance.

HE STARTS FOR THE DOOR. DIANE IS NOW FURIOUS AND SHOOTS UP FROM THE COUCH.

DIANE: Wait a minute Mr. Whatever-your-name-is! I am not one of your little muscle campers; I am a somewhat gifted writer employed by Time magazine, who is here to do a somewhat stupid article on this somewhat ridiculous collection of rude and ill-mannered little glandular cases. (PAUSES, SATISFIED THIS MUCH HAS PERHAPS SUNK IN) Now... All I want from you and your simian intellect is to know where I can find the owner of this quaint little sweat farm. (SNAPS OUT HER NOTEBOOK) A Mr. William Evans.

BILL: (SMILES) I'm Bill Evans.

DIANE: (BEAT) Oh. Sorry.

BILL: That's okay. I didn't mean to offend you, it's pretty hectic around here on the first day.

DIANE: (COOLING DOWN) That's an understatement.

BILL: You must be Miss Klein.

DIANE: That's right. Diane Klein. (THEY SHAKE HANDS)

BILL: Nice to meet you.

BURNOUT SNAPS A PICTURE.

BILL: I spoke to your editor last week, uh Mr. Kincaid, if I remember right. He gave me a general idea of what you'd be looking for. (BECOMING FRIENDLY) He told me you would be coming in this morning. I should have been on the lookout for you.

THEY ARE NOW DEFINITELY NOTICING EACH OTHER.

DIANE: Well... No harm done, really...

BURNOUT GIVES HER A SMIRK.

BILL: Good. Now then, let's try this again.... (HE TAKES A STEP BACK AND PRETENDS TO SEE HER FOR THE FIRST TIME) Ah, welcome to Sierra Valley Sports Camp, Miss... Uh...

DIANE: Diane Klein. (SHE LAUGHS AND THEY SHAKE HANDS AGAIN. BURNOUT SNAPS ANOTHER PICTURE) Oh, and this is my photographer, Bernie Ludlow.

BURNOUT: (SHAKES HANDS WITH BILL) People call me Burnout.

BILL: Why do they call you that?

DIANE: (SMILING, STILL SHAKING HIS HAND) For the obvious reasons.....

BILL: (NODS, THEY STOP SHAKING HANDS) Uh-huh... Well... If you two will excuse me I have to get down to the gym.

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DIANE: To take attendance, right?

BILL: Right. (HE STARTS FOR THE DOOR). And if you need anything just let me know.

DIANE: Oh, hey, there is one thing.

BILL: (TURNS) What's that?

DIANE: Is there a phone I could use?

BILL: Sure. Right there on the wall next to the kitchen. Just tell Noodles I said it was okay.

HE EXITS.

DIANE: What? (BUT HE'S GONE, SHE TURNS TO BURNOUT) What did he say?

BURNOUT: Something about Noodles. (LOOKING AT THE PHONE) Man... this thing looks like it came over on the Mayflower...

DIANE: (CROSSING TO IT) I don't care what it looks like, as long as it works. (SHE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER) Hmm, there's nothing to dial with.

BURNOUT: (WALKS UP TO THE LANDING) Great phone...

DIANE: (OPERATOR SPEAKS TO HER) What? Oh, operator. I'd like to place a collect call to New York City... What? ..I said I'd like to place a collect call to New York City! (PAUSE, LOUDER) New York City!

BURNOUT: (MUTTERS) She doesn't need a phone.

BURNOUT IS ABOUT TO GO UP THE STAIRS WHEN HE SEES NOODLES EMERGE FROM THE KITCHEN. NOODLES SPIES DIANE AT THE PHONE, EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

DIANE: Area Code 212..555-2000... Person-to-person with Dudley Kincaid. That's right. My name is Diane Klein... Klein. K-L-E-I-N. Jeez... That's right. I'll hold.

JUST THEN NOODLES COMES BACK WITH A LARGE WOODEN SPOON. HE ZEROES IN ON DIANE'S BOTTOM. BURNOUT SETS UP TO GET A SHOT OF IT AS NOODLES WACKS HER GOOD.

NOODLES: Caught ya! You know you're not supposed to use the phone for personal calls.

BURNOUT: Got it!

DIANE: (HOLDING HER BEHIND) What is your problem?

NOODLES: (FLINCHES) Oh, sorry miss, I thought you were one of the...

DIANE: (MAD) Don't tell me, I don't want to hear it—What? (EAR TO RECEIVER) Yes Operator, I'm still here. (TO NOODLES) Who are you?

NOODLES: Uh... the name's Noodles, ma'am. I'm really sorry but...

DIANE: (IRATE) Noodles? (GLARING AT HIM) Get away from me before I kill you...

NOODLES: (BACKING AWAY, TO BURNOUT) Who is she?

BURNOUT: (SIMPLY) Lizzie Borden.

NOODLES: What? (GIVES BURNOUT AN "I'M NOT STUPID" LOOK)

DIANE: (INTO THE PHONE) Thank you, Operator. Chief? Yes, this is Diane. Diane Klein, that's not funny Kincaid. Listen... You've got to take me off this assignment... No I'm not kidding. (LISTENS) I know I just got here. But I've already been yelled at, pounced on, and popped on the buns by something named Noodles.

NOODLES: I'm the cook.

DIANE: I know this is my first biggie... But... (SIMMERING DOWN) I know that too... Yes, I know it's set for good placement; but Chief... But Chief... Chief?

NOODLES: (TO BURNOUT) She talkin' to an Indian?

DIANE: I don't think I can take a whole week surrounded by junior Incredible Hulks' Alright... alright... Yes, yes I understand... Yes, I met him. He's the only semi-intelligent thing up here. Oh... (SIGHS) Alright, but only for a few days. I should be able to wrap it up by then.

THE DOOR FROM THE PORCH SWINGS OPEN AND A YOUNG SKIER ENTERS, CARRYING HER GEAR. SHE'S NOT WHAT ONE WOULD CALL MOROSE, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING DEFINITELY SAD ABOUT HER. SHE CROSSES TO CENTER. HER NAME IS CHRISTINA DAVIS, NICKNAMED CHRISSY.

CHRISSY: Excuse me, could you tell me where I can find Mr. Evans?

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DIANE: (CUPS THE MOUTHPIECE) He's in the gym; wherever that is. (BACK TO THE PHONE) Yeah, Chief?

NOODLES: (CROSSES TO CHRISSY AND POINTS OUT THE WINDOW) It's that building right over there.

CHRISSY: Thank you. (STARTS TO LEAVE) Can I park my stuff here?

NOODLES: Sure.

SHE PUTS HER GEAR DOWN AND EXITS.

DIANE: Alright, I will. But I don't think there is a bright side. Okay, okay... I'll call ya Wednesday... (ANOTHER TOPIC) .Oh?... Well if he calls, could you give him this number? Uh-huh. Thanks, Chief. Bye now. (SHE HANGS UP THE RECEIVER)

NOODLES: So you're a reporter, huh?

DIANE: I like to think of myself as a writer.

NOODLES: Oh, well... If you need some good stories about the camp, I've been here for ten years and I'll be glad to fill you in on—

DIANE: (CUTTING HIM OFF) Thanks. (POINTS TO KITCHEN) If I need you I'll know right where to find you.

NOODLES: (CROSSING TO THE KITCHEN) Well... Sorry again about giving you a whack... Lizzie. (SMIRKS AT BURNOUT)

DIANE: It's okay. I've always wanted to be hit with a spoon.

NOODLES: Oh. (WINKS) Well, see you around.

NOODLES EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN.

DIANE: Yeah. What did he call me?

BURNOUT: Hey, I thought you were going to get us out of here.

DIANE: Yeah, that's what I thought, too. But, well, it's just for a few days. Make sure you get all the angles because I want to be gone on Thursday.

BURNOUT: (SALUTES) Yessir!

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DIANE: Knock it off.

TWO KIDS ENTER, STAN AND GREG, AND CROSS DOWN TO THEM.

DIANE: (UNDER HER BREATH) Oh-oh, it's the cast from Planet of the Apes...

STAN: Hey, are you Miss Klein?

DIANE: Last time I checked.

GREG: Oh, well... Mr. Evans sent Stan and me to help you with your things.

STAN: And show you to your rooms.

DIANE: Oh goodie! Well boys, all the stuff is out on the front porch.

GREG: Okay! We'll get it!

THEY EXIT ON TO THE PORCH.

BURNOUT: Hey, careful with the box; it's an enlarger.

STAN: (AT THE DOOR) Okay!

DIANE: I don't think they know what that is.

SOME OF THE KIDS START FILTERING IN FROM THE GYM. THERE IS STILL A LOT OF EXCITED TALK AMONG THEM.

DIANE: (CLOSE TO BURNOUT) Oh God, here they come... Look at them, America's future athletes. How will I ever find anything good to say about them?

BURNOUT: (SHRUGS) I dunno... You're the writer. (TURNS) I'm gonna check this place out. Have the King Kong Kadets put my stuff in my room and I'll set it up later.

DIANE: Sure.

BURNOUT STARTS OUT THE DOOR, DODGING A FEW KIDS IN THE PROCESS.

GREG: (APPROACHING DIANE) If you want to come with us, it's right upstairs.

DIANE: Lead on, MacDuff... That's Shakespeare.

GREG: Well actually it's "Lay on MacDuff".

DIANE: (FOLLOWING THEM UPSTAIRS) Amazing...

THE “ENE” MACHINE BASKETBALL TEAM IS ALSO IN THE MAIN ROOM AND IT’S TO THEM THAT OUR ATTENTION IS DRAWN AS DIANE DISAPPEARS UP THE STAIRS. THEY’RE DOING SOME WIZ TYPE BASKETBALL DO-DOB. ALL OF THEM (THERE ARE FIVE) HAPPEN TO ACT AND TALK AFRICAN-AMERICAN ALTHOUGH JO IS THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTUALLY IS.

JO: (TO THE OTHER KIDS) Hey, move aside, move aside... The Mean Ene Machine is on the scene. Boys and girls, eat your hearts out. (EVERYONE LAUGH) You are looking at the finest female basketball squad in the Western Hemisphere.

CHARLENE: At least.

JO: For those of you who don’t know us, memorize these names; Sound off, Mamas!

CHARLENE: Charlene!

PAULINE: Pauline!

EILENE: Eilene!

IRENE: Irene!

JO: And Jo! (A FEW LAUGH) That’s short for

OTHERS: Josephine!

JO: Right on, Mamas!

MARY BETH: (A BUXOM SOUTHERN BELLE) Whoa, rookie there... The Lord burned another one... (TO OTHER KIDS AROUND HER) I didn’t know they had bussin’ way up here.

THERE’S GENERAL NEGATIVE REACTION TO HER COMMENTS.

CHARLENE: Hey, watch your mouth, woman!

JO: (TO CHARLENE) What did she say?

CHARLENE: Nothin’, Never mind.

JO: (TO MARY BETH, WHO IS ON HER WAY UPSTAIRS) Hey, what’s your name,

mama? (MARY BETH IGNORES HER)

CHARLENE: Hey, somebody ask Miss “Dixie Cups” what her name is.

MARY BETH: (STOPPING AT THE LANDING) The name is Mary Beth Ames. (SHE TURNS AND EXITS)

JO: Oooooo! Too cold! Mary Beth Ames.

PAULINE & EILENE: (IMITATING MARY BETH) The name’s Mary Beth Ames.

THEY ALL LAUGH. DOUG GORDON STARTS DOWN THE STAIRS, A VERY NICE LOOKING GUY. ANDY DARTS DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT THE DOOR.

ANDY: Hi Doug!

DOUG: Hi Andy!

THE “MACHINE” HAS SPOTTED DOUG AND BEGIN TO WHISTLE AND CATCALL.

ENES: Hey, look at that! ... Oh Mama... Hey hunk!... Mr. Universe.. What a man... (ETC.)

DOUG: (MAKING FUN) Eat your hearts out, Enes!

THEY LAUGH.

JO: Hoo, hoo, you said it. (SHE CROSSES TO HIM AND GIVES HIM FIVE) Gimmie five, you jive turkey gymnast you.

DOUG: Good to see you, Jo.

JO: (STRAIGHT, SINCERE) You too, Doug. Hey, I hear you got that scholarship to S.C.

DOUG: Yep.

JO: That’s my man. This is your first time here, right?

DOUG: Yeah, I thought I’d take the summer to get into shape. I’ve got a lot of work to do on my tramp routine. This Linda Jameson is supposed to be a pretty good coach.

CHARLENE: She’s the best—really tough.

OTHERS AGREE.

DOUG: Oh yeah?

JO: She was former Olympic material.

DOUG: Did she take any metal?

JO: Nope. She never got that far. Pulled a hamstring or something in the final cuts.

DOUG: Hmmm, that's tough.

JO: Yeah, no kidding. Well come on sister Enes, let's stake out our territory. (THEY HEAD UPSTAIRS) See ya, Doug!

DOUG: Hey— (TO JO) Hollywood High, forever!

JO: Right on!

THE ENES ARE OFF, WITH A FLOURISH OF BASKETBALL MOVES. BEFORE DOUG CAN MAKE IT TO THE FRONT DOOR, A PERT LITTLE GYMNAST COMES THROUGH IT, PILED HIGH WITH LUGGAGE AND OBVIOUSLY IN A HURRY. DOUG DOESN'T SEE HER AND THEY COLLIDE, SENDING HER STUFF FLYING. SHE WASN'T IN A REAL GOOD MOOD TO START WITH AND THIS HASN'T HELPED. HER NAME IS COOKIE MATTHEWS.

COOKIE: Oh! Smooth move! ... Look at this!

DOUG: Sorry, I didn't see you.

HE STARTS TO HELP HER PICK UP THE STUFF.

COOKIE: Well, you should look where you're going.

DOUG: I said I was sorry.

COOKIE: Yeah, well that's just great. Look at this mess.

SHE STARTS SHOVING HER STUFF BACK TOGETHER.

DOUG: This is an awful lot of junk for one skinny person.

HE'S TRYING TO GET ON HER GOOD SIDE. IT ISN'T WORKING.

COOKIE: Nobody asked your opinion, fatso.

DOUG: (TRYING TO MAKE HER LAUGH) Oh, I'm wounded!

COOKIE: Cut the comedy, I'm in no mood, Bonzo.

DOUG: I can see that. (A PAUSE) Why are you so late?

COOKIE: (IRRITATED) Because "Mommy and Daddy" set up an exhibition for me in the Bahamas and I couldn't get an earlier flight out... Okay?

DOUG: Okay, okay. What kind of exhibition?

COOKIE: You know, you're pretty nosey. (PICKS UP THE REST OF HER STUFF) Just watch where you're going next time, that's all I ask.

SHE EXITS UP THE STAIRS, NEARLY OFF...

DOUG: I'll wear a bell around my neck.

COOKIE: Not a bad idea if you're gonna act like a bull.

SHE EXITS COMPLETELY. DOUG JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD AS PEGGY, THE NEW SWIM COACH, BOUNCES DOWN THE STAIRS. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY EXCITED ABOUT HER NEW JOB. MORIAH KLINKENHORN, THE MIND DYNAMICS INSTRUCTOR, ENTERS FROM THE PORCH. DOUG NOTICES MORIAH AND CATCHES HER BEFORE SHE WALKS DOWN INTO THE MAIN AREA.

DOUG: Oh excuse me... coach (READS NAME TAG) Klinkenhorn...

MORIAH: I'm not a coach. I am the mind dynamics and yoga instructor.

DOUG: Okay. Can you tell me where the gymnasium is?

MORIAH: I'm not really into gymnasiums, but I think it's over that way. (POINTS OFF IN THE WRONG DIRECTION).

DOUG: Uh... I think I saw a lake over there. But that's okay, I'll find it.

HE EXITS AND MORIAH FLOATS DOWN TO THE COUCH AND SITS IN A LOTUS POSITION AND BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE. IT'S THEN THAT PEGGY DECIDES TO INTRODUCE HERSELF.

PEGGY: Hello. (MORIAH JUMPS) I don't think we've been introduced yet. My name is Peggy Anne Knutson.

MORIAH: (RECOVERING) Moriah Klinkenhorn. (SHE CONCENTRATES)

PEGGY: (PAUSE) Oh, you're the... the... now what do they call it?

MORIAH: Mind dynamics.

PEGGY: Yes, that's it! You're the mind dynamics, uh person.

MORIAH: That's right.

PEGGY: (JUST TRYING TO BE FRIENDLY) That must be really exciting. (NO RESPONSE) I think mental awareness is a very important part of being an athlete.

MORIAH: (PAUSE) Right. (PAUSE)

PEGGY: (JUST GOING ON) I know I'm always telling my swimmers to "think 'r sink"... "think 'r sink" (SHE CHUCKLES)

MORIAH: (NOT INTERESTED) Really.

PEGGY: (NOW HAVING RUN OUT OF ANYTHING MORE TO SAY) ... Well... I guess I'd better check on the kids, see if they're settled.

MORIAH: Ahooooommmmmmmmm

PEGGY: Nice talking to you.

SHE EXITS UPSTAIRS.

MORIAH: Ahooooommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

BILL AND LINDA ENTER THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR: AND THEY ARE IN THE MIDST OF A RATHER HEATED DISCUSSION...

BILL: I see your point, Linda; but I just don't understand what you think we can do about it.

LINDA: Listen, Bill... I've seen these kids come and go over the past four summers, and I've already noticed a steady decline in attitude and discipline in every single area. And that's one of the things that is killing amateur athletics.

THEY CROSS TOWARD HIS OFFICE.

BILL: I agree. The kids are just not into it for the same reasons anymore. But I think that's a symptom of the times, and there's...

LINDA: And there's nothing we can do about it. Brother, that's a great attitude.

MORIAH HAS NOTICED THAT SHE IS NOT GOING TO GET ANY SOLITUDE AND STARTS TO EXIT...

BILL: Well what do you want me to do? Slap them in irons and brainwash out of them all the me-istic crud they've been fed for the last ten years? Look, the simple fact that we are authority figures is the main reason most of them turn us off to begin with.

LINDA: I know, I know... Respect for authority went out with Nixon.

DEBBIE MEYER ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS JUST AS MORIAH REACHES THE TOP STEP AND TURNS.

MORIAH: Nixon was a Capricorn, wasn't he?

NO ONE NOTICES (OR MUCH CARES) ABOUT HER STATEMENT, SO SHE EXITS AS DEBBIE CROSSES TO EVANS.

DEBBIE: Mister Evans?

BILL: Hello, Debbie.

DEBBIE: I was wondering if you might be able to fill out this recommendation form for me. It's for the Maccabiah Games in Israel next summer; I really want to go and I thought that...

LINDA (CUTTING HER OFF) Debbie, can't you see that Mr. Evans and I are having a serious conversation?

DEBBIE: Well I just wanted to—

BILL: Why don't you come down to the office a little later.

DEBBIE: But...

BILL: You can explain all about it, then. Okay?

DEBBIE: (GIVES IN) Alright. (TURNS TO GO) Sorry if I interrupted.

DEBBIE EXITS.

LINDA: You see, that's just what I was saying. They're so hung up in their own personal little worlds that nothing else matters to them. Just "look out for number one" and "What can you do for me."

BILL: (MAD) That's an awfully big generality... don't you think? There are still a few kids who give a hundred percent, and I think that Debbie is a good example of that.

LINDA: Well their idea of a hundred percent and my idea are pretty far apart.

BILL: (COOLING DOWN) Let's just slack off a bit, it's only the first day. Maybe things'll come around... for all of us.

LINDA IS ON HER WAY UP THE STAIRS AND DIANE IS ON HER WAY DOWN.
THEY PASS.

DIANE: Hello. (LINDA JUST PASSES ON BY) This place is just overflowing with warmth.

NOODLES STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

NOODLES: Hey Bill! Has Potts shown up yet?

BILL: Haven't seen him, Noodles.

NOODLES: Hmmmm...

BILL: I wouldn't worry, he's pretty reliable.

NOODLES: Who's worried, I need some potatoes peeled.

HE DISAPPEARS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN. DIANE CLEARS HER THROAT.

BILL: Oh... (TO DIANE) Hi, Diane... Did the guys get you settled okay?

DIANE: (CROSSES DOWN TO HIM) Uh-huh, just fine. The room is really nicer than I expected.

BILL: Well good, I'm glad you like it.

DIANE: I'm not really into gang showers, but...

BILL: (SMILES) Sorry, those are remnants from our Army days.

DIANE: What do you mean?

BILL: Well originally my parents built Sierra Valley as an alpine ski resort, back in the early forties, right before the war.

DIANE: (SUDDENLY) Oh, guess I should be getting this down... (TAKES OUT NOTEBOOK AND PENCIL) Okay... (SHE WRITES DOWN SOMETHING)
AS THEY SPEAK, THEY MEANDER OVER TO THE SOFA, SHE SITS DOWN ON THE ARM AS BILL CONTINUES...

BILL: So the war came along and Uncle Sam needed a place to train his GI's in snow combat and skiing. Sierra Valley sort of got drafted, you might say.

DIANE: (WRITING) Got any old pictures of the place from that time?

BILL: Plenty. (SHE NODS "GOOD") So anyway, the army moved in and built a couple of the big barracks, which we later converted to the gymnastic and basketball facilities. The lodge here was used for officers and ski instructors.

DIANE: Ah, so that explains the military showers. After the war?

BILL: The army moved out, Mom and Dad moved back in. They tried to turn the area back into a ski resort.

DIANE: Didn't make it?

BILL: Nope, never did.

DIANE: What happened?

BILL: Heavenly Valley.

DIANE: Oh, that's too bad.

CHRISSEY ENTERS, CARRYING A GUITAR CASE, AND CROSSES OVER TO WHERE SHE LEFT HER GEAR EARLIER.

CHRISSEY: Hi, Mr. Evans.

BILL: Hi Chrissy... Oh good, I'm glad to see you found your guitar.

CHRISSEY: Thanks. It was right where you said.

SHE STARTS TO PICK UP HER STUFF.

BILL: Chrissy, I'd like you to meet someone. This is Diane Klein.

DIANE: Hello.

CHRISSY: Hi.

BILL: Miss Klein is here to do an article about the camp and some of the kids. Maybe you two can get together later.

CHRISSY: Sure. I'd like that. Well... Thanks again, Mr. Evans. (TO DIANE) Nice to meet you.

SHE EXITS WITH HER GEAR.

DIANE: Nice meeting you.

BILL: (TO DIANE) You might not believe it by looking at her, but Chrissy is one of the hottest giant slalom skiers around. Skip Denton, our ski coach, discovered her in a NASTAR competition at Mammoth.

DIANE: Interesting... .(JOTS DOWN A REMINDER)

BILL: I'll introduce you to Skip and the rest of the staff at lunch.

DIANE: Fine. I hope they're not all like Noodles.

BILL: I think you'll find that there aren't too many "simian intellectuals" in the crowd.
NOODLES: (POKING HIS HEAD IN) Somebody want me?

BILL: No, Noodles

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

NOODLES: Oh.

REMOVES HIS HEAD FROM THE DOOR. BILL AND DIANE LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

BILL: Well, I uh... hope you'll enjoy your stay with us. And feel free to ask for whatever you need.

DIANE: Thanks. I will.

BILL: I'll see you at lunch.

HE HEADS FOR HIS OFFICE.

DIANE: Right...

AS HE ENTERS HIS OFFICE, DIANE HAS A THOUGHTFUL LOOK ON HER FACE AS SHE MAKES A QUICK NOTE AND THEN CROSSES OVER TO THE MANTLE AND WRITES DOWN THE NAMES OF THE ATHLETES IN THE PICTURES. AS SHE DOES THIS, A RATHER STOUT YOUNG MAN ENTERS AND TIPTOES TO CENTER, WHERE HE HIDES HIS LUGGAGE BEHIND THE SOFA. THEN HE QUIETLY WALKS TO THE KITCHEN DOOR, CUPS HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH AND YELLS VERY LOUDLY.

POTTS: Anyone who gets outta this camp without catching ptomaine poisoning is really lucky!

DIANE TURNS, POTTS HIDES BEHIND THE SOFA AND THEN NOODLES CHARGES OUT OF THE KITCHEN BRANDISHING HIS WOODEN SPOON.

NOODLES: (LOOKING AROUND) Where is he?

DIANE: Who?

NOODLES: I'll kill him! I'll murder him! I'll break his face!

DIANE: Who?

NOODLES: The King of Comedy, the Prince of Pranks, Sierra Valley's own chubby version of Steve Martin... .

NOODLES LOOKS BEHIND THE COUCH AS POTTS JUMPS UP FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

POTTS: Hey, that was rude!

NOODLES: I knew that would flush you out. (WAVES THE SPOON) Potts! Where have you been? You were suppose to be up here yesterday evening'

POTTS: Yeah, well... My dog blew a transmission.

NOODLES: (CONFUSED) Huh? What kind of dog has a transmission?

POTTS: (KNOWS HE GOT HIM) A Greyhound! (BIG SMILE) Get it?

DIANE LAUGHS.

NOODLES: (WARNING DIANE) Don't get him started. (PUSHING POTTS TOWARD THE KITCHEN) C'mon, there's a hundred and fifty potatoes that have been waiting for you all morning.

POTTS: (PULLS AWAY, HAMS IT UP) Potatoes? Potatoes? My life is not potatoes! My life is a cabaret (WINKS AT DIANE) old chum. A little song, a little dance, a few jokes. (SINGS) "Make 'em laugh, make 'em laugh." My life is humor, my life is magic, my life is making worldwide laughter!

HE STRIKES A POSE. NOODLES QUICKLY PULLS HIM INTO THE KITCHEN.

NOODLES: Well you can start by peeling the potatoes into hysterics.

POTTS: Wait! I have to take my stuff up!

NOODLES: Later, lunch is in less than an hour.

THE PHONE RINGS AND NOODLES ANSWERS IT, STILL HOLDING POTTS BY THE NECK.

NOODLES: Hello?... What? Speak up, boy! Huh, yeah she's here, Hold on. (TO DIANE) It's for you.

NOODLES POINTS TO THE SIGN ABOVE THE PHONE, WHICH READS "DON'T TIE UP THE PHONE, EMERGENCY CALLS ONLY" AND RETURNS TO HAULING POTTS INTO THE KITCHEN

POTTS: Who's she?

NOODLES: Lizzie Borden.

POTTS: You mean, the original whacker?

NOODLES YANKS HIM AND THEY'RE GONE. DIANE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.

DIANE: Hello?... Oh, hello Art. What? Art, you'll have to speak up, this phone is on its last legs... Now look Art, I've told you the reasons for doing this before... I just need time to think, that's all... About things Yes, you and me... Mostly me. Yes, I know it's selfish and I'm truly sorry you're suffering but... Huh? Your analyst said I'm what?... I don't know what that means but whatever it is I don't like it... Tell your analyst to keep his opinions to himself. (BEAT) Oh, well then, tell her to keep them to herself. Who cares if that's what you pay her for?

NOODLES COMES IN WITH HIS SPOON AND DIANE FLINCHES. HE POINTS TO THE SIGN ABOVE THE PHONE AND THEN RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN. DIANE GIVES HIM THE EVIL EYE.

DIANE: (CONT'D) Look Art, I told you I want my own career. ... I know you're big in advertising, who isn't? Nothing. But see, I want to be big in what I do. (OUTRAGED) What!?! Well, you tell your mother she can go take a flying leap!Yes, I mean it. Look, I don't feel like continuing this right now. I've got work to do... Goodbye, Art.

SHE SLAMS THE RECEIVER BACK ON THE PHONE. SHE COMPOSES HERSELF FOR A SECOND, THEN LETS OUT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM... THE LADY IS MAD.

POTTS: (RUNNING TO THE DOORWAY) What's wrong?

DIANE: (TURNS, SMILES INNOCENTLY)... Nothing.

POTTS: Oh, I thought maybe Noodles had given you some of his food or something...

NOODLE'S HAND EMERGES FROM THE DOOR WAY AND HAULS POTTS BACK.

POTTS: Oww!

SONG: "GOTTA GET FREE"

DIANE: Seems like somethin's always comin' to get me down;
 Wish I knew a way to make my troubles go away to stay.
 And every time I think that I'm goin' up to the top,
 somethin' comes along to holler stop!

I gotta get free, just gotta get free;
I'm sick and tired of racin' and chasin'
to face another tragedy.
Just gotta get free, find some comedy;
Don't wanna go nuts, no buts
I gotta get free.

Just my luck to get stuck right where I don't belong;
Everything I try seems to shrivel up and die.
Got to shake it or I'll never make it up over the bumps
gotta find a way out of the dumps!

I gotta get free, gotta get free;
Don't want no moaning or groanin' or crying telephonin'
hanging over me.

I gotta get free, don't want no sympathy, for me;
'Cause I'm tired of feelin' down,
tired of playin' the clown.

I want the world to see
that I'm gonna get free,
gonna get free, gonna get free, Just little ol' me... ..

<End of excerpt>