

WHAT WAS
THAT?

A comedy about Camping

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WHAT WAS THAT?

CHARACTERS:

Karen, in her 30s

George, in his 30s

Voice Over O.S., male

Lights up on GEORGE and KAREN “camping out”, each in his/her own sleeping bag on opposite sides of an artificially lit campfire.

KAREN

Night, dear.

GEORGE

Night, sweetheart.

Silence for several beats.

GEORGE

Look at that sky. Are those...?

KAREN

Don't say it.

GEORGE

The five o'clock news said “NO RAIN IN SIGHT”.

KAREN

Yeah. They're always a hundred percent.

GEORGE

They sure look like rain clouds. Check your phone, Karen.

KAREN

No phones. We're practicing for next weekend, remember.

NO DEVICES OF ANY KIND.

GEORGE

I'm still wearing my fit bit.

KAREN

Fit bits are okay. But no contact with the outside world.

I should never have worn a jump suit.

GEORGE

Why not? It's cute.

KAREN

It won't be cute when I have to go to the bathroom.

GEORGE

I'll hold up a blanket.

Few beats of silence while Karen thinks about that.

KAREN

George, we don't know all these people we'll be camping with.

I wish we never joined this group. What was that?

GEORGE

What was what?

KAREN

That noise. Sounded like an animal.

GEORGE

You don't bother them. They won't...

KAREN

I don't believe that.

GEORGE

Let sleeping dogs lie.

KAREN

I don't believe that either.

GEORGE

You want me to take a look?

KAREN

Yes.

George gets up, turns on his flashlight, walks around the camp "fire". After a few seconds...

GEORGE

It's nice here, Karen. Sit by the fire with me.

KAREN

It's not a real fire.

GEORGE

Pretend, Karen. Pretend you're deep in the forest where no one can see us. We're all alone...

KAREN

That's not making me feel better, George. Maybe you better turn off the campfire before the battery runs out.

GEORGE

You're ruining the mood here.

KAREN

How many couples are going next weekend?

GEORGE

Six. We're in charge of games.

KAREN

WHAT? You're telling me this now? What kind of games?

GEORGE

Campfire games. Silly games like TELEPHONE. I turn to you and whisper something. You turn to the person on your left and whisper what you think you heard. Then he turns to the person on his left...

KAREN

Who's on my left?

GEORGE

It doesn't matter who's on your left, Karen. I start. Then boy, girl, boy, girl... the last person says what she heard and tells me. I say it out loud. It's hilarious. Could get a little raunchy. I'm sure it will get a little raunchy if we wait to play till everyone's had a few drinks.

KAREN

Who's the "girl", and I use the term loosely, next to you? Not Grace Williams, I hope. She'll probably whisper, "Meet me in the bushes in an hour."

GEORGE

Well, that will be funny. We want it to be funny.

KAREN

That is NOT funny, George! I told you we shouldn't have joined this group of perverts.

GEORGE

Karen!

KAREN

Grace Williams has had her eye on you ever since we met at that *Meet The Neighbors* cocktail party at their house last month. She can't wait to get you in the bushes. What was that?

GEORGE

I heard it that time. I think it's a...

KAREN

A bear! What if it's a bear!

GEORGE

We're supposed to make a lot of noise if we see a bear. He'll run away.

KAREN

Who told you that, the weather man? No rain and no bears out there tonight, folks. Good night to drive out to some dark remote spot like this and spend a lovely evening listening to the sounds of the night. Like BEARS!

KAREN gets up and starts to run off.

GEORGE grabs KAREN and pulls her down to the ground.

GEORGE

Karen, don't get hysterical. Sit here with me.

George has his arms around his wife. They listen to the night noises a while.

GEORGE

See? Nothing to be afraid of. Perfectly peaceful.

You'll learn to love it.