

# How I Spent My Summer Vacation

By Bobby Sox  
Age 8

*A Monologue*  
*by*  
Emmett Loverde

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**Cast of Characters**

Bobby Sox

**Place**

A classroom during “Show and Tell” or perhaps a school auditorium.

**Time**

The present.

# *How I Spent My Summer Vacation*

*By Bobby Sox*

*Age 8*

by Emmett Loverde

*SCENE:*            *A classroom during "Show and Tell" or  
perhaps a school auditorium. The present.*

*AT RISE:*        *BOBBY SOX, 8, walks on stage. He could be  
played by an actor of any age so long as the  
actor understands the inner life of an 8-year-  
old.*

**BOBBY.** Hi. I'm Bobby Sox, and, um, I'm going to tell you how I spent my summer vacation. Last summer, not this summer coming up.

I went to camp up in the mountains. It was a music camp which means they try to teach you to play music. When we got there they asked us what songs we know which was stupid cause if we know songs already what are they going to teach us? Then I thought maybe they didn't know any music at all and wanted us to teach music to each other and that's a rip-off.

So I went to the main office to call my Mom and they said why do you need to call her you just got here are you homesick already and I said no I got to tell her this camp is a rip-off cause you guys don't know any music and you're trying to get it from us and they just laughed at me.

The camp had big trees that were taller than the Empire State Building even though I've never seen it I know it couldn't be taller than the trees cause they were just too tall.

I was in a cabin with eleven other guys and they were younger and older than me but mostly older which was weird. I mean it wasn't weird that they were older cause they can't help it if they were born first but why did they have to sleep with us little kids? I mean I'm not a little kid not that little but listening to them talk was so boring and when we tried to talk they told us to shut up. But they were only talking about girls and I'm sorry I know my Mom is a girl but enough with the girls. I would rather talk about bugs or worms or something you could

really sink your teeth into (that's what my counselor Nick kept saying, "something you could really sink your teeth into" even though he wasn't fat) but those older guys just talked about girls girls girls all day and all night and they said there was parts on girls we didn't know about yet but we'd find out and I knew they were lying cause some of the stuff they said there was just no way.

The people who ran the camp did know some music cause they taught us a song called "Oo Oo Chile" and it was kind of fun but it made me sad cause the lady in it kept saying things were going to get easier and I didn't think things were bad.

One night they took us into this room that had all these xylophone-looking things set up and they said it was all parts of a instrument called a "Gamalan". I said but if it's all one instrument how come it's not connected like how a tuba is connected even though it's all tuby? Then one of the older guys from my cabin hit me so I shut up.

They said the Gamalan was all one instrument cause you have to play every part of it at the same time or it won't sound right. I thought that was a pretty lame explanation but I didn't say anything cause I didn't want to get hit again.

They said the Gamalan was Javanese and I thought they just said it wrong and some other kid said so too and I thought good hit him but the Gamalan people said no "Javanese" was right cause the country was Java and I said oh where they make the coffee and I got hit again.

Some of the Gamalan people sat down and played a song on it and it looked like fun to play so when they asked who wants to learn it I raised my hand higher than the Empire State Building and got picked. I looked around but the kid who hit me didn't get picked.

I like the Gamalan better than I like the clarinet which isn't hard cause the clarinet sounds bad when I play it.

I know you think since I went to camp and stuff that I'm going to tell you some gross mushy story about some girl but sorry that's not going to happen. There were girls up there and some were even not so bad I mean not sickening like they'd make you puke just looking at them but that's all.

Oh—there was this one girl named Tami Sheridan. She spells "Tammy" T-A-M-I. I hate that. Why can't she spell it T-A-M-M-Y like every other Tammy? Everybody knows that's how you spell it but no, she has to do it wrong and when I told her she spelled it wrong she just said I can spell it any way I want and that just made me so mad cause she was

just so stupid I mean man, can't you just spell it right?

Tami's not ugly or anything I mean not too ugly I mean I've seen worse. And she doesn't smell bad. But I hate how she makes her hair. She puts it into this stupid pony tail thing that looks like a real pony's tail so I said that makes your head the pony's you-know-what and she said come here like she was going to whisper a secret in my ear so I leaned toward her just a little bit but not too close so no one would think we were kissing or anything I mean my god but then she whipped her pony tail around and hit me in the head.

It didn't hurt but all these other girls started laughing at me and some of the guys were laughing and I didn't think it was funny but whatever.

There was sposed to be a swimming hole at the camp which wasn't a real hole like a hole in your jeans it was more like a lake only it was all dried up and there was no water in it hardly just some mud but I wanted to swim anyway cause I think mud is pretty cool but they said mud was dangerous cause you can slip and sides there would be mosquitoes and I said water's way more dangerous than mud cause who ever drowned in mud but they wouldn't let me get in it.

I really missed my dog and my cat. My dog's name was Fleabiscuit and he got run over like two years ago right after my Dad moved out so then we got a cat and her name is Pipsqueak cause she squeaks when you step on her but she's too fast to step on now so I just call her Pippy. Actually she died right after my Dad moved out again this time forever cause I forgot to feed her and so did my Mom. So Pippy and Fleabie are both gone but I still think about them.

Some big kids at camp told us little kids a scary story about three sisters who used to live at the camp like hundreds of years ago who killed their parents and then like killed everybody else like cut off their heads and stuff. I thought it was stupid cause if they killed everybody then why didn't they kill each other?

Then that night I had nightmares about the three sisters murdering people and stuff and I woke up ascarded and the bed was all wet and I thought I, you know, wet the bed but I didn't it was cause I was sweating but then the sheets were cold so I got up so they could dry and I walked outside in my pajamas and suddenly somebody tackled me.

I thought it was one of the three sisters and she was going to murder me or hold me down so one of her sisters could murder me so I just started yelling my head off cause I'd rather yell off my own head than let the sisters cut it off for me.

Turns out Nick tackled me and he said are you sleep walking and I said no I'm walking cause I can't sleep if I can sleep I can't walk around cause sleep is when you take a break from walking like Earth to Nick and he said okay okay just shut up I heard you saying stuff in your sleep and then I saw you get up and I thought you were going to go drown yourself by accident or something. In the mud?

I told him about my dream and the three sisters and everything and he said aren't you ascaresd walking around outside where they can get you and I said no cause they're more scary in my head than out of it so we kept walking so I would be too tired to have nightmares which didn't make any sense but then next thing I knew I was waking up in my cot in the cabin and it was like almost lunch time and the other guys were changing into their basketball clothes which means I missed morning band practice which I didn't mind but I kind of wanted breakfast but it was almost lunch so never mind.

After lunch it really made me mad cause this stupid girl came up and said Tami likes you and I'm like no way and she's all yeah she thinks you're cute and I almost barfed right there I swear I came this close.

I was trying to get Tami to hate me like I was always aiming the ball at her when we played Dodge Ball and squeaking at her trying to mess her up when we're in clarinet practice—she plays it too but she's way better than me—and I try to show her I hate her by being nice to all her friends but not her just stuff you naturally do when you can't stand somebody.

I thought maybe the girl Tami's friend was just lying to me to see what I would do so I started trying to be all like whatever who cares like what's the big deal. Then she says oo I'm going to go tell Tami you like her back and I almost hit her and I don't even hit girls.

Instead I was cool and I said if Tami really likes me she'll tell me herself cause I knew she wouldn't that's just not what you do specially in third grade going on fourth grade I mean it's like there's a law you just don't say that.

Tami's friend waves to a bush or something and then out comes Tami like she was there all along and I'm like what is this a ambush and I start to run but Tami says no don't run I'll make her go away so she tells her friend to go away and her friend doesn't till Tami gives her a Snickers which I guess was payment for making me look like a fool and I thought man that's really low to pay someone to make some guy look like a fool that's like the lowest you can get so then I really hated Tami, just hated her.

So her friend left with the Snickers and Tami said well what'd you want and I said I don't want anything and she says you want me to say something, right? and I said only if you want to cause I knew she didn't really not even but she said okay but I'll only say it in your ear cause it's too embarrassing if anybody hears me I'll die and I said nuh-uh you'll hit me with your hair so she said well you can hold my hair so I can't hit you with it so I said okay.

I grabbed hold of a big chunk of her hair and kind of leaned toward her so she could whisper in my ear and next thing I knew I felt something warm and wet against the side of my head and I totally grossed out cause I thought she put a slug on me and I said was that a slug and she said no I kissed you and I said eiw I'd rather get slugged and man I bet she's probably still coughing from all the dust I kicked up when I ran away. I mean a elephant could of sat on me and I still would of taken off.

I spent the next hour in the bathroom trying to wash off the kiss slime and my cheek was red for the rest of the day. People thought I got hit and I said yeah I kind of did.

I know you think there's lots more girl stuff in here but really that's all that happened I swear sides that was too much already.

But it was okay cause next day they taught us to play the steel drums but first they played a song for us and it sounded so cool I was like I can't believe you can make old garbage cans sound like that cause that's what steel drums are just garbage cans sawed in half and they played them with these things that look like pencils.

We learned some song called "Isn't She Lovely" which I thought was pretty good till somebody told me it was about a baby and I'm like a baby why waste a song on a baby they won't even know and they said well the guy who wrote it Stevie Wonder had a baby and got so happy that he wrote this song and it wasn't really for the baby it was about the baby but for everybody else so they could know he had a great baby and I'm like can't they just look at the baby without a song and they said well he's blind and I said yeah but everybody else isn't duh and sides how's he going to know she's lovely if he can't see her but whatever.

You play steel drums by hitting the pencil things on all these bumps all over the top of each garbage can and each bump sounds different and when you hit the bumps in the right order they sound like music. And when everyone is hitting bumps at the same time it sounds like a symphony.

Not much more happened last summer cept the time I tried to swim in the mud and Nick really let me have it. Tami got caught swimming with me well not with me but she was going swimming at the same time and we planned it that way but I mean it wasn't like a date or anything. We both got on our swimming trunks and tried to swim and kick our legs and stuff which probly looked pretty stupid cause we were just lying on top and slapping our feet and we didn't go anywhere. Man did we get muddy! It was funny but then Nick came so it got serious. But me and Tami were still busting up.

When camp was over my Mom came up to get me but first they made all the parents watch this show where us kids sang songs and played instruments. Mom brought some strange man up with her and she told me his name but I forgot. When he went to the bathroom I said Mom what's the deal with this guy and she said well I kind of like him and I said but do you like him like him like really like him and she said I don't know which I thought was way stupid I mean my Mom's not stupid but I sure know if I like somebody but then he came back from the bathroom.

I didn't play the clarinet in the show but that was okay cause I got to play the Gamalan and we sounded pretty cool at least from where I was sitting which was right in the middle of everything.

Then these girls did some stupid dance thing and then we played "Isn't She Lovely" on the steel drums which sounded good. At the end us kids all sang "Oo Oo Chile" and then the old people started singing along and that kind of made me mad cause if they want to put on a show they should go to their own camp and eat camp food and practice and stuff like we did also what's the fun of singing a song if everybody listening already knows it?

But the song sounded nice with everyone singing at once and I looked up at the Empire State trees and they made the place kind of feel like church especially with the sun all going down and the camp fire all leaping up and everybody looking at each other and smiling while they're singing. Smiling while you're singing kind of messes up your singing and you really shouldn't do it but it was okay I guess cause so many people were singing that you couldn't hear when they messed up.

I was going to make a face at Tami to mess up her singing but she looked at me first and her smile got real wide which I bet really messed up her singing but I couldn't worry about that cause when she looked at me my stomach got all gooshy and queasy and I almost messed up singing myself I mean what happened?

Some people were sort of crying but not really crying like crying crying only little bitty crying like not really crying. I guess the song made them sad. Or happy. I don't know. I even got sniffly but just a little.

My Mom made me give Tami my address cause she saw her smile at me and she said you should write to her and I go Mom get real so she forced me to give Tami my address. Well she didn't totally force me. I mean I could of not given it if I didn't want to I mean I'm no jellyfish. I knew she'd never write to me. She gave me hers too and I almost crumpled it up right in front of her cause it was a waste of paper.

I didn't crumple it up in front of Tami cause I didn't want to hurt her feelings I mean I'm not a gorilla but I was going to crumple it later after we left but I forgot. It's hard to remember all this stuff.

That's all that happened all summer. It's not much and there's no more girl stuff or stuff with Mom so I guess I'm going to stop. Bye.

*(As BOBBY exits, the curtain falls.)*

***End of Play***

## *About the Author*

Mr. Loverde is a native of Chicago and received a degree in Theater, Film, and Television from UCLA. He has written extensively for stage, screen, television, and radio.

In 1996, Mr. Loverde's stage comedy *RSVP Regrets Only* was published by Oregon's Grimpemire Press. Also in 1996, he directed a production of his comedy *Mergers and Acquisitions* in Santa Monica, California. The following year, *Mergers and Acquisitions* was produced at the Coronet Theater in Los Angeles with a cast that included Scott Wolf of TV's "Party of Five" and Taylor Nichols of the films *Metropolitan*, *Barcelona*, *Boiler Room*, and TV's "The Mind of the Married Man".

In July, 1997, Mr. Loverde directed and appeared in a production of his comedy *The Maginot Line* in Santa Monica. The following November, Mr. Loverde directed a shortened version of his feature-length screenplay *Snacking* in Los Angeles. The short was featured in February 2000 at the New York International Independent Film and Video Festival and was invited to be shown again in April 2000 when the Festival came to Los Angeles. His short comedy *Cranky Call* is also currently making the film festival rounds. Both *Snacking* and *Cranky Call* can be viewed online via Mr. Loverde's Web site ([emmettloverde.com](http://emmettloverde.com)).

In 1998, Mr. Loverde's comedy *Good Business Sense* was part of the Ritz Theater Company of New Jersey's annual festival of one acts. Later that year, Mr. Loverde himself directed two productions of *Mergers and Acquisitions*, one in Santa Monica and the other at the Hudson Backstage Theatre in Hollywood. *The Maginot Line* was produced at the Bitter Truth Theatre in North Hollywood, California in Summer, 1998.

*A Timely Maneuver*, *Good Business Sense*, and *The Maginot Line* are published by Playscripts Inc. ([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)) and have had over forty productions worldwide. Mr. Loverde's radio adaptation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' *The Moon Maid*, for which he received a commission from The Hollywood Theatre of the Ear, was broadcast twice on National Public Radio and is available on Audible.com. It starred Richard Kind of TV's "Spin City" and the late, great Avery Schreiber.

Current projects include the film festival appearances of Mr. Loverde's feature film writing and directing debut *Santa's Letters*, a screenplay adaptation of *Mergers and Acquisitions* called *Sweet Nothings*, the completion of a children's picture book "Clawdette the

Cat”, and the debut of two full-length stage comedies, *Beauty, Brains, and Personality* and *Till You Get To Baraboo*.

Mr. Loverde’s Web address is [www.emmettloverde.com](http://www.emmettloverde.com).