

The Mishtolelim

Starring (in order of appearance):

Narrators

- Noah Glickman
- Yael _____
- Rebecca _____
- Liora _____
- Julia Meadow
- Michal Benstein
- Annie _____
- Shoshi _____
- Sophie Alfenbaum



Mishtolelim

- Sasha MacDonald
- Jessie Smith
- Tali Glickman
- Ruth Sherman
- Ianne Sherry
- Alexa Chalup
- Noah Halle
- John Byrne



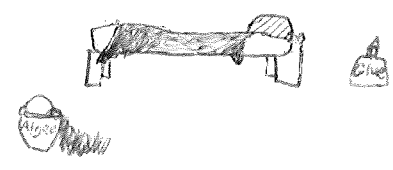
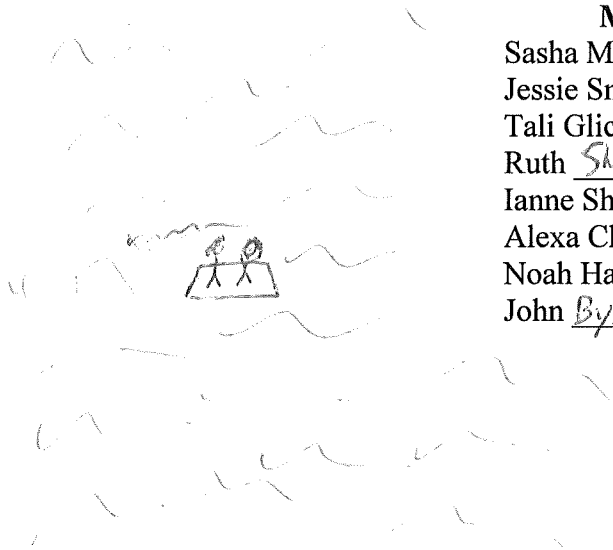
Counselors

- Eliana Finberg As Kari
- Emma Neusner As Emmy
- Leah Sorcher As Annie
- Emma Feynman As Jackie

Special Thanks to:

Josh Edelglass, Bonnie Kramer, Gan staff, and the Mirpaa staff (for housing so many of our actors at various times).

And a belated thanks to Tech staff, for their help last time.



Prologue

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there was a —

NARRATOR 2: Hey! We agreed *I* would be the narrator!

NARRATOR 1: No, we said *I* could tell the story.

NARRATOR 3: Well, why don't we all tell it together?

NARRATOR 2: Don't be silly.

NARRATOR 4: Yeah, if we talk all at once, no-one will understand anyway.

NARRATOR 5: But if we don't let everyone narrate, it won't be fair!

NARRATOR 6: She's right!

NARRATOR 7: How about we each say a few words of the story?

NARRATOR 8: That makes sense to me.

NARRATOR 3: That's what I was saying!

NARRATOR 9: Okay, well then we'll do that.

NARRATOR 5: Wait a minute, how many people do we having telling the story?

NARRATOR 8: Um... nine.

NARRATOR 4: So many people?

NARRATOR 7: The better to tell you a story with, my dear.

NARRATOR 9: So let's start already! Once upon a time...

NARRATOR 6: There was a summer camp.

NARRATOR 3: It was called Ramah!

NARRATOR 1: And at this camp...

NARRATOR 2: There was a very special Edah...

NARRATOR 4: Called the Mishtolelim.

NARRATOR 5: The Mishtolelim were all very good children,
NARRATOR 7: But when they got to camp, they transformed into little monsters,
NARRATOR 8: And their counselors had a very hard time controlling them.
NARRATOR 9: One night, when nobody was looking...
NARRATOR 3: A few of them snuck out of their bunks...
NARRATOR 4: And made their way to the Beit-Am.

Exit Narrators.

ACT I

THE MISHTOLELIM

ACT I, The Sneakout

Enter SASHA, sticking her head out from behind one of the wings.

SASHA: All clear!

Enter MISHTOLELIM GIRLS.

JESSIE: *(to TALI)* See? I told you we'd make it.

TALI: *She* said we'd make it.

JESSIE: Yeah, but I told you to trust her.

RUTH: That's not the same.

IANNE: Hey, Sasha, you said the boys would be joining us here for tug of war.

SASHA: Yeah, but they're slow. Anyway, is everyone here? Count off.

IANNE: One.

ALEXA: Two.

JESSIE: Three.

TALI: Four.

RUTH: Five.

SASHA: Six. We're all here.

IANNE: Okay, so what should we do while we wait for the boys?

They all think.

IANNE: Let's play pirates!

RUTH: Too civilized.

JESSIE: How about tag?

RUTH: Too calm.

TALI: I know, let's play Global Thermonuclear War!

RUTH: Play what?

SASHA: Doesn't matter. Let's keep thinking.

They think some more.

TALI: I've got an idea! How about we pretend to be fighting when they get here, and trick them!

JESSIE: Why?

TALI: I don't know, but it'll be fun. And we can make things up as we go along.

SASHA: And then Alexa can jump out behind them and scare them!

ALEXA: Yeah!

SASHA: Then it's settled. Tali, I'll fight with you, Jessie and Ruth can fight with each other, and Ianne and Alexa will hide here behind the curtain.

IANNE: Here they come!

The girls start to pretend-fight. Enter BOYS.

NOAH: What's going on here?

ALEXA: Boo!

BOYS: Ah!

JOHN: Whoa, Alexa, you scared me there. What's with the girls?

The girls stop fighting.

SASHA: We were practicing.

JOHN: For what?

GIRLS: For YOU!

They begin chasing JOHN around the stage, as NOAH cowers.

NOAH: No fair! There's five of you and only two of us! And I'm injured!

SASHA: Well, how come no-one else came?

JOHN: They were too scared of sneaking out.

SASHA: (*pretending to be a shocked lady*) Oh dear me! What cowardly fellows these boys are!

NOAH: (*copying her*) Oh dear me! What violent and unladylike barbarians these girls are! And already chasing boys! At their age!

TALI: You little...! We're going to get you!

-----They start chasing the boys again. This time, the boys elude them. On a different part of the stage, the BOYS converse. Lines are said to the speaker's companions.

JESSIE: Where did they go?

NOAH: I think we got away from them.

SASHA: Doesn't matter. We can always make fun of them later for running away.

JOHN: Good. We can make fun of them later for not catching us.

RUTH: We don't want to start a fight though.

NOAH: What if it starts a fight?

JOHN and IANNE: Doesn't matter; we can always outsmart them.

RUTH: You're right. Girls are smarter than boys.

NOAH: Boys are smarter than girls — good thinking.

JOHN: All right. Let's hide again.

RUTH: So what should we do now?

ALEXA: I'm tired.

IANNE: Me too. Let's go back.

SASHA: Okay, why don't you take Alexa back. We'll be right there.

IANNE: Sure.

They exit.

SASHA: Hey, Jessie and Tali?

TALI: Yes?

SASHA: Do you think the boys had a point, about us being too wild?

TALI: Of course not!

JESSIE: Maybe.

TALI: I don't think we're too wild.

The boys jump out from their hiding place.

BOYS: BOO!

GIRLS: RAAHR!

— They take a few steps and roar, and the boys run away.

SASHA: You were saying?

TALI: Uh, I forget. Anyway, why are you so worried?

SASHA: Well, think about the counselors.

JESSIE: Jacky is scary. The others are nice.

SASHA: No, I mean, don't you sometimes wonder what our counselors think of us?

They exit.

ACT II, The Competition

Enter COUNSELORS.

KARI: Oh my God, you'll never believe what my camper did the other day.

ILANA: Which one? Becca?

ANNIE: Oh no! Not her!

JACKY: She's terrible.

KARI: No no, Susie this time.

ANNIE: Oh I love her! She's so cute.

KARI: She ate my driver's license.

OTHERS: WHAT?

KARI: She cut it up with a knife she borrowed from one of the boys, and swallowed it piece by piece. I caught her just before she got to my birth date.

ANNIE: That's terrible! And those cost money to replace.

ILANA: What did you do with her?

KARI: I called the Rosh. I just couldn't deal with her. Anyway, he'll tell me what he's decided tomorrow.

ANNIE: Well, don't feel that bad. One of mine did something worse.

ILANA: This I have to hear.

ANNIE: One of my campers—who shall go unnamed—snuck into a boy's bunk during *bechirot* and completely filled Josh's bed with algae.

ILANA: Oh yeah, I'd forgotten about that.

JACKY: Where did she get the algae?

ANNIE: I don't know—Mosquito Lake maybe.

KARI: Wait, do you mean counselor Josh or camper Josh?

ANNIE: Camper Josh.

ILANA: Yeah, that's going to get ugly.

ANNIE: You bet it will. I feel like we have the worst Edah ever.

KARI: Really? I didn't think they were that bad.

JACKY: Oh, they're definitely that bad.

ILANA: Yeah. I mean, last year I was a Solelim counselor, and *those* girls were a piece of cake.

KARI: Okay, yeah, I guess the Mishtolelim are pretty bad.

JACKY: They're terrible. They're like a plague.

ILANA: Oh yeah! That reminds me, one of my girls filled my shoes with crickets while I was asleep.

ANNIE: That was ridiculous.

KARI: These girls are crazy!

JACKY: Which one did it?

ILANA: I don't know yet. But it was not a pretty scene.

JACKY: I think I might beat you all. One of my girls glued my sheets and pillow to the mattress while I was on Shmira, so I couldn't get under them when I finally got to bed.

KARI: Do you know which one?

JACKY: No, but I punished them all for it, and as soon as I find out who actually did it, that girl will wish she'd never been born.

ANNIE: Do you think it's because we're bad counselors?

KARI: Oh, I think you're a great counselor!

ILANA: (*winking*) Almost as good as me.

JACKY: Hey, why dōn't we have a competition! Who's the best counselor?

ILANA: All right! Category one: How do you get your girls to pass up? Annie and I just call "pass up" a couple of times, and start it going by doing our own dishes first. How about you, Kari?

KARI: I tap each girl individually and tell her to pass up, and those who start passing up before I get to them get a pass-up point. Ten points gets them a prize. What do you do, Jacky?

JACKY: I scream at them to pass up, and whoever doesn't start fast enough gets a good slap on the back of the hand.

ANNIE: What? Are you sure you can do that?

JACKY: It doesn't mark.

KARI: Uh, okay. Category two: What do you do for a *hargaa*?

ILANA: I sing to them.

KARI: I tell them stories.

ANNIE: I read them poems.

JACKY: I tell them that if they aren't quiet, I'll go to their houses on my day off and kill all of their pets.

KARI AND ANNIE: WHAT?

ILANA: And they believe you?

JACKY: (*shrugs*) I did it once.

A shocked pause.

ANNIE: (*shaken*) I... I see. So... category three: What do you do if your girls start fighting?

KARI: I moderate for them. I get both of them to quietly discuss why they feel hurt, and try to help them come to an agreement.

ILANA: Hey, same here!

ANNIE: I do that too.

JACKY: I take them to the middle dock during *bechirot*, and then leave them there until I know they've sorted it out. Then I leave them there till the end of the perek anyway, so I can get some peace till dinner.

ANNIE: That's... inhumane.

JACKY: But it works. Okay, last category: What do you do if you're on Shmira and you see that someone's using their flashlights after lights-out?

KARI: I tell them that if they don't keep quiet, I'll take away their free time. I don't, but it usually does the trick.

ILANA: We just take away their flashlights.

ANNIE: I'm afraid to ask, Jacky—what do you do?

JACKY: I give them candy.

ILANA: What? Really?

JACKY: Just kidding. I take away their blankets and pillows, so they'll know how it feels to have someone disrupting their sleep. Oh, and then I keep the stuff.

ILANA: You're kidding again, right?

JACKY: Being a counselor is tough, but it pays!

END