

**SQUIRRELY THE SQUIRREL**

by

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## SQUIRRELY THE SQUIRREL

SETTING — A campfire.

CHARACTERS — COUNSELOR and CAMPERS 1, 2, and 3.

AT RISE — ALL are sitting around the fire.

COUNSELOR

Okay, as a warm-up exercise to get you all used to story structure, we're going to go around the circle and add a line to a tale we'll create right here—whatever you say becomes a part of the story, and everyone has to add on to it. Isn't that exciting?

ALL CAMPERS

Yaaaaaay!

COUNSELOR

I'll start. Um... "There once was a squirrel—a very strange squirrel indeed."

CAMPER 1

"Her name was... Squirrely."

CAMPER 2

"Squirrely had a large family of other strange squirrels."

CAMPER 3

"They were drug smugglers."

COUNSELOR

Um...

CAMPER 3

What??

COUNSELOR

Okay, well that might not be appropriate.

CAMPER 3

But you said "whatever we say."

COUNSELOR

(uncertain)

I did...

CAMPER 1

"But Squirrely didn't like smuggling."

CAMPER 2

“She told them they should stop doing that.”

CAMPER 3

“So they shot her in the back of the head, blowing her squirrel brains all over the walls of their squirrel home—she never saw it coming.”

COUNSELOR

(trying to divert)

“Flan? You expect me to make a flan?’ Squirrely protested.”

CAMPER 3

But Squirrely is dead. YOU SAID—

COUNSELOR

Okay, okay. Just—let’s keep it clean from here on, okay?  
Um... “Everyone was very sad.”

CAMPER 1

“They made a bunch of flans in her honor.”

CAMPER 2

“They were delicious.”

CAMPER 3

“And then the smugglers saw Jesus.”

COUNSELOR

Oh, boy. Uh... “Jesus was their next-door neighbor, and he preferred to be called Jesús.”

CAMPER 1

“Jesús brought juice to share with everyone.”

CAMPER 2

“It was strange juice, for strange squirrels.”

CAMPER 3

“It was a gallon of booze.”

COUNSELOR

Nope, okay! I’m going to have to draw the line here, William.  
I’m sorry.

CAMPER 1

“But the strange squirrels didn’t know how to draw lines.”

COUNSELOR

Wait—

CAMPER 2

“They drank and drank, but only one of them got too drunk,”  
like my Uncle Steve.

CAMPER 3

(slurring)

“Some days you just want to burn it all down,” he said.

COUNSELOR

(trying to end this)

Okay! Very goo—

CAMPER 1

“The others agreed, even though they weren’t as drunk.”

CAMPER 2

“So they all set fire to their home.”

CAMPER 3

“And then ran the drugs to the border.”

CAMPER 1

“So they could afford a new home.”

CAMPER 2

“Then they had to run from the border patrol.”

CAMPER 3

“The drunken squirrel was the first one to call it quits.”

CAMPER 1

“So they caught him first.”

CAMPER 2

“And then he gave up the rest of them.”

CAMPER 3

“And they all got shot. The end.”

COUNSELOR

(after a long pause)

This story goes nowhere, do you understand me? Not to  
your friends, or the other camp counselors, or your parents.  
Do you hear me? This is our secret from now until the day  
you die, or I swear to God I’ll kill you myself. Is that alright  
with everyone?

ALL CAMPERS

Yaaaaaay!

**END OF PLAY.**