I Need A Vacation

"Scene 1"

Teacher: Students! Students! Now pay attention students, so I won't have to repeat this again! Remember that your reports are due on Wednesday. On Thursday you'll need five carefully sharpened number 2 pencils for the two-day-long tests of basic skills. There will be a pop quiz this afternoon in New Math For A New World, an oral examination in social studies and detention for anyone who is late for the assembly program on toxic waste immediately after hot lunch, which by the way, will be cut from 13 to nine minutes today because nobody needs 13 whole minutes to eat hamburger gravy over rice and we don't want to waste any of our valuable classroom time now, do we? Following the assembly program there will be a written exam on the environment and don't forget to put your name on your papers.

"I Need A Vacation"

Song

Solo 1: Please somebody help me, I don't know where to turn.

Solo 2: Reading, writing, 'rithmetic, there's just so much to learn

Solo 3: The tension is still mounting. I think I'm gonna crack.

Solo 4: Gotta take a long recess, and never, ever, ever turn back!

All: I need a vacation!

Verse 1

Help! I need a vacation now, it just can't wait.

Help! I need a vacation to get my head on straight.

School is cool, but I gotta let loose,
I’m tired of the same old grind.
Help, I want it!
Help, I need it!
I’m goin’ out of my mind.

*Verse 2*

Help! I need a vacation time to hit the road.
Help! I need a vacation, my brain’s on over load.
Tests and grades and a lot of homework,
The pressure’s really getting’ to me.
Help, I ask you! Help, I beg you! Somebody set me free.

*Verse 3*

I could hit the road,
I could take a trip,
I could fly way up in the sky.
I could go to the beach
Take a little dip and
Kiss the work good-by.
I could walk,
I could run,
I could ride my bike,
Go swimmin’ in the swimmin’ pool.
I could go to camp,
I could go on a hike.

*Teacher:* You could all go to summer school

*All:* No!

We need a vacation!

Help! I need a vacation.

Help! I need a vacation.

School is cool, but I gotta let loose,

I'm tired of the same old grind,

Help, I want it!

Help, I need it!

I'm goin' out of my mind.

I need a vacation!

Help!
Scene 2

Father: O.K. O.K. It's 5 A.M.! Everybody into the car!

Mother: Did somebody lock the back door?

Child 1: We don't have a back door!

Mother: Don't contradict me, Dear. Just lock the door.

Child 1: Yes, Mother...

Father: Where's Bobby Joe?

Sister 2: Maybe we'll get away without him this year!

Mother: Now girls, be nice to your little brother. Did anybody feed the dog?

Child 1: We don't have a...

Child 1: Yes, Mother, I'll feed the dog.

Father: Come on, Bobby Joe! It's time to go!

Sister 2: Where have you been anyway, Bobby Joe? It's time to hit the road!

Bobby Joe: I was just getting a drink of water!

All: WATER! NOT BEFORE A ROAD TRIP!

"Are We There Yet?"

Song

Verse 1: Wakin' up at dawn to get an early start.

Just not my idea of havin' fun.

Loadin' up the trunk, gettin' ready to depart,

Our family vacation has begun.
Verse 2: Two miles out of town and Mom forgot the map.

Sister wants to blast the radio.

Dad hit a bump, spilled hot coffee on his lap,

And little Bobby Joe has got to go.

Trav’lin’ down the road, hunlin’ quite a load

Seein’ things that no one could forget.

Miles and miles of fun just headin’ for the sun

When someone always yells,

“Are we there yet?”

Parent: Now kids, I want you asleep in 10 seconds. Don’t make me pull this car over. I’m pulling over, I’m pulling over.

All: Two days in the car, played ev’ry game we know,

When it comes to songs, we sang ‘em all.

Counted license plates from Maine to Idaho,

Sang forty thousand bottles on the wall.

Child: Mom, he’s touching me.

Parent: Now, Joey, stay on your side!

Joey: But Mooooooooom!
Verse 2: Two miles out of town and Mom forgot the map.
Sister wants to blast the radio.
Dad hit a bump, spilled hot coffee on his lap,
And little Bobby Joe has got to go.
Trav’lin’ down the road, hunlin’ quite a load
Seein’ things that no one could forget.
Miles and miles of fun just headin’ for the sun
When someone always yells,
“Are we there yet?”

Parent: Now kids, I want you asleep in 10 seconds. Don’t make me pull this car over. I’m pulling over, I’m pulling over.

All: Two days in the car, played ev’ry game we know,
When it comes to songs, we sang ‘em all.
Counted license plates from Maine to Idaho,
Sang forty thousand bottles on the wall.

Child: Mom, he’s touching me.
Parent: Now, Joey, stay on your side!
Joey: But Mooooooooooom!
All: Got to Yellowstone, got bitten by a bear.
Then Old Faithful just refused to blow.
Had a flat in Omaha
and Dad forgot the spare,
and little Bobby Joe still has to go.

Trav’lin’ down the road,
Haulin’ quite a load
Seein’ things that no one could forget.
Miles and miles of fun just headin’ for the sun
When someone always yells,
“Are we there yet?”

Gave my sister quite a scare,
Mother’s pulling out her hair.
Daddy’s lookin’ kind of spent,
Bobby Joe, he fin’ly went.
Now we’re running out of gas,
Almost wished I was in class

Solo: What am I saying?
Scene 3

Speaker 1: I've got fifty-three brochures on the Corn Palace alone!

Speaker 2: Do you think that the Crazy Horse Monument is finished yet?

Speaker 3: Let's try to see the Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, and Las Vegas all in one day!

Speaker 4: Four museums, three theme parks and The Wall Drug! We better keep a move on!

Speaker 5: Has anybody seen Bobby Joe?

Speaker 6: I think he went to get a soda...

All: Oh, no!!

"Gone Fishin'"

Song

Verse 1: Don't need a big vacation,
Don't need a fancy trip.
Don't need to visit
Aunt Louise,
Or sail upon a ship.
Just give me space with water
All stocked with perch and bass.
Gonna make a date
With a little bait
And we’ll watch vacation pass.

*Chorus:* Gone fishin’ got my fav’rite pole,
Gone fishin’ down at the swimmin’ hole
And I’m wishin’
The world will let me be
And we could be together fishin’,
You and me.

*Verse 2:* We could find our fav’rite spot,
And camp there day and night,
We’ll cast away our lines all day and hope we get a bite.
If ya want to reel a catch in,
Just hold your line real firm.
Gonna take a hook
And then we’ll look for the perfect slimy worm
Yuck.

*Chorus:* Gone fishin’ got my fav’rite pole,
Gone fishin’
Down at the swimmin’ hole
And I’m wishin’
The world will let me be
And we could be together fishin’ you and me,
And we could be together fishin’,
You and me,
And we could be together fishin’,
You and

Solo: You know the worst day of fishin’ is still better than the best day of school!

All: me!
Scene 4

Fisherman 1

(Ernie): So Fred. Do you think we’ll catch our limit today?

Fisherman 2

(Fred): I doubt it, Ernie.

Ernie: Why not, Fred? This is supposed to be a great fishin’ hole.

Fred: Well Ernie, ‘cause I’m not using any bait.

Ernie: No bait: Isn’t that kind of a strange way to try to catch fish, Fred?

Fred: Could be, Ernie. But I don’t want anything to get in the way of my thinking and relaxing time.

Ernie: But Fred, catching a fish can be awfully exciting you know.

Fred: I know it can, Ernie. I did it once.

Ernie: Well…. Fred….?

Fred: Well what, Ernie:

Ernie: Don’t you want to catch an exciting fish, Fred?

Fred: I’m on vacation, Ernie.

Ernie: Hmmmmm…….

Surfer Dude 1: Hey Dude! I’m like totally amped out! It’s spring break! Hang ten dudette, time to “hit the beach!”

Together: Party!
**Surfer Dude 2:** The surf’s killer. The sun is awesome! Time to bake at our favorite hang, dude.

**Surfer Dude 1:** Of course, we could all go home and do school work.

**All:** Not!!

"Hit The Beach"

**Song**

**Verse 1:** Comon ev’ry body listen to a rock and roll beat.

Time to get going and jump out of your seat.

Come on!

Gonna take a few vacation days,

Gonna head to a spot,

Gonna catch some rays.

Goin’ straight for the sun and

Hit the beach today.


**Chorus:** Whoa

Whoa whoa whoa whoa

Hit the beach,

We’re gonna hit the beach.

Whoa

Whoa whoa whoa whoa

Hit the beach, we’re gonna hit the beach
Com on Ev’ry body join the caravan,
Gonna head to the sand,
Gonna work on my tan.
We’ll ride a wave
When we hit the beach today.

Verse 2: Malibu to Coney
Out in Ohio.
From over in Hawaii
Or down in Mexico.
Ole
We’ll load the wagon,
Our boards on top,
And drive to a place
Where the fun won’t stop.
Goin’ straight for the sun
And hit the beach today.

Chorus: Whoa
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
Hit the beach,
We’re gonna hit the beach.
Scene 5

A Letter From Camp

Song

Verse 1: Solo: Dear Mom and Dad,
I wish I felt better.
Just one day away from home and I’m writing you this letter.
It’s not that I am homesick,
Or not thankful for what you’ve done,
But you said summer camp would be a lot of fun.
But you didn’t say hey!

Chorus: All: Hey!

How ‘bout going to computer camp?
A pretty nerdy computer camp.
On bytes we dined,
I’m going out of my mind.
Boring,
Mem’ry not worth storing.
A little typing is a risk,
And I think I slipped a disk,
I’m not happy at computer camp.
I just wanna come home.
Parent: Dearest child of ours:

Due to your obvious unhappiness, and that unfortunate incident with a Floppy disk, we think that maybe you should try another camp. Yours Lovingly........

Verse 2: Solo: Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm still not feeling better.
Just one day away from home and
I'm writing you this letter.
It's not that I am homesick,
Or not thankful for what you've done,
But you said summer camp would be a lot of fun.
But you didn't say hey!

Chorus: All: Hey!

How 'bout going to a space camp
Way out in outer space camp.
I'm not an eagle scouter but the food is made of powder.
Floating
In a little capsule,
It's just a little hunch,
I'm about to lose my lunch.
I'm not happy at space camp.
I just wanna come home.

**Speaker:** Incoming FAX for the child.

Incoming FAX for the child!

**Parent:** Dear child of ours.

Too bad you're sad. Stamp out new campout. Must explore one camp more.
Lovingly yours........

Verse 3: Solo: Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm still not feeling better.

Just one day at one last camp and I'm writing you this letter.

It's not that I am homesick or not thankful for what you've done,

But you said summer camp would be a lot of fun.

But you didn't say

Hey!

**Chorus: All:** Hey!

How 'bout going to a health camp.

A healthy kind of health camp.

The sprouts as a diet,

Are causing me to riot.
Donuts.

I need lots of donuts.
Nor more exercise;
give me burgers and some fries.
I’m not happy at health camp.

I’m not happy at space camp.
I’m not happy at computer camp.
I just wanna come home!

_Solo:_ Yours truly,
The child.
Scene 6

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and Girls! Baseball is indeed the very best way to spend your summer vacation. Yes! It’s the great American past time! The action! The drama! The hotdogs! Yes sir! This is the place to be for excitement! Eight games a week and sometimes more! Sara Jane Mantle will be pitching for the home team, batting first and leading us all in the singing of our national anthem! We’d all like to thank her mother for the use of their minivan and her father for providing the equipment and coaching the team! It’s a great day for baseball!

Umpire: O.K. O.K. Let’s get going! Visiting team to the dug out! Boys and girls of the home team take your positions in the field! Where are my glasses? Where are my glasses? Has anybody seen...? Oh well...never mind. Pitcher ready? Batter up! Play Ball!!

“Way Out In Left Field”

Song

Umpire: Play ball!

All: Take me out to the ball-game,

Take me out to the crowd,

Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jack

I don’t care if I ever get back,

for it’s

Root, root, root

For the home team,