

Roxanne of the Islands (Or They're Playing Our Sarong)

A Tropical Adventure Comedy Melodrama

by Scott Cherney

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ROXANNE OF THE ISLANDS

or

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SARONG

A Tropical Adventure Comedy by Scott Cherney

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ROXANNE-the brave, beautiful heroine of Ooaheek Island

CAPT. JEFF COOPER-the young man of the sea and skipper of the good ship Oh You Squid

WITCH DOCTOR ZHIVAGO-an evil little weasel on two legs

BARBARINA-the voluptuously seductive high priestess with a mean streak a mile long

SVEN BJORN BJORG GUNTHER-Jeff's Swedish first mate

FRED-Roxanne's none-too-bright but oh-so-big-hearted sister

UNCLE ALPO-Roxanne's lazy, good-for-something uncle

YOYO-Zhivago's henchman...uh, native

TIME: Late 1940s, post-World War II

SETTING: In and around Ooaheek Island in the South Pacific

ACT I

Scene One- Morning. Captain's bridge on the good ship OH YOU SQUID

Scene Two- Same morning. Village on Ooaheek Island.

Scene Three- Night. Ooaheek Beach.

Scene Four- Same night. Witch doctor's cave.

ACT II

Scene One- Late afternoon. Main village.

Scene Two- Early evening. Jungle-outside witch doctor's cave.

Scene Three- Evening. Main village.

ACT I

Scene One

(A ship's bell rings three times as lights come up on SVEN BJORN BJORG GUNTHER, a salty salt with a Swedish flair, at the wheel on the bridge of the good ship Oh You Squid, The ship's telegraph (engine controls) sits to the right of the wheel with the bell to the left. SVEN sings "Blow the Man Down" in broken Swedish-sounding gibberish. He is joined by CAPT. JEFF COOPER, the handsome, stalwart skipper who joins SVEN in song, harmonizing the chorus in English.)

JEFF: Ahoy, matey!

SVEN: Ahoy to you too, Captain Cooper!

JEFF: You know, Sven, out here in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, I think we can drop the formalities. You can call me Jeff.

SVEN: Okey dokey! Yeff it is den.

JEFF: That's Captain Yeff.

SVEN: How's 'bout I just call ya Skipper?

JEFF: That would be both fine and dandy. How's the sea this fine morning?

SVEN: It is as calm as a fjord in February.

JEFF: Is that pretty calm?

SVEN: Yah, sure, dat's purty calm.

JEFF: (taking a deep breath) Ah! Feel that clean ocean air in your lungs!

SVEN: (does the same, only begins choking) I tink I done swallowed a mosquito!

JEFF: Are you okay there, swabbie?

SVEN: Yah, sure. Nuttin' like a bug for breakfast.

JEFF: The crew seems to be awful quiet today, don't you think?

SVEN: It's hard to say, Skipper.

JEFF: Oh? And why is that?

SVEN: Cuz dey ain't on board no more.

JEFF: Pardon my French, but where in the gosh darn heck are they?

SVEN: Dey done took da lifeboat and vent back to Honolulu.

JEFF: They abandoned ship? *My* ship? But why would any sailor worth his salt ever abandon a fine vessel like the good ship Oh You Squid?

SVEN: Da crew said dey yust couldn't take da smell of dat cargo ve are carrying not vone more day. No vay, Jose. In fact, I tink it vas Jose who said dat.

JEFF: Are you talking about the cargo of salted sea slugs?

SVEN: You betcher boots I mean dem stinky slimy sea slugs. Ven da cargo hold gets hot, even da flies are complainin'. It smells like veek old buttermilk vit a tuna chaser.

JEFF: I'll have you know that salted sea slugs are considered a delicacy around the world.

SVEN: Dem tings are gross, I tell ya...und I eat lutefisk.

JEFF: You're exaggerating.

SVEN: Is dat so? Has ya ever had vone yerself, Skipper?

JEFF: Why, as a matter of fact, I find them pretty doggone tasty.

SVEN: Yer yokin' wit me.

JEFF: No siree. I had some salted sea slugs for breakfast this very morning. Mixed 'em right in with my Corn Flakes.

SVEN: (aside) Don't dat sound yummy fer yer tummy?

JEFF: There's another can in the galley Would you like to try one?

SVEN: No tanks. I yust had a mosquito.

JEFF: Well, that's more for me. Gosh, it's a darn shame about the crew. They sure were a swell bunch of fellows.

SVEN: Dey also done robbed you blind.

JEFF: What? (checks pockets) My wallet! My watch! Why, those thieving pirates!

SVEN: Sorry, Skipper. Dey done took all my stuff too.

JEFF: Well, confound it anyway, let's not let it get under our skin. Besides, that cargo of ours will fetch us a pretty penny once we reach port. Until then, it looks like it's you and me on the open sea.

SVEN: An' I'm proud as punch ta be here wit ya.

(The two seamen are interrupted by the off-stage sound of a dolphin.)

JEFF: What was that?

SVEN: Oh, looky dere! It's Louie! (waves) 'Mornin', Louie!

JEFF: Louie? Who's Louie?

SVEN: He's my friend. See him over dere?

JEFF: Why, that's a dolphin.

SVEN: Yah, he's my buddy! Louie's been followin' us since Havaii. He's real smart, too, ain't ya, Louie?
(LOUIE replies)

JEFF: You speak dolphin?

SVEN: Don't you?

JEFF: I know a little Italian.

SVEN: Oh? Vat's his name? (LOUIE speaks again) Oh, sorry, Louie. Vat's dat you say? (LOUIE speaks again) Somethin' in da vater dead ahead?

JEFF: Dead ahead, he says... I'm going to take the word of a talking fish. (LOUIE replies)

SVEN: Louie says he's a mammal, not a fish.

JEFF: My mistake. (pulls out telescope, extends it and gazes ahead) Ahoy! What's that off the starboard bow?

SVEN: (looking through telescope) Yumpin' yiminy! Dat's da biggest pineapple I ever done seen!

JEFF: Pineapple, my Aunt Petunia! That's an enemy mine! It must left over from the war! If we hit it, we could be blown to kingdom come! (scans about) There's more of them! These waters are totally infested with deadly explosives! (rings bell) All hands on deck! All hands on deck!

SVEN: Hold on, Skipper, dere ain't no hands no more, on deck or anyvere else. All ve got is two fingers-you 'n me!

JEFF: Cut the engines!

SVEN: Aye aye! (shifts the controls of the telegraph) Engines cut, Skipper.

JEFF: Well, this is a fine pickle! (looks through telescope again, scanning horizon) Hold the phone, Buster Brown. Are my eyes deceiving me or is that an island over there? It is! We've got to try to steer through this obstacle course without blowing ourselves up in the process.

SVEN: Dat's a good plan, but how? (LOUIE answers) Vat's dat, Louie? He says he can help us.

JEFF: What can he do? He's just a fish. (LOUIE objects)

SVEN: Mammal. (LOUIE continues) Louie says he can guide us through da mines. All ve have to do is follow.

JEFF: It's crazy, but, what choice do we have? With any luck, we can make it to shore in one piece. Sven, re-start the engines.

SVEN: Aye, aye, Skipper! (shifts telegraph controls)

JEFF: Louie, lead the way! Sven, all ahead full and follow that fish! (LOUIE corrects him again) Correction! Follow that mammal!

SVEN: Hang on Louie! Ve're right behind you!

BLACKOUT

Scene Two

(Lights up on the main village on Ooaheek Island. A hut sits center left with others displayed in the background while a large stone head, not unlike the statues on Easter Island, which represents Raliph, the legendary god of the Fire Mountain, is placed downstage right. The jungle forms the background while upstage dead center a working volcano -though dormant at the moment-is prominently situated. UNCLE ALPO, an elderly island resident, lays in a bamboo lounge chair holding a tanning reflector. The distressed sound of a bird off-stage calling "OO-AH-EEK!" Is heard as a dead fowl falls center stage before Alpo)

ALPO: Stupid birds.

(FRED, a rather boisterous and bombastic island girl in an ill-fitting sarong, enters)

FRED: Uncle Alpo!

ALPO: (startled) What the hey!

FRED: What are you doing?

ALPO: Catching some rays.

FRED: Why do you not help with work?

ALPO: Alpo sick.

FRED: Alpo lazy, you mean.

ALPO: Blow it out nose.

FRED: Where is Roxanne?

ALPO: Not my day to watch her.

FRED: Like I say. Lazy!

ALPO: (sitting up, sighing heavily) Ruin perfectly good tanning session.

FRED: Oh, shush!

ALPO: You shush! You not boss of Alpo! (they argue face-to-face)

(ROXANNE, a lovely and lively island girl, also wearing a sarong but spectacularly as well as an orchid behind her ear, enters carrying a basket. Seeing ALPO and FRED at it again, she rolls her eyes and steps between them like a referee.)

ROXANNE: Whoa now! Time out here! What's all this about?

ALPO: She start it.

FRED: Nuh-uh!

FRED: Listen, beef jerky, I have had just about enough...

ROXANNE: Knock it off, you two. I won't have this. We're family and we have to stick together. There's only the three of us now. We need each other more than ever and that means we have to get along. Understood?

FRED: Okay, Roxanne. We are sorry. Right, Uncle Alpo?

ALPO: Yeah, yeah, yeah. She sorry, alright.

ROXANNE: (to ALPO) You behave yourself, young man, or else I won't give you what I have in this basket.

ALPO: Mambo berries? Give!

ROXANNE: Uh-uh! What do you say?

ALPO: Roxanne may I?

ROXANNE: Yes, you may.

ALPO: (takes basket) Ha! Now make more mambo berry juice. This all Alpo got left. (holds up gourd)

ROXANNE: You be careful with that stuff. (aside) Once, Uncle Alpo got so drunk on mambo berry juice, he got engaged to a crocodile.

ALPO: She leave Alpo at altar.

ROXANNE: Poor uncle.

ALPO: Alpo miss her little smile. (drinks)

(The sound of a loud explosion is heard off-stage causing ALPO to perform a classic spit take.)

FRED: It finally happen! Uncle Alpo's liver blow up!

ALPO: No! It Fire Mountain!

FRED: Fire Mountain!

ROXANNE: Fire Mountain? The volcano's behind us. That sound came from out in the ocean.

ALPO: No! Fire Mountain ticked off! Roxanne not bring food offering to Raliph, god of Fire Mountain!

ROXANNE: Are we going to have this argument again? I told you before, I am not leaving good food out for this silly superstition of yours ever again. The other night, I left a nice pot roast out and he didn't even touched it.

(ALPO crosses to statue of Raliph)

ALPO: (to Raliph) Roxanne only kidding, Great Raliph. Make big ha-ha! Now she make big lunch. Sandwich okay?

ROXANNE: He'll get nothing and like it.

ALPO: No, Roxanne! Bad ju ju! We not bring offering to Raliph, he bring plague, evil spirits or worse. Insurance agents.

ROXANNE: If the Great Raliph wants food from now on, he'll have to call for takeout. I've got a whole drawer full of menus.

ALPO: But Roxanne...

ROXANNE: (sniffs) Hold on a second. I smell rotten bananas.

(WITCH DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, a grinning gargoyle of a human being, enters in a headdress consisting of bananas and feathers and the garb of a dime store shaman. He carries a decorative walking staff with a skull affixed to the top.)

ALPO: Uh oh. Witch Doctor Zhivago.

(ZHIVAGO crosses to Raliph and bows)

ZHIVAGO: O Great Raliph, your loyal subject pays his respects to you, you handsome devil, you. (to ROXANNE, FRED and ALPO) Ah, and a good day to you, one and all!

ALPO: Witch doctor hear boom-boom?

ZHIVAGO: Indeed I did. Fear not. 'Twas only the Great Raliph punching in on the great time clock of the universe.

ALPO: See?

ROXANNE: You're going to believe a guy with bananas on his head?

ZHIVAGO: Ah, the fair Roxanne. You are beautiful as the day is long.

ROXANNE: And what do we owe the dishonor of your presence?

ZHIVAGO: Is that any way to greet a friend?

ROXANNE: No, it's not. Shall I repeat the question?

ZHIVAGO: That's not nice. And here I have come all the way from deep inside the jungle just to call on you. I've even brought you a gift, a lovely house plant. Yoyo!

(YOYO, the witch doctor's right hand thug, struggles to enter with a vine wrapped around his neck.)

ROXANNE: What is it?

ZHIVAGO: Why, it's a strangler vine, of course. Yoyo, stop playing with Roxanne's present and bring it here.

YOYO: Plant...stubborn, boss! (vine pulls him off)

ROXANNE: Nice present.

ZHIVAGO: It's the thought that counts.

ROXANNE: Can you imagine what I'm thinking?

ZHIVAGO: Oh, Roxanne, I worship the ground you walk upon. You are the song in my heart. You are the apple of my eye. Can't you see what I'm trying to tell you? I love you. Say you'll be mine.

ROXANNE: Not now. Not ever. Never!

ZHIVAGO: But why? I'm an educated man. I graduated from Harvard. Here's my frat pin. (hands it to her) We can go steady.

ROXANNE: Take your frat pin and stick it. (returns pin to his hand, point down)

ZHIVAGO: (grimaces in pain) Ooh...right in the thumb. (tries to maintain dignity) I'm sure you must have your reasons.

ROXANNE: You are a mean-spirited, pathetic little weasel. Is that reason enough for you? No? Then how about this? I don't like you!

ZHIVAGO: But I have so much to offer. The Great Raliph has granted me the divine right to rule this island. So I have that going for me.

ROXANNE: (balls up fist) I'm going to grant you a divine right cross if you don't leave me alone.

ZHIVAGO: (cowering) Don't hit me! I'm a bleeder!

YOYO: (entering, exhausted) Sorry, boss. Plant...dead.

ZHIVAGO: It's coming out of your paycheck.

ROXANNE: Zhivago, you are absolutely the worst.

ZHIVAGO: Marry me and make me a better man! We can go to Niagra Falls...

ROXANNE: Forget it! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

ZHIVAGO: Well, look around, sweetheart! The odds are running in my favor. I don't see any other suitors around...unless you count this stiff. (points to YOYO)

YOYO: Roxanne not my type. Too bossy.

ZHIVAGO: Quiet! (to ROXANNE) Is this your final answer, my turtle dove?

ROXANNE: Let me spell it out for you. N-O means NO!

ZHIVAGO: (angry) Then so be it! But be warned, Miss High and Mighty. I am not a man who takes no for an answer lightly.

ROXANNE: I agree with the first part of that sentence. You-are-not-a-man.

ZHIVAGO: Do not trifle with me! You forget that I can summon the power of the Great Raliph to unleash the terror of the Fire Mountain upon you all...on my word!

(Another explosion occurs off stage.)

ZHIVAGO: (to RALIPH) Not yet! Let me get out of the way first!

ALPO: (pointing up) Look! Up in sky!

(All eyes follow whatever has been blown out of the ocean and above them from stage right to stage left, culminating with a splash heard off-stage.)

ROXANNE: Whatever it is landed in the lagoon!

(JEFF and SVEN enter, stumbling, tattered and disheveled)

FRED: Who could they be?

ALPO: Dunno. Maybe tourists.

JEFF: (dazed) Hello... Can we use your phone?

(They both fall in a heap.)

ROXANNE: (kneels down to rest JEFF's head on her lap) Hey, wake up, sailor! Are you hurt?

FRED: (mirrors her sister's actions with SVEN, except yells in his ear) Hello! Nothing. (shakes limp body about)

ROXANNE: Careful. You might break him.

ZHIVAGO: (goes into a fitful dance in place) Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

ROXANNE: Stop that, you lunatic.

ZHIVAGO: Cast them back into the sea! Evil spirits! Boogity boogity boo!

ROXANNE: (aside) Harvard man.

ZHIVAGO: These two are demons, I tell you. The baddest ju-ju of all bad ju-ju! Yoyo, I order you to kill them! (YOYO advances with spear)

ROXANNE: You take one step closer and I'll break your arm!

YOYO: (taking a step back) No problem.

ZHIVAGO: Coward.

YOYO: Roxanne tough cookie. One time, she take me two out of three falls.

ROXANNE: This one's coming to. (to JEFF) Are you okay there, sailor?

JEFF: An angel. I must be in Heaven.

ROXANNE: Fred, get some water for them.

(FRED stands, dropping SVEN hard to the ground)

ALPO: Forget water. Drink this instead.

(ROXANNE gives JEFF a drink from ALPO's gourd, then SVEN. They shoot straight up to their feet and dance "The Sailor's Hornpipe" in double time.)

JEFF: Shiver me timbers!

SVEN: And ship ahoy!

JEFF: Good morning, everybody. (salutes) Captain Jeff Cooper's the name.

ROXANNE: How do you do, Captain?

JEFF: (enchanted by ROXANNE) Oh...fine... Uh, this is my first mate...

SVEN: Sven Bjorn Bjorg Gunther at your service.

ROXANNE: Hello, Sven. (shakes his hand) My name is Roxanne.

SVEN: Please to make your acquaintance, miss.

ROXANNE: Allow me to introduce you to my sister, Fred.

JEFF: Fred?

FRED: Papa wanted a boy.

ALPO: Close, but no cigar.

ROXANNE: And this is our uncle Alpo.

ALPO: Hello, Joe! Alpo Yankee doodle dandy! (whistles song and salutes)

ROXANNE: He loves Americans. (ZHIVAGO growls) Oh, and this rabid dog over here is...

JEFF: How do you do, sir? Captain Jeff Cooper. Darn glad to meet you. (extends hand)

ZHIVAGO: (hissing, then begins to chant and dance in place) Ya ya ya ya! Yay ya ya ya!

JEFF: (to Roxanne) Um...who is this fellow?

ROXANNE: Witch doctor.

JEFF: Is he making a house call?

SVEN: Easy, Skipper. Dat dere's a voodoo man!

ZHIVAGO: (stops dancing) Be gone, outlanders! Be gone! Leave this island...or die! (exits)

JEFF: So I take it he's not the chairman of the welcoming committee?

YOYO: (extends hand) We not introduced. My name...

ZHIVAGO: (off) Yoyo!

YOYO: What he said. Gotta go. We do lunch. (exits)

SVEN: Leave dis island or die? Vell, break time's over, Skipper! Off ve go! (heads toward ocean)

JEFF: Get back here, Sven. We're going anywhere without a boat.

ROXANNE: What happened to it?

JEFF: I was piloting our vessel through some pretty treacherous waters off your shoreline thanks to some nasty souvenirs leftover from the war. Unfortunately, we struck one of these mines which sunk our ship and sent us flying.

ROXANNE: But we heard two explosions.

JEFF: Well, the first was a friendly dolphin with an unfortunate sense of direction.

SVEN: Yah. Poor Louie went kablooey.

JEFF: (puts hand on Sven's shoulder) Louie was one brave fish.

(Dolphin sound off)

SVEN: Mammal.

JEFF: Where exactly are we anyway?

ROXANNE: This is my home, Ooaheek Island.

JEFF: Ooaheek? What does that mean?

(Sound of bird squawking "OO-AH-EEK!" which then drops dead center stage.)

FRED: Bird that flies too close to Fire Mountain.

ALPO: Stupid birds.

SVEN: Fire Mountain? You mean a kinda volcano?

ROXANNE: Yes, that's what it is alright.

JEFF: Is it active?

ROXANNE: I'd say it's a little congested. There hasn't been anything more than a smoke ring out of there for centuries.

SVEN: (picks up dead bird) If it can cooks dis here goose, den dis dump don't sound too safe ta me.

JEFF: Easy does it, Sven. We're guests here, so mind your manners. I apologize for my friend. We've had a rough morning. Now about that telephone...is there one I could use?

ROXANNE: In a manner of speaking. Uncle Alpo?

(ALPO pulls out a small hollow log, then holds two sticks ready to drum out a message.)

ALPO: Local call?

JEFF: Long distance. Reverse the charges. (Alpo begins to beat out message as Jeff recites) To the Barnacle and Bailey Shipping Company, San Juan, Puerto Rico. To whom it may concern- Oh You Squid sunk. Entire cargo lost. Stranded on Ooaheek Island. Send rescue ship ASAP. Signed, (the sign off is to the tune of "Shave and a Haircut") Captain Jeff Cooper ...

SVEN: ...und Sven!

(Sound effect off-stage of a drum beat replying to the message.)

SVEN: Dat vas fast.

JEFF: What did they say?

ALPO: They say you swim home, loser.

JEFF: Well, doesn't that just take the cake, the pie and the whole dessert tray!

SVEN: Vat do ve do now, skipper?

ROXANNE: You're certainly welcome to stay here. A supply ship comes by at least once a month. That is, if you don't mind waiting.

JEFF: Wait here...in this paradise? How can I say no? So I won't. What do you think, Sven?

SVEN: I'm vit you, Skipper.

JEFF: Then it's settled. We accept. Thank you for your hospitality. A month, huh? Well, suddenly I feel like I have all the time in the world.

ROXANNE: (looking off) Captain Cooper! Look out!

(A spear flies from one side of the stage to the other, narrowly missing JEFF who ducks in the nick of time.)

JEFF: Say! That was mighty close!

SVEN: Dat vas meant for you, Skipper!

ROXANNE: I recognize that spear. (calling off) I see you skulking around in those bushes, Yoyo! I suggest you knock it the heck off right now...and that goes double for you, Zhivago!

JEFF: (calling off) Yeah! You could put a person's eye out with that thing, fella! I'll have you know that just took on the Nazis in the name of the United States of America! It'll take more than this pointed stick to scare off this man of the sea!

(Suddenly, an earthquake tremor causes all to shake, rattle and roll as they attempt to keep their balance.)

ALPO: Fire Mountain!

FRED: Fire Mountain!

SVEN: Fire Mountain?!

JEFF: Excuse me, Miss Roxanne, I thought you said the volcano wasn't active.

ALPO: Ralph angry!

ROXANNE: Stop it, Uncle Alpo. It's probably nothing.

JEFF: Probably?

ROXANNE: I've lived here most of my life. Sometimes there's a slight disturbance, but there's almost next to nothing to ever worry about....very much. Honest.

JEFF: If you say so. It was just a slight tremor after all.

SVEN: Speak for yerself, Skipper! Vitch doctors? Volcanoes? Dese are not for Sven Bjorn Bjorg Gunther! I am swimming back to Honolulu!

ALPO: (hands Sven gourd) Here. Drink more mambo berry juice. Make you brave.

SVEN: (takes drink) Lemme at 'im! Lemme at 'im!

JEFF: (holding SVEN back) Slow down, pal! Boy, that stuff sure packs a punch.

ALPO: You don't know half of it.

SVEN: (to ALPO) Say, ya got more o' dis hooch?

ALPO: Soon, make barrelful.

SVEN: Vell, I could be persuaded to stay.

FRED: Yes! Yes! Stay! Be my boyfriend!

SVEN: Hoo boy. (to Alpo) You better it make two barrels.

ROXANNE: I think you boys could use a rest. It's early yet, but you've already had too much day. Please feel free to use our hut. Fred, Uncle Alpo and I will fix a nice dinner for the two of you. Leftover pot roast okay with you?

JEFF: Absolutely.

SVEN: (yawns) I tink I sleep until next Tuesday. (both exit into hut, followed by FRED)

ROXANNE: Fred! Come back here.

FRED: Sorry. I am getting ahead of myself. Maybe later, we can all take a moonlit walk on the beach.

ROXANNE: That sounds like a swell idea, Fred.

FRED: It is nice to have a man around.

ALPO: What that make me?

FRED: Old.

ALPO: Bah! (both exit)

(ROXANNE takes a look at the volcano as the top of it glows momentarily. She then turns about, worried.)

ROXANNE: Yikes. I hope that doesn't mean what I think it means. (exits)

(ZHIVAGO sneaks back onstage, agitated.)

ZHIVAGO: Nice dinner....moonlit walk on the beach...What do I get? Insults! (to Raliph) O Great Raliph, I felt you call to me just now. I know that was you who shook the ground beneath my feet. You want to tell me what to do about these nasty outlanders, don't you? Of course, you do. Go ahead, Great Raliph. Don't be shy. You want to whisper it in my ear? Okay. (leans down to place ear on statue) What was that again? Oh, you sly boots! That's a capital idea! Hear me, Great Raliph! I shall do your bidding without fail. Those two shall rue the day they dared to trespass upon our sacred soil. They will not live to see the new day by order of the Great Raliph! And as a bonus...Roxanne will be mine, all mine and I shall be the new ruler of Ooaheek Island! (laughs and exits)

BLACKOUT

SCENE THREE

(The sound of waves crashing against the surf cues the light to come up on the beach at night, far downstage. ROXANNE and JEFF enter, . FRED follows.)

FRED: Come on, boyfriend!

(SVEN enters carrying various beach accessories such as a blanket, umbrella, bucket, shovel, ice chest and the ever-present beach ball.)

SVEN: Do ve really need all dis stuff?

FRED: Of course. Do you not want to have fun?

SVEN: Yah, yah. Voop-ti-do. Vere do you vant it?

FRED: Put it down anywhere.

SVEN: Okey-doke... (drops all in a heap, then collapses upon it)

ROXANNE: (to JEFF) So what do you think about our little part of the world, Captain Cooper?

JEFF: It's almost perfect.

ROXANNE: Almost?

JEFF: Drop the Captain Cooper and call me Jeff, then you have a deal, Miss Roxanne.

ROXANNE: I will if you drop the Miss. Deal?

JEFF: Deal.

ROXANNE: Walk with me?

JEFF: You don't have to twist my arm. All you to do is hold it. (they stroll across stage, arm in arm) If you don't mind me asking...

ROXANNE: What's a nice girl like me doing in a beautiful place like this? Living, brother. Living.

JEFF: Have you always? You seem so...I don't know, educated.

ROXANNE: I went to college in the States after I graduated from Ooaheek High School. Go, Mangoes!

JEFF: What happened when hit the Good Ol' us of A?

ROXANNE: Well, to be honest, once I got a taste of the outside world, I had other things in mind. I got bitten by the stage bug and discovered that I really wanted to be in show business. So after college, I headed straight for the Great White Way...New York, New York.

JEFF: You know, if you make it there, you can make it anywhere. At least that's what I've heard.

ROXANNE: And I was well on my way too. I got cast in a Broadway musical, a darn good part too. But, on opening night, Uncle Alpo sent me an urgent message.

JEFF: By Western Union?

ROXANNE: No, by drum.

JEFF: All the way to New York? Wow. That's good coverage. What was the message? Don't tell me it had something to do with that crackpot witch doctor?

ROXANNE: The one and only. Right after the war ended, Zhivago arrived here from some distant shore. If you ask me, I'd say it was the Jersey Shore. When he landed, he found out about the old superstitions about Raliph, the god of the Fire Mountain and used those to his own advantage.

JEFF: That doesn't much a stretch since you do have your own volcano.

ROXANNE: It came with the island.

JEFF: What did Zhivago do?

ROXANNE: He started spouting off all this mumbo-jumbo, getting everyone all riled up. Claiming to be some sort of witch doctor, he tossed in a bunch of cheap parlor tricks he picked up from a variety of mystics, magicians and con artists he met in his travels. That's all he needed to terrorize anyone who stood in his way. He's so wacky he started to believe in his own mumbo-jumbo. It wasn't long before Zhivago was finally able to chase the rest of the villagers off the island, everyone except Fred and Uncle Alpo, the only family I have left. Once I heard that, I came a'running home, full speed ahead. Now the three of us are a united front against that feather headed creep. Oh, and if all this wasn't bad enough...

JEFF: What?

ROXANNE: Doctor Zhivago is in love with me.

JEFF: I don't know whether to be angry or sick to my stomach. But I have to admit that I admire the man's taste.

ROXANNE: He's cocoanuts in the cabeza. Jeff, you be careful of him while you're here. He's not just insane, he's also insanely jealous.

JEFF: Aye, aye, captain.

ROXANNE: Jeff, I know you lost your ship and darn near lost your life in the process, but I must admit, I'm really glad you're here.

JEFF: So am I. I want you to know that if there's anything I can do...

ROXANNE: There is. (they embrace)

JEFF: I've never known such peace.

ROXANNE: Listen to the waves. They're playing our song.

(ROXANNE sings "By the Light of the Silvery Moon"-accompanied by ukulele- in JEFF's arms, with JEFF joining in for the second chorus)

JEFF: May I have this dance?

ROXANNE: I thought you'd never ask. (they dance as the "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" reprises and plays them off)

FRED: (sighs) They are so in love. I love love. Do you love love, boyfriend?

SVEN: Yah, sure. Every chance I get.

FRED: Want to dance?

SVEN: Nah. I got two left feet.

FRED: That is okay. I have two right feet.

SVEN: Some udder time.

FRED: Then let us play beach ball.

SVEN: It's kinda dark, dontcha tink?

FRED: Want to make out?

SVEN: Vere's dat beach ball?

FRED: Goody! I will stand over here. You bounce to me.

SVEN: (bounces ball to her) Dere ya go, Fred. Oh, vat fun dis is. Yippee. Yahoo.

FRED: (catches ball) Now I will bounce back.

SVEN: So dat's how ya play? Tanks for tellin' me da rules of da game. Boy, it sure is dark out here.
(catches ball)

(YOYO enters behind SVEN and pounds him in the head with his fist, knocking him unconscious, then pulls him off stage while still holding the beach ball.)

FRED: Now you bounce back. Boyfriend? Boyfriend? Whoa, boyfriend? Roxanne! Roxanne!

(ROXANNE and JEFF jog back onstage)

ROXANNE: What is it, Fred?

FRED: Somebody stole my beach ball!

JEFF: Where's Sven?

FRED: Holding beach ball!

ROXANNE: Maybe he just walked off.

FRED: I do not think so.

(As they all look off where SVEN was standing, ZHIVAGO sneaks in and conks JEFF over the head with his stick, then pulls him off.)

ROXANNE: What do you think, Jeff? Jeff? Whoa, Jeff? Fred! Jeff's gone too!

FRED: Maybe he just walked off.

ROXANNE: Look. A sea gull feather. (picks feather off ground and sniffs it) Rotten bananas. This is one of Doctor Zhivago's. He and Yoyo must have grabbed them. There's no telling what that they might do.

FRED: Oh no! I lose more boyfriends this way.

ROXANNE: Well, I'm not going to let this happen!

FRED: Me neither!

ROXANNE: Come on, sister. Let's go get our boyfriends back!

FRED: And beach ball too!

BLACKOUT

SCENE FOUR

(Lights up on a large black kettle in the middle of WITCH DOCTOR ZHIVAGO's cave, far right center. Sitting inside are JEFF and SVEN, bound and unconscious as YOYO stirs with a giant wooden spoon near a small table for his mise-en-place.)

ZHIVAGO: (enters) Is it soup yet?

YOYO: (sipping from spoon) Need salt. (grabs handful from table and throws it in pot and on JEFF and SVEN) Bam!

SVEN: (delirious) Ooh, my noggin... (sniffs) Hmm! Sumptin' smell yummy.

JEFF: (stirring) What the...where are we?

ZHIVAGO: Welcome to Chez Zhivago. Let me tell you about tonight's special: It's you.

JEFF: This is crazy. You're not actually going to eat us, are you?

ZHIVAGO: Why not? We haven't had our dinner yet, so why not kill two birds with one stone?

JEFF: But that's cannibalism!

YOYO: Don't knock it. Meat real tender. Fall right off bone.

SVEN: Y'know, I never tried human, but da skipper here did eat a salted sea slug.

ZHIVAGO/YOYO: (together) Ew!

JEFF: Zhivago, I insist you release us at once or I'll...

ZHIVAGO: You'll what? I'll tell you what you'll do. You'll simmer for thirty to thirty five minutes until you come to a low boil. Then you'll be placed into a large casserole dish garnished with basil and fresh tomatoes, serving four heaping platefuls over rice for a light, refreshing summer meal.

SVEN: Dat's sounds purty good! Set a place for me!

JEFF: Sven, we're the main course.

SVEN: Oh. Right. Cancel my reservation.

YOYO: What wine go with dinner, boss?

ZHIVAGO: Hmm, a nice Chablis might be nice. After all, they are sailors and white wine is proper with seafood.

JEFF: Well, Sven, I hate to admit it, but I think this time, we're licked.

YOYO: Not yet. Ha ha. (aside to Zhivago) Boss, we really gonna eat 'em?

ZHIVAGO: (aside) Of course not. That's an insulting stereotype. Besides, I'm a vegetarian. What about you?

YOYO: Don't know. Maybe little guy. Never had Swedish meatball before.

ZHIVAGO: One little bite. That's all. There's not much time. We'll have to dispose the bodies before Roxanne finds out.

YOYO: Okay, boss. Gotta watch weight anyway. Look. (grabs stomach) Pinch an inch.

(The sound of a doorbell ringing interrupts the kitchen.)

ZHIVAGO: Who could that be?

YOYO: Always in middle of dinner.

ZHIVAGO: See who it is and send them away.

YOYO: Okay, boss.

ZHIVAGO: (to Jeff and Sven) Getting warm, isn't it? You two should have left when you had the chance. Now it's too late. Soon it will be time to learn the true meaning of the sweet taste of revenge!

YOYO: (enters) Boss! Come quick!

ZHIVAGO: What is it?

YOYO: Someone set paper bag on fire!

ZHIVAGO: Stomp it out with your foot!

YOYO: Hey, these new sandals! Already lose one spear today. You not pay enough.

ZHIVAGO: I have to do everything myself! Gangway, meathead! (exits, followed by YOYO)

(ROXANNE and FRED enter opposite)

ROXANNE: Jeff!

JEFF: Roxanne! Get us out of here! I'm getting all pruneey.

FRED: (tastes stew with spoon) Boyfriend, you taste mm, mm good.

SVEN: Stop dat!

ROXANNE: Fred, stop sampling the goods and help me untie them. (unties JEFF)

JEFF: (to Roxanne) Doll, you are some kind of wonderful.

ROXANNE: Right back at you, sailor.

JEFF: Whose idea was the flaming bag trick?

ROXANNE: Who do you think?

(ALPO enters)

ALPO: Hello, Joe!

JEFF: Good job, Uncle Alpo!

ALPO: Roxanne, we beat feet. Witch doctor look pretty honked off.

ROXANNE: Climb on out of there, Jeff, before Heckle and Jeckle get back. Lend a hand, Uncle Alpo.

(JEFF and SVEN stand up and out of the kettle, helped by the two women and ALPO.)

FRED: Here they come!

ALPO: Time to make like banana and split.

ROXANNE: This way!

(All exit just as ZHIVAGO and YOYO re-enter opposite. ZHIVAGO is furiously trying to wipe his sandals clean.)

YOYO: Boss! They gone!

ZHIVAGO: Argh! What a day I'm having!

YOYO: There go dinner.

ZHIVAGO: Roxanne must have been behind all this. Such a clever girl, she is, but too clever for her own good. I'll make her pay. I'll make them all pay. No more Mr. Nice Witch Doctor. (looks to sky) O Great Raliph, give me a sign! Tell me what to do!

(Another earthquake tremor occurs as ZHIVAGO and YOYO rock back and forth. They hold each for comfort.)

YOYO: Boss! In cave! Someone coming!

ZHIVAGO: Great Raliph...is that you?

(In a cloud of dust from the entrance of the cave emerges the voluptuous and slinky BARBARINA, resplendent in a feather and leather outfit adorned with various baubles and beads, topped with a bejeweled crown.)

BARBARINA: Do I look like the Great Raliph to you?

ZHIVAGO: Hubba-hubba!

YOYO: Hi. New in town?

BARBARINA: Silence! Bow before me, you miserable worms! You know not to whom you are speaking!

(ZHIVAGO and YOYO obediently fall to their knees)

ZHIVAGO: Please! Enlighten us!

BARBARINA: I am Barbarina, daughter of Raliph and High Priestess of the Fire Mountain. I have been resurrected after one thousand years entombed within the fiery depths of the Fire Mountain for one reason and one reason only. He...has arrived.

ZHIVAGO: He has arrived? Who is He?

BARBARINA: He Who is the One.

YOYO: He ...who?

ZHIVAGO: Can you be more specific?

BARBARINA: Imbeciles! Do you know nothing? He Who is the One is destined to be my mate for all time. He Who is the One shall sit beside me on the throne of the Great Raliph deep within the bowels of the Fire Mountain. He Who is the One and Barbarina will rule the island forever and a day and a half...give or

take a century. This is the law and the law shall not be broken, for if the law is broken, guess what is going to hit the fan? This island will run red stricken by the mighty wrathful hand of the Great Raliph! Now...questions? (Zhivago raises hand) I see a hand.

ZHIVAGO: O High Priestess, I am your faithful and loyal servant, the Witch Doctor Zhivago. Welcome to my humble abode.

BARBARINA: What a dump.

ZHIVAGO: (to YOYO) I told you to vacuum! (to Barbarina) He Who is the One of which you speak wouldn't happen to be anyone in this cave, would it?

BARBARINA: Are you serious? Talk about slim pickings. Surely there must be someone else or I would not have had my slumber disturbed.

YOYO: What about two outlanders, boss?

BARBARINA: Outlanders? Go on. Describe them.

ZHIVAGO: One is a short, dumpy idiot...

BARBARINA: Not hardly. Next!

ZHIVAGO: Well, he's tall, good looking, muscular... In other words...

BARBARINA: A hunka, hunka burnin' love. Hmm. He must be...He Who is the One.

YOYO: Good thing we not kill him, huh, boss?

BARBARINA: What did you say?

ZHIVAGO: Uh, we...almost, kinda , sorta, y'know killed ...He. Him. That guy.

BARBARINA: You fools! No harm must come to He Who is the One, do you understand?

ZHIVAGO: Yes, High Priestess.

BARBARINA: That is unless He has given his heart to another. Then we will have to cough up a human sacrifice for the Great Raliph.

ZHIVAGO: Aye, there's the rub. There is, unfortunately, someone else, a girl from the island named Roxanne. He and She seem quite taken with each other, much to my chagrin...and yours too, I'm sure.

BARBARINA: Aw, raspberries! Now He Who is the One must die...and I haven't even met him yet. (sighs dramatically) Why don't I always have such bad luck with men? (to ZHIVAGO) Alright, let's go. The island has to run red now.