

LAGOONED!

A Tropical Laff Spoof
In Two Acts

By Tim Kelly

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STORY OF THE PLAY

In this sequel to Tim Kelly's ever-popular comedy, *Don't Rock the Boat*, a group of crazy castaways are shipwrecked in the middle of the South Pacific. But this isn't any old atoll! It belongs to Fantasy Tours which creates shipwrecks for wealthy clients, complete with jungle drums and a tribe of restless natives. The phony cannibals think the shipwrecked loonies are customers, and the passengers and crew think they're a real meal for the hungry island inhabitants!

Naturally, when the belching volcano demands a bride, the hilarity explodes. Oh yeah, the U.S. Navy has mistakenly designated the island for target practice!

The characters are great fun to portray--favorites from the original play along with a whole new list of laugh-getters. Many small roles can be managed with minimum rehearsals. This is the wackiest, wildest sequel to wash up on stage in years. We forgot to tell you--the favorite expression when you're lagooned is "HELP!"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Flexible cast of 29. Approx. 10 m, 19 f, extras.)

WITCH DOCTOR: Servant of the volcano.
HULA: Servant of the princess.
JUNGLE PRINCESS: Island ruler.
JONES: Female sailor.
ENSIGN MULCH: Confused naval officer.
ARLENE ZANE: Cruise director.
JAN: Young show biz hopeful.
BRENDA: Another.
PENNY: Another.
TOM BUTTERWORTH: Cruise ship captain, young.
MRS. WITHERS: Society matron.
DOUGLAS: Crew member.
MISS BUFORD: Honey's secretary.
HONEY HOTCHKISS: Beautiful film star but dumb! 1st.
LITTLE OLD LADY: Cruise passenger.
2nd LITTLE OLD LADY: Another.
JOGGER: Exercise is her only interest.
CODY: Ship's officer, excitable.
GORILLA: hates intruders.
NURSE JANE: Anyone seasick?
TRIXIE LUPINO: Picks jewels from the sea.
BEN CHEDDAR: Island hermit.
ANTONIO: Pirate leader.
PIRATE #1: Out for buried treasure.
PIRATE #2: More of same.
AMELIA RUSHMORE: Aviatrix.
MAYOR: Welcomes Tom home.
LOUISA HALE: Tour manager.
HILLARY MANCHESTER: Travel agent.
EXTRAS: As additional pirates, natives, and hometown citizens.

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Playing Time: About 90 minutes.

Synopsis: All action takes place on a small island in the South Seas - where there are lots of coconuts, including the human variety.

Time: The present.

SETTING

The stage setting should look cartoonish. We're looking at a small section of a tropical island. Against the back wall there's a view of blue sky (optional). Or the view might be of the ocean, with a volcano in the distance. Or the back wall might depict jungle foliage.

UPC, strictly optional, there is a cutout of a sand dune or a large tropical plant or bush. SR is a palm or coconut tree. A battered crate, wooden keg, or small barrel is to one side. SL is another palm or coconut tree. DSL is an old weather-beaten trunk or pirate's chest. OPTIONAL: Anything that conveys a "tropical" or "island" atmosphere, such as overhanging vines, bird(s) in the tree(s), maybe a row of tropical plants or flowers near the back wall and some wooden pilings. Additional "washed up" items might be a ship's wheel, a carved figure from the bow of a ship, and battered crates. Entrances/Exits are USR, SR, DSR. Also, USL, SL, and DSL. The forestage represents other areas of the island. You can use a stage curtain or none at all.

SFX: (*A special sound effects CD is available for this play. Visit us at www.histage.com to order.*) Jungle drums, birdcalls, sputtering plane engines, plane crash, Pirate's song to "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," trio's "Anchors Aweigh," march music. Optional "mood music." (Hawaiian melodies are a good bet.)

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ACT I

Scene 1

(PRIOR TO CURTAIN: Sound of jungle drums throbbing in threatening fashion. Louder and louder. The sound reverberates in the darkened theatre and fades.)

(AT RISE: The island lagoon. Day. The scene is flooded with warm lighting, letting us know the locale is hot and tropical. All is silent for a moment, and then --)

WITCH DOCTOR'S VOICE: *(From OFF SL.)* Walla-walla-malla-malla. Malla-malla-walla-walla! Manga-loo-loo!

(We hear a WOMAN scream from off SL.)

HULA'S VOICE: Auuuuuuuu-gggggggg-hhhh-hhhh!

WITCH DOCTOR'S VOICE: Looloomanga! *(Another scream from HULA and she runs in, terrified. She's 16, pretty. Looks over her shoulder.)* Walla-walla-mallamallal

(HULA falls in front of the sand dune. SHE breathes heavily. SHE lifts up one arm and holds it in front of her face, as if this could save her from the wrath of the WITCH DOCTOR.)

HULA: No! No! No! *(Dramatically, SHE pushes her face to earth and gives a great sigh of exhaustion.)* Mercy.

(JUNGLE PRINCESS, a beautiful young woman, enters from SR. Like Hula, she wears a long sarong sort of costume with a garland of flowers around her neck.)

(NOTE: The ISLANDERS look like natives, but their manner of speaking is decidedly American. They seem to be acting roles rather than living lives. They're like characters in some forgotten adventure movie.)

JUNGLE PRINCESS: Hula, what's wrong?

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HULA: *(Stretches out her arm in imploring fashion.)* It's the Witch Doctor. He says my time is up. I'm to be sacrificed to the volcano!

JUNGLE PRINCESS: You must have misunderstood.

HULA: I don't think so.

(With a leap, WITCH DOCTOR flies out from SL and hits the stage with a thud.)

WITCH DOCTOR: Looloomanga!

HULA: He means business.

(WITCH DOCTOR is a fearsome-looking creature. His face is streaked with paint. He wears a necklace of bones or tiny skulls. and a weird headdress. In one hand he holds a spear or war shield, and in other a gourd rattle. HE looks to HULA. Jumps toward her.)

WITCH DOCTOR: Wallawallamallamalla! *(HE shakes the rattle at HULA and she recoils.)*

JUNGLE PRINCESS: What do you think you're doing?

WITCH DOCTOR: You know the law of the island, Princess. Once a year the volcano must be appeased. Sacrifice.

JUNGLE PRINCESS: No.

WITCH DOCTOR: *(Doesn't like this one bit.)* She's the right age - sixteen - and she has a mole behind her left ear. You know what that means.

JUNGLE PRINCESS: Bride of the volcano.

HULA: I don't want to get married.

WITCH DOCTOR: If we don't toss her in, the volcano will be verrrry angry. Much belching. Smoke, sulphur, lava. Bad for the environment.

JUNGLE PRINCESS: I rule this island. Hula will not be sacrificed.

WITCH DOCTOR: There's going to be big trouble.

JUNGLE PRINCESS: The solution is easy enough.

WITCH DOCTOR: Think so?

JUNGLE PRINCESS: Find another sacrifice.

WITCH DOCTOR: On this island?

JUNGLE PRINCESS: I leave these matters to you. You're in complete charge of ceremonies and customs.

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WITCH DOCTOR: There isn't much time.

JUNGLE PRINCESS: In that case, you'd better hurry. Come, Hula. Back to the village. (*JUNGLE PRINCESS exits SR. HULA stands.*)

HULA: Yes, Princess.

(*HULA follows after JUNGLE PRINCESS, turns once to stick her tongue out in defiant fashion. WITCH DOCTOR takes a step after HULA and shakes his rattle.*)

WITCH DOCTOR: Looloomanga! (*Scratches HIS head, speaks to audience.*) Hula is the real article. You can't fool the volcano with an imitation.

JONES' VOICE: (*From off SL.*) I'm sure we haven't been this way before, Ensign Mulch.

ENSIGN MULCH'S VOICE: It all looks the same to me.

(*WITCH DOCTOR reacts.*)

JONES' VOICE: There's a clearing up ahead.

ENSIGN MULCH'S VOICE: Good.

WITCH DOCTOR: (*To himself, barely audible.*) Wallawalla. (*HE crouches low, exits SR.*)

(*In a moment, JONES, a female member of the U.S. Navy, enters from SL. She wears Navy fatigues and a white cap. Behind her is ENSIGN MULCH, an eager young officer who is always somewhat confused. HE carries a large map or nautical chart.*)

JONES: Look, Ensign Mulch, sir. It's a lagoon. (*JONES moves CS.*) Shallow water, separated from the sea by sand dunes and coral reefs.

MULCH: Always showing off how much you know. (*Spots the chest, crosses to it.*) What's the name of this island?

JONES : Gosh, Ensign Mulch, I don't know. I thought you knew.

MULCH: Must be on this map somewhere. (*HE sits on the chest and studies the map.*) I never could figure out a map. Nautical charts are even worse.

JONES: Maybe that's because you're holding it wrong side up.

End of Freeview

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