

DESERT ISLAND DISCS

By Matt Buchanan

Copyright © 2008 by Matt Buchanan, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-60003-398-9

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Dessert Island Discs can be performed by two women instead of two men, with the following changes:

The character names become "Gail" and "Joan."

Cindy Crawford becomes John Stamos. (Or pick any slightly "has-been" actor.)

"Model" becomes "actor" and "supermodel" becomes "super-hunk."

"Beautiful" becomes "handsome." "Gorgeous" can stay "gorgeous."

Pronouns change as needed.

Desert Island Discs was first read at St. Luke's School, New Canaan, Ct, with the following cast:

Mike ---- Matt Buchanan

Ray ---- Leon Lyakovetsky

Do Not Copy

DESERT ISLAND DISCS

by
Matt Buchanan

Characters: Mike and Ray

(MIKE and RAY recline on a deserted beach, gazing into the “ocean” in the audience.)

RAY: Want to play “Desert Island Discs?”

MIKE: *(incredulously)* What?

RAY: You know—if you were marooned on a desert island and you could only take ten albums, which ones would you take?

MIKE: Are you serious?

RAY: Why not?

MIKE: It may possibly have escaped your notice, but we *are* marooned on a desert island.

RAY: I’d bring the White Album for sure.

MIKE: The White Album.

RAY: You know—the Beatles.

MIKE: You’re so predictable. Can you even name one song on the White Album?

RAY: Well—

MIKE: You’re just saying the White Album because you think you should. Because you think it’s cool.

RAY: Fine. Which albums would you bring?

MIKE: I’m not playing this game. It’s stupid anyway. What are you going to play the discs on?

RAY: Well—

MIKE: Are you the Professor on Gilligan’s Island? Can you make a CD player out of a coconut and some fishing line?

RAY: There’s no coconuts anyway.

MIKE: You see? It’s stupid. Can’t you talk about something else?

RAY: Okay, okay! *(long pause)* Like what?

MIKE: I’m taking a nap. *(MIKE lies down with his back to RAY. Long pause.)*

RAY: I know!

(MIKE rolls over to look at RAY but does not sit up.)

If you were marooned on a desert island with just one other person, who would you want that person to be?

MIKE: I know who I *wouldn’t* want it to be.

DESERT ISLAND DISCS – Page 4

RAY: I think I'd take Cindy Crawford.

MIKE: (*sitting up*) Cindy Crawford.

RAY: What's wrong with that?

MIKE: Not some brilliant man of letters or some fantastic storyteller.
Cindy Crawford.

RAY: Well—

MIKE: First of all, join the twenty-first century, would you please? Cindy Crawford is like eighty years old. You could at least pick somebody current.

RAY: Well, you know what I mean—

MIKE: And second, assuming Cindy Crawford or any other gorgeous model were here on this beach instead of me—which I wish she were—what makes you think she'd want anything to do with you.

RAY: What do you mean?

MIKE: Lookit—here's your supermodel, right? (*gestures to his right*) Beautiful, sexy, maybe even smart for all I know. She can have anybody she wants.

RAY: But—

MIKE: And here's you. (*gestures to his left*) Some pathetic loser who's too dumb even to steer his boat.

RAY: You were just as lost as I was—

MIKE: And you think you're in her league.

RAY: Well, but she'd have to, wouldn't she? I mean, it would be our duty.

MIKE: Your duty.

RAY: You know—to repopulate the species.

MIKE: Repopulate the—you're marooned on an island! You're not the last two people on earth!

RAY: How do we know that?

MIKE: Repopulating the species doesn't come into it. Just because we steered our boat into this stupid island, there's no reason to assume the rest of the population has suddenly vanished.

RAY: But they could have been wiped out by a nuclear catastrophe.

MIKE: Do you see a mushroom cloud? Besides, a bomb big enough to wipe out the whole planet would have wiped us out too.

RAY: Or a killer virus. How do we know?

MIKE: (*concerned*) Look—I promise you—we are *not* the last two people on earth.

RAY: I didn't say—

MIKE: (*earnestly*) Everyone is just fine and pretty soon they're going to notice we didn't come back and they'll come look for us. I promise.

RAY: (*not entirely convinced*) I know that.

MIKE: And before you ask, I wouldn't repopulate the earth with you even if it weren't biologically impossible. Now can we stop playing this

DESERT ISLAND DISCS – Page 5

stupid game? You're driving me crazy. It's bad enough being marooned on a desert island with a half-wit, without you bringing it up every eight seconds.

RAY: I was just trying to pass the time. Why don't you think of something to talk about?

MIKE: Why don't we both just shut up for a while? Okay?

(MIKE waits for RAY to respond, but RAY is pointedly silent. MIKE stares at him for several seconds.)

Fine. Perfect.

(Very long pause, during which BOTH stare straight ahead, examine their own feet, or look around aimlessly. Finally:)

RAY: Why do they call them "desert islands?"

MIKE: What?

RAY: I mean, look around. Does this look like a desert to you? Where's the cactuses and tumbleweeds? Where's the bleached buffalo skeletons?

MIKE: Ingenious point.

RAY: I mean, okay, there's sand, but that's because it's a *beach*. It's not a desert.

MIKE: I think they probably mean "desert" as in "deserted."

RAY: Oh. *(long pause)* If they mean "deserted," why don't they say "deserted?"

MIKE: I don't know. Who's "they?"

(pause)

RAY: It's irritating.

MIKE: Look, if you don't want to call it a desert island, don't. I don't give a rat's patootie what you call this place. You can call it Terabithia for all I care. I'm just concerned about getting away from here, and away from you.

(MIKE lies down with his back to RAY. RAY stares at him as if seeing him for the first time. Pause.)

RAY: You really mean that, don't you?

MIKE: *(not turning)* Huh?

RAY: I can't believe I didn't see it before.

MIKE: *(still not turning)* Didn't see what before?

RAY: A pathetic half-wit. You called me a pathetic half-wit.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from DESERT ISLAND DISCS by Matt Buchanan. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com

Do Not Copy