

STRANDED!

By Megan Orr

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CHARACTERS (5M, 4W; 5 extras)
(In order of appearance)

GRANNY RAMONA (RAPID) GRANT

78-year-old who acts like she's 30; loads of energy; short, gray curly hair; founder of and aerobic instructor at Granny's Gym; widowed; has eight children, thirty-five grandchildren, and fifty-two great-grandchildren; stubborn and opinionated

DWAYNE JORDAN

25-year-old professional basketball player for the Indianapolis Pacers; incredible athlete but not too bright; first athlete to ever have his face on a box of Fruity Tooties; over six foot tall; arachnophobic

ISABELLA CUMMINGS

21 years old; Miss America winner; gorgeous; rich, spoiled, lazy; used to having her own way; studying fashion design; germ-a-phobic; hates animals except for her pet Pomeranian Tinkerbelle; vegetarian

CLAIRE WILSON

18 years old; a senior in high school; extremely average Jane; has never accomplished anything of note; feels like she has no particular talents; C student; actually smarter than she realizes; quiet, peacemaker; this trip is the first time she's ever won anything in her life; pastimes—watches TV, listens to music, and spends time with family (Dad, Mom, and brothers Sam and Charlie)

AMY LUDWIG

14 years old; Survival Scout of the Year; thinks using camping gear is "cheating"; obnoxiously loud, opinionated, and bossy; tomboy; a big meat eater; animal lover; tries to make every animal she sees her pet

MILES OSBORNE

35-year-old political activist; the youngest man to ever run for President; constantly campaigning, even on the island ("Miles above the Rest"); handsome (often uses his good looks as a selling point); single; charismatic; a good leader; the voice of reason and logic

NELSON PEABODY

10-year-old whiz kid; computer geek; scored 170 on his IQ test, which he takes often for the fun of it; short; wears glasses, shorts with suspenders, and knee socks; always quoting statistics; voted "Smartest 10-Year Old on the Face of the Planet" by Young Scientist of Today magazine (circulation 24); book smart but no common sense; hates the great outdoors; pessimistic; doom-and-gloom attitude

MR. BALDWIN

69 years old; retired; going deaf; doesn't like people, especially kids; loves to fish; nobody knows his first name and he likes it that way; crotchety bachelor

CAPTAIN AMO

Marooned pirate captain of the Sea Monkey; sailors mutinied against him when he tried to repaint the ship pink; leader of a band of tiny island people he's named the Mini-Pirates; delusional; thinks he's the pirate king of the island and that the new castaways are other pirates attempting to steal his island; he wages war against them

THE "MINI-PIRATES"

ROCKO, DUMPY, SQUAWKER, BUN-BUN, PUMPERNICKEL

All are under five feet tall (can be played by elementary-age kids) except PUMPERNICKEL, who is unusually large; island natives that speak a language of gibberish; named by Captain Amo (because he couldn't pronounce any of their names)

THE SET

Set instructions

Very little three-dimensional scenery is needed. Background flats should be painted with a tropical island motif (palm trees, plants, coconuts, etc.). The stage itself can be covered with khaki-colored tarps for the "sand." Potted plants and trees can be scattered across the stage to provide hiding places for the Mini-Pirates (Act II, Scenes 1-2 and Act III, Scene 1) and Nelson (Act III, Scene 2). Small rocks should also be scattered around the stage for Kara to collect when she builds the fire pit (Act I, Scene 2). The large rock upon which several characters sit is as simple as a chair covered by a thick cloth tie-dyed in grays. The rock should be placed slightly stage left of center stage.

Lighting instructions

Outdoor lighting divided into three sections—stage right, center, and stage left. A spotlight is also needed for center stage. If possible, a red light should be used in the fire pit to create the illusion of a fire (Act I, Scene 2).

Property List for Stranded!

For Act I, Scene 1

Gym bag – Granny
Dumbbells – Granny
Basketball – Dwayne
Pack of Gatorade – Dwayne
Matched luggage set – Isabella
Camera and camera bag – Claire
Knapsack – Amy
Briefcase – Miles
Campaign fliers – Miles
Cell phone – Miles
Solar-powered messenger bag – Nelson
Laptop – Nelson
Cane – Mr. Baldwin
Fishing pole – Mr. Baldwin
“Pine” bark (chocolate bark) – Amy

For Act I, Scene 2

Rocks/stones for “fire pit” – Amy
Pile of sticks – Claire
Coconuts – Granny/Nelson
Lighter – Granny
Dead fish – Mr. Baldwin
Split coconut – Isabella
Box of granola bars – Granny
Large family photo album – Granny
Tarp – Amy
Knife – Amy
Bag of beef jerky – Amy
Long stick with a speared fish – Mr. Baldwin

For Act II, Scene 1

Telescope – Dumpy

For Act II, Scene 2

Palm leaves – Claire/Isabella
Tropical flowers – Claire/Isabella
Vine – Claire/Isabella
Vine to tie people up with – Mini-Pirates

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For Act III, Scene 1

Pizza box – Dwayne
Silver cell phone – Dwayne
“Poison ivy” branch – Miles
Spears-4 long, 1 short – Mini-Pirates

For Act III, Scene 2

Laptop – Rocko
Beef jerky – Dumpty
Make-up kit with lipstick – Squawker
Knife – Bun-Bun
Miles’s campaign fliers – Pumpernickel
Fishing line – Mr. Baldwin
Audience ballots – Mini-Pirates

For Act III, Scene 3

Envelope – Captain Amo

**Amy may use a plastic or toy knife, or a fake knife may be constructed out of cardboard and aluminum foil.*

Costuming List for Stranded!

For Granny

Purple, navy, or burgundy running suit (wind pants and wind breaker)
White socks
Tennis shoes

For Dwayne

Pacers basketball jersey with the name “Jordan” on the back
Matching basketball shorts
White knee socks
Basketball shoes
White sweatband on forehead, arm, or leg, optional

For Isabella

Red sundress
Red high heels
Miss America-style tiara
Fashion sunglasses
Leather bag

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For Claire

Simple white or pale yellow T-shirt
Jeans
Unembellished flip-flops

For Amy

Camouflage T-shirt (long or short sleeves)
Khaki shorts with patch pockets
Khaki or camouflage “fisherman’s cap”
Khaki vest with pockets and zippers
(Scout patches sewn on vest, optional)
White crew socks
Hiking boots

For Miles

Pin-striped suit
White button-down shirt
Red tie
Dark socks
Dress shoes

For Nelson

Khaki shorts (no patch pockets)
White, short-sleeved, button-down dress shirt with collar
Pocket protector
Suspenders
White crew socks
Semi-dressy shoes or Velcro tennis shoes

For Mr. Baldwin

Button-down short-sleeved dress shirt with collar in muted tropical pattern
Khaki pants
White socks
Dockers, boat shoes, or “old man” slipper-style shoes
Sun visor, optional

Captain Amo

Pirate costume: black pants or knickers, white dress shirt or ruffled white dress shirt, red head kerchief
Barefoot

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For Mini-Pirates

Brown short-sleeved T-shirts

Khaki pants rolled to the knee

Raffia grass shirts worn over pants

Pirate eye patches

Indian-like headdresses

Barefoot

Do Not Copy

STRANDED!

A Three-Act Play

by
Megan Orr

Time: May; modern-day

Setting: A “deserted” tropical island somewhere in the Caribbean

ACT I

SCENE 1

SET: A tropical island in the Caribbean; late morning

Lights rise. GRANNY enters stage left, a small gym bag in hand. Hands on hips, she draws in a deep breath.

GRANNY: Ahh! Smell that fresh Caribbean air! Mmm-mmm! Nothing sweeter. Well, guess I better find me that hotel and check in. I wonder if they have a gym . . . Well, no matter. *(Pulling a pair of dumbbells from her duffel bag)* I'm no dumbbell. Have weights, will travel!

(GRANNY jogs off upstage center just as DWAYNE enters, stage left, a basketball under one arm and a pack of Gatorade in his other hand. He looks around and gives a low, impressed whistle.)

DWAYNE: Nice. I sure hope I get drafted *here* next season.

(DWAYNE exits upstage center just as ISABELLA enters, stage left, with a large, pink suitcase and a pink overnight bag.)

ISABELLA: *(To offstage left, irritated)* Wait a minute! Where are you going? Aren't you going to carry my bags?! *(Shouting offstage left)* Don't you *know* who I am?? *(Stares offstage left, hands on hips and open-mouthed; she lets out a disgusted huff)* What kind of hotel is this?? *(Grabbing her bags indignantly)* If I break a nail, there will be some *serious* consequences, I promise you.

(ISABELLA begins lugging her bags toward upstage center. CLAIRE enters, stage left. She has a camera bag slung across her shoulder. She looks around in quiet awe as she crosses to center.)

CLAIRE: Wow! *(Suddenly stops and turns back to stage left with a wave; shouting offstage left)* Oh! Thank you! Thanks for the ride!

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(ISABELLA suddenly straightens at the sound of CLAIRE's voice. Shielding the sun from her eyes, she peers regally downstage at CLAIRE.)

(Looking around again in amazement) Wow. Sam and Charlie are never going to believe this!

ISABELLA: You there!

(CLAIRE freezes.)

Hello?? I'm speaking to you.

CLAIRE: *(Turning toward ISABELLA tentatively)* Who, me?

ISABELLA: *(Sarcastically)* No. The other tacky-looking tourists on the beach. Yes, of course you! Come over here.

(CLAIRE crosses hesitantly toward ISABELLA.)

CLAIRE: *(Slowly)* Hey . . . wait a minute. I've seen you before. Aren't you . . . ?

ISABELLA: *(Bored)* Isabella Cummings? Miss America? Yes. The one and only. Now be a peach and help me with my bags, will you?

CLAIRE: Oh! Sure thing!

(CLAIRE quickly grabs the handle of ISABELLA's suitcase. ISABELLA also deposits her overnight bag in CLAIRE's free hand.)

ISABELLA: There. That's better. Now let's find my hotel.

(ISABELLA marches off upstage center. After a moment of stunned hesitation, CLAIRE follows wide-eyed behind her. As they exit, AMY marches in with determination, stage left, a knapsack on her back.)

AMY: *(Indignant)* A beach? They give me a lousy beach?? What kind of final survival challenge is *this*?? Where's the mountains? Where's the woods? Where are all the wild animals?? *(Exhaling noisily)* I gotta go find me some forest.

(AMY stomps offstage right just as MILES enters, stage left. He carries a briefcase and a handful of campaign flyers and is talking on a cell phone.)

MILES: *(On the phone; heated)* No! Not a single one of them recognized me, Cynthia. And three of them were from Florida! I'm telling you, if we lose that state, it's going to be the Bush-Gore election fiasco all over again. *(“listens” for a moment)* I don't know if they spoke English or not. But they should have at least been able to recognize my face! Look, just put me down for a couple of weeks in Florida when I get back. *(“listens” for a moment; rolling his eyes)* Okay, fine. And a few Spanish lessons.

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(MILES exits upstage center just as NELSON enters, stage left, a solar-powered messenger bag over his shoulder. He looks around the island suspiciously.)

NELSON: *(Suspiciously)* Hmm. This doesn't look like any computer camp I've ever seen. *(Turns and notices a palm tree)* Oh, great! Coconuts! As if the world weren't already perilous enough! Now I could become one of the one hundred and fifty people annihilated each year by a falling coconut! *(Sighing)* This is going to be a very long week.

(Shielding his head with his messenger bag, NELSON exits upstage center. After a few moments of quiet, MR. BALDWIN enters, stage left. He is using a cane and carries a fishing pole in his hand.)

VOICE: *(offstage left; shouting)* Good-bye, Mr. Baldwin! Have a great time!

(MR. BALDWIN gives a grouchy grunt and a dismissive wave of his arm and keeps limping toward center. At center he stops and looks around him in suspicion. Seeing no one, he straightens up and sighs contently.)

MR. BALDWIN: *(Tucking his cane under his arm)* Finally! A whole island of peace and quiet! And if I never see another person again, that would be just fine with me! *(Exits stage right.)*

SOUND: Tropical island instrumental

(As music fades, NELSON glumly reenters from upstage center his bag still shielding his head. After looking both directions and realizing that he is back where he started, he sighs and takes a seat on a rock at downstage left, away from the palm trees, places his laptop on his lap, and begins typing away. GRANNY reenters from upstage center, jogging. She stops, hands on hips.)

GRANNY: Huh. Back here again. Well, I've been around this whole island and no hotel. Now what? *(Catching sight of NELSON)* Well...! Hello there, sonny! Finally! Some form of human life!

(NELSON keeps typing.)

I think. *(Crosses to NELSON.)* I said, hello there, sonny! Are you all right?

NELSON: *(Without looking up from the screen)* Aha! I knew it! I've been had!

GRANNY: What's that?

NELSON: This was supposed to be the Junior Geniuses Technology Camp! They tricked me! There's no such thing! I should have known. Especially when the web address kept coming up as unavailable.

GRANNY: Look, sonny. It's awfully warm out there in the sun like that. You wouldn't want to get heat stroke. Why don't you come on over here under the shade?

NELSON: Not a chance. I've safely positioned myself out of the range of all killer projectile coconuts. I'll take my chances with the sun.

GRANNY: Well, suit yourself then, I guess.

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(GRANNY drops her duffel bag in the sand and looks around the island, obviously trying to keep herself occupied. NELSON continues typing away. After a few moments, GRANNY begins inching closer to NELSON, peering over his shoulder at the screen. NELSON slowly looks up, unamused.)

NELSON: (Drily) May I help you?

GRANNY: I dunno. Maybe. You think you could get on that computer thingy of yours and find my hotel?

NELSON: Name?

GRANNY: (Holding out her hand) Granny Rapid. Nice to meet ya.

NELSON: (With a withering look at her hand) I meant the name of the establishment.

GRANNY: Oh. Right. Seniors' Spa and Fitness Complex.

(NELSON quickly types in the information as they talk.)

NELSON: So . . . Granny Rapid. That's quite a name.

GRANNY: You heard of me?

NELSON: No. I just thought it was an interesting name.

GRANNY: Oh. Well, it's not my *real* name. Officially, it's Ramona Grant, but the nickname just stuck. Now everyone just knows me as Granny Rapid.

NELSON: (Bored) Fascinating.

GRANNY: And who are you?

NELSON: (Stops typing; sighing) Well, I'm *supposed* to be Nelson Peabody, "Smartest 10-Year Old on the Face of the Planet."

GRANNY: (Snorting in laughter) Really? Says who?

NELSON: (Straight-faced) *Young Scientists of Today* magazine.

GRANNY: Oh. Never heard of 'em.

NELSON: It has a very . . . elite readership.

GRANNY: Elite, huh? What's its circulation?

NELSON: About twenty-four.

GRANNY: Thousand?

NELSON: No. Just twenty-four.

GRANNY: Oh.

NELSON: (Quickly) But it's still *extremely* prestigious.

GRANNY: Yeah. I'm sure it is. (Peering down at the screen) Did you find me that hotel yet?

NELSON: Oh. Right. Well, as I was saying, I was *supposed* to be Nelson Peabody, "Smartest 10-Year Old on the Face of the Planet."

GRANNY: You keep saying that.

NELSON: Right. *But* apparently, I'm just another dupe like you. The Seniors' Spa and Fitness Complex does not exist.

GRANNY: What?? Lemme see that! (Grabs the laptop)

NELSON: Hey! Be careful! Don't scratch the crystal!

GRANNY: Huh. Well, would you look at that? You're right. There's no hotel on this island at all!

DWAYNE: (Enters upstage center) Uh, 'scuse me. Either of you seen a court around here?

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GRANNY: Well, now! I know that face! You're Dwayne Jordan!

(NELSON grabs his laptop back and begins typing away.)

DWAYNE: *(Bashfully)* Uh, yes, ma'am. I am.

GRANNY: Well, what do you know about that? You're my grandson Steven's favorite basketball player!

DWAYNE: Thank you. Uh . . . about that court?

NELSON: *(Pointing stage left)* The basketball court's in that direction.

DWAYNE: Oh. Thanks, little man.

NELSON: My pleasure.

(DWAYNE exits stage left.)

GRANNY: Now don't that beat all? Dwayne Jordan. Here. On this very island! Why if only I—wait a minute. *(Turning to NELSON)* Nelson? Why did you tell Dwayne the court's out that way? There's nothing out there but beach and water!

NELSON: I know.

DWAYNE: *(Reenters stage left)* Uh, guys? I can't seem to find that basketball court you mentioned.

NELSON: Keep looking. It's out there.

DWAYNE: Oh. Okay. Thanks. *(Exits stage left.)*

NELSON: *(Under his breath)* Jocks. *(To GRANNY, gesturing at his computer screen)* Okay. I think I may have figured out your hotel problem. You see, the Caribbean Sea encompasses a multitude of minuscule islands, and we must have simply been deposited on an incorrect island. There's not a single hotel, motel, or any sort of lodging for that matter for what looks like nearly . . . a hundred miles.

(ISABELLA enters while NELSON is talking. CLAIRE follows, still lugging ISABELLA's suitcases.)

ISABELLA: What?!?!

(GRANNY and NELSON swivel around toward upstage center at the sound of ISABELLA's voice.)

What do you mean there's no hotel? Do you mean to tell me that I've been walking around for the last thirty minutes with sand in my shoes for nothing??

GRANNY: Well! Looks like we got ourselves a couple more castaways.

CLAIRE: Castaways?

ISABELLA: Castaways!?

GRANNY: *(Holding out her hand to CLAIRE)* Greetings! I'm Granny Rapid.

CLAIRE: *(Tentatively reaching for GRANNY's hand)* Claire Wilson. It's nice to—

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(ISABELLA breaks between GRANNY and CLAIRE.)

ISABELLA: Excuse me, but *somebody* had better start explaining things *right now!*

GRANNY: (To CLAIRE) Is she always so bossy?

(CLAIRE shrugs helplessly.)

Well, now. An explanation. Let's see. Where to begin?

NELSON: (Wryly) How about with the fact that we were discarded here in what must be someone's twisted idea of a joke.

ISABELLA: This is somebody's idea of a joke?? I've nearly *ruined* my best pair of red heels!

NELSON: (Continuing as though uninterrupted) Or the fact that the villains who marooned us here hadn't even the civility of leaving provisions for our sustenance. No food, no water—

ISABELLA: I can't be *stuck* on this island! I planned for a three-day trip. What am I supposed to wear when I get to day four? Palm leaves?? (Storms toward upstage right, pacing and ranting to herself.)

NELSON: (Glaring at ISABELLA) Not even the courtesy pistol.

CLAIRE: Wait a minute. You mean the four of us are stuck here on a deserted island?

GRANNY: Actually, it's the five of us.

NELSON: Jock Jordan's out playing aqua ball with the sharks.

GRANNY: His name is *Dwayne* Jordan.

NELSON: Whatever.

CLAIRE: Wait a minute. Dwayne Jordan? You mean, the basketball player? He's *here*??

NELSON: Tall, broad, somewhat dim-witted expression on his face?

CLAIRE: Uh . . . yeah, I guess so.

NELSON: He's here.

CLAIRE: Okay. Let me see if I got this right. There are five of us who have just been *left* here on an island in the middle of nowhere?

MILES: (Enters from upstage center, still talking on his cell phone) No. No, no, no, no! I told you. Thirty seconds is not *nearly* enough time. We've got to go with the sixty-second commercial. I don't care about the cost.

GRANNY: (To CLAIRE) Make that six.

MILES: (Stops in his tracks upon catching sight of the group.) Hold that thought, Cynthia. I've just found some people. I'll call you back. (Under his breath) Just pray they don't speak Spanish. (Closes the phone and places it in his suitcoat pocket. He gives an exaggerated wave; awkwardly, with terrible pronunciation) Uh . . . hola . . . mis amigos! Buenos dias?

NELSON: (Shaking his head and returning to his typing) Tragic.

CLAIRE: (Waving tentatively) Uh . . . hi.

MILES: Oh, thank heavens! I am so glad someone here speaks English.

Listen. I'm trying to find a Nicholas Rutherby. Would any of you happen to know where I might find him? (Confidentially) He's promised to donate a rather large sum to my campaign, and I'd like to collect on that promise, if you know what I mean.

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GRANNY: Campaign?

NELSON: (*Disdainfully*) You're not campaigning to become the next ambassador to Mexico, are you? Or . . . to . . . *any* Spanish-speaking country, for that matter?

MILES: (*Bewildered*) No. Of course not.

NELSON: Good.

MILES: You're all Americans, aren't you? Surely you must recognize me!

(GRANNY, NELSON, and CLAIRE silently exchange dubious glances.)

I'm Miles Osborne! You know . . . "Miles above the Rest"?

(GRANNY, NELSON, and CLAIRE look at one another again and shrug.)

(*To himself*) Okay. That's it. That PR guy's as good as fired.

CLAIRE: So . . . what are you campaigning for?

MILES: I'm running for the Presidency.

CLAIRE: Oh.

GRANNY: Aren't you a little . . . young?

MILES: (*Straightening his suit*) I turned thirty-five just last month. Besides, it's about time we had a little life, energy, and good looks in the White House. Now, if one of you could be so kind as to point me in the right direction . . .

(GRANNY, NELSON, and CLAIRE exchange glances.)

GRANNY: (*Gesturing to stage left*) Right this way, Mr. President.

MILES: Thank you. (*Exits stage left.*)

GRANNY and NELSON: Politicians.

CLAIRE: What do you think he'll do once he reaches the water?

GRANNY: If we're lucky? Swim.

CLAIRE: This is so strange. I mean, what are the odds? A professional basketball player, a political candidate, Miss America—

NELSON: Miss America? (*After a quick glance at ISABELLA over his shoulder*) Is that the best we could do?

GRANNY: Don't look now, but I think the princess is finally over her mental breakdown.

ISABELLA: (*Crosses from upstage right to the group at center. She is breathing deeply and has a look of peace on her face.*) Well. I feel much better now. It's amazing what a few minutes of deep breathing exercises can do. I *knew* there was a reason I spent so much on those lessons!

CLAIRE: (*Staring nervously at ISABELLA's arm*) Uh, Miss Cummings?

ISABELLA: (*Ignoring CLAIRE*) And now that I'm thoroughly cool, calm, and collected, I'm sure that I'll be much better able to handle any—

CLAIRE: Isabella!

ISABELLA: (*Losing her cool*) What??!

CLAIRE: (*Pointing fearfully*) There's a spider on your sleeve!

ISABELLA: (*Jumping around screaming*) Ewww!!! Get it off! Get it off! Get it off me!! Help!!!

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(CLAIRE immediately backs up. The jumping ISABELLA runs toward NELSON who shies away.)

NELSON: Not me! There are over one hundred thousand people killed each year by poisonous spider bites!

ISABELLA: (Screaming more loudly) Help!!!

GRANNY: (Stomps toward ISABELLA) Oh, come over here, you big baby. (Grabs the invisible speck of a spider from ISABELLA's sleeve and smushes it between her thumb and forefinger with ease.) There. The horrible spider is dead, your majesty. Now will you stop that confounded screaming? You sound like my granddaughter Emily. And she's two.

(MILES and DWAYNE run in from stage left. MILES is breathing heavily but DWAYNE isn't even winded.)

MILES: Is . . . everything . . . all right? We heard screams. I—

(MILES suddenly stops as he catches sight of ISABELLA for the first time. He is noticeably charmed. He straightens his suit coat, draws in a deep breath, puffs out his chest, and smoothes back his hair. Then he takes a few confident steps toward ISABELLA, ignoring the rest of the group.)

(Holding out his hand) Pardon me, Miss. I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

ISABELLA: (Pouting but extending her hand cordially) I'm Isabella Cummings.

MILES: Isabella.

(MILES takes ISABELLA's hand as though he would kiss the back of it.)

You know, that's Italian for "beautiful lady."

(MILES kisses her hand as ISABELLA looks on, appeased.)

NELSON: So. He knows Italian but not Spanish. Interesting.

MILES: (To ISABELLA) Miles Osborne, at your service. (Straightening) Now, what seems to be the problem?

ISABELLA: It was terrible! This enormous, venomous bug was climbing all over me!

GRANNY: Oh, it was nothing but a little spider!

DWAYNE: (Instantly perks up, an expression of complete terror in his eyes. He freezes.) Spider? Did you say "spider"?

GRANNY: Don't worry. It's gone now. I smushed it.

NELSON: Too bad. We might have been able to eat it for dinner.

DWAYNE: (To NELSON) Do you . . . do you think there could be any more of them on the island?

NELSON: Certainly. There's most likely at least nine hundred and sixty-three different varieties of spider on this particular island. Piddling compared to the South American rain forests, of course.

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DWAYNE: *(His voice squeaking in fear)* Nine hundred and sixty-three?

NELSON: Give or take a few hundred.

GRANNY: *(To DWAYNE)* Hey. Are you okay? You're starting to look a little white around the gills.

DWAYNE: *(Weakly)* Oh. Yeah. I—I'm just a little bit arachnophobic.

GRANNY: *(Confidentially to DWAYNE)* Well, keep in mind that all this is coming from the kid who sent you to the ocean to play basketball. Take it with a grain of sand.

NELSON: Suit yourself. But when all of you are doubled over in agonizing spasms from venomous spider bites, don't come crying to me for the anti-venom

DWAYNE: *(To NELSON, nervously)* Anti-venom?

MILES: *(To ISABELLA)* Well, Miss Cummings, I haven't much experience with spiders, but I do know a good deal about politicians, and believe me, they can be very similar. I promise that I will do everything I can to protect you.

ISABELLA: Thank you, Mr. Osborne. That is very noble of you.

DWAYNE: *(To NELSON, frantically)* What anti-venom?

MILES: Not at all, Miss Cummings. Protecting delicate females such as yourself is merely a part of my civic duty.

GRANNY: Oh brother.

DWAYNE: *(Shaking NELSON by the shirt collar; border-line hysteria)* Will somebody tell me about the anti-venom?!

(AMY runs in from stage right in full "survivalist" mode. Leaves stick out of her fisherman's hat, and she has dirt smeared on her arms and face.)

AMY: *(Shouting like an army recruit)* Anti-venom! Survivalist Scout manual section 32! Mud compress applied directly to the wound!

(With a yell, AMY tackles DWAYNE and begins rubbing dirt on his arm. DWAYNE howls fearfully.)

GRANNY: What in the world . . . ??

DWAYNE: What is it?? Get it off me!

AMY: Pine bark! You need pine bark to combat the toxins! Here! Eat this! Come on! Eat it!

(AMY pulls pine bark out of her vest pocket and begins shoving it into DWAYNE's mouth. DWAYNE continues yelling through a mouthful.)

MILES: *(Studying AMY with morbid curiosity)* Is that a . . . person?

NELSON: Most certainly *homo sapien*. Of the female species, I believe.

(AMY pulls back DWAYNE's head and tries to pry open his mouth.)

AMY: *(Bellowing)* Eat it!!

NELSON: Though I could be wrong.

CLAIRE: Well . . . shouldn't we . . . help him??

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NELSON: *(To CLAIRE)* After you.

MILES: Don't bother. I think she's about finished him off.

(AMY stands and brushes off her hands. DWAYNE limply drags himself on his hands and knees away from her.)

AMY: There! Task complete. Once again, Survival Scout Amy Ludwig has saved the day! *(Looking at her watch)* And in record time. Assuming he doesn't disgorge all of my hard work, that is.

ISABELLA: Ugh. Disgusting.

AMY: Now. Onto the next task. What are you all doing on my island?

MILES: *Your* island?

AMY: *(Brazenly)* Yes. *My* island. Which is *supposed* to be deserted. You all are ruining my Survival Scouts Final Challenge! Now, what are you all doing here?

ISABELLA: Well, *I'm* here because I won this trip. It was one of my pageant prizes. A three-day, two-night stay at a beautiful tropical resort. At least, that's what they *told* me.

DWAYNE: Hey . . . I won this trip too! For a slam dunk contest.

GRANNY: *(Proudly)* Mine was for winning a marathon. Senior division. Two hours, fifty-eight minutes, and fifteen seconds.

CLAIRE: I got my ticket from a random drawing. I mailed in a rebate and got back the ticket. It was the first time I'd ever won anything in my life.

NELSON: Some prize.

MILES: Well, I suppose *I* wasn't *quite* so easily fooled. I was invited here by an acquaintance. As I mentioned earlier, he wanted us to have a chat about some financial contributions to my campaign.

NELSON: *(Baitingly)* And just what did you say was the name of this acquaintance?

MILES: Nicholas Rutherby.

DWAYNE: *(Slowly, smiling)* Hey! Nick Rutherby? That's the name of the cartoon guy on that toilet paper commercial! What's it called...? Soft Puffs!

(DWAYNE begins singing the Soft Puffs commercial jingle quietly while the others talk, a happy grin on his face.)

NELSON: *(To DWAYNE, as though he were talking to a child)* You know, I think you're right! *(To MILES)* Just how well acquainted *are* you with this imaginary man who sells toilet paper, Mr. President?

MILES: Fine. So I'd never heard of him before. He offered money; I was willing to accept.

NELSON: Typical.

MILES: Well, if you're so smart, how did *you* end up here, Boy Genius?

NELSON: *(Sighed)* Deception. My parents offered to send me to computer camp this summer, but they said *they* wanted to be the ones to pick the location. *(Looking around)* I guess they wanted me to become better acquainted with the great outdoors.

MILES: Or maybe they just wanted to get rid of you.

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AMY: Well, it looks like you're all going to be getting better acquainted with the great outdoors. Because other than me, that's the only other thing you're going to find on this island.

GRANNY: (*Peering offstage right*) I wouldn't be too sure of that.

(*The others catch her gaze and also turn their eyes to offstage right, worriedly. MR. BALDWIN suddenly enters, stage right, whistling merrily and carrying his fishing pole. His cane is still slung over one arm. Seeing the group, he freezes. His smile is slowly replaced by a disgusted look of disappointment.*)

MR. BALDWIN: (*With a great sigh*) I knew it. I knew it was too good to be true. Stupid tourist trap.

(*He slowly takes his cane, resumes his bent-over position, and limps offstage right. The others look at one another questioningly.*)

GRANNY: Well, I guess that's it, then. Seven castaways. Seven castaways and one grumpy old man.

NELSON: *This* should be fun.

(*Lights fade.*)

End of Scene.

ACT I, SCENE 2

SET: A tropical island in the Caribbean; mid-afternoon

GRANNY, DWAYNE, ISABELLA, CLAIRE, MILES, NELSON, and AMY stand center stage, with MILES and AMY clearly in positions of authority. MR. BALDWIN stands grumpily away from the group, stage right, with his arms crossed.

MILES: Okay, our first order of business is to figure out some way to get off this island.

AMY: To get *off* the island? *I'd* say our first order of business is to figure out some way to survive *on* the island. Who knows? We could be here for weeks! Months! Years!

NELSON: Heaven help us.

MILES: (*Trying to sound diplomatic*) Amy . . . It is Amy, right? You may be used to being in charge of your Girl Scout troop back home, but you obviously have no idea what you're doing when it comes to a real dilemma. Now why don't you go find something to whittle and let the grown-ups handle this?

AMY: I am *not* a Girl Scout! I am a level ten, full-fledged Survival Scout! Well, I will be as soon as I survive this island and graduate to the next level.

NELSON: Yeah, it's that *surviving* part that I'm not so sure about.

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AMY: And / say, we set up camp and start gathering supplies.

GRANNY: You know, she may have a point. It's gonna start gettin' dark in a few hours. Maybe we ought to get some kind of a fire going.

DWAYNE: And find some food. I'm hungry!

NELSON: Surprise, surprise. Maybe you could go make friends with the Old Man and the Sea. I bet he could catch us some fish for dinner.

(The GROUP looks over at MR. BALDWIN, who hasn't moved.)

CLAIRE: *(Calling to MR. BALDWIN)* Hey, uh . . . sir? You know, you could come over and join us, if you want to.

MR. BALDWIN: *(Grouchily)* Why would I want to do that?

CLAIRE: Well, we're . . . trying to figure out some way off this island.

MR. BALDWIN: Good! Let me know when you decide to leave. *(Turns away)*

CLAIRE: Well, would anybody else like to try?

DWAYNE: Maybe he doesn't realize that he's stranded too.

NELSON: *(To DWAYNE, as if he were a child)* You know what? I bet that's it! Why don't you go and tell him, Dwayne? I bet he'd really like that.

DWAYNE: *(Simply)* Okay.

(DWAYNE crosses to MR. BALDWIN at stage right.)

GRANNY: I feel like I'm watching a sheep about to get slaughtered.

DWAYNE: *(To MR. BALDWIN)* Hi! I'm Dwayne Jordan.

MR. BALDWIN: Right. And I'm the tooth fairy.

DWAYNE: No. Really! I really am Jordan, see? *(Points to the name on the back of his jersey)*

MR. BALDWIN: Jordan, huh? You don't look like Michael Jordan to me!

DWAYNE: No, no. Not Michael Jordan. I'm Dwayne Jordan.

MR. BALDWIN: Huh?

DWAYNE: *(More loudly)* I said, I'm Dwayne Jordan.

MR. BALDWIN: Who?

DWAYNE: Dwayne Jordan!!

(MR. BALDWIN and DWAYNE continue to silent mime this charade while the group resumes talking.)

MILES: This . . . may take awhile.

NELSON: Perhaps we should leave the ball-playing buffoon to his shouting match and start gathering those supplies?

MILES: Fine. *(Pointing to GRANNY and NELSON)* You and you—

GRANNY: We have names, you know.

MILES: Right. And I'm sure we'll have plenty of time to learn them later. For right now, you two go collect some coconuts.

NELSON: Wait a minute. Coconuts?! I'm not going anywhere near those dangerous—

GRANNY: *(Grabbing his arm)* Too late, sonny. You're already on an island. You're going have to face your fear of coconuts sooner or later.

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NELSON: But—but—

GRANNY: No buts! Now move!

(Shoving NELSON in front of her, GRANNY and NELSON move toward upstage center.)

MILES: *(Turning to CLAIRE and AMY)* And you girls start collecting the kindling—leaves, twigs, branches. Isabella and I will work on lighting a fire.
(Quickly; embarrassed) A campfire, I mean.

AMY: *(Scoffing)* Right. I'd like to see you try.

MILES: What? You don't think I can do it? I am Miles Osborne! "Miles above the Rest!"

AMY: Miles above reality, you mean. When's the last time you started a campfire?

MILES: Well, it's been . . . awhile. But I've been busy.

AMY: Right. Campaigning. We know. I'll start the campfire. You guys go round up sticks.

(MILES casts a glance at ISABELLA, who is studying her fingernails in boredom.)

MILES: Well . . . fine. I guess I could assist Miss Cummings in finding some kindling.

ISABELLA: *(Startled)* What? Me?! Scrounge around for sticks?

AMY: Or . . . you *could* get down here in the dirt with me and help me start a fire.

ISABELLA: *(Wrinkling her nose in distaste)* No, thank you. I'll take the sticks.
(Calling regally) Claire!

CLAIRE: *(Looking up in sudden surprise)* Yeah?

ISABELLA: Come with us. We're gathering kindling.

(ISABELLA slips her arm through MILES and leads him upstage center. MILES looks back at CLAIRE, disappointed that SHE is joining them. CLAIRE simply watches ISABELLA for a moment in stunned silence.)

(Calling over her shoulder) Today, Claire!

AMY: Lucky you. Looks like you've just been selected to be the unofficial slave.

CLAIRE: Yeah. How'd *that* happen?

ISABELLA: *(Offstage)* Claire!!!

CLAIRE: *(Shouting)* Coming!

(CLAIRE runs off upstage center while AMY gets down on her knees and begins "building a fire." DWAYNE and MR. BALDWIN's conversation can once again be heard. MR. BALDWIN is fiddling with his fishing string and a hook while DWAYNE continues to try to communicate.)

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DWAYNE: *(To MR. BALDWIN; wearily)* Dwayne Jordan! My name . . . is Dwayne . . . Jordan!

MR. BALDWIN: I heard you.

DWAYNE: *(Continuing as though MR. BALDWIN hadn't understood)* I said . . . my name is—what? What did you say?

MR. BALDWIN: I said, I heard you. You're Dwayne Jordan. I got that about fifty shouts ago.

DWAYNE: But—

MR. BALDWIN: Look, I may be old. But I'm not deaf.

DWAYNE: But—

MR. BALDWIN: Now are you coming or aren't you? *(Moves toward stage right.)*

DWAYNE: But—Hey, wait a minute? Where you going?

MR. BALDWIN: To catch us some dinner. You look like you're about to fall over dead.

DWAYNE: *(Hopefully)* Dinner?

MR. BALDWIN: Now hurry up!

DWAYNE: But . . . I don't know *your* name!

MR. BALDWIN: *(Exiting stage right)* Baldwin!

DWAYNE: Oh. Okay. Baldwin . . .

(DWAYNE moves to follow MR. BALDWIN. Then he suddenly stops in confusion.)

(Shouting) Is that a first name or a last name?

(DWAYNE exits stage right as ISABELLA, MILES, and CLAIRE reenter from upstage center. MILES is escorting ISABELLA by the arm; CLAIRE follows behind the two of them carrying a load of sticks.)

MILES: And *then* after I had already been invited to speak on the David Letterman Show, who do you think calls? Larry King. And of *course* he wanted to interview me about my campaign on the very same night. So I had to—

ISABELLA: *(Interrupting MILES; to CLAIRE)* Why don't you put the sticks somewhere over there, Claire?

CLAIRE: *(Shrugging with resignation)* Okay.

ISABELLA: Oh, and Claire?

CLAIRE: Yes?

ISABELLA: When you're finished, make sure you come right back over here. I need to talk to you.

CLAIRE: Okay . . .

(CLAIRE crosses to downstage center and begins stacking up the sticks beside AMY's fire pit. ISABELLA and MILES cross to stage left to look out over the "ocean.")

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MILES: Well. Would you look at that sky! Looks like it's going to be a beautiful sunset.

ISABELLA: (*Uninterested*) Hmm. Probably.

MILES: You know, I was hoping that we might have an occasional minute alone. I'm very much interested in getting to know a few more details about Isabella.

ISABELLA: Such as . . . ?

MILES: (*Taken aback*) Oh. Well, such as . . . where you're from or . . . what your interests are or . . . how you . . . like your coffee.

ISABELLA: I don't drink coffee. It stains my teeth.

MILES: Well, there! You see! That's just the sort of little detail I'm interested in!

ISABELLA: (*Raising an eyebrow archly*) And why, Mr. Osborne, would you be so interested in finding out how I like my coffee? (*Gesturing to the deserted island around them*) You aren't planning on inviting me to Starbucks later this evening, are you?

MILES: (*Quickly*) No. Of course not. Don't be ridiculous.

ISABELLA: Then why the unusual questions?

MILES: (*Mumbling*) Just . . . trying to be friendly.

(*ISABELLA notices CLAIRE crossing to stage left.*)

ISABELLA: Oh. There you are, Claire. It's about time. Listen. I like you, Claire.

CLAIRE: (*In disbelief*) You . . . do??

ISABELLA: Yes. You're a good, strong worker. Therefore, I'd like to make you a sort of . . . business proposition.

CLAIRE: A business proposition?

ISABELLA: Yes. (*Turning to MILES*) Mr. Osborne? If you don't mind, I'd like to talk to Claire in private.

MILES: Of course. I'll just go . . . supervise the Girl Scout.

(*MILES crosses to center and stands over AMY. He crosses his arms and appears to be studying AMY's work, but he occasionally shoots curious glances over at ISABELLA and CLAIRE.*)

ISABELLA: Ugh! What a bore! Thank heavens he's gone. You know, it'd be refreshing if for *once* I could go somewhere without having every male present try to throw himself at me. I mean, I can't even get stranded on a deserted *island* without attracting attention.

CLAIRE: Sounds like quite a problem.

ISABELLA: It is! But never mind that. I suppose it's a problem we'll have to work on another time. Right now, I have a much more pressing issue. I am in need of a personal servant.

CLAIRE: Okay . . .

(*ISABELLA waits, staring expectantly at CLAIRE. CLAIRE returns her gaze, uncomprehendingly.*)

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ISABELLA: Well, do you accept the job or not?

CLAIRE: Wait a minute. Are you saying you want *me* to be your maid?

ISABELLA: Yes. It would just be a temporary job until we get off the island. I'd pay you, of course.

CLAIRE: With what? Coconuts?

ISABELLA: *(Rolling her eyes)* Of course not. With cash.

CLAIRE: Cash? You brought *cash* with you to the island?

ISABELLA: Yes. Of course I brought cash. Loads of it. What else was I supposed to offer the little island natives for their trinkets? Anyways, so now I'm offering it to you. Will you take the job or not?

CLAIRE: What exactly will I have to do?

ISABELLA: Oh, you know. Keep my things neat, bring me my meals, fetch and carry. The usual.

CLAIRE: You mean . . . like what I'm doing already?

ISABELLA: Exactly. And I'll pay you a hundred dollars a day.

CLAIRE: *(Wide-eyed)* One hundred dollars a day?!

ISABELLA: So, do you want the job or not?

CLAIRE: Wow. *(Shrugging)* Well, since I'm stuck here anyways, I might as well. I could sure use the money for college.

ISABELLA: Fine. Then it's settled. You begin immediately.

CLAIRE: *(Suspiciously)* What do you need me to do?

(ISABELLA pushes CLAIRE in front of her and begins moving her toward the group at center stage, using CLAIRE's body as a kind of shield.)

ISABELLA: Keep that rambling bore away from me!

MILES: *(To AMY)* Well, *Survival Scout*, how's that fire coming?

AMY: It's coming, it's coming. Just give me a minute. It's a lot harder than it looks.

MILES: *(Knowingly)* You wouldn't perhaps need any *help*, would you?

AMY: *(Grabs another handful of sticks; snapping back)* Of course not. I can do it myself. *(Peering around)* Now where are those two we sent off to find coconuts? You could make yourself useful and go look for them. *(Under her breath)* And maybe get yourself eaten by a bear while you're at it.

MILES: Hmm. You know, you're right. They have been gone for quite awhile. Maybe we should go out and look for them.

(GRANNY and NELSON reenter from upstage center. Both carry an armload of coconuts. NELSON is peering around and above him in obvious terror.)

GRANNY: Don't bother. No search party needed. We're back. *(Dumps her coconuts at MILES's feet; lowering her voice)* Although you could have given me a better partner to work with. This kid's useless. He doesn't even know how to climb a tree.

NELSON: *(Drops his coconuts in a pile.)* That tree was nearly sixty feet tall! *(Catching sight of his laptop)* My laptop! *(Runs over to his laptop, snatches*

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it up, and hugs it to his chest. He quickly sits down, opens it up, and begins typing away.)

GRANNY: Pitiful. *(Turning to AMY)* So . . . how's that fire coming?

AMY: What is it with you people? Don't you realize that every good campfire requires patience, concentration, and—

GRANNY: Here. Step aside. Let me do it.

*(GRANNY pulls a lighter out of her pocket and starts a "fire." The OTHERS stare at her in disbelief. *A red light should be used in the fire pit to create the illusion of a fire.)*

There. You've got your fire.

MILES: You had a lighter all this time! Why didn't you say something?

GRANNY: You never asked. *(Pointedly)* Besides, I was sent to go find coconuts.

(DWAYNE and MR. BALDWIN reenter from stage right. MR. BALDWIN has several fish in his hand.)

DWAYNE: Hey, guys! Look what we got! Fish!

MR. BALDWIN: You mean, look what I got. Your friend here nearly scared away every fish in the Caribbean with his big feet.

DWAYNE: You think we could make fish sticks?

MR. BALDWIN: Sure. You find me a stick and I'll show you a fish stick.

DWAYNE: Okay! *(Runs off upstage center.)*

GRANNY: Somehow I don't think it's the sort of fish stick Dwayne has in mind.

MILES: Well, Mr. . . . uh, sir, . . . on behalf of the group, I just want to thank you so much for finding us this food.

MR. BALDWIN: *(Surlly)* What makes you think I'm going to share it with any of you?

(EVERYONE stares at MR. BALDWIN in stunned, deflated silence for a long moment.)

(Reluctantly) I'm just kiddin'. I may not like you being here, but I can't let you starve.

(The OTHERS exhale in relief.)

The name's Baldwin, by the way.

MILES: Oh. All right. Baldwin.

GRANNY: Baldwin what?

MR. BALDWIN: *Mister* Baldwin.

MILES: Right. Got it. Mr. Baldwin, it is. Need any help with those fish?

MR. BALDWIN: No. Just stay out of my way.

(MILES motions to the others to step back from the fire as MR. BALDWIN pushes past them.)

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MILES: Right. Well, everyone, let's . . . give the man some working room.

(MILES, GRANNY, NELSON, ISABELLA, CLAIRE, and AMY move toward stage left while MR. BALDWIN begins preparing his fish.)

GRANNY: *(Fuming quietly)* I don't get it. Why are we lettin' this crabby old man tell us what to do?

MILES: Maybe because he has *food*.

GRANNY: I brought back coconuts, didn't I?

MILES: Yes, well, I personally would prefer a fish sandwich over a piece of fruit any day.

ISABELLA: *(Distastefully)* Not me. The idea of eating something that was once living and moving around is disgusting. I am *strictly* a vegetarian.

MILES: On second thought, a piece of fruit does sound refreshing. Would you like me to cut open a coconut for you, Miss Cummings?

AMY: *(Snorting)* This I *got* to see.

ISABELLA: No, thank you, Mr. Osborne. That will not be necessary. *(Turning to CLAIRE)* Claire?

CLAIRE: Yeah?

ISABELLA: Cut open a coconut for my supper, please.

CLAIRE: *(Shrugging)* Okay. I'll try.

AMY: I'll help you.

(AMY and CLAIRE move upstage to the pile of coconuts.)

At least she's saying "please" now.

CLAIRE: That's only because now I'm paid.

AMY: What?

CLAIRE: Never mind.

DWAYNE: *(Enters from upstage center)* Uh, Mr. Baldwin? I'm kinda having a hard time finding a stick.

MR. BALDWIN: You're looking for a toothpick? Well, that won't be nearly big enough.

DWAYNE: *(Loudly)* No. No, I said a *stick*. I can't seem to find a *stick*.

MR. BALDWIN: Look, don't come complaining to me about your problems. I'm not your mother. If you're feeling sick, then go sit down.

DWAYNE: No, not sick. *Stick!* You wanted me to find a fish stick.

MR. BALDWIN: An ice pick? Now what in the world would we need an ice pick for on a tropical island? Really, boy. That basketball team of yours sure didn't pick you for your brains, did they? *(Pointing at the pile of kindling)* Now hand me that stick over there.

DWAYNE: Hey! What do you know? Sticks!

(DWAYNE happily grabs a stick and hands it to MR. BALDWIN.)

MR. BALDWIN: Yeah. Imagine that. Sticks.

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(Back at left center, MILES, ISABELLA, GRANNY, and NELSON's conversation can once again be heard.)

GRANNY: You know, there's one thing about this whole castaway situation that I just can't understand. When I got my ticket, it came with a letter that said I was only allowed to bring three items with me onto the island.

NELSON: That's peculiar. My instruction sheet from the camp office said the same thing.

ISABELLA: So did my resort brochure. I just assumed it meant that everything else would be provided. The very *best* resorts do that, you know.

MILES: Come to think of it, I do remember Nicholas saying over the phone that I should limit what I bring with me. Something about transportation limitations.

NELSON: Not enough room in the back of the toilet paper truck?

MILES: Hilarious. (*Turning to the others*) Now that you mentioned it, I'm almost certain that he also told me three items. "The three most essential items," he said.

ISABELLA: And that's exactly what I brought. The three most essential items. Make-up, hand sanitizer, and cash. Lots and lots of cash.

GRANNY: That's sure going to do you a whole lot of good on a deserted island.

ISABELLA: (*Haughtily*) It is already.

(CLAIRE and AMY cross to the group. CLAIRE is holding a split coconut.)

CLAIRE: (*To ISABELLA*) Well, it wasn't easy, but between the two of us, we finally got one cracked. Here you go.

ISABELLA: (*Taking the coconut delicately*) Thank you, Claire.

AMY: (*To CLAIRE, under her breath*) Let's just hope she's not a big eater.

ISABELLA: (*To GRANNY*) So, you think *my* three most essential items are silly—

MILES: *I* think they were rather good choices.

ISABELLA: (*To GRANNY; ignoring MILES*) And what did *you* bring?

GRANNY: Well, now. I'm glad you asked. (*Grabs her gym bag. She drops each item on the sand as she lists it off.*) The things that *I* consider most essential would have to be my set of dumbbells, a box of granola bars, and . . . (*Reverently pulling out a enormous photo album*) This.

ISABELLA: And what's that?

GRANNY: *This* is my photo album. I've got a picture of each of my eight children, thirty-five grandchildren, and fifty-two great-grandchildren in here, which makes this book more precious than gold to me.

NELSON: Touching.

GRANNY: Well, what did *you* bring? Besides your best friend, that is.

NELSON: Yes, I admit that one of my items was my laptop. But you have to say that so far, it's been the most useful item mentioned. And of course then I had to bring my solar-powered messenger bag to power it.

MILES: And your third item?

NELSON: My third item is . . . not important.

GRANNY: What? What is it?

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CLAIRE: Sunblock?

ISABELLA: Suspenders?

AMY: A pocket protector?

NELSON: (*Scornfully*) No.

GRANNY: Well, I know it sure wasn't *The Idiot's Guide to Climbing Trees*.

NELSON: I brought along my inhaler. I have . . . asthma.

GRANNY: Really?

MILES: You mean the Boy Genius actually has a weakness?

GRANNY: Guess he's human after all.

CLAIRE: So I take it we all got the same letter about only bringing three items with us. That's what Amy and I were just discussing.

AMY: (*Takes off her backpack and begins to root around in it*) Yeah. Only I seem to have packed much smarter than the rest of you. With my items, I

might actually be able to survive out here. (*Holding up her items*) A tarp.

For collecting water and for shelter. A knife. For protection and for hunting food.

ISABELLA: Ugh. For hunting *animal meat*, you mean.

AMY: (*Pointedly*) Works real well at cutting coconuts, too.

(*ISABELLA looks down at her half-eaten coconut in disgust and tosses the rest away.*)

And finally, the staple of life. Beef jerky! About two weeks' worth.

ISABELLA: How many cows had to give up their lives for that, I wonder?

AMY: About as many as are needed to make that leather bag you're carrying.

ISABELLA: (*Indignant*) I'll have you know that this bag is Dolce and Gabanna.

AMY: What? They don't use cowhide?

MILES: Well, while the rest of you argue who's got the best items to survive on the island, I think I probably have the best item to get us *off* this island. I—

(*Pulls out his cell phone with a flourish*) Brought a cell phone.

GRANNY: A cell phone? You had a cell phone all this time?

ISABELLA: And you haven't called for help yet??

MILES: (*Taken aback at ISABELLA's reaction*) Well, I—

AMY: (*Lunging for the phone*) Give me that!

(*MILES steps back, trying to stay out of AMY's reach.*)

MILES: Hey! Get back! I'm warning you. I've got several good friends who are lawyers. I could sue you for personal injury!

AMY: Give me that phone!

(*AMY and MILES struggle for control of the phone.*)

GRANNY: (*Moving toward AMY and MILES*) Careful! Don't break it! That's my ticket home!

ISABELLA: And mine!

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(AMY knocks the phone out of MILES's hand. The phone goes flying and lands a few feet away. AMY knocks MILES to the ground and rushes for the phone.)

MILES: Keep your grubby little hands off my—

AMY: *(Grabbing the phone)* Got it!

(Victoriously, AMY flips open the phone. Then her smile fades.)

(Staring at the screen) What?!?

CLAIRE: What's the matter, Amy?

ISABELLA: Make the call already!

AMY: I can't! His battery's dead.

(AMY throws the cell phone at MILES's feet.)

MILES: What? But . . . but that's impossible! I just used the phone this morning! For several hours, in fact. I mean, I must have talked on it the entire . . . boat ride . . . over . . . here . . . *(Lets the arm holding the cell phone fall limply at this realization.)*

GRANNY: So much for most essential item number one.

ISABELLA: We really *are* stuck here now, aren't we?

NELSON: *(With a sigh)* Such narrow-minded people.

MILES: Oh, and I suppose that you've got a better idea for getting off this island?

NELSON: Actually, I do. While the rest of you were rolling around in the dirt fighting over a cell phone—

ISABELLA: I was *not* rolling around in the dirt!

NELSON: *(Continuing)* I have been online trying to get in contact with the United States Coast Guard.

CLAIRE: Online? How?

NELSON: Satellites. They're wonderful things, really. I was just about to send the rescue team our coordinates, which, by the way, I also found out using satellites. Would any of you care to watch as I send out our SOS?

(GRANNY, CLAIRE, ISABELLA, AMY, and MILES crowd around behind NELSON's computer screen.)

Can everyone see? Good. And now, with a simple click of a button, we will be on our way back to—

(NELSON pushes a button and the computer screen instantly goes dark. NELSON stares wide-eyed at the screen. The others look at one another in confusion.)

MILES: Well, Nelson. Experiencing some technical difficulty with those satellites of yours?

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NELSON: (*Examines his laptop and then his messenger bag feverishly*) I don't understand it! There's plenty of daylight left! What happened to my power??

CLAIRE: Is it just me, or does it seem like someone *really* does not want us leaving this island?

ISABELLA: Don't say things like that, Claire! It scares me!

MILES: I don't think there's anything to worry about, Miss Cummings.

NELSON: Right. There's got to be some simple technological reason for this sudden loss of power. But what?

(*MR. BALDWIN and DWAYNE cross to the group at left center. MR. BALDWIN holds a long stick with speared, cooked fish on it.*)

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