

SURVIVOR: EVERY VOTE COUNTS

By Kelly Meadows

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ISBN: 1-931805-17-2

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CHARACTERS

Pieter Voorhoof: The host of the show, a South African man. He's relatively conservative, and tries to maintain control over the antics of the other players.

Brink: The cameraman, who battles with Pieter in an attempt to make the show more interesting, and occasionally has to step out from his position to keep the contestants in line.

Suzanne Smiley: Pieter's co-host, a very frothy, bubbly woman who is enamored with the trivial, and who interviews contestants as they get voted off the show.

The Mango Lady: A mysterious gypsy type woman involved in a devious poaching plot.

Tribe #1: The Venda:

The first four are the Deveraux Sisters

Mozambique Sahara (Zammi): A rather flamboyant, outgoing type who loves her sisters but will do what it takes to get them off the show so she can win.

Mauritius: Looking for romance, love and adventure, often behaves as if she's the romantic lead in a glamorous movie from the 40s.

Sierra Leone: She'll never find true love if she won't be impressed.

Namibia: A bit pouty when she doesn't get her way, as shown when she's voted off.

Mick: A self-proclaimed man of the wilderness, trying to prove himself on the Savannah, and to win Mauritius' heart.

Bo: His companion, similarly obsessed with "being a man," hooked up with Zammi.

Felix: their friend, slightly interested in Sierra.

Rudy: also a friend, slightly interested in Namibia.

The Voortrekkers

Ashley: Self-proclaimed leader of the group, though her toughness puts a lot of people off.

Malta: She wants to be tough and hip, but she doesn't quite have it down.

Marianna: Ultra feminine, and she sure loves her chocolate!

Brandy: As in brand name and product placement, she's on the show to remind the viewers at home exactly who is sponsoring, and what they should be wearing.

Edsel: A nerd, who buys plain label.

LaDonna: Has a quote-problem-unquote with the language.

Chartreuse: Dresses a bit too purple for the rest of them.

Mustang: Tries hard to be a ladies' man, but more often find himself the ladies' target.

SYNOPSIS

The competition is fast and furious as sixteen young contestants are brought to the African savannah to appear on a new installment of the ever-popular *Survivor*. And these people will do anything to survive – just about.

Brandy sees that it's all about product placement and endorsement – she won't eat, drink, or wear anything without sponsorship behind it. You'll meet the Devereaux sisters, Mozambique (Zammi), Namibia, Sierra Leone, and Mauritius – who aren't about to be deprived of the luxuries of home, even in the African wilderness.

What about Mick and Bo, men of the wilderness? They don't need luxury – and they really don't need the Devereaux sisters getting in their way, until suddenly, a new thought comes to mind. Could it be love? Let's hope not!

While Ashley, self-appointed tribe leader, tries to convince her followers to share a dinner of boiled rat, Zammi has to save her tribe from a charging rhino – easy, she says: take away its credit cards.

Mustang, on a tribe with seven women, isn't sure if this is good luck or bad. Somehow he manages to get dates with all of them right before they're voted off. Can Edsel the nerd, Ashley the feminist, Malta the hip-hop girl, and the helpless Marianna work together, or would they rather fight with each other?

Meanwhile, our host Pieter Voorhoof tries to maintain some dignity by keeping the contestants in line and boning us up on the history of South Africa – as well as getting to the bottom of a local poaching operation, the mysterious Mango Lady, and the annoying Suzanne Smiley, his co-host promises to trivialize anything and everything African for the benefit of an ignorant American audience. As the contestants dwindle down to a precious few, Pieter himself despairs of surviving the mayhem.

The good news is we've taken sixteen hours of prime time TV and condensed it to seventy-five minutes. No commercial interruptions, and no waiting four months to find out who wins. It's a zany collection of characters, with the same moral of the real *Survivor* series: Outeat, Outsleep, Outcheat!

PRODUCTION NOTES

While *Survivor: Every Vote Counts* parodies the *Survivor* television shows, it makes no attempt to follow the exact pattern of the original. This play takes some elements of the show and then adds a few of its own. However people who haven't watched the show will still be able to follow the action. Most of the humor is derived from the characters behaving a bit off kilter, and in trying to muster up the comforts of home when they're supposed to be roughing it in the wilderness.

This play can be presented as one long act, or broken up into two. The play needs one set. There are two parts to the stage, neither of which needs a lot of scenery. Most of the action takes place on the savannah, with some scenes at Sun City resort as people get voted off the show. The resort can be at a small corner of the stage or a "side" stage if there is one, or with lighting effects, Sun City can take over a part of the stage that was originally used for the savannah. However we need to be able to see the resort and part of the savannah at the same time. A backdrop can be slid in and out as needed, or there really doesn't have to be one at all.

While some roles are larger and smaller than others, there really is no "lead", and the cast needs to work more as an ensemble. Many of the smaller roles still allow a performer to be flamboyant and quirky and to create a memorable and fun character. The more intense their characters become, the more they can play off each other to humorous effect.

This is a fast paced show with many smaller subplots happening under the larger *Survivor* game as a whole.

- Pieter, the host, tries to retain control over his unruly cameraman Brink and the obnoxious resort host, Suzanne.
- A semi-mysterious poaching plot is going on right under the contestant's noses.
- Brandy, who's trying to make money through sponsorship and product placement.
- The Deveraux sisters, working as a team – sometimes – finding odd objects in the wilderness, and occasionally falling in love.

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- Various other characters using the experience to prove their manhood, toughness, or trying to get ahead at the expense of the other contestants.

The play should never take itself too seriously. The physical slapstick humor is important here, as is making sure everyone has their entrance and exit cues down well. With a lot of people coming on and off, it's essential to have a good stage manager as well.

The author has consulted authoritative sources in matters regarding South African history and the Afrikaans language, and presumes such matters accurate.

PROP LIST

Compass (Brandy)
Perfume bottle (Brandy)
Gum (Brandy)
Credit Cards (Zammi)
Fruit Rollups (Brandy)
Bag with a "rat" in it (Ashley)
Headsets (Pieter and Suzanne)
Jewelry (Zammi)
Mango or other fruit (Mustang)
Chocolate (Brink)
Camera bag or other equipment (Brink)

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ACT 1

SCENE 1

SETTING: *A remote area of the Kruger National Park in South Africa. This is a wilderness area, but we're going to take some liberties with the reality of the park. The majority of the stage should be the "savannah," which can be accomplished by throwing up a few trees, some grass, or just a barren stage with an imaginative audience. The backdrop should be a grassy wilderness. On one edge of the stage should be a "Sun City" corner set up for SUZANNE to conduct interviews with some of the contestants as they get voted off the Savannah. These interviews would take place outside on a patio of sorts, any setting or backdrop behind it should resemble a Las Vegas Casino/Resort.*

AT RISE: *The host of the series, PIETER VOORHOOF, is speaking to the TV audience as BRINK, the cameraman, is filming him for TV. HE can have the camera up on a tripod, and occasionally look into it to readjust. BRINK is at the edge of the stage opposite from "Sun City," and HE should stay there pretty much throughout the play. BRINK can move around to film PIETER more head on, and more onto the side of the stage as the TV actions takes place. PIETER, about 40 or 50 years old, is a native Boer, and therefore English is his second language. If possible, HE should speak with an accent.*

PIETER: *(very theatrical, inviting, introducing the series, HE is at the front of the stage, near BRINK)* Africa. The wilderness. The bushveld. The Transvaal. Words that have a transporting effect on the imagination. What sort of image does that conjure up for you?

BRINK: *(looking away from the camera, not impressed)* Nothing.

PIETER: Nothing?

BRINK: Ninety-nine percent of Americans have never heard of the Transvaal. They'll think it's the bus we took to get here.

PIETER: *(can't believe it)* It's the whole northern part of this country!

BRINK: *(insisting)* Americans. Geography. It's a bus. *(thinks it over)* Van, maybe.

PIETER: You're just the cameraman, Brink. You weren't hired for your insights.

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BRINK: *You* weren't hired to use words like Transvaal.

PIETER: It's like saying Chicago. It's where we are.

BRINK: Not for these people. Now make it literate. Better yet, make it *il*literate.

PIETER: (*sighs, already frustrated*) All right. (*gets back into position, BRINK gets back behind the camera*) I'm Pieter Voorhoof, and you're watching *Survivor: The African Savannah*. In this lonely stretch of wilderness, who will outwit, outlast, outplay? Who will combat wild game, and if so, who will win? Who will want to continue in a place where rats are considered a delicacy? Here, in South Africa's Kruger National Park, with the gracious permission of the park authorities, sixteen Americans...sixteen ignorant, selfish, greedy, ugly Americans will work together, then work against each other until in the end, only one is left standing. Only one survivor will go home with the prize of a million. (*to BRINK*) What's funny is I'm getting the same million and I can go to a hotel every night! (*BRINK motions him to continue*) Yes. On with the contest.

BRANDY: (*enters in a frenzy, wearing some outlandishly colorful and trendy outfit, looks around distraught, looks to PIETER*) This isn't Savannah!

PIETER: What do you mean?

BRANDY: (*crosses up to him*) They said we were going to Savannah. They fly me all the way across the ocean, take all my jewels, my albums, my logo encrusted CD carriers, and I wanna know where we are!

PIETER: You are *on* the savannah, Miss...

BRANDY: Call me Brandy.

PIETER: Brandy?

BRANDY: Brandy. The queen of product placement. Everything you see on this show is going to have an endorsement. It'll seem totally spontaneous, totally...off the Gucci cuff, but we've been plotting it for months. (*demanding*) Now, is this Savannah, Georgia or am I still on Miami Beach?

PIETER: (*enter LADONNA, who is also dressed a bit wild, but not quite so bold*) No, it's the *African* savannah. A wilderness in the northern Transvaal.

LADONNA: What's a quote-Transvaal-unquote?

PIETER: We're *in* the Transvaal. No quotes about it.

BRANDY: You said we were in Savannah.

LADONNA: I thought the Transvaal was the bus we rode to get here!

BRINK: Told you.

PIETER: You aren't part of this, Brink. Film, and be quiet.

BRINK: *You* should try being quiet.

LADONNA: Well, where are we exactly?

PIETER: **(still frustrated)** We're in northeast South Africa.

LADONNA: **(looks to BRANDY, and they have no idea)** Can't be. No such place. I'm not stupid, you know.

BRANDY: Too many directions. You can't be north, east, and south all at once. **(pulls out a little compass, talks to the camera)** Of course you could...with my new promotional compass, sponsored by-

PIETER: **(cutting her off)** I would say you've already lost your sense of direction. You do realize you're on...

BRANDY: **(breaking in)** *Survivor*.

LADONNA: *Survivor*: Outeat, Outsleep, Outcheat! *Survivor*, where every vote counts!

BRANDY: I'm here to win the million, go on a shopping spree, and **(crosses to BRINK)** get me a man. **(BRINK mugs to the audience.)** Oh right. You are so totally just an example. **(to the camera)** They call me Brandy because I'm hip to the latest trends and brands.

LADONNA: **(also crosses to BRINK and speaks to the camera, trying to outdo BRANDY, and using her same inflections)** They call me LaDonna, because...well... **(stumped)** that's my name.

BRANDY: **(sneaking up around BRINK, taps him on the shoulder)** And you are dressed entirely too back woods! You're not wearing any of the unofficial officially endorsed *Survivorwear*! **(looks him over)** Wal-Mart? K-mart?

LADONNA: **(to BRINK)** You are just trashin' the fashion!

BRANDY: **(walks off, offended by his taste)** Sorry, all your clothes will have to come off!

BRINK: In your dreams!

BRANDY: **(crosses back to him)** Look, Brink. No one wants to see you naked. We just don't want to see you wearing *that*!

PIETER: **(pulls them away from BRINK and pushes them out of the way while trying to smile for the TV audience)** A first for the *Survivor* series, we have four sisters competing against each other. Will they work as a family?

LADONNA: You mean fighting and screaming and throwing each other in the path of an elephant stampede? Probably.

PIETER: The Deveraux sisters!

(They enter flamboyantly, ZAMMI, NAMIBIA, SIERRA, and MAURITIUS, crossing to the front of the stage near PIETER. Their introduction is almost musical and rehearsed, and they can get into dance like poses as they say their names.)

NAMIBIA: I'm Namibia!

ZAMMI: I'm Mozambique!

SIERRA: I'm Sierra Leone!

MAURITIUS: **(sexy)** I'm Mauritius!

PIETER: **(intrigued)** You're sure an international bunch.

ZAMMI: Yes we are! Actually my full name is Mozambique Sahara Deveraux. But people call me Zammi.

NAMIBIA: Our father named us after exotic locations so we could learn about **(as each says their line, they get close together into an artistic position like a dance pose)** diversity...

SIERRA: Multiculturalism...

MAURITIUS: Humanity...

ZAMMI: And dance!

PIETER: Dance?

ZAMMI: Of course! **(they get out of the pose, and back into it)** When you have...

NAMIBIA: Diversity...

SIERRA: Multiculturalism...

MAURITIUS: And humanity...

ZAMMI: You have to have dance. Here, we'll show you.

BRANDY: I'll be the official sponsor of a new line of dancewear.

PIETER: **(pushing her away, in a struggle)** No... you... won't. This is reality TV, not some lily-livered musical.

BRANDY: It's hardly reality with all this brand sponsorship.

LADONNA: Where have you been? That *is* quote-reality-unquote!

MICK: **(enters, HE's sort of dressed as a hunter, in camouflage, etc, as if HE's taking this enterprise entirely too seriously)** Ladies?

NAMIBIA: **(not impressed)** Who are you?

MICK: I'm Mick. **(grandly)** Hunter, hiker, outdoorsman – ready to meet the-

LADONNA: Quote-

MICK: "challenge of the wilderness!"

LADONNA: -Unquote.

NAMIBIA: **(looking past him)** What challenge? There's an air-conditioned trailer right behind the cameraman.

MICK: I don't need such comforts. I'm a true outdoorsman.

BRANDY: **(looking over his outfit)** Outdoorsman? I wouldn't wear this stuff out doors – or in! Oh, I'm Brandy! Product placement specialist extraordinaire!

PIETER: **(moving her out of the way)** Why don't you place your "product" over here!

NAMIBIA: **(approaching MICK)** Hi, I'm Namibia!

SIERRA: **(following her)** I'm Sierra Leone!

ZAMMI: I'm Mozambique!

MAURITIUS: I'm Mauritius!

MICK: Mauritius? Sounds like a milk shake!

MAURITIUS: (**breezy**) It is not! Nor is it a yogurt knockoff. It's a tropical island off the eastern coast of Africa.

MICK: I'd rather have the yogurt knockoff.

MAURITIUS: (**ignores him, and continues**) And being named for such a place, my life is a quest for love, adventure, and excitement. I've been looking for a man to show me romance, and to *kiss* me like I've never been kissed before.

MICK: (**slightly embarrassed**) Uh... I never *have* kissed a woman before.

LADONNA: Eeewww!

MICK: When you're hiking and hunting in the outback, you don't have time for women. You only have time to survive.

MAURITIUS: (**SHE's very over the top romantic, often like SHE's in a French foreign film.**) How can you survive without women?

PIETER: It's getting easier all the time.

MAURITIUS: No. It's not easy. Men without women are like chicken without Swiss cheese. Ham without Swiss cheese. Turkey without Swiss cheese! (**less romantic, as everyone starts to stare at her**) Look, I like Swiss cheese.

BRANDY: (**produces some cologne and sprays it on MAURITIUS, who doesn't appreciate it**) Here! It's called (**grandiose**) *Passion*. You wear it; he won't be able to resist you.

MICK: (**runs away**) That's nasty! Why don't you call it...Lasting Revulsion!

PIETER: (**to the camera**) Our first tribe will be called the Venda, in honor of the indigenous population of the Northern Transvaal. This tribe will consist of the Deveraux sisters, Mick, and his friends, Bo, Rudy, and Felix. (**they enter as HE announces them, very militaristically, each one standing near a sister: BO to ZAMMI, RUDY to SIERRA, and FELIX to NAMIBIA.**) That's enough. (**they don't move**) I said, that's enough. This is *Survivor*, not *The Dating Game*. (**through his next speech, HE takes BRANDY's cologne and sprays ZAMMI, then SIERRA, then NAMIBIA, and as HE does, the men can't stand the smell and break away from them; the women try to wave it off as well. HE hands the bottle back to BRANDY**) That's nasty! (**back to the camera**) Our second tribe is named for the Dutch settlers who colonized the region, the Voortrekkers. (**the "V" is a hard "V" pronounced more like "F".**)

BRINK: That sounds like an SUV.

PIETER: It wasn't. The Voortrekkers were a group of Boer settlers – otherwise known as Afrikaners – who traveled north to find a place to live free of British domination. In fact, they had to flee from the

English several times over their history. Sadly, all this resettlement boded ill for the tribes who already lived there.

SIERRA: That's multiculturalism for you.

RUDY: That's war.

PIETER: (**up to RUDY, in his face**) Which we want to avoid. (**back to camera**) The Voortrekker tribe consists of Brandy, Ladonna, and...

(As they enter, they'll gather together in a separate area of the stage away from the Venda.)

ASHLEY: (**more on the militaristic side, like MICK**) Ashley. I'm a tough broad and I'm gonna win.

MALTA: (**more trendy, perhaps hip-hoppy**) Malta, and I don't think you are.

MARIANNA: (**very feminine**) Marianna, and I don't think she is either. Not with that hairdo.

EDSEL: (**sort of nerdy and snively**) Edsel, and what a loser tribe this is!

CHARTREUSE: Chartreuse! (**crosses up to BRINK**) A deep color, and a deep girl.

BRINK: Deeper colors fade faster – and more noticeably. (**SHE leaves him in a huff to join the group**)

MALTA: Anyone into piercing? I want to get pierced and tattooed naturally. The wilderness way.

BRANDY: You can't do *anything* naturally. You need a sponsor. That's how the show works!

PIETER: She's right! Now our last contestant...

MUSTANG: (**enters, HE's a bit full of himself and chauvinistic, HE's not dressed particularly fashionably, perhaps khaki shorts and a Hawaiian tourist shirt**) Mustang, and I'm...I'm on a tribe with seven ladies? How can I win surrounded by *girls*??

FELIX: Simple. Women are weak, and easily overcome.

ASHLEY: (**goes to FELIX and in a quick graceful move, knocks him to the ground**) Yes. Easily.

PIETER: (**Picks up FELIX, who is humiliated, and moves ASHLEY out of the way**) Now, you know the rules. After each week, you have to vote off one contestant, until in the end, only one of you will remain. (**grandly**) Only one of you will survive...the African savannah. (**more off the cuff**) The rest of you will go to Sun City and play in the casino.

ZAMMI: That sounds like more fun. But not 'til I get the million.

MUSTANG: You won't get the million. (**gathering up his tribe**) My tribe will kick your tribe's whoopee cushions with our feminine ingenuity.

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ZAMMI: I doubt it. Us Devereaux girls have a lot more feminine ingenuity (**indicates the other tribe**) than that gaggle.

PIETER: I think it's time for me to pull out.

MALTA: (**crosses over to him**) Are you pierced?

PIETER: I'm not answering that question. (**to camera**) This is Pieter Voorhoof, and you're watching...

LADONNA: (**mocking**) *Survivor: The African Savannah*. Just go already. (**starts pushing him off**) I wanna play. (**PIETER exits**)

MARIANNA: Hey, can I get into that trailer and touch up my blush?

BRINK: (**moving away, taking his camera to the side of the stage, and keeping her from passing by**) Stop it, Marianna! As far as you're concerned, I'm not really here.

MARIANNA: What do you mean? My last boyfriend said that to me, too.

BRINK: I'm just filming you. You can't see me, you can't hear me, and you don't know I exist. Just pretend I'm Jimmy Stewart at the end of *It's A Wonderful Life*. And that trailer is over the line. You cross the line, you're disqualified.

MICK: So if we get trampled by an elephant stampede, you'll just stay here and film us?

BRINK: Of course! It's reality TV. And if an elephant crosses the line, we'll disqualify him as well.

MICK: (**a bit cowed**) Just checking.

CHARTREUSE: (**to her tribe**) Anybody hungry?

EDSEL: I am.

MARIANNA: Me.

MUSTANG: Me too.

ASHLEY: Well, I'll be the leader.

MALTA: How come you, Ashley? You're not the only tough girl here.

ASHLEY: Because I *called* it, Malta.

MALTA: (**drops her tough girl demeanor, more like a 6 year old**) You didn't say that was the rule!

MARIANNA: Yeah!

LADONNA: Who said you get to make the quote-rules-unquote, Ashley?

ASHLEY: Cause I called I get to make the rules. I call leader, and I call no more calling!

CHARTREUSE: I call...

EDSEL: You can't call, Chartreuse, she called no more calling.

CHARTREUSE: But Edsel...

EDSEL: (**downcast**) That's how it works. Whoever calls no more calling gets the last word. Nobody said it was fair.

ASHLEY: You're just jealous because you didn't think of it first. Now follow me. We'll get something to eat. (**SHE starts to lead her tribe out.**)

MARIANNA: **(on the way out)** Is there a good corn dog stand up the way?

LADONNA: Yeah, maybe we can catch the Transvaal.

EDSEL: **(culturally ignorant)** They don't eat dogs here, do they?

ASHLEY: **(tired of them already)** Remember, we're Voortrekkers. We don't let anything get in our way. Nothing. And **(looking back)** particularly...the Venda. **(they exit, giving dirty looks to the Venda)**

ZAMMI: **(mocking)** *Particularly, dot dot dot... the Venda!* We'll see about that.

BO: Actually, she has a point.

ZAMMI: What?

BO: I'm hungry.

SIERRA: We'll find something, won't we Zammi? You've never had a problem finding enough to eat!

MICK: **(to impress MAURITIUS, who is looking quizzically offstage)** I'll take down a rhino with my bare hands!

MAURITIUS: Well, there's your chance, Mick.

MICK: What do you mean?

MAURITIUS: **(points off stage somewhere)** Over there.

ZAMMI: **(assessing the situation)** Well if Malta wants to be pierced, she should come back about now.

NAMIBIA: **(to RUDY)** Help me! **(tries to jump into his arms, HE backs away, SHE falls over)**

RUDY: Not while you smell like **(grandiose)** *Passing Passion.*

NAMIBIA: **(sniffs her clothes)** You're right. **(to BRINK, quickly)** Is there a shower in your trailer?

BRINK: **(sarcastic)** What trailer?

NAMIBIA: **(confused and frustrated)** Oh, you're no help. **(runs off)**

SIERRA: **(to FELIX)** Save me, Felix!

FELIX: **(SHE tries to jump into his arms, but HE's afraid and runs off, leaving her to fall over)** Save yourself!

SIERRA: **(miffed)** Well, I... **(looks off the other way to see the rhino)** Then again... **(as SHE runs off)** Aaaaaah!

BO: It does look kind of mad. **(to ZAMMI)** Hold me!

ZAMMI: I don't think so. Our lives are at stake! This is no time for romance.

MAURITIUS: **(to MICK)** Don't listen to her. Anytime is time for romance. **(HE sees the rhino coming closer, and runs off, and SHE sees it as well.)** Whoops! *Not a good time for romance. (SHE follows.)*

NAMIBIA: Come on Zammi, we've got to find a safe haven. **(everyone but ZAMMI runs off)**

ZAMMI: I'll take care of this. **(SHE exits the other way, as the others creep slowly onstage to watch)** Shoo. Get! Off with you! **(sounds of a scuffle with a wild animal as the rest watch in fear, SHE enters again, they're all anxious. ZAMMI's hair is all messed up, etc., SHE's nonchalant)** Everybody knows how to stop a rhino from charging.

NAMIBIA: Wow, I can't believe you did that!

ZAMMI: Take away his credit cards! **(SHE waves a few cards in the air.)**

ALL THE SISTERS: Shopping spree in Johannesburg!

BO: **(goes to ZAMMI)** Wow. You're a brave woman.

MICK: **(moves up to MAURITIUS)** Hey...

MAURITIUS: Outback my pancreas. You're going to have to prove yourself, my brave soul, or I'll have you voted out of the bushveld.

MICK: But wait. I thought...

MAURITIUS: That you were going to kiss me like I've never been kissed before? Coward.

MICK: Who's going to kiss you as long as you're wearing that nasty perfume?

MAURITIUS: **(thinks it over)** A real man would conquer all sorts of obstacles. Including...this nasty perfume.

ZAMMI: **(taking over)** Ok, I call leader. And I call that Felix, Bo, Mick, and Rudy are going to find us Deveraux girls something to eat. We like to be pampered.

NAMIBIA: After all, it takes a lot of strength to celebrate **(they get into position again)** diversity...

SIERRA: Multiculturalism...

MAURITIUS: Humanity...

ZAMMI: And...

BO: Dance.

FELIX: Dance!

RUDY: Dance!

ZAMMI: No dancing. I want some indigenous tropical fruit. **(they exit, as the Voortrekkers enter from the opposite side)**

ASHLEY: **(in control)** Ok, Marianna, Malta, you start the fire. Edsel, Chartreuse, you get the water. LaDonna, Brandy, you clean the meat.

CHARTREUSE: What are you gonna do, Ashley?

ASHLEY: Delegate.

MUSTANG: What am I going to do?

ASHLEY: Nothing, Mustang. You're totally incompetent.

MUSTANG: Voortrekkers? You're all a bunch of English milkmaids.

BRANDY: Ashley, what kind of 'meat' is this?

ASHLEY: It's rat.

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BRANDY: I've dated rats, but I've never eaten one!

ASHLEY: Brandy, in some parts of India, rats are considered...

LADONNA: Yeah, a quote-delicacy-unquote. But we're not in India. And this isn't very quote-delicate (**pause, everyone waits**) ...oh... unquote.

ASHLEY: Fine, get your own quote-dinner-unquote. The rest of us will have Rat O'Gratin.

MARIANNA: (**goes off to a corner**) Yum... not!

LADONNA: I'm gonna go look for a mango.

ASHLEY: Those are in India, too. Now-

BRANDY: I have some new fruit flavored gum. (**gets some out and goes up to the camera**) It's new mango-mint flavor. Keep your breath fresher, longer. Four out of five people who chew gum, prefer mango-mint.

ASHLEY: (**pulls her away**) Stop that. You're eating rat.

LADONNA: Mustang, come with me. We're going mango hunting.

MUSTANG: Me?

LADONNA: Yes, you. (**goes up to MUSTANG**) I want a man to go with me. I'm tired of all this petty bickering.

MALTA: Oh, so you think because he's a man he's tougher and stronger. (**SHE knocks him over.**) Get your mango *now*, Mustang!

CHARTREUSE: She just wants to have Mustang all to herself. You can't play favorites. We have to work together.

LADONNA: Malta, Chartreuse, (**to the rest**) Edsel, Brandy, Ashley, Marianna... Seven women, one man. While you women are all fighting over who's the toughest, strongest, and most elegantly coiffed – no winners there – we're going to find ourselves something good to eat. Because I don't think hair is going to matter in 16 weeks.

BRANDY: You can't eat anything that's not sponsored!

CHARTREUSE: Brandy, stop it! The wilderness wasn't made for product placement!

BRANDY: I say it is!

EDESEL: I always use off brands. They're cheaper.

BRANDY: You *look* like an off brand!

EDESEL: You conspicuous consumer! You take that back! (**starts to attack, but incompetently**)

BRANDY: Not until you start buying upscale!

EDESEL: I'd rather be a nerd than a stuck up giraffe like you!

MUSTANG: (**taking over**) Enough! You women are all so self absorbed. From now on, I'm in charge.

MALTA: You just don't learn. After him, girls!

EDESEL: No, after Brandy!

BRANDY: (**regarding EDESEL**) Get that plain label loser!

LADONNA: Who cares? Let's just fight!

(A general melee ensues, MUSTANG bearing the brunt of the beating.)

ASHLEY: **(shouting over them)** Girls! Women! Ladies! And Mustang.
Are we going to waste our energy fighting when our survival's at stake? **(they all stop and think it over)**

MALTA: Uh huh!! **(they resume fighting)**

MUSTANG: Hold it! **(they stop for a minute, HE backs away, holding out his hands to keep them calm...)** Just... **(backs away closer to the exit)** keep going without me. **(runs out, and says from offstage)** Whew! Outsmarted *those* girls!

MALTA: **(with a rising temper)** Oh no you didn't! **(everyone chases after MUSTANG except ASHLEY, who calls to them)**

ASHLEY: Do you want it rare, medium, or well done? Who wants the tail? **(no one comes back)** Don't make me eat this by myself! **(blackout)** Please...

END OF SCENE 1

SCENE 2

AT RISE: Sun City Resort, where SUZANNE SMILEY holds interviews with the losing contestants. SHE's very upbeat, perhaps too upbeat, for the taste of everyone around her. Currently SHE's interviewing CHARTREUSE, who's just been voted off. SUZANNE is plastic to where SHE thinks everything SHE has to say is a lot more interesting than it actually is. SHE smiles a lot, as if this distracts from her trivialness. SHE's very fascinated with the trivial, and thinks that you are too. PIETER enters as well, near BRINK, and he listens to her over a headset, so everybody can hear each other.

SUZANNE: **(brightly dressed, looking perky)** This is Suzanne Smiley in the posh Sun City resort, located in the former homeland of Bophutatswana, about 90 miles west of Johannesburg, or as the locals call it, **(can barely control her cuteness)** Jo'Berg!

PIETER: **(talking on the headset)** Everyone calls it that, Suzanne.

SUZANNE: What?

PIETER: Everyone calls it Jo'Berg, not just the locals.

SUZANNE: I'm trying to bring some local flavor.

PIETER: Well then do it...locally.

SUZANNE: (**changes attitude**) Look, if you're going to make South Africa a tourist destination, you're going to have to put up with my trivializing, demoralizing, American geek-speak. (**perky again**) Now, back to me, Pieter! Here with me is Chartreuse, the first of our contestants voted out of the savannah! Chartreuse, do you have any idea why you were voted off? Your outfit, perhaps?

CHARTREUSE: Actually, I think so, Suzanne.

SUZANNE: (**trying to laugh**) Do you think it was the color? It's not exactly what we call camouflage.

CHARTREUSE: The shoes. Brandy convinced everyone I had the wrong style. That, and when everybody was fighting, Mustang and I ran off and found some fresh mangos. *They* were eating rats and grubs, and we were eating mangos.

PIETER: (**alarmed**) Hold it, Suzanne, where did she get mangos?

SUZANNE: Chartreuse, Mr. Voorhoof wants to know where you got the mangos.

PIETER: They're not indigenous.

SUZANNE: Not what?

PIETER: Indigenous.

SUZANNE: (**waving a finger in the air**) Oh, there you go with that South African language of yours!

PIETER: That's not a language of *mine*, that's English, you imbecile.

SUZANNE: Oh, you're a laugh a minute. Indigenous. Really!

PIETER: In *my* language, which happens to be called Afrikaans, you'd be called *onbeskaaf*. (**accent the last syllable, "aa" is pronounced "ah"**)

SUZANNE: *Onbeskaaf*? (**giggly**) It sounds like some sort of monorail.

PIETER: It means rude or uncouth. I don't know which one to pick. Now where did she get the mangos? We don't want any cheating, you know!

CHARTREUSE: Mustang took me to some lady who was selling them at a concession stand, and I told her they looked good, so she just gave me a couple. There's some sort of poaching sting operation going on just outside of the *Survivor* camp. Apparently they're going to-

PIETER: That's enough about the poaching sting, Chartreuse, we don't want to give away-

CHARTREUSE: Yeah, the police were going to move in tomorrow morning. About six, I think.

SUZANNE: (**laughing into her microphone**) Ha ha! Oops!

CHARTREUSE: But anyway, the rest of the tribe saw me and Mustang having mangoes by the campfire, and voted me off out of jealousy.

SUZANNE: So how does it feel to be the first one voted off? To lose *your* chance for a million?

CHARTREUSE: Well...to be honest? I don't really like mangos. But the next girl that gets mangos with Mustang? I'll see you here next week!

SUZANNE: (**sassy**) Not if her shoes match! Now, you'll be staying at Sun City until the series is concluded. While they're all fighting over rats and rhinos, you'll be living in the lap of African luxury. Does that make you feel better?

CHARTREUSE: Well... yeah!

SUZANNE: And there you go! Chartreuse, our first contestant voted off the savannah. This is Suzanne Smiley, saying (**this is a big deal phrase for her**) *sunny side's up in Sun City!* Back to you, Pieter.

PIETER: Thank goodness. *Onbeskaaf!* (**addressing the TV audience, BRINK moves to film him**) Now, as everybody knows...

BRINK: Nobody knows.

PIETER: How do you know that nobody knows?

BRINK: Every time you start out saying everybody knows, nobody knows.

PIETER: I know I'm beginning not to like you.

BRINK: Just start over.

PIETER: (**regroups himself, walks around a bit**) Kruger National Park! Where does the name Kruger come from? Paul Kruger, first president of the then independent Transvaal, was also one of the original leaders of the Voortrekkers, the Boers who came to the north of South Africa to set up a homeland free of British domination. In 1898, Krueger set aside part of this land to protect the wild game and save a part of Africa's vanishing wilderness. It has since grown to encompass a vast portion of untamed wilderness – in many cases, a wilderness without even a porta-potty for the tourists.

BRINK: It sounds like an SUV.

PIETER: What does?

BRINK: Voortrekker. It sounds like an SUV.

PIETER: (**frustrated**) What *is* it with you? Does every word I say in Afrikaans sound like a transport vehicle?

BRINK: (**thinks it over**) Transvaal, voortrekker... Pick a word. Any word.

PIETER: (**doesn't like this game**) All right. (**thinking**) *Dadelik.*

BRINK: Rickshaw.

PIETER: *Bewusteloos.* (**be-foos'-te-loose**)

BRINK: Double-decker bus.

PIETER: *Skoonheid.*

BRINK: Ski lift.

PIETER: Nope, nope, and nope. It translates as immediately, unconscious, and **(ZAMMI enters during this, and walks up to the camera)** beauty.

ZAMMI: Any time. **(exits on the other side)**

BRINK: Rickshaw, bus, ski lift. You tell me.

PIETER: *Hamburger.*

BRINK: Hamburger?

PIETER: *Hamburger.*

BRINK: That's not Afrikaans.

PIETER: Yes it is. We borrowed it, and it's ours. And you can't ride it, Brink. Don't even try. Now... **(back to narrative mode)** With that background on the park, and our brief but unsuccessful sortie into Afrikaans vocabulary, we now return you to... *Survivor: The African Savannah.*

(PIETER exits, BRINK moves back. Enter MAURITIUS and MICK; SHE's avoiding him, HE's running after her. This can be almost over the top "foreign film" dramatic.)

MICK: Please, Mauritius, talk to me. **(SHE won't, striking a pose of a lovelorn maid)** Look at me. **(SHE looks away, dramatically)** Let me kiss you like you've never been kissed before.

MAURITIUS: **(strikes another pose)** No.

MICK: **(on his knees)** Please!

MAURITIUS: **(another pose)** I said no.

MICK: **(alluding to her "pose")** You've got to be running out of those.

MAURITIUS: I am. Which is good, since I'm not speaking to you.

MICK: It sounds like you're speaking to me, to *me!*

MAURITIUS: **(one more pose)** Only to tell you I'm *not* speaking to you! Now *that's* my last pose! Look – my life was threatened by a charging rhino, and you, the hunting hulk, the savior of the savannah, what do you do? You run away. You leave my sister to defend us. I could have been eaten. And then what?

MICK: **(realistically)** Well, you've got three sisters. I'd bust a move on one of them.

MAURITIUS: Mick! I'm going to have you...

MICK: Voted off? I hardly think so. My skills are necessary to the survival of the Vendas. Without me you'd all be-

MAURITIUS: One step closer to the million. There's going to come a time when one of us has to go.

MICK: But Mauritius, don't you have feelings for me?

MAURITIUS: **(walking away)** Of course I do. A sick feeling. A feeling that you're not going to leave me alone until I-

(MICK follows her, catches up to her and turns her around when HE gets to his line.)

MICK: Marry me. ***(this stops her in her tracks)***

MAURITIUS: Marry you? ***(laughs)*** You'd run off and leave me to fend for myself in the reception line!

MICK: That depends on who caters.

MAURITIUS: ***(thinks it over)*** Well, prove yourself, and I'll consider it.

MICK: Then you can't vote me off until I do.

MAURITIUS: Prove yourself, or I will.

(They exit, lights go dim, enter MARIANNA, miserable, SHE runs from place to place, disoriented, looking for help; some wild animal sounds would be good here.)

MARIANNA: Can anybody hear me? Can anybody see me? It's me, Marianna! They've deserted me. They've left me here to fend for myself. What am I going to do, all alone in the African wilderness with nothing to eat and no air conditioning?

BRINK: ***(thinks for a bit, looks around to make sure no one is watching, and reaches into his pocket and gets out a candy bar)***
Here you go. But you're still not getting into that trailer.

MARIANNA: Thanks! And I will get back there. Eventually, you have to sleep.

BRINK: I'm not the only cameraman here.

MARIANNA: You're the only one I've seen.

BRINK: Will you just act already? I'm not here, remember?

MARIANNA: Then you can't keep me out of the air-conditioned trailer.

BRINK: ***(had enough)*** Just get back in front of the camera before you're disqualified.

MARIANNA: ***(back in front of the camera, eating the chocolate)*** I just can't take it any more. I thought I could...but wait! I must go on, persevere for the prize... but wait!

BRINK: Wait again?

MARIANNA: Yes, again. Help is on the way.

(Lights go back up as ASHLEY, MUSTANG, BRANDY, LADONNA, EDSEL, and MALTA enter, MUSTANG explaining to all of them)

MUSTANG: Ok, this is how it works. In exchange for being the next one voted out of the tribe in a backlash of jealousy and pandemonium, who wants to go out with me for some fresh fruit and entertainment?

ASHLEY: Oh, that is so rude. You should take all of us or none of us.

BRINK: *Onbeskaaf!*

ASHLEY: What?

BRINK: It's Afrikaans for uncouth.

ASHLEY: You're not even supposed to be here. Jimmy Stewart, remember?

BRINK: Just expressing myself. Even camera men are human, ya' know.

MUSTANG: My choice is Brandy!

BRANDY: Ha! I think it's more than a mango you want with me. Until they're branded, labeled, and available at three different price points, I'm not eating one. But here, try my new mango-mint flavored-

ASHLEY: We have tried it, and we hate it!

EDEL: **(takes a piece)** I like it.

LADONNA: **(to MUSTANG)** Why her? Why not me?

MALTA: Yeah, why do you want her so badly? *I could hunt down a mango.*

ASHLEY: Of course you could, since they don't move.

MUSTANG: **(whispers, but SHE overhears)** I just want to get rid of her. I can't stand all that sponsorship.

BRANDY: **(moves toward him, angrily)** You...you...

BRINK: **(reminding them)** *Onbeskaaf.*

BRANDY: What he said.

ASHLEY: Well somebody's going to have to go. Maybe it *should* be the one who keeps trying to bring in the comforts of home instead of living without- **(SHE spots MARIANNA with the candy bar, which angers her, and SHE starts talking like a parent lecturing a child)** Marianna, where did you get that?

MARIANNA: **(chewing, and trying to hide it)** I don't know.

ASHLEY: You didn't just *find* it.

MARIANNA: Maybe I did. While you're all fighting brand names and mangos, I came across a mother load of chocolate! While you're eating rats, I'm enjoying a delicious blend of **(reads the wrapper)** chocolate, caramel, and nougat. Plus **(continues reading the wrapper)** sugar, polysorbitol, palm or coconut oil extract, xanthan gum, salt, food coloring number 36, and other natural and artificial flavors. **(SHE tosses the wrapper off)** So who's better off?

ASHLEY: You're just *off*, because you're littering the savannah.

LADONNA: Yeah, get rid of her. If I can't have chocolate, **(hateful, starts trying to shake MARIANNA)** *nobody* can have chocolate.

BRANDY: **(runs to her and looks at the wrapper)** You can't eat that, they haven't paid for product placement!

(SHE also tries for it, and a general melee ensues among the women.)

MUSTANG: (*watching this, amused*) Ladies, girls, women. (*they stop fighting, HE walks between them*) Once again, it looks like you need a man to take control.

MALTA: Nobody controls Malta!

(*EDSEL, MALTA, and BRANDY chase him off stage, offended, leaving MARIANNA and ASHLEY. ASHLEY is threateningly eyeing the chocolate bar.*)

MARIANNA: (*backing away*) You can't have it.

ASHLEY: Give me that. (*they fight over it for a bit*)

MARIANNA: (*gets it back*) No! You Amazon!

ASHLEY: Give me that, now!

MARIANNA: Come get it, Xena!

(*SHE stuffs the rest of it in her mouth and shouts something indecipherable, while pointing and gesturing wildly, which is meant to be offensive.*)

ASHLEY: How dare you talk to me like that!

(*ASHLEY takes out after her, and chases her off stage*)

(*Enter ZAMMI and BO, after a short pause.*)

ZAMMI: Well, up to now we've managed to vote off only the Voortrekkers. I think by the law of averages, one of us has to go next.

BO: Who do you think it should be?

ZAMMI: I'm not sure.

NAMIBIA: (*enters, followed by FELIX, suspicious*) Are you plotting against the rest of us?

ZAMMI: I'm just trying to find a way to win. So obviously, one of you has to go.

BO: I think it should be Mauritius.

NAMIBIA: Mauritius? And vote against one of our sisters? I don't think so.

ZAMMI: That's right. We're family. We stick together. It's going to be one of *you* guys.

RUDY: (*enters with SIERRA*) Nope. Four of *us* guys vote for the same sis, and you're toast. Someone's going to have to do some barrrrr-gaining.

ZAMMI: Well you can't vote *me* off. Not after the rhino episode. Besides that, (*waves them tantalizingly in her sisters' faces and puts*

them back) I still have jurisdiction over the disposition of the charge cards. You vote Zammi, and Zammi shops alone.

MICK: (**enters with MAURITIUS**) You can't vote *us* off. (**stagey**) I have to prove my manhood and win her love.

NAMIBIA: Please, we don't have that kind of time.

BO: A real man doesn't have to prove. He just *is*. (**SIERRA looks at him for awhile, trying to figure him out**) What?

SIERRA: (**shakes her head**) You just...*aren't*.

RUDY: Us guys have been talking it over. (**he gathers the men into a defensive group**) We think if one of the Venda has to go, it should be.... (**the sisters form a defensive group too, so the men are afraid to speak their minds**)

ZAMMI: Who? Would you break up the all-powerful combo of (**they get into their poses**)

NAMIBIA: Diversity...

SIERRA: Multiculturalism...

MAURITIUS: Humanity...

ZAMMI: And dance?

MICK: We don't dance.

RUDY: We're not terribly diverse either. We're all pretty much the same.

MAURITIUS: (**to MICK**) A real man isn't afraid to dance! A real man can waltz, two-step, and samba! All at once.

MICK: You know, Mauritius, I'm gonna dump *you*!

MAURITIUS: (**incredulous**) Dump *me*?

MICK: Too many parameters! Real man this, real man that...either take me as I am... or vote me off!

MAURITIUS: That will be easy...

FELIX: Actually, we were gunning for Namibia.

NAMIBIA: Me? What have I done?

FELIX: Well, nothing. That's the problem.

RUDY: Believe me, I've tried.

NAMIBIA: (**slaps either FELIX or RUDY**) *Onbeskaaf*.

FELIX: We have support of the Voortrekkers.

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