

ROBINSON CRUSOE

by Nigel Holmes

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ROBINSON CRUSOE - CAST LIST

Jasper Parrot - A Parrot. The Narrator. Played by a "real" actor in a parrot outfit (or perhaps a large puppet). Jasper Parrot has the character of an old fashioned "over the top theatrical" actor.

Robinson Crusoe - Normally played by a girl in tights. Son of Mother Crusoe. An honest yet naive boy.

Mother Crusoe - The Dame. A grotesque man dressed as a woman. Mother of Robinson Crusoe. Flamboyant in dress. Brash and loud.

Swash - Part of the comedy duo. Cheeky. A simple person and wanabe pirate. Talks in a pirate voice. Slightly more intelligent than counterpart Buckle, but only just.

Buckle - Part of the comedy duo. Cheeky. A simple person and wanabe pirate. Talks in a pirate voice. Slightly less intelligent than counterpart Swash.

Captain Blood - A fully fledged pirate. Nasty. The villain. Stomps around a lot and wants his own way. Does not talk like a pirate (perhaps upper class accent?) Captain of a ship called the Dastardly Barnacle.

Polly Perkins - The young girlfriend of Robinson Crusoe. Not as sweet and innocent as she appears.

Miss Friday - A tour rep from a cruise ship. Tries to be efficient and controlling but it doesn't always work out that way.

The Old F.A.R.T's - A group of elderly people from the cruise ship. Often drunk and out of control. Enjoying life and retirement. Making the most of life. Consisting of...

Ada - The unelected leader of the group.

Ethel - A bit eccentric.

Maude - Slightly rude.

Gladys - Sexy. Chases men.

Cecil - A prude. Always noticing rude remarks.

Several non speaking members could be added to this group.

King Neptune - An immortal who lives under the sea. Speaks in rhyme.

Plankton - The attendant and assistant of King Neptune.

Deckhand Sam - A pirate. (Male or female.)

Deckhand Chris - A pirate. (Male or female.)

Ghost - Non speaking part.

Pirates and Villagers - These can be played by male and female. A mixture of ages and types that form the chorus and dancers.

ACT I: PROLOGUE: JASPER PARROT'S PERCH.

THERE IS A TROPICAL PALM TREE. IT IS SET OUTSIDE THE PROSCENIUM ARCH, TO ONE SIDE. VERY HIGH UP ON THE TOP OF THIS TREE IS A PARROT'S PERCH THAT LOOKS DOWN OVER THE STAGE. AROUND THE PERCH IS A VERY "HOMELY" LOOKING AREA WITH WALLPAPER, FAMILY PICTURES AND A STANDARD LAMP.

A PARROT (JASPER PARROT) OCCUPIES THE PERCH, BUT IS IN DARKNESS AND UNSEEN. (EITHER AN ACTOR IN A PARROT COSTUME OR A LARGE PUPPET.)

Musical Number: Overture.

AS THE OVERTURE FINISHES, A LIGHT IS SWITCHED ON IN THE PERCH AREA. THIS LOOKS LIKE IT HAS BEEN SWITCHED ON BY THE PARROT BY PULLING THE DANGLING SWITCH ON THE STANDARD LAMP.

JASPER PARROT: (DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE - IN THEATRICAL "LOVIE" VOICE.) Well hell-ow Lovies. Look at you. Turned out in your dressing up clothes to come and be entertained.

Yes! I'm the famous Jasper Parrot. I'll be signing autographs afterwards - For a small fee.

I'm only in this show as a favour for these poor darlings. Not really me you see. I don't like to say it but... Too good for this lot. Couldn't really afford me. Too much experience. You see darlings, I've trodden the boards with some of the greats. I was fan-tastic in The Taming of the Shoe. I stared next to Sir John Tealgood.

They wanted me to be the parrot sitting on that nasty Captain Blood's shoulder you know. Darlings, I said "No thank you!" All that training wasted. (IN SQUAWKY PARROT VOICE.) Pieces of eight. Pieces of eight. (NORMAL VOICE.) I ask you!

I mean, anyone can do that. Even you. Try it with me darlings. A little exercise to warm you up.

Come on lovies, all join in. In your parrot voice. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Pieces of eight. Pieces of eight. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) That's not nearly loud enough. I'm a professional and you're getting this lesson free, so *P-LEASE* make the most of it lovies.

Give it your all. Ready? Pieces of eight. Pieces of eight. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Amateurs the lot of you.

Now listen lovies, the story we are about to relate is a true one. Yes true! Except for the bits we made up.

You see darlings, it starts with a good old "Once upon a time", as all won-derful stories do. So... Are you ready? I said, are you ready? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Then let's begin.

Once upon a time... There was a small coastal village called Ticklewater, on the edge of the big sea. The people went about their jobs quietly, not expecting anything unusual to happen. Little did they know what was about to unfold.

(SHOUTING DOWN AT STAGE.) Right! Open the curtains!

TABS START TO OPEN.

JASPER PARROT TURNS OFF THE PERCH LIGHT.

END SCENE:

SCENE 1: THE HARBOUR AND QUAYSIDE IN TRICKLEWATER.

AS THE TABS OPEN WE SEE A QUAYSIDE WITH BUILDINGS TO EITHER SIDE. ONE BUILDING (PART OF A WING) SHOWS THE SIGN "CRUSOE'S CHANDLERS". A SAILING SHIP IS TIED UP ON THE QUAY.

THE STAGE IS FULL OF HAPPY AND BRIGHT LOOKING SEAFARING FOLK. (THE CHORUS AND DANCERS.)

Musical Number: The Dancers and Chorus.

Suggestion: What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor. - Traditional sea shanty.

JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER, SWASH AND BUCKLE JOIN IN WITH THE DANCING. THEY ARE WEARING DECK-HAND COSTUMES

THE DANCING FINISHES WITH A TABLEAU (HELD FOR APPLAUSE) WITH SWASH AND BUCKLE IN THE CENTRE. THE TWO OF THEM STEP AWAY FROM THE CHORUS, AND TALK DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

THE CHORUS AND DANCERS DRIFT OFF AND EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

SWASH: (PIRATE VOICE.) Arrrrr! Well what 'as we got us 'ear then?

BUCKLE: (PIRATE VOICE.) Them's those inland people from up (LOCAL TOWN REFERENCE) way.

SWASH: You can smell 'em can't yer?

BUCKLE: Arrrrr! They's wearing those posh perfume pong. And those deodoriser sprays.

SWASH: 'ave you sprayed.

BUCKLE: No, I'm saving the planet.

SWASH: You should try sprinkling yourself with toilet water.

BUCKLE: I did. But the seat fell on me 'ead.

SWASH: What you thinks this lot is 'ear fer?

BUCKLE: A good laaafff I shouldn't wonder.

SWASH: Can you do anything to makes 'em laaafff.

BUCKLE: I could turn round and drop me britches.

SWASH: 'ows that gonna make 'em laaafff?

BUCKLE: I'm commando.

SWASH: Go on then. I dares yer.

BUCKLE: I'd need a big cheer if I was gonna.

SWASH: Do you wanna see some white bits? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Oh no you don't. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Oh no you don't. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

BUCKLE: I'm not gonna do it for a weedy cheer like that.

SWASH: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Come on then. Do you wanna see Buckle commando? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

BUCKLE TURNS AND DROPS BRITCHES, BUT IS WEARING HUGE PANTS WITH A CAMOUFLAGE PATTERN. SWASH LOOKS ON DISGUSTED.

SWASH: (con't) That's not commando. That's camouflage.

BUCKLE: 'Course it is. If you was a real commando yer wouldn't want a white backside in a war zone. Every time yer went to the dunny you'd get a tornado right up yer doughnut.

SWASH: Dingle! But you gotta laaafff ain't yer?

BUCKLE: Arrrrr!

SWASH: Arrrrr!

BUCKLE: Arrrrr!

SWASH: Anyway you lot, lookie 'ear. I'm Swash and that's Buckle. (POINTING TO EACH IN TURN.) Swash and Buckle

BUCKLE: See. Simple.

SWASH: That's right! We both arrrrr!

BUCKLE: Arrrrr what?

SWASH: Simple.

BUCKLE: Arrrrr!

SWASH: We's gonna be pirates. We's gonna do pirating all over the place.

BUCKLE: Tell 'em were we's already been.

SWASH: Oh we's been everywhere we 'as. We's been to (INSERT HERE, A LIST OF FOUR OR FIVE LOCAL PLACES THAT YOUR AUDIENCE WILL RECOGNISE, BUT ARE ALL INLAND.)

BUCKLE: An that was just this week.

SWASH: Arrrrr!

BUCKLE: Arrrrr!

SWASH: I knows what your thinking. Those places ain't near the sea.

BUCKLE: That's right.

SWASH: Actually we ain't never been to sea before.

BUCKLE: No, we ain't been to sea yet.

SWASH: But we've both read "The Idiots Guide to Pirating".

BUCKLE: So we's now idiots.

SWASH: You's means Pirates.

BUCKLE: Do I?

SWASH: Anyways, there be a ship leaving tomorrow...

BUCKLE: The Dastardly Barnacle.

SWASH: ...and I 'eard say that Captain Blood be looking for crew.

BUCKLE: We's gonna join the cut-throat band of renegades and ... Not so nice people.

SWASH: Arrrrr!

BUCKLE: Arrrrr! Pirates.

SWASH: At the moment, we lives 'ear in Tricklewater.

BUCKLE: Sleeps in the boat 'ouse we does.

SWASH: In our 'ammocks.

BUCKLE: I 'ad to get out of me 'ammock last night.

SWASH: What?

BUCKLE: Out of me 'ammock. Three o'clock in the morning it was. I 'ad to get out.

SWASH: What's that got to do with anything?

BUCKLE: Well me feet fell over the side of me 'ammock.

SWASH: So!

BUCKLE: I 'ad to get out, to put 'em back in again.

SWASH: Dingle! (TO AUDIENCE.) Ignore Buckle please. We ain't 'ear to do silly jokes.

BUCKLE: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes we Arrrrr!.

SWASH: Oh no we're not.

BUCKLE: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes we Arrrrr!

SWASH: Go on. Tell 'em a pirate joke then.

BUCKLE: Okay. Why is pirates called "pirates"?

SWASH: I don't know.

BUCKLE: Nor do I. They just Arrrrrrrrr!

SWASH: You got any more?

BUCKLE: What be a pirates favourite country.

SWASH: I don't know. What be a pirates favourite country?

BUCKLE: Arrrrrrrr-gentina.

SWASH: You're a daft dingle you arrrrr. Hey!

BUCKLE: What?

SWASH: Shall we's lets them join our pirate gang?

BUCKLE: Good idea.

SWASH: We need a secret pirate thing so we all knows who we Arrrrr!

BUCKLE: I know. When we comes on, we'll say - "Are ye pirates?" And you lot, in yer best pirate voices, can say - "Yes we Arrrrr".

SWASH: Let's try it.

BUCKLE: We'll pretend to go off, and when we come on we'll say "Are ye pirates?".

SWASH: And you can reply in your best pirate voice - "Yes we Arrrrr", with a nice long Arrrrr on the end.

SWASH AND BUCKLE RUN ALMOST INTO THE WINGS AND RETURN CENTRE STAGE IN ONE ACTION.

S & B - TOGETHER: "Are ye pirates?" (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

SWASH: No, no, no. You 'as to do it in a pirate voice, and really loud. Yes we Arrrrr!

BUCKLE: Let's try again.

AGAIN SWASH AND BUCKLE RUN ALMOST INTO THE WINGS AND RETURN CENTRE STAGE IN ONE ACTION.

S & B - TOGETHER: "Are ye pirates?" (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

BUCKLE: Not bad. But some of you are doing a West country accent. Sounds like you's come from Somerset.

SWASH: Anyway we'd better be going. We need to sign on for the voyage of The Dastardly Barnacle.

BUCKLE: While we're gone...

SWASH: ...Put yer 'ands together...

BUCKLE: ...Fer the lovely, Mother Crusoe.

SWASH AND BUCKLE EXIT, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME MOTHER CRUSOE ENTERS FROM THE DOOR OF THE CHANDLERS STORE.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Well hello you lovely people of (LOCAL TOWN NAME.) How are you all? Come on. Speak up.

It's lovely to meet you. I run the chandlers over there. We sell everything that everyone needs when they go to sea. Ropes, lanyards, pulleys, locks and shackles. And that's just in the adult section.

Most people call me Mother Crusoe. You can if you like. I lost my husband last year. (ENCOURAGING "AHH".) I lost him in Sainsbury's.

No actually my husband was killed by a police taser. We were stunned.

I have a lovely son. We called him Robinson. I know it's a bit of an odd name, but during my pregnancy I'd been drinking a lot of orange squash.

Originally we were going to call him, Ribena.

Yes I know. Mr Crusoe, he was my husband, said, a boy called Ribena would always be getting asked if he was feeling fruity.

(more)

MOTHER CRUSOE: (con't)

Actually there not much money in this chandlery business. In fact we're totally broke.
(ENCOURAGING "AHH!") More broke than that.
(ENCOURAGING "AHH!") That's more like it.

In the old days you used to kiss your money goodbye. Nowadays you don't even get time to put on your lippy.

We're so poor that when we go down to that "Finger Licking Good" place, we have to lick someone else's fingers.

Anyway girls. What do you think of the outfit? It's all good isn't it? Except there's a bad girl in it.

Oh yes, I can be naughty sometimes. Last week I had a date with a man from (LOCAL REFERENCE.) You won't believe this but we met near the public toilets. It was a meeting of convenience.

His love making took four hours. I know, four hours girls. That included a meal, a movie and two hours of begging.

If I had a man to help with the finances, then things would be better. (LOOKING DEEPER INTO THE AUDIENCE.) Any offers?

LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE PERCH OF JASPER PARROT.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oi! Can you see any better from up there? Oi!

THE PERCH LIGHT COMES ON AS IF VIA THE PULL SWITCH.

JASPER PARROT: How dare you shout "Oi!" I will not be "Oi'ed".

I'll have you know that I've worked with the likes of Dame Kiri Twitty-Twitawa and she was far too good to do the "Oi!"

MOTHER CRUSOE: Just look and see if there's any decent men in the audience.

JASPER PARROT: (LOOKING OVER AUDIENCE.) Do you want someone your own age?

MOTHER CRUSOE: Yes. About twenty nine.

JASPER PARROT: Oh no! I can see something nasty coming.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Not someone from (RIVAL LOCAL TOWN.)

JASPER PARROT: No. This is someone big and hairy?

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oh no.

JASPER PARROT: And I think they're going to make a strange wailing noise.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oh no! Who is it?

JASPER PARROT: You lovie! This is where you sing a song.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oi! I'll have you know...

JASPER PARROT: Oi? Don't you "Oi!" me.

MOTHER CRUSOE: I'll "Oi!" you if I like. Stupid bird.

JASPER PARROT: Stupid bird! That's it! I resign. This is not in my contract. Get me the director.

JASPER PARROT'S PULLS THE STRING AND
TURNS OUT THE PERCH LIGHT.

MOTHER CRUSOE GOES INTO THE SONG.

Musical Number: Mother Crusoe (and chorus if available).

Suggestion: On Mother Kelly's Doorstep. (Changed to "On Mother Crusoe's Doorstep".)

AT THE END OF THE SONG, ROBINSON CRUSOE
ENTERS RUNNING. HE IS WAVING A
TREASURE MAP.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (EXCITED.) Mother, Mother. Look what I've found.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, this is my son, Robinson Crusoe. Please give him a warm welcome.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But Mother...

MOTHER CRUSOE: Manners my boy. What have I taught you. Say thank you.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Sorry Mother. (TO AUDIENCE.) Thank you. It's a pleasure to meet you all.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Much better.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (EXCITED.) But Mother! Look what I've found.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Very nice son. Now put it away, it's nearly time for tea.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But Mother. Look!

MOTHER CRUSOE: I'll look once you've done a tinkle and washed your hands.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: No Mother, you don't understand.

MOTHER CRUSOE: I'm going in now to make the tea. If you are not inside in two minutes, I'll... I'll... And you won't like it.

MOTHER CRUSOE EXITS INTO CHANDLERS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE TALKS DIRECTLY TO THE
AUDIENCE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: She doesn't seem to understand. Look! (SHOWING MAP.) I think it's a treasure map. It has to be. It says that it's a map of somewhere called Skull Island.

I found it in an old trunk that we bought at an auction. I think it's a secret treasure map. Look! "X" marks the spot. "X" always does. Skull Island. I wonder where that is?

ENTER POLLY PERKINS.

POLLY PERKINS: You wonder where what is?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Skull Island.

POLLY PERKINS: Don't be silly. Nowhere is ever called Skull Island.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: This island is. Look. (SHOWS POLLY THE MAP.) By the way. You should introduce yourself to all my friends here.

POLLY PERKINS: (DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE.) Nice to meet you all. I'm Polly.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Polly Perkins. My fiancée.

POLLY PERKINS: That's not quite right is it? I've never actually agreed to marry you.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Maybe not. But I won't stop asking 'til you do.

POLLY PERKINS: And who knows? One day I might just say yes.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But look at this. (WAVING MAP EXCITEDLY.) What if this IS real? What if there IS a real treasure chest? What if the chest is full of gold and coins and jewels?

POLLY PERKINS: That's a lot of "What if's".

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Yes, but what if? What if I was to go there and dig for this treasure? What if I came home rich? Would you marry me?

POLLY PERKINS: Well...

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Why not? That's it! (GETTING DOWN ON ONE KNEE.) What if I find the treasure and become rich? Will you marry me Miss Polly Perkins?

POLLY PERKINS: Well... As this map is highly unlikely to be real, and you will never find any treasure, then yes Mr Robinson Crusoe. I will marry you.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (JUMPING UP.) Wow! Wow! Wow! You *will* marry me?

POLLY PERKINS: If you find the treasure and become rich, I promise to marry you.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Then I'll do it!

POLLY PERKINS: It's not real. There's no treasure.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: There must be. I won't stop until I've found it. Polly Perkins. You *will* be my bride.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (CALLING FROM OFF.) Robinson! Get in here at once. Your tea is on the table and your cabbage stew is getting cold.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: If you really promise, I WILL do this.

POLLY PERKINS: We have our whole future in front of us, and only you can make it happen.

Musical Number: Robinson Crusoe and Polly Perkins. (Sung as a strong and forceful duet.)

Suggestion: Unwritten - Natasha Bedingfield.

WAIT A FEW MOMENTS FOR APPLAUSE HERE
BEFORE BREAKING THE SPELL OF THE COUPLE
TOGETHER.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (OFF.) Robinson Crusoe! Get in here now.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: I've gotta go. I'll keep you to your promise Polly.

POLLY PERKINS: Go and get your cabbage.

ROBINSON CRUSOE EXITS THROUGH CHANDLERS.

POLLY PERKINS EXITS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

CAPTAIN BLOOD ENTERS IN FULL PIRATE COSTUME, FOLLOWED BY THE PIRATE CREW.

CAPT BLOOD: Ahhhh haaa haaa haaa!

(DIRECT TO AUDIENCE.) I am Captain Blood. Did I hear someone at the back booing me? Take care or I'll splice your main braces.

My ship is The Dastardly Barnacle. Me and this motley crew sail the seven seas looking for mischief. Any ship that crosses our path feels the full force of our power. We plunder and sink anything that gets in our way.

CREW - TOGETHER: Arrrrr! (WAVING SWORDS.)

CAPT BLOOD: Gold, glittery gold. Diamonds, sparkly diamonds.

Anything that shines we'll fight for it. And don't think you lot are going to get out of here without giving up your riches. I've already seen a few gold teeth when you've been laughing. We'll have those before the performance is over. And my crew of cut-throats here will be standing by the door on your way out, so be prepared to "donate" any jewellery you fools brought with you.

CREW - TOGETHER: Arrrrr! (WAVING SWORDS.)

CAPT BLOOD: That boy Crusoe. He should have kept his mouth shut. He's found the map to Burnin' Scareface Cutler's treasure. It's been missing for years.

It leads to the spot where Burnin' Scareface Cutler, the most evil pirate of all time, after me, buried his treasure on Skull Island. Many have tried to find it, but they've all come back dead.

CREW - TOGETHER: Arrrrr! (WAVING SWORDS.)

CAPT BLOOD: Once I have that map I'll be the richest pirate in all the world. Ahhhh haaa haaa haaa!

That lad Crusoe doesn't even know where Skull Island is. But us *real* pirates do. It's North of Skull Rock. South of Skull Point. East of Skull Reef. And West of the Station Road Spar Shop (OR LOCAL REFERENCE).

I'll be rich. Ahhhh haaa haaa haaa!

CREW - TOGETHER: Arrrrr! (WAVING SWORDS.)

THE FOLLOWING SONG SHOULD BE SUNG WITH LOTS OF SWAGGER AND LOOKING THREATENING.

Musical Number: Captain Blood and all the Crew.

Suggestion: Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum - From Robert Louis Stevenson's novel Treasure Island.

WHILE THE MUSICAL NUMBER IS BEING SUNG, DECKHAND SAM AND DECKHAND CHRIS, BRING ON A TABLE AND A CHAIR. THEY PLACE THESE ON THE APRON (TO ONE SIDE). THEY STILL SING AND ACT AGGRESSIVE. EVEN TO THE POINT OF DANCING ON THE TABLE.

TOWARDS THE END OF THE NUMBER, CAPTAIN BLOOD COMES FORWARD AND CLAIMS THE TABLE. IT WILL BE USED IN THE FOLLOWING SCENE AS THE INTERVIEW TABLE.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THE MAIN CREW FORM A TABLEAU FOR APPLAUSE, AS THE TABS CLOSE ACROSS THEM. CAPTAIN BLOOD AND THE TWO DECKHANDS STAY IN FRONT OF THE TABS.

CLOSE TABS.

THE ACTION CARRIES ON WITH THE CAPTAIN AND DECKHANDS DIRECTLY INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: CAPTAIN BLOOD'S RECRUITMENT OFFICE.

THIS SCENE IS PLAYED ON THE APRON AND RUNS IMMEDIATELY FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE WITHOUT A BREAK.

CAPT BLOOD: (TO AUDIENCE.) The recruiting desk is open! What ugly scavengers want to join the crew of The Dastardly Barnacle?

(IF THERE IS A RESPONSE FROM THE AUDIENCE - NORMALLY KIDS.) You ugly lot are not bloodthirsty enough. Show me your pirate face/s.

CAPTAIN BLOOD SITS BEHIND THE TABLE. THE TWO DECKHANDS FORM A GUARD BEHIND HIM.

SWASH: (ENTERING.) I'll join. (TO AUDIENCE.) Are ye pirates? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Well done. I thought yer'd forget.

BUCKLE: (ENTERING.) I'll join too. (TO AUDIENCE.) Are ye pirates? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Wait! Whoa! What has we just volunteered fer?

SWASH: To join the crew of The Dastardly Barnacle yer dingle.

BUCKLE: Oh right. Yes, I'll join that. Will be a good laaaff I shouldn't wonder.

CAPT BLOOD: Have you mangy articles any experience in boats.

SWASH: Last year we spent our 'oliday on the Norfolk Broads.

CAPT BLOOD: Can you read and write?

SWASH: Buckle be reading Janet and John book three, and I is reading their one about pirates. Janet and John enjoy a Jolly Roger.

CAPT BLOOD: Can you fight dirty?

SWASH: Can WE fight dirty? You're joking! We can both do that oriental stuff. Buckle does all them air punching, kicky flappy foot poking moves. Show 'im.

BUCKLE DOES A COUPLE OF SILLY KUNG-FOO MOVES

BUCKLE: And Swash is a black belt in Karaoke.

CAPT BLOOD: Can you speak like a pirate?

S & B - TOGETHER: Arrrrr!

SWASH: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) And so can they.

BUCKLE: Are ye pirates? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

CAPT BLOOD: You're in. Sign here.

THEY BOTH SIGN THE PAPER ON THE DESK WITH A BALL POINT PEN.

Note: The actors play this next few lines as if ad-libs and they can drop out of character.

BUCKLE: (GIGGLING SLIGHTLY.) Aren't we spoiling the illusion a bit here? (HOLDING UP THE BALL POINT PEN.) It's a Biro. Shouldn't this be a quill or a feather?

CAPT BLOOD: Say nothing! (WINK) I think it was left here by a time traveller.

BUCKLE: (GRINNING.) Hmmm! Well explained. (WINK.) I don't think anyone noticed.

SWASH AND BUCKLE BOTH FINISH SIGNING.

Note: Back into character.

SWASH: That be it then. We's now real pirates. (TO AUDIENCE.) Are ye pirates? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

BUCKLE: I've got a new joke. Why couldn't the pirate play cards? Because 'e was standing on the deck.

Note: With any luck that joke will get a groan rather than a full laugh.

SWASH: That joke should have gone better than that. Would you like me to show you a way of making that punch line get a really 'uge laaaff.

BUCKLE: A 'uge laaaff. You think you can improve me punch line?

SWASH: Easy. I can get you an 'uge laaaff. With the same line. Just a moment.

SWASH GOES QUICKLY TO THE WINGS AND RETURNS WITH TWO "CUSTARD PIES" (ONE IN EACH HAND).

SWASH: (con't) This will get that joke a 'uge laaaff. Say the punch line again.

BUCKLE: Because 'e was standing on the deck.

ON THE LAST WORD OF THE LINE, SWASH PUSHES ONE CUSTARD PIE INTO BUCKLE'S FACE.

SWASH: See. That got a much bigger laaaff.

BUCKLE: (SCRAPING PIE FROM FACE.) Thank you for that lesson in comedy.

SWASH: Your welcome.

BUCKLE: But you still 'ave one pie left.

SWASH: That's fer the back-up *surprise* laugh.

BUCKLE: A surprise laugh?

SWASH: The one no one expects. Say the line again.

BUCKLE: Because 'e...

JUST AS BUCKLE STARTS THE LINE, SWASH HITS BUCKLE IN THE FACE WITH THE SECOND PIE.

SWASH: See. They didn't expect that.

CAPT BLOOD: Right you no good excuses for crew. We sail on the morning tide.

S & B - TOGETHER: Aye aye Captain.

SWASH AND BUCKLE SALUTE AND EXIT.

MOTHER CRUSOE ENTERS WITH THE "MOP DOG".

Note: The "Mop Dog" is a hairy dog made out of two traditional Mop Heads and one handle. (Or Kentucky Mop Heads.) The dog resembles "Dougal" from The Magic Roundabout without a head or face. The mop handle acts as a lead.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Come on boy. Come and meet these nice people.

MOTHER CRUSOE CONTROLS THE "MOP" AS IF IT WERE A REAL DOG.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (con't) Come on, don't be frightened. I know they look fierce but I'm sure they're nice people.

THE "MOP DOG" LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO PEE UP THE TABLE LEG, OR LOOKS OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE, OR DRAG MOTHER CRUSOE IN STRANGE DIRECTIONS. LET YOUR ACTOR PLAY WITH THE IDEA.

THE "MOP DOG" CAN ALSO CLEAN UP ANY "CUSTARD PIE" LEFT ON THE STAGE.

CAPT BLOOD: Stop right there. The Dastardly Barnacle is a fighting ship. What use is your stupid dog on board?

MOTHER CRUSOE: He can swab the decks. (DEMONSTRATING AS MOP TO CLEAN UP ANY OF THE CUSTARD PIE.)

JASPER PARROT'S LIGHT COMES ON.

JASPER PARROT: I say! You can't bring that dog in here.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Who rattled your cage?

JASPER PARROT: The rules say...

MOTHER CRUSOE: (MOCKING VOICE.) The rules say.

JASPER PARROT: The rules clearly state that no dogs are allowed on stage without a qualified handler and a pooper scooper.

MOTHER CRUSOE: He won't poop.

JASPER PARROT: What about on the ship?

MOTHER CRUSOE: He'll use the poop deck.

JASPER PARROT: We don't know that lovie.

MOTHER CRUSOE: We do. He's not real. He's a moppet.

JASPER PARROT: Can he perform?

MOTHER CRUSOE: More than you can darling.

JASPER PARROT: Let's see what he can do.

JASPER PARROT'S LIGHT GOES OUT.

SILLY DANCE MUSIC PLAYS.

MOTHER CRUSOE PERFORMS A SHORT DANCE SEQUENCE TO THE MUSIC. THE MOP DOG DANCES BEHIND HER, IN FRONT OF HER, IN A CIRCLE ROUND HER. IT MIGHT WALK ON IT'S HIND LEGS, OR MIGHT EVEN JUMP UP ON THE TABLE AND OFF AGAIN. (WHATEVER THE ACTOR THINKS CAN BE DONE AND LOOKS SILLY WITH A LARGE MOP ON A STICK.)

FINALLY MOTHER CRUSOE DANCES THE MOP DOG OVER TO THE WINGS. SHE REACHES INTO THE WINGS AND COLLECTS A LARGE HOOP. HOLDING THE HOOP OUT FOR THE DOG TO JUMP THROUGH IT, SHE ENCOURAGES IT TO JUMP. BUT IT DOESN'T. SHE BACKS THE MOP DOG OFF INTO THE WINGS SO THAT THE "DOG" PART IS OUT OF SIGHT, BUT SHE STILL HOLDS THE STICK.

SHE THEN ENCOURAGES THE DOG TO JUMP. AT THAT POINT A STAGE HAND THROWS A NORMAL SIZED MOP HEAD (NO STICK) FROM THE WINGS AND THROUGH THE HOOP, LANDING ON THE FLOOR.

MOTHER CRUSOE MOTIONS FOR THE "STUNT MOP" TO JUMP BACK THROUGH THE HOOP. IT DOESN'T. SO SHE QUICKLY KICKS IT OFF STAGE HOPING NO ONE HAS NOTICED.

SHE NOW BRINGS THE ORIGINAL MOP DOG BACK ON STAGE, (WHILE THROWING THE HOOP INTO THE WINGS) AND THE DOG AND HER BOTH TAKE A BOW.

MOTHER CRUSOE: You don't think anyone noticed the stunt dog, do you?

CAPT BLOOD: Quiet! I do not have a position for you.

MOTHER CRUSOE: What position would you like me in then darling? No, I am applying this application for the appliance of my son, Robinson. Here he comes now.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ENTERS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Hello Mother. Is this where I should apply if I want to join the crew of The Dastardly Barnacle?

MOTHER CRUSOE: You need to talk to these kind gentlemen. I have to go and give my dog a bone. (EXITS WITH MOP DOG.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (STEPPING UP TO DESK.) I'd like to apply to join your crew Sir.

CAPT BLOOD: Ha! My ship needs *real* men. You son are too... (LOOKING ROBINSON UP AND DOWN.) Errrr... You're too... Girly!

DECKHAND SAM: (IN STAGE WHISPER.) Captain, this is the lad we saw earlier.

DECKHAND CHRIS: (IN STAGE WHISPER.) The one with the treasure map Captain.

CAPT BLOOD: Ah yes! Errrr... My crew informs me that we still have one more position left to fill. You've just got it.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Thank you Captain, but don't you want any references?

CAPT BLOOD: (SNAPPING.) No.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But don't you need any details of my experience?

CAPT BLOOD: No.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But don't you need any details about my character?

CAPT BLOOD: (ANNOYED.) Look boy! Do you want this job or not?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But...

CAPT BLOOD: Sign here.

ROBINSON CRUSOE SIGNS THE PAPER ON THE TABLE.

CAPT BLOOD: (con't) The Dastardly Barnacle sails with the tide.

ROBINSON CRUSOE EXITS.

CAPT BLOOD: (con't) Ahhh haaaa haaaa haaaa. We've done it! He'll bring the map on board and we'll clobber him and steal it. I'll be rich and he'll be dead. Ahhh haaaa haaaa haaaa.

THE TABS START TO OPEN. THE DECKHANDS PICK UP THE DESK AND CHAIR AND WALK THROUGH THE OPENING TABS WITH THEM AND OFF.

CAPTAIN BLOOD STEPS CENTRE STAGE AND LOOKS OUT.

CAPT BLOOD: (con't) (LOUDLY.) Sharpen your eyes and your cutlasses. We sail for Skull Island.

Ahhhh haaa haaa haaa!

TABS FULLY OPEN FOR THE NEXT SCENE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: THE DECK OF THE DASTARDLY BARNACLE.

THE TABS HAVE OPENED DURING THE END OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE SCENERY DEPICTS THE DECK OF A SAILING SHIP. CENTRAL FRONT IS THE SHIP'S WHEEL. NEXT TO THE WHEEL IS A SPEAKING TUBE. THE WHEEL SUPPORT WIDENS OUT AT THE BASE (A HALF WALL OF THE QUARTER DECK?) TO HIDE AN "OPERATOR" FOR THE SPEAKING TUBE GAG.

THE STAGE IS FULL OF SAILORS/PIRATES WHO SING AND DANCE. CAPTAIN BLOOD JOINS THEM FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

Musical Number: The Chorus and Dancers as Pirates.

Suggestion: We're Riding Along On The Crest Of A Wave - (The Gang Show). Ralph Reader.

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER, CAPTAIN BLOOD TAKES OVER AT THE WHEEL.

CAPT BLOOD: Clear off you shirkers. To your duties. And don't think I won't be watching.

THE CHORUS AND DANCERS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

SWASH AND BUCKLE ENTER.

S & B - TOGETHER: (TO AUDIENCE.) Are ye pirates? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

SWASH: Arrrrr! Captain. We's new round 'ere.

BUCKLE: What does you wants us to do?

CAPT BLOOD: Can you steer a ship?

SWASH: Can WE steer a ship!

BUCKLE: (QUESTIONING SWASH.) Can WE steer a ship?

SWASH: Course we can.

BUCKLE: Arrrrr! Course we can.

CAPT BLOOD: And you know the course?

SWASH: Course we knows the course.

BUCKLE: Arrrrr! Course we do.

SWASH: Course you can leave the course to us.

BUCKLE: Arrrrr! Course you can.

CAPT BLOOD: If you get into trouble, use the speaking tube.

CAPTAIN BLOOD EXITS.

BUCKLE: Does we really know the course?

SWASH: Course we don't. (POINTING TO SPEAKING TUBE.) But we have this 'ere YouTube thing. If we cans gets a 4G connection there'll be SatNav.

BUCKLE: Can't we just navigate by them stars and planet things?

SWASH: (LOOKING UP AND POINTING.) Look. I can see, Mars and there's that Jupiter.

BUCKLE: I think that one's Venice.

SWASH: Thankfully we's not in one of those pantomime that would say... "I think I can see Uranus".

S & B - TOGETHER: Arrrrr!

THE SPEAKING TUBE MAKES A BLOWING RASPBERRY SOUND.

BUCKLE: This 'ere speaking tubes just been a dirty boy.

SWASH: Answer it then.

BUCKLE PICKS UP THE SPEAKING TUBE AND LISTENS.

BUCKLE: (NODDING A FEW TIMES.) Yes... Yes... Yes... (HOLDING THE TUBE TOWARDS Swash.) They wants to know if you've claimed back yer P.P.I.

SWASH: 'ang up.

BUCKLE REPLACES THE SPEAKING TUBE.

SWASH: (con't) Can't yer get anything sensible on that thing? Perhaps it's like Google. You ask it things and it replies.

BUCKLE: What can we ask it?

SWASH: I knows a little rhyme that always seems to work at times like this.

BUCKLE: A little rhyme? That sounds fun. Can yer teach it to me?

SWASH: Nothing simpler. It goes like this...

Please speaking tube.
Make me happy,
Put something up the spout for me.

And then you get it.

BUCKLE: That sounds easy. Can I have a practise?

SWASH: Of course.

BUCKLE: I'll try it.

Please speaking tube.
Make me happy.
Put something up the spout for me.

SWASH: And then you get it.

BUCKLE: Then I get it?

SWASH: That's right. (TO AUDIENCE.) We want Buckle to get it don't we? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Try it then.

BUCKLE: (SPEAKING INTO TUBE.)

Please speaking tube.
Make me happy.
Put something up the spout for me.

AT THE END OF THE RHYME, BUCKLE LOOKS
DOWN THE TUBE AND GETS A FACE FULL OF
TALCUM POWDER/FLOUR.

*NOTE: Below the front stand of the ships wheel is a stage hand/
operator who blows talcum powder up the tube.*

SWASH: Did you get anything?
BUCKLE: I don't think this tube has been used for a long
time. It's very dusty down there.
SWASH: You'd better try again.
BUCKLE: Yes, all the dust will be cleared by now.
SWASH: Almost certainly.
BUCKLE: Okay. I'll try again and see what I gets. (DOWN
TUBE.)

Please speaking tube.
Make me happy.
Put something up the spout for me.

AT THE END OF THE RHYME, BUCKLE LOOKS
DOWN THE TUBE AND GETS A FACE FULL OF
TALCUM POWDER/FLOUR.

SWASH: Did yer gets anything?
BUCKLE: I'm not sure. It's too dusty to see. Perhaps you
should 'ave a go.
SWASH: No! This is a vitally important job and you's
seems to be doing it really well.
BUCKLE: Thank you. I appreciate you trusting me to do this
vitally important job.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ENTERS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Hello you two. What are you up to?
SWASH: We're steering the ship, but we can't get
instructions through the speaking tube.
BUCKLE: Yes. Perhaps yer'd like to try fer us. (WINKING
AT AUDIENCE.)
ROBINSON CRUSOE: Certainly I'll have a go if it will help. What do
I have to do?
BUCKLE: Well you says this little rhyme. And then yer gets
it.
ROBINSON CRUSOE: A little rhyme and then I get it?
SWASH: That's right.
ROBINSON CRUSOE: You'd better tell me this rhyme.
BUCKLE: You say
Please speaking tube.
Make me happy.
Put something up the spout for me.

(more)

BUCKLE: (con't)

And then (WINK TO AUDIENCE.) yer gets it.

ROBINSON CRUSOE PICKS UP THE SPEAKING
TUBE AND TALKS INTO IT.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Let me try then.

Please speaking tube.

Make me happy.

Put something up the spout for me.

BUCKLE ANTICIPATES ROBINSON CRUSOE
GETTING SPRAYED, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS.

BUCKLE: No, no, no! It doesn't understand yer. It's
'cause you's is speaking with some funny accent.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Sorry! I haven't had as much experience as you.
Perhaps I could ask you to demonstrate.

BUCKLE: (GRABBING THE SPEAKING TUBE AND SPEAKING INTO IT.)

Please speaking tube.

Make me happy.

Put something up the spout for me.

BUCKLE LOOKS DOWN THE TUBE BUT NOTHING
HAPPENS, THEN SUDDENLY GETS A FACE FULL
OF TALCUM POWDER/FLOUR.

SWASH: Does yer think yer can steer the ship?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Looks quite simple.

SWASH: We're always simple. We'd better go below decks to
clean someone up.

ROBINSON CRUSOE TAKES THE WHEEL AND
SWASH AND BUCKLE EXIT.

MOTHER CRUSOE ENTERS CARRYING A HUGE
WOODEN BUNG.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Mother! What are you doing on this ship? I
thought you were at home.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Ahh! Now there you have me son. I cannot tell a
lie. Although I do sometimes cheat at Monopoly.

Yes, it is no untruth... I am a stowaway.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: A stowaway. On this ship? Mother, that terrible.
Where have you been sleeping.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Downstairs next to the swimming pool.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Swimming pool?

MOTHER CRUSOE: Yes. All good cruse ships have a gym and pool
area. Next to those exercise machines. You know,
them where you pull those handle things, while the
weights go up and down.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Mother, what you've seen are the shackles where
they keep prisoners.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Prisoners? What about the swimming pool then?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: There IS no swimming pool.

MOTHER CRUSOE: See, you're wrong there. There wasn't a pool when I first came on board. But then I noticed some water on the floor and I said to myself "That's not good on a ship". So to let the water run away, I found the little drainage plug and pulled it out.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: What little drainage plug? Not that big one right in the bottom of the boat?

MOTHER CRUSOE: Yes (SHOWING THE HUGE WOODEN PLUG.) This one.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: And this swimming pool? Is there more water getting into it?

MOTHER CRUSOE: How did you know that? You must be a side-kick? I was only paddling to start with but now there's this lovely refreshing whirlpool bath in the middle.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Mother! There IS no swimming pool on this ship. If there's water down there, we're sinking.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (PANICKING.) Sinking? We're sinking? We can't be sinking? I can't swim. I knew I should have packed my Princess Elsa water wings.

CAPTAIN BLOOD ENTERS RUNNING.

CAPT BLOOD: Can you feel it?

MOTHER CRUSOE: You can't ask a lady to do things like that when she's panicking.

CAPT BLOOD: No, can you feel IT?

MOTHER CRUSOE: IT what?

CAPT BLOOD: The Dastardly Barnacle is over to one side. Something's too heavy on this ship.

MOTHER CRUSOE: I had an extra helping of suet pudding for lunch.

CAPT BLOOD: Ahoy there! A woman? I think. Where have you come from?

MOTHER CRUSOE: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) Is the "Luton Airport" joke too old?

CAPT BLOOD: You're not on the crew list.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: She's not crew. She's my Mother.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (IN POSH VOICE.) How do you do. It's so lovely to meet you again, but I must be going. (TURNING TO LEAVE, BUT RETURNING AS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKS.)

CAPT BLOOD: A stowaway?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Well sort of. But she really is my Mother.

CAPT BLOOD: Actually, now you mention it. I can see her resemblance.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (LOOKING BEHIND) I thought I tucked it in.

CAPT BLOOD: On The Dastardly Barnacle all stowaways have to walk the plank. (SHOUTING OFF.) Bring me the plank.

DECKHAND SAM ENTERS SHOULDERING A PLANK.

DECKHAND SAM WALKS TO THE MIDDLE OF THE GROUP (PAST THE CAPTAIN.) ON ONE SIDE OF THE DECKHAND IS ROBINSON AND MOTHER CRUSOE. WITH THE CAPTAIN ON THE OTHER (BEHIND THE DECKHAND.)

DECKHAND SAM: Who ordered this?

CAPT BLOOD: I did, you idiot.

DECKHAND SAM SPINS ROUND WITH THE PLANK TO FACE THE CAPTAIN. THE PLANK WHIZZES ROUND AND EVERYONE DUCKS AS IT GOES OVER THEIR HEADS.

CAPT BLOOD: (con't)It's for her. (POINTING TO MOTHER CRUSOE.)

DECKHAND SAM SPINS BACK TOWARDS MOTHER CRUSOE AND EVERYONE DUCKS.

MOTHER CRUSOE: He asked for it.

DECKHAND SAM: Sorry Sir.

DECKHAND SAM SPINS AGAIN WITH THE PLANK. EVERYONE DUCKS.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Missed me!

DECKHAND SAM SPINS IN REVERSE AND THE CAPTAIN AND ROBINSON DUCK BUT MOTHER CRUSOE GETS HIT AND STAGGERS ALL OVER THE STAGE.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (con't)My nose is all big and bloated.

CAPT BLOOD: It was like that before.

DECKHAND SAM HOLD THE PLANK SIDEWAYS AND THE OTHERS FORM A LINE ALONG IT.

DECKHAND SAM: Where do you want it Captain?

CAPT BLOOD: Down there.

DECKHAND SAM DROPS THE PLANK, AND IT "APPEARS" TO DROP ON THE OTHER ACTORS TOES, WHO JUMP AROUND IN PAIN.

FINALLY THE PLANK IS PLACED TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE SO THAT A VERY SMALL PART OF IT HANGS OVER THE EDGE TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE. DECKHAND SAM EXITS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: You can't make my Mother walk the plank.

MOTHER CRUSOE: You can't make his Mother walk the plank.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: My Mother can't swim.

MOTHER CRUSOE: His Mother can't swim.

CAPT BLOOD: Your Mother should have thought of that before she stowed away.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Your Mother should have thought of that before... Just a moment. We're sinking. Have we all forgotten that?

CAPT BLOOD: We're listing?

MOTHER CRUSOE: Listing? Oh good. Could you add a pack of loo rolls to your list?

CAPT BLOOD: What?

MOTHER CRUSOE: Put loo rolls on your shopping list. The stuff on this ship is like tracing paper.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Mother, we're not making a shopping list, the ship is starting to lean to one side.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Port or starfish?

CAPT BLOOD: Before we all sink and go to our watery graves, you Madam must walk the plank.

THE CAPTAIN DRAWS A SWORD AND PRODS MOTHER CRUSOE.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Don't you poke my with your prodder. The last man who poked me with his prodder had to marry me.

CAPT BLOOD: The plank Madam. The plank.

MOTHER CRUSOE: No! Anything but the plank.

CAPT BLOOD: The plank, the plank.

MOTHER CRUSOE: No! Anything but the plank.

CAPT BLOOD: (SEDUCTIVELY.) Anything?

MOTHER CRUSOE: (LOOKING THE CAPTAIN UP AND DOWN.) On second thoughts, I'll take the plank.

MOTHER CRUSOE GETS ON THE PLANK AND THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS BEHIND WITH HIS CUTLASS.

CAPT BLOOD: Walk!

MOTHER CRUSOE: It was never like this for Kate Winslet in Titanic.

Musical Number: Sung by Robinson Crusoe, with comedy actions by Mother Crusoe and Captain blood.

Suggestion: My Heart Will Go On and On. - Celine Dione.

Note: DO NOT let your actors really walk the plank on the part that is over the edge of the stage.

THE TABS CLOSE SLOWLY DURING THE FIRST FEW BARS OF THE MUSIC, LEAVING THE THREE ACTORS ON THE APRON.

Note: This following comedy routine should be done as if in "SLOW MOTION" with the actor doing actions exaggerated and quite slowly to go with the music.

CAPTAIN BLOOD AND MOTHER CRUSOE ACT OUT THE PART OF THE FILM IN TITANIC (THE MOVIE) WHERE LEONARDO DI'CAPRIO AND KATE WINSLET STAND ON THE PROW OF THE SHIP AND LEAN INTO THE WIND.

ROBINSON CRUSOE MUST SING THE SONG IN A TOTALLY SERIOUS WAY, AND COMPLETELY IGNORING ANY LAUGHTER OR ANYTHING THAT THE OTHER ACTORS ARE DOING.

DURING THE SONG MOTHER CRUSOE AND THE CAPTAIN ARE LEANING FORWARD PRETENDING TO BE ON THE PROW OF THE SHIP. SHE HAS HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED AND HE HOLDS HER FROM BEHIND.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, SWASH ENTERS WITH A LARGE ELECTRIC FAN. (TABLE FAN.) IT IS HELD IN FRONT OF THE COUPLE TO CREATE A WINDY LOOK. MOTHER CRUSOE'S HAIR BLOWS IN THE WIND. (OR HER HAT MIGHT BLOW AWAY OR STREAMERS ARE FITTED TO THE FAN ETC.)

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS MORE, BUCKLE ENTERS DRAMATICALLY WITH A BUCKET OF WATER SLOPPING IT ABOUT TO MAKE IT OBVIOUS.

BUCKLE DIPS A HAND IN AND OUT OF THE BUCKET AND FLICKS WATER INTO THE PATH OF THE FAN SO THAT A LITTLE SPRAY LANDS ON THE COUPLE WHO ARE ENJOYING THE SEAFARING EXPERIENCE.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF THIS, SWASH TURNS THE FAN TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE AND BUCKLE SPLASHES MORE WATER INTO THE WIND STREAM.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHT IN JASPER PARROT'S PERCH AREA SNAPS ON AND THE MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY, LEAVING THE ACTORS WONDERING WHAT HAS GONE ON.

JASPER PARROT: What on earth do you lot think you're doing? You're sinking.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oi, you poor excuse for a feather duster. There's sensitive acting going on down here.

JASPER PARROT: Sensitive acting my beak. You lot wouldn't know acting if it came along and bit you up the bum.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Less of your muckyness around here please. This audience contains sensitive old people.

JASPER PARROT: Come on, come on. Clear the stage. We have decent actors coming on now and we can't do with the likes of you hanging about.

EVERYONE ON STAGE/APRON EXITS TAKING THE PROPS AND PLANK WITH THEM.

JASPER PARROT: (con't)That's better. Right, while they clear off, it's time that you had something sensible. Compared to that, this is almost culture lovie. I mean, you've paid your money to sit there, so the least you can expect is someone like me to bring the level up.

(CLEARING THROAT.) Our story continues.

The Dastardly Barnacle sinks to the bottom of the sea. Everyone on board drowns. And not before time if you ask me.

Well almost everyone. Robinson Crusoe is saved by a mermaid. You knew he would be didn't you? Come on, we haven't reached the interval yet so we can't kill off the star.

(more)

JASPER PARROT: (con't)

So here we are. The next scene. And may I remind you loovies, that no expense has been spared in the depiction of this underwater extravaganza.

Well actually I've seen it, and all expense HAS been totally spared.

Yes. We are going underwater. So please hold your breath and give our special effects people a round of applause, as we enter the Court of King Neptune.

JASPER PARROT PUTS THE PERCH LIGHT OUT.

TABS START TO OPEN.

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: THE COURT OF KING NEPTUNE.

TABS FULLY OPEN.

THE STAGE IS SET AS IF UNDERWATER. TO ONE SIDE THERE IS A LARGE THRONE AS IF MADE OF SHELLS OR CORAL.

KING NEPTUNE SITS ON THE THRONE BUT IS IN DARKNESS OR UNMOVING AND NOT OBVIOUS. NEXT TO NEPTUNE AND THE THRONE STANDS THE ASSISTANT, PLANKTON.

AS THE TABS OPEN THE DANCERS AND CHORUS PERFORM AN "UNDERWATER BALLET" DRESSED AS SEA CREATURES. (OR A UV/BLACK LIGHT SEQUENCE COULD BE USED WITH FISH AND OTHER SEA CREATURES.)

Musical Number: Dancers, as underwater creatures or ballet. Could use children.

Suggestion: The Theme for Exodus - Ernest Gold.

AT THE END OF THE BALLET (OR UV SEQUENCE) SWASH AND BUCKLE ENTER WHILE MOST OF THE DANCERS EXIT AND A FEW OTHERS STAY AS STAGE DRESSING.

AS SWASH AND BUCKLE ENTER THEY ARE MIMING "SWIMMING" PLUS OPENING AND CLOSING THEIR MOUTHS LIKE FISH. THEY KEEP THIS UP BETWEEN THE NEXT FEW LINES.

S & B - TOGETHER: Are ye pirates? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

BUCKLE: 'as we drowned?

SWASH: Don't think so.

BUCKLE: We's underwater but I can still breath.

SWASH: 'ow can that be?

CAPTAIN BLOOD ENTERS FOLLOWED BY MOTHER CRUSOE. THEY ARE ALSO MIMING SWIMMING AND OPENING AND CLOSING THEIR MOUTHS LIKE FISH.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Where are we?

CAPT BLOOD: You sent us to the bottom of the sea.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Which sea?

CAPT BLOOD: The same sea that you let into the bottom of The Dastardly Barnacle.

MOTHER CRUSOE: You're making fish faces.

CAPT BLOOD: You're making fish fingers.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Just one frozen fishie fraction of a fortnight. There are more of us here.

SWASH: Aye aye Captain.

BUCKLE: Fish eye Captain.

NEPTUNE STANDS AND RAISES THE TRIDENT
TOWARDS THE OTHERS. THE AREA IS LIT OR
BECOMES MORE OBVIOUS.

ALL THE OTHER ACTORS STOP MIMING THE
SWIMMING AND FISH MOUTH MOVEMENTS.

KING NEPTUNE: (IN COMMANDING VOICE)
Behold, you are beneath my sea,
and now you answer just to me.
King Neptune is my name, and I,
command the sea below the sky.

MOTHER CRUSOE: I love your pointy fish fork darling.

KING NEPTUNE: Do not make jokes about the sea,
or you will have to deal with me.
If you should wish to reach dry land.
I hold your lives here in my hand.
A challenge you will face today,
before I'll let you get away.
I know it will cause lots of stress.
As it's impossible to guess.

KING NEPTUNE SITS BACK DOWN AND
PLANKTON STEPS FORWARD.

PLANKTON: (STEPPING FORWARD.) Are you ready to try to solve
(IN MYSTICAL VOICE.) "The Impossible Riddle".

MOTHER CRUSOE: We are, your dampness.

CAPT BLOOD: But if it's impossible, we can't win.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Never give up until the fat lady sings.

SWASH: Oh no! You's is not gonna sing again?

MOTHER CRUSOE: How dare you. I'll have you know, that man in the
front row (POINTING.) has come all the way from
(LOCAL NEARBY TOWN REFERENCE) to have me vocalise
my vocal vocabulary voluntary at him.

PLANKTON: Listen up! The "Impossible Riddle" is so
impossible that no one has every got the answer.

BUCKLE: How many people have tried?

PLANKTON: You're the first. Now listen up!

MOTHER CRUSOE: We're all ears.

CAPT BLOOD: Speak for yourself.

PLANKTON: You must guess my name.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Your name. That doesn't sound too hard.

PLANKTON: The clue to my name comes in the form of an ancient
rhyme. It was written over a century ago on this
historical sacred scroll.

PLANKTON TAKES OUT A FOLDED PIECE OF A4
PAPER AND HANDS IT OVER. MOTHER CRUSOE
UNFOLDS IT.

MOTHER CRUSOE: This isn't an ancient sacred scroll. It's a
scruffy old bit of A4 copy paper from someone's
home computer.

PLANKTON: Just read it.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (READING FROM PAPER.)
We now must play a little game.
You'll live, if you can guess my name.

(TO PLANKTON.) Did you write this lovie?

PLANKTON: I did.

MOTHER CRUSOE: It's very good.

PLANKTON: Thank you.

CAPT BLOOD: Hurry up. Someone read the riddle.

PLANKTON TAKES BACK THE PAPER.

PLANKTON: (READING FROM PAPER.)
We now must play a little game.
You'll live, if you can guess my name.
What I am called is long and hard.
All others names you must discard.
My name is something you'll not guess.
Which puts you into some distress.
So make your stab now, one two three,
Or die down here, beneath the sea.

BUCKLE: There 'aint not one single clue in there.

MOTHER CRUSOE: (SNATCHING PAPER.) Here. Give me a look at that.

PLANKTON: That's why it's the "Impossible Riddle". You now have three guesses.

BUCKLE: Farty Barty the third.

SWASH: Whoa, whoa, whoa! You can't just go's blurting out names like that.

BUCKLE: We's got to starts somewhere. But we's never gonna guess it are we?

PLANKTON: You have two more guesses.

SWASH: See! You's gone and wasted one.

BUCKLE: Mister Underpants Dirty-Bottom.

SWASH: Whoa! You's done it again. A wasted chance.

PLANKTON: You have one more guess.

SWASH: Why don't we's ask the audience?

BUCKLE: (PICKING SOMEONE IN AUDIENCE.) What be your name Madam/Sir? (WAITING FOR REPLY.)

SWASH: That's a good name. We could takes a chance on that one.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Wait! I know the right name.

CAPT BLOOD: That's impossible.

MOTHER CRUSOE: No, I've got it. Your name is - Plankton Fish-paste Octi Starfish Enterprise.

CAPT BLOOD: That's impossible.

SWASH: Plankton Fish-paste Octi Starfish Enterprise?

BUCKLE: Starfish Enterprise?

SWASH: To boldly go where no starfish has gone before.

PLANKTON: You are free. My name is indeed Plankton Fish-paste Octi Starfish Enterprise.

CAPT BLOOD: That's still impossible. How did you work it out.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Easy. Look. At the bottom of the poem. It's says "Copyright, Plankton Fish-paste Octi Starfish Enterprise".

KING NEPTUNE: (STANDING.) You have solved the "Impossible Riddle". My grip on you is broken. You may return to the surface.

KING NEPTUNE AND PLANKTON EXIT (WITH ANY OTHER SEA CREATURES FROM EARLIER).

THE LIGHT COMES ON OVER JASPER PARROT'S PERCH.

JASPER PARROT: And so our brave heroes solve the "Impossible Riddle" and return...

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oi, fluffy face.

JASPER PARROT: Don't you "Oi" me. I don't have to do this stupid pantomime you know.

MOTHER CRUSOE: Oi, feather features...

JASPER PARROT: How dare you.

MOTHER CRUSOE: ...Come on. What are we supposed to do now? You've got us stuck here under the sea with no way of getting home. It's your job to see that we get back.

JASPER PARROT: My job? Lovie, I don't think it's *my* job. You'll have to take your chances with the tide. (SHOUTING DOWN.) Close the curtains someone and let's get rid of them.

THE TABS CLOSE ACROSS THE ACTORS AS THEY LOOK ON DISGUSTED.

JASPER PARROT: (con't)And so our brave heroes solve the "Impossible Riddle" and return...

MOTHER CRUSOE STICKS HER HEAD THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE CLOSED TABS.

MOTHER CRUSOE: You've not heard the last of this you know.

JASPER PARROT: And so our brave heroes solve the "Impossible Riddle" and return...

MOTHER CRUSOE: Don't think you can push us about like any old older person. I've marked your card buddy, with ink, and it's not a pretty sight.

MOTHER CRUSOE PULLS HER HEAD BACK BEHIND THE CURTAINS. (EXITS.)

JASPER PARROT: I really don't have to do this job you know.

(more)

JASPER PARROT: (con't)

And so our brave heroes solve the "Impossible Riddle" and return to float among the flotsam and jetsam on the surface of the ocean. Clinging to small pieces of the wreck of The Dastardly Barnacle, they float aimlessly about for days... Before being eaten by a passing shark.

Ha! I made that shark bit up, but we can all hope, can't we.

Robinson Crusoe on the other hand has managed to reach dry land. So please put your hands together and make a lot of noise for the sole survivor of The Dastardly Barnacle.

JASPER PARROT TURNS THE PERCH LIGHT
OUT.

END SCENE.

SCENE 5. NOWHERE, SOMEWHERE, OVER THERE.

PLAYED ON THE APRON WITH A DARK OR BLACK BACKGROUND.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ENTERS LOOKING CONFUSED.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Where am I? I seem to have been swimming for ages. At least this is dry land. But where is it?

Can anyone help me out?

Was anyone able to afford a programme? Can you look in it and tell me where I am? I think it's scene five.

HOPEFULLY SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE WILL CALL OUT "NOWHERE, SOMEWHERE, OVER THERE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (con't)Nowhere, somewhere? Well that's not much help is it? Perhaps I got hit on the head by a mast when the boat sunk. Maybe I've been knocked out and I'm in a dream.

If that's right then why are you all in my dream?

I don't like dreams. Nasty things happen in dreams. Fire breathing dragons chase you, or goblins and ghosts jump out from nowhere. They're always out to get you.

If there is any ghosts in this dream you would help me, wouldn't you? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) You would shout out to warn me, wouldn't you? (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

A GHOST (OR SKELETON) ENTERS BEHIND ROBINSON CRUSOE. AUDIENCE REACTION.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (con't)Don't be silly. What? Behind me? What? If I look behind me there's a ghost? You're playing a joke on me? Are you saying that if I look, there's a ghost behind me?

THE GHOST EXITS A FEW SECONDS BEFORE ROBINSON CRUSOE SAYS THE LAST LINE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (con't)(TURNING BACK.) See. Nothing there. You were having a joke with me.

THE GHOST RE-ENTERS BEHIND ROBINSON CRUSOE. AUDIENCE REACTION.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (con't)You can't fool me again. There really isn't a ghost there. I don't believe in ghosts anyway. What behind me? So if I look, there's a ghost behind me?

AGAIN THE GHOST EXITS A FEW SECONDS BEFORE ROBINSON CRUSOE TURNS ROUND.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (con't)(TURNING BACK.) Stop playing around. There's no ghost. It's not fair for you to joke about ghosts.

THE GHOST RE-ENTERS BEHIND ROBINSON CRUSOE. THERE SHOULD BE AN AUDIENCE REACTION.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (con't)Okay I'll look one more time, but if you're joking with me again I won't be too pleased.

ROBINSON CRUSOE TURNS ROUND AND THE GHOST STAYS ON STAGE. ROBINSON CRUSOE SEE'S IT AND TAKES A STEP BACKWARDS AWAY FROM THE GHOST.

MISS FRIDAY ENTERS BEHIND THE GHOST. SHE IS HOLDING A CLIPBOARD. SHE WHACKS THE GHOST ON THE HEAD WITH THE CLIPBOARD AND THE GHOST RUNS OFF STAGE. (EXITS.)

MISS FRIDAY: What's all the noise about? Anyone would think you'd never seen a ghost before.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: I haven't.

MISS FRIDAY: Well you will on this island. It's well known for them.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Are you part of my dream?

MISS FRIDAY: Don't be ridiculous. Why would I want to be in one of your dreams?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: You look like a dream girl to me.

MISS FRIDAY: Now I know you're being ridiculous. In this outfit. I don't think I fit in with any dream I can think of.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: A holiday rep? I think you fit in with many men's dreams.

MISS FRIDAY: That just proves there are some strange people about.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Which company are you working for?

MISS FRIDAY: I'm your cruse ship representative from F. A. R. T.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: F. A. R. T. That spells...

MISS FRIDAY: (QUICKLY.) It doesn't spell anything. Those initials stand for - Fairly Average Rare Tours.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Fairly Average Rare Tours?

MISS FRIDAY: We at Fairly Average Rare Tours, accompany groups of "mature" holidaymakers on cruises to unusual destinations.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (LOOKING AT MISS FRIDAY'S NAME BADGE.) Your badge says you're Miss G Friday. Girl Friday?

MISS FRIDAY: Correct! At your service. And you are...?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Robinson Crusoe.

MISS FRIDAY: (LOOKING DOWN LIST ON CLIPBOARD.) Crusoe? Crusoe? You're not on my list.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: I've been shipwrecked from a ship called The Dastardly Barnacle.

MISS FRIDAY: Thank goodness.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: What? Thank goodness I was shipwrecked?

MISS FRIDAY: No. Thank goodness it wasn't one of our cruise ships. Those old... er... "mature" guests would ask for so much compensation if we drowned them.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: How can they claim anything if they're drowned?

MISS FRIDAY: Trust me, some of them are so cunning, they'd find a way. And at the moment they've given me the slip. They do that all the time. These old... "mature" people think nothing of wandering off and getting drunk on the local booze.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Where did you leave them?

MISS FRIDAY: When we arrived on Skull Island we went to...

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Skull Island?

MISS FRIDAY: Yes, this is Skull Island. Didn't you know?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (PULLING OUT MAP.) Is it the same Skull Island that's on my map?

MISS FRIDAY: It certainly is. That's one of our silly pirate maps for the kiddies isn't it? We sell those in the tourist shop on board?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: No, I got it from... Well... Somewhere.

MISS FRIDAY: It's even got an "X". (LAUGHING.) You don't think it's a REAL treasure map do you? Like, "X" marks the spot and all that.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: (EMBARRASSED.) Ha ha! No! How ridiculous.

MISS FRIDAY: You DO think it's a treasure map.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Ha ha! No! Don't be silly.

MISS FRIDAY: Let me look at that. (TAKING MAP.) I know where that "X" is. It's over there. I'll show you.

(EFFICIENTLY.) Come on my group. Follow me. Don't get lost. Bring your packed lunches, and make sure you drink plenty of water.

MISS FRIDAY MARCHES OFF (EXITS.)
LEAVING ROBINSON CRUSOE STUNNED. AFTER
A FEW SECONDS ROBINSON CRUSOE FOLLOWS
AT A RUN.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Wait for me. (EXITS.)

END SCENE.

SCENE 6: SKULL ISLAND.

THE TABS OPEN TO REVEAL A DESERT ISLAND. PALM TREES AND A GENERAL TROPICAL FEEL. THERE IS A VOODOO STYLE SACRIFICIAL POLE TOWARDS THE REAR.

A GROUP OF OLD PEOPLE ENTER. ADA, ETHEL, MAUD, CECIL. (GLADYS IS NOT WITH THEM YET.) THEY ARE DRESSED IN OVER THE TOP COLOURFUL HOLIDAY CLOTHES. THEY ALL HOLD DRINKS AND COCKTAILS EXCEPT CECIL WHO HAS A GUIDE BOOK.

NOTE: You could include other non speaking old people with this group if you have available cast members.

THEY SING AND DO THE ACTIONS TO A CHEESY HOLIDAY SONG.

Musical Number: The "Old F. A. R. T's".

Suggestion: "Agadoo - Black Lace."

ADA: Phew! I'm whacked.

ETHEL: You're wrecked.

MAUDE: That last penis-co-la-la did it for me.

ADA: Those little umbrellas always poke me in the eye whenever I have one of those.

ETHEL: (LAUGHING.) Headline! Ada got poked by a penis-co-la-la?

MAUDE: It's been a long time since I've had one of those poke me anywhere.

THEY ALL FALL ABOUT LAUGHING DRUNKENLY, EXCEPT FOR CECIL WHO IS SOBER AND STRAIGHT FACED.

CECIL: I think you'll find it's pronounced Piña Colada. It's a cocktail.

ETHEL: A cock what?

ADA: I want one, I want one.

MAUDE: Cecil. Give Ada one.

CECIL: Don't be so mucky.

THEY ALL FALL ABOUT LAUGHING DRUNKENLY AGAIN, EXCEPT CECIL.

ADA: Wait, wait, wait.

MAUDE: We're on holiday. Don't talk about weight.

ETHEL: You don't talk about weight when you're on a cruise. All that food we're forced to eat.

CECIL: I don't think they actually force you to stuff yourself silly.

ADA: No... I meant "wait, wait, wait". Wait a second. We've lost Gladys.

GLADYS ENTERS AT THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM. SHE IS CARRYING A PAIR OF Y-FRONTS.

GLADYS: (SHOUTING AND WAVING Y-FRONTS.) Coo-eeeeee girls. Coo-eeeeee. Over here.

ADA: We're here Gladys. Home in on Ethel's call.

ETHEL: Cooooooooo-eeeeeeee!

GLADYS: Cooooooooo-eeeeeeee!

GLADYS AND ETHEL DO "COO-EEE'S" BACK AND FORTH AS GLADYS MAKES HER WAY TOWARDS THE STAGE.

GLADYS STOPS ALONG THE WAY TO PICK OUT SOME MEN IN THE AUDIENCE.

ETHEL: Cooooooooo-eeeeeeee!

GLADYS: Coooooo... (PICKING A MAN.) Cor! The natives are friendly. How's yer blowpipe.

ETHEL: Cooooooooo-eeeeeeee!

GLADYS: (PICKING ANOTHER MAN AND HOLDING OUT Y-FRONTS.) Are you man enough to fit into these?

ETHEL: Cooooooooo-eeeeeeee!

GLADYS: Cooooooooo-eeeeeeee!

GLADYS FINALLY MAKES IT TO THE STAGE WHILE AD-LIBBING TO THE AUDIENCE ALONG THE WAY.

ADA: We've been looking for you all over.

GLADYS: It was that hunky young waiter. I've been looking at him all over.

ETHEL: Are those his?

GLADYS: I worked hard for these. (WAVING Y-FRONTS.)

ETHEL: How hard!

MAUDE: Looks like he was very hard.

CECIL: Don't be so mucky.

GLADYS: Cecil! How nice to know you're still with us. And still sober.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND MISS FRIDAY ENTERS.

MISS FRIDAY: There you all are. I thought I'd lost you.

ADA: No such luck.

MISS FRIDAY: Have you been drinking?

ADA: (LOOKING AT ROBINSON CRUSOE.) Where did you pick up *this* nice looking fellah?

MISS FRIDAY: Ladies, and Cecil, I would like you to meet Mr Robinson Crusoe.

(more)

MISS FRIDAY: (con't)

Mr Crusoe has been shipwrecked on Skull Island, so I'm taking him back to our cruise liner to look after him.

ADA: I bet you are. How many bunks can you have in your cabin?

CECIL: Don't be so mucky.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Ladies, it's very nice to meet you but I have something to do on the island before I leave.

MAUDE: Something or someone?

CECIL: You can't leave it alone for a second can you?

MAUDE: If you've got it. Flaunt it.

ALL THE LADIES LAUGH DRUNKENLY.

MISS FRIDAY: Mr Crusoe has a secret map.

ADA: Well it's not so secret now is it?

GLADYS: Show us what you've got boy.

ETHEL: I bet you say that to all the men.

MAUDE: This secret map? Why is it so secret?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: I don't think I should say.

ADA: Grab him girls.

THE CRUISE SHIP LADIES SURROUND ROBINSON CRUSOE SO THE AUDIENCE ARE UNABLE TO SEE HIM. THEN SUDDENLY ADA COMES OUT OF THE GROUP HOLDING THE MAP HIGH AND WAVING IT ABOUT.

THE GROUP THEN FACE FRONT AND PUSH ROBINSON CRUSOE CENTRE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Please give it back.

ADA: In a moment darling.

THE LADIES GATHER ROUND ADA AND LOOK AT THE MAP.

GLADYS: It's a treasure map.

ETHEL: Look! "X" marks the spot.

MAUDE: It's probably pirate treasure.

CECIL: That "X" isn't marked in the guide book.

MISS FRIDAY: Now come along ladies. Give Mr Crusoe back his map. We need to finish the tour. We should be off to see the view from the top of Trafinni-Wa-Wa. Then to look down the glass bottomed toilet of doom.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: I need my map back please.

ADA: If this is Skull Island, show us some skulls.

ETHEL: Yeah. Shrunken skulls of old pirates who plundered the place and may have buried this treasure.

MAUDE: We've done all the fancy pancy pretty witty views and the picture postcard gift shops.

GLADYS: Show us something real.

MISS FRIDAY: (TAPPING CLIPBOARD.) Don't you want to see the glass bottomed toilet of doom? I am not allowed to deviate from the official tour. And anyway, you're all old... er... mature F. A. R. T's.

GLADYS: Old Farts you mean.

THE OLD LADIES ALL LAUGH DRUNKENLY.

MISS FRIDAY: Right! Real? Something real you say? Okay. Then... Look at *THIS*. (POINTING WITH A FLOURISH TO THE CARVED POST.)

ADA: It's a post.

MISS FRIDAY: Ah yes. It may look like a post to you, but it's far more than that. It's... It's...

ETHEL: It's what?

MISS FRIDAY: It's...

GLADYS: She doesn't know.

CECIL: It's not mentioned in the guide book.

MISS FRIDAY: (MAKING SOMETHING UP.) It's... Em... It's the pillar of Xavincy Zomba. Yes, that's it. The pillar of Xavincy Zomba.

MAUDE: Mr Zomba's got a big one.

CECIL: Don't be so mucky.

MISS FRIDAY: (STILL MAKING STUFF UP.) It is... It's the sacrificial pillar of Xavincy Zomba... where young maidens were tied up by the people of the island as a sacrifice to... er... The Great Spirit of Herwinki.

ADA: Herwinki?

CECIL: I can't find Herwinki in the guide book.

ETHEL: Don't worry about it Cecil. Have another drink.

CECIL: If it's a sacrificial pillar then young people would have been tied to it and left to die.

MAUDE: Young people.

CECIL: Yes, it would have to be young people. A young person who doesn't er... know the ways of the World

ADA: Well that rules out Ethel.

GLADYS: On two counts.

ETHEL: What about you Miss Friday? Are you innocent enough to have been sacrificed to Herwinki?

MISS FRIDAY: I'd rather not say.

ADA: Well why don't we find out.

GLADYS: Grab her.

THE OLD F. A. R. T'S GRAB MISS FRIDAY
AND START TYING HER TO THE PILLAR.

CECIL: I don't think we should be doing this.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Excuse me. You still have my map.

ETHEL: She's been pushing us around all week, so time to
get our own back.

ETHEL PUTS THE Y-FRONTS ON MISS
FRIDAY'S HEAD LIKE A HAT.

ADA: Ethel? Wouldn't it be better if we turned her
lights out.

ADA PULLS THE Y-FRONTS RIGHT DOWN OVER
MISS FRIDAY'S EYES TO MAKE A BLINDFOLD.

MISS FRIDAY: If you don't release me at once, I'll not take you
to see the glass bottomed toilet of doom.

GLADYS: This map? Do you really think it's a treasure map?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: How silly.

ETHEL: He does. He really does think it's a map of buried
treasure.

MAUDE: In that case girls... Why don't WE see if we can
find it?

ROBINSON CRUSOE: But I really must protest. It's my map, and
therefore my treasure.

ADA: Finders keepers.

GLADYS: Why don't we take him with us?

ETHEL: Good idea.

THEY FIND A ROPE BEHIND THE PILLAR AND
BIND ROBINSON CRUSOE'S WRISTS. THEY
THEN LEAD HIM AROUND THE STAGE DURING
THE NEXT SONG USING THE LENGTH OF ROPE.

Musical Number: The old F. A. R. T's.

Suggestion: Girls Just Wanna Have Fun - Cyndi Lauper.

MAUDE: (STUDYING MAP.) Which direction?

ADA: One thousand paces that way. (POINTING INTO
AUDIENCE.)

GLADYS: Come on girls. We might have won the pirate
lottery.

THEY PULL ROBINSON CRUSOE DOWN THE
FRONT STEPS INTO THE AUDIENCE AND START
PACING OUT A DISTANCE UNTIL THEY REACH
THE REAR OF THE AUDITORIUM.

CECIL DOESN'T GO WITH THEM BUT STANDS
TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE WATCHING THEM
GO.

CECIL: This can't be right.

ETHEL: Shut up Cecil. If you want any of the loot then you'd better come with us.

MAUDE: When was the last time you came with someone Cecil.

CECIL: Don't be so mucky. (HE EXAMINES HIS GUIDE BOOK.) I think you turn left at that next palm tree.

CECIL RUNS DOWN THE FRONT STEPS AND FOLLOWS EVERYONE ELSE. THEY ALL EXIT AT THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM.

JASPER PARROT'S LIGHT COME ON.

JASPER PARROT: (CALLING OUT.) Hello. Miss Friday.

MISS FRIDAY: (STILL TIED UP AND BLINDFOLD.) Hello. Is there anyone there?

JASPER PARROT: Yes, it's me. Don't get excited if you recognise my famous tones. I did the Trill advert voice over?

MISS FRIDAY: Who are you? Can you help me?

JASPER PARROT: We're about to have the interval. Can I get you an ice cream or a soft drink? Everyone else will be having something and I don't want you to miss out.

MISS FRIDAY: Who the hell are you?

JASPER PARROT: Do I have to spell it out? Jasper Parrot.

MISS FRIDAY: A parrot?

JASPER PARROT: Yes, but a really famous one lovie.

MISS FRIDAY: A parrot? I'm talking to a parrot?

JASPER PARROT: Well! If you feel like that... Close the curtains.

TABS CLOSE.

JASPER PARROT: (con't)Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. There will now be a short break. Ice creams and drinks will be served at very reasonable prices. And I will be signing autographs in the foyer. For a modest fee.

THE PERCH LIGHT GOES OUT.

END OF SCENE.

INTERVAL.

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