

SURVIVAL OF UKOCONO

By Cheryl D. Duffin

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THE SURVIVAL OF UKOCONO

By Cheryl D. Duffin

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Female roles: 13 (up to 21 possible) Male roles: 8+)

Queen Oolala (female)	Tribal Queen of Ukocono
Zayla (female)	Queen's attendant
Conya (female)	Queen's attendant
Kalana (female)	Queen's attendant
Robin Baron (male)	A rich real estate mogul who's come to build condos
Peyazo (male/female)	A rainforest guide from Brazilian coast
Goliath (male)	A goofy lumberjack working for Robin Baron
Dr. Hoot (female)	A kooky scientist from England
Annie (female)	Dr. Hoot's very smart assistant scientist
Indiana Stone (male)	A guide for Hoot & Annie, American
SaLayla (female)	Tribal leader
JayJuki (female)	Tribal leader
Solana (female)	Tribal member
Kanaiya (female)	Tribal member
Sonushi (female)	Tribal member
Tsunami Joe (male/female)	The Great Surfer Dude
Grant (male/female)	The Surfer guide to Joey & Chloe
Joey (male/female [Zoey])	Surfer dude
Chloe (female)	The silent surfer dudette

Silent Roles

Blue Morphos Butterfly	Preferably female, but could be male
Sacred Wandering Tree	Male/Female

CASTING NOTES

Many or all the male roles can easily convert to female and vice versa to accommodate casting. Additionally, as many tribal members as necessary – male or female – may be added as non-speaking roles to accommodate the director's needs. The more the merrier!

The play was purposely designed with a wide variety of roles, from larger roles to silent roles. The variety in the size of the roles will allow a director to use all of their students, from the more experienced actor to the first timers.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play debuted at Stages Repertory Theatre, produced by Esperanza Summer Theatre in Houston, Texas in July of 2007. It was performed by 2nd – 5th graders, but would work very well for Junior Highs as well.

Although the original production took place on a thrust stage, directors are encouraged to take full liberty with blocking to accommodate their home stages. In fact, i hope you are inspired to be inventive in all areas of blocking, costuming, props and casting! This is meant to be a pleasurable and successful experience for the kids to perform and the audience to enjoy.

I would like to take a moment to discuss younger children and memorization. I am often told by other directors that the elementary age should have their script on stage during performance. This is patently untrue! *Survival of Ukocono* was performed in my sixth year at Esperanza and it is the sixth time that these children have fully memorized their scripts and performed beautifully! Do not sell the younger set short – if anything, they have superior powers of memorization. It takes us sixteen to twenty, two hour rehearsals to pull our shows into performance ready condition. So be sure you have a month for rehearsal time and encourage the kids to work on memorization at home with a parent or sibling. Your show will be looking tiptop by performance.

Ideally, the kids should have the opportunity to make as many of the props, set pieces and costume items as possible. This adds immensely to the charm of the play as well as the investment the children have in their production. For example, in the original production, the axe and machetes were made out of cut wood that the kids painted to look like the actual objects (see Prop Notes). When the kids are fully involved in prop making and other tasks, the success of the production becomes immensely important to them. This inspires them to do their best in every aspect and you will be amazed at what they can do!

Most importantly, have fun putting the production together. It should be a group effort that leads to success for all that are involved. So, break a leg and have fun!

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When the lights and music come up we are in a sacred rainforest on the unknown Amazon island of Ukocono, off the coast of Brazil. There are palm trees in the corners of the clearing as well as upstage of the clearing. Thick green vines with large purple flowers are intertwined around some of the trees, especially in the downstage left and right areas. QUEEN OOLALA can be seen upstage center on a platform covered in vines and moss and surrounded by her three ATTENDANTS. As the lights slowly come to half, the tribal music grows louder and the TRIBE enters from all areas of the stage. They are dancing around the SACRED TREE, waving brightly colored streamers as they dance. As the music comes to an end, the dance ends and the TRIBAL MEMBERS take their places, spread out across the stage. They are kneeling or sitting as SALAYLA and JAYJUKI stand and lead the Tribal gathering.

SALAYLA: *(standing)* Two-nonni, Two-nonni!

(The TRIBE, still kneeling or sitting, wave their streamers into the air to shout their answer, then lower arm/streamers back down, all done while still crouched to ground.)

TRIBE: Two-nonni!

JAYJUKI: *(standing)* Saw-yiia, Saw-yiia!

TRIBE: Saw-yiia!

SALAYLA: As the purple moon sets on this night . . .

TRIBE: Two-nonni!

JAYJUKI: And as the red sun rises on this day . . .

TRIBE: Saw-yiia!

SALAYLA: We must take care!

TRIBE: Tunicki! Tunicki!

JAYJUKI: We must be cautious!

TRIBE: La-Tawni! La-Tawni!

SOLANA: *(standing)* On this day we are in grave danger! We must stay well hidden!

ZAYLA: *(rising to her knees)* We must all stay clear of the beaches!

CONYA: *(rising to her knees)* And stay out of the treetops too!

KALANA: *(rising to her knees)* Keep to the shadows!

(SOLANA, ZAYLA, CONYA and KALANA all sink back to their crouched positions.)

TRIBE: Sha-lay-la! Sha-lay-la!

SALAYLA: *(still standing)* It is a dangerous day! Take heed! *(crouches to ground)*

TRIBE: *(shimmy streamers over their heads)* Ta-hooli!

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JAYJUKI: *(still standing)* Peril is in the wind! Take heed! *(crouches to ground)*

TRIBE: *(shimmy streamers over their heads)* Ta-hooli!

SOLANA: Queen Oolala! Guide us!

ZAYLA: Queen Oolala will speak!

(ALL THREE lift their streamers in the air from their crouched positions and hail the QUEEN by lowering their arms in an outstretched position to the ground in front of them.)

ZAYLA / CONYA / KALANA: All hail, Queen Oolala!

(The entire TRIBE repeats the 'hailing of the queen' from their crouched positions as the QUEEN, sitting center, rises to stand.)

TRIBE: Queen Oolala! Majes-teeka! Queen Oolala!

OOLALA: This is a mysterious day! A magical, but dangerous day!

ZAYLA / CONYA / KALANA: Take heed! Ta-hooli!

TRIBE: *(shimmy streamers over their heads)* Ta-hooli!

OOLALA: Every seven years, the purple moon sets and the red sun rises! Ukocono, our sacred island home becomes visible to the outside world!

ZAYLA: We come out of the coastal mists!

OOLALA: On this seventh year, we can be seen by all who look! We must stay hidden. Keep to the shadows, lest we be discovered!

TRIBE: *(shimmy streamers)* Sha-lay-la! Sha-lay-la!

KANAIYA: The outside world would destroy us!

SOLANA: They would steal our treasures!

TRIBE: *(shimmy streamers)* Tay-la! Tay-la!

SALAYLA: Our trees would be chopped and stolen away!

JAYJUKI: Our creatures would lose their homes!

TRIBE: *(sway streamers overhead)* So-lu-lee . . . So-lu-lee.

SONUSHI: We would lose our way of life!

TRIBE: *(streamers drop)* OH, NO! *(They ALL crouch down, heads bowed.)*

(silence)

SALAYLA: *(standing)* What of the great surfer dude?

TRIBE: *(ALL heads pop up.)* TSU-NAMI JOE!

SONUSHI: *(up on one knee)* Yes! We should call him forth!

KANAIYA: He may have news!

OOLALA: Yes, he may have news to speak to us. But it has been seven years since we were last spoke. Much can happen, but let us try and call him forth.

ZAYLA / CONYA / KALANA: *(waving streamers overhead)* Tsunami, Tsunami, Tsunami . . .

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SALAYLA / JAYJUKI: (*join in, waving streamers overhead*) Tsunami,
Tsunami, Tsunami . . .

ALL TOGETHER: (*yelling rhythmically*) TSUNAMI, TSUNAMI,
TSUNAMI . . .

(*They ALL chant together and it becomes a whisper as they tap a rhythm with their bamboo and OOLALA calls forth the great surfer dude.*)

OOLALA: (*over the chant*) Ocean, ocean, hear my call! Bring forth
waves, ten feet tall! Crashing round us as they go, bring to us
Tsunami Joe!

TRIBE: JOE! JOE! TSUNAMI JOE!

(*A crash of waves is heard and surfer music blasts as a wet surfer with his board enters the campsite from downstage left. HE throws his board down and jumps on it, pretending to surf, then jumps off, crossing to center left of the SACRED TREE. HE stops and shakes his wet head like a dog would shake off mud and the TRIBAL MEMBERS all wipe at their faces and arms. JOE then paces around campsite as HE speaks, acting out his story.*)

JOE: Like, wow dudes! Like, I was bumping along a totally bogus wave man . . . then suddenly, like it went all glassy, threw me up and smacked me around until I was on a totally AWESOME glide ride! Ya-a-aw . . . it was like TOTALLY WICKED!

OOLALA: Great surfer dude! You hear our call!

JOE: Like, Yo! Long time no see! Like, what's up, Q?

ZAYLA: Que? What do you mean by Que?

JOE: Like, you know . . . like Q, for Queen? Cause like, she's the big Q, you know like the big M, like for Majesty, 'cause she's like all majestic and all . . . but she's the Queen, so like I call her . . . like Q . . . for short, you know? Like . . . I'll just stop talkin' now . . . like . . . okay? . . . awesome, man.

OOLALA: We are glad you come to us.

JOE: Like, sweet!

OOLALA: Yes . . . like . . . uh . . . sweet!

JOE: (*gives a surfer 'thumbs up' to TRIBE*) Like, hey dudes!

TRIBE: (*returns 'thumbs up' from sitting positions*) Like, hey dudes!!

OOLALA: Great surfer dude . . .

JOE: Like Q, you can totally call me Tsunami Joe!

OOLALA: Tsunami Joe . . .

JOE: Like, ya-a-aw, that's my name, like, don't wear it out, Q.

OOLALA: (*trying to talk surfer talk*) Okay, like, I try not to wear it out.

Like, dude . . . we need your help. Like . . . what news do you have of, like . . . the outside world?

JOE: Like, Q, it's totally WOE-ful out there!

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SALAYLA: Woeful? What is this . . . WOE-ful you speak of?

JOE: Like, it means sad, unhappy, you know, like, full of 'WOE'.

(makes air quote marks around 'woe')

JAYJUKI: How so? What causing this great . . . 'WOE'? *(makes the air quote marks)*

JOE: Like, total destruction of the rainforests, dudes.

SONUSHI: *(jumps up)* Destruction? Of the rainforests? All of them?

KANAIYA: *(jumps up)* You are sure about this . . . this destruction?

(QUEEN motions for SONUSHI and KANAIYA to sit down. THEY sit.)

OOLALA: Explain, Tsunami Joe, tell us more. What does this mean?

(JOE makes his way around the clearing, as HE talks.)

JOE: Well, like, these totally radical dudes come along and chop down the trees!

TRIBE: Like, WOE!!!

OOLALA: *(motions to him)* Continue . . .

JOE: And like, all the animals and like . . . cool creatures and plants and stuff, like . . . die off or like, leave, man.

TRIBE: Like, WOE! WOE!

JOE: Yaaaw, man, and like . . . even the blue Morphos butterfly has vanished!

ZAYLA / CONYA / KALANA: *Oh, no!*

(QUEEN stands abruptly, concerned, as SALAYLA and JAYJUKI also jump up.)

OOLALA: The blue Morphos have always been a sacred symbol of the rainforest!

SALAYLA: Morphos has always symbolized safety and protection!

JAYJUKI: Without the sacred butterfly's presence, all may be lost!

SONUSHI: *(standing)* Has the blue Morphos vanished forever?

KANAIYA: *(getting up on one knee)* Yes, has it gone . . . like, extinct?

JOE: Like, dudes, I hope not! And now, there's this totally obnoxious rich dude . . .

ZAYLA: Rich?

OOLALA: *(looks at ZAYLA)* Many treasures . . .

ZAYLA: Oh.

JOE: *(crossing up left to ZAYLA)* Yaw, and he's, like, building condos and stuff. It's totally bogus, man!

ZAYLA: Condos?

OOLALA: *(to ZAYLA)* Small, stacked boxes in which some tribes live.

ZAYLA: Oh.

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(JOE faces the TRIBE from up left center.)

JOE: It's like, terrible woeful, man!

TRIBE: WOE!! WOE!! WOE!!

OOLALA: Great Surfer Dude . . .

JOE: Like, ahem . . .

OOLALA: I mean, Tsunami Joe, like, go forth and . . . like, bring us more news, Dude.

JOE: Like, cool! I'm on it, Q!

(Surfer music comes up as JOE grabs his board and runs off down left. QUEEN stands up center and takes command as Surfer music fades.)

OOLALA: Great tribes of Ukocono, we are exposed for twenty-four pulses of the red sun. Take care and be well! Keep to the shadows!

(TRIBE rises, some to standing positions, others to one knee.)

TRIBE: *(waving streamers)* Sha-lay-la! Sha-lay-la!

OOLALA: Outsiders may venture here during this time, and they could cause us great harm! For if they expose us to the outside world, then they would gain the right to claim our island!

(ALL TRIBE members are now standing.)

TRIBE: Ukocono! Our home!

OOLALA: If this happens, then Ukocono would become permanently visible to the world, and our way of life would be lost . . . forever.

TRIBE: *(shimmy streamers overhead)* Foe-nana! Foe-nana!

OOLALA: We shall meet again as the evening sun is on the wane. We shall hold a tribal counsel and make sure that all are safe and accounted for. Until then, stay hidden! Stay safe! Keep to the shadows!

TRIBE: Sha-lay-la! Sha-lay-la!

(The TRIBE disperses quickly, exiting in all directions and the QUEEN exiting upstage center with her ATTENDANTS – the SACRED TREE is left alone on stage as the sun rises and a pinkish light shines.

Mysterious music comes up as a BLUE MORPHOS BUTTERFLY enters upstage right, flits across to center stage and circles the tree. The MORPHOS then flits downstage left and pauses at a vine, but then quickly flies off as a slashing sound is heard in the brush and a man, INDIANA STONE, appears downstage right, wielding a machete.)

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INDIANA: This is the thickest . . . (*still slashing*) . . . uh! . . . thickest underbrush I've ever seen! Uh! It's almost like . . . like . . .

(*The mysterious music fades as two scientists appear downstage right, closely behind INDIANA, one carrying a butterfly net, and one carrying a jar. DR. HOOT is an oddity, wearing large owl-like glasses, SHE crosses around upstage right, behind tree, and then moves a few steps down of center stage left, so SHE's left and down of the tree at center.*)

HOOT: . . . like no one's ever set foot on this island before! Uncanny!
INDIANA: Look! A clearing! I could use a rest.

(*HE crosses to just right of center stage and leans his left arm against the stage right side of the SACRED TREE. HE wipes his machete on his boots.*)

ANNIE: (*crossing center stage right, excitedly pulling out her smart phone*) Heeeyyyy . . . this place is exotic . . . and wild! (*SHE takes a couple photos with her phone.*) It appears to be a completely untouched rainforest! Strange that it wasn't on the old maps we looked at!

INDIANA: I sure never noticed it before . . . and I've lived on the Brazilian coast for six years now.

(*INDIANA removes his arm from the tree to turn and look upstage right – just looking around –as the TREE moves several feet stage left, unnoticed by anyone. INDIANA turns back around and goes to lean against the tree again, discovering too late the tree is not there, HE falls to the ground, unnoticed by the others.*)

HOOT: We must be on an uncharted island of some sort. Clearly a U.R.I.

(*INDIANA jumps back up quickly before they can see his blunder.*)

INDIANA: U.R.I?

(*INDIANA crosses slightly down center to stand by HOOT.*)

HOOT: Unidentified Random Island.

INDIANA: (*Takes his smart phone out and opens up maps.*) Now that's weird.

HOOT / ANNIE: What?

INDIANA: This island doesn't seem to show up in maps on my phone.

ANNIE: (*Opening maps on her smart phone too.*) that's not possible, is it? Satellite would show it. (*SHE opens maps on her smart phone and*

looks.) This is strange, the map app on my phone doesn't show it either. It shows were in the middle of the ocean! No island at all, but...how?

HOOT: Very mysterious and curious, indeed! It's almost like this island isn't here. But it is here!

INDIANA: Course, maybe it's not showing up on my phone's map because of cellular issues? I don't seem to have any phone signal at all.

ANNIE: Looking at her own phone, oh you're right I have absolutely no signal either. That must be it!

HOOT: These trees appear to be old growth rainforest. Hmmm...

ANNIE: And it's wholly intact! Positively amazing!!

HOOT: It's as though no one has ever been here . . .

ANNIE: *(crossing downstage left to look at a tree)* These giant old trees seem full of magic, don't they? I wonder how old these trees are . . . and it's so green and lush here . . . everything seems so alive . . . you can almost feel the trees breathing in and out, can't you?
(crossing downstage right to another tree) And look at all the thick vines everywhere . . . and look at the . . . wow! Look at that!
(pointing at different areas) And look at those . . . look how tall these trees are! Can you believe how tall they are? It's . . .

HOOT: *(taking a step towards ANNIE)* Relax, Annie.

ANNIE: *(turning to look at HOOT)* It's just so . . . mystical! Kinda . . . bizarre, you know? Peculiar . . . it's got a weird supernatural feel to it. It's a little eerie, ghostly . . . but in a good way and it's . . .

HOOT: Annnnieee.

ANNIE: Yes, Dr. Hoot?

HOOT: Wrap it up, please . . .

ANNIE: *(crossing to HOOT)* In a nutshell, Dr. Hoot . . . it's downright Ethereal!

HOOT: Good, now please . . . relax! And make note of it all, that's your job. It's imperative and essential that you take copious and abundant notes!

ANNIE: Yes, Dr. Hoot!

(ANNIE puts the glass jar between her knees and pulls out a writing pad where SHE copiously makes notations. SHE wanders around the clearing, waddling with the jar between her knees, and makes notes and drawings, taking note of each tree, and so on . . .)

HOOT: We may have discovered . . . *(looking around)* . . . an undiscovered Amazon island rainforest that is completely and utterly unknown, unfamiliar and completely alien to the outside world!

INDIANA: Well, I'm glad I was your guide today. Interesting place to see! Never noticed it before . . .

HOOT: Yes, very interesting indeed! And it looks to be uninhabited, unpopulated and totally unoccupied!

(INDIANA crosses, determinedly, up to the TREE again and puts out an arm to lean upon it, but as HE turns his head, the TREE steps away again – unseen by anybody – and INDIANA falls again. HE immediately springs back up, looking around to see if anyone has noticed – HE looks at the TREE, puzzled.)

INDIANA: Yeah, it looks vacant to me.

HOOT: (crossing upstage to INDIANA) Now, you sir . . . sorry, what was your name again?

INDIANA: Stone. Indiana Stone.

HOOT: Ah, quite right! Sorry, not very good with unusual names, you understand. Mr. Stone, it seems that we . . .

INDIANA: Just call me Indiana.

HOOT: Indiana . . . hmmm . . . that's a state, you know . . . in America?

INDIANA: Yes . . . I know.

HOOT: If memory serves me, it became a state in 1816, I believe. Yes, yes . . . Indiana . . . Peculiar, uncommon and unusual name for a man, I do say!

INDIANA: Well . . . I . . . (embarrassed, shuffling his feet) . . . it's a nickname.

HOOT: Really? What's your real name then? Something less stately sounding than Indiana, I presume?

INDIANA: Uh . . . well it's . . . it's pretty long . . . I prefer to just use Indiana.

HOOT: Mr. Stone, unless it's a matter of international security, or you're some undercover spy, I would prefer to know your true, honest and real name!

INDIANA: Fine! It's . . . Ithicas Niamiah David Ikea Adontis Norton Adica . . . Stone.

HOOT: Ah! I see . . .

INDIANA: Family name.

HOOT: Very well then, sorry ole' chap . . . Indiana, it is then! So, Indiana, it seems that we may be here a while, so why don't you make yourself useful, handy and helpful by building a fire or something.

(INDIANA exits upstage left to look for wood and the SACRED TREE follows, unnoticed, behind him. ANNIE crosses up to HOOT, very excited.)

ANNIE: Dr. Hoot!

HOOT: Annie?

ANNIE: (holding up a vine) This is Strongylodon macrobotrys!

HOOT: AH! Well done, well done!

ANNIE: (very excited) Also known as the rare Jade Vine!

HOOT: NO!

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ANNIE: YES!

HOOT: AH!

ANNIE: Do you know what this means?

HOOT: YES! . . . (ANNIE stares at HOOT excitedly) . . . Nnnnoooooew.

(INDIANA enters upstage left carrying some sticks for a fire, HE sits center stage and arranges the wood into a campfire, ready for lighting.)

ANNIE: (pulling out and flipping through a book from her backpack) It's right here . . . yes! Strongylodon macrobotrys . . . also known as the rare Jade Vine, is the primary food source for the elusive blue Morphos butterfly!

HOOT: By george, we ARE on the right track then!

ANNIE: YES!

INDIANA: (standing) WAIT, the blue Morphos?

HOOT / ANNIE: YES!

INDIANA: Oh.

HOOT / ANNIE: WHY?

(INDIANA crosses to stand between HOOT and ANNIE.)

INDIANA: Well, back on the mainland, they're saying that the blue Morphos butterfly is probably extinct.

HOOT: EXACTLY! Without a proper rainforest . . .

ANNIE: . . . and the rare Jade Vine for food . . .

HOOT: . . . which grows only in unspoiled rainforests . . .

ANNIE: . . . the blue Morphos butterfly cannot exist!

HOOT: Absolutely correct and accurate! That, you see, is why we're looking for it, ole' chap!

ANNIE: We hope to find that it has survived!

HOOT: Further proving to the world that when you tear down a rainforest . . .

ANNIE: . . . not only do you cut off the major source of oxygen supply for the planet . . .

HOOT: . . . and kill off plants that may provide cures for a host of devastating diseases like cancer, leukemia and . . . cancer!

INDIANA: You said cancer twice.

HOOT: PRECISELY!

ANNIE: You also contribute to the extinction of a multitude of insects and wildlife . . .

HOOT: . . . thereby crippling the vast, colossal and enormous ecological system called . . . (dramatic pause)

HOOT / ANNIE: . . . EARTH!

INDIANA: (looking a little overwhelmed) Well . . . Dr. Hoot and Annie . . . well said!

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HOOT: Quite right and exact! *(crossing upstage center to the stacked wood)* Now about that fire, Indiana?

(ANNIE and INDIANA cross upstage to HOOT as the SACRED TREE enters downstage right, unnoticed by the others. The TREE wanders onstage and plants itself in the downstage right area.)

ANNIE: Oh, NO, Dr. Hoot! We don't dare start a fire in a rainforest like this! It's untouched . . . unblemished . . . it's a complete intact ecosystem that must be protected at all costs.

INDIANA: She's right, you know. It's too big a chance to take.

ANNIE: It's . . . unspoiled and we should do our best to leave it as we found it!

HOOT: Good point, well done and quite right, I say!

(Having previously taken notes on where each tree is located, ANNIE suddenly notices that the SACRED TREE is in an odd place.)

ANNIE: Wait a minute! Wasn't that tree over there before? *(Annie points to the TREE downstage right, and then points to upstage center.)*

INDIANA: *(uncomfortable, trying to reassure himself)* Trees don't exactly move around.

ANNIE: *(uncertain)* Yeah . . . okay . . . right!

HOOT: Well, then, we better get on with our fact-finding! Only so many hours, minutes and seconds in a day and without a proper and suitable fire we'd better leave enough time to return to the mainland before dark.

ANNIE: *(pointing downstage left)* Look, the Jade Vine grows thickest off that way!

HOOT: Then that's the way we should go! Indiana, ole' chap, do the honors please.

(INDIANA takes his machete and, crossing downstage left, begins to clear a path as HOOT and ANNIE follow close behind, HOOT looking at everything through a large magnifying glass, and ANNIE taking notes. As THEY exit, downstage left, the SACRED TREE looks at the audience and shrugs its branches. The TREE crosses upstage to center and stands in its original place in the clearing, as TRIBE MEMBERS are heard from off stage.)

TRIBE: *(from off stage)* Sha-lay-la . . . Sha-lay-la . . . Sha-lay-la . . .

(SALAYLA enters upstage right and JAYJUKI enters downstage right, both moving to meet up center stage, in the middle of the clearing.)

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SALAYLA: There are intruders! We MUST stay hidden!

JAYJUKI: YES! Keep to the shadows!

(THEY exit back into shadows – exit upstage left)

TRIBE: *(from off stage)* Sha-lay-la . . . Sha-lay-la . . . Sha-lay-la . . .

(Music comes up as the BLUE MORPHOS BUTTERFLY flits back on from upstage right. It pauses to flit, then crosses to center to flit around the TREE in a circle. The TREE swats at it and runs off stage exiting upstage left. The BLUE MORPHOS flits downstage right, then quickly moves to exit downstage left as the slashing of vines is heard. PEYAZO enters downstage right followed closely by a blustering ROBIN BARON as the music fades.)

PEYAZO: Such thick vines, Mr. Baron! *(pauses downstage right and turns to ROBIN)* Me never see such thick vines!

ROBIN: *(entering behind PEYAZO)* Thick! HA! You think this is thick, Peyazo? You should have been with me in the Peruvian Amazon Basin!

PEYAZO: Ah, Mr. Baron, a clearing! *(crosses to center stage)*

(ROBIN walks and looks around as HE talks, crossing downstage left, then upstage center to PEYAZO.)

ROBIN: Vines so thick we had to use a chainsaw! Specially made . . . 5 horsepower . . . I mean 50, no, it was 500 horsepower! VAROOOMMMMM!!! Man, that baby could chop through a rainforest in one whack! *(stopping center to look around)*

PEYAZO: Chainsaw . . . what is this 'chainsaw'?

ROBIN: It's a piece of equipment that cuts things. It's powered by gasoline.

PEYAZO: Gasoline? What is this 'gasoline'?

ROBIN: It's made from oil.

PEYAZO: Oil . . . what is this 'oil'?

ROBIN: You don't get out much, do you, Peyazo?

PEYAZO: Get out . . . what is this 'get out'?

(Changing the subject, ROBIN circles down center and around to center stage right of PEYAZO as HE speaks.)

ROBIN: Okay then! Here we are! Deserted island. Nice ocean. Good beach. Plenty of trees. Perfect!

PEYAZO: Perfect? *(looks around questioningly)*

ROBIN: Yes! The perfect place for . . .

PEYAZO: Yes?

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ROBIN: CONDOS!

PEYAZO: Condos . . . what is this 'condos'?

ROBIN: Itty bitty boxes to live in . . . great big money in my bank account!

PEYAZO: Oh, yes! I know what is money!

ROBIN: Of course you do, Peyazo! Everyone has a price!

PEYAZO: You build condos . . . here? On island?

ROBIN: Absolutely! It's perfect. I mean, look at the view!

PEYAZO: *(looking around, all HE sees are trees)* View?

ROBIN: Well, there *will* be a view! When I get done with it!

PEYAZO: Ahh . . .

(ROBIN claps PEYAZO on the back.)

ROBIN: Picture it! No trees as far as the eye can see! Only white, hot, Brazillian sand and . . .

PEYAZO: . . . and?

ROBIN: CONDOS!

PEYAZO: CONDOS!

ROBIN: RIGHT!

PEYAZO: Itty bitty boxes to live in . . .

ROBIN: . . . great big money in my bank account! That's right! You're catchin' on! Stick with me, kid, and you'll go places!

PEYAZO: Places? What places?

ROBIN: Why up, of course! The only place to go is up!

PEYAZO: *(looking up into the trees)* Up!?

ROBIN: UP! Condos for sale! Condos to buy! Condos in the sky!

PEYAZO: Sounds . . . scary. Sounds bad.

ROBIN: Not bad . . . *bountiful!*

PEYAZO: Oh . . .

ROBIN: *(crosses down left)* Now, let's see . . . we clear away all of this . . . this . . . this vine stuff! *(pulls at some of the vine)* Yuk! That's gross. *(crosses downstage center – motions out towards audience)* And we chop down all these . . . these . . . these useless tree thingamajigs!

PEYAZO: *(crosses down center to ROBIN)* Trees bad, too?

ROBIN: They are when they stand in the way of progress! My progress, that is! *(crosses down right, then up to center stage right, pausing)* So, we totally clear the island! We strip the wood and use it to make beautiful wood flooring in the condos!

(PEYAZO follows ROBIN and pauses center stage right.)

PEYAZO: Wood flooring?

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ROBIN: Yes! I can see the brochure now . . . (*crossing to center HE gives a commercial sounding spiel*) “Luxurious condos, sumptuous amenities, opulent Brazilian Rainforest flooring *throughout!*”

(PEYAZO follows ROBIN to center stage.)

PEYAZO: Trees for floor?

ROBIN: Yes, trees for floor!

PEYAZO: Me like dirt floor! Trees for birds and monkeys! Sometimes snake in trees. Me don't like trees for floor. No good!

ROBIN: Peyazo, work with me here, now listen.

PEYAZO: Okay, I work with you here . . .

(ROBIN places his hand on PEYAZO's back and continues with his *shitck.*)

ROBIN: “Pure white sand beaches . . . warm blue Atlantic waters . . . red hot Brazillian sunsets!” It's *brilliant!* I'm brilliant! I'm a *master!* An *artiste!* Oh, I love my job! And my job loves me!

PEYAZO: Job . . . what is this 'job'?

ROBIN: (*turning to look upstage*) And . . . on the other side of the island

PEYAZO: (*turning upstage*) . . . yes? More condos with tree floors?

ROBIN: Time shares!

PEYAZO: Time shares?

(THEY both turn back to face audience.)

ROBIN: Put in swimming pools with Jacuzzis shaped like coconuts!

No! (*getting a better idea*) Shaped like . . . *pineapples!*

PEYAZO: Yum, pineapples good! Make good shish kabob for eating!

Shish kabob make Peyazo a happy man!

ROBIN: (*crosses downstage left*) Lucky to find this place! Not on the map, you know! Couldn't believe my eyes this morning when I saw it from my five-star, ocean front hotel suite. Could've *sworn* it wasn't here yesterday.

PEYAZO: Purple moon last night. (*points to the sun*) Red sun today.

ROBIN: Right, whatever. Can't believe no one's snapped this island up before now! Well, right time, right place . . . that's me! Just call me . . . Mr. Right Place!

(PEYAZO crosses downstage left to ROBIN and taps him on the shoulder.)

PEYAZO: Hey . . . Mr. Right Place . . . how you get rid of so many big trees? You got magic machete or something?

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ROBIN: Well, Peyazo . . . that's why I brought along Goliath. In fact, where *is* that guy? (*calling out*) *Goliath!!* Goliath is a professional lumberjack! He specializes in rainforests. *Goliath!!!*

PEYAZO: Goliath is the 500 horsepower chainsaw?

ROBIN: (*laughs*) Well, you could call him that! No, he's the expert that will tell me how long it will take to clear all these bothersome trees away. *Goliath!!!*

(*GOLIATH enters downstage right. HE's surprisingly small for a lumberjack, and HE carries an axe with him.*)

GOLIATH: Man o' man o' man! Never seen so many trees on such a small island! (*Holding a cell phone up in the air and waving it around.*) Shoot, I can't get a signal on my phone. We are really off the map here!

(*GOLIATH crosses to center stage, PEYAZO squats or sits downstage left and watches the two men.*)

ROBIN: Goliath! Keep up, will ya'!

GOLIATH: Sorry boss! (*seeing the pile of sticks*) Look, someone was here . . . looks like they were going to build a fire or something.

ROBIN: Never mind that . . . what do you think? Ever seen such tall trees?

GOLIATH: Not since I leveled part of the African rainforest back in 2001.

ROBIN: Oh, yeah? (*crosses center to GOLIATH*) What were they building there?

GOLIATH: A spa.

ROBIN: A spa! Great idea! I'll add that into my plans! So, how about these trees?

GOLIATH: (*looks up*) Tall . . .

ROBIN: Yep!

GOLIATH: Old growth . . .

ROBIN: Uh, huh . . .

GOLIATH: Old growth means thicker trunks . . .

ROBIN: Uh, huh . . .

GOLIATH: (*looking down at roots*) . . . thicker roots . . .

ROBIN: Uh, huh . . .

GOLIATH: (*rubbing his chin*) Deep roots.

ROBIN: What are you saying?

GOLIATH: It'll cost more.

ROBIN: How much more?

GOLIATH: Uh . . . 10% increase upfront and a 3% cut of the profits for the first 20 years.

ROBIN: Fine! What do I care? I'm going to make so much money, it'll be like . . . growing money on trees! (*laughs*)

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PEYAZO: Money no grow on trees. Leaves grow on trees, vines grow on trees.

GOLIATH: Well, when me and my crew are done here, there won't be any vines or leaves to worry about.

ROBIN: That's right! Cause there won't be any trees left! Only Condos and Time Shares . . . as far as the eye can see! *(laughs)*

GOLIATH: Yeah! *(laughs as HE high fives ROBIN)*

(PEYAZO jumps up.)

PEYAZO: These trees are over 500 year old . . . some are 1,000 year old . . . and even older!

ROBIN: Don't worry, Peyazo. One day, they'll all grow back . . .

GOLIATH: Yeah . . . they'll grow back . . .

ROBIN: Long after we're all too rich to care! Ha! *(laughs)*

PEYAZO: Trees in Amazon rainforests grow slow . . . very slow.

ROBIN: How slow?

PEYAZO: Sometimes, take hundred years or more to mature. Some . . . longer.

GOLIATH: Ah, but they *do* grow back, *don't* they?

PEYAZO: Yes, but . . .

ROBIN: Well, good then! We're not causing any permanent damage then, just changing things . . . temporarily. *(laughs and GOLIATH joins in)*

GOLIATH: Let's look around. I need to know what kind of equipment to bring over from the mainland.

ROBIN: Fine . . . let's start this way.

(ROBIN leads GOLIATH downstage left. As THEY exit down the path, THEY talk about plans.)

ROBIN: So, there'll be condos on one side and timeshares on the other side . . . oh, and a resort area for tourists too. And the spa will be in the resort, but open to anyone that can pay money! It'll be great!

(PEYAZO looks around at the trees, then crosses to center stage and sighs sadly.)

PEYAZO: Tourists. Good for economy . . . bad for trees. No good for island. *(sighs again)* Don't worry, trees, I get them off island before red sun goes down.

TRIBE: *(from offstage)* Sha-lay-la . . . sha-lay-la . . .

(PEYAZO looks around as HE hears the whispers from offstage.)

PEYAZO: Shadows? Keep to the shadows?

(SONUSHI, SOLANA and KANAIYA appear in the clearing each entering from upstage right, THEY cross to center and surround PEYAZO.)

SOLANA: Kune-tani!

SONUSHI / KANAIYA: Kune-tani!

PEYAZO: Kune . . . tani . . .

SONUSHI: You are not our tribe . . .

PEYAZO: No . . . I . . .

KANAIYA: You are from tribe . . . away from island?

SOLANA: I think we not talk to him . . . he not from Ukocono!

SONUSHI: You are not one of us, no?

PEYAZO: No . . . but . . .

KANAIYA: You are from very far away?

PEYAZO: Yes . . . but I . . .

SONUSHI: He not from here, he must go!

KANAIYA: Yes, he dangerous! Sha-lay-la!

PEYAZO: Sha-lay-la! Keep to the shadows! I know this!

SOLANA: He understands our language?

PEYAZO: Yes! I understand!

SONUSHI: Ka-may two-lano?

KANAIYA: Show-shooki-tai? Ka-may?

PEYAZO: I . . . don't understand that much.

(SALAYLA and JAYJUKI enter from upstage left.)

SALAYLA: Kune-tani . . .

SOLANA / SONUSHI / KANAIYA: Kune-tani, Chief SaLayla. Kune-tani,
Chief JayJuki!

SALAYLA: Solana, Sonushi, Kanaiya . . . who is this?

PEYAZO: I'm Peyaz . . .

SOLANA: He not from here, SaLayla.

SALAYLA: Then he must go!

JAYJUKI: Wait, we need know how he come here.

SALAYLA: JayJuki right . . . *(to SONUSHI)* . . . Sonushi, how he come
here?

SONUSHI: He not say.

PEYAZO: I came with . . .

SOLANO: He not say much, he quiet type.

PEYAZO: Wait, I came with . . .

KANAIYA: He hardly speak, but he know *some* tribal speak.

JAYJUKI: He know tribal speak? Show-shooki-tai? Ka-may?

SALAYLA: *Show-shooki-tai?! Ka-may!?!*

PEYAZO: Uh . . . I . . . I only know . . .

SOLANA / SONUSHI / KANAIYA: *Show-shooki-tai?! Ka-may!?!*

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PEYAZO: I only know . . . *Sha-lay-la!!!*

ALL: *(frightened)* AH!!

JAYJUKI: He know Sha-lay-la! Maybe he sent by Rainforest Goddess!

SALAYLA: JayJuki right . . . Goddess may have sent messenger!

SOLANA: He cute messenger!

JAYJUKI: I say we take him to Queen Oolala!

SALAYLA: Yes, we take him now! Bring him!

(SALAYLA and JAYJUKI exit upstage left. SOLANA, SONUSHI and KANAIYA surround PEYAZO.)

SOLANA: You come with us, messenger boy.

PEYAZO: I'm not a messen . . .

SONUSHI: I wonder what message Goddess has sent us?

(The three start to exit upstage left as PEYAZO stands there.)

KANAIYA: Who knows . . . *(KANAIYA stops and looks back at PEYAZO.)* . . . hey you! *(SHE snaps her fingers at him.)* Messenger boy, you our prisoner! Come on!

(THEY complete their exit upstage left, leaving PEYAZO standing alone. PEYAZO shrugs, then follows them and exits upstage left.)

TRIBE: Sha-lay-la! Sha-lay-la!

(The SACRED TREE enters upstage right followed closely by the BLUE MORPHOS BUTTERFLY which is buzzing at and around tree. The SACRED TREE makes its way across the clearing, crossing center and then downstage left, where it makes a hasty exit. The BLUE MORPHOS BUTTERFLY flits after it to center stage, then crosses downstage right, pausing at a vine, then crosses downstage left and exits after the tree. GRANT enters downstage right, followed by two people in wet, tattered clothes. JOEY is wearing a backpack.)

GRANT: Joey, Chloe, look! Here's a clearing! *(crossing to center)* We can sit and figure things out.

(JOEY crosses downstage left looking around, as CHLOE remains downstage right.)

JOEY: Well, Grant, you promised us a wild day of sailing, and what a wild ride! Right, Chloe? *(pauses downstage left and looks up center at GRANT)*

CHLOE: Yeah, like *du-u-u-u-ude!*

GRANT: That was so weird! I swear this island wasn't here this morning when we left the dock!

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JOEY: Yeah, it's like the opposite of vanishing . . . it's like an . . . appearing.

CHLOE: Da-uuude, totally!

GRANT: (*sighs*) Okay, then . . . Hey, looks like someone was going to start a fire. Hey maybe I can get my cell phone dried out and we can call for help.

(*GRANT kneels down on one knee behind the stacked wood.*)

JOEY: Well, a fire would be handy. I've got some marshmallows in my backpack.

CHLOE: Da-uude . . . sweet!

GRANT: I could eat!

JOEY: I'm starvin' . . . how about you, Chloe, hungry?

CHLOE: Yeah, dude!

GRANT: I think I can get a fire started. (*finds some rocks*) Yeah, here we go!

(*JOEY and CHLOE cross into center gather round as GRANT snaps some rocks together and a red glow appears [light cue] on the already stacked sticks. THEY sit on each side of GRANT and JOEY pulls marshmallow kabobs out of his backpack.*)

JOEY: Here ya' go! Marshmallow kabobs!

(*JOEY hands them each a kabob and they ALL begin roasting.*)

GRANT: Okay, let's go over the facts. Fact one, our boat is all busted up.

JOEY: Yeah, instead of a day of sailing, we get shipwrecked.

CHLOE: Da-uude!

GRANT: Fact two, we're stuck on a deserted island off the coast of Brazil.

JOEY: Yeah, and there doesn't seem to be anyone livin' here either.

CHLOE: (*shakes her head*) Ah, dude . . .

GRANT: Okay . . . uh . . . fact three, we got nothin' to eat except marshmallows.

JOEY: Oh, I got trail mix too!

CHLOE: (*excited about the trail mix*) Dude!!!

(*JOEY tosses CHLOE some trail mix.*)

GRANT: Fact four, when the sun goes down we'll have nothing but this fire . . . and some leftover trail mix.

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(GRANT and JOEY watch CHLOE empty the entire sack of trail mix into her mouth and munch down on it.)

JOEY: Dude!!!

CHLOE: *(crumbs popping out of her overfull mouth)* Good, dude.

GRANT: Okay, then . . . we'll have nothing but this fire.

JOEY: Maybe we can find some fruit or something?

CHLOE: *(swallowing)* Coconuts, dude.

GRANT: Maybe some coconuts . . . *(looking around)* . . . or some pineapple . . . possibly.

JOEY: *(excited)* We could make pineapple kabobs!

CHLOE: No thanks, I'm stuffed.

GRANT: Okay, fact five . . . we have nothing to repair the boat with.

JOEY: Well . . . there's a lot of vine around here . . . we could use it to . . . to tie the boat back together . . . and . . . No . . . Wait . . . that won't work . . .

CHLOE: *(disappointed)* Ah, dude . . .

GRANT: Ri-i-i-ight . . .

JOEY: *Wait!* *(standing)* We could . . . we could use the vines to tie together a raft and . . .

CHLOE: *(getting excited)* Dude, Yaaaww!

GRANT: A raft?

JOEY: Yeah, a raft and we could float back to the mainland!

CHLOE: Dude!!!!

GRANT: Nah, the Atlantic's too rough . . . we'd just get pulled further out to sea.

JOEY: Ha! *(thinking, HE paces left of center)* Not if we . . . we . . . we go back to the boat . . .

CHLOE: Dude?

GRANT: . . . back to the boat?

JOEY: *(paces down left)* . . . and we . . . we put on our wet suits and flippers and we . . .

CHLOE: *(excited)* Dude!!!

GRANT: *(interested)* We what?

JOEY: . . . we get in the water behind the raft and, and, and . . .

CHLOE: Dude?

GRANT: . . . And, And, And, we what? Spit it out, Joey!

JOEY: *(paces down right)* . . . and we use our flippers to . . . to paddle or . . . like, flipper the raft back to the mainland!

(CHLOE jumps up and runs downstage right to high five JOEY.)

CHLOE: Dude!

(The SACRED TREE enters upstage right and stands ~ THEY do not notice it.)

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