

**ROBINSON'S OTHER ISLAND**

BY GEORGE ISHERWOOD

**PREMIER**-GERMANY-SCHAUSPIELHAUS BOCCHUM, NOVEMBER 1990

ROBINSON/ FATHER- PACO GONZALES

FRIDAY/ MOTHER-EDUARDO KAPSCH

REGIE- GEORGE ISHERWOOD

ASSISTANCE AND TRANSLATION- UTE KOSSMANN

MUSIC- ELENA CHERNIN

SET- ROBERTO ROSAS

COSTUMES-HARRIET METZGER

**PREMIER**-AUSTRIA-THEATER DER JUGEND, MARCH 1993

ROBINSON- GEORG SCHUBERT

FRIDAY-THOMAS RADLEFF

MOTHER- BARBARA LETNANSKY

REGIE-SERENA SATORI

**THIS PLAY IS DEDICATED TO ATILIO EDUARDO GALLO LOPES, MY GOOD  
MAN FRIDAY**

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## **ROBINSON'S OTHER ISLAND**

### **Scene I - A stormy night in a small harbour town**

*Before the stage as a translucent curtain, hangs a wild and wonderful map of the known world of the 1740's with lots of "terra incognita" and hungry sea serpents. In the dim light we hear the sea wind. Music. Before the curtain walks Mother Robinson with a sea lantern. She looks far out to sea. She signals with the lamp to homecoming ship that will never return and is discouraged that once again is no answer. She lights up a Havanna and blows out the lantern. She opens the curtain as she sings a merry pirate ditty as she smokes a cigar.*

**OH MY NAME WAS CAPTAIN KIDD, AS I SAILED,  
OH MY NAME WAS CAPTAIN KIDD AND GOD'S LAWS I DID FORBID  
AND MOST WICKEDLY DID AS I SAILED.**

*In back of her is a four poster bed, that will later be Robinson's room. We see on the wall over the hearth on the wall a portrait of a pirate and his lusty wife (This can be Johnny Depp and Kiera Knightly, "Mother in her better days," for fun).*

*There is a door stage right. This whole rundown interior could be a seaside version of Hogarth's Gin Lane. The whole house is green and damp with mildew and in every corner is a spider web. Mother dusts her house a little then sits down in a chair for her needlework. She sings merrily as she sews...*

**OH, MY PARENTS TAUGHT ME WELL, AS I SAILED  
MY PARENTS TAUGHT ME WELL TO SHUN THE GATES OF HELL,  
BUT AGAINST THEM I REBELLED, AS I SAILED, AS I SAILED**

*We hear a Boris Karloff style heavy thumping ( A wooden leg and a crutch). Mother looks up from her sewing. She is not alone.*

*Enter Father Robinson. He looks like Long John Silver's one legged brother. He walks with a crutch having lost a leg in the Caribbean. He has a black patch over one eye. Father Robinson who likes playing tricks on his wife, sneaks up behind her and scares the living daylights out of her.*

**Father - Boooh!**

*Mother Robinson turns her head and realizes it is only her laughing husband.*

**Mother-** James!

**Father-** Schmaack!

*Father Robinson gives his wife a sloppy kiss. Mother is quite flustered.*

**Mother-** You've been drinking in the tavern again. And your family as poor as church mice.

**Father-**As soon as I can get a ship, I'll sail back to the Caribbean and dig up my treasure. We'll be rich. Axtec gold, Spanish silver, a dozen doubloons, nine pieces of eight...

**Mother-**They would never let a drunk like you on a ship. And this treasure you're always talking about. You can't even remember where you buried it.

**Father-**I buried it under the third palm tree on the fair island of Tataruga.

**Mother-**You can't even find that island!

**Father-**Indeed I can, I just turn my ship left at the Tropic of Cancer after St Lucia. All I need is a ship!

*She is afraid to bring up the subject of Robinson with her husband*

**Mother-** James, I must tell you something.

**Father-** Then, tell me, woman. You're getting your feathers all ruffled like an old hen..

**Mother-** It's about our son

**Father-**Your son.

**Mother-** Robinson.

**Father-**What about Robinson?

**Mother-** He wants..

**Father-** What does he want this time?

**Mother-** He wants to go away.

**Father-**Away?

*Mother lets the cat out of the bag*

**Mother-**To...to...sss... sea!

**Father-** Clementina, It's your cooking that's driving the boy to sea!

*Father Robinson starts to laugh.*

**Mother-** My cooking is delicious!

**Father-**Bilge water tastes better! Did you ever dare to taste anything you cooked?

**Mother-**You know my delicate constitution would never allow me to do such a thing.

**Father--**That's probably why you are still alive. You never had to eat what you cooked!

**Mother-**How can even say such a thing! ...if the boy only had a better father.

**Father-**The sun never set on a finer father!

**Mother-** A real father.

**Father-**You can't get realer than me. Captain of me own ship for twelve years.

**Mother-**A real father ...with two real legs..

*They both look down at his wooden leg.*

**Father-**Accidents happen, especially at sea. A canonball in Curacao...bleeding Batavians!

*She interrupts him.*

**Mother-**Like my first husband, Captain Pete Pigeon! May God rest his poor soul!

*She looks up lovingly to the portrait over the mantle piece.*

**Father-** Your first husband, Captain Pigeon, as God is my witness, sure, he had two legs and indeed a right hand but on his left...ung nothing but a hook!

*Mother is angry now and reveals her own hook. Father crooks his finger like a hook and laughs.*

**Mother-** Alot of respectable people have hooks!

**Father-** Name one!

**Mother-** It wasn't his fault. A sword sliced it off as we were walking hand in hand on our honeymoon in Havana Bay.

**Father-**Awww! Poor sniveling soul!

**Mother-** At least he had something!

**Father-**A rusty hook!

*Again Father crooks his finger like a hook and laughs at Mother. Mother wipes her own hook.*

**Mother-**It only got rusty during a typhoon or when he took a bath.

**Father-** ...which was none too often. He smelled too, like a dead fish, "that rusty old hook!"

**Mother-**"That rusty old hook" left us this house.

**Father-** And a lily livered landlubber of a son!

**Mother-**Robinson may be a landlubber, but he is certainly not lily livered. May family has never produced a lily livered offspring in three centuries. All brave and valiant merchant adventurers.

**Father-**Rumrunners every last one of 'em, especially your father, what he didn't smuggle, he drank himself!

**Mother-**Don't even mention *my* father, *your* father was a mutineer in Martinique and a pirate in Port Royal!

**Father-**That was never proved in a court of law!

**Mother**-Well the hung him chains in the Thames, he was guilty as sin, everyone knew it , and that's why his own first mate testified against him

**Father**-The first mate was paid to say them evil things against my poor Dad. Pure perjury every word!

**Mother**-The old man was guilty, guilty as sin, and that's why we have trouble with our son.

**Father**-Your son, that lily livered land lubber.

**Mother**- James, if you throw one more grain of salt into the wound, although I was raised a lady, you will see what I shall do!

*Mother threatens her husband with her hook. Father delights in provoking her. He can't resist saying it one more time.*

**Father**-Lily livered land lubber!

*Lively jig music. They fight like gladiators. Father with his crutch, Mother with her hook. They enjoy fighting immensely. This was before television. At the end of the tussle, Mother dodges a blow from the old sea dog's crutch. A vase is broken.*

**Mother**-Now look what you've done. My last wedding present shattered!

*She makes a gesture for quiet.*

**Mother**- Shhh! Robinson might hear you.

**Father**-I hope he does, Clementina! I am still the master of this house and he'll not leave until I allow him to leave! A father is like the captain of a ship-one word against commander and chief, means mutiny.

*Mother is very impressed by Father's stern patriarchal tone.*

**Mother**- And you will tell him that?

**Father**-Indeed, I will! I forbid him to go to sea! I forbid him to leave this house! I forbid the boy to disobey me!

*Father storms off angrily to Robinson's bedroom. Mother is much struck by such manliness.*

**Mother**-That's the kind of father a boy can respect! A father may be like the captain of a ship but a good mother is always the navigator.

*Mother follows Father out through the door.*

## **Scene II - A parental visit**

*Light change. Father and Mother enter their son's bedroom. In the middle is a curtained four poster bed. We see all the clutter of a 18th century teen bedroom.*

*Up stage left is a large sea chest, on a shelf a globe of the known world and a ship in a bottle. There is a cupboard with three drawers stage right. On the bed sits a teddy bear.*

*The angry parents enter the bedroom determined to lay down the law. They can't find their son. Robinson is hiding somewhere. Mother opens the curtains of the bed. Father also searches.*

**Mother**-Robinson?

**Father**-Come out, lad. We know you're here somewhere...

**Mother**-Come out, come out where ever you are. Your father isn't going to nail you ear to the mast, he only wants to talk to you.

**Father**-Come out, lad. You're too old to hide from your parents...

**Mother**-But still too young to go to sea!

**Father**-If you don't show yourself like a man by the time I count to three, we shall be forced to lock you up in your room for the duration.

*Father starts to count.*

**Mother**-James!

**Father**-One!

**Mother**-Please!

**Father**-Two!

**Mother**- Robbie, please!

**Father**-Two and a half!...three!

*Mother throws herself on the bed weeping melodramatically*

**Mother**-What have you done, my son?

**Father**-Robinson, you have had three chances, now take the consequences like a man. Clementina, you will lock your son's door when you leave this room!

*Father turns angrily on his wooden leg and proudly exits. Mother wipes her tears.*

**Mother**--Now you've done it! You've made your father very mad and me very sad. Robbie, you're my seventh son, my little boy, my baby. Your brothers were all seamen and are now lying down in Davy Jones' locker. Crabs are probably nibbling on their noses as I speak. Robbie, you don't want crabs nibbling on your nose, do you? Remember you lost brothers and stay at home. Don't go to sea, please...I beg you.

*She hears no reply. Mother takes out a big ring of keys. She looks under the bed one last time.*

**Mother**- In few days you'll think differently. I am only locking you up because I love you.

*As she goes her hook gets caught on a bed post and she falls in a most unladylike fashion. Mother gets up, goes out and closes the door and locks it. We hear maximum security locks closing.*

### **Scene III- Robinson alone**

*Music. Robinson's head appears from behind the bed. Instead of a little boy, we see a young man much older than his childish clothes. He rolls over the bed, goes to the door and tries the lock. Robinson kicks the door when he realizes that he can't open it. He is locked in again. He is livid.*

*Robinson goes to his globe, stage right. He spins it with his eyes closed then stops it with his finger. He opens his eyes in wonder.*

**Robinson**-Madagascar!

*He brings Teddy to the globe. Robinson shows Teddy the island off the East African coast. Teddy whispers something in his ears. He puts the globe down. He and Teddy go to the window. We hear seagulls and wind. A little ship*

*passes by in the distance. With Teddy on his shoulders, Robinson waves but the little ship doesn't stop for him. Sadly disappointed he closes the window curtains and returns with Teddy to his bed.*

*He sits on the bed with Teddy and together they watch him wiggle his feet. The boy and bear begin to play. He throws Teddy into the air and catches him again. A magic gust of wind blows through the window. His bed begins to rock back and forth in the back wind. We hear ghostly sea shanties. Robinson sits up on one knee and places Teddy on it. He paddles an imaginary oar. The rocking of the bed increases. Teddy whispers something in his ears. Robinson smiles with delight. He will turn his bed into a ship. He places the bed posts as masts, rudder and bow spit. he uses his white bed sheets as sails. Robinson jumps down to survey his swift frigate. Something important is missing. He divides his globe into two halves of a geographic brassiere and puts them on Teddy's chest. Then he fastens Teddy to the bowsprit like a well built figure head. Now his ship is perfect! He blows a whistle.*

**Robinson-** All hands on deck!

*He stands on his bed like a proud captain.*

**Robinson-** Anchors away!

*With the sound of heavy clanking chains, he pulls his pillow onto his bed. Using his hand as a sextant, he sets his course.*

**Robinson-**South by Southwest, to the Tropic of Capricorn!

*He uses one of his bed posts as rudder and steers his ship*

**Robinson-**South through the Bay of Biscay! Backboard the port of Bilbao. To my starboard the Canary Islands, Lanzarote Tenerife, La Gomera!

**Mother-** Robbie!

*We hear locks opening. Robinson smells danger.*

**Robinson-**A mermaid! Mermaids lure sailors to their death with their beauty,.... their songs,.... with their...

**Mother-**Nice hot soup!

*Enter Mother Robinson with a soup ladle instead of a hook on her hand*

*and a tray of nice hot soup. Robinson hides himself in back of his ship. Mother is more than oblivious to the changes in her son's bedroom.*

**Mother**-Cream of seaweed soup! Light green and delicious! Full of vitamins and minerals!

*Mother ladles up some of her latest green slop and pours in back into the bowl. Mother lays the tray down on the bed. As she leaves she notices Teddy in a bra and shakes her head in disapproval. She goes out and locks the door securely.*

**Mother**-Robbie, I am only locking you up because I love you.

*We hear the clattering of metal keys and locks. Robinson comes out of hiding. He puts the tray with the soup on his knees. He takes one one spoonful and spits it out.*

**Robinson**-Bilge water again!

*His hunger forces to take another spoonful of the God awful soup. he holds his nose, but the soup slides to the edge of the tray. When he tries to take another spoonful, it rolls to the other edge of the tray. Wind. A storm is brewing. We hear "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?"*

*Wild wind fills the sails of Robinson's ship. Robinson swings the tray over his head and then falls seasick on his bed. He heaves ("chunders" as the Ozzies say) overboard. The storm has become a ten force gale. He takes the tiller and tries to sail upwind. He throws over his pillows as ballast overboard. his tiller breaks and falls into the boiling sea. He cuts down the center mast. His bed ship is rocking violently. Robinson notices his brave figure head.*

**Robinson**-Teddy! Bear overboard!

*He swims through the mountainous imaginary waves to save Teddy. he saves Teddy and brings him back to the center of his ship. Then the whole ship break in two with a great crack. Robinson falls unconscious. A pause. Lighting change.*

*We hear the sound of gulls and waves. Robinson wakes up on a strange tropical island. He sees furry comrade also washed up face down on the lonely beach.*

**Robinson**-Teddy!

*Robinson gives Teddy artificial respiration. The nearly drowned bear revives. He holds the bear in his arms and begins to cry. he is shipwrecked on an unknown island thousands of miles from home.*

**Mother**-Robbie!

*We locks opening.*

**Mother**-Time for your medicine!

*Robinson again hides from his mother who this time enters with a bottle of medicine and an big measuring spoon where one her hook hung.*

**Mother**-As your dear departed grandfather, Captain Black Jack used to say," Rum is the best medicine!"

*Mother sits down on the bed. She pours out a generous dose into her spoon.*

**Mother**- Robbie, medicine time ! If you don't take it, I shall be forced to swallow it myself. Then Mommy will be so much healthier than you.

*Mother swallows a healthy spoonful. She likes it. She looks around; her son is still not to be seen.*

**Mother**-Best medicine in the world!

*Mother notices the bottle in her other hand and takes a nip. She then pours another spoonful for herself.*

**Mother**-Another loving spoonful!

*Mother takes another spoonful and like the fabulous Lucille Ball in her famous Vegemin Vitamin sketch, she is starting to get crocked.*

**Mother**-Now Mommy is so healthy! ... healthy!... healthy!... healthy Mommy ! I just swear by this medicine!

*At the end of this sequence Mother Robinson is more than tipsy. She leaves the bottle by the bed and staggers to the door. She slurs her last words.*

**Mother**- I love you only because I am locking you up! Hic!

*Mother notices that this doesn't sound quite right, but locks the door*

*anyway. We hear many metal bolts and locks closing.*

#### **Scene IV - The First Day**

*Robinson comes out of hiding with Teddy on his shoulder searching for fresh water as he crawls on his belly like in a desert war movie. He spies Mother's bottle.*

#### **Robinson-Water!**

*Robinson gives Teddy a drink then notices a rolled piece of paper. He takes it as a great white cigar. He smokes it proudly as he arranges palm fronds on the bed poles. Out of this pillow case he pulls a furry hat. He surveys his wonderful island. Imperial music. He raises the Skull and Cross Bones Flag on one pole. He and Teddy give a patriotic salute, then they dance happily around the island.*

*The cry of a wild beast.*

*Robinson and Teddy retreat quickly behind the mattress now turned on its side like the walls of a trading fort. There is a hole in the middle through which Robinson shoves a pole, his rifle against wild beasts. He scans the perimeter, then ducks. We see Teddy marching on the walls. Robinson pops up. The coast is clear.*

*He notices what he thought was a cigar is actually a treasure map! Robinson follows the map's instructions gleefully-baby steps and hops until he stumbles on the old sea chest. Here the treasure must lie! He pulls the chest forward.*

#### **Robinson- Gold doubloons and pieces of eight!**

*But the sea chest is locked. Robinson struggles with the chest. After a time the lid opens in his face. A strange young man stands up. Robinson and the stranger notice other and scream with fright. Robinson tries to crawl away for the chest, but it follows him. robinson runs for his rifle.*

*The chest opens again and in a cloud of dust, Friday appears. He is barefoot but wears a Napoleonic hat and moth eaten clothes. He seems to be adjusting his eyes to the new brightness outside the sea chest. He has been in the chest for a long, long time.*

**Friday-** Thanks for setting me free. It seems like I was in that chest for years.

Alone and dark with no but the moths for company.

*Robinson takes aim at the stranger.*

**Robinson-**Are you a pirate?

**Friday-** I always wanted to be, but unfortunately no.

**Robinson-** Are you a cannibal?

*Friday pushes the rifle away.*

**Friday-** No, but I do snack on roaches. I wanted to see the world, but I never had any money so I hide myself in this chest.

*Friday looks down in his chest.*

**Friday-** Did you ever see so many moths? Brown, blue, orange, some even glow in the dark! When I got cold they kept me warm with their wings.

They taught me three things every moth should know...

First, never trust a spider.

Second, head for the light but don't burn you wings and Third,... I can't remember.

But they said if I ever got out of this old chest, they would teach me how to fly.

*Friday jumps up on the chest and flaps his arms like wings*

**Friday-** They say when you head for the light flying is easy.

*Robinson gradually inches closer to the strange young man who stops his flapping. Friday jumps down from the chest.*

**Friday-** Hey, you don't talk much, do you?

*Friday quickly jumps back into his chest and shuts the lid. Robinson stands dumbfounded. It is quiet for a few seconds, then Friday pops up again.*

**Friday-** I talk all the time, but mostly to moths. Who do you talk to?

**Robinson-**To nobody.

**Friday**-Then why not talk to me. What's your name?

**Robinson**-Robinson.

**Friday**-That's a fine sounding name. My name is Friday because that's my favorite day. My mother had other children, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday..

**Robinson**-Then you must be Friday!

*They both laugh as Friday jumps back in the chest. After a short pause, Friday pops out again.*

**Friday**- I also had two sisters, Saturday and Sunday, but they went away one week-end and were never seen again.

*Friday sees Robinson soup.*

**Friday**- Hungry, hungry. I am so hungry. You wouldn't, by chance, have something to eat?

*Robinson quickly hides his soup bowl behind his back.*

**Robinson**- No.

**Friday**- All I've had to eat in the last few years, the moths brought me. Flies, Gnats, Cockroaches...

*Friday spies a fat roach scuttling across the bottom of his chest. He stamps on it and is about to greedily gobble it up. Friday decides to be polite and offer some to Robinson.*

**Friday**- A cockroach? there not as bad as they look. The first one is always the hardest to swallow.

*Robinson is aghast.*

**Robinson**- No, thank you.

**Friday**- I understand, they 're an acquired taste. I found they taste a whole lot better, if you pull the legs off.

*Friday pulls the legs off one imaginary roach and eats it.*

**Friday-** I remember once on a voyage around South America, all we had to eat were mosquitos. Now mosquitos taste really bad! But one or two fat, juicy cockroaches for breakfast and you don't have to eat again till lunchtime.

*Friday has been blathering away so much about cockroaches, that he failed to notice Robinson has begun to eat his soup. Robinson slurps loudly. Friday at once loses all interest in insects, gets out of his chest and watches Robinson slurp down his soup. He watches intently as Robinson's spoon goes from the bowl to his mouth. Friday's mouth waters.*

**Friday-** Soup!

**Robinson-** Can't you see that I am eating?

*Robinson turns his back on Friday and eats his soup all by himself. Friday taps Robinson on the back and stealthily steals his soup and swiftly retreats into his chest. We hear slurping sounds from inside the chest. Robinson menacingly walks toward the chest, when Friday pops up with the empty bowl back and puts it into Robinson's hands.*

**Friday-** Thank you.

**Robinson-** You're welcome.

*Robinson speaks before he realizes what he has said. Friday disappears again into his chest. Robinson angrily knocks on the lid of the chest with the spoon. Friday rises out of his chest.*

**Friday-**You knocked?

**Robinson-** No.

**Friday-**If not you, who?

*Robinson points to the spoon.*

**Friday-**I knew a spoon would knock for me because I dreamed about it before. Moths dream everything out before it actually happens. I dreamed we would explore this island together. I dreamed we would be friends together.

**Robinson-** Friends together?

**Friday-**Yes, like two moths in the same sleeve.

*Friday offers Robinson his hand.*

**Robinson-** I'm not a moth!

*Robinson returns to the safety of his mattress fortress and sulks.  
Friday walks over to him.*

**Friday-** Robinson you look unhappier than a Mayfly with just one day to live and it's raining.

**Robinson-** I am only unhappy since I met you.

**Friday-** Since I met you, I haven't danced. Did you ever do the hundred leg salsa? A Cuban centipede taught it to me.

*Music. Friday cartwheels and dances gaily. Robinson watches him.*

**Friday-** Fifty legs here!, then fifty legs there. Then come fifty more centipedes and 5,00 legs are dancing together!

*Robinson joins Friday in a silly centipede salsa. They shout like Indians.*

**Robinson-** I'll race you to that palm tree!

*They both run to an imaginary palm tree.*

**Robinson and Friday-** First, I said, first, first!

**Robinson-** See that palm tree.

**Friday-**What a tall tree!

**Robinson-**My palm tree! (*Proudly*)

**Friday-**Your palm tree?

**Robinson-** Yes, all mine. See that parrot?

**Friday-** What a bright green parrot!

**Robinson-** My parrot ! (*Proudly*) Do you see that waterfall?

*They run to an imaginary waterfall and play in the cool falling water.*

**Friday-** What a crystal clear waterfall!

**Robinson--** My waterfall. (*Proudly*)

**Friday-** Yes, your waterfall. Robinson look at the golden sunset out on the sea!

**Robinson-** My sunset. (*Proudly*)

**Friday-** Yes, your sunset. and look the first stars! They glitter like a thousand glow worms.

*We see tiny white lights in the sky.*

**Robinson-** Yes, my stars.

*Friday is beginning to get irritated.*

**Friday-** Your stars, and the moon?

**Robinson-** My moon.

**Friday-** Your moon...

*Friday walks over to his chest.*

**Friday-**...but this is my chest!

**Robinson-**Yes, I shall allow you to keep your chest on my island.

**Friday-** And I shall allow you to keep your sand under my chest! (*Defiantly*)

*They stare at on another angrily.*

**Robinson-**I'm too sleepy to fight.

*Robinson hangs up a hammock between two poles. Tropical night sounds.*

*Friday sits on his chest making strange electronic sounds while twirling his hair, while Robinson brushes his teeth.*

**Robinson-** What in world are you doing?

**Friday-** Brushing my antenna, and you?

**Robinson-** Brushing my teeth.

*Robinson kneels with Teddy and says his prayer while Friday strikes a weird yoga pose.*

**Robinson-** Now I lay me down to sleep...

**Friday-** may no spiders near me creep.

**Robinson and Friday-** Amen.

*Friday falls into his chest, while Robinson and Teddy fall asleep on the hammock. We see Friday's restless feet sticking out from the chest. He just can't find a comfortable position. He climbs out of his chest.*

**Friday-** Can't sleep, full moon.

*Friday sees Robinson peacefully asleep.*

**Friday-** A ham...ham... hammock!

*Fridays feet curl in sweet anticipation. He silently slinks over to the hammock and ever so carefully lays himself at the opposite end to Robinson. They both twist and turn and get tangled up in their sleep exchanging positions. Their legs are crossed. Fridays foot comes to rest under Robinson's chin. We see Friday's face in the net of the hammock. He is having a nightmare.*

**Friday-** I'm trapped in their web and hundreds of spiders everywhere. The web is sticky and I am trapped! Ahhh!

**Robinson-** Friday, wake up! It is only a bad dream!

*Friday awakes in horror and sees Robinson.*

**Friday-** Ahhh! A spider!

**Robinson-** No, it's me Robinson.

*Robinson holds Friday.*

**Friday-** Robinson? Are you sure?

*Friday counts legs in the hammock.*

**Friday**-One, two, three, four! Ahh! A half spider!

**Robinson**-Those are my legs, one, two, and those are your legs, one, two.

*Friday is starting to overcome his fears.*

**Friday**-Your legs, my legs, your legs, my legs, your legs, my...

**Robinson**-Yes, my legs, my hammock, and your chest

*Robinson gestures Friday to go back to his own chest to sleep. Friday really doesn't want to sleep alone.*

**Friday**- But it was my nightmare!

*Friday jumps in his chest and slams the lid. Robinson turns his back and falls asleep as a lullaby plays. Blackout.*

## **INTERMISSION**

### **Scene V - The Second Day**

*Lights slowly up to reveal Friday standing on his chest flapping his arms like a baby bird.*

**Friday**-When you head for the light, flying is easy.

*Robinson looks at him in sleepy disbelief.*

**Robinson**-You'll never fly.

**Friday**-They promised me. Maybe tomorrow.

**Robinson**- Sure, when cats go swimming.

*Friday starts to swim like a cat. Robinson puts on his hat, opens an umbrella and loads his rifle.*

**Robinson**- I have to check the island for cannibals.

*Robinson searches his room for traces of much dreaded human*

*flesh eaters.*

**Friday-Cannibals?**

**Robinson-** Yes, cannibals!

*Friday decides to play a trick on Robinson. He takes a paint brush from his chest and gleefully paints his own foot black. Then he hops on one leg back to his chest and pulls out a white cloth. He makes a clear black foot print on the white cloth.*

**Friday-Squish!**

*Friday shows the footprint to the audience and winks.*

**Friday-Cannibals!**

*Friday lays the cloth down and hops back to his chest and watches the fun. Robinson comes from his search in back of the bed and notices "the footprint" on the ground. he compares the footprint with his own. He gasps with terror.*

**Robinson-** Cannibals! Cannibals eat stray Englishmen and I am an Englishman alone!

*Robinson hides in fear under his umbrella. Friday hops out of his chest and replaces the white cloth with a bone. Then he runs in back of the bed. He puts on an Indian headdress of wild feathers and dances in the back ground.*

**Friday-**Fee, fee, fee, fee , foo, fie, fum- I smell the blood of an Englishman!

*Friday hides in back of the bed. Robinson timidly peeps out from under his umbrella. He sees the bone. Robinson picks it up and examines it.*

**Robinson-** Friday, Friday! Cannibals!

*Robinson runs over to the chest and notices Friday is gone and assumes he is holding the only part of his friends that the cannibals haven't eaten.*

**Robinson-** My God, they've eaten Friday!

*Robinson is so obsessed with the bone that he fails to notice Friday slipping back into his chest. Friday is enjoying this all immensely.*

**Robinson-** Oh my friend Friday, why?

*Robinson lays the bone on the hammock*

**Robinson-** Dear friend, now make yourself comfortable. you can lay on the hammock as long as you like.

**Friday--**As long as I want ?

**Robinson-** As long as you want.

*Robinson looks over to Friday laughing and then back to the bone in the hammock. He realizes he has been tricked, but is glad his friend is still alive. Robinson approaches Friday with the bone menacingly. Then they both laugh. He lightly throws the bone to Friday.*

**Robinson-** You pulled a good one on me! All this talk of cannibals has made me hungry.

**Friday--**Me too! A cockroach?

**Robinson-**Thanks.

*Friday slugs two roaches with the bone and brings over an extra cockroach for his friend. Robinson accepts the bug to be polite, but personally finds eating cockroaches too disgusting.*

**Friday-**They're not so bad, when you pull the legs off.

*They both pull the legs off the roaches. Robinson's stomach starts to turn.*

**Friday-**It's always hardest to get the first one down.

*Friday swallows his roach, while Robinson discreetly throws his roach over his shoulder. He then pretends that the bug was delicious.*

**Robinson-** Mmmmm! Not bad! Not bad at all!

**Friday-** I told you. Another one?

*Before Friday can crush another cockroach, Robinson pulls him out of his chest.*

**Robinson-**Let's go fishing!

**Friday-**Fishing?

*They pull the chest center stage. Sea sounds.*

**Robinson-**On this coral reef.

*They sit on the chest and look out at the sea.*

**Friday-** What a bright blue lagoon!

**Robinson-** My lag... ( *he catches himself*)... That's where the fish live.

*Robinson attaches a string with a clothes pin to his closed umbrella.  
He hands Friday the clothes pin*

**Robinson-**Hook.

*and a licorice worm.*

**Robinson-**Worm.

*Friday looks at the worm. It looks delicious. He gobbles it down and  
throws the clothes pin away. Robinson notices the hook and worm are gone and  
begins the process again. He hands Friday another clothes pin*

**Robinson-**Hook.

*and another licorice worm.*

**Robinson-**Worm.

*Friday eats this worm too. Robinson notices the another worm is  
gone.*

**Robinson-** Now where did that worm go?

*Friday answers him with a mouthful of worm.*

**Friday-**I don't know.

**Robinson-**You're not supposed to eat them yourself. You are supposed to fasten

them to the hook!

*Robinson illustrates the correct way to fish with another worm. Then he casts his line out into the audience.*

**Friday-**Why are throwing that good worm into the ocean?

**Robinson-** It is bait for the fish.

**Friday-**Why do you give the fish what you won't give me?

**Robinson-**Wait and see! Shhh!

*He dangles the licorice worm in front of a child in the audience. When the child grabs for the worm...*

**Robinson-** A fish!

**Friday-**A big fish!

*Robinson and Friday swim out into the audience and bring the child back on stage. They decide to grill " the fish." Friday mimes the flames, Robinson turns the child. They taste" the fish."*

**Robinson and Friday-** Too salty!

*After three they throw" the fish" back into the sea and back in his seat.*

**Robinson-**Let's eat vegetarian!

*They mime the exotic fruits that they will eat*

**Friday-**Mangoes! Maracujas!

**Robinson-**Guavas!

**Friday-** Papayas!

**Robinson-**Mamayas!

*Friday with hand on his ear and head to one side begins to jump around.*

**Friday-** Aww! Aww! Not again. The last time it was in there for years. It must have crept in there while we were sailing by Cadiz.

*Friday shakes his head violently as if swimming pool water is stuck in there.*

**Robinson-** Friday, what's the matter?

**Friday-** I have an ear worm!

**Robinson-**An ear worm?

**Friday-**Yes, the little bugger sits inside your ear and sings the same song over and over all day! Just listen!

*Robinson puts his ear next to Friday's. They hear a little worm singing "Macarena." They start dance a silly Macarena ear to ear.*

**Friday-**Hey, it's gone! Yippee! The ear worm's gone!

*Now Robinson starts jumping around and beating his left ear.*

**Robinson-** Oh no, now it's singing in my ear! Make it stop!

**Friday-**Robinson, I have something that will remove any ear worm.

*Friday takes out a wooden flute from his chest and circling Robinson's ear, he lures the ear worm out into his flute. Friday proudly holds the top and bottom of the flute.*

**Friday-** Got him! The little devil in here.

**Robinson-**But he can escape through the holes!

*Robinson quickly covers the holes of the flute with his fingers. the two become more and more tangled up as they try to throw the evil monomelodic worm into the sea.*

**Friday-**What should we do with him?

**Robinson-**Throw the thing into the sea!

*Friday blows the flute like an Amazon blow gun and blows the evil worm into the sea. They watch it sail away. From the back of the audience we*

*hear the faint singing of the Macarena.*

*Robinson taps the flute clean. He then looks out at the public through it and gets a shock*

**Friday**-What did you see?

**Robinson**-Such a big eye!

*Friday takes the telescope. He observes Robinson*

**Robinson**-What did you see?

**Friday**-Such a big nose!

*Robinson takes the telescope and looks out into the audience and starts laughing.*

**Friday**-Robinson, what do you see?

**Robinson**-Such a little man!

*They both laugh.*

**Friday**-Robinson, this flute doesn't only work for ear worms, but also charms the glow worms.

*Friday lifts the lid of his chest and starts to play his magic flute. A soft glowing light appears from the chest.*

**Robinson**-Look at all the little glow worms!

**Friday**-They only wake up in the evening.

**Robinson**-They are having their breakfast!

**Friday**-They little cups of lucid-i-tea and spread light on their toast instead of marmelade.

*As the stage light grows dimmer, Friday plays as the glowworms rise into the air into the sweet tropical night. We hear a lullabye. Blackout*

## **Scene VI - The Third Day**

*As lights rise we see Friday on his chest frantically flapping his arms . In his mouth a piece of cloth.*

**Friday**-When you head for the light, flying is easy.

*Robinson wakes up in his hammock and looks at him in groggy disbelief.*

**Robinson**-Let's face it Friday, you'll never fly.

**Friday**-But they promised me.

**Robinson**-Not in a month of Sundays.

**Friday**- Maybe today is my lucky day.

**Robinson**-Sure, today all the fish ride bicycles.

*Friday mimes a fish riding a bicycle. Robinson gets up out of his hammock and notices big holes in his shirt. He looks over at Friday suspiciously*

**Robinson**-My best shirt!

*Friday turns toward to Robinson.*

**Friday**-Sorry, I got hungry in the middle of the night.

**Robinson**-Friday, tonight is my shirt, tomorrow it will be my pants!

*Robinson chases Friday around.*

**Friday**-I would never eat your underwear!

*Friday tries to put a piece of cloth back on the hole in Robinson's shirt*

**Friday**-You can have this piece back!

**Robinson**-Friday!

*Robinson is just about to catch Friday. Friday climbs up a pole-palm tree.*

**Friday-** I'm really sorry. I promise never to eat your clothes again, even if I get hungry.

**Robinson-**What the mouse says on the ceiling, is not what he says on the floor

**Friday-**Cross my heart and hope to die!

**Robinson-**Ok. If you promise not to do ever again.

*Friday slides down the pole.*

**Friday-**What game shall we play today?

**Robinson-**Hat- mitten. the rules are easy , after two rounds you do as I say.

*Robinson adjusts his hammock like a tennis net. Friday and Robinson throw Robinson's hat twice over the net.*

**Robinson-**Head!

*Friday catches the hat on his head.*

**Friday-**My point! after two you have to do what I say!

**Friday-**Head!

*After two volleys Robinson droops the hat from his head*

**Friday-**My point! My point! Hat-mitten is fun! I'm winning! I'm winning!

**Robinson-**New rules, all change sides!

*Friday and Robinson change sides*

**Robinson-**After two, do what I don't say!

*They volley.*

**Robinson-**Head!

*Friday catches the hat on his shoulder.*

**Friday**-My point! My point! Three to null! Friday! Friday! After two do what i don't say! Head!

*Robinson catches the hat on his head.*

**Friday**-What I don't say, Robinson! My point! Four to nothing! Friday! Friday!

*Robinson is irritated that Friday can play this game better than he can.*

**Robinson**-New rules, all change sides! this is the last round and every move is worth five points. After two you have to do what I say and what I don't say!

**Friday**-Easy Parchesi!

*They change sides again and volley.*

**Robinson**-Head!

*Friday tries to catch the hat on his head and not to catch the hat on his head. this turns out to be very confusing.*

**Robinson**-My points! Five points for Robinson and only four for Friday. You lose, I win! I hereby declare the winner of hat-mitten, Robinson. He is the new champion! Remember Friday,...

**Friday**-But you kept changing the rules!

**Robinson**-First, it's fair play that makes the champion

**Friday**-First, never trust a spider.

**Robinson**-Second, it's not who wins but how you play that counts

**Friday**-Second- go for the light, but don't burn your wings

**Robinson**- If Victory does happen to come, enjoy it in three ways- shake hands, be modesty and don't brag.

**Friday**- The third rule..what was it?..enjoy three ways..three ways?

**Robinson**-I am the island champion. I am the best!

*While Robinson is celebrating himself, Friday is trying to remember the third rule of the moths. The euro drops. Friday is very happy. Friday can at*

*last remember.*

**Friday-** Robinson, I can remember the third rule!

**Robinson-**What's the third rule then, loser?

**Friday-** Enjoy your three days!

**Robinson-**Why just three days?

*Friday starts a light twitching*

**Friday-**For moths three days is a whole lifetime.

*Friday looks around for something he seems to have lost. His finger quiver. He goes to Robinson's bed and pulls endless strips from it. he turns and turns and wraps himself up like a mummy.*

**Robinson-**Friday, what are you doing?

**Friday-**Spinning my coccoon. Help me, Robinson.

**Robinson-** Ok.

*Robinson holds some of the white cloth while Friday turns.*

**Friday-** Must go. Sleep.

**Robinson-**Die?

**Friday-**That too. Thanks.

*Friday starts to move toward his chest.*

**Robinson-** Please don't go you're my friend.

**Friday-** It's time.

**Robinson-** You're my best friend.

**Friday-**And you're my best two legged friend, even, though you sometimes cheat at hat-mitten.

**Robinson-**I never cheat, I only change the rules...sometimes..but only when I am

losing.

**Friday-** I have to go, but you have to go too. Away from this tiny island to other islands, to other archipelagos, other continents

**Robinson-** What, travel through the world like you?

**Friday-** Sure, I travelled alot, but all I saw was the inside of this darned chest. Robinson there is a whole world outside this chest and you can see it. From Bristol to Buenos Aires, from Portsmouth to Peru, From Camberwell to Casablanca.

*Friday is shaking.*

**Robinson-** What's the fun of travelling alone?

**Friday-** The fun of finding new friends along the way and every week you'll find a new Friday

*Robinson turns away hurt. Friday steps into his chest.*

**Friday-** Goodbye, Robinson.

*Friday's energy is fading.*

**Friday-** It was fun on your island.

*Friday disappears into his chest. The lid slams shut.*

**Robinson-** Our island!

*Strange music. Robinson goes to the chest and opens the lid. a little moth in the same colors as Friday's clothes lands on Robinson's finger. Robinson points to his hammock.*

**Robinson-** You can lay on my hammock as long as you like.

*The little moth flies over to the hammock. Robinson rocks the hammock gently.*

**Robinson-** Friday, the moths kept their promise, you can fly.

**Scene VII - The World is Broad and Wide**

*From off we hear Mother singing "Happy Birthday" and the metallic whirring of an hand beater.*

**Mother-**Robbie!

**Robinson-** Here quick. Mother hates moths.

*Robinson carries the little moth safely back to the chest. Then he sets a trap. He places mother's medicine bottle in the middle of a noose. We hear the opening of locks and bolts turning. Enter Mother with an handbeater appliance on her arm. and a bowl. She is mixing up the batter of a cake. Robinson hides.*

**Mother-** Robbie, do you know what today is? Today is your birthday! Now where is my little birthday boy?

*Mother keeps beating the batter.*

**Mother-** I'm making your favorite, Cream Clam Cake with Minced Oyster Icing! Yum! Yum! Yum!

*We see Robinson holding his nose.*

**Mother-** Where can the happy birthday boy be?

*Mother notices her medicine bottle and slowly stops beating.*

**Mother-** Oh, my medicine! i knew I left it somewhere.

*Mother puts down the bowl on the bed and walks into the noose to get he medicine. She picks up the bottle*

**Mother-** Just a swig for medicinal purposes.

*Mother takes a nip of the medicine.*

**Mother-** Already, my heart feels better.

*Robinson pulls on the noose and runs around Mother tying her up.*

**Robinson-** Mother, I am only tying you up because I love you.

**Mother-** Couldn't you find some other way of showing your love?

**Robinson-** Couldn't you, mother?

*Robinson starts to pack.*

**Mother-** What do you think you are doing now?

**Robinson-** Packing.

**Mother-** Packing? In Gods name, why?

**Robinson-** Because I'm leaving.

**Mother-** On your birthday?

**Robinson-** Yes, I'm leaving on my birthday.

**Mother-** But Robbie, where will you go?

**Robinson-** To the New World!

**Mother-** You'll find the same things in the New World we have in the Old.

**Robinson-** Perhaps.

**Mother-**The same things and a few more. Cannibals, Comanches, Cayotes, and Cats with Nine Tails.

**Robinson-** Mother, haven't you already scared me enough?

*Robinson goes to the chest and puts on Friday's moth eaten coat and hat. The little moth is sitting on his hat.*

**Mother-** Apparently not! Malaria! Yellow Fever! Scarlet Fever! You're really going Fever?

**Robinson-** Yes, I'm going.

*Robinson tries to kiss his mother but she turns her head away. She is very hurt and mad that Robinson has outsmarted her.*

**Mother-** Hmmpmph!

**Robinson-** Goodbye, mother

*Mother looks away. Robinson heads for the door. He passes the cake batter and takes a finger full. It tastes awful. He stops one last time at the door. mother now pretends to cry*

**Mother-** Booooh hooooh! Sniff, sniff!

**Robinson-** I'll send you a pst card from Peru.

*Robinson goes. Her last little boy has left her.*

**Mother-** What a fine kettle of fish! Robinson gone to sea, a one legged husband and a house full of moths! Is it any wonder that I sometimes drink?

*Mother takes a nip from her bottle.*

**Mother-** Well , I for one, don't intend to stay in a moth infested house one day longer!

*Mother takes another nip from her bottle.*

**Mother-** I might well take a little channel crossing to Calais myself.

*Another nip.*

**Mother-** Or a world cruise! that would be lovely.

*Another nip.*

**Mother-** Wouldn't it lovely to meet Robinson the beach of Rio de Janiero...or Martinique... or Peru. They say Peru is a lovely city

*Mother closes the curtains and disappears singing Macarena. Before the curtain we see Robinson walking toward the harbour.*

**Robinson Voice as older man** - "So it was in the year of our lord 1750, without the blessing of Father or Mother, I left home. I found work on a ship bound for Barbados.

*We hear thunder. A big storm is rising. Winds*

**Robinson Voice as older man** - Never had the misfortunes of a young adventurer begun sooner

*Robinson tries to shield himself and the little moth against the wild winds that blow against him. He keeps moving across the stage.*

**Robinson Voice as older man - Or lasted longer than mine."**

*The lights fall to the sound of wind and rain and heroic music.*

**THE END**

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