



**Donna Van Oss**

Norman Maine Publishing

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BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY  
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*I dedicate this play  
to my husband  
who has stood by me.  
I wouldn't be the person I am  
without his love.*

## BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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**BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY** was first produced April 2, 2001, at Louisiana School for the Deaf in Baton Rouge, LA, by the Robert E. Lee High School Senior Drama Class: Donna Van Oss, director; Randolph Jackson, sound; and Jessica Payne, photographer.

**JACK TANNY:** David Abbott  
**MARK TINNIE:** Britt Smith  
**NANCY PHILLIPS:** Jacy Philippe  
**MARY ANNE HANES:** Michelle Vidrine  
**SCOTT TANNY:** Joe Hall  
**ELIZABETH POWELL:** Brooke Vargas  
**MATTHEW POWELL:** Darryl Dorsey  
**DEBBIE DAWN:** Sarah Mason  
**LARRY PRISM:** Sean Johnson  
**JULIA GANEY:** Deanna Gaines  
**JENNY MATHERS:** Porcha Maten  
**KARI INGALLS:** Ahline Angeles  
**JOEY CANE:** Jason Reynolds  
**TRENT MICHAELS:** O'shodd Averhart  
**TIMMY LANDERS:** Robert Loyd  
**GINGER FRENCH:** Kenzie Fitch  
**TIFFANY STANLEY:** Nicole Stansberry  
**ROSALYN ROBINS :** Candace Robillard  
**AMBER WARREN:** Tandra Ward  
**RACHEL GASSEN:** Crystal Gaspard  
**MAJOR LLOYD KNOX (KELZAR):** Ryan White  
**BAKEED:** Megan Gilbert  
**MAYLHEE:** Brandon Johnson  
**JAHNOCK:** Trina Smith  
**ROHMAE:** Leicester Landon  
**PIJHAE:** Toni Jarrett  
**GLARK:** Luke Collins

## BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

**FARCE.** When a plane headed for Hawaii crash-lands on an island in the Bermuda Triangle, it isn't long before pandemonium breaks out as the wacky passengers and crew make themselves at home. There's a pilot who thinks he's Dr. Evil, a co-pilot who acts like Mini-Me, a hypochondriac, two credit card salespeople, a wannabe cannibal, five beauty contestants, and two celebrities disguised as Iowa hicks. And then there's the island's inhabitants to contend with—a bunch of aliens disguised as natives! This hilarious farce spoofs "Gilligan's Island," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Austin Powers," and features scene-stealers for everyone in the cast!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 120 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(7 M, 13 F, 7 flexible)

- JACK TANNY:** Pilot who turns into “Dr. Evil”; wears a pilot uniform.
- MARK TINNIE:** Co-pilot who turns into “Mini-Me”; wears a pilot uniform; walks on his knees and imitates Jack’s actions.
- SCOTT TANNY:** Jack Tanny’s son; flight attendant; wears Hawaiian gear over his uniform.
- MARY ANNE HANES:** Flight attendant; quiet and soft-spoken.
- NANCY PHILLIPS:** Head flight attendant; bossy.
- ELIZABETH POWELL:** Newlywed on her honeymoon; wears a Hawaiian dress.
- MATTHEW POWELL:** Newlywed on his honeymoon; wears shorts and a Hawaiian shirt.
- DEBBIE DAWN:** Head credit card salesperson; wears a business suit; flexible.
- LARRY PRISM:** Enthusiastic credit card sales trainee; wears a shirt, tie, and slacks; flexible.
- JULIA GANEY:** Scientist in desperate need of a makeover; wears nerdy clothes, glasses, and has her hair pulled back.
- JENNY MATHERS:** Whiny hypochondriac; wears casual clothes.
- KARI INGALLS:** Stressed out; wears casual clothes.
- JOEY CANE:** Star disguised as a hick from Iowa; wears overalls and a plaid shirt as a hick, and wears a flashy suit as a star.
- TRENT MICHAELS:** Star disguised as a hick from Iowa; wears overalls and a plaid shirt as a hick, and wears a flashy suit as a star.
- TIMMY LANDERS:** Needy Boy Scout; wears a Boy Scout uniform; flexible.
- GINGER FRENCH:** Beauty pageant contestant “Miss Florida”; stuck on herself.
- TIFFANY STANLEY:** Beauty pageant contestant “Miss Georgia”; cheerleader-type.
- ROSALYN ROBINS:** Beauty pageant contestant “Miss Tennessee”; timid, afraid of flying.
- AMBER WARREN:** Beauty pageant contestant “Miss Alabama”; stupid.
- RACHEL GASSEN:** Beauty pageant contestant “Miss Mississippi”; syrupy sweet.

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**MAJOR LLOYD KNOX (KELZAR):** Villainous alien who orders everyone around; wears a camouflage uniform and a hat to hide his alien antennas; flexible.

**BAKEED (Baa-KEED):** Alien leader; female.

**MAYLHEE (MAY-lee):** Alien, second-in-command; flexible.

**JAHNOCK (JAH-nuk):** Alien, smart engineer; female.

**ROHMAE (Row-MAY):** Alien engineer who has eyes for Julia; male.

**PIJHAE (Pie-ZHAY):** Alien who loves to goof around and play with phasers; flexible.

**GLARK:** Pijhae's dimwitted sidekick; flexible.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change names/pronouns accordingly to reflect gender.

### NOTE ON COSTUMING

All Aliens wear shiny silver costumes, a wig, and two antennas on their head. Makeup is used to enhance their eyes. When disguised as "natives," female Aliens wear sarongs, sandals, and flower headbands to hide their antennas. Male Aliens wear khaki shorts covered with grass skirts, bamboo chest pieces, and raffia headbands to hide their antennas.

## SETTING

The present. A tropical island in the Bermuda Triangle. Palm trees, shrubs and bushes are placed around the back and side walls of the set, leaving one SL entrance and a USR and a DSR entrance. A log big enough to sit on is extreme DSR. The airport passageway is set in front of the curtain. There is a sign that reads, "Flight 2023 to Hawaii" and an arrow pointing toward the SR exit.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### ACT I

**Scene 1:** Airport before flight, island after the plane crash.

**Scene 2:** Island. There is a log DSR.

**Scene 3:** Island.

**Scene 4:** Island, the next morning.

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** Island, the next day.

**Scene 2:** Island, two days later.

**Scene 3:** Island, the next morning.

**NOTE:** Once the curtain opens, there is only one set.



## PROPS

4 Bamboo-looking chairs	Bottle of Excedrin
Bamboo-looking table	Bottle of Tylenol
Talent Show platform painted or otherwise made to look like it was made out of sources on the island	Nail file
Curtain rod made out of PVC pipe and painted to look like bamboo	Fake coconut tree
Talent show curtain made of clothes sewn together	Eyeglasses, for Julia
Bamboo ladder	5 Matching shorts sets, for Pageant Contestants
2 Ragged suitcases, for Joey and Trent	5 Matching sundresses, for Pageant Contestants
5 Large beauty pageant sashes: "Miss Florida," "Miss Georgia," "Miss Tennessee," "Miss Alabama," and "Miss Mississippi"	5 Small sewing kits
5 Large makeup cases	Hand mirror
Casual dresses, for Beauty Pageant Contestants	Eyeliners
Luggage, for Passengers	Mascara
Purse, for Jenny	Rolling ice chest
Purse, for Kari	Gold sequined dress, for Ginger
Communicator-looking device	Clipboard
Hat, for Major	Handmade spears
6 Cell phones	Misc. items from luggage that can be used as a weapon: umbrellas, coat hangers, curling irons, belts, high heel shoes, etc.
2 Phasers	Credit cards covered in aluminum foil
Fake plants and trees	Jam box
Bottle of Bayer aspirin	Shirt for Timmy's sling
Bottle of Aleve	First-aid kit with calamine lotion, etc.
Bottle of Bufferin	Rags to wrap Kari's leg

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**SOUND EFFECTS**

Plane crashing  
Birds chirping  
Spaceship taking off

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||

"I AM LOOKING FORWARD  
TO MEETING THEM.

THEY LOOK LIKE  
AN INTERESTING  
AND FRIENDLY SPECIES..."

-ROHMAE

**ACT I**  
**SCENE 1**

*(AT RISE: Inside an airport. In front of the curtain. All characters enter SL and cross to SR. Jack and Mark enter dressed as pilots.)*

MARK: *(In Dr. Evil's voice from the movie "Austin Powers.")* We don't bite, Mr. Bigglesworth!

JACK: *(Friendly tone.)* Come on, Mark, that whole Dr. Evil thing is getting really aggravating.

MARK: Sorry, Jack, but Dr. Evil and Mini-Me just crack me up.

JACK: Sure. "Austin Powers" is a funny movie, but you're not funny anymore. Your Dr. Evil imitation is getting on my nerves. You should try imitating Mini-Me. He's quiet!

MARK: Sorry, I didn't mean to bug you. By the way, congrats on your award. It's not every pilot who gets voted most dependable pilot of the year.

JACK: Couldn't have done it without you. I don't want people to make a fuss over me. I'm just doing my job.

MARK: Well, you must be doing it right because only the best pilots get to fly to Hawaii.

JACK: I wouldn't say I'm one of the best pilots, just one of the lucky ones.

MARK: Your record speaks for itself. Perfect attendance and no accidents.

JACK: Call it luck. So, who besides my son, Scott, is on our flight crew today?

MARK: Mary Anne and Nancy.

*(Mary Anne and Nancy enter SL. They stand extreme SL and talk quietly.)*

JACK: I hear you want to go out with Mary Anne.

MARK: I like her a lot, but I don't know how she feels about me. Every time I'm around her, she's so quiet. I mean, I tell her she looks nice, and that I like her hair, and that her uniform looks great, and that she's the prettiest girl I know, and she just never says anything back. I just don't get—

JACK: Maybe the reason she never says anything is because you don't give her a chance.

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MARK: You've got a point. What about you and Nancy?

JACK: It's kind of a sticky situation. She is Scott's supervisor, you know.

MARK: Oh, he wouldn't mind. He wants you to be happy, right?

JACK: I guess you're right. I just don't want to do anything to endanger my son's career. Even though people pick at him all of the time, I'm very proud of his accomplishments.

MARK: Yeah, everybody likes Scott, but what are you going to do about Nancy? Everyone knows she likes you.

JACK: You really think so?

MARK: Sure. You should ask her out.

JACK: I couldn't...

MARK: All you need is someone to help you build your confidence. I'll share all my secrets with you. *(They start to exit SR.)* You see, what girls really want is for a man to take charge...

*(They exit. Mary Anne and Nancy move to CS.)*

NANCY: I want this flight to be perfect. This is the first flight I've been on with Jack in two weeks, and I'm just waiting for him to get up the nerve to ask me out.

MARY ANNE: I'm sure he will soon, Nancy. I'd like for Mark to ask me out. I'm pretty sure he likes me because he talks nonstop when he's around me. I always feel like I should say something to let him know I'm interested, but I never get the chance.

NANCY: Yeah, that guy never shuts up. He's pretty cute, though!

MARY ANNE: Yeah, so is Jack.

*(Scott enters SL, decked out in Hawaiian gear worn over his flight attendant uniform.)*

SCOTT: Aloha! This is my first flight to Hawaii. I can't wait. I want everything to be perfect.

MARY ANNE: I'm sure everything will be fine. Your dad's a great pilot.

NANCY: The best.

SCOTT: I think he feels the same way about you.

NANCY: I hope so.

MARY ANNE: So, Nancy, what do you want me to handle on this flight?

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NANCY: Mary Anne, you'll be in charge of drinks. Scott, you'll be in charge of the food. I'll handle everything else.

SCOTT: Well, if I'm in charge of the food, I better hurry to the plane because I have so much to set up.

*(Scott, Nancy, and Mary Anne exit SR. Debbie and Larry enter SL.)*

LARRY: I can't believe that we get to go to Hawaii on a business trip.

DEBBIE: Look, when we get there, let me do all the talking because I don't want you to mess up this deal. If they do decide to accept this card, it will bring in major business for our company.

LARRY: I'm so excited to be working with the top salesperson of the year. I hope that I can learn to be half as good as you are.

DEBBIE: I had to work very hard to get to where I am right now. It's not easy trying to get people to use a new and different credit card. Everyone is so used to Visa, MasterCard, and Discover. If you want to learn from me, just remember that I know what I'm doing, and I don't need any input from you.

*(Debbie and Larry start to exit.)*

LARRY: Have you ever thought about improving your people skills? Maybe you could smile more...

*(Debbie turns and grimaces before Larry follows her off. Joey Cane and Trent Michael enter SL, dressed as hicks and carrying ragged suitcases. They walk to CS.)*

TRENT: Hoo-doggies! Did you see all them purty ladies over there?  
*(He points SL.)*

JOEY: Yessirree, I shore did. There's just one thing that puzzles me. Why do you figure they're wearin' them big ole ribbons?

*(Ginger, Tiffany, Rosalyn, Amber, and Rachel enter SL, all wearing casual dresses with big beauty pageant sashes across their chests and holding large makeup kits.)*

TRENT: Well, there they are yonder. Why don't we just ask them?

JOEY: I'm afraid to talk to them girls. They look too uptown for us simple country folks.

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TRENT: Well, I ain't afraid. (*Approaches Beauty Pageant Girls.*) Hey there. How are all you fine ladies doing today?

GINGER: (*To other Girls.*) Is he talking to us?

(*All Girls, except Amber, look disgusted.*)

AMBER: (*To Trent.*) Aren't you sweet. We're doing just fine.

(*Girls are irritated that Amber is talking to Trent.*)

TRENT: My friend here... (*Indicates Joey.*) ...was just wondering why ya'll got them big ribbons on, and I was wondering why they have the names of different states on them.

GINGER: Duh! We're all contestants in the Miss USA pageant.

JOEY: Isn't that contest going to be over there in Hawaya?

ROSALYN: Yes, it is. I wish it were closer to home so that I didn't have to get on a plane.

TRENT: Well, don't worry. We're going to Hawaya, too. I'll make sure nothing happens to you.

RACHEL: Isn't that sweet.

TIFFANY: Maybe you can come to the contest and cheer for us.

JOEY: Wouldn't miss it. We've never left Iowa before. We can't wait to see what's out there in the big world.

GINGER: Why don't you run on along and get on the plane? We'll meet you there.

(*Trent and Joey start to exit SR.*)

TRENT: I'm glad I'm not a judge. I don't know how I'd pick a winner out of all of you purty ladies.

(*Trent and Joey exit.*)

GINGER: (*Disgusted.*) I can't believe they actually talked to us. I guess that's the price of fame.

RACHEL: I thought they were kind of sweet.

ROSALYN: I've never flown before. We always take a big tour bus to get to my pageants. I'm so scared. I just know something bad is goin' to happen.

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RACHEL: Oh, don't worry, darlin'. I'm sure everythin' will be just fine.

TIFFANY: I just love flyin'. It's like ridin' on a big bird all the way across the ocean. *(To Rosalyn.)* Come on, sweetie, I'll sit next to you on the plane.

AMBER: *(To Rosalyn.)* Why are you all actin' so decomposed? It's just a plane. It's not going to crash or anything.

ROSALYN: I wouldn't be giving advice so freely if I sounded that dumb.

GINGER: Well, if anything does happen... *(Looks over at Rosalyn.)* ...my daddy will come get me in his private plane.

*(Ginger and Amber exit SR.)*

ROSALYN: That was rude. I hope all of the girls in this pageant aren't that snobby.

RACHEL: Oh, don't worry, honey. I was voted Miss Congeniality at the Miss Mississippi contest. I'm always nice.

*(Girls start to exit.)*

TIFFANY: I just can't wait to get there. I'm so glad that this year's pageant is in Hawaii.

*(Elizabeth and Matthew enter SL as the Girls exit. Matthew gawks at them.)*

ELIZABETH: Quit staring at them. This *is* our honeymoon, you know.

MATTHEW: Now, honey, you know I only have eyes for you.

ELIZABETH: You just make sure that those eyes don't start wandering again. Besides, you know all their parts have been floated and taped.

*(Matthew hugs her.)*

MATTHEW: I love it when you talk business to me, sweetie, but let's not bring up work right now. We're on vacation. The construction business can wait until we get home.



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ELIZABETH: I guess I have business on my mind because we just finished the sheetrock in that big office building.

MATTHEW: Let's hurry up and get on that plane. I can't wait to get to Hawaii so I can see you in that new bikini.

ELIZABETH: *(Slapping at him playfully.)* You'll just have to wait.

*(Matthew chases her off SR. Jenny enters SL, digging in her purse. Julia enters behind Jenny.)*

JENNY: Where did I put that Dramamine? I know I put it in here somewhere.

*(Items drop out of Jenny's purse, and Julia bends down to pick them up.)*

JULIA: Here, I think you dropped this.

JENNY: Thanks. I'm just so nervous about getting on this plane. I always get motion sickness, and now I can't find my Dramamine. Do you have any?

JULIA: No, I don't let myself get motion sickness. I just think about something else.

JENNY: I wish I could do that. I wouldn't even be getting on this plane if I didn't have to go see a specialist. I've had a rash on my arms for months and my doctors can't seem to do a thing about it.

*(Jenny shows her the rash.)*

JULIA: Oh, I see.

*(Julia starts to exit. Jenny follows her.)*

JENNY: So, why are you going to Hawaii?

JULIA: I'm attending a scientific convention. I will be presenting a paper on the mating habits of lizards to my fellow science professors.

JENNY: Oh, I see.

*(Jenny and Julia exit. Kari enters SL, walking very slowly and deliberately. She is clenching her teeth and tightly gripping her bag. Timmy enters.)*

TIMMY: Excuse me, ma'am.

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KARI: *(Gasps. Gruffly and loudly.)* What! What do you want?

TIMMY: *(Almost crying.)* I don't mean to bother you, ma'am, but I was wondering if I could sit by you on the plane. You see, I'm all alone and I'm kinda scared.

KARI: Why are you getting on the plane if you're so scared? Where are your parents?

TIMMY: They died in a car wreck, and now I'm going to live with my grandma.

*(Timmy sits on his suitcase and puts his head in his hands. Kari walks over to him and puts her hand on his shoulder.)*

KARI: Gee, kid, I'd like to help you, but I'm the wrong person to ask. You see, I'm going to Hawaii to get away from all the stress I've been under lately. I don't think I'd be very good company *(The Major enters SL.)* Look, there's a man over there. Why don't you see if he'll help you?

TIMMY: Okay. *(Kari starts to exit SR. Yells after her.)* I hope you feel better.

KARI: Yeah, thanks. You too.

*(Kari exits. Timmy runs over to the Major.)*

TIMMY: Hey, mister, can I sit by you on the plane? You see, I'm—  
MAJOR: *(Distracted.)* What? Yeah, whatever. You go on ahead.

*(Major pushes Timmy away.)*

TIMMY: Oh, goody. Hey, I'm a Boy Scout, and I bet you could teach me a lot about camping and all that kinda stuff. Will ya, huh? Can I be your little buddy?

MAJOR: Can we talk about all this later? You go ahead and get on the plane.

TIMMY: *(Saluting.)* Yes, sir!

*(Timmy runs off SR. Major takes off his hat to reveal his alien antennas. He pulls his communicator out of his pocket.)*

MAJOR: Mission control, this is Kelzar. I rowed to the mainland to try to find the parts I need to repair my ship, but these simple

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beings don't have the complex elements I need. I've detected the arrival of the Vempshins. They must have tracked my ship to this planet. I know they're here to try to stop our invasion of this planet—the meddling little peacemakers. I'm going to use my telepathy to control the mind of the pilot of this plane and make him fly to my ship. It crashed on an island in an area that the inhabitants of this planet call the Bermuda Triangle. I'll steal the parts I need to repair my ship from the Vempshins, and then I'll leave them stranded here. This simple planet isn't worth the trouble. Kelzar, out.

*(Major puts away his communicator, puts his hat back on, and exits SR. Blackout. Jack's voice is heard like he's addressing the passengers. Note: This line can be pre-recorded and played over the sound system.)*

JACK: *(Offstage, professional voice.)* Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We are experiencing some turbulence. I am going to ask you to remain in your seats with your seatbelts fastened. We should be arriving approximately 30 minutes later than expected. All connecting flights will be held until our arrival. *(Major starts to control pilot's mind. Pilot starts talking like he's Dr. Evil.)* There's no need to worry. My co-pilot and I have everything under control, rrrright? No storm is going to stop me. I will not tolerate failure. *(Evil laugh.)* Nothing will stop my plan to—

*(Sound of a plane crashing. Curtain opens to reveal tropical island set. There is a log DSR. Matthew and Elizabeth help Jenny in from USR and move to CS.)*

JENNY: I'm so dizzy, and my ears are still ringing. This is terrible.

ELIZABETH: *(Unconvincing.)* Don't worry. Everything is going to be all right.

JENNY: *(Whines.)* How can you say that?

ELIZABETH: I always try to look on the bright side.

JENNY: There's no bright side to crashing. I've got bruises all over me, and my back feels broken.

MATTHEW: If your back were broken, you wouldn't be able to walk.

JENNY: I've got this rash that I'm supposed to see a specialist about.

I'm sure several bones are broken, and I've got a terrible headache.

MATTHEW: At least you survived. Things could be a lot worse.

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ELIZABETH: You don't have any problems that can't be solved. We made it to Hawaii. All you have to do is find a phone. You can call your doctor and tell him what happened.

JENNY: That doctor is a skin specialist. After I call him I'll have to call a back doctor and then an ear doctor...

*(Jenny rattles on as they move to DSL. Debbie and Larry enter USR and move to DCS. Debbie has a cell phone in her hand.)*

DEBBIE: *(Indicating cell phone.)* Why isn't this thing working? I've got to contact somebody and let them know that we are going to be late. You can't be a top salesperson if you miss meetings.

LARRY: Is business all you ever think about?

DEBBIE: What else is there?

LARRY: There's plenty. Like, how are you? We've just been through a plane crash. Are you okay? Do you have any broken bones, bruises, scratches? *(She ignores him.)* Are you alive?

*(Debbie rolls her eyes at Larry, and they move to DSR. Beauty Contestants come in USR and move to DCS. They look perfect and are still carrying their huge makeup cases.)*

ROSALYN: I knew that there was a reason I was afraid of flying. I knew something like this would happen

RACHEL: Oh, honey, it'll be okay. We're all fine.

AMBER: *(To Rosalyn.)* Your hair still looks good. How's mine?

ROSALYN: It looks great, I guess.

*(Rosalyn looks at Rachel and shrugs her shoulders.)*

TIFFANY: Wow! I can't believe how beautiful everything is. I knew Hawaii was beautiful, but I never expected it to be like this.

GINGER: How can you be so excited about crash-landing in the middle of nowhere? We've got to get to the hotel as soon as possible. I need my beauty sleep.

ROSALYN: This whole situation is just terrible. I can't think of anything worse.

*(Joey and Trent enter USR and approach the Contestants.)*

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TRENT: We meet again. Is there anything we can do for all you lovely ladies?

GINGER: You can leave us alone and go find someone else to bother.

*(She moves to CS.)*

JOEY: She shore ain't the friendly type. We don't mean to bother you ladies. We just thought you might need some comfortin' after that bumpy flight.

ROSALYN: Bumpy flight? I thought I was going to die. I'm surprised any of us are alive after that crash landing.

TRENT: I wouldn't exactly call that a crash landing. That storm blew us off course and the pilot set this plane down in the safest place he could find.

JOEY: Yeah. We're all alive. I don't think that plane will make any more flights, but at least we made it to beautiful Hawaya.

TIFFANY: It is beautiful, isn't it?

RACHEL: I just love tropical islands. I've been to Hawaii before, but we must be on a different island. Everything looks so different.

ROSALYN: I'm glad ya'll are enjoying yourself so much. I just want to find a place to get some rest. I guess I'll be finding a yacht to take me home because I'm not getting on another plane. Ever!

*(Rosalyn walks over to Ginger. Everyone else follows. The Contestants all pull out cell phones and try to use them. From USR, Scott follows Kari in. They walk to DCS.)*

KARI: *(Very stressed.)* I can't believe this happened. I'm trying to get away from all the stress in my life. It's just my luck to be on a plane that crashes. I feel like I'm in that movie— what was the name of it? Oh, yeah, “Alive.” How are we going to survive? Where are we going to sleep? *(Starts yelling hysterically.)* What are we going to eat?! Will we try to eat each other?! What are we going to do?!

SCOTT: Calm down. We landed in Hawaii, and until we can contact help and get to the airport, there's plenty of food on the plane. Everything will be fine.

KARI: Everything is not going to be fine. I can feel my blood pressure rising again. I just can't handle any more stress. If I don't get some rest and relaxation soon, I'll explode!

SCOTT: Have you ever done any yoga? What about tai chi? Let me show you some things I do to relax.

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*(They move to CS, where Scott demonstrates several yoga positions. Mary Anne and Nancy enter from USR and move to DCS. Julia walks in a few steps behind them.)*

MARY ANNE: Everyone got off the plane safely. I'm so glad no one was hurt.

NANCY: So am I. You and Scott did a great job evacuating the plane.

MARY ANNE: Thanks. Did you have any luck with the radio?

NANCY: No, I couldn't get it to work. I don't understand. It wasn't damaged. It should work.

*(Julia approaches them.)*

JULIA: I have a theory about that.

NANCY: About what?

JULIA: About why the radio isn't working. I've also noticed that several people are trying to use their cell phones, and they aren't working, either.

MARY ANNE: Why aren't they working? Is it because we're off of the mainland?

JULIA: We're off of the mainland all right, but we're not where you think we are.

MARY ANNE: What do you mean?

NANCY: I think I know what she means. Right about the time we hit that turbulence, the plane banked hard.

MARY ANNE: You mean we're not on Oahu?

JULIA: We're not in Hawaii at all.

NANCY: I think she's right, but I wonder where we are.

JULIA: Based on the force of that turn, I'd say we turned completely around and headed in the opposite direction. Since we're having trouble using our equipment even though there's nothing wrong with it, I'd guess that we are in the Bermuda Triangle.

NANCY: I bet you're right.

MARY ANNE: What do we do now?

JULIA: I think we should start looking for a place to build a camp. This beach looks pretty good.

*(Julia, Mary Anne, and Nancy move to SL and continue surveying the situation. Jack and Mark enter USR. Jack has started acting like Dr. Evil*

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*and Mark has started acting like Mini-Me. Mark walks around on his knees and imitates Jack's gestures.)*

JACK: *(Loudly, as he walks to DCS.)* I think that landing was one of my best! Everyone gather around. *(Passengers move in and form a semi-circle around Jack.)* I know that you all want to thank me for doing such an outstanding job of landing the plane. It looks like everything is going as planned.

*(Jack and Mark give a long evil laugh. Everyone shrugs and looks at each other.)*

SCOTT: Dad, what's wrong with you? Why are you acting so strange?

JACK: Get away from me. You've had many chances to prove yourself, and you've always failed. You disgust me. Get out of my sight.

SCOTT: But Dad—

JACK: Zip it.

SCOTT: I can't believe—

JACK: Zip it good.

SCOTT: How can you say—

JACK: I said, "Zip it."

SCOTT: *(As he walks away.)* I can't believe you're acting like this.

JACK: *(To Passengers.)* Don't worry about my son. He's never lived up to my expectations. My co-pilot, on the other hand, has always made me very proud. Isn't he wonderful? *(To Mark.)* Can I have a hug? *(They hug. Back to crowd.)* I'm sure you will all enjoy your stay here in Hawaii. Why are you all standing around? Don't you need to go get your luggage?

*(Mary Anne, Nancy, and Julia move to DCS. Nancy pulls Jack to extreme DCS. Mark follows.)*

NANCY: *(To Jack.)* We aren't in Hawaii. We landed in the Bermuda Triangle.

JACK: *(Loudly.)* I will not tolerate such insolence. Who are you to doubt the most dependable pilot of the year?

NANCY: What's wrong with you? Why are you acting like you're Dr. Evil?

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JACK: What makes you think I'm acting. *(To Mark.)* Come on, Mark. They don't understand us.

*(Nancy walks over to Mary Anne and Julia.)*

NANCY: I don't know what's gotten into him. He never acts like that. Maybe he bumped his head.

MARY ANNE: Mark is acting strange, too. He hasn't said a word to me, and he keeps giving me these weird looks.

JULIA: *(To Nancy.)* You said Jack was acting like Dr. Evil. Who is that?

NANCY: He's that stupid character in "Austin Powers" who thinks he's very powerful. He orders everyone around and constantly demands respect.

MARY ANNE: Right. In the second "Austin Powers" movie there is a small version of the Dr. Evil character called "Mini-Me." He doesn't speak, and he is like a pet. He wants to kill Dr. Evil's son so that he will get all of the attention.

JULIA: That sounds like a strange plot for a movie. I feel sorry for both of you if Jack and Mark start acting like those characters.

MARY ANNE: We can't worry about them right now. We've got to tell everyone where we really are.

NANCY: Right. *(Walking to DCS.)* Everyone listen up. We are not in Hawaii. *(Passengers ad-lib, "Where are we?" "What does she mean?" "How can that be?" etc.)* We are on an island in the Bermuda Triangle.

MATTHEW: How do you know?

JULIA: *(To crowd.)* You may have noticed that your phones aren't working. It has been documented for years that the instruments of planes and ships passing through the Bermuda Triangle don't function correctly. Also, we made a sharp turn in the air and started traveling in the opposite direction.

ELIZABETH: What are we going to do now?

JACK: *(To crowd.)* Don't listen to them! I've been flying to Hawaii for years, and this flight was no different.

NANCY: You're wrong. Everything's different, including you.

JACK: I don't have to stand here and listen to this. I'm leaving.

*(Jack makes a grand exit and Mark imitates it. They exit USR.)*



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KARI: What are we going to do? I thought I was stressed out before. Now I'm stranded on an island in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle, and no one will ever be able to find us. We won't have enough to eat, and we'll turn on each other and start killing each other for food.

*(Kari starts to hyperventilate. Scott puts his arm around her.)*

SCOTT: Try to take long, deep breaths.

*(Kari feels his arm like it's a piece of meat.)*

KARI: You're too skinny to eat. We need to find someone who's got more meat on their bones.

*(Scott leads her SR and tries to comfort her.)*

JULIA: I think we should try to set up a camp here. There's a nice beach and plenty of trees. It's much better than that swampy area we crashed in.

*(Major enters SL and moves toward DCS.)*

NANCY: That's a good idea. Let's start gathering anything we can to try to create some shelter.

MAJOR: Not so fast. You people have obviously never heard the legend of the Morrock.

DEBBIE: The legend of the what?

*(Timmy runs in from DSR and grabs at the Major's leg.)*

TIMMY: There you are. I've been looking all over for you. Where did you go? I was so scared.

*(Major pushes Timmy away.)*

MAJOR: Look, kid, I told you on the plane that I don't like you hanging onto me. *(Timmy backs away and wipes his tears. The Major addresses the crowd.)* Like I was saying, I've been a sailor for a long

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time and the Morrock legend is famous among all who sail close to the Bermuda Triangle.

TRENT: What is a Morrock?

MAJOR: *(Getting into his story.)* A Morrock is a savage beast that preys at night on paradise-type beaches of the Bermuda Triangle. I've heard stories of sailors finding the remains of their missing buddies, and they were so mangled that they could only identify them with their dog tags, that is, if the dog tags weren't chewed up.

*(Timmy grabs at the Major's leg again.)*

TIMMY: I'm scared.

MAJOR: Look here, little buddy, you need to help me convince these people that it's not safe for them to stay on this beach once it gets dark.

TIMMY: *(To crowd.)* You've got to listen to him. Let's make a camp somewhere else. Anywhere else.

NANCY: Fine. Where should we build our camp?

MAJOR: I've done a quick survey of this island while you people were all standing around. The only place fit to build a camp is the crash site.

JULIA: But that area is a swampy mess.

MAJOR: It's the only alternative.

ROSALYN: I agree. I don't want to be mangled by some savage beast.

*(Passengers ad-lib, "I agree," etc.)*

MAJOR: It's settled then. Everybody back to the crash site.

TIMMY: Can I help, too?

MAJOR: Yeah, whatever. Let's move it.

*(Major directs everybody off USR and then follows them out. Blackout.)*

## SCENE 2

*(AT RISE: Island. Bakeed cautiously enters SL. He looks around and then goes back to get the other Aliens.)*

BAKEED: *(To Aliens offstage.)* It is okay. They are all gone now. *(Other Space Aliens enter SL. They speak haltingly and do not use any contractions. Bakeed and Maylhee stand USL. Rohmae and Jahnock stand CS. Pijhae sits and leans against the log DSR, and Glark stands near her.)* These earth dwellers seem to all speak the language called English. Since we have studied so many different earth languages, we should practice our English so that we can communicate with them if we have to.

MAYLHEE: How are we going to keep them away from our ship?

BAKEED: I am not sure, but we are going to have to try. Jahnock, you and Rohmae go and see if you can tell what they are doing. Do not let them see you.

ROHMAE: I think we should meet them. It is always interesting to meet another species.

JAHNOCK: You have such romantic ideas. We do not know how they will react to us. They might kill us on sight.

BAKEED: She is right. You need to be careful.

*(Jahnock and Rohmae start toward USR.)*

GLARK: They will not hurt us. I will not let them. I will shoot them with my phaser.

*(Glark pulls out his weapon and starts gesturing wildly as if in battle. Bakeed and Maylhee grab him and take away the weapon.)*

MAYLHEE: Where did you get that? You know that we do not use weapons unless we have to.

GLARK: Where is the fun in that? I say we should shoot first and ask questions later. They cannot hurt us if they get shot with a phaser. Right, Pijhae?

*(Glark sits next to Pijhae, pokes her to wake her up, and then talks to her as Bakeed pulls Maylhee aside.)*

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BAKEED: Tell me again, why did he have to come on this mission with us?

MAYLHEE: Because he is the company commander's nephew.

*(They look over at Glark and Pijhae, who are firing fake weapons at each other around the log. Bakeed rolls his eyes.)*

BAKEED: *(Yells.)* Glark and Pijhae! Will you stop that? You need to be more serious so that we can decide how to handle this situation.

PIJHAE: He started it.

GLARK: I did not. I was just trying to convince her that we should use our phasers.

*(Glark starts acting like he's firing a phaser again, and Bakeed grabs him. Jahnock and Rohmae start walking back to CS.)*

BAKEED: *(Yells.)* Enough! Can you stand still for five seconds?

*(Glark and Pijhae make faces behind Bakeed's back.)*

MAYLHEE: *(To Jahnock.)* What did you see?

JAHNOCK: They are very busy moving things around. It looks like their vessel is damaged. They seem to be trying to construct some sort of shelter.

MAYLHEE: I wonder why they are building a shelter over there in that swampy area instead of on this nice beach.

ROHMAE: I overheard one of the pretty females saying that she would not come near this beach at night because she was afraid of the Morrock.

GLARK: What is a Morrock?

BAKEED: *(To Maylhee.)* That was a pretty intelligent question. Maybe he will not be a complete waste.

GLARK: Whatever it is, I will shoot it with my phaser. Then nobody will have to be afraid.

*(Glark starts firing a fake weapon again at Pijhae. They shoot back and forth and exit SL.)*

MAYLHEE: I think you spoke too soon.

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JAHNOCK: I do not think that we will have to worry about encountering any of these beings anytime soon. They are too busy.

ROHMAE: That is too bad.

MAYLHEE: Why do you say that?

ROHMAE: I think they look like a very interesting species. Especially the females.

BAKEED: Try to keep your mind on our mission. We have got to find the Shepni agent so we can stop the invasion of this planet. He had to be on that vessel, but he must be in disguise. I have not seen anyone who looks anything like a Shepni agent. Since we probably do not have to worry about encountering the beings from the crashed vessel any time soon, we need to prepare for our first meeting.

JAHNOCK: We have costumes that will make us look like native island dwellers.

BAKEED: Right. The first thing we should do is get everyone into costume. Maylhee, you work with Jahnock on the costumes. Rohmae and I will work out the details of our first encounter.

*(They all head SL. Maylhee and Jahnock exit.)*

ROHMAE: I can hardly wait.

*(Rohmae looks wistfully toward SR. Bakeed pulls Rohmae and they exit SL. The Major enters USR and sneaks around like he is looking for something. He exits SL. Trent and Joey enter USR. They speak without their hick accents.)*

TRENT: I can't believe we're wearing these overalls. They make us look like country hicks.

JOEY: It's the only way we can make people believe that we're from Iowa. After all, we *are* Trent Michaels and Joey Cane. This is the only way we'll get any kind of vacation.

TRENT: Vacation? What vacation? We're stranded on an island in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle!

JOEY: At least we don't have to travel to a different state every day and perform five nights a week.

TRENT: I know, but I was really looking forward to Hawaii. I just wanted to kick back and enjoy the bikinis—I mean the scenery!

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JOEY: The scenery isn't too bad here. All those beauty pageant contestants look pretty good.

TRENT: They sure do. I think Miss Florida likes me.

JOEY: You've got to be kidding. As much as you've been bugging her, she just wants you to leave her alone.

TRENT: That will all change when she finds out who I really am.

JOEY: Which won't be any time soon, right?

TRENT: Why not? It's obvious that we aren't going to be getting to Hawaii for a while.

JOEY: Wasn't the whole point of going to Hawaii to get a break from the hectic schedule and the screaming fans?

TRENT: I never thought I'd say this, but I am kind of tired of all the women screaming our names.

JOEY: Let's just keep our little secret for a while.

*(Debbie and Larry enter DSR.)*

TRENT: All right. I could use a break.

DEBBIE: Well, gentlemen, since we're all stranded here on this island, it looks like we'll all have to make the best of the situation. I have something that will make your life easier.

TRENT: *(Hick accent.)* What are you talkin' about?

DEBBIE: Are you tired of paying for things the same way over and over? Wouldn't you like shopping to be more exciting? *(Confused, Joey and Trent look at each other. Larry watches in awe.)* Let me introduce you to the credit card of the future. It's not like all of that other plastic. In fact, it's not plastic at all. It's aluminum.

JOEY: Excuse me, I hate to interrupt you, ma'am, but you sound like a telemarketer. Are you tryin' to sell me a credit card?

DEBBIE: It's not just any credit card. It's the Planetary Calling and Credit Card, the solar way to call and pay.

TRENT: I think you musta hit your head too hard when we landed. Come on, Joey. Let's go see how that camp is comin' along.

*(Trent and Joey exit USR.)*

DEBBIE: I don't understand it. I've never lost a sale before. They acted like they weren't interested at all.

LARRY: That's probably because they weren't, but I was. You *are* a good salesperson.

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DEBBIE: The best.

*(Scott enters USR and starts looking at various plants and trees.)*

LARRY: Look, here comes somebody else. Let me do the talking this time.

DEBBIE: I don't think you're ready.

LARRY: How else am I going to learn?

DEBBIE: I guess you're right.

*(Scott joins them DCS.)*

SCOTT: We're in pretty good shape. There are a lot of fruit trees on the island, and we'll be able to catch lots of seafood to eat.

LARRY: Why catch seafood when you can buy it with style?

SCOTT: I beg your pardon?

LARRY: Are you tired of cash and piles of plastic credit cards?

SCOTT: Not really.

LARRY: Do all of your calling cards and credit cards take up too much room in your wallet?

SCOTT: I've never really thought about that.

LARRY: Well, friend, think about it now. You can get rid of all those pesky cards and replace them with one that will take care of all your needs. The all-new Planetary Calling and Credit Card, the solar way to call and pay, is the distinctive card that will get you noticed because it's not plastic—it's aluminum. It's the wave of the future. Be the first to catch the wave.

SCOTT: Look, I'm not really sure why you're trying to sell me a credit card, aluminum or not. We're stuck on an island in the middle of nowhere. What good is a credit card going to do here? I don't mean to be rude, but I need to keep looking around for food that I can gather, not buy with a credit card.

*(Scott goes DSL as Kari enters USR. She stands behind Larry and Debbie and sizes them up.)*

DEBBIE: *(To Larry.)* You're pretty good.

LARRY: Thanks, but my luck wasn't any better than yours.

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DEBBIE: We'll have to fine-tune our approach. I'm sure there's someone on this island who would love to have the new Planetary card.

LARRY: Maybe we should work as a team.

DEBBIE: That's not a bad idea.

*(Without noticing Kari, they exit DSR. Kari approaches Scott.)*

KARI: Hey, Scott. When the time comes to decide who we should eat, I think we should consider those salespeople. They look like they've got some good muscle tone.

SCOTT: Are you still talking about that? You obviously haven't practiced any of those relaxation techniques I showed you. Your stress level is affecting your logic.

KARI: We've got to plan ahead. We might be stuck here for a long time, and I don't want to starve to death.

SCOTT: Kari, we'll never starve on this island. There are fruit trees and lots of seafood. We can find plenty of food without resorting to murder.

KARI: Who said anything about murder? We'll just eat the people who happen to have a deadly accident...

SCOTT: Come and sit down over here. *(He leads her CS and sits next to her with his back to SR.)* Now cross your legs and place your hands like this. *(He demonstrates a yoga meditation posture. Julia walks in from DSR and stands behind Scott.)* Take long deep breaths. In and out...

JULIA: There you are.

*(Scott and Kari jump and gasp.)*

KARI: How am I ever going to learn to control my stress if I can't relax for five seconds?

*(Kari runs off USR. Scott stands.)*

JULIA: *(To USR.)* Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. *(To Scott.)* Who is that? She seems a little high-strung.

SCOTT: That's Kari. She suffers from hypertension. I'm trying to help her learn to relax.

JULIA: That's nice of you. Listen, Nancy was looking for you earlier.



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SCOTT: Do you know why?

JULIA: I think she needed some help organizing the food from the plane.

SCOTT: Oh, okay. I'll head over that way in a minute. I just want to check out a few more of these plants.

JULIA: I've observed some interesting plant species on this island, but I'm looking forward to observing the native animal species. My scientific studies have always centered on fauna rather than flora.

SCOTT: That's right. You're a science professor. Do you think there are animals on this island?

JULIA: I hope so. I would love to discover a new species, especially a lizard species.

*(Jenny enters DSR.)*

SCOTT: Why lizards?

JULIA: My research has focused on lizards for several years. I just find them fascinating.

*(Jenny joins them CS.)*

JENNY: Did either of you pack any aspirin? I'm almost out, and I have a terrible headache. I don't know how I'm going to make it on this island without any medicine or doctors.

JULIA: I don't have any.

SCOTT: I don't either, but I can show you a pressure point that helps with headache pain.

*(Beauty Contestants enter USR, wearing matching short sets and carrying their makeup cases. They look looking exhausted.)*

JENNY: That's okay. *(Indicates Beauty Contestants.)* I'll go ask them. *(Scott shows Julia an interesting plant DSR. They exit as Beauty Contestants go CS.)* Excuse me, do any of you have any aspirin?

*(Contestants set down their cases, open the cases at the same time, and pull out a bottle of pain reliever.)*

GINGER: I've got Tylenol.

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ROSALYN: I've got Bayer.

RACHEL: I have some Aleve.

AMBER: I have some Bufferin.

TIFFANY: I've got Excedrin.

JENNY: I'll take some Tylenol. (*Ginger hands her two pills.*) Now I know where to come when I need something. Thanks so much. (*She exits DSR.*)

GINGER: You're welcome. (*To other Contestants.*) I can't believe they want us to help build things. I think I broke a nail. (*She begins to file her nails.*)

ROSALYN: I can't believe we're stuck in the Bermuda Triangle. I knew I shouldn't have gotten on that plane.

RACHEL: I'm sure everything is going to be just fine. We aren't going to be stuck here forever.

AMBER: She's right. I'm sure the next plane that flies over this island will stop and pick us up.

ROSALYN: What good will that do? Then they will be stuck here, too.

TIFFANY: I think you all have the wrong attitude. We don't know how long we're going to be stuck here, so let's try to enjoy ourselves.

GINGER: How can I enjoy myself? I'm going to have to sleep on the ground tonight.

RACHEL: I am almost out of hairspray. I planned to buy more once we got to Hawaii.

AMBER: I don't know what I'm going to do when my coconut shampoo runs out.

TIFFANY: (*Looks over at a coconut tree and shrugs.*) I think we should plan something fun.

ROSALYN: What could possibly be fun about being stuck on a primitive island?

TIFFANY: Well, I for one, was prepared to compete in a beauty pageant. I know that all of us were ready to perform our talent. Why let all of our hard work go to waste? Let's have a [talent show]. [*NOTE: Or a fashion show, if desired.*]

RACHEL: That's not a bad idea.

GINGER: Where are we going to perform? In a tree?

ROSALYN: I'm sure that after the camp is finished, we can get someone to build us a stage.

AMBER: I would like the chance to perform my talent.

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*(Nancy and Mary Anne enter DSR. Nancy stands with her arms crossed and looks at the Contestants.)*

TIFFANY: Then it's settled. As soon as the camp is finished, I'll talk to that newlywed couple. When I talked to them on the plane, they told me that they are in the construction business.

NANCY: You know the camp would get finished a lot sooner if we all helped build it.

GINGER: I'll be glad to help as long as I don't have to do anything that will break my nails.

ROSALYN: I guess we should all help as much as we can. Who knows how long we are going to be here.

AMBER: This might even be fun. I feel like I'm on an episode of "The Brady Bunch."

RACHEL: "The Brady Bunch?"

AMBER: You know. That show where all those people got stuck on an island.

*(Contestants start to exit DSR.)*

ROSALYN: Do you mean "Gilligan's Island"?

AMBER: Oh yeah, that's right. I always loved that show.

*(Contestants exit. Nancy and Mary Anne are CS.)*

MARY ANNE: Those poor girls. I know they're disappointed about missing the beauty pageant.

NANCY: I'm sure they are, but we're all going to have to chip in to make things work.

MARY ANNE: I know. Most of the passengers are doing as much as they can, but I haven't seen Jack and Mark helping much.

NANCY: You're right. Jack has been sitting under a tree. When I asked him to help with something, he said I was bothering him and told me to go away. I thought he liked me, but now I feel like he doesn't want to have anything to do with me.

MARY ANNE: I'm confused about the way Mark has been acting, too. He keeps sneaking around, spying on Scott, and he hasn't said two words to me since we got here.

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*(Major enters from SL and approaches Nancy and Mary Anne.)*

NANCY: That is weird. Normally you can't shut that guy up. I wonder what could be causing Jack and Mark's strange behavior.

MAJOR: Ladies, I don't mean to intrude, but I overheard your conversation, and I think I know why the pilot and co-pilot are acting strangely.

MARY ANNE: Really? Why?

MAJOR: We are in the Bermuda Triangle, you know. If this area affects instruments such as radios and telephones, maybe it affects people's minds also. I'm sure their unusual behavior has nothing to do with mind control or anything.

NANCY: Who said anything about mind control?

MAJOR: I was just eliminating one of the possibilities. I'm sure that those men will start to act normally again after we've been here for a while.

MARY ANNE: Whatever you say.

NANCY: Yeah, well we've got to get back to the campsite.

MAJOR: I'm heading that way myself. I'll walk with you.

*(As they exit DSR, Nancy and Mary Anne look at each other and shrug. Jack and Mark enter USR and move to CS.)*

JACK: Aren't you glad that we're in Hawaii? Now we can finally spend some quality time together. I am so proud of you. *(Mark whispers in Jack's ear.)* Yes, you're right. My son has never lived up to my expectations like you do. I always wanted him to become a pilot, but he couldn't handle the pressure. I guess he thought that if he became a flight attendant that I would be satisfied. Well, he was wrong. You are more like a son to me than Scott ever was. *(Mark whispers in Jack's ear.)* No, no, no. You don't have to do that. I'll just ignore him. He's as good as dead to me anyway.

*(Matthew and Elizabeth enter DSR and join Mark and Jack CS.)*

MATTHEW: *(To Jack.)* So, do you think we'll be able to get off of this island?

JACK: Get off this island? We just got here. Why did you even come to Hawaii if you didn't want to be here?

ELIZABETH: But we aren't in Hawaii, we're in the Bermuda Triangle. Why do you think we're all building a camp?

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JACK: What people do for recreation is their own business. My job is to get people to their destination safely.

MATTHEW: I guess we are safe, but we completely missed our destination.

JACK: How dare you speak to me that way. You should be honored to fly with the most dependable pilot of the year. *(To Mark.)* Come on. We don't have to put up with such insolence.

*(He makes a grand exit and Mark imitates it as they exit USSR.)*

MATTHEW: I wonder what his problem is.

ELIZABETH: I don't know. Maybe the stress of the crash landing was too much for him.

*(Matthew hugs Elizabeth.)*

MATTHEW: Well, I'm glad they're gone. Now we finally have a minute alone.

ELIZABETH: Matthew, someone might see us.

MATTHEW: So what. This is our honeymoon. We should make the most of it.

*(They stand cheek to cheek.)*

ELIZABETH: This is a beautiful beach.

MATTHEW: I think this island is as romantic as Hawaii would have been.

*(Matthew leans in to kiss Elizabeth. Timmy runs in DSR carrying two bamboo chairs.)*

TIMMY: Look what I made!

*(Elizabeth pulls away from Matthew.)*

ELIZABETH: *(To Timmy.)* Oh, how nice. Where did you learn to do that?

TIMMY: I'm a Boy Scout.

MATTHEW: Listen. Why don't you go start on some more chairs, and I'll come and help you in a few minutes.

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TIMMY: Great. Maybe we can make a table, too.

*(Timmy runs off DSR.)*

MATTHEW: Sure, whatever you want. *(To Elizabeth, hugging her close again.)* So, where were we?

*(Elizabeth pulls away.)*

ELIZABETH: You know that kid might have the right idea.

MATTHEW: What do you mean?

ELIZABETH: He's building furniture.

MATTHEW: So?

ELIZABETH: Well, since we're in the building business, maybe we can help build some individual cabins for everyone here.

MATTHEW: It sounds like you're planning to stay here for a while.

ELIZABETH: We have to be realistic. Besides, I'm beginning to like it here.

*(She kisses him on the cheek and runs off DSR. He runs after her. Blackout.)*

### SCENE 3

*(AT RISE: The island. Aliens enter SL dressed as island natives. The female aliens wear sarongs, flower headbands to hide their antennas, and sandals. The male aliens wear khaki shorts covered with grass skirts, chest pieces made of bamboo, raffia headbands to hide antennas, and sandals. Cautiously, they circle around the chairs, which are at DCS.)*

BAKEED: These were not here before.

MAYLHEE: I wonder what they are.

*(Jahnock touches a chair and pulls back quickly.)*

JAHNOCK: They do not seem to be alive.

GLARK: Let me get my phaser. I will take care of this.

*(Glark starts ducking for cover around the others, acting like he's shooting the chairs.)*

BAKEED: I told you before, we do not use weapons unless we do not have a choice.

PIJHAE: Maybe they are going to wear them. *(She picks up a chair and puts it on her head.)* They look like they go with these costumes we are wearing.

*(Glark puts the other chair on his head and they prance around.)*

ROHMAE: None of them were wearing anything like these when we saw them earlier.

*(Maylhee takes the chairs away from Pijhae and Glark.)*

MAYLHEE: He is right. We will have to watch them to determine how they plan to use these objects.

BAKEED: Now we need to practice some of the behaviors typical of the island natives that we will be imitating.

JAHNOCK: What type of behaviors should we focus on for this type of earthling?

BAKEED: The ones we have chosen to dress like are friendly but primitive.

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GLARK: What type of weapons do they use? I bet they are not as much fun as a phaser.

*(Glark and Pijhae run around and act like they are shooting each other.)*

MAYLHEE: We can pretend that those two are children. That should be believable.

BAKEED: Yes. Most earth children seem unruly.

MAYLHEE: How should we act as adults?

ROHMAE: Humans are not that different from us, but the island natives that we are imitating are somewhat different from the humans we will encounter.

JAHNOCK: How so?

*(Glark and Pijhae stop playing around and listen.)*

BAKEED: The humans that we plan to meet normally shake hands as a greeting. The island natives we are imitating would be unfamiliar with this practice.

JAHNOCK: So we should act confused when one of them tries to shake our hand?

BAKEED: Yes. Also, we will ask the humans to join in the greeting ritual that we briefed you on earlier. This ritual is very different from their own behavior and will make us seem more like natives.

ROHMAE: There are a few other things that we all need to do.

JAHNOCK: Like what?

BAKEED: We need to keep the costume pieces on our heads at all times to hide our antennas. They will know that we are not human if they see them.

ROHMAE: We also have to keep them away from our vessel.

MAYLHEE: Since we are supposed to be friendly natives, we can welcome them to our island and tell them that they can go anywhere they like except that side of the island. *(Points SL.)*

JAHNOCK: We can say that it is a sacred place.

BAKEED: Yes, a sacred burial ground.

GLARK: We can tell them the Morrock lives there.

PIJHAE: Yeah, that should scare them.

MAYLHEE: *(To Glark and Pijhae.)* Listen, we are going to say that our sacred burial ground is over there. *(Points SL.)* We do not want to scare them. We just want them to stay away from our vessel.



BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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BAKEED: Does everyone understand all of the instructions?

*(Everyone looks at Glark.)*

GLARK: What?

JAHNOCK: Nothing. Maybe it would be best if you and Pijhae stayed in the background.

BAKEED: And stayed quiet.

MAYLHEE: I agree. I think we are ready to meet them.

*(Jenny enters USR, looking at her arms. When she gets to UCS, she looks up and sees the Aliens. She points and tries to scream, but can't.)*

ROHMAE: I am looking forward to meeting them. They seem like an interesting and friendly species.

*(Jenny finally screams. The Aliens turn and approach her.)*

BAKEED: *(To Jenny.)* It is okay. We will not hurt you.

*(Jenny manages another little squeak before she faints. The Aliens try to help her. Nancy and Mary Anne run in DSR and move to DCS.)*

NANCY: *(Yelling.)* Who are you? *(The Aliens look at Nancy, scream loudly, and move apart so that Nancy can see Jenny.)* What are you doing? Get away from her.

*(Bakeed approaches Nancy slowly. The other Aliens stay behind Bakeed, except for Rohmae who stays with Jenny.)*

BAKEED: It is okay. We will not hurt you.

MARY ANNE: Who are you?

BAKEED: I am Bakeed. Who are you?

MARY ANNE: I'm Mary Anne.

NANCY: How did you get here?

MAYLHEE: We live here. How did you get here?

MARY ANNE: Our plane crashed-landed here.

*(Jack and Mark enter DSR and join Nancy and Mary Anne CS.)*

BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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JACK: What's all this yelling about?

*(Timmy enters USR and runs over to help Jenny. Beauty Pageant Contestants, Joey, and Trent come in USR and stand UCS in front of Jenny and Rohmae.)*

MARY ANNE: We heard screaming and came to see what was wrong.

*(Julia, Kari, Scott, Elizabeth, Matthew, Debbie, and Larry enter and form a semi-circle with Julia starting at CS and Larry at DSR.)*

NANCY: That's when we saw them. *(Indicates Aliens.)*

JACK: There's no need for all of this yelling. Lots of entertainers in Hawaii wear native dress.

NANCY: Jack, I've already told you. We are not in Hawaii.

JACK: Talk to the hand because the face ain't listenin'.

NANCY: What is wrong with you?

JACK: Don't go there, girl. Do you think you can contradict me every time we talk?

NANCY: I have no idea what you're talking about.

JACK: You obviously have no idea who you're dealing with. You'll see who's in charge once I get my laser operational. You just wait.

*(Jack makes a grand exit and Mark imitates it as they exit USR.)*

NANCY: *(To Aliens.)* You'll have to excuse him. He hasn't been himself lately.

JULIA: You are natives of this island. How fascinating.

BAKEED: Yes. We would like for you to feel welcome here. Let me introduce myself properly. I am Bakeed, the leader of our group. This is Maylhee, Jahnock, Glark, and Pijhae.

*(Rohmae approaches.)*

MAYLHEE: Yes, and somewhere around here is Rohmae.

ROHMAE: Here I am. It is nice to meet all of you.

JULIA: *(To Rohmae.)* I am Julia. *(She attempts to shake his hand. He acts like he doesn't understand.)* This is our way of greeting each other. *(She demonstrates.)*

BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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ROHMAE: Fascinating.

*(Rohmae starts walking up to the other women and shaking their hands. He approaches Nancy.)*

NANCY: Hi, I'm Nancy.

ROHMAE: It is nice to meet you.

*(He approaches Mary Anne.)*

MARY ANNE: I'm Mary Anne.

ROHMAE: It is nice to meet you.

*(He approaches Kari.)*

KARI: I'm Kari and this is Scott.

*(Rohmae doesn't shake Scott's hand.)*

ROHMAE: It is nice to meet you.

*(He approaches Elizabeth.)*

ELIZABETH: I'm Elizabeth and this is my husband Matthew.

*(Rohmae shakes her hand but doesn't shake Matthew's hand.)*

BAKEED: That is enough, Rohmae. We will all meet everyone later. Right now, I would like to tell you something about our island. We are excited to have visitors, but there is something you need to know. Beyond those trees... *(Points to USR.)* ...is our sacred burial ground. We cannot allow strangers to enter that special area of our island.

MAYLHEE: We hope that this does not cause any inconvenience, but it is our custom.

JAHNOCK: If you need anything, we will be glad to help you in any way.

BAKEED: Now, we would like to be introduced to all of you.

NANCY: I can help you with that.

BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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*(Nancy leads the Aliens through the crowd and introduces all of the Passengers. Rohmae remains DCS with Julia.)*

JULIA: *(To Rohmae.)* I am a scientist. I study different types of animals. I was hoping to discover a new animal species on this island, but I never thought I'd find native people.

ROHMAE: It is exciting for us to have visitors. Where are you from?

JULIA: All of the people on this plane are from a country called the United States.

ROHMAE: We are very different, but we have many similarities.

JULIA: Yes, most humans are very similar. People from all over the world look the same except for variations of facial features, hair, and skin color. The main differences between people are the way they think and the way they act.

ROHMAE: I like your variations.

JULIA: *(Bashfully.)* Thank you. I think you're pretty cute, too.

ROHMAE: I think that our groups will get along well. I would like to learn more about your group, especially the females...especially you.

JULIA: I would be glad to answer your questions if you will answer mine.

ROHMAE: *(Points to Julia's glasses.)* First, I want to know what these are for.

*(Julia and Rohmae wander off DSL. Their conversation fades as Debbie and Larry move to DCS.)*

DEBBIE: Do you realize what this means?

LARRY: *(Trying to be eager, but not comprehending.)* Obviously...not.

DEBBIE: Think. If there are natives on this island, that means there are more people we can sell to.

LARRY: Right. They've probably never even heard of a credit card or a calling card. It should be easy to convince them that they can't live without the new Planetary Card.

DEBBIE: We've got to come up with the right approach.

LARRY: We could start by asking how they contact their friends.

DEBBIE: And then we could ask them how they get their food and clothes.

LARRY: I bet we could even impress them with the card itself. *(He pulls out one of the aluminum cards.)* It's so shiny.

BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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DEBBIE: Now that's an angle I hadn't considered.

*(Debbie and Larry move to DSR. Scott and Kari go to DCS.)*

SCOTT: I am so excited that there are natives on this island.

KARI: Me too! Now we won't have to kill any of our friends.

SCOTT: What? I meant that we could learn so much from them.

They can show us how they survive here. I'm sure they know all about what type of food is available.

KARI: I'm sure they could be food for us.

SCOTT: You really need to stop talking about eating people when there is plenty of food available.

KARI: That's what I'm trying to say. Now that we've found these natives, there is plenty of food available.

*(Scott walks over to DSL and Kari follows behind. Nancy and the Aliens move back to DCS.)*

BAKEED: Now that we have all met each other, we would like for all of you to take part in our welcoming ritual.

MAYLHEE: If you would all gather around.

*(The Passengers form a semi-circle around the Aliens.)*

JAHNOCK: We will start and then you can join in.

*(The Aliens start a crazy dance with a rhythmic chant. Then they invite the Passengers to join in. The Passengers join in with varying degrees of success. After the ritual, groups of Passengers and Aliens form CS and US and discuss the ritual. Julia and Rohmae are DCS.)*

JULIA: That was certainly an interesting ritual. Can you tell me anything about it?

ROHMAE: There is not much to tell. It is something I learned when I was a child.

JULIA: I would like to know about other rituals you practice.

ROHMAE: There is one I can show you now. In our culture, if a boy finds a girl attractive, he lets her know by doing this.

*(He takes her hand and rubs the back of it across his cheek.)*

BERMUDA TRIANGLE GETAWAY

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JULIA: Really? In our culture, things are a little more complicated.

*(Julia looks down shyly. Bakeed makes his way to DSL.)*

BAKEED: It is time for us to go. We do not want to be out after dark.

ROSALYN: You must mean because of the Morrock.

BAKEED: The what?

MAYLHEE: *(Nudging Bakeed.)* Yes, that is right. We are all very afraid of the Morrock.

GLARK: Not me. I will shoot it with my phaser.

*(Glark acts like he's shooting. Jahmock grabs him and starts pulling him off SL.)*

BAKEED: We look forward to our next encounter. *(All Aliens except Rohmae exit SL. Bakeed re-enters.)* Come on, Rohmae.

ROHMAE: *(To Julia.)* I cannot wait to see you again.

*(Bakeed and Rohmae exit. Beauty Contestants move to DCS.)*

RACHEL: Aren't those natives interesting?

GINGER: *(Sarcastically.)* Fascinating.

ROSALYN: They did seem really friendly, but you can't always tell what people want at first.

AMBER: Yeah, they might be carnival people.

RACHEL: What?

AMBER: You know, those people who eat other people.

GINGER: You idiot. I think you mean cannibals.

TIFFANY: If they were cannibals, I don't think they would have been so friendly. They could have just killed us.

ROSALYN: I guess you're right.

TIFFANY: You know what I think would be great?

RACHEL: What?

TIFFANY: If we could involve them in our talent show.

GINGER: *(Sarcastic.)* Oh I bet they know some great dances.

RACHEL: That would be great.

AMBER: We could show the girls how to put on makeup and fix their hair.

ROSALYN: I love doing makeovers. It sounds like fun!

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*(Trent and Joey approach the Girls by doing the Alien's welcome ritual dance with their own twist.)*

GINGER: *(To Trent and Joey.)* What do you think you're doing?

TRENT: We're just trying to impress you ladies with them native moves.

TIFFANY: Maybe you could do that dance in our talent show.

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**