

**TYPEEPEE: A
ROMANCE OF THE
SOUTH SEAS**

by
Kemuel DeMoville

TYPEEPEE: A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

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TYPEEPEE: A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

“Typeepee: A Romance of the South Seas” was commissioned by The Leeward Theatre and premiered at The Leeward Laboratory Theatre on Oahu, Hawai’i under the direction of Ashley DeMoville, with Jonathan Reyn Afaga as Music Director. Set & Lighting Design was by Chelsea Yamashiro, and Music Creation was by Jonathan Reyn Afaga, Marizel Butin, Brooke Sullivan, and Hester Vanderwerf. The cast was as follows:

Bing Yongle: Brandon Payne

Kim: Hester Vanderwerf

Sister Philippa Soggybox: Betty Burdick

Tommy: Brandon Kupukaa

Toby: Matthew Oshiro

Mary: Brooke Sullivan

Karky: Victoria Domingo

Brunhilda: Kiana “Kiki” Rivera

Cupid Dancer “Skip”: Tyler Rezendes

Cupid Dancer “Butterfield”: Christian Acosta

Robot Herman Melville: Justin Woznock

Robot R.L. Stevenson: Deivan De Los Santos

Cory: Kirk Alexander Lapilio Jr.

Fey: Marizel Butin

DEDICATION:

This play is dedicated to the incredible collaborators and friends I had the privilege of working with at The Leeward Theatre at Leeward Community College on Oahu. To Donald “Don” Ranney Jr., whose eternal good humor and curiosity made every production a joy. To Sarah Whitehead, whose loving nature and boundless kindness ensured that every production remained focused on the intrinsic human value at its core. To Betty Burdick, who never shied away from taking risks and served as a shining example of what a great teacher values. To Paul Kuehn, whose leadership and care have been a guiding standard for my own. His strength, compassion, and effectiveness (both within and beyond the institution) continue to shape my understanding of what true leadership looks like. To Ashley DeMoville, who is always and

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will always be my best and favorite collaborator. And finally, to Reyn and Chelsea, who were not just students but brilliant collaborators and artists in their own right. This play, my career, and the way I approach my work in educational environments would not be the same without each of you. This play is stronger because of your influence, and I am a better person for knowing you. With deep affection and boundless respect, this play (amongst many others) is dedicated to you.

NOTE ON PRODUCTION:

Typeepee is my attempt to reimagine classic works, drawing on elements of Wycherley's *The Country Wife* and Melville's *Typee* in a modern, local Hawaiian setting. I wanted to explore, rather than dictate, the complexities of Polynesian and colonial social issues as they resonate in Hawai'i today. The play's satirical farce emerges from the collision of two archetypes in Western theatre and literature: a roguish Don Juan, and the idealized Polynesian "dusky maiden," as a way to invite reflection on our societal and religious expectations of sexuality and gender. Structurally, *Typeepee*, owes a lot to the sex-romp films of the 1980's like *Porkys*, *Zapped*, *Risky Business*, *Revenge of the Nerds* (I could go on and on). The difference being, that the play doesn't fully engage with the ideas of sexual conquest that many of those films perpetuate - the play never lets you forget that the individuals of desire are more than just objects. Plus there is the shadow of (post)colonialism hanging right over our head. I don't think you could do a sex-ploitation comedy set in Hawai'i without acknowledging the impact of colonialism on the islands - which hopefully transforms a conventional farce into incisive satire that challenges us to reconsider the legacies of colonial power in contemporary Hawaiian culture.

"Typeepee: A Romance of the South Seas" is the winner of the 2015 Hawai'i Prize, co-sponsored by Kumu Kahua Theatre and the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa.

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CHARACTERS:

BING YONGLE: (M) A former campus lothario who is now impotent, 20's

KIM: (F) Bing's clingy girlfriend who is a robotics major, 20's.

SISTER PHILIPPA SOGGYBOX/NUN: (F) The supervisor for Wolfowitz House, mature.

TOMMY: (M) A young lover, 18 to early 20's.

TOBY: (M) A young lover, 18 to early 20's.

MARY: (F) A young lover, 18 to early 20's.

KARKY: (F) A young lover, 18 to early 20's.

BRUNHILDA: (F) A hopeless romantic with bad eyesight, 30's.

CUPID DANCER "SKIP": (M) A guy just trying to dance his way through college, 20's.

CUPID DANCER "BUTTERFIELD": (M) following Skip's example, 20's.

ROBOT HERMAN MELVILLE: (M/F) Exactly what the name says, 30's.

ROBOT ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: (M/F) Exactly what the name says, 30's.

CORY/Drag Queen: (M) A tough local Polynesian boy by day, and a drag queen by night, late 20's.

FEY: (F) Polynesian. Cory's younger sister, 18 to early 20's.

CASTAWAY: (M) An old man who has been lost at sea for some time.

NUNS: (M/F) A group of nuns who dance and undulate around the stage (can be played by other cast members in habits)

SETTING:

It looks as if we are in a mixture of a living room and a 1950's New York Hawaii inspired Hula Lounge. It seems like at any moment "Captain Honolulu and his Wikki-Wakki Dancers" will burst on the scene. Everything is in obnoxious pinks and greens and purples. The chairs and sofas are all white vinyl, and the bars and tables are something out of a backyard Hawai'i beach party. Somewhere there is a huge electric purple tiki sporting a massive erection. Silver mylar hula skirts and coconut bras, exaggerated aloha wear, and muumuus/lavalavas are the norm.

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TIME/PLACE:

Oahu Hawai'i, around 2013.

NOTE ON MUSIC:

This play includes song lyrics, but I encourage each production to create its own original music and sound to bring them to life. The rhythm, tone, and style should emerge organically from your creative team and performers, making the music a unique expression of your production. However, if composing original music proves challenging, the songs (or portions of them) may be cut as needed without impacting the integrity of the play. Alternatively, the lyrics may be chanted or sung in unison by the NUNS along with the DRAG QUEEN to maintain their presence in the story while simplifying the musical demands. Each production should shape these elements in a way that best serves their vision, resources, and creative energy.

NOTE ON CASTING:

Unless specifically noted in the character descriptions, actors of all ethnicities, abilities, and gender expressions should be considered for any role. The default for casting should not assume whiteness, able-bodiedness, or heteronormativity. Our world, and Hawai'i in particular, showcases the rich diversity of the human experience, and the casting of this play should reflect that as well. While some characters are written to be perceived as male or female within the story, they do not need to be played by actors who match that gender identity. What matters most is the spirit of the character and the truth of the performance. Productions are encouraged to embrace inclusive, representative casting that honors the unique perspectives and talents of their performers.

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ACT I

“Healed of my hurt, I laud the inhuman Sea—”

CHAPTER ONE

The Sea – Longing for Shore

Lights up on a DRAG QUEEN sitting center with a ukulele. She was obviously made up for a night on the town – but the night didn’t go too well. Ragged dress, broken heels, make-up faded and running, she sings gently – to herself.

SONG: WHO PUT THE WHY IN HAWAII

(In the style of an old hapa-haole song)

DRAG QUEEN.

Who put the “why” in Hawaii?
Is the question that the Aku birdies shout.
When I’m down in Waikiki
And someone asks of me
Not Ha-What
Not Ha-Where
But Ha-Why is all I hear.
Oh, who put the “why” in Hawaii?
It’s a question that I’ve often thought about...

DRAG QUEEN breaks down sobbing and can’t continue the song. CASTAWAY enters. His hair is wild and tangled and he has a beard that hides his mouth and chin in a tangled mess. He is dressed like a Victorian gentleman, but his feet are bare and his pockets are full of

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sand and shells. His suit should not be broken down – almost as if he were thrown in to this outfit after having been rescued.

CASTAWAY. *(To DRAG QUEEN)* Poor old ship! Her very looks denote her desires: how deplorable she appears! The paint on her sides, burnt up by the scorching sun, is puffed out and cracked. See the weeds she trails along with her, and what an unsightly bunch of these horrid barnacles has formed about her stern-piece; and every time she rises on a sea, she shows her copper torn away or hanging in jagged strips. Poor old ship! I say again: for six months she has been rolling and pitching about, never for one moment at rest. But courage, old lass, I hope to see thee soon within a biscuit's toss of the merry land, riding snugly at anchor in some green cove, and sheltered from the boisterous winds.

CHAPTER TWO

Land Ho! – A Flotilla of Coconuts

TOBY and TOMMY are at the bar.

TOBY. Man.

TOMMY. I know.

TOBY. Man!

TOMMY. I know!

TOBY. We're screwed.

TOMMY. Totally screwed. *(They drink.)*

CASTAWAY. Hurrah, my lads! It's a settled thing; next week we shape our course to the Marquesas! The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very name spirit up!

TOBY. Did you see her legs?

TOMMY. Yeah. Totally delicious.

TOBY. She had the perfect legs.

TOMMY. Like those golden turkey legs they sell at the Renaissance Fair.

TOBY. What?

TOMMY. I haven't had lunch. Do they have pretzels here?

TOBY. I don't know!

TOMMY. Peanuts? What happened to peanuts at the bar?

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TOBY. You sound like my grandpa. You only started drinking last month.

TOMMY. Still. I've seen movies.

TOBY. Just forget about it.

TOMMY. Did you hear her voice?

TOBY. Yeah.

TOMMY. Her round, luscious voice.

TOBY. I just wanted to grab her voice and squeeze. Just hold that voice in my hands.

TOMMY. Just bury my face in her voice and motorboat the hell out of it.

TOBY. Like a goddamn opera singer.

TOMMY. Too bad you're screwed.

TOBY. You're screwed.

TOMMY. Damn.

TOBY. Yeah. Damn. (*They drink.*)

CASTAWAY. Lovely hours—cannibal banquets—groves of coconuts—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs—and bamboo temples;

TOBY. Did you see her lips?

TOMMY. Like two mini sausages pressed together.

TOBY. What!?

TOMMY. I don't know what's wrong with me. I think I'm a hypoglycemic or something.

TOBY. I always wondered about that. I think you're really brave to share that with me. Have you told your Dad?

TOMMY. It means I have low blood sugar!

TOBY. Oh. Oh! Yes. Exactly. That's exactly what I thought it was.

TOMMY. What are you talking about?

TOBY. I didn't think you were coming out of the closet, if that's what you're asking me.

TOMMY. What!?

TOBY. Did you see her eyes?

TOMMY. Are you changing the subject?

TOBY. Like marbles. Round marbles.

TOMMY. You're a poet.

TOBY. She's everything I've never known I've always wanted.

TOMMY. Is that from a movie?

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TOBY. It should be.

TOMMY. Damn right. *(They drink.)*

CASTAWAY. Sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—

TOBY. I guess it's lucky we're screwed.

TOMMY. It's lucky?

TOBY. Yeah.

TOMMY. How?

TOBY. If we weren't screwed, then we wouldn't have this.

TOMMY. What?

TOBY. You and me. Companionship.

TOMMY. I guess.

TOBY. Things would've turned ugly.

TOMMY. I would've had to fight you.

TOBY. You would've lost.

TOMMY. I would've keyed "rapist" on the hood of your car.

TOBY. I would've printed out that picture of your penis you sent me, and posted it all over campus.

TOMMY. I sent you that for medical reasons!

TOBY. Still. We're lucky it didn't come to that.

TOMMY. Yeah.

TOBY. Yeah.

TOMMY. So maybe you can delete that picture then.

TOBY. No way.

TOMMY. I thought I felt a lump! I sent you that in confidence!

TOBY. Well you can be confident that I will treat it as though it were a picture of my own junk.

TOMMY. What a relief. *(They drink.)*

CASTAWAY. Savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—heathenish rites and human sacrifices.

TOBY. I think I'm gonna drop the class.

TOMMY. Why?

TOBY. I don't think I can sit next to her every Monday, Wednesday, Friday knowing that there's no chance I'll ever get to be with her.

TOMMY. It's a cruel world we live in.

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TOBY. Exactly. Cruel. I don't think I could stand it if someone else even spoke her name. I think I'd go into a berserker fit of jealousy as soon as some guy said: Mary.

TOMMY. Karky.

TOBY. Mary.

TOMMY. No. Karky.

TOBY. Her name is Mary.

TOMMY. No it's not. Her name is Karky.

TOBY. No. Karky is the girl who was sitting next to you. I'm talking about Mary, the girl who was in front of me.

TOMMY. Wait. Then when you were talking about her honey colored thighs...

TOBY. I was talking about Mary. So your girl with the sausage lips...

TOMMY. That's Karky!

TOBY. She does have sausagey lips. In a good way.

TOMMY. I just wanna rub those sausages all over my lips.

TOBY. Really? That's what you're goin' with. That you can't wait to feel Karky's sausage on your lips?

TOMMY. Hypoglycemia is a serious medical condition.

TOBY. The heart knows what it wants.

TOMMY. Yes. It wants Karky. And my stomach wants a sandwich.

TOBY. Do you know what this means?

TOMMY. Don't get your hopes up. We're still screwed.

TOBY. But we're not as screwed.

TOMMY. Both Karky and Mary live in Wolfowitz House Dorms. There's no way.

CASTAWAY. There might be a way...

TOBY. There might be a way.

TOMMY. No way.

TOBY. Way.

TOMMY. What way?

TOBY. Bing Yongle.

TOMMY. He's a myth.

TOBY. He's a legend!

TOMMY. You think Bing Yongle can smooth talk a nun? Nuns are like... like... Un-Bing-able!

TOBY. Hey! My grandma's Catholic. Not cool.

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TOMMY. I just don't see how Bing Yongle can help us.

TOBY. And that is why you fail.

TOMMY. You really think it's possible? You really think we can be unscrewed enough to screw the unscrewable?

TOBY. I don't know, but when I think of those legs...

TOMMY. Those lips...

TOBY. Those eyes...

TOMMY. Her perky voice...

TOBY. Then I know it's worth the risk.

TOMMY. Let's do it. To Bing! But first- seriously- we need to stop off for a candy bar or something because I'm gonna pass out.

TOBY. That's how you know it's love.

TOMMY. It's a documented medical condition.

CASTAWAY. Hurrah, my lads! It's a settled thing; next week we shape our course to the Marquesas! The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very name spirit up!

CHAPTER THREE:

Sensation Produced by the Arrival of the Strangers - Reflections

The ROBOT HERMAN MELVILLE – just a torso at the moment since he's still being built – is wheeled out onto stage by KIM. She plugs him in. He wakes up and begins to do his spiel.

MELVILLE. "How often is the term 'savages' incorrectly applied! None really deserving of it were ever yet discovered by voyagers or by travelers. They have discovered heathens and barbarians, whom by horrible cruelties they have exasperated into savages."

KIM. Bing, honey! Could you come in here and listen to this? You know more about Melville than I do.

BING. *(Off stage)* I'm busy.

KIM. It'll only take a minute.

BING. *(Off stage)* I'm in the middle of something.

KIM. You can't just spare one minute for me? Just one minute?

BING. *(Off stage)* I'm making nachos!

KIM. This is important!

BING. *(Off stage)* So are my nachos!

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KIM. Bing! I'm only asking for a minute. (*BING enters.*)

BING. Fine. I'm here.

KIM. Thank you sweetie. You know how much this project means to me.

BING. Yeah. And you know how much nachos mean to me. But. Whatever.

KIM. I figured you would know better than I would what Melville sounds like.

BING. Yeah. Thanks to my Herman Melville Unplugged DVD collection.

KIM. Don't be snarky. It makes you ugly.

MELVILLE. Burn.

BING. What?

KIM. It's nothing. His programing isn't complete yet so he just says random words sometimes.

BING. Oh. Because it sounded like he was talking to me?

KIM. He's an animatronic dummy. He doesn't have that kind of ability.

MELVILLE. Bitchsayswhat.

BING. What?

KIM. It's just random sounds. I'm still working the kinks out. Now listen to his speech and tell me if it sounds authentic.

BING. Okay. Fine.

MELVILLE. Limp Pickle.

BING. No way! There is no way that's random. Did you program him to say that?

KIM. Never! Sweetie I would never program him to say something like that. You know how much I miss your little Bing Ball Bat.

BING. ...I know.

KIM. You know how hard I've tried... how hard we've tried... to... find a solution.

BING. Don't remind me.

MELVILLE. Like pushing a wet rope through a rusty grommet.

BING. You see! You hear that!?

KIM. It's probably just a line from *Moby Dick*. You're being too sensitive.

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BING. I'm about to punch Robot Herman Melville in the face, that's what I'm about to do.

MELVILLE. Moby Droop.

BING. Okay. It's on automaton!

KIM. Bing! (*Doorbell rings.*)

BING. I'm sorry Kim. This is happening.

KIM. Bing!

BING. What!?

MELVILLE. Bitchsayswhat.

BING. What?

KIM. Bing! Someone is at the door. Can you see who it is?

BING. Fine. This isn't over, Robot.

MELVILLE. Bring it, pussy.

BING. Did you hear that! Did you hear what he said?!

KIM. No! Now get the door.

MELVILLE. Narc. (*Starts making "whipped" sounds.*)

BING. You seriously don't hear this?

KIM. He just has a short. I need to tweak his voice box. See who's at the door. (*KIM and ROBOT MELVILLE exit. TOBY and TOMMY enter. TOMMY lets out a high-pitched scream loud enough to shatter glass, and TOBY wanders the space taking pictures of everything – maybe even a selfie here or there with some element of BING's apartment.*)

TOMMY. I can't believe it. You're you. You're actually you.

BING. I am?

TOMMY. He thought you were a myth. But I believed. I always believed.

TOBY. I can't believe I'm standing here. This is hallowed ground! I'm treading on scared soil!

BING. Who are you?

TOBY. I'm Tony and he's Timmy.

TOMMY. No. He's Toby and I'm Tommy.

TOBY. Yes! Exactly. Sorry, I'm all cattywampus! You are my biggest fan and I am totally your hero.

BING. I am?

TOBY. No. Reverse all that. Then play it forward again with the you's as I's and the I's as you's.

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BING. What?

TOMMY. Look! Over here is where the Norwegian Volleyball Team was waylaid for over seventeen hours. You can still see the groove marks.

BING. Don't touch that!

TOBY. We won the world championships because of that! And over here- this is where the she beast of Hell Hall met her match at the end of one mighty thrust.

BING. She is actually a really nice girl, just trying to make her way in the world. We're Facebook friends.

TOBY. Because of you, everyone in Hell Hall was able to party like it was 1999 in 2011.

TOMMY. The campus should really look into renaming some of the dorms. "Hell Hall." "Wolfowitz House." They just don't sound welcoming.

TOBY. And it was here – right here – where the Bing Sling was invented.

TOMMY. The Bing Sling?

TOBY. You can see where the eyebolts were screwed into the ceiling.

TOMMY. What's the Bing Sling?

TOBY. Not only are you standing in the very spot where a new sexual position was created, but you stand before its creator! BEHOLD! The Bing of the Bing Sling!

TOMMY. (*Crying, or trying not to.*) I promised myself I wouldn't do this.

BING. Look. Guys. That was all a long time ago. I'm focusing on my studies now.

TOBY. Shh. Did you hear that? Somewhere a child's dream just died.

BING. You don't understand. I'm in a relationship now.

TOBY. Gag.

BING. ... and I'm trying to be a better Bing...

TOMMY. Puke.

BING. ... so I'm backing down and focusing on writing my Masters Thesis...

TOBY. Retch.

BING. ... It's on Melville's treatment of Native Women in *Typee*...

TOMMY. Vomit.

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BING. ... plus, I have really grown a lot closer to Kim...

TOBY. SHE DEVIL!

TOMMY. Do not speak her name!

BING. ... We've been together now for two years... two monogamous years...

TOBY. Bing Yongle was not meant for monogamy.

TOMMY. Bing Yongle must spread his seed into the wind and watch bastard babies rise like sea foam after a hurricane!

BING. You still don't understand. Your both not getting it. Two years ago I had just sealed the deal with Kim and... there was an accident. I was riding home on my moped and... and...

TOBY. We know.

TOMMY. The great tragedy.

TOBY. The mighty loss.

TOMMY. The dark night of the soul.

BING. The accident. It left me...

TOBY. 180 degrees shy of heaven.

TOMMY. Performing with Flaccido Domingo.

TOBY. Bouncing the check of love.

TOMMY. Not rising to the level of impeachable offence.

TOBY. Serving boneless pork.

TOMMY. Completely unmanned.

BING. Medically impotent. The muscle was severed.

TOBY. So you're like a Ken Doll down there? *(He takes a photo of BING's crotch)*

BING. No! I've got all the parts! They just don't do what they're supposed to now.

TOMMY. Just for decoration.

TOBY. So... is there no hope? No return to glory?

BING. ... sometimes, in the dead of night, I'll feel it stirring. Like a snake trying to throw off the heavy snows of winter.

TOMMY. And...

BING. ... and then nothing. I fall asleep with Kim spooning me.

TOBY. She spoons you?

BING. She likes to be the outside spoon.

TOMMY. The man spoon?

BING. Outside spoon.

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TOMMY. That's so tragic.

TOBY. Tragically epic.

TOMMY. Epically tragic.

TOBY. What happened to you was a tragedy so epic it should be made into a film.

TOMMY. Russell Crowe would play your penis.

TOBY. Russell Crowe would play all our penises.

TOMMY. True. That man's got swagger.

BING. Look. This is starting to get really weird. It was nice meeting you guys and all but I think it's time for you to go.

TOMMY. Help us, Bing Yongle! You're our only hope.

BING. What?

TOBY. We need your help. We need you to be our Obi Wan.

BING. If you guys are looking for tips just go online.

TOMMY. We need more than tips – we need a master.

TOBY. We need a plan.

TOMMY. We need someone to turn off the tractor beam

TOBY. While we rescue the girl

TOMMY. And blow up the Death Star

TOBY. Then take them back to the forest moon

TOMMY. And get nasty with some Ewoks.

TOBY. Nobody was getting nasty with the Ewoks.

TOMMY. I bet Chewbacca got nasty with an Ewok. I bet Chewie got nasty with a whole pile of Ewoks. (*TOMMY does a Wookiee howl*)

TOBY. No one was getting nasty with the little teddy bear people.

TOMMY. You're joking, right? Those little teddy bears were playing "yub nub" on the skulls of their vanquished enemies. You're telling me that after finally breaking the back of the empire, with everyone celebrating and getting drunk, that you're not gonna go for some willing Ewok temptress with bedroom eyes and a slow hand that leads you into the darkness outside the firelight?

TOBY. You've given this a lot of thought.

TOMMY. I'm just being honest with myself. And if you're honest with yourself, you'll see I'm right.

BING. So you guys need my help because you want to have sex with teddy bears?

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TOBY. No. We need your help with this. (*Shows BING a newspaper page.*)

BING. It's a help wanted ad.

TOBY. Exactly. We want you to get a job.

BING. Did Kim put you up to this? Because I told her I need time to focus on my writing.

TOMMY. No. This isn't a real job. It's a way in. Look.

TOBY. We need you to be our way in.

TOMMY. The keys to the kingdom.

TOBY. The wardrobe to a Narnia of sexual delights!

BING. (*Laughs*) Wolfowitz House? You want me to apply to be the night RA at Wolfowitz House? The all girls dorm so conservative they have a nun on staff.

TOBY. It's brilliant.

BING. It's a waste of time. There is no way they would hire me.

TOBY. They would hire you now that you've been... unmanned.

TOMMY. They would want you around as a cautionary tale. Simply to put you on display. Like some sad faced lion at the zoo who used to hunt for his dinners out on the veldt, but now subsists on bloodless lumps of protein substitute.

KIM. (*Off stage*) Bing! When you're done I still need you to talk to Melville. I want him to be perfect!

TOBY. Besides – it would get you out of the house.

KIM. (*Off stage*) BiiiiiiiiiiiiInnnnnng!!

BING. Okay. I'll try. One last adventure before a lifetime of pushing rope. I'll be your Trojan Horse.

TOMMY. Do you smell that? On the wind? Somewhere an Ewok has entered estrus.

TOBY. I hope this works. You need this way more than I do.

TOMMY. Probably. Probably.

CHAPTER FOUR:

Contents of Her Larder – Length of South Seamen's Voyages

BING, dressed up for an interview, waits restlessly in the sitting room of Wolfowitz House.

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CASTAWAY. The naked wretch who shivers beneath the bleak skies, and starves among the inhospitable wilds of Tierra-del-Fuego, might indeed be made happier by civilization, for it would alleviate his physical wants. But the voluptuous Indian, with every desire supplied, whom Providence has bountifully provided with all the sources of pure and natural enjoyment, and from whom are removed so many of the ills and pains of life—what has he to desire at the hands of Civilization? She may 'cultivate his mind—may elevate his thoughts,'—these I believe are the established phrases—but will he be the happier? Let the once smiling and populous Hawaiian islands, with their now diseased, starving, and dying natives, answer the question. The missionaries may seek to disguise the matter as they will, but the facts are incontrovertible; and the devoutest Christian who visits that group with an unbiased mind, must go away mournfully asking—'Are these, alas! the fruits of twenty-five years of enlightening?' (*SISTER PHILIPPA SOGGYBOX enters.*)

PHILIPPA. Bing Yongle. Bing ring a ding ding Yongle. Yongle the dongle. I never in all my wildest dreams imagined I'd be sitting next to Mr. Bing Yongle himself.

BING. I know I'm probably the last person you would want as a Resident Assistant here. You no doubt have some concerns, what with my reputation, but I can assure you most of it has been exaggerated.

PHILIPPA. What a pity.

BING. Just a lot of rumors and bar talk. You know how things get exaggerated after a few drinks. Well, not you, personally. I'm sure you've never exaggerated after a few drinks.

PHILIPPA. Do I make you nervous?

BING. A bit.

PHILIPPA. I never thought it would happen to me. Like a letter to Penthouse. Do you know what a letter to Penthouse is, or is that before your time?

BING. I don't know.

PHILIPPA. Well, they would often start just like that, "I never thought it would happen to me..." Then, of course, the writer would go on to talk about how he had sex with a teacher or a squad of cheerleaders or a nun.

BING. Jesus.

TYPEEPEE: A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

PHILIPPA. Google it. You might learn a thing or two from a good googling.

BING. I'll look it up.

PHILIPPA. It was a pornography magazine.

BING. I got that impression.

PHILIPPA. I wouldn't want you shocked by what might appear on screen. There's no telling what a deep googling will bring up.

BING. It's shocking sometimes.

PHILIPPA. Indeed. About as shocking as an application sitting on my desk from Bing Yongle, the famed campus lothario himself.

BING. Reformed.

PHILIPPA. I never thought it would happen to me...

BING. Maybe this was a bad idea. I don't mean to insult you.

PHILIPPA. No insult at all, Mr. Yongle. May I call you Bing?

BING. Sure.

PHILIPPA. Good. As you may already know, I'm Sister Phillippa Soggybox. But you may call me... Philly.

BING. Oh.

PHILIPPA. Like a wild young horse who's yet to be properly broken.

BING. Oh. Right.

PHILIPPA. Do you know what my job is here at Wolfowitz House?

BING. Um... billing?

PHILIPPA. I keep the cocks out of the clambake.

BING. That's... quite vivid.

PHILIPPA. I take pride in my girls. Once I take a young lady under my tutelage, she'll be a "Soggyboxed" woman for life.

BING. So, there's a Saint Soggybox? I never knew.

PHILIPPA. She is a bit apocryphal so I'm not surprised. She was known for her skill as a baby-finder. She spent most of her life in a waist deep swamp outside of

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch in Wales. She would pace the swamp day and night and at least once a year she would pull a newborn baby right out of the muck. They say she would find the children that unwed lovers would've thrown into the swamp to hide their sin from the Almighty.

BING. Naturally. Sort of like a pro-life Crusader of the swamp.

PHILIPPA. Nowadays, scholars just think she was the local whore.

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BING. Oh.

PHILIPPA. She would get discretely ploughed by the swamp fisherman and then just wander around in waist-deep water for nine months until she could pull a miracle from the mire.

BING. Fascinating.

PHILIPPA. Regardless of her history, it's still a beautiful image-pulling an innocent thing up from the muck and slime of the earth. Could you do that?

BING. Do what?

PHILIPPA. Pull innocents away from the stinking cloying swamp.

BING. I didn't know there was a swamp around here, but I guess I can give it a shot. I'm not gonna let a baby drown, if that's what you're asking.

PHILIPPA. Don't be so literal. Wolfowitz House prides itself on the chastity of its ladies. Here they can focus exclusively on their studies without having to worry about temptations of the flesh. Are you familiar with temptations of the flesh, Bing?

BING. Is that a new Ben N Jerry's flavor?

PHILIPPA. There's that famous Yongle wit. Do you know how many young ladies have been kicked out of Wolfowitz House because of their indiscretions with you?

BING. I promise you I'm a changed man.

PHILIPPA. So you can imagine my surprise when I saw your application for the night monitor.

BING. I know it's a long shot, but I really do think I'm the best man for the job.

PHILIPPA. Possibly the very best man.

BING. I have a note from my doctor that will verify my... condition.

PHILIPPA. *(Looking over paper.)* Hmmm... I didn't know: "wet over-cooked noodle" was an official medical term.

BING. I'm not the man I was, Sister.

PHILIPPA. Really? Not even a sliver? Not even a teeny tiny morsel?

BING. Nope.

PHILIPPA. Such a pity. It's a horrible waste.

BING. Don't take this the wrong way, but I'm sensing a really weird energy right now...

PHILIPPA. That's the power of Christ. It compels you.

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BING. It does?

PHILIPPA. It's inescapable.

BING. Oh.

PHILIPPA. Well, I suppose you know all the tricks.

BING. I guess.

PHILIPPA. You invented most of them.

BING. I'm not sure what we're talking about.

PHILIPPA. I suppose it's my responsibility to yank you up from that lascivious morass.

BING. What about my ass?

PHILIPPA. Swamp. To suck you up from that languid pool- suck up every inch of you- and make you a man again. One who can proudly stand erect before his creator and proclaim himself a child of the divine.

BING. I'm just... I'm getting some mixed signals here.

PHILIPPA. Then let me make it clear for you: you're hired.

BING. Oh. Cool. That's great. For a second I thought you were coming on to me.

PHILIPPA. Mr. Yongle! I'm not even breathing hard. Now, Brunhilda! (*BRUNHILDA enters.*)

BRUNHILDA. Yes, Sister Philippa Soggybox?

PHILIPPA. Get the new hire paperwork. Mr. Yongle is in the mouth of the wolf now.

CHAPTER FIVE:

Toby, A Fellow Sailor, Agrees to Share the Adventure

TOMMY and TOBY stumble in the darkness of the Wolfowitz House sitting room. The CASTAWAY stumbles around the room as well.

CASTAWAY. The young girls very often danced by moonlight in front of their dwellings. There are a great variety of these dances, in which, however, I never saw the men take part.

TOBY. Will you watch what you're doing! You're going to wake the Nun.

TOMMY. Oh God, I can't take this pressure. I'm gonna hyperventilate.

TOBY. Get yourself together. Be a man.

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TOMMY. (*Meekly*) I am a man.

CASTAWAY. They all consist of active, romping, mischievous evolutions, in which every limb is brought into requisition. Indeed, the Marquesan girls dance all over, as it were; not only do their feet dance, but their arms, hands, fingers, ay, their very eyes, seem to dance in their heads.

TOBY. Didn't Bing say he would leave the window slightly ajar?

TOMMY. He did.

TOBY. And didn't Bing say he would turn on the light in the upstairs window when the time was right?

TOMMY. He did.

TOBY. So there's nothing to worry about.

TOMMY. What if the girls come down here and think we're burglars? Or rapists? Or burger-rapists?

TOBY. No one's going to think you're a burger-rapist.

TOMMY. Really?

TOBY. You're too thin. Besides, Bing told the girls we were coming.

TOMMY. I know, but...

TOBY. No buts! Bing set this whole thing up. The girls are expecting us. This plan has the Bing Yongle seal of approval. There's no way we're not getting lucky tonight.

CASTAWAY. The damsels wear nothing but flowers and their compendious gala tunics; and when they plume themselves for the dance, they look like a band of olive-coloured Sylphides on the point of taking wing. In good sooth, they so sway their floating forms, arch their necks, toss aloft their naked arms, and glide, and swim, and whirl, that it was almost too much for a quiet, sober-minded, modest young man like myself.

TOMMY. I think I'm having a panic attack.

TOBY. Well don't. Don't ruin this for me. This is the only chance I have to get Karky to fall in love with me.

TOMMY. Mary.

TOBY. Where?

TOMMY. No. You love Mary.

TOBY. No. Karky.

TOMMY. No Mary.

TOBY. Karky.

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TOMMY. I love Karky.

TOBY. Really?

TOMMY. Yes. You love Mary.

TOBY. Whatever. This is my only chance to get Mary to fall in love with me and you're ruining it.

TOMMY. I can't help it. I'm in the red zone.

TOBY. Look. Just pretend you're somebody else. Somebody who's a lot cooler and not scared to sneak into a house in the middle of the night on the off-chance that the girl he likes, but has never spoken to, will want to have sex with him.

TOMMY. How?

TOBY. You've taken a theatre class, didn't that teach you anything about creating characters?

TOMMY. We mostly just lip-synced to songs from *Frozen*.

(The girls peak their heads in.)

MARY. Is anyone down here?

TOBY. It's the girls. Pull yourself together. Pull yourself together.

(TOMMY hyperventilates wildly.) That's not pulling yourself together. Remember: use your theatre skills.

TOMMY. *(Singing)*

“Let it Go! Let it Go!”

TOBY. No! Be someone else. Be someone cool.

MARY. Is everything ok? He looks sick.

TOMMY. It's all over. I can't be cool.

TOBY. Yes you can. Look, just speak with a foreign accent. Girls love guys with foreign accents.

TOMMY. You're sure?

TOBY. We can do this. Think of her perky voice and sausage lips.

TOMMY. Okay. Yeah. We can do this.

TOBY. *(With a terrible accent.)* A kilometers worth of pardons, my beautiful flower. My platonic friend here was only choking on a peanut.

KARKY. Is he okay?

TOMMY. *(Also with a terrible accent)* I am much improved. With thanks to the lovely lady.

MARY. Are you guys from around here, or...?

TOBY. Nay nay nay. We are both from... foreign lands.

TOMMY. Yes. Quite foreign.

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KARKY. I thought I heard an accent. I figured it was either that or brain trauma.

TOMMY. Fascinating.

KARKY. I figured I'd ask because I've been fooled before.

TOMMY. Ah! You're wit is like liquid water that I pour on my face.

MARY. Karky! Come here, we need to talk. *(The boys and girls huddle separately on either side of the stage.)*

TOMMY. They're on to us. I can't keep doing this.

TOBY. You're fantastic. They don't expect a thing. *(TOMMY begins to hyperventilate again.)* Pull yourself together!

TOMMY. *(Singing)*

“I am one with the wind and sky

Let it go, let it go

You'll never see me cry”

TOBY. Are you kidding me right now?

TOMMY. Back off. It's my process.

MARY. Oh my God! Bing didn't tell us they were foreign.

KARKY. So what?

MARY. So what?! So what?! This changes everything. Look at us. We are not prepared for foreign guys.

KARKY. We're not?

MARY. Look at them. Look at how suave and sophisticated they are.

KARKY. They are?

MARY. Foreign guys have different expectations. They're worldly. This changes everything.

KARKY. It does?

MARY. We're in sweats, Karky. Sweats! I'm surprised they haven't walked out already.

KARKY. I don't understand.

MARY. Look. Foreign guys know more about... sex. Everyone over there loses their virginity at like seven years old. It's not a big deal for them.

KARKY. Over where? Where are we talking about?

MARY. Over there. Foreign lands. They're all drinking wine at three and having sex at seven and by the time they're sixteen, they're living in a garret flat smoking opium and getting painted in the nude by an artist twice their age.

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KARKY. Really?

MARY. We've got to step up our game or they'll just laugh at us and call us silly children.

KARKY. I don't have any game. The only penis I've ever seen was in my biology textbook. Someone drew it in the margins.

MARY. They don't need to know that. As long as we talk sexy and stuff they'll have no idea. We'll pretend like we know what we're doing and then we'll just act disinterested and go to bed.

KARKY. Oh my God. It's just like we're in a French film, or something.

MARY. Quick. Take off your sweats.

KARKY. What!?

MARY. No self-respecting foreign guy would ever be seduced by a girl in sweats.

KARKY. It's not happening. I'm in my laundry-day panties. The sweats are staying on.

MARY. Well at least roll the legs up.

TOMMY. They know we're fakes. They're on to us. I can see it in their eyes. We need to get out of here. Look! She's rolling up her sweats. She's gonna kick box me or something! Did Bing say if she knew Muay Thai?

TOBY. Just be cool. Stick to the story. (*The girls approach.*)

MARY. So... foreign boys. We had no idea. We figured you were going to be a couple of losers who wouldn't know the first thing about pleasing a woman. (*Tommy hyperventilates loudly.*)

KARKY. Are you okay?

TOBY. He is very fine. Just choking on another peanut.

KARKY. Where do you keep getting all these peanuts from?

TOMMY. My pocket. In my country it is tradition to carry peanuts in your pocket.

KARKY. Really?

TOMMY. It keeps away the devil.

KARKY. Well... how worldly and foreign.

MARY. So- foreign boys- what are your names?

TOBY. I am Tommy. And he is Toby.

TOMMY. No. I am Tommy and he is Toby.

TOBY. Are you sure?

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TOMMY. Yes.

MARY. Toby and Tommy? Am I saying that right?

TOBY. You pronounce them like it is your mother's tongue.

MARY. My mother's tongue? You're naughty.

KARKY. I suppose you've had your penis painted by a much older man by now.

TOMMY. I'm not sure what you mean.

KARKY. And you've had sex with seven-year-olds.

TOMMY. No! No I have not. I have never even had a thought like that, I swear to God.

MARY. You're both so funny.

KARKY. And worldly.

MARY. Yes. Funny and worldly. Like us.

KARKY. I've seen many penises.

TOMMY. You have?

KARKY. So many penises.

TOMMY. Oh. Have you seen the movie *Frozen*?

KARKY. I like muscly penises the best.

TOMMY. Muscly penises?

KARKY. Yes. Penises covered in muscles. Like a little weight lifter.

TOMMY. Well. That's just like my penis.

KARKY. And covered in veins. With a strong vas deferens.

TOMMY. That is quite specific.

MARY. I like a hairy penis.

TOBY. Really?

MARY. Yes. The hairier the better.

TOBY. Well that is good. As a foreign man, I have quite a lot of hair on my penis.

MARY. I wanna feel like I'm wandering through a pubic meadow. And then I just accidentally stumble upon a penis.

TOBY. That... is something to work on.

MARY. It's a good thing we're all so worldly and sexually adventurous or this might be really awkward.

TOBY. Oh! You know what? Look at the time.

MARY. The time?

TOBY. This is the time of my Grandmother's death.

MARY. You poor thing. Let me heal your wounded heart.

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TOBY. No! No. No. My pockets are out of peanuts and I won't be able to keep away the devil.

MARY. Can't you borrow some of your friend's?

TOBY. Nope. We need to go. *(To TOMMY)* Come on. We need to go.

TOMMY. Yes. Okay. Well, I'll see you around. My very muscular penis and I will go now into the night. To combat the devil with my nuts in my hand.

TOBY. Well it was very nice meeting you. *(Toby and Tommy exit.)*

MARY. Did you see the way they left so fast? That is so worldly.

KARKY. I didn't even get the chance to act disinterested.

MARY. Don't worry, Karky. The games have just begun.

CHAPTER SIX: Criticisms of the Sailors

Brunhilda sits, waiting for Bing.

BRUNHILDA. I'm on to you, Mr. Yongle.

BING. Brunhilda! Sweetheart. What are you talking about?

BRUNHILDA. Don't "sweetheart" me. Don't put on your serpent's smile and expect me to dance to your fiddler's tune.

BING. Okay.

BRUNHILDA. I'm on to you. I know about last night.

BING. What about last night?

BRUNHILDA. I heard everything through the vents. I heard men's voices, and I heard Mary and Karky talking about... penises.

BING. Are you sure it wasn't the TV? Or a dream?

BRUNHILDA. I know what I heard. And it wasn't a dream.

BING. Well, then it must have been late night TV. We both know how sinful TV gets after sunset.

BRUNHILDA. I plan on telling her what you're up to.

BING. Who?

BRUNHILDA. Sister Philippa. I'm going to tell her everything.

BING. Okay.

BRUNHILDA. Okay?

BING. You're right about everything. So tell her.

BRUNHILDA. What game are you playing at, Mr. Yongle?

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BING. Please, call me Bing.

BRUNHILDA. Answer the question.

BING. Why do you wear those glasses, Brunhilda? You have such beautiful eyes – have you ever thought of contacts?

BRUNHILDA. They don't make contacts that thick. I have severely advanced myopia, hyperopia, and presbyopia.

BING. That's a lot of -opias.

BRUNHILDA. I also have a stigmatism in both eyes.

BING. Wow.

BRUNHILDA. I'm in a number of medical journals. Most of my Facebook friends are ophthalmologists. They call me their little case study.

BING. That must make you feel special.

BRUNHILDA. I know what you're trying to do, and it won't work.

BING. I guess I should just pack my bags, then. Clear out my cubbyhole.

BRUNHILDA. You're not going to deny it? Or force me to swallow some snake oil tale.

BING. I wouldn't force you to swallow anything. It's not my style.

BRUNHILDA. I tried to tell Sister Philippa that you weren't a good fit for Wolfowitz House. You just don't respect our policies.

BING. I don't.

BRUNHILDA. This is supposed to be a safe space where we can focus on our learning.

BING. Where you can avoid learning.

BRUNHILDA. That's not true.

BING. It's completely true. Sure you may have a leg up on memorizing facts and figures. But learning – real learning – the kind you remember for a lifetime, comes from experience. I can find all the facts and figures on the internet. Those are meaningless. This house and its rules are designed to keep you from learning one of the core truths of the human experience.

BRUNHILDA. What's that?

BING. That everyone is beautiful.

BRUNHILDA. Not everyone.

BING. No. Everyone. You may not believe it, but everyone is beautiful to someone.

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BRUNHILDA. Maybe. But... but I should still tell Sister Philippa.

BING. Should you?

BRUNHILDA. Yes? Ah! You got my brain all squirrely.

BING. You know, I've seen the cupids.

BRUNHILDA. *(Suddenly shocked)* I... I... don't know what you mean. I... someone gave me that... on the street... Why are you going through my things?

BING. There's nothing to be ashamed of. It's just too bad, really.

BRUNHILDA. What?

BING. That you have to tell the nun about me trying to help those girls find love. Otherwise you could have had the cupids over and I wouldn't have said a thing.

BRUNHILDA. Well... I don't know...

BING. Just think of it: Those two muscly men from the ad, their bodies oiled up and dancing just for you. You could be their little special case study.

BRUNHILDA. It sounds so sinful.

BING. I don't know much about the Bible, but I know a lot about love. And love is never bad. Even if you get your heart broken. Love puts something good in the world. Always.

BRUNHILDA. You're good, Mr. Yongle. I never knew how good until this moment.

BING. Call me Bing. Are you still gonna tell the sister?

BRUNHILDA. No. I'm gonna call those cupids from the ad. I want to put something good in the world.

CHAPTER SEVEN:

The Other Side of the Mountain – A Sleepless Night

Club music. Lights. CUPIDS and BRUNHILDA dance. The CUPIDS are a bit on the chubby side, and are costumed in traditional "cupid style" meaning loincloths, wings, gold and silver body paint. One of the CUPIDS "SKIP" dances with wild erotic abandon, the other cupid "BUTTERFIELD" dances off on his own with far less enthusiasm.

CASTAWAY. Among the permanent inmates of the house were likewise several lovely damsels, who instead of thrumming pianos and

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reading novels, like more enlightened young ladies, substituted for these employments the manufacture of a fine species of tappa. From the rest of these, however, I must except the beauteous nymph Fayaway, who was my peculiar favorite. Her free pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive, and when watching the glow upon her cheeks I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion. The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of the “arta,” a fruit of the valley, which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, embedded in the red and juicy pulp. Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom. Gazing into the depths of her strange blue eyes, when she was in a contemplative mood, they seemed most placid yet unfathomable; but when illuminated by some lively emotion, they beamed upon the beholder like stars. The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess; for an entire exemption from rude labor marks the girlhood and even prime of a Typee woman’s life. Her feet, though wholly exposed, were as diminutive and fairly shaped as those which peep from beneath the skirts of a Lima lady’s dress. The skin of this young creature, from continual ablutions and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft.

BRUNHILDA. You’re a really good dancer.

SKIP. Two semesters of modern and one of jazz-tap.

BRUNHILDA. Are you a dance major?

SKIP. No. Botany.

BRUNHILDA. Your friend doesn’t seem that into all this.

SKIP. He’s totally into it. That’s just his character.

BRUNHILDA. What?

SKIP. We each have characters – that way we don’t hate ourselves for doing what we have to do to earn tips.

BRUNHILDA. What’s your character?

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SKIP. I'm Eros – the love of sexual passion. And he's Pragma – the kind of love you feel after you've been in a relationship for a long time.

BRUNHILDA. *(To Butterfield)* Why don't you come over here and dance? Join the party.

BUTTERFIELD. Will you just let me have some space!

BRUNHILDA. *(To Butterfield)* Hey! Get over here and twerk on me. I'm not paying you to sway.

BUTTERFIELD. Fine.

BRUNHILDA. How long have you guys been doing this?

BUTTERFIELD. You're our first real customer. Most people just slam the door in our faces.

SKIP. Or they make us dance on the porch while they throw Margaritas at us.

BUTTERFIELD. Bachelorette parties can go dark really fast.

SKIP. We may have been a little over-zealous with Photoshop in our ad.

BRUNHILDA. I don't mind. I like my brownies a little soft in the middle. *(Suddenly there is a loud knocking.)* Turn off the music. Someone is here.

BUTTERFIELD. We should go.

BRUNHILDA. No! They can't see you two hot slabs of buttered beef wandering out of here half naked! Wolfowitz House has a reputation to uphold.

SKIP. So what should we do?

BRUNHILDA. Just... just stand very still and pretend you're art.

SKIP. You think that's gonna work? Really?

BRUNHILDA. Just do it. Flex. Like you're a heroic statue or something. Flex your muscles.

BUTTERFIELD. I am flexing.

BRUNHILDA. You are really good at Photoshop.

SKIP. Don't make fun. I'm very sensitive about my body.

BUTTERFIELD. At least we're putting ourselves out there. We're taking risks.

BRUNHILDA. Fine. Sorry. Now just hold still. *(Calling Out)* Come in! *(CORY & FEY enter. Fey is carrying bags.)*

CORY. Took you long enough.

BRUNHILDA. What do you expect? It's the middle of the night.

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CORY. Sounds like there was a party going on.

BRUNHILDA. I was just listening to music.

CORY. I thought this was a house for good girls. Girls who want to focus on studying. Not staying up all hours listening to music.

BRUNHILDA. (*Gesturing to the motionless CUPIDS*) I was working on my life sculptures for art class.

CORY. They're amazing. They look so real.

BRUNHILDA. Don't touch them. The clay is still wet.

CORY. You've got some serious talent. What do you call them?

BRUNHILDA. Who?

CORY. The sculptures. What's the name of the work?

BRUNHILDA. Oh... Um... Angels... in... the... outfield.

CORY. Like the movie?

BRUNHILDA. Is there something I can help you with?

CORY. Oh, yeah. Right... I'm Cory and this is my sister Fey. She's here visiting me and I need for her to have someplace to stay.

FEY. I can stay with you! That's why I came out here. To visit with you.

CORY. No. Out of the question.

FEY. Why?!

CORY. I'll explain later.

FEY. Please don't leave me here.

CORY. This is a good place. You're my sister and I want you safe. The people here have good morals. (*Butterfield sneezes.*)

BRUNHILDA. CORY. FEY. (*together*) Bless you.

SKIP. (*with the others*) Guzundheidt. (*A beat.*)

BRUNHILDA. I'll go wake Sister Philippa Soggybox. It may take a few minutes. Usually she takes a couple of Ambien and a half bottle of sacrament before bed, so she sleeps hard.

(*Brunhilda exits.*)

FEY. I didn't come all the way out here just so you could lock me up in some "virgins only" dorm room.

CORY. Look. Fey. I got... I got stuff happening.

FEY. Do you need help or something? Let me help you. Tell me.

CORY. I appreciate you coming to visit.

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FEY. It's Spring Break. It's my first ever Spring Break. I could be in Florida with my friends, but I wanted to come here to visit you. And I get locked away for it.

CORY. These statues are really starting to creep me out. Look – this one's eyes follow me all around the room. How do they do that?

FEY. It's an optical illusion. Don't change the subject.

CORY. Look. (*Shows his arm*) Chicken skin. (*Brunhilda and Philippa enter. Philippa is a bit out of it.*)

PHILIPPA. Where is Mr. Yongle? He's supposed to do the night intakes.

BRUNHILDA. He had to step out for a moment, but he left me in charge.

PHILIPPA. (*Sees the CUPIDS.*) Jesus Christ! What the hell are those things?

BRUNHILDA. Sister! They're some statues I made for art class.

PHILIPPA. They look like piles of crap that someone hot glued chicken wings onto.

BRUNHILDA. I... can probably fix that with Photoshop.

PHILIPPA. Do you even know what Photoshop is?

CORY. I think they look good. Very life-like.

PHILIPPA. And you are...?

CORY. Cory. I'm looking to find a place for my sister Fey for the next week.

PHILIPPA. This is not a hotel. We don't engage short-term tenants.

FEY. That's fine. I didn't want to stay here anyway. My vagina needs to be able to run free through grassy meadows, or hailing a cab in a busy city. You can't lock up my love duck.

BRUNHILDA. Your love duck?

FEY. It's the prettiest quack you'll ever see.

PHILIPPA. I think we've heard quite enough. We're obviously not a good fit.

CORY. I'll pay triple your rates cash up front.

PHILIPPA. Brunhilda, help Fey here to her room. We'll put her across the hall from me. Now, will someone help me move these piles of winged garbage out of sight.

BRUNHILDA. No! Don't touch them. The clay's not hard.

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PHILIPPA. *(With her hands on them)* Oh! Oh! No it's not – but it definitely has potential. *(Brunhilda starts strong-arming Fey out of the room. Bing enters. He is immediately struck dumb – standing motionless for fear that he'll somehow stop what he is experiencing, and shocked at Fey is the cause.)*

FEY. My vagina is not a commodity you can control. I am fundamentally opposed to what this house stands for. Free the love duck! Free the love duck! Free the love duck!

PHILIPPA. Good of you to join us, Mr. Yongle. See to Fey's fee. Brunhilda will show her to her room. I'm going back to bed.
(Philippa, Fey and Brunhilda exit.)

BING. I don't believe it. It moved! It moved!

CORY. You mean these statues? Because they've been creeping me out all night.

BING. No. My penis. It moved! It hasn't moved in two years. And tonight... it twitched. It shifted. It stirred.

CORY. That's really great. This is obviously a very special moment for you.

BING. It moved! It moved!

CORY. Um, who are you exactly?

BING. I'm a duck hunter.

END ACT 1

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Act II

“Yea, bless the Angels Four that there convene;”

CHAPTER EIGHT:

A Wild Goose Chase – My Sufferings – Disheartening Situation

KIM. Bing! Bing where are you, I need your help!

BING. I’m late for work. I’ve got to go.

KIM. No! You promised me you would help.

BING. It’s my job. I don’t have a choice.

KIM. It’s just an excuse to get out of the house. Come on Bing-a-ling-a-ding-dong. I need your help.

BING. Guess you’ll just have to rely on somebody else.

KIM. Is this about the movement? (*Silence.*) Maybe it just shifted. Just rolled into a gap in your jeans or something. A minor flop does not make a recovery.

BING. No. It moved, Kim. I know the difference between a flop and a movement.

KIM. Fine. You’re right. It moved. And I did everything I could to try to get it to move again. And we know how that ended.

BING. Maybe if you had taken it a bit more seriously...

KIM. More seriously? I was down there for forty-five minutes and nothing was going on. I pulled out all the stops.

BING. You drew a smiley face on it Kim.

KIM. Only at the end. The poor thing was just lying there like a corpse that had been drug out of the river. I thought a little levity would be appreciated.

BING. Well, it was not appreciated.

KIM. Fine. I’m sorry. I know how important your penis is to you. I shouldn’t have drawn a funny face on it.

BING. Thank you.

KIM. But I need you now, Bing. The Oceania Cultural Center loved the Robot Captain Cook I sent them. I need to make sure my Melville is just as accurate

BING. Are you sure you want your work associated with the Oceania Cultural Center. I mean, they seem a little sketchy.

KIM. What are you talking about?

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BING. Their tag line is: We're like the PCC [**Polynesian Cultural Center* A real place on Oahu*] without all the PC. What does that even mean?

KIM. They're paying me a lot of money to do the animatronics for this new exhibit. This is a big deal for me. Ever since Tupac became a hologram the animatronics jobs have been drying up.

BING. I know.

KIM. So help me. Talk to Melville. Your thesis is on *Typee*. You know Melville. Please he needs to be authentic.

BING. Fine. I'll talk to him. Turn him on. (*Kim reaches into Melville's pants and fumbles around a bit in the crotch area.*)

Are you serious? That's where you put the on switch? Do you have any idea how insulting that is?

MELVILLE. (*Powering on*) Ahhhhhh Ahhhh Ahhhh.... Ohhhh yeah! Thank you, Kim.

KIM. Still got it.

BING. I am incredibly offended right now. I'm just throwing that out there.

MELVILLE. Bitchsayswhat

BING. What?

KIM. It's just his start up program. (*To Melville*) Be nice. Alright, well, I'll let you two get acquainted.

BING. You're leaving?

KIM. You don't need me underfoot. Play nice boys. (*Kim exits. A tense moment as the men stare at each other.*)

BING. Hey.

MELVILLE. Hey.

BING. Melville wouldn't say, "hey."

MELVILLE. Well, I'm Melville and I just said: "hey." So... hey.

BING. Whatever, asshole. What do you know about the real Melville?

MELVILLE. I know he just had your girlfriend's hand down his pants, so there's that.

BING. Do you know any quotes or... anything?

MELVILLE. Do you love her?

BING. What's that from?

MELVILLE. Right now. Do you love her?

BING. Kim?

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MELVILLE. Because I do.

BING. Is this a joke? Did she set you up to this?

MELVILLE. I don't know why it's so hard for you to believe that someone loves her. She's smart, beautiful, caring, sexually adventurous...

BING. How do you know she's sexually adventurous?

MELVILLE. You're not focusing on the big picture here. The big question. The only one that matters. Do you love her?

BING. Kim and I have been together for two years. Ever since the accident. She's supported me. That's something.

MELVILLE. That is something. (*A beat.*) Would you still be with her if your cock still crowed?

BING. I was a different guy then. Kim changed me.

MELVILLE. Me too. So do you think about it much? The accident? Do you ever wonder if she cut the break line? If she caused the moped to crash? So she could keep her little Bing-a-ling-a-ding-dong by her side forever. Like a neutered wolf.

BING. That's ridiculous.

MELVILLE. She majored in electrical engineering. She invents robots for a living. I think she know her way around a scooter engine.

BING. She would never do that.

MELVILLE. Maybe. Maybe not. Do you wonder? She conquered the unconquerable. She summited Mt. Yongle for the last time. She gouged in her flag and turned your fertile woodland to chalk and ash.

BING. Ahhhh! Get out of my head, Melville!

MELVILLE. I know it moved.

BING. So what?

MELVILLE. It moved. I'm a robot and I know what that means.

BING. It must have been an accident. Kim tried.

MELVILLE. Kim. You and I both know it didn't move for Kim.

BING. It was an accident. A fluke.

MELVILLE & CASTAWAY. I sought out young Fayaway, and endeavored to learn from her, if possible, the truth. This gentle being had early attracted my regard, not only from her extraordinary beauty, but from the attractive cast of her countenance, singularly expressive of intelligence and humanity. Of all the natives she alone seemed to appreciate the effect which the peculiarity of the circumstances in

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which we were placed had produced upon the minds of my companion and myself.

BING. What was that?

MELVILLE. You wanted a quote. There's a quote.

BING. You mean...

MELVILLE. Like in *Typee*...

BING. The beautiful Native...

MELVILLE. She alone can cure you. Heal you.

BING. Restore me.

MELVILLE. Bathe yourself in her dusky waters.

BING. Her love duck....

MELVILLE. Let your manhood be reborn in the warm embrace of her pervie Furby. Fill her Punahou Carnival with your manly waffle cake of eternal delights.

BING. I get it.

MELVILLE. Good. Then Answer my question.

BING. What question?

MELVILLE. Do you love her? Do you love Kim?

BING. ... I don't know.

MELVILLE. And that is all I need.

CHAPTER NINE:

Perilous Passage of the Ravine – Descent into the Valley

MARY and KARKY are primping. They have dressed sexily – almost too sexily – for their date.

MARY. Are you ready? The boys are supposed to be here any minute.

KARKY. I'm ready.

MARY. I was thinking about our game plan and I think I know where we went wrong last time.

KARKY. Mentioning the kind of penises we like?

MARY. Exactly. We were such fools! We should have spend a lot more time talking about penises.

KARKY. I was thinking the same thing. Nothing will stir up a guys competitive spirit like talking about all the penises you can compare his to!

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MARY. So tonight I'm really gonna lay it on thick. Talk about how I like penises twisty and gnarled like an old wizard's staff.

KARKY. That's good. I'm gonna say I like mine long and thin like an arrow straight to my heart.

MARY. Oh! That's so beautiful. Those creative writing classes are really paying off.

KARKY. I'm also gonna mention how I'm really hard to satisfy sexually. Make it a real challenge for them.

MARY. That's a fantastic idea. European guys love a challenge. So how do I look?

KARKY. Like a hooker. Who doesn't have a heart of gold – she has a heart of glass and it shattered a long time ago. Now she's not afraid to shank anyone with the shards of her glass heart if she thinks they're getting too close.

MARY. That is exactly the look I was going for. Crazy! Get out of my mind!

KARKY. How do I look?

MARY. Like a 20 something girl with Daddy issues who lets men use her body as a sexual dumping ground just so she can get her father's attention.

KARKY. Oh. Well, I was going for "neglected European Princess" so I guess that's all in the same area.

MARY. That's totally in the same area. If you had a tiara on I totally wouldn't have missed the European angle. (*Philippa enters.*)

PHILIPPA. Well. It looks like you're having quite a party.

MARY. Sister! We're... No... We're...

KARKY. Getting ready for a play.

PHILIPPA. And what might that be?

MARY. *The "Seven Wives" of Henry the 8th.*

PHILIPPA. Not in classical dress, I'm guessing.

KARKY. It's very post-modern.

PHILIPPA. And what wife are you?

KARKY. ... number 4

PHILIPPA. And her name?

KARKY. ... Number 4

MARY. It's very *very* post-modern.

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PHILIPPA. Girls, take it from me, the theatre is for drunkards and whores. If you have to take a performing arts class, take something useful like Jazz-tap.

KARKY. How is Jazz-tap useful?

PHILIPPA. Because it teaches you to tap...jazzily. Now go to bed, ladies.

MARY. But, Bing was going to help us with our lines.

PHILIPPA. Mr. Yongle is going to be late tonight. Go to bed.

MARY & KARKY. Yes, Sister. *(Mary and Karky exit.)*

TOBY. *(Off stage)* Psst. Psst. We are here!

TOMMY. *(Off stage)* The two Europeans. *(Philippa opens the door to reveal the two boys. Toby and Tommy scream in terror.)*

PHILIPPA. Two Europeans? And to what do we owe the pleasure so very late at night?

TOBY. We are plumbers. Mr. Bing called us to lay some dirty pipe.

PHILIPPA. European night plumbers?

TOBY. 24-hour, full service. I am Luigi, and this is my brother...

TOMMY. Toad. I'm a mushroom.

PHILIPPA. Excuse me?

TOBY. His English is very poor.

TOMMY. Yes. So point to us your leakiest pipe.

PHILIPPA. I'm afraid leaky pipes aren't our problem.

TOBY. No?

PHILIPPA. No. Our pipes are very dry and tight. Do you have any tools to help moisten a dry tight pipe?

TOBY. Maybe just turn the water on.

PHILIPPA. What about you mushroom? How could you turn it on? Would you use your little mushroom cap?

TOMMY. Just use your hands, I guess.

PHILIPPA. Your big, laborer's hands? Calloused and rough. You don't have anything gentler?

TOMMY. Maybe a screwdriver.

PHILIPPA. European men and their toys.

TOBY. Well, if you don't have any trouble with your pipes, we should go

PHILIPPA. Oh but there is a problem, Luigi. The pipes under my bed seem to rattle and moan all night. I imagine those pipes can work up

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quite a froth. If one didn't know any better, one would assume my bedroom was a cloister of carnal delight.

TOMMY. That... yeah... sounds like pipe trouble.

PHILIPPA. Luigi, why don't you wait out here? Toad and I will go in my bedroom and you can tell us if you hear the pipes banging around and moaning.

TOBY. To be honest, it's probably just a ghost. Come on, Toad, we need to get going.

TOMMY. We do?

TOBY. Yes. We've got that other job. That other emergency job.

TOMMY. Oh yes. Princess Peach has fallen into the sewer pipes and a monster has captured her.

PHILIPPA. He really does need to work on his English.

TOBY. Yes, all right. We'll get him Rosetta Stone. Let's go.

PHILIPPA. Do you have a card or something? Who should I call if I desperately need a pipe plunged in the middle of the night?

TOMMY. I would call a plumber.

PHILIPPA. Aren't you plumbers?

TOBY. My brother is an idiot, we'll be in touch, Sister. *(Toby and Tommy exit.)*

PHILIPPA. I certainly hope so.

CHAPTER TEN:

Fruit – Sensation Produced by Our Appearance

Suddenly spotlights swirl, back up dancers tip tap into place, and the DRAG QUEEN emerges. She is nothing like we first saw her – beautiful and strong. She sings:

SONG: KITTEN'S GOT CLAWS

DRAG QUEEN.

It's always the same
just a silly old game
and you're playin' this game
'cause you don't know my name.

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You call me honey
but I aint sweet
you call me sugar
but I aint your treat
you call me darlin' and baby-doll
but I aint jumpin' when you come to call.

Cheesy pick-ups at the bar
they won't get you very far
and any sporty foreign car
you've got to know that's under par.

You wanna make me happy?
Leave off those sappy, crappy lines.
the only man who'll hold my hand
is one who can understand:

No second chances
no backwards glances
no tricks
no traps
and no pause
ya best remember honey...
this kitten's got claws.

There's no mistreating
or late night cheating
no loopholes
hot coals
no catch
oh this kittens lost its mittens baby...
and I'm ready to scratch.

You must remember
if you love me tender
I can do it all on my own
this kittens paws are itchin' darlin'

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and I'm ready to roam.

Ya you just got to understand
the one thing I demand
no you won't even get a pause
if the good is out-weighed by your flaws
I'm not your maid, your mother
or one night lover
And I'll be damned if I become some man's cause,
oh just remember honey...
this kitten's got claws.

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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