

## Desert Island Discs

A ten-minute play by Matt Buchanan

### Characters

Mike

Ray

*Mike and Ray decline on a deserted beach,  
gazing into the “ocean” in the audience.*

**RAY**

Want to play “Desert Island Discs?”

**MIKE**

*(Incredulously.)* What?

**RAY**

You know—if you were marooned on a desert island and you could only take ten albums, which ones would you take?

**MIKE**

Are you serious?

**RAY**

Why not?

**MIKE**

It may possibly have escaped your notice, but we are marooned on a desert island.

**RAY**

I’d bring the White Album for sure.

**MIKE**

The White Album.

**RAY**

You know—the Beatles.

**MIKE**

You’re so predictable. Can you even name one song on the White Album?

**RAY**

Well—

**MIKE**

You’re just saying the White Album because you think you should. Because you think it’s cool.

**RAY**

Fine. Which albums would you bring?

**MIKE**

I'm not playing this game. It's stupid anyway. What are you going to play the discs on?

**RAY**

Well—

**MIKE**

Are you the Professor on Gilligan's Island? Can you make a CD player out of a coconut and some fishing line?

**RAY**

There's no coconuts anyway.

**MIKE**

You see? It's stupid. Can't you talk about something else?

**RAY**

Okay, okay! (*Long pause.*) Like what?

**MIKE**

I'm taking a nap.

*Mike lies down with his back to Ray. Long pause.*

**RAY**

I know!

*Mike rolls over to look at Ray but does not sit up.*

If you were marooned on a desert island with just one other person, who would you want that person to be?

**MIKE**

I know who I wouldn't want it to be.

**RAY**

I think I'd take Cindy Crawford.

**MIKE**

(*Sitting up.*) Cindy Crawford.

**RAY**

What's wrong with that?

**MIKE**

Not some brilliant man of letters or some fantastic storyteller. Cindy Crawford.

**RAY**

Well—

**MIKE**

First of all, join the twenty-first century, would you please? Cindy Crawford is like eighty years old. You could at least pick somebody current.

**RAY**

Well, you know what I mean—

**MIKE**

And second, assuming Cindy Crawford or any other gorgeous model were here on this beach instead of me—which I wish she were—what makes you think she'd want anything to do with you.

**RAY**

What do you mean?

**MIKE**

Lookit—here's your supermodel, right? (*Gestures to his right.*) Beautiful, sexy, maybe even smart for all I know. She can have anybody she wants.

**RAY**

But—

**MIKE**

And here's you. (*Gestures to his left.*) Some pathetic loser who's too dumb even to steer his boat.

**RAY**

You were just as lost as I was—

**MIKE**

And you think you're in her league.

**RAY**

Well, but she'd have to, wouldn't she? I mean, it would be our duty.

**MIKE**

Your duty.

**RAY**

You know—to repopulate the species.

**MIKE**

Repopulate the—you're marooned on an island! You're not the last two people on earth!

**RAY**

How do we know that?

**MIKE**

Repopulating the species doesn't come into it. Just because we steered our boat into this stupid island, there's no reason to assume the rest of the population has suddenly vanished.

**RAY**

But they could have been wiped out by a nuclear catastrophe.

**MIKE**

Do you see a mushroom cloud? Besides, a bomb big enough to wipe out the whole planet would have wiped us out too.

**RAY**

Or a killer virus. How do we know?

**MIKE**

*(Concerned.)* Look—I promise you—we are not the last two people on earth.

**RAY**

I didn't say—

**MIKE**

*(Earnestly.)* Everyone is just fine and pretty soon they're going to notice we didn't come back and they'll come look for us. I promise.