

La Isla de Feria de Lilith
by Julie Winston-Thomas

Setting: a Lost World inhabited only by women. CHEROKEE AND VESPA sit in front of a tent. CHEROKEE is gnawing on a bone. VESPA is playing a bongo drum.

CHEROKEE

(mouth full of meat)

You know, deep down, I always knew this would result in cannibalism.

VESPA

(stops drumming and glares at her)

CHEROKEE

What, Vespa?

VESPA

(Ignores her and begins drumming again.)

CHEROKEE

I just don't want to be wasteful. I don't even think it's cannibalism since he was already dead when I found him.

VESPA

So you say.

CHEROKEE

You don't believe me?

VESPA

(Shrugs)

It's certainly fair to say you aren't the most truthful person I've ever met, Cherokee.

CHEROKEE

Ouch.

(pretends to stab herself in the heart with the bone.)

VESPA

(VESPA grabs the bone from CHEROKEE and heads her on the head with it or throws it at her)

CHEROKEE

OUCH!

(Shakes the bone at VESPA)

Haven't you missed meat?

VESPA

No.

CHEROKEE

Really? You never crave a nice, juicy steak?

VESPA

Not at all. I've been a vegetarian since I was a kid.

CHEROKEE

Fine, you don't miss meat. What about cheese? What about a nice bowl of macaroni and cheese? Don't you ever crave something other than the macrobiotic, vegan, gluten-free piles of crap we have to eat here?

VESPA

This is an island. We can't raise animals, they'd consume too many resources.

CHEROKEE

That's what they tell us, but don't you ever wonder if they're just trying to keep us weak from hunger and lack of nutrients so we can't rise up against Queen Sarah and her court?

VESPA

You and your crazy conspiracy theories.

CHEROKEE

Theory or not, if I'd known that I'd never get a hamburger again, I might not have chosen to live forever.

(There's a groan from inside the tent)

VESPA

Shit, it sounds like the other one's waking up.

CHEROKEE

(Licking her lips)

Yum- I mean, oh.

VESPA

You're disgusting.

MIKE

Who's there?

(MIKE crawls out of the tent wearing a flight helmet. He has early stage ALS/Lou Gehrig's disease and can't use his legs, therefore he has to pull himself along with his arms.)

VESPA

Hi.

CHEROKEE

Great, you're awake.

MIKE

Where's Sam?

CHEROKEE

I'm sorry, he didn't survive the crash.

MIKE

Crash?

VESPA

Your plane crashed. Over there, on the other side of those trees. I'm sorry.

MIKE

Oh my God. Where's his body?

VESPA

Yeah, Cherokee, where's his body?

CHEROKEE

(quickly hides the skull and bone)

Uh, we buried him.

MIKE

What? Why so quickly?

CHEROKEE

On the island of Feria de Liliith we believe that the spirit of someone who has died can't ascend to the next plane until they are interred in the earth.

VESPA

We do? I mean, yeah, we do. I'm Vespa and this is Cherokee.

MIKE

Mike.

VESPA

It's nice to meet you.

(holds out her hand. MIKE doesn't get up.)

What's wrong with your legs? Did you get hurt in the crash?

MIKE

No. At least I don't think so. I have ALS. Lou Gehrig's disease. My legs are pretty much gone.

VESPA

Oh, God, I'm so sorry.

MIKE

It's not your fault. Just woke up one day and couldn't get my right foot do anything, it just hung there. Eventually both my legs were just dangling pieces of meat.

CHEROKEE

(under her breath)

Meat...

(snaps to)

So that's fatal, right? How long does it take-

VESPA

Cherokee, stop!

CHEROKEE

Sorry.

. MIKE

It's okay. It's a fair question. It usually takes a few years, 3-5. Although Steven Hawking's had it for fifty years, so fingers crossed!

CHEROKEE

(Slightly bitterly)

Sure, fingers crossed.

MIKE

That's why I'm here, actually. It sounds crazy, but Sam was flying me out here because I'd heard about the mythical "lost world" of Feria de Lilith and the supposed Fountain of Youth you had here.

VESPA

Oh, wow, that's right over-

(CHEROKEE steps on VESPA's foot.)

Ow, what'd you do that for?!

CHEROKEE

Sorry, you know how clumsy I am! Hey Mike, are you hungry?

MIKE

Now that you mention it, I'm famished! But I'd really like to pay my respects to Sam as soon as possible. I feel I owe that much to him. Can you show me where he's buried?

CHEROKEE

After lunch. You need to keep up your strength. I'll go get us some grub from the food trailer and be right back. Don't go anywhere!

(she exits)

VESPA

I'm sorry. About your disease. And your friend.

MIKE

Thanks. I know I must sound insane, flying around trying to find the fountain of youth. But you don't know how desperate you are until there's no hope. You'll try anything. Poor Sam.

VESPA

Were you two close?

MIKE

No, he was just a guy with a pilot's license who was kind enough to fly me here. Sam was so generous, he had a wife and two kids but was giving up his weekend to take me on a stupid mythical journey. And I got him killed.

VESPA

You can't blame yourself.

MIKE

This is an incredibly beautiful island, though. If I can't get back, it sure is a great place to spend your last days.

VESPA

I don't think you have to worry about that. (beat) Mike, what if I told you I was 87?

MIKE

I'd say you were lying to me.

VESPA

I'm not. I'm really 87 years old. You know how old Cherokee is? 115.

MIKE

You're full of shit.

VESPA

I'm not.

(Gets very close to him.)

There is a Fountain of Youth on this island, Mike. We discovered it way back in the 1990's. Cherokee and I were touring with Lilith Fair selling Hemp skirts and when we came to this island, we found it: The Fountain of Youth. None of us who came with that tour ever left. Or aged.

MIKE

You've got to be joking, it's real? Can you take me to it?

VESPA

Only women are allowed to drink from it. In fact, only women are allowed on this island, although I don't think the others know you're here yet. But I can bring you some water from it. Enough to allow you to live forever.

MIKE

You can?

VESPA

Yep. Just wait here, I'll be right back. Oh and Mike, don't tell Cherokee, okay?

MIKE

Why not?

VESPA

I'll explain later. For now, just don't say anything to her, promise?

MIKE

Cross my heart. Thank you so much, Vespa.

(VESPA exits. MIKE sees the bongo drum and starts playing it. A couple of beats and then CHEROKEE re-enters with food.)

CHEROKEE

(sarcastic)

Oh great, you play the bongos. I guess you and Vespa will be having drum circles now. It'll be just like the old days.

(notices VESPA isn't around)

Where is Vespa?

MIKE

She went to the bathroom.

CHEROKEE

Funny, I didn't pass her.

MIKE

Huh.

CHEROKEE

Well, here's lunch, dig in!

(MIKE and CHEROKEE begin to eat. VESPA enters. She is behind CHEROKEE, who doesn't see her. She tries to slip the water bottle to MIKE, but CHEROKEE notices.)

CHEROKEE

What are you doing?

VESPA

Nothing.

(She tries to hide the water bottle behind her or in a bag or something.)

CHEROKEE

What do you have, Vespa?

VESPA

Nothing. It's nothing, Cherokee.

CHEROKEE

Give it to me.

(she snatches the water bottle from VESPA's hand.)

I knew it! You were trying to slip him water from the Fountain!

MIKE

Don't be mad, Cherokee, she was just trying to help me. I'm dying. Vespa was trying to save my life.

CHEROKEE

She doesn't get to decide who lives and dies. She's not God, you know!

VESPA

Oh come on, Cherokee! What is it going to hurt to help this poor man live?

CHEROKEE

I'll tell you what it will hurt, Vespa! Suddenly this quiet little island is going to be overrun with tourists. People wanting to watch their crows feet smooth out and their laugh lines disappear and the little soft puddles along their jaw firm up again.

MIKE

I won't tell anybody, I promise. If- when I get off this island, I won't tell a soul.

CHEROKEE

Really? What are you going to say to people when suddenly you can walk again?

MIKE

I'll tell them it's a miracle, that I prayed to God and he healed me! Or that I took some crazy herb that's only approved for use in Asia, or that a shaman in the middle of the New Mexican desert blew smoke on me in a teepee!

CHEROKEE

I can't trust you, Mike. This isn't for the masses. Everyone doesn't get to be beautiful and perfect for eternity. They don't deserve it.

VESPA

Oh come on, Cherokee, it's the least you can do after eating his buddy!

MIKE

What?! You ATE Sam?

CHEROKEE

Enough, Vespa!

(she restrains Vespa with rope or chains or handcuffs, whatever you want to use.)

VESPA

I am so tired of you bossing me around and telling me what I can't do!

CHEROKEE

Oh shut up.

(shoves her into the tent and zips it up.)

MIKE

You ate Sam?!

CHEROKEE

He was already dead. Or nearly dead. I seriously doubt he was going to make it.

MIKE

Oh my God.

(starts trying to drag himself away from her)

CHEROKEE

You don't know what it's like! You tasted the shitty food they serve us here. All in the name of "living healthy". Why in the hell do we have to live healthy? WE HAVE A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

MIKE

Please don't eat me!

CHEROKEE

I went 60 years without a single bite of succulent flesh. SIXTY YEARS! Your friend was a tasty, tasty man. I need more! And I'm not waiting three to five years for your sorry ass to atrophy and drop dead!

(CHEROKEE turns away to pick up the bongo drum to use as a weapon. MIKE picks up the swiss army knife he had been using to eat his lunch and in one swift action cuts CHEROKEE's Achilles heels. CHEROKEE falls to the ground, dropping the bottle of water. MIKE scrambles to get it, CHEROKEE tries to go for it as well, but MIKE wins. He quickly downs the water.)

MIKE

It's working!

(On wobbly legs, he starts to get up. First to his knees, then standing.)

CHEROKEE

No!

(VESPA emerges from the tent. Despite having her hands bound, she manages to stab CHEROKEE with the katana, killing her. VESPA helps MIKE to his feet.)

MIKE

Oh thank you, Vespa, for everything you've done for me.

VESPA

(Licks CHEROKEE'S blood off the katana)

I prefer my meat fresh. And you will taste so much better now that your legs are full of life, Mike.

(Turns it towards MIKE)

Congratulations, you're the last man standing.