

DAY 2 SCRIPT

Characters: Mr. Harper, Terrie Underwood, Katherine Kent, Rob Henshaw, and Storm Weathers.

(Theme music)

(It's the next morning and TERRIE is attending to the breakfast table in front of the Lodge Building. Then MR. HARPER enters from inside the Lodge Building.)

MR. HARPER: So, we're eating out front this morning?

TERRIE: Yeah . . . I thought a change of scenery would be nice. *(short pause)* So you heard about last night?

MR. HARPER: *(frustrated)* I sure did. Looks like the monkey's back.

TERRIE: So, what now?

(Then KATHERINE, wearing pajamas, a bathrobe, slippers, and with her hair wrapped in a towel, enters from the Women's Quarters.)

MR. HARPER: I'm not sure. *(then see KATHERINE)* Oh . . . good morning, Miss Kent. Did you sleep well, I hope?

KATHERINE: *(arrogant)* Humph! As well as expected in a place like this.

MR. HARPER: I see. Well . . . is there anything we can do to make you more comfortable?

KATHERINE: Yes, there is. Much to my horror, I just discovered that there's only ONE full-length mirror in my suite, and I simply can't get ready without at least two.

MR. HARPER: Well, of course. What were we thinking? I'm so sorry for the inconvenience. Terrie, can you see that she gets another full-length mirror delivered to her room?

TERRIE: Right away.

(TERRIE exits toward the Women's Quarters.)

MR. HARPER: Now . . . is there anything else we can do?

KATHERINE: Yes . . . I have a list for you.

(KATHERINE hands her list to MR. HARPER.)

MR. HARPER: *(insincere)* Oh . . . a list. How nice.

KATHERINE: You should have received it with my reservation, but it's quite obvious that you didn't.

MR. HARPER: *(clears his throat as he starts to read the list)* To Whom It May Concern, along with my reservation, I will be requiring the following items: 2 full-length mirrors, got that *(as he checks it off)* . . . hot pink rug, hot pink curtains, hot pink bed sheets, hot pink bath towels, and a dozen hot pink roses. Hmm . . . well, at least we know what your favorite color is.

KATHERINE: I like hot pink. It makes me happy. Well, go on, there's more.

MR. HARPER: Uh . . . fresh squeezed orange juice every morning, dark chocolate every afternoon, an EXTRA LARGE "Do Not Disturb!!! . . . !!!" sign . . .

KATHERINE: And that's "Do Not Disturb" with 25 exclamation marks. DON'T forget those . . . they're very important.

MR. HARPER: *(with a bit of sarcasm)* Oh, I'm sure they are . . . *(as he notes her request)* . . . mineral water for bathing, 10 boxes of tissues, rose-scented candles, and last, but not least . . . a star on the door with your name on it. *(short pause)* So . . . is that all?

KATHERINE: Actually, no. Add a white noise machine to the list. Some strange sounds interrupted my beauty sleep last night, and I simply can't have that.

MR. HARPER: One white noise machine. *(as he adds it to the list)*

KATHERINE: Now, they assured me that Camp Kilimanjaro is a first class establishment, so none of these items will be a problem, right?

MR. HARPER: *(trying to remain civil)* We'll do our very best.

KATHERINE: Good . . . see that you do. *(short pause)* Oh . . . I almost forgot. I will be requiring breakfast in my suite this morning. I'll have 1 piece of buttered toast, 2 poached eggs, and 3 slices of VERY CRISP bacon. And it HAS to be crisp. Limp bacon is . . . *(then she shudders)* . . . disgusting!

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MR. HARPER: Don't worry . . . we'll make sure it's extra crispy. And, uh . . . fresh squeezed orange juice, I presume?

KATHERINE: Very good . . . you remembered.

MR. HARPER: *(with a bit of sarcasm)* We aim to please.

KATHERINE: Well . . . I have to finish getting ready. Toodleloo.

(KATHERINE returns to the Women's Quarters.)

MR. HARPER: Proverbs 10:19 "In the multitude of words sin is not lacking, but he who restrains his lips is wise." Please, Lord, help me hold my tongue.

(Wondering what he's going to do about KATHERINE'S list, MR. HARPER exits into the Lodge Building as STORM and ROB enter from the Men's Quarters.)

ROB: I still think people like the sportscast more than the weather report.

STORM: You're dreaming! The weather report has always been number one. Everyone knows that!

ROB: So what's it going to be like today?

STORM: Well, let's look at the "Accu-9" forecast, shall we? *(as a Weather Forecast "TODAY" slide appears on screen).* Hmm . . . well, it looks like we've got high pressure building in over the region. And that's going to give us some great weather this week! In fact, today is going to be beautiful with highs in the lower 80s and low humidity.

ROB: Good . . . thanks.

STORM: And then tonight, *(as a Weather Forecast "TONIGHT" slide appears)* it'll be clear but breezy with light winds 10 to 15 mph and a low of about 60.

ROB: *(trying to be patient)* That's great.

STORM: Now, tomorrow . . .

ROB: Okay, that's enough!

STORM: *(defensive)* Just thought you'd want the full 5-day forecast.

(TERRIE enters from the Lodge Building holding a large breakfast tray.)

STORM: Oh, yeah . . . now THAT'S what I'm talkin' about! BUH-RECKFUST!!

(STORM and ROB take a seat at the table.)

TERRIE: Where's Katherine?

ROB: She'll come when she's ready and not before. If you haven't noticed, she's quite the prima donna.

STORM: Yeah . . . she's got a lot of nerve. One time she asked for a star on the door with her name on it! *(short pause)* Which . . . actually . . . is a great idea. Why didn't I think of that?!

(MR. HARPER enters from the Lodge Building with his Bible and a devotional booklet.)

MR. HARPER: Jambo, everyone!

TERRIE: *(to MR. HARPER)* They want us to go ahead without Katherine.

MR. HARPER: Oh . . . well, she's having breakfast in her room.

ROB: That figures.

MR. HARPER: Well, I hope everyone had a good, restful sleep last night, because we've got a big day ahead.

STORM: Oh, yeah, I slept like a baby . . . that is, after the howling stopped.

ROB: I didn't know babies snored.

MR. HARPER: Howling, huh? Well . . . I must tell you that we've been having a little monkey problem, lately. But, really . . . it's nothing to worry about.

ROB: It didn't really sound like a monkey to me.

TERRIE: Oh . . . you'd be surprised at the sounds they can make.

STORM: *(to ROB)* Yeah . . . have you ever heard a gibbon whoop? It's really strange.

(STORM entertains everyone with his gibbon whoop imitation until Safari Animals [sfx] are heard. [To hear what a gibbon sounds like, do a "gibbon whoop" Internet search.]

ROB: Okay, Tarzan! Stop or we're going to have company!

MR. HARPER: That was pretty good. *(as he compliments STORM)* Well, anyway . . . we thought we'd taken care of the problem, but I guess not. I'm really sorry about this.

ROB: *(like a football coach pep talk)* That's okay, Mr. Harper . . . in sports we like to say that tomorrow is a new day. So listen . . . what you need to do is put this loss behind you, keep your eye on the ball, and remem-

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ber that the best defense is a good offense! Now, you may have to turn it up a notch to get this monkey off your back . . . so to speak. But stick to the fundamentals, stay focused, and know that we're behind you all the way! *(short pause)* Now, the ball's in your court.

MR. HARPER: Thanks for the encouragement.

STORM: *(to ROB, loud whisper)* Would you cool it with the sports clichés!

MR. HARPER: Well, let's move on to something more cheerful, shall we? Terrie, what's for breakfast?

STORM: Yeah, let's eat! I'm starving!

TERRIE: Well, this morning our master chef has prepared French toast dipped in ostrich egg and his famous warthog sausage oatmeal. *(as she removes the covers on the dishes)*

(STORM gets a sick look on his face.)

ROB: *(with a smile on his face)* Suddenly, Storm's not hungry anymore.

MR. HARPER: Well, I hope you'll give it a try. This breakfast has actually become quite the favorite with our guests. But . . . before you dig in . . . I'd like to ask the Lord's blessing.

(Everyone bows their heads.)

MR. HARPER: Let's pray. Father in heaven, we just want to thank You for Your many blessings—blessings that we don't deserve. Thank You for this food, our health, our family and friends, and another day to serve You. Amen.

ROB: Play ball!

(TERRIE starts to serve the oatmeal, but when she gets to STORM, he puts his hands over his bowl at the last second, commenting that he doesn't care for any, so she accidentally ladles it onto the backs of his hands.)

TERRIE: Oh . . . I'm so sorry! Let me get you a napkin.

(As TERRIE fetches a napkin, STORM scrapes the oatmeal off his hands and into his bowl.)

ROB: *(to STORM)* Where are your manners?

STORM: You sound like my mother.

(TERRIE returns with a napkin.)

STORM: *(to TERRIE)* Can I have Cocoa Crunchies instead?

ROB: *(to STORM)* Just eat the oatmeal. It's good for you.

STORM: Now you REALLY sound like my mother.

TERRIE: I'm sorry, but we don't have Cocoa Crunchies.

ROB: That's okay . . . he'll eat the oatmeal.

(Everyone, including STORM, tries the oatmeal and loves it. Then MR. HARPER opens his devotional booklet, as TERRIE exits into the Lodge Building.)

MR. HARPER: Well, one of the customs here at Camp Kilimanjaro is to have devotions every morning during breakfast. So, today, our Bible verse is Proverbs 3:5, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding . . ."

ROB: Hmm . . . I like that verse.

MR. HARPER: Yeah . . . well, the problem is . . . most people do the exact opposite—they don't trust in God and they do lean on their own understanding—which is a recipe for disaster. And that's especially true when it comes to one's eternal destiny.

STORM: You mean heaven?

MR. HARPER: Yes. You see, most people lean on their own understanding and think that the way to heaven is to do good things. But, that's not true. According to the Bible, none of us can be good enough. So God made a way by sending Jesus to die for our sins and pay the penalty that we deserve. It's God's plan of salvation . . . and it's for those who turn from their sins and trust in what Jesus did for them on the cross. So . . . who are you trusting to get you to heaven—yourself or Jesus? I hope it's Jesus, because He's the only way. *(as he closes his devotional booklet)* Just something we hope you'll take time to think about.

ROB: Thanks for sharing that.

MR. HARPER: You're welcome. And if you'd like to talk more about it, please let us know.

(TERRIE enters from the Lodge Building.)

TERRIE: The safari guide will be here in 10 minutes.

MR. HARPER: Okay . . . as soon as you're finished, grab whatever you need for the safari—cameras, sunglasses, binoculars, etc.—and report back here.

STORM: *(almost giddy with excitement)* Oh boy! This is going to be fun! Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!

ROB: Lions, yes. Tigers and bears, no.

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(ROB and STORM exit toward the Men's Quarters.)

TERRIE: Bad news. Remember, Miss Cavanaugh from two weeks ago?

MR. HARPER: *(concerned)* Yeah?

TERRIE: Well . . . apparently she put a lengthy review on TravelCounselor about her stay with us . . . including her "Bigfoot" story. And now our reservation agent says three groups have just cancelled.

MR. HARPER: *(frustrated)* Well . . . that's what happens when you cross a monkey, a bad dream, and an active imagination. Hmm . . . Bigfoot. I can't believe people are taking it seriously.

TERRIE: So, what are we going to do?

MR. HARPER: Well, we can start by getting rid of our monkey problem once and for all! I know that much!

(Suddenly, TERRIE notices an enormous footprint. She stoops down to get a closer look.)

MR. HARPER: What are you looking at?

TERRIE: Just the biggest footprint I've ever seen.

MR. HARPER: Whoa! That IS big. How on earth did we miss it?

TERRIE: It's much too big for a gorilla . . . and six toes. What do you think it is?

MR. HARPER: *(concerned)* I don't know. I've never seen one this large.

TERRIE: Maybe Miss Cavanaugh was right. Maybe it is a Bigfoot.

MR. HARPER: I'd better call the park ranger.

(Theme music)