

DAY 1 DRAMA

Characters: MISS MABRY, DYLAN, DETECTIVE NOCLUE, STANLEY, CHRIS, KELLY

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with DYLAN entering from backstage carrying a container with several pool noodles. After he sets it down near the café, he pulls a noodle out and pretends to swordfight.)

DYLAN: *(speaking like a pirate)* Ha ha! *(pause)* Well, ship-mate, me hates to say it, but ye just ain't no match for Cap'n Long John Silver!

(Unbeknownst to DYLAN, MISS MABRY enters and watches the action.)

DYLAN: Oh . . . sorry. I got a little carried away . . . with the costume and all.

MISS MABRY: Well . . . this IS Buccaneer Bay after all. *(as she picks up a pool noodle to challenge DYLAN)*

(MISS MABRY and DYLAN pretend swordfight.)

MISS MABRY: So, I suppose an occasional pretend swordfight is okay . . . as long as the guests don't see it . . . and no one gets hurt.

(Then DYLAN accidentally hits her with his pool noodle.)

MISS MABRY: Ouch!!!

DYLAN: Oh, sorry!

MISS MABRY: That's okay. It's my fault. I shouldn't have been horsing around.

DYLAN: Hey, can I ask you something?

MISS MABRY: Of course.

DYLAN: Well . . . this may be a dumb question, but—

MISS MABRY: Nonsense. There's no such thing as a dumb question.

DYLAN: Okay . . . well, I've been wondering . . . what exactly is a "buccaneer" anyway?

MISS MABRY: Sorry, I take it back. That was a dumb question. You mean to tell me you've worked at Buccaneer Bay all this time and you don't know what a "buccaneer" is?

DYLAN: But I've only been here one day.

MISS MABRY: Oh, yeah . . . it just seems longer than that.

DYLAN: So, what is it? A fish?

MISS MABRY: Fish? Of course not!

DYLAN: A bird?

MISS MABRY: No, it's not a bird!

DYLAN: Then, what is it? I give up.

MISS MABRY: "Buccaneer" is just a fancy word for "pirate," that's all.

DYLAN: *(surprised)* So that's why we're wearing pirate costumes?

MISS MABRY: Yes . . . and because Mystery Island is chock full of pirate history.

DYLAN: Okay . . . I see the connection now!

MISS MABRY: Well, good. *(then, to herself)* I just hope our guests are a little sharper. *(then changes the subject)* So . . . did you finish your list?

DYLAN: Yes, ma'am. I did everything you asked me to do. I made the beds, emptied the trash cans, swept the sidewalk, watered the flowers . . .

MISS MABRY: Good.

DYLAN: *(proudly)* I even did some things you didn't ask me to do!

MISS MABRY: *(apprehensive)* Really? Like what?

DYLAN: Like cleaning up the glass vase.

MISS MABRY: What glass vase?

DYLAN: Uh . . . the one I broke.

MISS MABRY: Oh dear.

DYLAN: I also pulled those big weeds from the front pots.

MISS MABRY: What? Those weren't weeds! They were ornamental grasses!

DYLAN: Really? Well, they sure looked like weeds.

(MISS MABRY pulls out a handkerchief and dramatically wipes her brow.)

MISS MABRY: *(sheepishly)* Anything . . . else?

DYLAN: Yep! I also unloaded the dishwasher and put away the dishes!

MISS MABRY: *(relieved)* Well, I guess there's no harm in that.

DYLAN: And I saved space by stacking them all together in one great big tower! And boy, was it high!

(Suddenly, the sound of dishes crashing [sfx] is heard.)

DYLAN: Oops.

MISS MABRY: I suddenly feel a headache coming on. *(as she turns to leave)*

DYLAN: Oh, well, we can't have that! You stay right there. I'll get you some water. *(as he runs into the lodge)*

(As DYLAN runs into the lodge, a siren approaching [sfx] is heard.)

MISS MABRY: Oh, no . . . just what I DON'T need.

(Then NOCLUE and STANLEY enter from the side and approach center stage. STANLEY is wearing a shoulder bag with a small parcel and a wrapped submarine sandwich.)

MISS MABRY: *(rolls her eyes)* Hello, Detective.

NOCLUE: Were you aware that there was a suspicious package in your mailbox? *(as NOCLUE holds out his hand to STANLEY)*

(STANLEY hands NOCLUE the sub sandwich. Then NOCLUE, thinking it's the small parcel, attempts to pass it to MISS MABRY.)

MISS MABRY: A submarine sandwich?

NOCLUE: What?? *(then he turns to STANLEY)* Not my lunch, you nitwit! The parcel!

STANLEY: Sorry, Detective. *(as he hands the parcel to NOCLUE)*

MISS MABRY: Thank you. I've been expecting this.

NOCLUE: Oh, you have, have you? *(to STANLEY)* Make a note of that.

STANLEY: A note of what? *(as he pulls a small notepad and pencil out of his pocket)*

NOCLUE: What she just said.

STANLEY: What did she say?

NOCLUE: *(to MISS MABRY)* What did you say?

MISS MABRY: When?

NOCLUE: Just now.

MISS MABRY: I don't remember.

STANLEY: So, what do you want me to write down?

NOCLUE: Nothing.

STANLEY: Nothing?

NOCLUE: Yes, nothing! Just be ready next time I tell you to write something down!

STANLEY: Yes, Detective.

(DYLAN enters, dragging a garden hose.)

MISS MABRY: Dylan . . . what are you doing?

DYLAN: Bringing you some water. It's for your headache. All the glasses were broken, so I brought the hose instead.

NOCLUE: *(as he "eyes" DYLAN)* Hmm . . . new employee?

MISS MABRY: Yes . . . he just started yesterday.

(The hose gets stuck, so DYLAN starts pulling on it.)

NOCLUE: *(suspicious)* Did he now? *(to STANLEY)* Make a note of that.

STANLEY: Yes, Detective.

NOCLUE: *(to MISS MABRY)* Did you check his references?

(Then the hose lets go and DYLAN falls to the ground right in front of MISS MABRY.)

MISS MABRY: Apparently not.

NOCLUE: How about a background check?

MISS MABRY: Yes, we did a background check.

NOCLUE: A thorough one? You know you cannot be too careful these days. *(to STANLEY)* Are you getting all this?

STANLEY: Yes, Detective.

(NOCLUE steps forward to interrogate DYLAN and accidentally steps on MISS MABRY'S foot.)

NOCLUE: *(to DYLAN)* What is your name, boy?

DYLAN: *(uneasy)* Dylan Vale, sir. I mean, your Excellency. I mean, Detective.

NOCLUE: *(suspicious)* Hmm . . . Vylan Dale, you say? Well, we'll see about that, won't we. But . . . in the meantime, I need to speak privately with Miss Mabry about a very important matter. *(then he walks away expecting MISS MABRY to follow him, but she doesn't)* Ahem . . . Miss Mabry?

MISS MABRY: Oh . . . sorry. *(as she walks over to NOCLUE)*

NOCLUE: *(looks around suspiciously, then lowers his voice)* I just received the coroner's report on Mr. Richardson.

MISS MABRY: Oh . . . and what did it say?

NOCLUE: What did it say?

MISS MABRY: Yes . . . the report. What did it say?

NOCLUE: Now, what kind of a question is that? You know as well as I do that reports cannot talk.

MISS MABRY: Okay, then . . . what did you find out?

NOCLUE: Well . . . I found out that there was no evidence of foul play. So, apparently . . . Mr. Richardson died of natural causes.

MISS MABRY: Well, that's good. *(short pause)* I mean that he died of natural causes. *(short pause)* I mean that there was no foul play. Well . . . anyway, he's in a much better place now. Thank you, Detective. I appreciate you letting me know.

NOCLUE: It was my duty to let you know. And so I did my duty and let you know.

MISS MABRY: Well, thank you, just the same.

NOCLUE: Of course. *(pause)* And now I must leave so I can continue to do my duty fighting crime. Good day.

(NOCLUE bumps into STANLEY, then leaves in the opposite direction from which he entered.)

MISS MABRY: Uh . . . Detective? I believe your car is that way. *(as she points)*

NOCLUE: *(embarrassed, he turns)* Of course, I know that. I was just . . . detecting. *(to STANLEY)* Let's go.

STANLEY: Yes, Detective.

(As NOCLUE and STANLEY walk away, NOCLUE stops to examine the Resort Information board and easel, causing it to fall over. He clumsily sets it back up and quickly exits.)

MISS MABRY: *(to DYLAN)* Congratulations! You've now met Detective Noclue. *(as she adjusts the Resort Information board)*

DYLAN: I'm not sure I like him.

MISS MABRY: It's okay . . . he's harmless. *(then she opens her package)*

DYLAN: So, what'd you get? A book? That's not very exciting.

MISS MABRY: Says who?? Don't you know that reading has many benefits?

DYLAN: Like what?

MISS MABRY: Well . . . let's see. It helps your concentration, improves your memory, makes you smarter . . . just think of it as exercise for your brain!

DYLAN: Wow . . . sounds good to me. Can I go read my comic books?

MISS MABRY: Nice try.

DYLAN: So, what's your book about?

MISS MABRY: It's about God and his attributes.

DYLAN: His what?

MISS MABRY: Attributes. You know . . . characteristics . . . his love, his power, his justice . . . basically, what he's like.

DYLAN: Oh . . .

MISS MABRY: I read a quote the other day that really got my attention. It said the most important thing about you is what comes into your mind when you think about God.

DYLAN: Hmm . . . that's interesting.

MISS MABRY: I know. I had to think about that one for a moment. But it's true. Nothing's more important than God . . . and my understanding of who he is really

does affect how I live my life. So, I thought . . . wow . . . I better get it right! You see, we often have wrong views of God. We get ideas in our heads, but those ideas aren't necessarily true. In fact, if you do an internet search of the question, "Who is God?" you'll get over two billion answers—and most of them are wrong!

DYLAN: Really? Then, how can we know for sure what God is like?

MISS MABRY: That's easy . . . by reading God's Word—the Bible. And if you haven't read it, you're going to find out that God is much greater than you can imagine. He's wonderful! And he cares about YOU!

(Suddenly, a bell toll [sfx] is heard.)

MISS MABRY: Ah . . . our guests have finally arrived. *(as they turn to face the rear of the auditorium)*

DYLAN: So, what do I do now?

MISS MABRY: Just smile and make them feel welcome. This is their first visit to Mystery Island and, hopefully, not their last.

DYLAN: That sounds easy enough. How many will there be?

MISS MABRY: Three.

DYLAN: Just three??

MISS MABRY: That's right. This is a special engagement. The season hasn't officially started yet. So this will be a good week for you to get your feet wet.

(Then CHRIS and KELLY, each adorned with leis, enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed slowly down the center aisle toward the stage.)

MISS MABRY: And here they are. Chris and Kelly Richardson . . . brother and sister from Ohio. Look how happy they are . . . and so they should be. They think they've won a vacation, but they're about to find out that it's more than that . . . much, much more.

DYLAN: Really? What?

MISS MABRY: You'll find out soon enough.

DYLAN: But I thought you said there were three?

MISS MABRY: I did . . . Mr. Henson will be arriving later. So, this is it for now *(then she turns her attention and offers a hearty welcome)* My dear guests . . . I am your host, Miss Mabry. Welcome . . . to Mystery Island!

(Theme music)