

DAY 2 DRAMA

Characters: MISS MABRY, CHRIS, KELLY, MR. HENSON, DYLAN

(Theme music)

(It's the next morning. MISS MABRY is on stage waiting to meet with CHRIS and KELLY.)

MISS MABRY: *(enthralled with the beauty of the setting, she prays)* Thank you, God, for such a beautiful day!

(Then CHRIS enters.)

MISS MABRY: Good morning. Is your brother coming?

CHRIS: Yes, he should be here in a moment. This is such a beautiful place! And I love the pirate theme!

MISS MABRY: People do seem to enjoy it.

CHRIS: Oh, yes . . . and your costume is fantastic!

MISS MABRY: Well, thank you.

CHRIS: And your necklace looks interesting.

MISS MABRY: Oh, this . . . it's my "O" necklace.

CHRIS: "O" necklace?

MISS MABRY: Yes . . . I wear it to remind me of how great God is. The "O" stands for the three big "O" words: omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent.

CHRIS: Wow . . . those are big words. What do they mean?

MISS MABRY: Well, take the first one . . . "omnipotent." "Omni" means "all" and "potent" means "power" . . . so when you put them together, you get "all-power" or "all-powerful" . . . which means there's nothing too hard for God. Whether it's calming a storm with just a word, healing someone, or making something out of nothing, he can do it. No problem.

CHRIS: Hmm . . . I guess that makes sense. I mean, after all, he's God, right?

MISS MABRY: Exactly. The next one is "omniscient" . . . which means "all-knowing." Or, in other words, God knows everything. And I mean EVERY-THING! Which means he's never learned anything. Nothing has ever occurred to him. He's never had to think about something or plan out his course of action. He knows every hair on your head, every grain of sand on earth, and every star in the universe . . . every thought that's been thought, and every word that's been spoken. There's nothing he doesn't know.

CHRIS: Whoa . . . that blows my mind!

MISS MABRY: I know . . . mine, too. And the last one is omnipresent.

CHRIS: Which means "all-present?"

MISS MABRY: That's right. God is everywhere at the same time. From the bottom of the ocean to the farthest point of outer space. There's nowhere you can go that God isn't already there, which means you can't hide from him. But it also means you're never truly alone.

CHRIS: Wow . . . I like that. That's neat to think about.

MISS MABRY: Yeah, so, you see, just knowing that God is with me, that he knows everything about me, and that he can do anything, is very comforting.

(Then DYLAN, with one hand cupped over the other, enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds toward the stage. He's returning from the beach where he found a small lizard. NOTE: No actual lizard prop is necessary. He just pretends.)

CHRIS: Hmm . . . you wouldn't happen to have any "O" necklaces in your gift shop, would you?

MISS MABRY: No . . . sorry. But, here . . . you can have mine. *(as she takes it off and hands it to CHRIS)*

CHRIS: Oh, no . . . I couldn't take yours.

MISS MABRY: No, please . . . I can make another one. Really.

CHRIS: Well, all right . . . thanks. That's very kind of you.

DYLAN: *(stops near the front pew and talks to his lizard)* It's okay, buddy. Don't be scared. We're almost home.

MISS MABRY: *(hears DYLAN, then to CHRIS)* Excuse me. *(then she walks to the front of the stage)* Dylan . . . it's 10:00 o'clock . . . why aren't you working?

DYLAN: Sorry . . . I was taking a walk on the beach and lost track of time . . . and then I found this cute little lizard. *(as he looks inside his cupped hands)* Oh no.

MISS MABRY: What's wrong?

DYLAN: He's gone!

(Then DYLAN ad libs as he "sees" the lizard run under a pew and goes after it. Following a few moments of chaos, he finally catches it.)

DYLAN: Whew . . . that was close! *(then talks to his lizard)* Now don't do that again. I thought I'd lost you! *(then sees MISS MABRY staring at him)* Oh, sorry.

MISS MABRY: And I suppose you want to keep him?

DYLAN: May I? Please?

MISS MABRY: *(pause, then speaks discreetly)* Just don't ever let me see him. Do you understand?

DYLAN: Yes, ma'am.

MISS MABRY: Now get to work.

(Then DYLAN hurries up onto the stage and exits behind the café as KELLY finally arrives.)

KELLY: Sorry I'm late. I overslept.

MISS MABRY: Oh, that's not a problem. I trust the accommodations are satisfactory?

KELLY: Oh, yes! Everything is wonderful!

MISS MABRY: Good. So . . . you're probably wondering why you're here.

KELLY: Uh . . . well . . . we won a vacation, right?

MISS MABRY: Not exactly.

CHRIS: Not exactly?

MISS MABRY: You know, it might be better if we sit down. *(as she offers them a table at the café)*

CHRIS: Uh-oh. Now you're making me nervous.

MISS MABRY: Don't worry. There's nothing to be nervous about.

(As they all take a seat at the café, DYLAN enters with 3 glasses of lemonade.)

KELLY: Oh . . . fresh squeezed lemonade?

DYLAN: *(chuckles)* Yeah, right! No, this is just that cheap stuff from a can. It's mostly sugar.

MISS MABRY: *(embarrassed, she stands up)* Thank you, Dylan! Now, how about some ice for their . . . uh . . . lemonade?

DYLAN: Okay.

(DYLAN leaves to get the ice.)

MISS MABRY: Delightful boy. He just started this week.

(Then a few dishes crashing [sfx] are heard.)

DYLAN: *(yelling from backstage)* Don't worry! Everything's fine!

MISS MABRY: *(takes a deep breath to calm her nerves, then sits down)* So, anyway . . . where were we?

CHRIS: I think you were going to tell us why we're here.

MISS MABRY: Oh, yes . . . well, first of all, you didn't "win" this vacation.

CHRIS: I knew it! I knew it was too good to be true!

MISS MABRY: No, you don't understand. You see . . . you didn't win it, because it was a gift.

CHRIS & KELLY: *(together)* What??

CHRIS: From whom? Who'd want to give us a vacation?

KELLY: Ha! She's probably gonna say some rich uncle that we've never heard of died and left us an inheritance!

CHRIS: Yeah, wouldn't that be nice!

MISS MABRY: Well, actually . . . that's exactly what happened.

(CHRIS and KELLY both laugh as if it was a joke.)

CHRIS: Wait . . . you're kidding, right?

(Then MR. HENSON, carrying a briefcase, enters right on cue.)

MR. HENSON: No, she isn't kidding.

CHRIS & KELLY: *(together)* What??

MISS MABRY: This is Mr. Tobias Henson, an attorney from Finley & Associates. He arrived just after you did.

(DYLAN enters with an ice bucket full of ice. He then proceeds to deposit cubes of ice into each person's lemonade with his fingers.)

MISS MABRY: *(horrified)* Uh . . . Dylan . . . why aren't you using ice tongs??

DYLAN: I couldn't find them. But, don't worry . . . my hands are clean. *(as he picks something out of his ear)*

MISS MABRY: I'm sorry, will you excuse me for a moment? I suddenly have to do some employee training!

DYLAN: What? Is something wrong?

(MISS MABRY grabs DYLAN by the shirt and drags him backstage.)

MR. HENSON: Anyway . . . I represent your uncle's estate. *(as he shakes their hands and pulls up a chair)*

KELLY: But, that's impossible . . . we've never had an uncle.

CHRIS: Yeah . . . there must be some mistake.

MR. HENSON: Well . . . I can assure you there's no mistake. Your father had a brother and his name was Joe Richardson. Says so right here . . . *(as he hands CHRIS a legal document to look at)*

CHRIS: This is crazy!

MR. HENSON: Well . . . it may be crazy, but it's also true.

KELLY: Then why haven't we ever heard of him before?

MR. HENSON: I have no idea.

CHRIS: So, what do you know about him?

MR. HENSON: Well, I do know he was a treasure hunter.

KELLY: Treasure hunter? You mean like Indiana Jones?

MR. HENSON: Yep. And your uncle was one of the best. Rugged . . . fearless . . . never gave up. Why, he even wrestled a lion once to retrieve a clue he needed!

KELLY: Wow! Sounds like you knew him.

MR. HENSON: *(quickly "backpeddles")* Oh . . . uh . . . well, no . . . just things I've heard or read about . . . that's all.

CHRIS: So, why'd he come to Mystery Island?

MR. HENSON: Because Mystery Island has a lot of pirate history . . . which means treasure! In fact, there's an old legend that says the largest pirate treasure on earth is buried somewhere on the island.

KELLY: Really! That's so cool!

MR. HENSON: Yep . . . the ultimate treasure. The one all treasure hunters dream of finding—the one even Blackbeard himself searched for but couldn't find . . . "Captain Scurvy Legs' Gold."

KELLY: "Captain Scurvy Legs' Gold" . . . sounds like something right out of an adventure book!

MR. HENSON: And your uncle wanted to find it if it was the last thing he did.

CHRIS: So . . . did he?

MR. HENSON: We don't know . . . but he did find something. There's no doubt about that.

(MISS MABRY returns with a briefcase.)

MISS MABRY: *(to MR. HENSON)* Have you discussed the inheritance yet?

MR. HENSON: I was just getting to that.

KELLY: *(to CHRIS)* Wow! Inheritance! Don't you love the sound of that?

CHRIS: Yes! I can't believe this is happening to us!

MR. HENSON: So . . . when it comes to an inheritance, the will usually states what's to be given and how it's to be given . . . and your uncle's will is no exception.

MISS MABRY: Except . . .

KELLY: Except, what?

MR. HENSON: Except that there's a twist. Your uncle, being a treasure hunter, wanted your inheritance to include . . . a treasure hunt.

CHRIS: You're joking.

MISS MABRY: No, he's quite serious.

KELLY: That's okay . . . it sounds fun to me!

MR. HENSON: So, here's how it works . . . there are three legs to the hunt. At the beginning of each leg you'll receive a treasure map with directions and clues to find a buried artifact. Once you find the artifact and bring it

back here, you'll be given a map for the next leg. Make sense?

CHRIS: And what happens if we don't find the artifact?

MR. HENSON: Well . . . I guess you don't get the inheritance.

CHRIS: *(surprised)* Oh.

KELLY: Then we have to find it!

MISS MABRY: So . . . are you ready to start?

KELLY: Absolutely! Let's get this show on the road!

MISS MABRY: All right, then. I've got briefcase number one right here . . . so I'll input my combination first. *(as she proceeds to input a combination)* Then, Mr. Henson will input his combination.

(MISS MABRY hands the briefcase to MR. HENSON. He inputs a combination and opens it.)

KELLY: Cool. Just like a spy movie.

MISS MABRY: And inside should be the first treasure map.

MR. HENSON: Yep . . . it's a treasure map, all right. *(as he looks at it)*

MISS MABRY: Ahem. *(clears her throat to get MR. HENSON'S attention)*

MR. HENSON: Oh . . . sorry. *(as he hands the map to KELLY)*

MISS MABRY: Um . . . there is one stipulation.

KELLY: What's that?

MISS MABRY: We're not permitted to help you.

CHRIS: *(with sarcasm)* Oh, great! So we're on our own??

MISS MABRY: I'm afraid so.

CHRIS: *(with sarcasm)* Thanks, Uncle Joe, for making it easy!

KELLY: That's okay! We can do this! I know we can! We just have to figure out how to read this map. *(as he turns it this way and that trying to orient it)*

CHRIS: You're not giving me much confidence.

KELLY: Oh well . . . we'll figure it out as we go! C'mon! *(as he takes off down the center aisle)*

CHRIS: Hey! Wait for me! *(as she runs after him)*

(Theme music)