

DAY 3 DRAMA

Characters: MR. HENSON, DYLAN, MISS MABRY, DETECTIVE NOCLUE, STANLEY, CHRIS, KELLY

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with MR. HENSON standing at the edge of the stage making a phone call.)

MR. HENSON: *(looks this way and that to make sure no one is around, then makes a call on his smartphone)* Hey . . . it's me. *(pause)* No, the coast is clear, no one's around. *(pause)* Yep, so easy. They fell for it hook, line, and sinker. *(pause)* Yeah . . . you know, I kinda like this dressing up business . . . carrying a briefcase . . . feeling important. Makes me think I shoulda been a lawyer for real!

(Then DYLAN enters from the café. MR. HENSON sees him and quickly pretends to be talking to his mother.)

MR. HENSON: Wait, someone's coming . . . *(clears his throat)* Oh . . . well, I don't know about Christmas, Mom. You know how much I hate to travel during the holidays.

(DYLAN, taking the role of a waiter, walks up to MR. HENSON and stands next to him. Then MR. HENSON tries to create some space by taking a few steps away.)

MR. HENSON: *(still pretending to talk to his mom)* And besides, I have a big case I'll be working on . . . about, you know . . . big important stuff.

(DYLAN then follows MR. HENSON.)

MR. HENSON: *(annoyed, he ends the call)* I'm going to have to call you back. *(to DYLAN)* What do you want??

DYLAN: Haha! That's what I'm supposed to ask you!

MR. HENSON: What?

DYLAN: So what would you like? We've got cold drinks, ice cream, giant pretzels?

MR. HENSON: Oh, uh . . . no thanks.

DYLAN: *(surprised)* But . . . are you sure? Because I'd really like to serve you.

MR. HENSON: That's nice, kid, but no . . . I'm good. Really.

(MR. HENSON takes a couple steps away to check his phone, but DYLAN doesn't move.)

MR. HENSON: *(annoyed)* Why are you still standing there?

DYLAN: Because Miss Mabry says I need to get my feet wet.

MR. HENSON: What?

DYLAN: I need to get my feet wet. You see, I've never done this job before . . . in fact, I've never done any job before . . . so I really need some experience. And especially this week because we only have three guests but next week there'll be—

MR. HENSON: *(interrupts DYLAN)* Okay, okay, fine! Just give me uh . . . uh . . . water with lemon.

DYLAN: *(excited)* Really? Okay . . . so that's one water . . . with . . . *(as he slowly writes it down on his notepad)* You said lemon, right?

MR. HENSON: *(impatient)* Yes . . . lemon.

(Then DYLAN'S pencil lead breaks.)

DYLAN: Oh, no . . . my pencil lead broke! Now what am I going to do?

MR. HENSON: *(condescending)* Well, let's see . . . maybe you could just memorize the order??

DYLAN: Oh, yeah . . . I suppose I could. So, what was it you wanted again?

MR. HENSON: *(trying to maintain composure)* A water with lemon.

DYLAN: Right! One water with lemon, coming right up!

(As DYLAN exits toward the café, MR. HENSON quickly calls back on his smartphone.)

MR. HENSON: Sorry, it was some kid trying to be a waiter. *(pause)* Anyway, they're on the trail now, so I should have something of value in my hot little hands very soon. *(pause)* Yeah, and don't worry, one way or another I'm going to get that treasure!

(As MR. HENSON exits, DYLAN returns with the water with lemon.)

DYLAN: Sir? *(pause)* Mr. Henson? *(pause)* Where'd he go? *(he briefly looks around, then finally sits down at one of the café tables in frustration)* Boy! It sure isn't easy being a waiter, is it? *(as he sits down and looks at the glass of lemon water)* Ice water with lemon. *(then takes a sip)* Mmm . . . not bad. Could use a little sugar, but . . . it's actually quite refreshing. *(then he sticks the lemon wedge in his mouth)*

(Then MISS MABRY enters and sees DYLAN. She thinks he's loafing.)

MISS MABRY: Ahem. *(clears her throat to get his attention)*

DYLAN: *(he bolts upright, tries to talk, then spits the lemon wedge out)* Oh . . . Miss Mabry!

MISS MABRY: *(annoyed)* I believe you have work to do, young man.

DYLAN: But I was working! I was trying to serve Mr. Henson. I even took his order, but then he just . . . disappeared!

MISS MABRY: Come here.

(Thinking he's in trouble, DYLAN slowly walks over to her while still holding the glass of water.)

DYLAN: *(with much apprehension)* What's wrong?

MISS MABRY: *(as she turns him around)* Your tag is sticking up.

DYLAN: *(relieved)* Oh . . . is that all? I thought I was in trouble.

MISS MABRY: What's that on your elbow?

DYLAN: I don't know. *(as he raises his elbow to look at it and spills water all over MISS MABRY)* Oops! *(then he turns around and sees a displeased look on her face)* Now, I am in trouble!

(MISS MABRY quickly exits in frustration.)

DYLAN: *(calls out after her)* I didn't mean to do that. Really, I didn't! *(then to himself)* Way to go, Dylan!

(Then a siren approaching with a crash [sfx] is heard.)

DYLAN: Oh, no . . . the detective! I've gotta get out of here!

(DYLAN quickly exits, then NOCLUE and STANLEY enter. STANLEY is wearing a shoulder bag.)

NOCLUE: So . . . you think you can drive better than I? Is that what you are saying?

STANLEY: Yes, Detective.

NOCLUE: And that is where you are wrong! Because you forget the simple fact that I am a trained officer of the law. Besides, what is one little scratch and dent when you consider the important work that we are doing!

(NOCLUE leans on the easel and knocks it over. Then MISS MABRY enters still drying herself with a towel. She also has her padfolio.)

MISS MABRY: Hello, Detective No-clue.

NOCLUE: It is pronounced, "Nah-cloo."

MISS MABRY: Oh, I'm sorry . . . have I been saying it wrong all this time?

NOCLUE: You have, madame.

MISS MABRY: So it's . . . "Nah-cloo?"

NOCLUE: Yes, that is what I said.

MISS MABRY: Hmm . . . well, I'll try to remember that. So . . . what brings you to Buccaneer Bay?

NOCLUE: Official police business. *(then turns to STANLEY)* Stanley?

STANLEY: Uh . . . right. *(as he pulls out a clipboard, hands a survey sheet to MISS MABRY, and then quickly reads the survey introduction)* "The Mystery Island Police Department, in an effort to improve its services, is conducting a survey to see how its citizens feel about the effectiveness of the department. Therefore, your participation is very much appreciated."

MISS MABRY: *(as she looks over the questions)* Hmm . . . interesting. So, who came up with the questions?

NOCLUE: *(proudly)* I did.

MISS MABRY: That's what I thought. *(pause)* So, you want me to answer these, huh?

STANLEY: Yes, please. *(as he prepares to write down her answers)*

(While STANLEY administers the survey, NOCLUE observes.)

STANLEY: So, the first question is: "True or False . . . on a scale of 1 to 10, how effective is the Mystery Island Police Department?"

MISS MABRY: *(confused)* And . . . you want me to answer True or False??

STANLEY: That's correct.

MISS MABRY: Okay, then . . . I guess I'll say . . . false?

STANLEY: Is that your final answer?

MISS MABRY: *(apathetic)* Sure . . . why not.

STANLEY: Okay . . . *(as he records her answer)* . . . next question. "Yes or No . . . when you have a problem, would you rather call the Mystery Island Police Department?"

MISS MABRY: Or . . . ?

STANLEY: Or, what?

MISS MABRY: Exactly. Isn't the question missing something?

STANLEY: Hmm . . . *(as he reads the question to himself)* . . . I don't believe so.

MISS MABRY: Nevermind. I'll just say "No" to that one.

STANLEY: Okay. *(as he records her answer)* Next question . . .

(Then NOCLUE receives a phone call [sfx], but struggles to find his phone.)

NOCLUE: Noclue ("Nah-cloo") here . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . I see . . . yes, we'll be right there. *(then he ends the call)* Hmm . . . so he's up to his old tricks!

STANLEY: What is it?

NOCLUE: There seems to have been a robbery at the Pirate Museum. Captain Hook's hook is missing.

MISS MABRY: Oh no.

NOCLUE: Yes . . . no doubt the work of Mr. Gino Patel, international antiquities thief . . . otherwise known as . . . "The Snake."

MISS MABRY: How do you know who it was?

NOCLUE: It is my business to know. But don't worry . . . we will find him and bring him to justice . . . rest assured of that. *(pause)* Well . . . it is a pity that we cannot complete the survey, but we must leave immediately. Come, Stanley.

(NOCLUE starts to leave in the wrong direction again.)

MISS MABRY: Uh . . . Detective . . .

NOCLUE: What is it?

MISS MABRY: Your car is that way. *(as she points)*

NOCLUE: *(embarrassed, tries to "save face")* Yes . . . I know that. Of course, I know that. *(as he turns around)* I just wanted to know if you knew that. Good day.

(As NOCLUE and STANLEY exit, MR. HENSON enters. Then a siren leaving [sfx] is heard.)

MR. HENSON: Why were the police here?

MISS MABRY: Oh, just conducting a silly survey. But then they had to rush off because the Pirate Museum was just robbed.

MR. HENSON: *(trying to act appalled)* Really?? That's terrible! Did they catch the thief?

(Then CHRIS and KELLY enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed to the stage. Both are tired and dirty, but upbeat.)

MISS MABRY: I don't think so.

MR. HENSON: Well, hopefully, they'll catch him soon.

MISS MABRY: Yeah, right . . . there's little chance of that as long as Detective Noclue is involved. I just hate that there's a criminal element on the island. *(then sees CHRIS and KELLY)* Oh, good . . . the Richardsons are back. *(calls to CHRIS and KELLY)* So, how'd it go?!

CHRIS: *(out of breath)* Well, we got lost a couple times . . . and almost gave up.

KELLY: But, then we got in a groove and started hitting the checkpoints. It was hard, though.

CHRIS: And hot!

MR. HENSON: So you found the artifact?

KELLY: Sure did! Would you like to see it?

MR. HENSON: Would I?!! I mean . . . of course, I would.

KELLY: It's certainly not Captain Scurvy Legs Gold, but at least we're one step closer to the treasure, right? *(as he pulls a jeweled crown out of his backpack and hands it to MR. HENSON)*

MR. HENSON: *(enthralled)* Wow . . .

CHRIS: I know . . . it's gotta be worth something, don't you think?

MISS MABRY: *(she pulls a fact sheet from her padfolio)* Well . . . according to your uncle, it's over 1,000 years old and

belonged to King . . . Musulamu ("MOO-soo-LAH-moo") . . . of Naroon.

MR. HENSON: It's Musulamu *(Mah-SOO-lah-MOO)*

MISS MABRY: *(to MR. HENSON)* You've heard of him?

MR. HENSON: Oh, uh . . . well, I might have. *(as he gives the crown back to KELLY)*

MISS MABRY: Wow . . . I'm impressed.

KELLY: So, what else does it say about King Moo?

MISS MABRY: Well, let's see . . . he became king when he was 12 years old . . .

CHRIS: Twelve years old??

MISS MABRY: And . . . he was a good king at first . . . but, then, as his kingdom grew and he became powerful, he changed and became terribly ruthless and cruel. *(pause)* Wow . . . how sad is that.

KELLY: So, he began well, but didn't end well. Just like so many others.

MISS MABRY: Yeah, you know, there's only one King that'll always be good and just. Only one that'll never change. And that's God himself. He's the King of the universe.

CHRIS: But if that's true . . . if he really is King of the universe . . . then why does he allow evil kings like King Moo?

MISS MABRY: Because of sin, that's why. You see, in the beginning, when everything was good, God set some rules. But Adam and Eve, the first humans, disobeyed . . . and that resulted in a curse on everything.

CHRIS: So that's why bad things happen? Because of a curse?

MISS MABRY: That's right.

KELLY: But still . . . why did God allow it to work out like that? Couldn't he have done things differently?

MISS MABRY: No. Because he never makes a mistake. This isn't "Plan B." You see, God is holy, which means his character is perfect, and his ways are infinitely higher than ours. So we have to trust him. The problem is, our thoughts about God are way too small. He's soooo much bigger and better than we could ever imagine!

MR. HENSON: *(clears throat to change the subject)* So . . . how 'bout if I hold onto the crown while you start the next leg? *(as he takes the crown from KELLY)*

CHRIS: Start the next leg? You can't be serious! Can't we wait until morning?

KELLY: Yeah . . . we're pretty tuckered out.

MISS MABRY: Absolutely. You enjoy your evening. You've earned it.