

# DAY 4 DRAMA

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

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*(Theme music)*

*(Scene begins with MISS MABRY inspecting the premises.)*

**MISS MABRY:** *(standing in the doorway of the lodge with her back to the audience, as though she's talking with an employee)*

Don't forget to sweep the sidewalk . . . and make sure you check all the light fixtures. There are a couple bulbs out in the East Wing.

*(Then MISS MABRY, with her padfolio, turns and starts to inspect the stage area, taking note of anything that needs attention. She first checks some flower pots.)*

**MISS MABRY:** Hmm . . . the flowers are dry. *(as she writes on her notepad, then turns toward the café and sees a table with dirty dishes)* Oh . . . and dirty dishes . . . how lovely.

*(Then, as MISS MABRY begins to straighten the café chairs, DYLAN bursts onto the stage. He proceeds to check every area of the stage to make positively sure that MR. HENSON is not around or within earshot.)*

**MISS MABRY:** Well, what's got you in—

**DYLAN:** *(as he cuts MISS MABRY off)* Shhhhhh!!!

**MISS MABRY:** *(loud whisper)* What's got you in such a tizzy??

**DYLAN:** *(loud whisper)* Just making sure he's not around.

**MISS MABRY:** Who's not—

**DYLAN:** *(as he cuts MISS MABRY off)* Shhhhhh!!!

**MISS MABRY:** *(loud whisper)* Who's not around?

**DYLAN:** *(loud whisper)* Mr. Henson! *(as he continues to look around)*

**MISS MABRY:** Mr. Hen—!

**DYLAN:** *(as he cuts MISS MABRY off)* Shhhhhh!!!

**MISS MABRY:** Mr. Henson isn't here, so please stop "Shhhhshing" me!

**DYLAN:** Sorry.

**MISS MABRY:** Now, why on earth are you so bothered about Mr. Henson??

**DYLAN:** Because I don't think he is who he says he is.

**MISS MABRY:** What are you talking about??

**DYLAN:** He didn't know what the word "notwithstanding" meant.

**MISS MABRY:** So?

**DYLAN:** So, my father's a lawyer, and he said if there's one word that all lawyers use, it's the word

"notwithstanding." So, I don't think he's really a lawyer after all . . . he's just pretending to be one.

**MISS MABRY:** Well, that's ridiculous. Mr. Henson is most certainly a lawyer . . . and a good one at that. And besides, why would he go to the trouble of pretending to be a lawyer?

**DYLAN:** Well . . . I don't know.

**MISS MABRY:** And neither do I. So, I suggest that you stop pretending to be a detective and start being a bus boy. *(as she grabs a tray and hands it to DYLAN)*

**DYLAN:** Yes, ma'am.

*(MISS MABRY exits. Then DYLAN starts to clean up the dirty dishes.)*

**DYLAN:** *(to himself)* I still think Mr. Henson's a fake! And the next time I serve him, I'm going to treat him like one!

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

**DYLAN:** Oh, no . . . not again! I've got to clean this up and get out of here! *(as he quickly loads the dishes onto his tray and wipes the table with his shirt)* That's good enough. *(then turns to leave)*

*(As DYLAN exits through the café, NOCLUE enters with STANLEY carrying a briefcase.)*

**STANLEY:** But I don't understand. How are you going to catch him, if you don't know what he looks like?

**NOCLUE:** My trained instincts will tell me, as always. Perhaps someday you will understand. *(then notices that the area is deserted)* Hmm . . . so everyone is hiding. Well . . . we have ways of dealing with that. *(then to STANLEY)* I'll look over here and you look over there.

**STANLEY:** Yes, Detective.

*(As STANLEY starts his search, NOCLUE turns and runs into the easel, knocking it over. Then, as he's setting it back up, MISS MABRY enters.)*

**MISS MABRY:** Oh, Detective . . . what brings you here?

**NOCLUE:** *(discreetly)* We are looking for Mr. Gino Patel, international antiquities thief . . . otherwise known as . . . "The Snake."

**MISS MABRY:** Oh, yes . . . the Pirate Museum robbery.

**NOCLUE:** *(suspicious)* And how did you know that?

**MISS MABRY:** You told us about it yesterday, remember?

**NOCLUE:** (*tries to save face*) Of course, I remember . . . I was just testing you.

**MISS MABRY:** So, why are you at Buccaneer Bay? You certainly don't think Mr. Patel is here, do you?

**NOCLUE:** (*as he looks around*) Maybe he is, maybe he isn't. And that is why I must leave no stone unturned. So . . . I will need to see a guest list.

**MISS MABRY:** Of course. (*as she turns to leave*)

(*MISS MABRY exits. Then NOCLUE takes a seat at one of the café tables.*)

**NOCLUE:** (*to STANLEY, confident*) Now, the interrogation begins. Watch closely and you will learn something.

**STANLEY:** Yes, Detective.

**NOCLUE:** The briefcase, please.

(*STANLEY hands the briefcase to NOCLUE. Then he opens it and pulls out a lie detector machine. Meanwhile, CHRIS and KELLY enter from the rear of the auditorium.*)

**STANLEY:** Detective?

**NOCLUE:** Yes . . . what is it?

**STANLEY:** Someone's coming.

**NOCLUE:** Excellent. Our first victims . . . I mean, suspects.

(*When NOCLUE sees CHRIS and KELLY approaching the stage, he stands up. CHRIS and KELLY don't notice anyone at first.*)

**CHRIS:** You know, I think we're really starting to get the hang of this treasure hunting business. Don't you?

**KELLY:** Yeah . . . maybe we should become professional treasure hunters!

**CHRIS:** Like Uncle Joe? I don't think so.

**NOCLUE:** Ahem. (*clears throat to get their attention*)

**CHRIS:** Oh, I'm sorry . . . we didn't see you standing there.

**NOCLUE:** Yes, I know that. I am Detective Noclue ("Nah-cloo") from the Mystery Island Police Department . . . and I need to ask you a few questions.

**CHRIS:** (*uneasy*) Really?

**KELLY:** Did we do something wrong?

**NOCLUE:** We shall see. Please have a seat. (*as he motions for them to sit down, then prepares the lie detector machine*)

**KELLY:** What's that?

**NOCLUE:** A lie detector machine that detects lies.

**CHRIS:** Kelly, I don't like this.

**KELLY:** It's okay. We have nothing to fear.

**NOCLUE:** So here is how it works. If you tell me the truth, nothing will happen. But, if you say something that is not true, the machine will detect it and make a

buzzing noise. Allow me to demonstrate . . . I am Detective Noclue . . . (*pause*) . . . see, obviously a true statement so no buzzing. But . . . if I say,  $2 + 2 = 7$  . . . (*then a buzz [sfx] is heard*) . . . see?

**KELLY:** Wow . . . that's impressive. I'll bet you've caught some big time criminals with that, huh.

**NOCLUE:** (*proudly*) Indeed we have.

(*Then a buzz [sfx] is heard.*)

**NOCLUE:** (*embarrassed*) But, let's move along. So, who would like to go first?

**CHRIS:** I guess I will.

**KELLY:** Are you sure?

**CHRIS:** Yeah . . . I just want to get it over with.

**NOCLUE:** Then let us begin. What is your name?

**CHRIS:** Chris Richardson.

**NOCLUE:** (*to STANLEY*) Write that down.

**STANLEY:** Yes, Detective.

**NOCLUE:** So, Miss Richardson . . . have you ever been to the Pirate Museum?

**CHRIS:** No. I didn't even know there was a Pirate Museum.

**NOCLUE:** Have you seen the Captain Hook exhibit at the Pirate Museum?

**CHRIS:** I just told you I've never been to the Pirate Museum . . . so, no.

**NOCLUE:** Hmm . . . so, my instincts tell me that you have never been to the Pirate Museum. Is that correct?

**CHRIS:** (*becoming annoyed*) Yes . . . that's correct.

**NOCLUE:** Ah! Now, we are getting somewhere!

(*Then NOCLUE receives a phone call [sfx].*)

**NOCLUE:** Stanley, take the call. I am busy. (*as he hands his phone to STANLEY*)

**STANLEY:** Yes, Detective. (*answers the phone*) Hello, this is Stanley. Oh, hello, Commissioner. (*pause*) No, he can't come to the phone . . . he's busy with an interrogation. (*pause*) Okay . . . I'll ask him. (*to NOCLUE*) Detective, do you know anything about the Commissioner's birthday cake? He says it's missing.

**NOCLUE:** (*suddenly uneasy*) No, of course not.

(*Then a buzz [sfx] is heard.*)

**NOCLUE:** Well . . . uh . . . come to think of it . . . I may have seen someone take it.

(*Again, a buzz [sfx] is heard. Then with everyone looking at him, he finally confesses.*)

**NOCLUE:** Okay . . . I ate it!

**STANLEY:** (*surprised*) You ate it?? The whole thing??

**NOCLUE:** *(flustered, quickly makes up an excuse)* Yes, but I was just trying to protect the Commissioner! It, uh...it looked like it might have been poisoned!

*(Then a long buzz [sfx] is heard as the machine gets stuck. NOCLUE hits it with his fist to stop it. Now, he's too humiliated to continue the interrogation.)*

**NOCLUE:** And that will conclude the interrogation. *(as he grabs the phone from STANLEY and quickly packs up)* Thank you for your time. *(to STANLEY)* Let's go.

*(NOCLUE, with STANLEY following, starts to go the wrong way, then corrects his course and quickly exits, giving the easel a VERY WIDE berth.)*

**KELLY:** Well, that was interesting.

*(Then MISS MABRY enters with her padfolio and holding a guest list in her hand.)*

**MISS MABRY:** Oh, you're back. Did the detective leave?

**KELLY:** Yes . . . you just missed him.

**MISS MABRY:** Oh, well . . . it doesn't matter. *(as she puts the guest list in her padfolio)* So, you finished the second leg?

**CHRIS:** We did.

**MISS MABRY:** And how'd it go?

**CHRIS:** Better. We're starting to get the hang of it now.

**MISS MABRY:** Good. And you found the artifact?

**KELLY:** I've got it right here. *(as he pulls a stone heart out of his backpack)*

**CHRIS:** Wait . . . should you call Mr. Henson?

**MISS MABRY:** *(as she considers what DYLAN said about him)* Um . . . no, I don't think that's necessary. We can fill him in later. *(then turns her attention to the artifact)* Wow . . . look at that . . . a stone heart. Let's see what the fact sheet has to say. *(as she pulls a fact sheet from her padfolio)* Okay . . . so, it says the heart was crafted in 1437 by the Renaissance sculptor, Rudius. Wow . . . that would certainly make it valuable. But, anyway . . . it was sculpted to commemorate the loving heart of King Destrian of Faramar. His generosity and acts of kindness were legendary—especially to the widows and orphans of his kingdom.

**CHRIS:** Wow . . . I'd love to hear more about him.

**MISS MABRY:** I know . . . I would too. But you know who it reminds me of?

**CHRIS:** Who?

**MISS MABRY:** God. I mean as much as King Destrian loved his people, no king has loved his people more than God. Not even close.

**KELLY:** Really? How so?

**MISS MABRY:** Well . . . the Bible tells us that God is perfectly holy and just . . . and that he created us to live in

harmony with him. But, like I said yesterday, our first parents, Adam and Eve, rebelled, and as a result, sin was ushered into the world.

**CHRIS:** Is that the curse you were talking about?

**MISS MABRY:** Yes. Very good.

**CHRIS:** See . . . I was listening.

**MISS MABRY:** Good, because what I'm telling you is so important. You see, as descendants of Adam and Eve, we've all participated in this sin and so every one of us is guilty and rightly deserves God's punishment.

**KELLY:** *(confused)* But, if I'm a good person, I'll go to heaven, right?

**MISS MABRY:** It's not as simple as that. The Bible says that no one is good, not even one. And that's because God's standard of goodness is different than ours.

**CHRIS:** So, what do we do?

**MISS MABRY:** Well, there's nothing WE can do. The penalty for sin is too big. Only God can fix the problem. And, thankfully, he did.

**KELLY:** How?

**MISS MABRY:** By sending his Son, Jesus Christ. He came to earth 2,000 years ago, lived a perfect life and died the death that we deserved as a substitute for us. Then he rose from the dead on the third day, proving that the penalty had been satisfied. So, in other words, God paid the penalty himself. That's how much he loves us!

**KELLY:** Wow . . . I've never heard it explained like that before.

**MISS MABRY:** It's called the gospel. But it does require a response. We have to turn from our sins and trust in what Jesus did for us. Then God will forgive us and adopt us into his family.

**CHRIS:** Well, you've certainly given us a lot to think about.

**KELLY:** Yeah . . . that's for sure.

*(Then DYLAN bursts onto the stage and runs over to MISS MABRY.)*

**DYLAN:** *(excited, out of breath)* Sorry for interrupting, but I need to talk to you right now!

**MISS MABRY:** *(to CHRIS and KELLY)* Excuse me. *(as she gets up and goes over to DYLAN)* What's wrong??

**DYLAN:** I found something!!

**MISS MABRY:** What do you mean, you found something??

**DYLAN:** Come here! You gotta see this! *(as he grabs MISS MABRY by the arm and pulls her off stage)*

*(Theme music)*