

DAY 5 DRAMA

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

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with MISS MABRY and DYLAN at center stage planning a trap for MR. HENSON.)

MISS MABRY: Okay . . . Mr. Henson is headed this way. I'm going to alert Detective Noclue while you keep him occupied. Any questions?

DYLAN: Nope. I'm ready for him.

MISS MABRY: Good. And whatever you do, don't let him out of your sight until I get back.

DYLAN: Don't worry . . . I'll stick to him like glue!

MISS MABRY: *(chuckles)* I'm just sorry I'm going to miss it.

(MISS MABRY exits.)

DYLAN: *(excited, rubbing his hands together)* Oh boy . . . this is going to be fun!

(Then DYLAN runs to get a leaf blower as MR. HENSON enters and walks to the edge of the stage to make 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)* They're doing the final leg right now, so payday is just around the corner.

(Then DYLAN is seen waiting at the back of the café with the leaf blower.)

MR. HENSON: I know . . . so now I've got the hook, the crown, and the heart . . . and pretty soon, maybe Captain Scurvy Legs' Gold! Not bad for a couple days work, huh! *(pause)* Yeah, I know he's after me, but, c'mon, it's Noclue! I've got nothing to fear. *(as he chuckles)* So . . . any news on your end?

(Then DYLAN fires up the leaf blower to disrupt MR. HENSON'S phone call. MR. HENSON shows his annoyance and tries to get DYLAN'S attention, but DYLAN pretends to be oblivious.)

MR. HENSON: *(yelling and waving his arms)* Hey, kid! Can you do that somewhere else?!

(DYLAN continues to blow.)

MR. HENSON: *(yells)* HEY!!

DYLAN: Did you say something?! *(yelling as he points the blower into the face of Mr. HENSON)*

MR. HENSON: *(yelling)* Turn it off!!

DYLAN: *(turns off the leaf blower)* Sorry.

MR. HENSON: I'm trying to talk on the phone! Do you mind??

DYLAN: Mind? Of course I don't mind! You can talk as long as you like!

MR. HENSON: Thank you!

DYLAN: You're welcome!

(Then MR. HENSON goes back to his phone call and DYLAN fires up the leaf blower again.)

MR. HENSON: HEY! *(then, in frustration, he gives up and ends his call)*

DYLAN: *(seeing that the call is over, he stops the leaf blower)* There . . . that looks better. *(then to MR. HENSON)* Hope I didn't disturb your phone call.

MR. HENSON: Yeah, well . . . it's done now. *(as he sets his briefcase on one of the café tables and sits down)*

DYLAN: Oh . . . can I get you something? Nachos and cheese, perhaps?

MR. HENSON: Uh . . . sure . . . whatever.

DYLAN: Okay! Nachos it is! *(as he turns to leave)*

(After DYLAN exits, MR. HENSON opens his briefcase and looks over some papers. Then DYLAN returns carrying a tray with a bowl of nachos, a glass, and a pitcher of water. He places the tray on a nearby table or chair and then sets the glass in front of MR. HENSON.)

DYLAN: Beautiful day, isn't it? *(as he pours water into the glass and then intentionally into MR. HENSON'S briefcase)*

MR. HENSON: Hey! Watch what you're doing! *(as he jumps to his feet)*

DYLAN: *(pretending it was an accident, overly dramatic)* Oh no! I'm so sorry! I looked away for just a second and . . . now look what a mess I've made! *(as he quickly grabs a towel or some napkins to wipe up the spill)*

MR. HENSON: *(irritated)* It's okay . . . it's just water.

DYLAN: Still want your nachos?

MR. HENSON: I guess. *(as he sits back down)*

DYLAN: At least there's not much I can do to mess them up! *(as he places the bowl of nachos in front of MR. HENSON)*

MR. HENSON: *(takes a chip and then freaks out when he sees DYLAN'S pet lizard)* AAAHHHH!! *(as he jumps to his feet again)*

DYLAN: What's wrong??

MR. HENSON: There's a lizard in the nachos!!!

(Then MISS MABRY enters from the far side followed by NOCLUE and STANLEY.)

DYLAN: Really? I was wondering where he was! Ah . . . come here little buddy. *(as he picks up his lizard)*

MR. HENSON: *(has finally had enough)* All right, that's it . . . I'm outta here. *(as he closes his briefcase)*

DYLAN: No, you're not.

MR. HENSON: Excuse me??

DYLAN: Look behind you. *(as he sets his lizard down)*

(MR. HENSON immediately turns around and sees MISS MABRY, NOCLUE, and STANLEY.)

MR. HENSON: What is this?

NOCLUE: Gino Patel . . . international antiquities thief . . . you are under arrest for the stealing of Captain Hook's hook!

MR. HENSON: What are you talking about? My name is Tobias Henson and I work for a law firm.

MISS MABRY: Oh, yeah? Then explain this book, *(as she holds up a book)* *How to Impersonate a Lawyer in 10 Easy Steps*. Dylan found it in your briefcase yesterday. *(pause)* C'mon, you're no lawyer. You might as well confess.

NOCLUE: Now, we can do this the easy way . . . or the hard way. It is up to you. *(then he jumps into a dramatic fighting stance and a bone cracking [sfx] is heard)* Ooooh! My back! *(as he grabs his back and freezes)*

(Then MR. HENSON sees his opportunity and takes off running into the audience. NOCLUE tries to run but can't because of his back.)

NOCLUE: After him, Stanley!

(Then chase music [sfx] is heard.)

STANLEY: Yes, Detective! *(as he runs after MR. HENSON)*

(STANLEY chases MR. HENSON around the auditorium, then back onto the stage, exiting into the lodge. A fight [sfx] is heard and then STANLEY escorts MR. HENSON back onto the stage in handcuffs. Then CHRIS and KELLY enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed to the stage.)

DYLAN: *(to MR. HENSON)* Just like they say . . . crime doesn't pay!

MR. HENSON: Oh, be quiet.

NOCLUE: Good work, Stanley. Let's go.

(Then NOCLUE, hobbling a bit because of his back, starts to head in the wrong direction.)

MISS MABRY: Uh . . . Detective.

NOCLUE: Haha! I know! I was just teasing you! *(as he turns around and laughs)*

MISS MABRY: Yeah . . . that was uh . . . that was a good one. Yes, it was. *(as she forces a chuckle)*

(STANLEY escorts MR. HENSON out with NOCLUE following close behind. Then the easel catches NOCLUE'S eye and he decides to knock it down intentionally.)

DYLAN: That! Was! Awesome!

MISS MABRY: Yeah . . . good work! It couldn't have gone much better. *(as she sets the easel back up)*

(Then CHRIS and KELLY enter the stage.)

KELLY: What's going on??

CHRIS: And why was Mr. Henson in handcuffs??

DYLAN: Because Mr. Henson wasn't really Mr. Henson.

CHRIS: Whaaat??

MISS MABRY: His real name is Gino Patel, an international antiquities thief.

KELLY: Really? That's crazy!

CHRIS: So, he was a bad guy??

MISS MABRY: Yes . . . and if it wasn't for "Detective Dylan" here, we might not have caught him.

CHRIS: Wow! Way to go, Dylan!

KELLY: Yeah . . . good job!

DYLAN: *(a little embarrassed)* Thanks.

MISS MABRY: *(to DYLAN)* Hey, why don't you take the rest of the day off. You've earned it.

DYLAN: Really??

MISS MABRY: Absolutely. Go have some fun!

DYLAN: Wow! Thanks, Miss Mabry! You're the best! *(as he heads toward the café)*

(DYLAN exits.)

CHRIS: I just can't believe that about Mr. Henson.

MISS MABRY: I know . . . I was shocked, too, when I found out *(then changes the subject)* But, anyway . . . so, you finished the last leg?

CHRIS: *(excited)* Yes, we did!

KELLY: And here's what we found *(as he pulls a small treasure chest out of his backpack)* . . . a mini treasure chest. Cool, huh!

CHRIS: But we couldn't open it.

MISS MABRY: That's because I have the key. *(as she pulls a key from her padfolio)* Here you go. *(as she hands it to CHRIS, then steps away to get her tablet computer)*

CHRIS: *(eager anticipation)* I wonder what's inside!

KELLY: Maybe directions to Captain Scurvy Legs' Gold!

(CHRIS takes the key, opens the treasure chest, and looks inside.)

CHRIS: Oh . . . it's a diamond! And a pretty big one at that. *(as she picks it up)*

KELLY: Wonder whose it was.

CHRIS: Maybe Cleopatra!

(MISS MABRY returns with her tablet computer.)

KELLY: Or the Queen of Sheba! *(to MISS MABRY)* What does the fact sheet say?

MISS MABRY: We don't have a fact sheet this time. We have something much better. A video message from your uncle.

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

(MISS MABRY sets the tablet in front of CHRIS and KELLY and pretends to push "Play." Then Uncle Joe's Message [video] appears on screen.)

UNCLE JOE: Hello Chris . . . Kelly. Believe it or not, I'm your Uncle Joe. And if you're watching this, I guess that means I'm gone . . . which is a really strange thought. *(pause)* But, anyway, I'm just sorry . . . really sorry, that we never met . . . and it's my fault entirely.

You see, I left home when I was 16, before your dad was born, and never came back. Something that I deeply regret. But, I wasn't just running away. I was pursuing a dream . . . a passion that I had. I wanted to see the world and hunt for buried treasure. So, that's what I did. From the top of the world to the bottom of the ocean, and everywhere in between, searching countless ruins, caves, and shipwrecks, looking for long lost treasures and artifacts.

Then, I heard about Captain Scurvy Legs' Gold, the treasure of all treasures, and knew right away I had to find it. So I packed my things and moved to Mystery Island.

Then I searched . . . and searched . . . and searched. For years I searched, but found nothing. Until one day, when I was at my wit's end, I stumbled upon an old stone church tucked away at the north end of the island. Now, I've never been a churchgoer, but that day, for some reason, I had to check it out.

Inside was an old man on his knees, praying. When he saw me, he asked if he could help. I must have looked desperate. So I told him about Captain Scurvy Legs and my lifelong quest for treasure. He listened patiently, and then asked if I'd like to hear about the treasure he'd found—a treasure that was far, far greater than the one I was searching for. And, of course, I was interested!

Then he told me about the one true God . . . the Creator . . . the King of the universe. A God of righteousness, holiness, and justice . . . but also a God of mercy, goodness, love, and forgiveness. A God who knows everything, sees everything, and can do miracles. A God with no beginning and no end. A God who never changes and whose ways are higher than ours. And sadly . . . a God I didn't know.

But then he explained to me how I could know God . . . by turning from my sins, and trusting in what Jesus did for me on the cross.

So I became a child of God that day and my life changed. Suddenly, I had an intense desire to share this new treasure with my friends and neighbors. I also began working on a plan to reunite with the family . . . but that was derailed by a bad health report . . . which is why you're here right now.

I have many regrets . . . many things I'd do differently . . . but I can't change the past. All I can do is finish well . . . and so I want to give you something. Sure I've got some valuable artifacts, three of which you already have, but that's not where the true riches are. Not by a long shot. No . . . the real treasure is in a relationship with the one true God. And THAT'S what I really want you to have.

The Bible says in John 3:16 . . . "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life."

Now, what could possibly be more valuable than that??

So, if you're interested . . . and I hope you are . . . I've asked Miss Mabry to explain God's plan of salvation more adequately. She can also answer any questions you might have.

And with that, I'll say goodbye . . . I hope to see you on the other side.

Goodbye, Chris . . . goodbye, Kelly.

CHRIS: Wow . . . that makes me sad.

MISS MABRY: I know . . . he was a sweet man. He used to stop by the resort. He loved this side of the island. *(long pause)* So . . . any thoughts about what he said?

KELLY: Yeah . . . it's a bummer he didn't find Captain Scurvy Legs' Gold!

CHRIS: *(to KELLY)* Ahem . . . I think she meant the part about God.

KELLY: I know. I'm just disappointed, that's all.

CHRIS: *(to MISS MABRY)* But, Uncle Joe wasn't disappointed, was he?

MISS MABRY: No, not at all . . . even though he'd spent almost 20 years looking for it. And that's because he knew he'd found something so much better.

CHRIS: A relationship with God.

MISS MABRY: That's right. And you can, too, if you'll trust him. . . . And who could be more trustworthy than a God who's amazingly great and perfectly good?

CHRIS: She's right, Kelly.

KELLY: Yeah . . . I know. We need what Uncle Joe had.

MISS MABRY: *(excited)* Really? Then what are we waiting for?! Let me get my Bible, 'cause we've got lots to talk about!

(MISS MABRY quickly exits.)

(Theme music)