

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)

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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)

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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.

MR. HENSON: All right . . . then, let's meet first thing.
7:00?

CHRIS: Can we make it 8:00?
(Theme music)

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DAY 4 DRAMA

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

(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)

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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)

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