

DAY I DRAMA

Characters: Alex, Bruce (Scuba-Man), Wayne (Snorkel-Boy), Mom (Turtle), Mr. White (Great White), Miss Octoman (Octopus).

(Theme music)

SCENE ONE

(Scene begins with BRUCE and WAYNE, wearing light jackets, walking toward MR. WHITE'S office, which consists of two wingback chairs turned away from the audience and facing an office chair at center stage. The rest of the stage is dark. MR. WHITE is sitting in his office chair facing MISS OCTOMAN who is standing nearby. Both are "frozen" in place until BRUCE and WAYNE approach.)

WAYNE: So what do you think this meeting is about?

BRUCE: No idea.

WAYNE: I'm kinda nervous. *(then hopeful)* Think it could be a promotion?

BRUCE: I don't know, but we're about to find out.

(WAYNE clears his throat to get MR. WHITE'S attention.)

BRUCE: You wanted to see us, sir?

MR. WHITE: *(irritated)* Yes, I did. *(turns around, faces them)* I'll get right to the point. Miss Octoman has informed me that you two have been telling Bible stories around the office.

WAYNE: *(confused)* Bible stories?

MISS OCTOMAN: Yes . . . Bible stories!

BRUCE: Well . . . we were sharing some of our beliefs, if that's what you mean.

WAYNE: Beliefs about the Grand Canyon, that is.

MISS OCTOMAN: According to these . . . gentlemen . . . the Colorado River didn't carve the canyon, after all.

MR. WHITE: *(incredulous)* What?? That's ridiculous! Of course it did!

BRUCE: But, sir, we think there's a better way to interpret the evidence.

MISS OCTOMAN: *(to MR. WHITE)* You're going to LOVE this.

WAYNE: You see . . . we think it formed quickly.

MR. WHITE: *(incredulous)* Quickly?? . . . You think it formed . . . quickly.

WAYNE: That's right . . . possibly in a matter of days or weeks . . . as a result of a huge catastrophe related to, uh . . .

(BRUCE and WAYNE look at each other with a bit of apprehension.)

BRUCE: . . . Noah's Flood.

MISS OCTOMAN: Noah and the Flood! See what I mean?!

BRUCE: Wait! Just hear us out!

MR. WHITE: *(interrupts)* No, that's enough!! No more discussion! *(pause, takes a breath)* Gentlemen, just in case you hadn't noticed, we're trying to publish a respectable science magazine here. And when I say SCIENCE, I mean SCIENCE!

MISS OCTOMAN: *(mean)* He means science.

MR. WHITE: Now, let me make myself perfectly clear. If you value your jobs—and I think you do—I strongly suggest that you stick to your work and keep your religion to yourselves!

MISS OCTOMAN: *(nasty)* And your Bible too!

BRUCE: But, sir . . .

MR. WHITE: Good day, Gentlemen.

MISS OCTOMAN: *(with a grin)* Bye, boys . . .

MR. WHITE: *(to himself)* Noah and the Flood. You've got to be kidding me.

(BRUCE and WAYNE leave MR. WHITE'S office.)

(QUICK SCENE CHANGE: As MR. WHITE and MISS OCTOMAN exit, stagehands quickly transform the office into a simple living room by turning the wingback chairs toward the audience and removing the office chair. Then ALEX enters as discreetly as possible and takes a seat in one of the chairs.)

WAYNE: *(frustrated)* So their viewpoint is "scientific," but ours isn't because we believe what the Bible says. Try telling that to Newton, Pasteur, Kepler, and all the other great scientists who believed the Bible.

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BRUCE: I just wish they could see that Noah's Flood is the key to unlocking the mystery of places like the Grand Canyon.

WAYNE: Why are they so afraid to consider the Flood??

BRUCE: Because then they'd have to agree that the Bible is true.

WAYNE: Hmm . . . you know, this whole thing makes me think about Noah . . . standing on the truth of God's Word while the rest of the world watched and thought he was crazy.

BRUCE: Yeah, but he was right . . . and they were wrong. Very wrong.

WAYNE: So what do we do now?

BRUCE: Pray for wisdom . . . and for Mr. White and Miss Octoman.

WAYNE: You're right. We've just gotta pray that God would soften their hearts.

BRUCE: Yep . . . just like He did for us. *(as he looks at his watch)* Well, I've gotta get home. I've already missed dinner.

WAYNE: Okay . . . see you tomorrow.

(As WAYNE exits, BRUCE returns to center stage where his "home" is. He walks into his living room where his daughter, ALEX, is seated and looking at a catalog.)

BRUCE: Hey, Alex. What are you reading?

ALEX: Oh . . . we were in this really cool Aquarium store today, called Ocean Land, and I picked up a catalog.

BRUCE: *(curious)* Really? Let me see . . . *(ALEX hands BRUCE the catalog)* Wow! I had an aquarium when I was young . . . but nothing like these. I didn't know you liked fish *(as he hands the catalog back to ALEX)*.

ALEX: Well, I do now . . . look at this one. It's a clownfish. I wonder why they call it a clownfish.

BRUCE: I don't know. Maybe 'cause it's always joking around.

ALEX: *(rolls her eyes)* Dad!

BRUCE: Oh, c'mon. Don't be such a "crab!"

ALEX: Dad!

BRUCE: Okay, okay . . . I'm sorry! I didn't do it on "porpoise!"

ALEX: *(laughs)* Now that was bad! *(changes subject)* Hey, why'd you get home so late? Important meeting or something?

BRUCE: Sort of. Just as I was getting ready to leave, my boss called Mr. Wayne and me into his office . . . and, uh . . . well, he wasn't very happy.

ALEX: Really?

DAD: Yeah . . . I guess you could say we "got called into the principal's office."

(Then MOM enters the room.)

MOM: *(excited)* Okay. So, you're not going to believe this. I just got off the phone with Pastor Jim. He wants me to head up the new Welcome Committee. Can you believe that?

ALEX: Well, sure, Mom . . . why not? You're super friendly, meticulously organized, always on time. . . . and you love the Bible.

BRUCE: She's right. No one is more qualified.

MOM: Yeah, well . . . I don't know about that. Oh . . . and he also wants me to put together a new visitor information packet, so I'm gonna have a lot to do.

BRUCE: Don't worry, we'll help you. It'll be fun.

MOM: So . . . how'd your meeting go?

ALEX: Dad got in trouble.

MOM: Really? What happened?

BRUCE: Well . . . Mr. Wayne and I had been talking with some of our co-workers about the Grand Canyon and how there's a much better explanation than the Colorado River and millions of years.

MOM: And let me guess . . . Mr. White didn't like that.

BRUCE: Not one bit.

MOM: Oh, boy.

BRUCE: It's so frustrating. The Enemy has such a stranglehold on the scientific community that they won't even consider another viewpoint, like Noah's Flood . . . no matter how much sense it makes.

ALEX: *(concerned)* Are you gonna lose your job?

BRUCE: If Miss Octoman has anything to say about it, we will.

MOM: But, we're not going to worry about it. God will take care of us.

BRUCE: That's right. We're just going to keep being "a light in the darkness" and leave the results to Him. But, hey . . . let's talk about something else.

MOM: *(to BRUCE)* Well, I need to get you something to eat *(as she starts to exit)*. And by the way, have you decided what you want for your birthday dinner tomorrow night?

BRUCE: As long as there's cake, it doesn't matter to me!

MOM: Okay. It's a deal.

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(MOM exits the room.)

ALEX: (with a smile) You and your cake.

BRUCE: I know . . . I'm hopeless. (then he pulls a small Bible out of his coat pocket) Recognize this? Found it in my car.

ALEX: My Bible . . . oops.

BRUCE: I guess it's been in there since Sunday, right?

ALEX: Sorry.

BRUCE: Listen, Alex . . . reading the Bible just to please your parents is not what this is about. No, you have to be convinced in your own mind of how important it is. I mean, think about what you have here—a copy of the very words of God (as he opens it)—and in it, the good news about Jesus, the only way for us to be saved and go to heaven when we die.

ALEX: Hmm . . . I've never thought of it that way.

BRUCE: But I'm not trying to make you feel guilty. I just want to make sure you're taking it seriously. (he hands her the Bible)

ALEX: (respectful) I understand.

BRUCE: Hey, you look really tired. Maybe you should go to bed early tonight.

ALEX: But I've got so much homework.

BRUCE: Well, you'd better get to it then.

ALEX: I will . . . as soon as I finish this catalog. (speaking while yawning) I promise.

BRUCE: Yeah, right . . . more than likely we're gonna find you asleep dreaming about tropical fish and aquarium gravel! (pause as he sniffs the air) Oooo . . . time for me to exit. I smell food!

ALEX: (she closes the catalog) Okay, Alex, time to wake up . . . you've got homework to do. (then she slaps her face, etc. to wake herself up) But, I don't feel like doing homework. (she opens the catalog again, then moves to the floor and continues reading; soon her head starts to droop) I'm just gonna close my eyes for a couple minutes . . . that's all. (then she falls asleep)

SCENE TWO

(QUICK SCENE CHANGE: Stage lights down. While ALEX "sleeps," stagehands quickly remove the living room pieces as dream music [sfx] and screen effects communicate a dream scene. ALEX is now dreaming about the ocean. Then, stage lights come up as TURTLE, with a messenger bag, enters the scene and notices ALEX lying motionless. Curious, TURTLE decides to check out this unusual sight.)

ALEX: (sleepily responds as she senses TURTLE) I'm in bed, Mom. Sorry I didn't say good-night. I jus . . . (yawns) . . . I just got so sleepy. (turns over) See you in the morning. (then her eyes open briefly enough to see TURTLE staring her in the face.)

TURTLE: Are you a fish??

ALEX: What??

TURTLE: I said . . . are YOU . . . a fish?

ALEX: A fish?? Of course I'm not a fish. I'm . . . I'm Alex. I'm a . . . I'm a girl!

TURTLE: A girl? You mean, you're human? I didn't know humans could breathe under water.

ALEX: (looking around) Well . . . I didn't know turtles could talk! . . . (suddenly realizing what TURTLE said) Wait, did you say, "under water??" Where am I?? (confusion turns to amazement)

TURTLE: You don't know? Why you're in Ocean Land, of course!

ALEX: (distracted by all she sees) Ocean Land of course??

TURTLE: No, No, No. Not "Ocean Land of course," just plain Ocean Land.

ALEX: Wow . . . doesn't look plain to me! (starts walking around to see everything) This place is beautiful! Almost seems like a . . . like a dream or something!

TURTLE: Well, I'm glad you like it. Here, this is for you. It's our new Ocean Land Visitor Information Packet. It has everything you'll need to know during your stay with us—things to see and do, hotels, restaurants—that sorta thing. There's also a map, a calendar of events, and some money-saving coupons. We're, uh . . . pretty happy with how it turned out.

ALEX: Thanks.

TURTLE: Oh, you're welcome! Any questions?

ALEX: Uh . . . no, I don't think so. (as she starts to walk away)

TURTLE: Oh, wait . . . before you wander off. Sorry, I'm kinda new at this. Just a couple travel tips for your own safety.

ALEX: That's okay . . . I know all that safety stuff (still distracted, looking around) "don't play with matches, look both ways before you cross the street, don't dive in the shallow end" . . .

TURTLE: Not so fast, Alex!

ALEX: (now paying attention, turns to TURTLE) Oh yeah . . . sorry . . . I forgot you're a turtle. (starts to talk very slowly as she imitates a turtle) I've gotta talk slowly, right?

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TURTLE: Very funny. Now listen, this is important! First of all, I must warn you that even though Ocean Land is a beautiful place, not everyone down here is your friend.

ALEX: “Stranger danger,” huh? You’re beginning to sound like my mom.

TURTLE: And, secondly, you mustn’t go near the Abyss. It’s a bottomless chasm, and if you fall into it, you’ll be lost forever.

ALEX: Stay clear of the Abyss. Got it.

(Meanwhile, ALEX has noticed a big red button near the mouth of the Scuba-Cave.)

TURTLE: Wait! No, Alex! Don’t touch that!

(ALEX, overcome with curiosity, pushes the button and an emergency alarm [sfx] sounds. Then SCUBA-MAN emerges from the Scuba-Cave.)

SCUBA-MAN: *(saluting ALEX)* The Dynamic Duo of the Deep at your service! *(then he notices that SNORKEL-BOY is missing)*

SNORKEL-BOY: *(yells from inside the Scuba-Cave)* I’ll be right there!

SCUBA-MAN: *(to himself)* Well, this is embarrassing.

(Then SNORKEL-BOY runs out of the cave while tying his cape on.)

SNORKEL-BOY: Sorry, I couldn’t find my cape.

SCUBA-MAN: *(to SNORKEL-BOY)* Nevermind about that now. *(to ALEX)* Is there a problem, young lady?

ALEX: Who me? No . . . I just pushed that big red button, that’s all.

SNORKEL-BOY: Sounds like the old practical joke of “knock, knock, and run,” Scuba-Man! We may have a prankster on our hands!

SCUBA-MAN: Not so fast, Snorkel-Boy, I’m sensing that it wasn’t intentional.

TURTLE: *(stepping forward)* Of course it wasn’t intentional, Scuba-Man. She was just curious. This is Alex . . . she’s new here.

SCUBA-MAN: *(looks ALEX over)* Well, hello, Alex. Welcome to Ocean Land! This is Snorkel-Boy and I’m Scuba-Man.

ALEX: Wait . . . don’t tell me! Self-Contained . . . Underwater . . . Breathing Apparatus? That’s what S.C.U.B.A. stands for, right? *(proud of herself)*

SCUBA-MAN: Uh . . . sorry to disappoint you, Alex, but, no . . . it actually stands for “Sea Champion with Ultra Big Arms.” *(as he flexes his biceps)*

TURTLE: *(to ALEX)* They’re, uh . . . superheroes.

SCUBA-MAN: That’s right, Alex. And it’s our job to be a light in the darkness . . . to keep watch, stand fast in the faith, be brave and be strong.

SNORKEL-BOY: That’s from 1 Corinthians 16:13, in case you’re wondering.

SCUBA-MAN: So, Alex, in our stand for truth, we give these out. *(as he hands ALEX a Bible)* Some call it “The Word” and some call it “The Book.” In Ocean Land, we refer to it as “The Bible.”

SNORKEL-BOY: And because it’s the Word of God, we can trust everything in it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

TURTLE: It’s an incredible treasure, Alex . . . if you’ll read it and follow it.

ALEX: Hmm . . . *(as she looks it over then notices “OSV” on the spine)* What’s OSV?

SCUBA-MAN: Ocean Standard Version. Any other questions?

ALEX: Yeah . . . can I go now? I’m kinda anxious to do some exploring. Just in case this is a dream, I want to see as much as possible before I wake up.

(GREAT WHITE and OCTOPUS peak out from a hiding spot nearby.)

SCUBA-MAN: *(not expecting such an abrupt ending)* Uh . . . well . . . sure. I guess we’re done here. Snorkel-Boy, did we miss anything?

SNORKEL-BOY: Just one thing . . . *(to ALEX)* Alex, the big red button *(pointing to the big red button)* is not a doorbell. It’s for emergencies only, please.

ALEX: Sorry.

TURTLE: Just be careful and remember what I told you.

ALEX: I will. And thanks for everything! *(as she starts to walk away, then pauses)* You know, it’s strange, but you all look familiar to me for some reason. *(then shrugs her shoulders)* . . . oh, well.

(ALEX ventures off as TURTLE and SUPERHEROES watch. Meanwhile, OCTOPUS and GREAT WHITE sneak away in the opposite direction.)

SCUBA-MAN: *(to TURTLE)* Think she’ll be okay?

TURTLE: I don’t know. I have to admit, I’m a little worried about her.

ALEX: *(from backstage)* And don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine!

(Day 1 Recorded Closing)