

DAY 1 DRAMA

Characters: Millard Grover (industrial spy), Mr. Peterson (park director), Gabe and Cody (show hosts), Miss Ryan (administrative assistant).

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with MILLARD peeking his head over the top of the set. He's on top of a ladder and plans to jump over the wall and sneak into IncrediWorld. It's early in the morning before the park has opened.)

MILLARD: *(to himself as he looks through his binoculars)* Hmm . . . so, THIS is the illustrious IncrediWorld, huh? Impressive. And better yet . . . there's no one around to see me . . . ha, ha, ha. Now to jump over this wall *(as he prepares to jump)*. Okay, here goes. One small step for man . . . and one giant leap for—AHHHHHHH!! *(as he falls making a Loud Crash [sfx], then emerges from backstage, crawling and in disarray)* That was NOT cool, Millard! *(as he starts to put himself back together, the sound of his Cell Phone [sfx] is heard back stage)* That sounds like my cell phone! *(he checks his belt and notices that his phone is missing)* It must be in my backpack. *(as he reaches behind him, he notices that his backpack is missing too)* My backpack's gone too! *(short pause as he thinks)* It must have come off when I fell. *(he runs backstage to retrieve his phone and backpack, then returns looking at his phone and seeing that his boss is calling)* It's Mr. Romano *(he quickly looks left and right to see if anyone is around, then answers with a discreet voice)* Hello?

MR. ROMANO (1): *(pre-recorded voice)* I thought you were never going to answer the phone! What took you so long?!

MILLARD: Uh . . . technical difficulties, sir. *(changes to a loud whisper)* By the way, remember to use our code names. I'm Yellow Jacket and you're Bumble Bee.

MR. ROMANO (2): Forget the silly code names! You watch too much TV! So . . . did you get in?

MILLARD: Yes, I'm in. I jumped over the wall.

MR. ROMANO (3): So, what's it like?

MILLARD: What's the wall like?

MR. ROMANO (4): No! What's the park like?! Is it as "incredible" as they say?

MILLARD: Well . . . I have to admit, sir . . . what I've seen so far looks very nice. The landscaping is well-manicured, the buildings are bright and colorful, and everything—*(interrupted by MR. ROMANO)*.

MR. ROMANO (5): *(interrupts MILLARD)* All right, that's enough. I get the picture. Okay . . . you know what to do, right?

MILLARD: *(confident)* Yes, sir! You can count on me. There's no way they're going to win the "World's Best Theme Park" award this year!

MR. ROMANO (6): Well . . . they better not, or you're going to be scraping gum off the pavement for the rest of your life! That title belongs to us—Big Thrill Theme Park—and I don't intend to share it with anyone! Do I make myself clear?

MILLARD: *(intimidated)* Uh . . . yes, sir. You've made yourself . . . *(he swallows hard)* . . . very clear.

MR. ROMANO (7): Good! DON'T fail me!

(MILLARD, with a sober look on his face, closes his cell phone and puts it away. Suddenly, MR. PETERSON enters from the rear of the auditorium with folders in hand. MILLARD begins to check through the contents of his backpack and doesn't see him walking toward the stage. When he arrives at the base of the stage, he stops for a moment and watches MILLARD.)

MR. PETERSON: *(annoyed)* Can I help you find something?

MILLARD: *(startled, he quickly tries to think of an answer)* Oh! Uh . . . no I was just . . . uh . . . just looking for my . . . my cell phone. And here it is *(as he holds it up)*.

MR. PETERSON: *(a bit sarcastic)* Well, I'm delighted that you found it. You know, I don't believe we've met. *(as he extends his hand)* My name is Mr. Peterson. I'm the Park Director.

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MILLARD: *(intimidated, he slowly shakes MR. PETERSON'S hand)* Park . . . Director?

MR. PETERSON: That's right. What's your name?

MILLARD: *(slowly)* It's Grover, sir. Millard Grover.

MR. PETERSON: Well, Millard Grover. Do you mind if I ask why you're late?

MILLARD: *(confused)* Late?

MR. PETERSON: You missed the staff meeting.

MILLARD: *(more confused)* Staff meeting?

MR. PETERSON: They didn't tell you about the daily staff meeting?

MILLARD: *(suddenly realizing he's being mistaken for an employee, he plays along)* Oh . . . of course! The daily staff meeting! So it's uh . . . daily, is it?

MR. PETERSON: Yes . . . and that means EVERY day.

MILLARD: Right . . . I'll need to make a note of that.

MR. PETERSON: Good. Now I suggest you get into your uniform right away. The park opens in one hour.

MILLARD: Yes, Mr. . . . uh . . . uh . . .

MR. PETERSON: Peterson.

MILLARD: Peterson. Yes, Mr. Peterson.

(As MILLARD quickly zips his backpack closed and starts to exit stage right, GABE and CODY enter from the left rear of the auditorium. They sneak down the left side toward the stage trying not to be seen by MR. PETERSON.)

MR. PETERSON: Uh . . . Millard. The employee lockers are that way *(as he points toward the IncrediWorld Offices sign)*. See the sign, "Employees Only"?

MILLARD: Oh, of course. . . . I got turned around. Thank you, Mr. Peterson.

(MR. PETERSON watches as MILLARD turns and exits toward the IncrediWorld Offices.)

MILLARD: It was nice to meet you, Mr. Peterson!

(As MILLARD exits, GABE and CODY quickly and carefully sneak up onto the stage and then disappear backstage while MR. PETERSON'S back is turned. Then MISS RYAN enters from the IncrediWorld Offices.)

MR. PETERSON: *(to himself)* He'd better not be working the Sky Ride, that's all I can say.

MISS RYAN: Good morning, Mr. Peterson.

MR. PETERSON: Morning, Miss Ryan. And how are you today?

MISS RYAN: *(happy)* I'm doing fine, sir. Guess what? We just received a call from Adventure TV *(as she hands him a note)*.

MR. PETERSON: Really? What did they want?

MISS RYAN: They just said they'd like to visit the park this week and needed to speak to you. Of course, I told them you'd return their call as soon as possible.

MR. PETERSON: Hmmm . . . Adventure TV coming to IncrediWorld. That's kind of a big deal, isn't it. Okay, I'll call them as soon as I get back. I just need to speak to the guys here, first.

MISS RYAN: Better you than me *(as she looks around suspiciously)*.

MR. PETERSON: Why do you say that?

MISS RYAN: I just don't trust them, that's all. It seems they've always got something up their sleeve.

MR. PETERSON: Who? Gabe and Cody?

MISS RYAN: Yes . . . Gabe and Cody. You just haven't been a victim yet. But, don't worry . . . your turn will come.

MR. PETERSON: Well . . . we'll just have to see about that.

(Suddenly they're startled by the sound of an Elephant Roar [sfx] which causes MR. PETERSON to drop his files.)

MISS RYAN: See . . . that's what I'm talking about.

MR. PETERSON: *(to GABE and CODY, a bit annoyed)* Okay . . . time to stop playing with the sound effects!

MISS RYAN: When are they ever going to grow up?!

(As MISS RYAN begins to pick up MR. PETERSON'S papers, CODY and GABE emerge from backstage laughing. GABE is also carrying a small bag of mealworms.)

MR. PETERSON: *(to MISS RYAN)* That's okay, Miss Ryan, we'll let The Extreme Team do that.

MISS RYAN: Good idea *(as she drops the papers she had just picked up and then steps behind MR. PETERSON)*.

GABE: Sorry . . . we just got this fantastic animal sounds library, and we just had to try it out on somebody!

MR. PETERSON: *(sarcastic)* Of course, you did.

CODY: *(to GABE)* That elephant is awesome!

(GABE starts to munch on his mealworms as CODY takes over picking up the papers for MR. PETERSON.)

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GABE: What's wrong, Miss Ryan? Why are you hiding?

MISS RYAN: Just keeping a safe distance. I never know what may be flying or crawling or . . . slithering around either of you.

MR. PETERSON: (to GABE) What's that you're eating?

GABE: Mealworms.

MISS RYAN: Eww! See what I mean?!

GABE: They're not bad, really. Would you like to try one?

MISS RYAN: (shudders) Disgusting.

(MISS RYAN quickly exits, returning to the IncrediWorld Offices.)

MR. PETERSON: You're kidding, right?

GABE: No, look (as he holds the bag open) Go ahead, try one. They're very nutritious.

MR. PETERSON: (as he grimaces) No thanks, I'd rather take a vitamin.

CODY: (to GABE) I'll take some.

GABE: (as he holds the bag out for CODY) Help yourself.

CODY: (as he looks into the bag and grabs a few) Oh, man! You took all the big, juicy ones!

GABE: Sorry.

(MR. PETERSON watches closely as CODY eats several mealworms.)

CODY: Mmmmm!

GABE: (to MR. PETERSON) See? Sure you don't want any?

MR. PETERSON: (grimaces) I think I'm going to be sick.

GABE: Guess we'd better talk about something else (as he puts his bag of mealworms away). Hey . . . are we still on for staff devotions tomorrow?

MR. PETERSON: Yes, in fact, that's why I came over here in the first place. I wanted to make sure you remembered. So, have you decided what you're going to do yet?

CODY: Well . . . we thought we'd do a couple creature features since that's our specialty.

MR. PETERSON: Good . . . I was hoping you'd say that . . . since most of the staff doesn't get to see your show.

GABE: Yeah, but the hard part is deciding which ones to do.

MR. PETERSON: It doesn't matter. They're all fascinating, if you ask me. Every time I watch your show and learn about some animal, I'm just amazed by the handiwork of God!

GABE: I know. Isn't it incredible?!

CODY: You mean, isn't HE incredible?!

MR. PETERSON: How anyone can think that it all just happened by chance is totally beyond me. It makes no sense at all! It's not even good science!

CODY: And yet they teach evolution and millions of years like it's a fact . . . when, really, it's just a belief. I think it's terrible!

GABE: Yeah . . . a terrible lie!

MR. PETERSON: And that's why we need places like IncrediWorld . . . so people can have another opportunity to hear the truth. But always remember . . . even with all the evidence of design we see in these creatures, the very best evidence for creation is the Bible.

GABE: That's right. And the Bible says that God created everything and He did it in six short days . . . not millions and billions of years.

(MILLARD emerges wearing a sweep staff uniform and carrying a broom. As soon as he sees MR. PETERSON, he ducks down to hide. He's still visible to the audience, however.)

CODY: Amen, brother!

MR. PETERSON: (as he looks at his watch) Well, I guess I'd better get going. I have to make an important phone call. Adventure TV called this morning. They want to come to IncrediWorld this week.

CODY: Really?? Adventure TV? That's kind of a big deal!

GABE: Why do they want to come here?

MR. PETERSON: I don't know yet. I've got to call them back to find out.

GABE: You think they'd film our show?

MR. PETERSON: I suppose that's possible.

CODY: You mean we might be on TV? I'd better wash this shirt (as he smells his armpits).

GABE: (to CODY) Good idea. (to MR. PETERSON) Hey, are they still doing that award thing?

MR. PETERSON: The "World's Best Theme Park" Award? Yes, they are.

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GABE: And didn't we win it last year.

CODY: C'mon, Gabe! We won it the last three years in a row!

(With that comment, MILLARD rolls his eyes.)

MR. PETERSON: You know . . . it's quite an honor winning that award considering all the other great theme parks . . . but, best of all, it gives us a platform for our message! *(as he starts to leave)* I'll let you know what's up as soon as I find out. In the meantime, let's be sure we're at "the top of our game." First impressions are very important!

(MR. PETERSON exits toward the IncrediWorld Offices.)

CODY: C'mon, Gabe. We've got work to do.

GABE: I'm right behind you.

CODY: *(as he exits the stage)* Wow . . . this is exciting!

(As GABE and CODY exit backstage, MILLARD comes out of hiding. He picks up a balloon that's lying on the ground and crosses to center stage.)

MILLARD: Well, well, well . . . so Adventure TV is coming to IncrediWorld. That's perfect! We'll just have to welcome them, won't we? *(then he pops the balloon and gives a long sinister laugh followed by a couple snorts and a cough)*

(Theme music)

DAY 2 DRAMA

Characters: Mr. Peterson (park director), Gabe and Cody (show hosts), Millard Grover (industrial spy), Mabel Magoo (park guest), Miss Ryan (administrative assistant), Victoria Hathaway (TV network executive).

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with The Extreme Team logo slide on screen and GABE and CODY on stage, front and center, ready to begin the final segment of their show. Near CODY is a large "dung pile" and a box with a dung beetle costume in it.)

ANNOUNCER (1): *(pre-recorded voice)* "And now, back to The Extreme Team!"

CODY: Okay, we're coming to the end of our top ten list of weird and wacky wildlife. *(Top Ten List #2 slide appears on screen)* Now for number 2! *(as he begins to put the dung beetle costume on)*

GABE: Well, this one is really amazing! Believe it or not, there's actually a bug that takes fresh animal dung . . .

CODY: You know, manure? *(grimaces, pinches his nose as a Cow Moo [sfx] is heard)*

(GABE clears his throat and gives CODY a dirty look for interrupting.)

CODY: Sorry.

GABE: Where was I?

CODY: Fresh animal dung.

GABE: Oh yes . . . this bug takes fresh animal dung, forms it into a ball and then buries it in the ground.

(Dung Beetle slide #1 appears on screen.)

GABE: It's called a Dung Beetle, and this little "pooper scooper" eats almost nothing but animal droppings!

CODY: *(now pretending to be a dung beetle)* Yum!

GABE: With an incredible sense of smell these bugs can sniff a fresh pile of dung from far away . . .

(CODY sniffs the air then "spreads his wings" and takes off for the "pile of dung.")

GABE: . . . and be there before it even cools down.

CODY: Oh, goody . . . it's still warm!

(Dung Beetle slide #2 appears on screen as CODY quickly goes to work on the "pile of dung" then returns to GABE'S side with a "dung ball" under his arm. The "pile of dung" is gone.)

GABE: Then they go to work, forming little balls of dung and burying them until, lo and behold, the pile is gone! Now, you may think that's disgusting, but these little bugs are incredibly cool because they get rid of animal waste and fertilize the soil at the same time!

(CODY smiles, nods his head, and flexes his bicep.)

GABE: Nice dung ball.

CODY: Thanks!

GABE: I'm so thankful that God made these bugs *(as he puts his arm around CODY)*, and you should be too, because if we didn't have them, the world would be very different right now.

CODY: Yeah . . . there'd be a lot more flies *(a Swarm of Flies [sfx] is heard as they swat the flies with their hands)* . . . and nowhere to walk!

GABE: The Dung Beetle. Now there's some evidence for our Creator!

CODY: *(as he removes his dung beetle costume)* Yes, but always remember . . . the BEST evidence is God's Word! And the Bible says, "In the beginning, GOD created the heavens and the earth." So, don't EVER believe the nonsense that all this just happened by chance, because that's impossible!

GABE: That's right. No matter what you hear at school or the zoo or at some museum, just remember . . . if it disagrees with the Bible . . . *(a Buzzer [sfx] is heard)* . . . IT'S WRONG! In fact, we like to tell people . . .

GABE and CODY: "If the Bible says it, that settles it!" *(Create hand motions to go with this phrase.)*

CODY: Okay, now it's time to reveal the last of our top ten list of weird and wacky wildlife *(Top Ten List #1 slide appears on screen)*. Are you ready for number one?!

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GABE: Well, this one is waaay cool! Whenever it's in danger, it protects itself by imitating other creatures! Not only can it change its skin color in a matter of seconds . . . but, believe it or not, . . . it can actually copycat up to fifteen different animals!

CODY: *(he copycats GABE)* It can actually copycat up to fifteen different animals!

GABE: *(to CODY, discreetly)* I just said that.

CODY: I just said that.

GABE: *(discreetly)* Are you copycatting me??

CODY: Are you copycatting me??

GABE: *(frustrated)* Boy . . . this is really mature.

CODY: *(amused)* Boy . . . this is really mature.

GABE: *(embarrassed, he tries to move things along)* Okay, Cody . . . good joke! *(as he claps)* Now . . . let's tell them what the animal is!

CODY: Okay, Cody . . . good joke!—*(GABE cuts CODY off)*.

GABE: *(GABE grabs CODY and turns him around as they huddle with their backs to the audience)* Would you cool it! Adventure TV could be here! Did you think of that?!

(CODY starts to whimper and cry. Then GABE rolls his eyes in frustration and apologizes.)

GABE: I'm sorry, Cody. I didn't mean to upset you. Will you forgive me?

CODY: *(hesitates, then pops his head up with a big grin)* Just kidding! *(then proceeds with the show as it was part of the act)* Okay, everybody . . . and now for the moment you've all been waiting for. Our Number One weird and wacky creature is . . .

(Funny slide #1 of MR. PETERSON appears on screen.)

CODY and GABE: MR. PETERSON??!!

CODY: *(flustered)* Uh, . . . next slide, please!

(As Funny slide #2 of MR. PETERSON comes up, the actual MR. PETERSON enters after hearing his name called out. MISS RYAN follows close behind, carrying an IncrediKid Medal.)

CODY: No, no! The Mimic Octopus slide!! *(to GABE)* Oh, no . . . it's Peterson!

GABE: *(flustered)* Just cut the slides! *(to the audience)* Sorry, folks . . . technical difficulties.

MR. PETERSON: *(to GABE and CODY)* What's going on??

CODY: *(thinking quickly)* And here he is! Everybody put your hands together for our director, Mr. Peterson! *(to MR. PETERSON)* It's all yours, sir.

(GABE and CODY clap as they give the stage to MR. PETERSON. Then they exit discreetly.)

MR. PETERSON: *(a little confused at first)* Thank you! Thank you very much. You're very kind. Well . . . ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls . . . we have an important announcement to make. At the beginning of each week, we conduct a random drawing to award one child a whole host of free food and prizes, including a three-day VIP pass to IncrediWorld. We call it the IncrediKid Contest . . . and the time has come to announce this week's winner! Drum roll, please! *(a Drum Roll [sfx] is heard.)* Okay, Johnny, take it away!

ANNOUNCER (2): *(pre-recorded voice)* Thank you, Mr. Peterson. Would Mabel Magoo please come on down! You're the winner of this week's IncrediKid Contest!

(No response . . . a Crickets Chirping [sfx] is heard.)

MR. PETERSON: Uh . . . Johnny, try it again. Maybe she didn't hear you.

ANNOUNCER (3): *(pre-recorded voice)* Okay, one more time. Mabel Magoo . . . it's time to come on down! You're the winner of this week's IncrediKid Contest!

(Suddenly MABEL appears at the rear of the auditorium.)

MABEL: Did he say, Mabel Magoo?!

MR. PETERSON: *(puzzled)* Uh . . . yes, that's right.

MABEL: Whoo-wee!! That's me!! *(as she runs toward the stage)*

MR. PETERSON: *(to MISS RYAN)* This has to be a mistake.

(MABEL runs up onto the stage toward MR. PETERSON. Then MISS RYAN slips an IncrediKid Medal over her head.)

MABEL: *(excited)* I won! I really won! I can't believe it!

MR. PETERSON: Yes, this is . . . uh . . . quite a shock.

MABEL: Oh no, sonny . . . this is a dress. My smock is at home. I wouldn't dream of wearing that old thing in public!

MR. PETERSON: No, no . . . I said "shock," not "smock."

MABEL: Wait. I can't hear you. *(as she turns up her hearing aid and a Hearing Aid Squeal [sfx] is heard)* There . . . now try again.

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MR. PETERSON: (*a bit louder and slower*) I'm sorry. I didn't say "smock" . . . I said, this is quite a shock.

MABEL: Oh . . . well, I'll say it is. I've never won anything in my life! And now imagine this . . . at my age. They're never going to believe this down at the senior center. Go ahead . . . guess how old I am.

MR. PETERSON: (*embarrassed*) Well . . . I wouldn't know.

MABEL: Awe, c'mon. Don't be bashful.

MR. PETERSON: No, really, ma-am, I couldn't.

MABEL: Just had my 80th birthday last Tuesday.

MR. PETERSON: Really . . . eighty years old?

MABEL: Yep. You know birthdays are good for you. The more you have the longer you live! Oh . . . and guess what I did to celebrate? I jumped out of an airplane at 10,000 feet!

MR. PETERSON: (*astonished*) You . . . went skydiving?

MABEL: Yessiree! It was number twenty-seven on my bucket list! Now I have to admit it gave me the heebie jeebies at first, but then I asked myself, "Now, Mabel . . . what's the worst thing that could happen?" Well, let me tell you . . . THAT was not the right question to ask!

MR. PETERSON: Yes . . . I can see that.

MABEL: Which reminds me . . . you know what they say about skydiving?

MR. PETERSON: No, what do they say?

MABEL: "If at first you don't succeed . . . skydiving's not for you!"

MR. PETERSON: (*half-hearted laugh*) We'll try to keep that in mind.

MABEL: Oh, and remember, it's not the fall that kills you . . . it's that sudden stop at the end!

MR. PETERSON: Well . . . we're just delighted that Mrs . . . uh . . .

MABEL: It's Magoo. But please . . . call me, Mabel.

MR. PETERSON: (*flustered*) Well . . . we're just delighted that . . . Mabel . . . has won our contest this week. We really are. So . . . that just about wraps up our show for today. Thank you all for being here and, as always, we hope that you enjoy the rest of your day at Incredi-World!

(*As The Extreme Team Theme Song is played, MABEL waves to the crowd while MR. PETERSON wipes his forehead with a handkerchief. He's thankful that it's over.*)

MISS RYAN: Congratulations, Mabel. I'm so happy for you.

MABEL: Thank you so much! Like I said before, I've never won anything . . . not in my whole life! (*to MR. PETERSON*) So when do we get to ride that new rolly coaster?

MR. PETERSON: Rolly . . . coaster? Uh . . . soon, but first, would you mind having a seat over there? (*as he points to a small bench near the stage left end panel*) I need to speak with my assistant for a moment.

MABEL: Oh, I don't mind. You go right ahead, young man, with whatever you need to do. I'll just catch up on some knitting.

MR. PETERSON: Thank you.

(*As MABEL walks over to the bench and sits down to knit, MILLARD pops his head out from behind the set. He's delighted with how well his pranks are going.*)

MR. PETERSON: That was so awkward! Boy, are we going to get the complaints! How on earth did her name get in the IncrediKid Contest drawing? It's supposed to be for kids!

MISS RYAN: I have no idea, Mr. Peterson, but I'll look into it right away.

MR. PETERSON: What are we going to do?

MISS RYAN: Well . . . we'll just have to honor the award this time, and hope it never happens again.

MR. PETERSON: You mean, make SURE it never happens again!

MISS RYAN: Oh, but look at her . . . she's so cute. (*as MABEL gives her a little wave and she waves back*). Maybe this will be a good thing, after all.

MR. PETERSON: (*skeptical*) We'll see.

(*MR. PETERSON and MISS RYAN walk over to where MABEL is seated, continuing to knit.*)

MR. PETERSON: Mrs. Magoo . . .

MABEL: Uh, uh, uh . . . (*as she waves her index finger*)

MR. PETERSON: I mean, Mabel . . . the first thing we need to do is take you over to the office and fill out some forms. Do you have anyone else with you? Husband, friends, family members?

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MABEL: No, it's just little 'ole me. I tried to get my friend, Edna, to come with me, but her arthritis was acting up today. It's just as well, though. She won't go on the big rides with me. Going upside down makes her sick. Now isn't that sad?

MISS RYAN: Well, I'm sure we can find someone to go with you on the big rides. Isn't that right, Mr. Peterson?

MR. PETERSON: *(half-hearted)* Well . . . yes, of course.

MABEL: Oh, you people are so nice! When I get home, I'm going to make you some of my zucchini nut bread! *(as she starts to put away her knitting)*

MR. PETERSON: Oh, well . . . really . . . that's not necessary.

MISS RYAN: Wow, that's a nice long scarf you've got there.

MABEL: It was supposed to be a pot holder, but I can't remember how to stop. Oh, but who cares . . . I can't stand knitting anyway! I'm ready for some real fun!

MISS RYAN: Well, you've come to the right place!

(As MR. PETERSON, MISS RYAN, and MABEL exit the stage toward the IncrediWorld Offices, MILLARD, in his sweep staff uniform, enters the stage with a leaf blower. As he leisurely prepares to clean the stage, VICTORIA enters from the rear of the auditorium and walks toward the stage. She has an appointment with MR. PETERSON.)

VICTORIA: Excuse me. Is this the IncrediWorld Stage?

MILLARD: Yes, but there won't be another show until tomorrow. Sorry, you missed it.

VICTORIA: Oh, that's okay. I'm not here to see a show. I'm supposed to meet Mr. Peterson here at five o'clock.

MILLARD: *(he quickly realizes she's from Adventure TV, so he tries to convince her to leave)* Oh . . . really? An important meeting, huh? Well . . . uh . . . I think he forgot because I just saw him leave.

VICTORIA: Oh, I'm sure he'll be back. I just talked with him this morning. It's all arranged.

MILLARD: Well . . . I don't know. He can be pretty forgetful sometimes.

VICTORIA: It'll be fine. I'll just wait for him, if that's okay with you.

MILLARD: *(frustrated that she isn't leaving)* Sure, go ahead . . . do what you want. I just hate to see you waste your time, that's all.

(MILLARD turns on the leaf blower and proceeds to clean the stage, until he gets an idea. He decides to get rid of VICTORIA by using the leaf blower. As she is setting out some papers, he pretends to lose control, blowing her hair and her papers everywhere.)

VICTORIA: *(shocked)* Stop!! Stop!! What are you doing?!! *(as she chases her papers)*

MILLARD: *(pretends to be upset)* Oh, I'm so sorry! I don't know what happened. It just . . . went berserk! And . . . I couldn't control it!

VICTORIA: *(frustrated)* That's okay. I'm sure you didn't mean to do it.

MILLARD: That's right. I didn't mean to do it.

VICTORIA: *(flustered, she looks at her watch)* You know . . . I think I'm going to re-schedule our meeting. Here's my card. *(as she hands MILLARD her business card)* Would you please give it to Mr. Peterson and tell him to call me?

MILLARD: Sure . . . I'll be happy to.

(VICTORIA starts to walk away.)

MILLARD: *(he calls out to her)* Oh . . . and, uh . . . please don't tell Mr. Peterson about what happened. I really need this job!

VICTORIA: Don't worry. I won't say anything.

(As VICTORIA exits, MILLARD tears up the business card, drops the pieces on the floor and then blows them away. Then he exits backstage as MR. PETERSON enters from the IncrediWorld Offices and hurries to the stage.)

MR. PETERSON: *(frustrated with himself, he looks at his watch)* Oh, great! I can't believe it! I missed her!

(Theme music)

DAY 3 DRAMA

Characters: Mr. Peterson (park director), Gabe and Cody (show hosts), Millard Grover (industrial spy), Mabel Magoo (park guest), Miss Ryan (administrative assistant), Victoria Hathaway (TV network executive).

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with MILLARD, in his sweep staff uniform, sneaking out from behind the set with his backpack full of prank supplies. When he gets to the front of the stage, he looks left and right to make sure no one is around, then quickly takes inventory.)

MILLARD: *(in a loud whisper, as he lifts each item out of his backpack)* Laundry detergent . . . check; baby powder . . . check; scary music CD . . . check; “Out of Order” signs . . . check; super glue . . . check; and last but not least . . . the key to the animal cages. Operation: Sabotage Theme Park is about to begin! *(he gives a long sinister laugh followed by a couple snorts and a cough, then exits toward the rear of the auditorium)*

(As MILLARD exits, GABE enters from backstage carrying a sack lunch and a water bottle.)

GABE: *(he takes a deep breath then looks out at the beautiful sky)* Thank you, Lord, for a beautiful day!

(Then CODY enters carrying a large box.)

CODY: Hey Gabe! We got a package. I think it’s from Raja.

GABE: *(as he studies the package)* Well, whadaya know . . . all the way from Madagascar.

CODY: Wonder what it is.

GABE: There’s only one way to find out. *(as he pulls out a pocket knife, opens the box, and pulls out a piece of paper)* There’s a note.

CODY: What’s it say?

GABE: *(as he reads the note in “broken” English)* **Greetings from Madagascar! We just discover new species of termite. Thought you like to see one. It has been too long since you visit island. Raja.**

CODY: Ah . . . what a great guy.

GABE: Yeah . . . we’ll have to remember to thank him.

CODY: *(as he reaches into the box)* This is awesome . . . a new species! It’ll make a great addition to our live bug collection.

GABE: Oh, wait . . . there’s more. **P.S. Watch fingers . . . we name new termite “THE LITTLE PIRANHA.”**

(CODY quickly pulls his hand out of the box and GABE laughs.)

CODY: Nuh-uh! Does it really say that?

GABE: See for yourself! *(as he shows CODY the note)*

CODY: Wheeew! That was a close one.

GABE: Hey, let’s give it something to eat. I think I have a peanut. *(as he reaches into his pocket)*

CODY: No . . . that’s way too big.

GABE: Maybe . . . maybe not. *(as he drops the peanut into the box)*

(A Termite Eating Peanut [sfx] sound is heard.)

CODY: He ate the whole thing. I can’t believe it!

GABE: Let’s give him something bigger. *(as he reaches into his lunch sack)* I’ve got an apple in my lunch.

CODY: An apple? Are you kidding me?

(GABE drops the apple into the box and then a Termite Eating Apple [sfx] sound is heard.)

CODY: If I hadn’t seen it, I never would have believed it.

GABE: Okay . . . time to try some wood. After all . . . he is a termite. *(as he runs backstage)*

CODY: I’m starting to see why they call it “The Little Piranha.”

(GABE returns with a block of wood.)

CODY: You’re going to feed him that?! What’s next . . . a roll top desk?

GABE: Watch this!

CODY: C’mon Gabe, you’re going to make him sick!

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(A Termite Eating Wood [sfx] sound is heard as GABE slowly "feeds" the board into the box.)

GABE: That was incredible! This little guy will be great for the show! We can call him "Woody."

CODY: Okay, but I think he's had enough for now, don't you?

GABE: *(as he talks into the box)* Hey, Woody . . . Uncle Cody says you've had enough. What do you think?

(A Burp [sfx] is heard.)

CODY: See.

GABE: All right, you win . . . *(talks into the box just before he closes it)* I guess it's time to find you a cage, little buddy.

CODY: And a good strong one. That bug could do some serious damage around here.

(GABE exits with the box toward backstage as VICTORIA enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds toward the stage. Meanwhile, CODY sees GABE'S lunch bag and starts to open it.)

GABE: *(from backstage)* And stay out of my lunch!

(VICTORIA stops at the front of the stage.)

VICTORIA: Hello.

CODY: Oh, hi . . . can I help you?

VICTORIA: Yes, I'm looking for The Extreme Team.

CODY: Well, I'm half of The Extreme Team. The other half is backstage, but he'll be back in a minute. My name's Cody, by the way.

VICTORIA: Pleased to meet you, Cody. I'm Victoria Hathaway from Adventure TV. We're kind of a big deal.

CODY: Adventure TV! *(to GABE)* Hey, Gabe! Get out here, quick!

(GABE returns from backstage.)

GABE: Yeah . . . what's up?

CODY: This is Victoria Hathaway. She's from Adventure TV!

GABE: Wow, that's kind of a big deal. Welcome to IncrediWorld. I'm Gabe.

VICTORIA: Nice to meet you, Gabe.

GABE: I suppose you're here about that theme park award?

VICTORIA: Well, no . . . actually, the reason I'm here is to talk to you.

GABE: Really? What about?

VICTORIA: Well, I'm sure I don't need to tell you how popular your show is.

CODY: Is it really? I mean, I guess the people seem to like it.

VICTORIA: Are you kidding? Your show's been talked about in all the trade magazines. It's all over the industry. In fact, it's probably why IncrediWorld has won the "Best Theme Park" award the past three years!

CODY: Wow! Do you really think so?

VICTORIA: Yes . . . I really do. So, let me ask you something. Have you two thought much about the future?

CODY: What do you mean?

VICTORIA: I mean, what's next for you. What are your career goals? You do have goals, don't you? You're certainly not planning to stay here forever, are you?

GABE: Well, I don't know. We've only been doing the show for three years, and we really like it here.

VICTORIA: IncrediWorld is a very nice park . . . no doubt about that. But, if you really want to be successful, you've got to keep moving up. As they always say, "If you're not moving forward, you're falling behind." *(pause as she lets them think about what she's said)* Have you ever imagined what it would be like to have your own television show?

CODY: Our own show? You mean on Adventure TV?

VICTORIA: Yes. That's exactly what I mean. We want to add an animal show for kids to our line-up, and we think The Extreme Team would be perfect.

(GABE and CODY "high five" each other.)

GABE and CODY: When do we start?

VICTORIA: I knew you'd be excited, so I brought the contracts with me. No sense in delaying things, right? *(as she pulls out a very long contract and a pen)* Just sign there at the bottom, and then we can talk about schedules.

(CODY takes the pen and starts to sign his name, but GABE stops him.)

GABE: Wait a second. Shouldn't we read it first? I mean, we need to know what we're signing, right?

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VICTORIA: Well . . . if you really want to take the time to read all that . . . that's up to you. However, I can assure you that it's all standard language. Nothing unreasonable.

GABE: What do you think, Cody?

CODY: It's pretty long, but . . . I guess you're right. *(to VICTORIA)* Can you come back tomorrow afternoon?

VICTORIA: *(slightly annoyed)* Let's make it first thing in the morning, shall we? I don't want to waste any more time. To succeed in show business, gentlemen, you have to move quickly. You do want to be successful, don't you?

CODY: Well . . . of course, we want to be successful.

VICTORIA: Good . . . just checking. Here's my card and some information about our company *(as she hands them a brochure)*. I think you'll like what you see. *(as she shakes their hands)* Congratulations! I just hope you realize how fortunate you are. You know, most people would give their right arm to be in your shoes right now.

(As VICTORIA exits, a very flustered MISS RYAN enters from the IncrediWorld Offices.)

CODY: Oh, man . . . can you believe it, Gabe? We're going to be big stars!

(MISS RYAN interrupts them.)

MISS RYAN: *(upset)* Have either of you seen Mr. Peterson??

GABE: He's not in his office?

MISS RYAN: No, he's not. Somehow, Mabel talked him into riding roller coasters with her, so I guess he's still out in the park somewhere. And of all days, it had to be today!

GABE: Wait a second . . . Mr. Peterson's riding roller coasters??

CODY: But he hates big rides. They make him sick.

MISS RYAN: *(discouraged)* I know, and now he's out there throwing up, and I'm back here having to deal with all these problems!

CODY: What problems?

MISS RYAN: Oh . . . all over the park, terrible things are happening! Like ketchup in the mustard containers, salt shakers glued to tables, fountains overflowing with soap bubbles, and then, listen to this . . . I just got a call from

Kiddie Land. Someone switched the music CDs and now scary music is making all the kids run for their lives!

GABE: Wow! Someone's been busy!

MISS RYAN: Listen . . . if you see Mr. Peterson, tell him he's needed in the office immediately!

(MISS RYAN quickly returns to the IncrediWorld Offices.)

GABE: Poor, Miss Ryan.

CODY: Hey, Gabe. I just had a bad thought.

GABE and CODY: *(as they look at each other)* The animal cages!

(As GABE and CODY quickly exit backstage, MABEL enters from the rear of the auditorium pushing MR. PETERSON in a wheelchair.)

MABEL: Whoo-wee! Wasn't that a fun day?! You know, I think I could have ridden that Behemoth ride a hundred times!

MR. PETERSON: *(as he groans in pain)* Just wheel me to the stage. I think I can walk from there.

MABEL: Okey-dokey!

(When they arrive at the stage, MR. PETERSON slowly gets up from the wheelchair, revealing an "Out of Order" sign on his back.)

MABEL: *(as she starts to remove the sign from his back)* Hey . . . you've got a sign stuck to your back. I wonder how that got there?

MR. PETERSON: What's it say?

MABEL: "Out of Order."

MR. PETERSON: Keep it there . . . that's exactly how I feel . . . *(as he starts to walk away)* . . . Oh, my aching back.

(MR. PETERSON exits toward the IncrediWorld Offices.)

MABEL: Well, I hope you had as much fun as I did! Hey, maybe we can do some water rides, tomorrow! It's supposed to be another beautiful day. *(pause, then to herself)* Gee, I hope he's going to be all right.

(Then MILLARD enters from stage right all happy and content. He's got ear buds on as he dances around to the music he's listening to. MABEL walks toward him and watches him. As soon as he notices her, he stops and removes his earbuds.)

MABEL: Hi-de-ho! My name's Mabel, what's yours?

MILLARD: It's Millard.

Day 3 Drama

MABEL: Well, Millard, you sure seem happy.

MILLARD: Oh, yes I'm happy . . . very, very happy!

MABEL: Well, that's grand . . . but are you joyful?

MILLARD: Joyful? What's the difference?

MABEL: Oh . . . there's a big difference, my friend. Happiness depends on your situation, but joy—and I mean REAL joy—comes from knowing that your sins are forgiven and you're going to heaven when you die. Do you think you're good enough to go there?

MILLARD: To heaven . . . well . . . not right now. But . . . sometimes I do.

MABEL: You know, I used to think I was good enough. I worked hard, did nice things for people, and even went to church every Sunday. But then someone showed me from the Bible that I was wrong. I WASN'T good enough . . . and never could be!

MILLARD: Never?

MABEL: That's right . . . never! Just like everyone, I had disobeyed God's commands over and over, and there was absolutely nothing I could do to fix it. And you know what that meant? I was headed for hell.

MILLARD: Really? You mean *(as he points downward)*?

MABEL: That's exactly what I mean! And talk about feeling hopeless! It was awful!

MILLARD: Wow . . . then what happened?

MABEL: Well, then came the good news! My pastor explained how Jesus died for my sins and rose from the dead. He paid my penalty so I could go free! And all I had to do was admit that I had broken God's laws, turn away from my sins, and trust in Jesus to save me!

MILLARD: So that's what you did?

MABEL: You'd better believe it! And so now I'm part of God's forever family, and it gives me so much joy that I just want to jump and shout!

(MABEL jumps and shouts [or a cartwheel would be even better!])

MILLARD: Wow . . . how did you do that?

MABEL: *(somewhat surprised herself)* I don't know. *(short pause)* So, Millard . . . let's talk about you.

(Suddenly, MILLARD'S Cell Phone [sfx] rings.)

MILLARD: *(as he looks at the screen)* Oh . . . it's . . . it's Mr. Romano. I can't talk with you anymore . . . I've got to go. *(as he quickly exits toward backstage)* Hello? Yes, Mr. Romano, this is Millard . . .

(MILLARD exits backstage.)

MABEL: *(frustrated)* Oh . . . and I was just getting warmed up! *(then she prays)* Dear God, please help Millard understand how much he needs You . . . just like You did for me. And Lord, thanks for a wonderful day at Incredi-World! Amen.

(Theme music)

DAY 4 DRAMA

Characters: Mr. Peterson (park director), Gabe and Cody (show hosts), Millard Grover (industrial spy), Mabel Magoo (park guest), Miss Ryan (administrative assistant), Victoria Hathaway (TV network executive).

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with MILLARD, in his sweep staff uniform, wearing his backpack and pushing a wheeled trash can. He looks left and right to make sure no one is around, then starts to pull trash out of the trash can and drop it on the ground.)

MILLARD: *(loud whisper)* Tsk, tsk, tsk . . . this place is such a pig pen! *(as he laughs to himself, then, when he gets to the front of the stage, he stops to take a quick inventory of his prank supplies)* Yesterday was so much fun. *(as he takes off his backpack)* Now for round two! But first, let's see what goodies we get to play with. *(as he rubs his hands together in anticipation)*

(MISS RYAN enters from the IncrediWorld Offices. She's looking for MR. PETERSON. When she sees MILLARD, she approaches him from behind.)

MISS RYAN: Uh . . . excuse me.

(MILLARD freezes, then slowly turns his head to see who it is.)

MISS RYAN: Sorry to bother you, but did Mr. Peterson come this way?

MILLARD: *(flustered)* Mr. Peterson? No . . . I don't . . . I don't think so. I mean, I haven't . . . seen him . . . uh . . . Mr. Peterson, that is.

MISS RYAN: Well, that's strange. I'm sure I saw him walk this way. *(as she walks toward one of the backstage entryways and calls his name)* Mr. Peterson?

MR. PETERSON: *(from backstage)* Yes . . . who is it?

(When MILLARD hears MR. PETERSON'S voice, he panics and quickly hides nearby.)

MISS RYAN: It's Miss Ryan. I need to speak with you, sir.

MR. PETERSON: Okay. Just a moment!

MISS RYAN: *(as she turns back toward MILLARD)* See . . . I thought I saw him walk . . . *(but stops when she sees that he's gone)* . . . Where'd he go?

(MR. PETERSON emerges from backstage dressed as a clown and holding a clown hat. When MISS RYAN turns back and sees him, she screams.)

MR. PETERSON: Tah-da!!

MISS RYAN: AHHHHH! Oh . . . I was expecting Mr. Peterson. I didn't know anyone else was back there.

MR. PETERSON: Miss Ryan . . . I am Mr. Peterson.

MISS RYAN: *(confused)* What??

MR. PETERSON: It's because of Mabel. She somehow has the idea that I'm her personal guide. And if I'm going to get any work done around here, I've got to disguise myself. Besides, I can't keep up with her, anyway.

MISS RYAN: Okay . . . but why an IncrediClown costume?

MR. PETERSON: I know . . . I look ridiculous. But it's all I could come up with on short notice. Just . . . don't look at me.

MISS RYAN: Good idea. *(as she turns to face the auditorium)*

MR. PETERSON: Now . . . what did you want to speak to me about?

MISS RYAN: *(as she hands him a note)* We just received this email from Adventure TV. Our scores are down, and we're in jeopardy of losing the award this year.

MR. PETERSON: That's disappointing, but I'm not surprised. There have been a lot of strange things going on lately.

MISS RYAN: Any clue yet who's responsible?

MR. PETERSON: No, not really. Perhaps just some pranksters.

MISS RYAN: But don't you think it's coincidental that it's happening at the same time Adventure TV is here? I think someone's out to get us!

MR. PETERSON: Well, that could be. And if so, we've got to keep our eyes open and watch out for any suspicious activity. But, in the meantime, we need to get to work

Day 4 Drama

and act like professionals! *(as he dons his hat with some force and conviction, a Bonk and Bird Tweet [sfx] is heard)*

MISS RYAN: *(smiles as she looks at his costume)* Right . . . act like professionals.

MR. PETERSON: I need you to prepare a memo right away to inform the staff.

MISS RYAN: *(as she snickers and starts to walk back to the office)* And who should I say it's from . . . Petey, the Clown?

(MISS RYAN exits.)

MR. PETERSON: Ha, ha . . . very funny *(in response, he squeezes his noise and a Honk [sfx] is heard, then he notices the trash on the floor)* Speaking of getting to work . . . it looks like someone needs to clean up around here *(he picks up some trash and deposits it into the trash can)*. Hmm . . . Petey, the Clown . . . that's not bad.

(MR. PETERSON exits the stage in the direction the Incredi-World Offices. As soon as the coast is clear, MILLARD comes out of hiding.)

MILLARD: Aww . . . their scores are down! Boo-hoo. Poor wittle IncwediWorld . . . whaah! whaah! whaah! *(then, in a loud whisper, as he looks left and right to make sure no one is around)* And now to make SURE they don't get the award . . . Operation: Sabotage Theme Park . . . THE SEQUEL! If you thought yesterday was fun . . . just wait for today!! Ha! Ha! Ha! . . . *(he gives a long sinister laugh followed by a couple snorts and then a cough)* But first . . . let's check our inventory *(as he lifts each item out of his backpack, then puts it back in)*. Pancake syrup . . . sticky! Petroleum jelly . . . slimy! Itching powder . . . nasty! Duct tape . . . don't leave home without it! *(then he sees a Bible sitting on the floor nearby)* What's this? . . . *(he picks it up and leafs through some of the pages)* . . . A Bible? Hmm . . . C'mon, Millard you've got work to do . . . *(as he sets it back down and closes up his backpack)*.

(MILLARD slings his backpack over his shoulder and starts to leave, but then stops as curiosity about the Bible gets the best of him. He then turns to look at the Bible and struggles with what to do. Finally, he decides to just take it with him, so he grabs the Bible and exits toward the rear of the auditorium. As he heads up the aisle, CODY enters from backstage, walks over to the trash can and begins to unwrap a large candy bar. Then GABE enters with the contract in hand and walks up beside CODY.)

GABE: Well . . . so far, so good . . . just one small section to go, then I'm done with this bad boy. *(then he looks into the trash can)* Whoa . . . that's pretty gnarly down there.

CODY: *(accidentally drops his candy bar into the trash can)* Oh, man! A brand new Yummo bar, wasted!

GABE: Wasted? What are you talking about?

CODY: Really? Should I?

GABE: If you don't, I will.

CODY: Okay . . . here goes. *(as he reaches in to retrieve his candy bar)* Eww . . . *(as he pulls it up, dripping with cheese sauce)*

GABE: Dude . . . it's a Yummo bar!

CODY: You're right . . . it's worth it *(as he takes a bite out of the candy bar)*.

(VICTORIA enters from the left rear of the auditorium and proceeds down the left side toward the stage. GABE and CODY are unaware of her presence until she interrupts them.)

GABE: *(laughing)* Oh, man . . . I was just kidding. I can't believe you did that!

CODY: I know . . . I can't believe it, either *(as he takes one more bite and throws the rest away)* . . . And you know what else I can't believe?

GABE: What's that?

CODY: That we're actually going to have our own TV show. I mean . . . how cool is that?!

GABE: I know . . . I keep thinking it's a dream.

CODY: Yeah . . . in a just few minutes we'll sign that piece of paper, and then our lives will change forever. We'll be rich and famous. So, what are you going to buy first?

GABE: I don't know. I can't decide between a new truck or a boat.

VICTORIA: *(she interrupts)* Maybe you won't have to decide.

CODY: *(pleased)* Oh, you're here.

VICTORIA: I told you I'd be here first thing. Now, let's execute this contract and get down to business. Shall we? *(as she hands CODY a contract)*

CODY: Yes, we shall! *(as he proceeds to sign his name)*

VICTORIA: Very good, Cody. *(as she hands CODY an envelope)*

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CODY: What's this?

VICTORIA: It's a signing bonus.

CODY: Sweet! *(as he looks into the envelope and sees the paycheck)* Hey Gabe, she's right . . . you won't have to decide! You can get the truck AND the boat!

VICTORIA: Next . . . *(she holds out her pen toward GABE, but he doesn't take it)* . . . Is there a problem?

GABE: Well . . . it's just that . . .

VICTORIA: Listen, I don't have a lot of time here. And until we have a contract, none of those dreams you're having can come true. No trucks, no boats, no houses, no expensive vacations, no nothing.

GABE: It's just that I didn't finish reading the contract.

VICTORIA: Well, Cody signed off on it. Don't you trust your partner? He obviously read it.

GABE: Did you read it, Cody?

CODY: Well . . .

GABE: Cody?

CODY: Well, not every single word.

GABE: Cody?

CODY: Okay . . . maybe I skipped over some sections. But it was soooo long and boring! All that "party of the first part" and "party of the second part" stuff. Why do they talk like that??

GABE: *(to VICTORIA)* Can you just give me a minute? I only need to read the last section.

VICTORIA: *(a little annoyed)* Whatever . . .

(After a brief moment of silence, GABE sees something he doesn't like.)

GABE: Hey, Cody . . . come here.

CODY: *(as he walks over to GABE)* Yeah . . . what's up?

GABE: Read that sentence. *(as he points to a sentence in the contract)*

CODY: *(pause as he reads the sentence to himself)* Uh-oh . . . I guess I skipped that part.

VICTORIA: Is something wrong?

GABE: *(reading from the contract)* "The Party of the First Part" . . . that's us . . . "shall not quote from any religious book or scriptures nor make any reference whatsoever to God or a Creator."

VICTORIA: So, what's the problem?

GABE: We can't say anything about God?

VICTORIA: Well, no . . . you can say anything you want about God . . . just not during a show, that's all. You understand, of course . . . we're a television network. We have a large and diverse viewing audience.

CODY: And you don't want to offend anyone.

VICTORIA: That's correct. Can't we just enjoy learning about animals without always having to bring God into it?

GABE: No . . . we can't. Because that's the ONLY reason we do our show. Animals are great, but there's a much bigger picture, here. We want kids to learn about God by studying animals. We want them to see that their Creator is an incredible master designer . . . that He's wise and powerful and good. And we're not about to let them leave with the idea that it all just happened by chance.

CODY: Think about it . . . wouldn't it be strange to talk on and on about some excellent painting and never even mention the painter? That's why we give credit to God. So . . . *(hesitates for a moment as he struggles to give up the check)* . . . I guess you can have your check back. *(as he holds out the check)*

VICTORIA: *(astonished, she refuses the check)* Excuse me? You mean you're backing out of the deal?

GABE: No God . . . no contract. It's as simple as that.

VICTORIA: *(offended)* But we're Adventure TV, and in case you need to be reminded, we're kind of a big deal! *(as she finally takes the check back)* I can't believe this! You're turning down the opportunity of a lifetime! You know that, don't you?! The opportunity of a lifetime!!

(Suddenly, the sound of Wet Sneakers [sfx] is heard.)

VICTORIA: What's that sound?

(Then MABEL enters from far stage right soaking wet and talking on her cell phone. GABE, CODY, and VICTORIA watch her as she walks and talks.)

MABEL: *(talking on her cell phone)* Oh, it was wonderful! I was walking through the park and saw this new water ride and . . . wait, I need to take my wet shoes off *(as she stops to take off her wet shoes)*.

CODY: Look at her, Gabe. She's soaked!

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MABEL: *(she continues on her cell phone)* There, that's better. *(as she proceeds barefoot across the front of the stage)* Oh yes! One minute dry as a bone and the next minute wet as a fish! *(pause)* Yeah, well, I've got to go. *(short pause)* Okay, bye, Edna. *(as she closes her phone, she greets GABE, CODY, and VICTORIA)* Hi, everybody . . . don't I look spiffy?!

CODY: Hi, Mabel. Looks like you found White Water Explosion.

MABEL: *(happy)* And drank most of it, too! Remind me to keep my mouth closed next time! *(then she notices VICTORIA all dressed up)* Gee, I hope I'm not interrupting an important meeting or something.

VICTORIA: *(coldly)* No, that's . . . quite all right. We just finished.

MABEL: Oh, good. Say, don't you just love their show?

VICTORIA: *(clears her throat)* No comment.

MABEL: Boy, I sure do . . . especially their bird show. I learned so much. You know, I never knew how wonderfully designed birds were, but now, it's so obvious. Why, you can just see God's fingerprints everywhere!

VICTORIA: Well . . . that's nice. I have to go. Good-bye, Gentlemen. It's been very . . . interesting.

(GABE and CODY respond cordially while VICTORIA exits toward the rear of the auditorium.)

GABE: Thanks for the encouragement, Mabel.

(Suddenly, MR. PETERSON emerges from the IncrediWorld Offices. He's going to retrieve his watch which he left backstage. When he sees CODY, GABE, and MABEL, he freezes

against the end panel hoping they won't notice him, but MABEL does, of course.)

MABEL: Oh, you're welcome. I tell everybody about your show. I think it's wonderful what you boys do . . . and that you talk about God all the time. We should never be ashamed to do that, you know. *(she sees MR. PETERSON)* Oh, my! Look . . . it's Mr. Peterson in a clown costume!

CODY: What?? *(to MR. PETERSON)* Hey . . . is that really you?!

MR. PETERSON: *(embarrassed, and with no need to keep up the charade, he pulls off his clown wig)* Yes, it's me. I was just going to get my watch. I think I left it backstage.

GABE: *(curious and amused)* So, uh . . . what's the occasion? You going to a birthday party or something?

MR. PETERSON: It's a long story. You wouldn't be interested *(quickly changes the subject)* . . . But Mabel, look at you! You're all wet. What happened?

CODY: She went on White Water Explosion.

MR. PETERSON: You're kidding? By yourself?

MABEL: Well, it was so nice of you to spend all that time with me yesterday, so I thought I'd give you the day off today.

MR. PETERSON: *(trying to be charitable)* Oh . . . well, you didn't have to do that.

MABEL: *(with new excitement)* Really?! Oh, I was hoping you'd say that! C'mon, let's go! We've got lots to do! *(as she grabs his arm and drags him out of the auditorium)*
(Theme music)

DAY 5 DRAMA

Characters: Mr. Peterson (park director), Gabe and Cody (show hosts), Millard Grover (industrial spy), Mabel Magoo (park guest), Miss Ryan (administrative assistant).

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with The Extreme Team logo slide on screen and MR. PETERSON on stage, front and center. There's been a short commercial break, and he's greeting the crowd just before the final segment of the show begins.)

MR. PETERSON: Hello! My name is Pete Peterson, the director of IncrediWorld and on behalf of all of us who work here, I'd just like to extend a warm welcome to each one of you. Now, if you haven't already noticed, we're not quite like other theme parks. Oh sure, we have all the rides and attractions you'd expect, but we also have a message to convey . . . and that's that "in the beginning, GOD created the heavens and the earth." So while you're having fun, it's our hope that you'll also learn something along the way here at IncrediWorld, voted "The World's Best Theme Park" three years in a row! And now, back to The Extreme Team!

(Extreme Team Theme Song plays as GABE and CODY enter from backstage and MR. PETERSON exits.)

GABE: *(to the crowd)* Are you all having fun?!

CODY: Okay, well . . . I think we have time for one more question from the mailbag.

(Mailbag Question slide appears on the screen.)

GABE: Katie, from South Dakota, asks . . . *(as he reads from the screen)* **"What happened to the dinosaurs?"** Well, Katie, that seems to be the big question these days, doesn't it. But really, it's not as mysterious as you might think.

CODY: One popular explanation is that the dinosaurs died 65 million years ago after a giant meteor hit the earth.

(GABE quickly grabs an umbrella for them to hide under as a Meteor Strike [sfx] is heard and they pretend the earth is shaking.)

GABE: And another explanation is that they evolved into birds.

(A Bird Tweet [sfx] is heard.)

CODY: *(looks through his binoculars as he points to an imaginary tree branch)* Aw, look Gabe . . . up in the tree. It's a cute little T.rex!

GABE: Now, raise your hand if you've heard these before. *(as he waits for a response)* But are they true? Can you say, "NO?"

(The crowd responds with a loud "NO!" along with a deep and loud, "NO" [sfx].)

GABE: First of all, you need to understand that the 65 million years is not a fact! It's just a belief about the past that's based on lots of assumptions.

CODY: Yeah, dinosaur bones don't come with labels telling us how old they are!

GABE: And if you know anything about the design of birds, it's just a fairy tale to believe that a cold-blooded reptile *(as he does a "gator chop" and then a "chicken" motion with his arms)* could turn into a warm-blooded bird. And c'mon . . . scales turning into feathers? I don't think so.

CODY: Sounds to me like they're just making wild guesses!

GABE: But God, who was there in the beginning and always tells the truth, gave us the Bible *(as he holds up a Bible and Bible slide appears on screen)*. So we have a source of information about the past that's 100% reliable!

CODY: Yeah . . . and the Bible tells us that all land animals—including dinosaurs—were created on Day Six, which was only about 6,000 years ago.

GABE: So you can just throw the "millions of years" right out the window!

(GABE pretends to throw the "Millions of Years" out the window, then a Window Breaking [sfx] is heard.)

CODY: Oh, and guess what? The Bible says that man was also created on Day Six, so you know what that means! Dinosaurs and man lived at the saaaame time!

Day 5 Drama

(A Scream [sfx] is heard.)

GABE: Okay . . . so if a giant meteor didn't wipe them out and they didn't turn into birds . . . what did happen to the dinosaurs?

CODY: (raises his hand like a child at school) Oh! Oh! Oh! Pick me! Pick me!

GABE: Yes, Cody?

CODY: They just died?

GABE: (a Ding [sfx] is heard) That's correct! And it really shouldn't surprise us . . . animals die and become extinct every year. That's just the way it is.

CODY: But remember . . . (Perfect World slide appears on screen) . . . when God first created the heavens and the earth, everything was good. There was no such thing as death! But then Adam sinned . . . (then Broken World slide appears) . . . and death came into the world like a curse! (Thunder [sfx] is heard)

GABE: So the things that cause animals to die and become extinct today . . . like diseases . . . and catastrophes . . . or not having enough food . . . or being hunted . . . are the same things that caused the extinction of the dinosaurs.

CODY: If they really ARE extinct . . .

(Dinosaur Footsteps and Roar [sfx] is heard as GABE and CODY pretend to cower in fear.)

GABE: Well . . . we're out of time for today. Don't forget to email us with all your animal questions, and we'll do our best to answer them. You've been a great audience, and we hope you enjoy the rest of your day at IncrediWorld!

CODY: Good-bye, everybody!

(Extreme Team Theme Song is played as GABE and CODY wave to the crowd. Then MR. PETERSON enters from back-stage to greet them.)

MR. PETERSON: Another great show, gentlemen . . . and let me just say how relieved I am that you didn't take that Adventure TV offer. I know that was kind of a big deal.

GABE: Well . . . I have to admit we kinda got sucked in, at first, but when they said we had to keep God out of it, we knew we couldn't do it.

CODY: Yeah . . . we weren't about to compromise our faith like that.

MR. PETERSON: And I would have hated to see you leave. We've got such a mission field here.

CODY: So, what are our chances of getting the "Best Theme Park" award again this year?

MR. PETERSON: Slim to none, I'm afraid. We just had too many things go wrong this week. In fact, yesterday they told us that our scores were down.

CODY: Oh, man! I was hoping we'd keep the streak alive.

GABE: It really was a strange week, wasn't it.

MR. PETERSON: Yeah . . . and it all started with me being your number one weird and wacky creature! (suspicious) Gee . . . I wonder how that happened?

(MABEL enters from the rear of the auditorium with MISS RYAN following close behind loaded down with MABEL'S things, including souvenirs and prizes. MABEL is ready to leave and wants to say her "good-byes" to everyone.)

GABE: Hey . . . don't look at us!

CODY: Yeah . . . we had nothing to do with that! Everyone knows we like to prank people, but that was definitely not us!

MR. PETERSON: I know . . . I believe you. I just wish it would stop and we could find out who's responsible. (then he sees MABEL) Oh, look . . . here comes Mabel. (to MABEL) Well . . . it looks like you've been having a good time!

MABEL: Did you say something? (as she adjusts her hearing aid)

MR. PETERSON: (a bit louder and slower) Yes . . . I said, it looks like you've been having a good time.

MABEL: Oh, yes! We've been having a great time! Miss Ryan is such a hoot!

MR. PETERSON: (surprised) Really?

MISS RYAN: She's exaggerating, of course.

MABEL: (to MISS RYAN) Hey, let's show them that thing-amajig!

MISS RYAN: You mean our secret handshake?

GABE: Secret handshake?

MR. PETERSON: You're kidding.

MISS RYAN: No . . . just watch and be impressed.

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(MABEL and MISS RYAN put their things down and then perform a long and impressive secret handshake. When they finish, GABE, CODY, and MR. PETERSON cheer.)

MABEL: Now, ain't that the cat's meow?!

MR. PETERSON: It sure is!

MISS RYAN: We practiced while we were waiting in line. It was really fun.

MABEL: Well, I just want to thank you all for a really grand time! You've made me feel young again!

MR. PETERSON: You're not leaving, are you?

MABEL: Hey, if I don't leave . . . I can't come back. Besides, they're having pot roast and Harvard beets down at the senior center tonight, and I promised Edna I'd go with her.

CODY: *(expressing dislike)* Harvard beets?

MABEL: I know . . . I'd rather have funnel cake, but I keep hearing my cardiologist's voice telling me . . . if it tastes good, spit it out!

(They exchange hugs and handshakes as they say their good-byes.)

MISS RYAN: We're really going to miss having you around.

MABEL: Don't worry . . . I'll be back. You know how much I love this place! *(as she pulls a leather jacket and sunglasses out of her things and starts to put them on)*

MR. PETERSON: Gabe and Cody can escort you out.

CODY: Yes . . . we'd be happy to!

(CODY helps her with her jacket, and GABE picks up her other belongings.)

MABEL: Oh, thank you! *(as she starts to leave)* Ciao, everyone! *(pronounced, "chow")*

(MABEL, GABE, and CODY exit stage right.)

MISS RYAN: I hope I'm like that when I'm her age. She's hilarious!

MR. PETERSON: Well . . . I guess you were right.

MISS RYAN: About what?

MR. PETERSON: About Mabel. You thought it might turn out to be a good thing after all . . . and it did. It really did.

MISS RYAN: Yeah . . . she was a blessing.

(Suddenly, the sound of a Motorcycle [sfx] is heard.)

MISS RYAN: You don't think that was . . .

MR. PETERSON: Nah . . . it couldn't have been . . . could it?

(MILLARD enters from backstage and approaches MR. PETERSON.)

MILLARD: Mr. Peterson?

MR. PETERSON: Yes . . . why aren't you in your uniform?

MILLARD: Well, uh . . . that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

MISS RYAN: *(to MR. PETERSON)* I'll be in the office if you need me.

(MISS RYAN exits toward the IncrediWorld Offices.)

MR. PETERSON: *(to MISS RYAN)* Thank you. *(to MILLARD)* It's Millard, isn't it?

MILLARD: Uh, yes . . . that's correct, sir.

MR. PETERSON: So, Millard . . . what do you need to speak to me about?

MILLARD: Well, sir . . . first of all . . . the reason I'm not wearing a uniform is that . . . I don't work here.

MR. PETERSON: *(thrilled, he reacts)* Really?? . . . *(then pretends to be concerned)* I mean, really? Well . . . I'm so sorry it didn't work out for you. But I'm sure you'll find employment somewhere else very soon.

MILLARD: No . . . you see, I never did work here.

MR. PETERSON: *(pause)* Never? I don't understand.

MILLARD: Have you ever heard of Mr. Romano, the owner of Big Thrill Theme Park?

MR. PETERSON: Yes, I think so.

MILLARD: Well . . . uh . . . he's my boss.

MR. PETERSON: He's . . . your boss? *(short pause as he thinks)* Oh . . . I see now. So, you're the one who's responsible for all the mishaps this week.

MILLARD: Yes, sir . . . guilty as charged. You see, Mr. Romano hated losing "the World's Best Theme Park" award so much that he sent me over here to do something about it. And here's the evidence. *(as he hands MR. PETERSON his backpack)* I think everything should be there . . . duct tape, baby powder, super glue, etc . . . oh, and uh . . . *(as he reaches into his pocket for a key)* . . . here's the key to the animal cages. I didn't end up using it after all.

MR. PETERSON: *(with sarcasm)* Well, thank you, Millard . . . we really appreciate that.

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MILLARD: Oh . . . you're welcome.

MR. PETERSON: But . . . why are you telling me this?

MILLARD: Because I realize now that what I did was wrong . . . and I just want to say that . . . well . . . I'm really sorry. It's all because of this *(as he holds up a Bible)*.

MR. PETERSON: Let me see that. *(as he takes the Bible from MILLARD)* This is Cody's Bible. He's been looking for it.

MILLARD: Oh . . . sorry. I just found it on the stage when I was going through my backpack yesterday. Do you think it's okay that I read it?

MR. PETERSON: *(as his attitude about MILLARD changes)* Absolutely. I know Cody would be thrilled that you read it.

MILLARD: So . . . what happens now? I'll probably have to go to jail, right?

MR. PETERSON: Well, I don't think that will be necessary.

MILLARD: Really? But I ruined your chances to win "the World's Best Theme Park" award.

(MISS RYAN enters from the IncrediWorld Offices and proceeds to where MR. PETERSON and MILLARD are standing.)

MR. PETERSON: That's okay, Millard . . . I'm disappointed about the award, but I'm much more concerned about

your relationship with God. Nothing is more important than that. Why don't you come to my office, and we'll talk about it.

MISS RYAN: *(as she hands MR. PETERSON an envelope)* This just came in . . . it's from Adventure TV. It's probably the final results for the award.

MILLARD: Oh, boy . . . this is awkward.

MR. PETERSON: Thank you, Miss Ryan.

MISS RYAN: You're welcome, sir. *(as she turns to leave)*
(MISS RYAN returns to the IncrediWorld Offices.)

MR. PETERSON: *(short pause as he stares at the envelope)* Hmm . . . I'm not sure I want to open it. C'mon, Millard . . . my office is this way *(as he directs MILLARD toward his office)*.

(As MILLARD exits toward the IncrediWorld Offices, MR. PETERSON follows close behind until he decides to stop and open the letter. Then he sees that IncrediWorld won the award after all!)

MR. PETERSON: *(astonished)* Hey, Miss Ryan . . . guess what?! WE DID IT!! WE WON!! WOO-HOO!! *(as he quickly turns and exits toward the IncrediWorld Offices)*

(Theme music)