

DAY 1 DRAMA

Characters: STORYTELLER, WALT, MARGOT, DUSTY

(Scene begins with stage/set dark. STORYTELLER, carrying a black notebook and a box of donuts, enters from backstage and walks to front and center stage where an overstuffed chair sits. A well-worn Bible and an index card [Props] have been placed under the chair.)

STORYTELLER: *(to the audience as she opens the box and selects a donut)* It's hard to beat a good donut. *(she takes a bite)*
Mmmm . . . they're still warm.

(WALT enters from the side in front of the stage. He's looking for the box of donuts.)

STORYTELLER: Uh, oh . . . he's probably looking for these.

WALT: Excuse me. Have you seen a box of . . . *(then he sees the donuts)*

STORYTELLER: Donuts? Sorry. I saw them backstage and couldn't resist. But I only took one. I promise.

(STORYTELLER hands WALT the box of donuts.)

WALT: Hmm . . . *(as he looks into the box)*

STORYTELLER: Don't worry. I moved them around. She won't notice.

WALT: Yes, she will. You don't know my sister. She notices everything.

STORYTELLER: Well, I'm the storyteller, so I'll just make sure she doesn't. How's that?

WALT: You can do that?

STORYTELLER: Sure. Why not?

WALT: Wow. Hey, can you also make her a little less intimidating?

STORYTELLER: Don't push it.

WALT: Just thought I'd ask.

STORYTELLER: Yeah, well . . . you need to get in position. It's time to get started.

(STORYTELLER stands near chair while WALT returns to the far side door.)

STORYTELLER: *(to the tech crew)* Okay, I think we're ready.

(Lights down, then theme music plays)

STORYTELLER: Well, hello everyone! It's so great to have you here! You know, when it's cold and blustery outside, there's nothing better than curling up with a good book. So that's

what we're going to do. *(as she takes a seat in the overstuffed chair)* And the story we're going to read is called OPERATION ARCTIC. So . . . let's get started, shall we? *(she opens her notebook and starts reading)* CHAPTER ONE . . . A NEW BEGINNING.

(WALT enters from the side, in front of the stage.)

STORYTELLER: Our story begins at the home office of Wonder Crunch Cereal Company—founded in 1923 by Walton Wonder. *(the Wonder Crunch Cereal slide appears on screen)* And this is Walton's grandson, Walton Wonder III.

WALT: My friends call me "Walt." *(as he takes a seat on the stage)*

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Walt has been working at the family business ever since he could say, "more cereal, please." As a toddler, he worked as a taste tester and got paid with cereal box toys.

WALT: *(reminiscing)* Aww . . . I miss those cereal box toys.

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Since then he's done just about everything from emptying wastebaskets to installing computer networks. You might think he'd be happy in such a work environment, but . . . he isn't. In fact, he's wanted to quit for a long time but hasn't been able to muster up the courage to tell his sister.

WALT: *(to the audience)* If you knew her, you'd understand.

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Today, however, he's finally going to do it.

WALT: *(sudden terror as he quickly stands up)* I am?! *(then resolve)* I mean, I am! I really am! Sorry . . . I'm just so nervous. *(as he nervously paces back and forth)*

STORYTELLER: *(to WALT)* Don't worry. You've got this. Just take a deep breath and relax.

WALT: Okay. *(as he takes a deep breath then gives himself a pep talk)* There's nothing to be scared about, right? It's just my sister. My overachieving, straight-A student, Harvard valedictorian, Business Woman of the Year, sister. *(discouraged, he grabs a donut from the box and takes a bite)*

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Walt and his sister have the same parents, but that's about all they have in common. He's Type B, she's Type A, he's easy-going, she's intense, he likes salty snacks, she likes sweet. *(then notices WALT eating a donut)* Hey, aren't those for Margot?

WALT: Oh, yeah, forgot. *(as he sticks the half-eaten donut back in the box)*

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Margot Wonder, Walt's sister, is the president of Wonder Crunch Cereal Company. And being a stickler for punctuality, she arrives at the office every morning, 5 minutes early, at exactly 7:25am, *(then looks at watch)* which is in 3, 2, 1, 0.

(MARGOT, with a briefcase in one hand and a cell phone to her ear, promptly enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds to the stage.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* And here she comes, just like clock-work. As she tells her employees, "If you're early, you're on time . . . if you're on time, you're late . . ."

MARGOT: *(sternly)* And if you're late . . . you're fired!

STORYTELLER: *(gulps, then reads)* Under her leadership, Wonder Crunch has become one of the leading manufacturers of breakfast cereals.

MARGOT: Not "one of the leading manufacturers," THE leading manufacturer. *(as she holds up her newspaper for the STORYTELLER to see)* See . . . "Wonder Crunch now largest cereal maker." Someone needs to do her homework.

STORYTELLER: *(a bit intimidated)* Right. I'm so sorry. Let me change that right now. *(as she writes the change into the script)*

WALT: *(nervous)* Good morning, Margot.

MARGOT: *(surprised, but with very little emotion)* Oh . . . you're here early. *(then notices the donuts)* What do you have there?

WALT: Donuts.

MARGOT: *(confused)* For me? Why?

WALT: Uh . . . well, I just drove by Poppy's and thought you might like some. They still make your favorite. Blueberry, right? *(as he offers a donut to MARGOT)*

MARGOT: *(she looks in the box)* Hmm . . . looks like you already had a couple.

WALT: *(to STORYTELLER)* Hey, I thought you were going to make it so she wouldn't notice.

STORYTELLER: Sorry, forgot.

WALT: *(to MARGOT)* Well? Aren't you going to take one?

MARGOT: I already had breakfast. Besides, I don't eat that stuff anymore . . . and you shouldn't either.

WALT: *(annoyed)* I know . . . it's not healthy.

MARGOT: Well, I've got things to do. And I'm sure you do too. *(as she starts to exit)*

WALT: Right. *(disappointed, he loses his nerve and turns away, but then suddenly regains his courage)* Wait! Margot! Before you leave.

MARGOT: *(a bit annoyed)* What??

WALT: *(apprehensive)* I, uh . . . I have something I . . . need to tell you.

(Awkward silence.)

MARGOT: Well? What is it?

WALT: I'm, uh . . . I'm leaving.

MARGOT: Leaving? What do you mean, "leaving?" You just got here.

WALT: No . . . I mean, I'm . . . I'm quitting.

MARGOT: Quitting?! What are you talking about? You can't quit!

WALT: I can't? Why not?

MARGOT: Because this is a family business . . . OUR family business. Your last name is still Wonder, isn't it? Now get to work.

WALT: No, really. I mean it. I . . . I've made up my mind.

MARGOT: *(annoyed, she takes a breath)* You want more money? Is that it?

WALT: No. That has nothing to do with it.

MARGOT: More vacation? You already have a whole week!

WALT: That's not it either.

MARGOT: Then what is it? I don't understand. Why on earth would you want to leave Wonder Crunch? Where else are you going to find such a great situation?

WALT: The Arctic Circle.

MARGOT: What?? Is this some kind of joke? I really don't have time for this.

WALT: No, I'm totally serious. I'm leaving this high-stress, hi-tech lifestyle and going to the Arctic to build myself a cabin in the wilderness.

MARGOT: *(upset)* Well, all I have to say is . . . THAT'S THE CRAZIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD! What do you know about living in the Arctic?!

WALT: I know a little.

MARGOT: "A little"?? Well, little brother, "a little" is not going to be enough! But . . . it's your life. Do what you want. Meanwhile, I have a company to run! Excuse me.

(MARGOT leaves, forgetting her briefcase.)

WALT: Well, that didn't go very well, did it? I should have done flowers instead of donuts. *(to the STORYTELLER)* Here . . . you

want these? *(as he hands the box of donuts back to the STORYTELLER)*

STORYTELLER: Sure. *(then helps herself to a donut)*

WALT: We used to get along so well when we were kids, but for some reason, we don't anymore. We're more like strangers now.

(WALT leaves.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* It's sad when brothers and sisters don't get along. They should be life-long friends, not strangers! But that's pretty much how they parted. He put in his 2-week notice, during which neither he nor his sister made any effort to "patch things up." Then, without even saying "good-bye," he was off to northern Alaska.

(MARGOT returns.)

MARGOT: I uh . . . left my briefcase. *(as she points to it)* So that's where he went, huh? Northern Alaska?

STORYTELLER: Yep. North of the Arctic Circle. Accessible only by bush plane, and 100 miles from his nearest neighbor.

MARGOT: I don't understand him. I mean, seriously . . . moving to the Arctic Circle? Are you kidding me? And to go so unprepared . . . it's crazy. He's crazy.

STORYTELLER: Don't let him fool you. He knows more than just "a little" about living in the Arctic.

MARGOT: *(skeptical)* Does he now.

STORYTELLER: Yes. What he didn't tell you is that for the past two years he's been carefully preparing himself, so he knows exactly what to expect.

MARGOT: Yeah, well, you just watch. Within 30 days he'll be crawling back here wanting his old job back. Mark my words.

STORYTELLER: Oh, that reminds me. *(as she retrieves the Bible and index card from under the chair)* Here's his contact information.

(STORYTELLER holds out an index card. At first, MARGOT just looks at it.)

MARGOT: Now wait just a minute. My time is extremely valuable. There's no way I'm going to be writing letters all the time, just to keep him company.

STORYTELLER: How 'bout a Christmas card? After all, he is your brother.

(Then, strictly out of duty, MARGOT takes it.)

MARGOT: Okay, well . . . maybe a Christmas card, but that's it!

STORYTELLER: He also wanted me to give you this. He found it when he was moving out of his condo. *(as she gives a well-worn Bible to MARGOT)*

MARGOT: Our father's Bible.

STORYTELLER: Looks worn out. Your father must have read it a lot.

MARGOT: Every day. *(as she opens it up)*

STORYTELLER: Wow. That's great. You know, a famous preacher once said, "A Bible that's falling apart usually belongs to someone who isn't." I imagine your father was a good man.

MARGOT: Yes . . . yes, he was.

STORYTELLER: Well, I'm sure you'll treasure that.

MARGOT: I guess. But I'm not really a Bible reader. My father and I didn't have much in common that way.

STORYTELLER: So sorry to hear that.

MARGOT: Why? It's okay. I've got my job and that gives me plenty to do with my time. Believe me.

STORYTELLER: Yeah, but someday you're going to regret that you didn't take the Bible seriously like your father did.

MARGOT: You think so?

STORYTELLER: No, I don't think so. I know so. Nothing is more important than God's Word.

MARGOT: *(pauses as she thinks about what was just said, then she notices the box of donuts)* Hey, uh . . . are those really blueberry donuts?

STORYTELLER: Yes, and they're amazing. Want one?

MARGOT: *(for a moment she considers taking one, then decides against it)* Naah . . . I've got work to do.

(MARGOT leaves.)

STORYTELLER: *(to MARGOT)* Have a nice day. *(to the AUDIENCE)* Well, she obviously has her priorities mixed up. A job is no substitute for a relationship with God. In fact, nothing is. We should all be following her father's example and spending time reading the Bible everyday.

(SCENE CHANGE: Screens go dark as stage hands quickly remove the chair. Then, as stage lights illuminate set, WALT enters to check his ice fishing pole that he set up earlier.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Now, as we fast forward a couple years, we find Walt very happily situated in northern Alaska with a sturdy, well-equipped log cabin.

WALT: *(with great satisfaction)* That I built all by myself!

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* His dream is now a reality and so far, he's passed the test. The test of whether he has what it takes to live in such a harsh and unforgiving wilderness all alone.

WALT: Alone, except for my dogs and the occasional bush pilot visit.

(Then the sound of a bush plane arrival [sfx] is heard.)

WALT: Huh, and speaking of bush pilots . . . here she comes now. *(as he looks up to find her plane and then waves)*

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Bush pilots are special people. Without them, living in the Arctic wilderness would be a lot more difficult.

WALT: I'd say impossible. *(as he starts to pack up his fishing gear)* They're like a lifeline to civilization. *(as he returns to the cabin with a couple fish)*

STORYTELLER: Hmm . . . "A lifeline to civilization" . . . I kinda like that. Mind if I use it?

WALT: Not at all. Be my guest.

STORYTELLER: Bush pilots are like a . . . lifeline . . . to . . . civilization *(as she pretends to write it into her book)* . . . *(then reads)* Not only do they fly people around, they also deliver food and supplies. And, like the Pony Express, they carry the mail, too.

(Then DUSTY, the bush pilot, enters carrying a box of supplies and a gift-wrapped Bible.)

DUSTY: YOOHOO! MR. WONDER! ANYBODY HOME?!

WALT: Yes, I'm here!

STORYTELLER: This is Dusty. She's with ACE Air Service.

DUSTY: Yep! Flying safely for over 15 years, praise the Lord!

STORYTELLER: She says that because bush flying in Alaska can be risky. In fact, it's one of the most dangerous jobs in the world. Mostly because of the weather, which can change in the blink of an eye.

DUSTY: True. And the fact that we have to land on rivers, glaciers, and sandbars probably doesn't help much either! You know, it's funny, but in the business we say, "It was a good landing, if you lived through it!"

STORYTELLER: Really? I, uh . . . I wouldn't mention that in your advertising. Might be bad for business.

DUSTY: Oh, but the adventure is so worth it! *(then, to WALT)* Hey! Looks like you caught a couple good ones there.

WALT: *(he holds up the cardboard fish he "caught")* Yeah . . . not bad. The fish around here taste like cardboard, though. So, what do you have for me?

DUSTY: Oh, just the grocery items you asked for . . . and a gift. *(as she hands him the box and the gift-wrapped Bible)*

WALT: A gift? What's the occasion?

DUSTY: No occasion. Just . . . want you to have it.

(WALT opens the gift.)

WALT: What is it? A Bible?

DUSTY: Yep. If you already have one, feel free to pass it on to someone who doesn't.

WALT: *(not excited)* Actually, I, uh . . . I don't.

DUSTY: Well, good then. You now have a copy of the world's most unique piece of literature and all-time bestseller—written over a period of 1,500 years by over 40 different authors from all walks of life, and yet it reads as if it were written by one person. It's the Book of Books, God's holy Word. And because it's God's Word, you can trust everything in it to be absolutely true.

WALT: *(trying to be polite)* Wow . . . that's quite a résumé. Thanks.

DUSTY: Believe me, I could go on and on, but I've gotta keep moving. More deliveries, you know.

WALT: Oh, no you don't. You promised me a ride in your new plane.

DUSTY: Oh, yeah. Well, come on, then. Let's go!

WALT: Yes! This is gonna be awesome!

(DUSTY and WALT exit toward the rear of the auditorium.)

DUSTY: Here . . . you can drive *(as she holds out her keys)*

WALT: *(excited)* You mean it?

DUSTY: Haha! No! Think I'm crazy??

STORYTELLER: And with that, Chapter 1 comes to a close. *(as she closes her notebook)* But the story's just begun, so make sure you're here tomorrow as we meet some new characters in Chapter 2!

(Theme music)

DAY 2 DRAMA

Characters: STORYTELLER, WALT, BOBBIE, RICO, RALPHIE, DUSTY

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with WALT asleep inside his cabin.)

STORYTELLER: Hello, everyone . . . and welcome back! I'm eager to hear what happens next in *Operation Arctic*, aren't you? So, let's get back to our story. *(as she opens her notebook and begins to read)* CHAPTER TWO, UNEXPECTED VISITORS. It's the next morning and Walt is about to wake up. *(pause)* I said, "Walt is about to wake up!"

(WALT stirs for a moment, then turns over and goes back to sleep.)

STORYTELLER: No, no . . . don't go back to sleep! It's time to get up! *(to the tech crew)* Hey, tech crew! Can you give me a rooster crow? *(a rooster crow [sfx] is heard, but WALT doesn't budge)* Hmm . . . what else do you have? *(a fog horn [sfx] is heard, but WALT keeps right on sleeping)* Nothing. All right, that's it. Time to get serious. *(as she walks over to the cabin and pours a cup of water)* Ice cold water. Should I?? *(then she dumps it on his head, but Walt just lies there motionless.)* Well, that's a first.

(Suddenly WALT'S soft alarm clock [sfx] is heard and he immediately awakes and sits up.)

STORYTELLER: You've got to be kidding me.

(Then WALT stretches and yawns just before realizing that he's wet.)

WALT: *(confused)* How'd I get wet?

STORYTELLER: Hmm . . . you must have been drooling something awful. Here's a towel. *(as she throws him a towel)*

WALT: Thanks.

(WALT dries himself off, then gets up and dons a fleece jacket.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* After Walt gets up, he follows the same routine every morning. First, he puts his boots on.

(WALT puts his boots on.)

STORYTELLER: Then, he brushes his teeth.

WALT: *(first checks his breath with his hand)* Hmm, not too bad . . . maybe I won't this morning.

STORYTELLER: *(more forcefully)* Then, he brushes his teeth!

WALT: *(concedes)* Okay.

(WALT brushes his teeth.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Combs his hair.

(WALT combs his hair.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* And makes his bed.

WALT: Do I have to?

STORYTELLER: Yes. You have to.

(WALT grudgingly makes his bed.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Then, he gets some breakfast.

WALT: *(with happy anticipation)* Let's see . . . what shall I have for breakfast today?

STORYTELLER: Let's do moose jerky.

WALT: Jerky? I was thinking pancakes.

STORYTELLER: Sorry . . . no time for pancakes. Gotta keep things moving.

WALT: All right.

(WALT grabs some jerky.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* Then, he reads a book as he eats his breakfast.

WALT: But I've read all my books.

STORYTELLER: Not your new one.

WALT: New one?

STORYTELLER: The one that Dusty brought yesterday.

WALT: But . . . that's a Bible. I'm not very religious. And besides . . . I already know all about the Bible.

STORYTELLER: *(skeptical)* Really?

WALT: Sure. It's not like I never went to church. I know all about Darrell in the lion's den and Moses being swallowed by a whale.

STORYTELLER: *(with sarcasm)* Wow . . . I'm impressed. Tell me more.

WALT: Like what?

STORYTELLER: Well . . . do you know any Bible verses?

WALT: Sure . . . that's easy. "God helps those who help themselves. . . ."

STORYTELLER: Oh, yeah . . . from 2nd Hesitations, right?

WALT: Right. See . . . I know what I'm talking about.

STORYTELLER: Actually . . . you don't.

WALT: What?

STORYTELLER: Well, first of all, it was Daniel in the lion's den, not Darrell; Jonah was the one who was swallowed by a great fish; "God helps those who help themselves" is not in the Bible; and, there's no such thing as "2nd Hesitations."

WALT: Okay, so I don't know much about the Bible. Is that really such a big deal? I mean, what difference is it going to make?

STORYTELLER: Are you kidding me? You're actually wondering if God's written Word—a book that has changed the world—can make a difference in your life?

WALT: Changed the world? What are you talking about?

STORYTELLER: Well, just look around. Because of the Bible, you've got the establishment of hospitals and orphanages, the development of higher education, the rise of modern science . . . not to mention its enormous influence on language, art, music, and literature. It's also produced a whole slew of missionary and caring organizations that have served the needs of people all over the world.

WALT: Wow. I had no idea.

STORYTELLER: And did you know that the American system of government and many of our laws are based on principles from the Bible? In fact, the history of America and many other countries would be completely different if it weren't for the Bible.

WALT: Really.

STORYTELLER: Yes, but more important than all of that is the fact that countless millions of people have found faith in God through the Bible and are now in heaven . . . or will be someday. *(short pause)* So you see, like a light in the darkness, the Bible has made a huge difference! But, the question is . . . can it make a difference in your life? **ABSOLUTELY!**

WALT: Well, I admit you've given me a lot to think about. But, right now I really need to check my traps.

(WALT leaves the cabin to check his traps and exits toward the rear of the auditorium. Then BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE enter from the other side of the auditorium and proceed toward the stage. BOBBIE leads the way, being guided by a GPS device.)

STORYTELLER: *(not expecting WALT to leave so abruptly)* Okay . . . *(as she watches him leave, then turns back to her notebook and reads)* While Walt leaves to check his animal traps, some rather "unwelcome" visitors, traveling far from home, arrive in search of an old plane crash site. Their leader hails from New York City, and her name is Bobbie Escobar.

BOBBIE: *(to the audience)* Hey, how ya doin'?

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* And traveling with her are the infamous Tomato ("Toe-MAH-toe") brothers.

RICO: *(with an attitude)* Some people say, Tomato ("Toe-MAY-toe"), but we don't like that.

STORYTELLER: Say hello to Rico and Ralphie.

RICO: I'm Rico and he's Ralphie.

RALPHIE: No, I'm Ralphie and he's Rico.

RICO: I just said that.

RALPHIE: No, you didn't.

RICO: Did so.

BOBBIE: Cut it out!

RICO: Sorry, boss. It won't happen again.

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* As the story goes, sometime during the winter of 1974, a small plane flying over northern Alaska went down in an epic snowstorm. Only three survived the crash—the pilot and two passengers, who quickly dug a hole and buried their cargo in the ground nearby. The pilot was never told what the cargo was but figured that it must have been something of extreme value—like gold.

RICO: Gold! Now that's what I'm talkin' about!

BOBBIE: Shhhh! She's trying to tell a story!

STORYTELLER: Sadly, when a rescue team arrived, only the pilot had survived the freezing temperatures. For years, he never told anyone about the buried treasure, hoping to return someday to claim the prize for himself, but he was never well enough to do so. Then, just before he died, he shared the story with the only family member he liked—his niece, Bobbie. The same "Bobbie" who has finally come to claim the treasure that's been hidden all these years beneath the Arctic snow.

RALPHIE: Why does the Arctic have to be so cold?! That's what I wanna know.

RICO: I told you to wear long johns.

RALPHIE: Yeah, right. And how are long johns supposed to keep you warm? Why, I'd need a couple dozen of them, at least. They're only that big! *(as he holds his hands up about 8 inches apart)* And besides . . . they'd be so sticky with all that icing and cream filling.

RICO: *(confused)* What? No! Not donuts! Long underwear!

RALPHIE: Long underwear?? Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?!

RICO: I did!

BOBBIE: Would you two knock it off?!

RICO: Sorry, boss. It won't happen again.

BOBBIE: Now, according to GPS, we should be getting close. Really close.

RICO: (to RALPHIE) Did you hear that? We're getting close. So keep your eyes open.

RALPHIE: What do you think I'm gonna do? If I closed 'em, I'd run into a tree!

(Suddenly RALPHIE trips, causing RICO to run into BOBBIE.)

BOBBIE: Stop following me so closely!

RICO: Sorry, boss. It won't happen again! (short pause) So . . . do you really think we're gonna find gold?

BOBBIE: Would I come all the way to the North Pole if I didn't think so??

RICO: (feeling stupid) Uh . . . no, boss. Of course you wouldn't. (Suddenly, BOBBIE sees the cabin.)

BOBBIE: Shhhh! Look. Over there. (as she points to the cabin)

RALPHIE: (excited) A cabin! (as he starts to walk toward the cabin)

BOBBIE: Hey! Where do you think you're going??

RALPHIE: I jus' wanna get warm, that's all.

BOBBIE: Oh, no you don't! Get back in line! Stop thinking about yourself all the time and remember why we came up here!

RALPHIE: Okay. (to RICO) Why did we come up here?

BOBBIE: Hmm . . . the cabin must be new. It doesn't show up on GPS.

RICO: Is that a problem?

BOBBIE: Yeah . . . it's a problem, all right. First of all, we're in the Arctic wilderness . . . there aren't supposed to be people up here. And, secondly, it looks like the cabin is built directly over the crash site. (frustrated) Figures. Why can't anything be easy?

RICO: So what do we do now?

RALPHIE: Lunch sounds good, I'm starving.

RICO: You just had breakfast. You can't be starving!

RALPHIE: Yes I can.

RICO: No you can't.

RALPHIE: Can too.

RICO: Nuh-uh.

BOBBIE: Quiet! I don't want anyone to know we're here. Things have gotten more complicated now, so we have to be smart about this.

RICO: Okay, boss. You figure it out, then tell us what to do.

RALPHIE: Yeah . . . figure it out and tell us what to do.

RICO: I just said that.

RALPHIE: I just said that.

RICO: Stop copying me!

RALPHIE: Stop copying— (interrupted by BOBBIE)

BOBBIE: (interrupts RALPHIE) Enough! What is wrong with you two?!

RICO: Sorry, boss. It won't happen again.

BOBBIE: (short pause as she regains her composure) Now, I've got to get closer to make sure I've got a good reading. You boys stay here. Think you can do that??

RICO: Yes, boss. You can count on us.

(As BOBBIE tiptoes toward the cabin, RALPHIE follows quietly behind.)

RICO: (loud whisper) Pssst! Ralphie! Get back here!

(When BOBBIE hears RICO, she stops suddenly causing RALPHIE to run into her.)

BOBBIE: (loud whisper) What you are doing?!

RALPHIE: (loud whisper) I want to come with you. I'm scared.

BOBBIE: (loud angry whisper) I'll give you something to be scared about! Now get back there!

(RALPHIE quickly walks back to where RICO is. Then BOBBIE proceeds to tiptoe over to the side of the cabin with her GPS device. She quickly checks the device.)

BOBBIE: Can you believe it?! What are the odds?!

STORYTELLER: Now Walt had no idea that he had built his cabin directly over an old plane crash site. The vegetation had long grown back and none of the wreckage remained after all these years.

BOBBIE: (to the STORYTELLER, with sarcasm) Thanks for going out of your way to make it hard for us!

STORYTELLER: Sorry.

(BOBBIE returns to RICO and RALPHIE.)

RICO: So the gold is under the cabin?

BOBBIE: Yep.

RALPHIE: Oh well. Better luck next time. (as he starts to walk away)

RICO: Where're you going??

RALPHIE: Home?

BOBBIE: Get back here! We're not going anywhere. We didn't travel all the way to the Arctic Circle to leave empty-handed!

(Then, suddenly, they hear WALT returning to his cabin.)

RICO: Hide! Someone's coming!

(BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE hide. Then WALT approaches and enters the cabin.)

STORYTELLER: (*reads*) And that someone is Walt, who's returning to his cabin after checking all the animal traps he's set in various places. He often returns with a rabbit, a fox, or a beaver, but he didn't catch anything this time.

BOBBIE: Hmm . . . looks like a hermit to me.

RALPHIE: A hermit. What's that?

BOBBIE: Someone who lives alone and far away from everyone.

RALPHIE: Really? What's the fun in that?

RICO: That's okay, the odds are in our favor. There's 3 of us and only one of him.

(Suddenly, they hear a bush plane arrival [sfx].)

BOBBIE: Uh . . . not so fast. Here comes a bush plane. This is unbelievable! You think you're going to be all alone up here in the Arctic wilderness, but instead it's like Grand Central Station! (*then with sarcasm*) Remind me to make a reservation next time! C'mon. We'll set up camp and come back later.

RALPHIE: Hey, can we have s'mores tonight?

RICO: S'mores? I'd rather have popcorn.

RALPHIE: S'mores are better than popcorn.

RICO: No, they're not.

RALPHIE: Yes, they are!

BOBBIE: Quiet!! Good grief! What was I thinking when I decided to bring you two along?!

RICO: Sorry, boss. It— (*interrupted by BOBBIE*).

BOBBIE: (*interrupts RICO*) I know, "It won't happen again," but it always does!

(BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE exit the auditorium in the direction that they entered.)

STORYTELLER: And off they go to set up their camp and eat s'mores or . . . popcorn . . . or both. Then, very unexpectedly, Dusty approaches the cabin.

DUSTY: YOOHOO! MR. WONDER! IT'S ME, DUSTY!

(WALT hears DUSTY and exits the cabin.)

WALT: Dusty? What are you doing here?

DUSTY: I just found a piece of mail addressed to you. Must have fallen out of the mail sack. I am so sorry.

(DUSTY hands WALT the letter.)

WALT: Oh . . . well you didn't need to fly all the way up here just for that. You could have waited until your next delivery.

DUSTY: No, you see (*as she points to the postmark*), it was postmarked over a month ago. That's why I had to come immediately. I just hope it's not too late.

WALT: I'm sure it's fine. Wonder who it's from? Hmm . . . can't make out the return address.

DUSTY: Yeah, the envelope got a little messed up. Sorry about that. We had a little scuffle with a polar bear.

WALT: A polar bear, really?

DUSTY: Oh, yeah . . . but, nothing serious. Could have been a lot worse. A couple weeks ago, a grizzly ripped the side off of one of our planes like it was tin foil.

WALT: Wow . . .

DUSTY: I know. Never a dull moment, and I LOVE IT! Well . . . I'll let you read your letter. Gotta get to Fairbanks before lunch!

WALT: Okay, Dusty. Be careful.

DUSTY: I always am!

WALT: And thank you!

DUSTY: Oh, you're welcome!

(As DUSTY exits, WALT walks back to the cabin to read his letter.)

STORYTELLER: (*reads*) So, as Dusty returns to her bush plane, Walt returns to the warmth of his cabin to read his letter. Living in the wilderness, he doesn't receive much mail, so when he does, he wastes no time opening it.

WALT: (*surprise gradually turns to shock as he reads*) Hmm . . . this is interesting. (*pause*) What? (*pause*) Oh no! This is terrible! This is a disaster!

STORYTELLER: And that's the end of the chapter. (*as she closes her notebook*) So . . . if you want to find out what's in the mystery letter, you'll have to come back tomorrow.

(Theme music)

DAY 3 DRAMA

Characters: STORYTELLER, WALT, MARGOT, DUSTY, BOBBIE, RICO, RALPHIE

(Theme music)

(It's early in the morning, and WALT is frantically trying to clean and straighten up the cabin and surrounding area in anticipation of the arrival of his sister today.)

STORYTELLER: *(she takes a sip from her travel coffee mug)* So . . . you're probably wondering what was in that letter that Walt received yesterday. Well, let's find out, shall we? *(she opens her notebook and begins to read)* OPERATION ARCTIC, CHAPTER 3, A WELCOME CHANGE. The next morning Walt is up early frantically cleaning his cabin and straightening up the area. Why? Because an unexpected guest is coming to visit and it's got him all in a tizzy . . .

WALT: You can say that again! I didn't sleep a wink last night.

STORYTELLER: Aw . . . I'm sorry to hear that.

WALT: Yeah, well, it's your fault.

STORYTELLER: My fault?

WALT: Sure. I mean, everything was going just fine, and then you had to ruin it by having my sister come for a visit.

STORYTELLER: Walt's sister. Remember her? The intimidating, highly successful, no-nonsense president of Wonder Crunch Cereal Company?

WALT: Yeah, why her of all people? It makes no sense. No sense at all.

STORYTELLER: How do you know? You have no idea where the story goes from here.

WALT: She's probably coming to insist that I return to Wonder Crunch. But it's no use! I'm not leaving!

STORYTELLER: Or maybe she's on an Alaskan cruise and just decided to stop by for a friendly visit.

WALT: Friendly visit . . . yeah, right. Trust me, her visits are anything BUT friendly!

(Then the sound of a bush plane arrival [sfx] is heard.)

STORYTELLER: Well . . . maybe things are about to change.

WALT: Hmm . . . they're about to change all right.

(DUSTY and MARGOT enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed partway down the aisle.)

DUSTY: YOOHOO! ANYBODY HOME?!! *(to MARGOT)* I always yell in case there are any bears nearby. It helps keep them away . . . hopefully. *(to WALT)* MR. WONDER!

(WALT doesn't answer right away.)

STORYTELLER: *(to WALT)* Well?

WALT: *(to STORYTELLER)* Maybe if I don't say anything, they'll go away.

STORYTELLER: That's terrible. You should be ashamed of yourself.

DUSTY: HELLO?

WALT: *(grudgingly to STORYTELLER)* Oh, all right. *(halfheartedly)* Who's there?

STORYTELLER: *(to WALT with sarcasm)* Nice. Love the enthusiasm.

DUSTY: It's Dusty and a very special guest.

STORYTELLER: *(to WALT, discreetly)* Listen . . . while you and Margot get reacquainted, I'm going to slip out and warm up my coffee, but I'll be right back.

(DUSTY and MARGOT proceed toward the stage.)

DUSTY: Looks who's here.

WALT: *(to MARGOT)* Oh . . . hi.

MARGOT: *(a bit nervous)* Dusty said . . . you got my letter?

WALT: Yes, I did. Just yesterday, in fact.

MARGOT: *(shocked)* Yesterday?! But I . . .

DUSTY: Sorry . . . that's totally my fault.

MARGOT: *(embarrassed)* I'm so sorry. I hope I'm not . . . intruding.

WALT: It's okay. You're here now.

(Awkward silence.)

DUSTY: *(trying to break the awkward silence)* My . . . what lovely weather we're having.

MARGOT: *(pulls a cereal box out of her luggage)* Oh . . . I, uh . . . brought you a box of Wonder Crunch. Thought you might have trouble getting it up here. *(hands the box of Wonder Crunch to WALT)*

WALT: Thanks. So, how are things at the company?

MARGOT: Oh, uh . . . they're fine. Just fine.

WALT: That's good.

MARGOT: Yes. Yes, it is.

(Awkward silence.)

WALT: People are still buying breakfast cereal then?

MARGOT: Uh . . . yes . . . I guess they are. *(short pause)* I mean, they must be. First quarter sales were up 8% over last year.

WALT: Really?

MARGOT: Yes. And, uh . . . return on equity has been rising steadily as well. Our stockholders are very pleased.

(Suddenly, WALT'S dogs start whining for food [sfx].)

WALT: Glad to hear it. Excuse me for a minute.

(WALT exits behind the cabin to tend to his dogs.)

DUSTY: *(to MARGOT with sarcasm)* Wow . . . first quarter sales and return on equity. What an interesting conversation you two are having. I haven't had this much fun since I fell down the stairs and broke my collarbone!

MARGOT: So, what should we talk about?

DUSTY: C'mon, you're brother and sister. Is it really that hard?

MARGOT: But, you don't understand. We haven't seen or spoken to each other in over two years.

DUSTY: Well . . . then you have a lot of catching up to do.

MARGOT: True. But, it's not that easy. As you can see, we're not very close.

DUSTY: Then you have to change that.

MARGOT: How? It's obvious that he doesn't want me here.

DUSTY: Listen, you and I talked all the way up here about what God is doing in your life. How about asking Him?

MARGOT: Hmm . . . that's a good idea. Would you pray?

DUSTY: I'd be glad to. Dear Lord, what a privilege it is to pray to the one true God. Please help Margot and Walt get along great over the next few days. You've done an amazing work in Margot, and I pray you'll do the same in Walt. Thank you for hearing my prayer. Amen.

MARGOT: Amen.

DUSTY: Well, I have to get going. Gotta pick up some backpackers in Coldfoot. But I'll be praying for you all the way back.

MARGOT: Thanks. I'll need it.

DUSTY: Don't worry, everything's gonna be okay. You'll see.

(As DUSTY exits toward the rear of the auditorium, MARGOT begins to look around. Soon, WALT enters from behind the cabin holding an armful of firewood. MARGOT doesn't notice as she has her back to him. When he drops the pile, it startles her.)

MARGOT: *(startled)* Oh! You scared me!

WALT: Sorry. *(pause)* Did Dusty leave?

MARGOT: Uh . . . yes, she just left. Had to pick up some backpackers. *(pause)* I really like her.

WALT: Yeah, she's a good pilot.

(Awkward silence.)

MARGOT: So . . . did you build all this yourself?

WALT: Yes.

(STORYTELLER enters with coffee mug refilled.)

MARGOT: I'm really impressed.

WALT: It's kept me busy.

STORYTELLER: *(to WALT, discreetly)* Seriously? You're still standing outside in the cold? Where are your manners??

WALT: *(to MARGOT)* Oh, uh . . . you're probably cold. Would you like to come inside?

MARGOT: Sure. That would be great.

STORYTELLER: *(encourages WALT discreetly)* C'mon, you can do this.

(WALT opens the door to the cabin for MARGOT to enter, then he follows right behind.)

MARGOT: Hey, this is really nice. *(as she looks around)*

WALT: Well, it's not very big, but it serves my needs pretty well. Would you like some coffee?

STORYTELLER: *(gives WALT an inconspicuous "thumbs up")* That's it. Keep it up.

MARGOT: I'd love some. Thank you. *(then she sees the fish mounted over the fireplace)* Wow! Is that a king salmon?

(WALT pours MARGOT a cup of coffee.)

WALT: Yep.

MARGOT: I'd love to hear how you got it.

WALT: Really? *(short pause)* You know . . . you seem different.

MARGOT: Well . . . that's . . . because I am different. But I want to hear your story first. Then I'll . . . tell you mine.

WALT: All right, well . . . let me see . . . *(pause for effect)* It was a dark and stormy night . . .

MARGOT: Haha!

(WALT relates the story to MARGOT silently in the background as the STORYTELLER continues.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* So with Walt and Margot having "broken the ice" between them, they begin to get acquainted. Walt tells the story about how he got the salmon. And just like any good fisherman, he exaggerates the details a bit to make it more interesting. Then, it's Margot's turn.

MARGOT: So you want to know about the new Margot Wonder, huh? Well, it's interesting. What caused the change is something that you left behind—Father's Bible. For a long time it just sat there on my coffee table, but then one day I asked myself, "What was it that Father found so interesting about it?" I had to know. So I started reading. And I read . . . and read . . . and read . . . and read. For 3 whole days, I did nothing but eat, sleep, and read that Bible. And at the end of the third day, I had read it through from beginning to end. And by then, I could tell the change was on. I thought to myself, "This is no ordinary book . . . this is the Word of God and I need to obey it."

STORYTELLER: (*reads*) Jesus said in Matthew 7:24, "Therefore, whoever hears these sayings of mine and does them, I will liken him to a wise man who built his house on the rock." Margot realized that just as a house needs a strong foundation to stand on, her life needed one as well. And there's no better one than God's Word!

Meanwhile, as Walt and Margot continue to talk, Rico, one of the treasure hunters, returns to check on his brother who's been hiding like a spy nearby.

(*RICO enters stealthily from the rear of the auditorium as RALPHIE peaks out from behind a tree and attempts a wild turkey call [sfx].*)

RICO: (*quietly*) What are you doing??

RALPHIE: (*pulls a turkey call diaphragm out of his mouth*) Just using my new turkey mouth call. Wanna try it? (*as he offers it to RICO*)

RICO: No, thanks. You're supposed to be watching the cabin.

RALPHIE: I am, and when something happens, I'll signal you with a turkey call.

RICO: But what if he hears you?

RALPHIE: Don't you see? That's the beauty of it. He'll just think it's a turkey.

RICO: How do you know they even have turkeys in the Arctic?

RALPHIE: Well, that's silly . . . everybody has turkeys.

RICO: No, they don't.

RALPHIE: Yes, they do.

RICO: Nuh-uh.

RALPHIE: Okay, smarty pants . . . if they don't have turkeys, then what do they do for Thanksgiving?

RICO: How should I know! And who cares anyway?

RALPHIE: I do! I mean you gotta have turkey for Thanksgiving!

RICO: No, you don't.

RALPHIE: Yes, you do . . . and stuffing . . . and mashed potatoes . . . and gravy . . .

RICO: (*annoyed*) Stop it.

RALPHIE: And cranberry sauce . . .

RICO: I said stop it! You're making me hungry.

RALPHIE: . . . and pumpkin pie.

RICO: (*irritated*) Oh, man! Did you have to say, "pumpkin pie"? I LOVE pumpkin pie.

RALPHIE: So you see, there's gotta be turkeys. (*as he pretends to put the turkey call back in his mouth and blows a turkey call [sfx], then pretends to pull it back out*) C'mon, don't be a chicken. Give it a try . . . it's fun. (*as he holds out the slimy diaphragm*)

RICO: Eeuuuww . . . it's wet.

RALPHIE: Oh, yeah . . . sorry. I've got a clean one in my pocket. (*as he pulls one out and brushes it off*) Well . . . pretty clean. Here you go.

(*RALPHIE hands a turkey call diaphragm to RICO.*)

RICO: What do you do with it?

RALPHIE: You just put it up against the roof of your mouth and kinda hold it in place with your tongue.

(*RICO, with his back to the audience, pretends to put the diaphragm into his mouth.*)

RALPHIE: That's it. Now blow.

(*RICO tries several times to make a sound.*)

RALPHIE: It takes awhile to get used to it. Just keep blowing.

(*RICO suddenly gets a horrified look on his face.*)

RALPHIE: What's wrong?

RICO: I swallowed it!

RALPHIE: Oh . . . that's okay. I've got more.

(*Then BOBBIE, wearing a backpack [with the metal detector inside], catches up with them as RICO coughs a few times.*)

BOBBIE: (*to RICO*) What's wrong with you?

RICO: Nothin', boss. I'm . . . fine.

BOBBIE: (*to RALPHIE*) Okay, so, what's the report?

RALPHIE: The report?

BOBBIE: Why'd you signal us?

RALPHIE: Oh! The turkey call! Did you like that? I can do a chicken, too. Want to hear it?

BOBBIE: No! I don't want to hear bird calls, I want to know if you saw anyone!

RALPHIE: Saw anyone? Oh, uh . . . oh yeah, I saw the helmet and his sister.

RICO: (*rolls his eyes*) It's hermit . . . not helmet!

RALPHIE: I didn't think that sounded right.

BOBBIE: So, where are they now?

RALPHIE: Oh, uh . . . inside the cabin.

BOBBIE: Hmm . . . so how are we going to get them out so we can get in?

RICO: Wait! They're coming out!

(BOBBIE, RALPHIE, and RICO duck down while WALT and MARGOT emerge from the cabin.)

RICO: Wonder where they're going.

RALPHIE: Probably to a movie.

RICO: *(just looks at RALPHIE and rolls his eyes)* A movie? Don't be ridiculous.

RALPHIE: Well, what else is there to do around here?

(WALT helps MARGOT onto the dogsled.)

MARGOT: Well, this is a first. Imagine me riding a dogsled. So, how do you get them to go?

WALT: Oh, it's easy. You just say, "MUSH!"

(Immediately, the "dogs" spring into action [dogsled exit sfx] and MARGOT disappears behind the cabin, laughing and screaming at the same time, with WALT running after her.)

WALT: Oh, no! Wait! Stop!

RALPHIE: Aw . . . I want to ride on that!

BOBBIE: C'mon, this is our chance! Let's go!

(BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE quickly and carefully walk toward the cabin.)

STORYTELLER: And with that, Chapter 3 comes to a close. *(as she closes her notebook)* So, what do you think? Will the treasure hunters find what they're looking for? There's only one way to find out . . . come back tomorrow!

(Theme music)

DAY 4 DRAMA

Characters: STORYTELLER, BOBBIE, RALPHIE, RICO, WALT, MARGOT

(Theme music)

(STORYTELLER is in place ready to go, but quickly notices that BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE are nowhere to be found.)

STORYTELLER: Hmm . . . well, this is awkward. Where're my bad guys? *(then she pulls out her cell phone and makes a call)* Hi, it's me. Where're my bad guys? Of course I'm serious! *(pause)* Okay, well, hurry up! *(embarrassed, she puts her phone down and turns to the audience)* Sorry, folks.

(Then BOBBIE and RICO enter from the rear of the auditorium and run to the stage.)

STORYTELLER: *(rolls her eyes)* Where's Ralphie?

RICO: In the bathroom.

RALPHIE: I'm coming!

(RALPHIE runs down the aisle and joins BOBBIE and RICO in position outside the cabin door.)

STORYTELLER: How many times have I reminded you people to be on time?

RICO: Sorry . . . we were watching *I Love Lucy* and lost track of time.

STORYTELLER: *I Love Lucy?* Seriously?

BOBBIE: Okay. We're ready.

STORYTELLER: *(clears her throat, then begins)* If you'll remember from yesterday, Chapter 3 ended with Margot suddenly taking off on the dogsled and Walt chasing her from behind. Then our three treasure hunters, seizing the opportunity, came out of hiding and headed straight for the cabin. And now, our story continues with *(as she opens her notebook and begins to read)* CHAPTER 4, LOST AND FOUND.

(BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE enter the cabin.)

RALPHIE: Ahhh! It's so cozy and warm! *(as he heads over to the fireplace and takes off his outerwear)*

RICO: Yeah, baby . . . I could get used to this!

RALPHIE: I'm already used to it. *(as his eyes are fixated on the giant fish over the fireplace)* Wow! Look at that!

BOBBIE: Yeah, well, don't get too comfortable. *(as she begins to assemble the metal detector)*

RALPHIE: Why's that?

BOBBIE: 'Cuz we won't be here long.

RALPHIE: Why's that? *(as he pours himself a cup of coffee)*

BOBBIE: *(annoyed)* 'Cuz we have to work fast.

RALPHIE: Why's that?

BOBBIE: *(angry)* 'CUZ THEY COULD COME BACK ANY MINUTE!

RALPHIE: Why's— *(interrupted by BOBBIE)*

BOBBIE: *(interrupts RALPHIE)* AND STOP SAYING, "WHY'S THAT"!

(RALPHIE walks discreetly over to the STORYTELLER.)

RALPHIE: *(to STORYTELLER, discreetly)* I don't know, maybe it's just me, but I really think Bobbie has anger issues.

STORYTELLER: Thanks, Ralphie. I'll, uh . . . make a note of it.

(A short period of silence as RICO and RALPHIE watch BOBBIE work on the metal detector.)

RICO: This is so exciting. I've never searched for buried treasure before. Have you?

RALPHIE: Sure. Haven't you ever gotten a box of Cracker Jacks?

RICO: I'm talkin' about gold! Not plastic toys! *(pause)* Oh man! I feel like a kid in a candy shop!

BOBBIE: Calm down, Rico.

(Then RALPHIE notices Walt's Bible and tries to read a verse from it.)

RALPHIE: Hey, look . . . a Bible. I used to have one of these.

BOBBIE: Well, good! Why don't you read it and be quiet!

(RALPHIE reads the Bible silently for a few moments.)

RALPHIE: Uh . . . hey, guys . . . listen to this from Proverbs, *(reading slowly)* "How much better to get wisdom than gold."

BOBBIE: Yeah, so what.

RALPHIE: Well . . . I was just thinking that maybe we should be searching for wisdom instead. I mean . . . that is what the Good Book says.

RICO: But we're the bad guys in this story, remember?

RALPHIE: So . . . what does that have to do with it?

RICO: Bad guys don't make good choices . . . like searching for wisdom.

RALPHIE: *(to STORYTELLER)* Is that true?

STORYTELLER: Yes, Ralphie, generally speaking, bad guys make bad choices and good guys make good choices.

RALPHIE: Hmm . . . can I be a good guy next time?

STORYTELLER: Perhaps . . . that is, if you're a good bad guy this time.

RALPHIE: *(confused)* Huh?

STORYTELLER: Never mind. Let's get back to the story, shall we?

BOBBIE: Okay, it's ready. Who's gonna keep watch?

RICO: Ralphie is.

RALPHIE: Why me?

BOBBIE: On second thought, two sets of eyes would be better. Both of you should stand guard. I can do this by myself.

RICO: *(disappointed)* Oh . . . are you sure?

BOBBIE: *(firm)* Quite sure. And no "bird calls!" If you see anything, come and get me.

RALPHIE: What if we hear something? Should we come and get you then, too?

(BOBBIE rolls her eyes as RICO elbows RALPHIE.)

RALPHIE: What?

(Then BOBBIE walks over to the STORYTELLER to have a "private" conversation. RALPHIE and RICO watch.)

BOBBIE: *(to STORYTELLER)* Uh . . . excuse me.

STORYTELLER: Yes? Is there a problem?

BOBBIE: Well, isn't it obvious? *(as she glances back at RALPHIE and RICO)* . . . I mean, really . . . are these two "clowns" the best you could do??

STORYTELLER: All of our characters, including yourself, have been carefully developed to enhance the story for the enjoyment of our guests. *(pause)* But, uh . . . I'll make a note of your complaint.

BOBBIE: Hmm . . . so, in other words, there's nothing you can do.

STORYTELLER: Sorry.

(BOBBIE turns and walks back to the cabin.)

RICO: Were they talking about us?

RALPHIE: Yeah, I think they said we're "the best they could do."

RICO: Wow! So Boss must really be happy with us! C'mon, let's go.

(RICO and RALPHIE exit the cabin as BOBBIE puts on headphones and starts to operate the metal detector.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* So, while Bobbie is hoping to find gold beneath the cabin floor, Rico and Ralphie stand guard . . . ready to sound the alarm at the softest sound or the slightest movement.

RICO: Okay . . . I'll stay near the cabin. You go over there. *(as he points to the far end of the stage)*

RALPHIE: Okay.

(All is quiet for a few moments as they stand in their positions.)

RICO: *(to RALPHIE)* What did you say?

RALPHIE: Who? Me? I didn't say anything.

(Another quiet moment. Then a rustling beaver sound [sfx] is heard.)

RICO: *(uneasy)* What was that?

RALPHIE: What was what?

RICO: *(anxious)* Uh . . . I think we should switch places. *(as he walks toward RALPHIE)*

RALPHIE: Why?

RICO: Uh . . . I just think we should, that's all.

RALPHIE: Okay.

(RICO and RALPHIE change places. Soon, another rustling beaver sound [sfx] is heard.)

RALPHIE: *(concerned)* What was that?

RICO: What was what?

(Then another rustling beaver sound [sfx] is heard and RALPHIE decides to take a look behind the cabin where the sound is coming from. Then he reacts in fright when he sees part of a brown furry animal. He quickly runs over to RICO.)

RICO: What? What is it?!

RALPHIE: *(loud whisper)* Shhhh!! Well, I just saw part of it, so I'm not sure, but I think it's uh . . . it's uh . . . uh . . .

RICO: *(loud whisper)* What??

RALPHIE: *(can't think)* Oh, one of those . . . those big brown things!

RICO: *(suddenly frightened)* Big brown things? You mean a bear?! I knew it! Hurry! If it gets between us and the cabin, we're gonners for sure!

(RICO runs into the cabin and hides behind BOBBIE.)

BOBBIE: What's wrong??!!

RICO: Ralphie saw a grizzly bear!

BOBBIE: A grizzly?! Where?!

RICO: Right behind the cabin!

(As RALPHIE enters the cabin, BOBBIE walks over to the window to see for herself.)

RICO: I can't look!

BOBBIE: I don't see anything.

RICO: Oh, it's there all right. We could hear it! It's probably 10 feet tall! Right, Ralphie?

RALPHIE: What's 10 feet tall?

BOBBIE: (*annoyed when she sees what it is*) Oh, wait a minute. I do see something.

RICO: (*terrified*) Is it coming this way??

BOBBIE: Yes . . . but it's not a bear, you goofball!!

RICO: It's not??

BOBBIE: (*angry*) No!! It's a uh . . . uh . . . oh, one of those big brown things!

STORYTELLER: (*cups her hands around her mouth and shouts*) A BEAVER!

RALPHIE: (*happy*) Beaver! That's it!

RICO: What? (*to RALPHIE*) Why didn't you tell me it was a beaver?!

RALPHIE: I couldn't think of its name!

RICO: (*to BOBBIE*) So, did the metal detector pick up anything?

BOBBIE: (*frustrated*) No.

RICO: (*surprised*) What?

BOBBIE: I said "NO." Do I need to spell it out for you?!

RALPHIE: No . . . Rico's smart. He knows how to spell "no" . . . don't you, Rico?

RICO: Maybe something's wrong with it.

BOBBIE: Nothing's wrong with the detector. There just isn't any gold under the cabin, okay?

RALPHIE: Can I try it?

BOBBIE: (*flat*) Be my guest.

RALPHIE: (*excited*) Really?

BOBBIE: Just take it outside. I don't want to look at the thing. (*pause*) I can't believe it. I was so sure we'd find it . . . but somebody must have gotten here first.

RALPHIE: Maybe the hermit found it. (*as he exits through the door with the metal detector and begins to check the area directly behind the cabin*)

RICO: Hey, that's it! Maybe the hermit found it! So we'll just relieve him of it and then be on our way! I mean, after all . . . what does he need with a pile of gold way up here near the North Pole?

BOBBIE: Right. And that's exactly why he probably doesn't have it! If he did, he wouldn't still be living in a shack in the woods.

RICO: Hmm . . . good point. I hadn't thought of that. You know, boss, you're pretty smart.

BOBBIE: Yeah . . . and that's why I'm the boss and you're not.

STORYTELLER: So things look pretty bleak right now for the treasure hunters. Is it possible that they've come all this way for nothing??

BOBBIE: What? We better not have come all this way for nothing, or you're going to hear from my agent. That's all I have to say!

STORYTELLER: Now, now . . . temper, temper. Let the story develop.

(RALPHIE returns with the metal detector.)

RALPHIE: (*to STORYTELLER*) I told you she had anger issues. (*to BOBBIE*) I don't think this thing is working right.

RICO: Why do you say that?

RALPHIE: 'Cuz when I was behind the cabin, it was making strange noises.

BOBBIE: Noises?! Let me see that! (*as she grabs it from RALPHIE and exits the cabin*)

(RALPHIE and RICO follow BOBBIE out the door but stay in view of the audience while BOBBIE goes behind the cabin. Then a metal detector [sfx] is heard.)

BOBBIE: (*happy*) Haha! I think we hit pay dirt, boys!

RICO: Yee Haw!!

RALPHIE: Did I do good, boss?

BOBBIE: Yes, Ralphie . . . FINALLY, you did good.

RICO: I hear dogs barking!

(Then the sound of dogs barking is heard as the dogsled returns [sfx].)

BOBBIE: C'mon! We gotta get out of here!

RICO: But what about the treasure?

BOBBIE: We'll come back. But we need a plan first.

(BOBBIE, RICO and RALPHIE quickly grab their stuff and exit toward the rear of the auditorium.)

WALT: (*from backstage*) Whoa . . . Stop. Good dogs.

STORYTELLER: (*reads*) So the treasure hunters leave in a rush as brother and sister Wonder return from their little dogsled race.

(MARGOT and WALT enter the stage from behind the cabin.)

MARGOT: Well, now I have a taste of what the Iditarod is like.

WALT: Yeah, that was fun. Maybe next time we'll get to have real dogs . . . instead of just sound effects.

STORYTELLER: Hey! That's not in the script!

(Then WALT and MARGOT enter the cabin.)

MARGOT: You know, I can see why you like it here . . . but, do you ever get lonely?

WALT: Sometimes . . . but, it's okay. I got lonely in the city, too.

MARGOT: Really? Hmm . . . I'm sorry I wasn't a better sister to you. Actually, there're lots of things I'm sorry about.

WALT: Can I ask you a question?

MARGOT: Sure.

WALT: Okay . . . so you say you read the Bible, and now you're a new person. What I want to know is how reading a book can make such a big difference?

MARGOT: Well, first of all, you have to understand that the Bible is God's Word, so it isn't like any other book. And secondly, I didn't just read it . . . I believed it and then I obeyed it.

WALT: So . . . what did it say to do? Be nice to people, give money to charity, go to church . . . stuff like that, right?

MARGOT: Well, yes . . . and those are all good things, but that's not all it said. And that's not what changed me, either.

WALT: Okay, I'm listening.

MARGOT: Well, I'm sure it's no surprise to you, but being the president of a large and successful company, I really thought that I had it all together. But then I read the Bible and found out that I really didn't. Instead, I had a problem . . . a very serious problem.

WALT: Really! What was it?

MARGOT: Sin. I had sinned against a perfect and holy God. I had disobeyed Him and broken His law. And it would have been bad enough if I had only done it once, but I've done it over and over and over again.

WALT: But, nobody's perfect.

MARGOT: Exactly, and that's the problem. We're ALL sinners—every one of us . . . and the penalty for sin—even one sin—is death and separation from God forever and ever.

WALT: And so we do good things to cancel out the bad. And that's how we get to heaven, right?

MARGOT: Wrong. That's what most people think, but that's not the way it works at all . . . not even close. The fact is, there's absolutely nothing we can do to save ourselves.

WALT: Well, if that's true, then it sounds pretty hopeless.

MARGOT: And it would be hopeless, if God hadn't made a way for us to be saved. But the good news is that He did!

(MARGOT opens the Bible and pretends to use Scripture verses to explain the gospel message to WALT.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* And so Margot opened the Scriptures and explained to her brother the rest of the gospel message—that because of God's amazing love, He didn't leave us in our hopeless condition but sent His Son, Jesus, to earth 2,000 years ago to pay the penalty that we deserved. He lived a perfect life, died on the Cross for our sins, and then rose from the grave three days later—just as He said He would. And so now, to receive God's forgiveness, we must admit our need, turn away from our sins, and trust in Jesus—and ONLY Jesus—to save us. And when we do that, the Bible says that God washes away our sins and adopts us into His family forever! So, later that day, after a lengthy conversation, a wonderful thing happened. Walt became a believer in Jesus and joined his sister, Margot, in the family of God.

And that's the end of Chapter 4. *(as she closes her notebook)*
Make sure you're here tomorrow for the exciting conclusion to our story.

(Theme music)

DAY 5 DRAMA

Characters: STORYTELLER, WALT, MARGOT, BOBBIE, RICO, RALPHIE, DUSTY

(Theme music)

STORYTELLER: Wow! It's already our last day together. Can you believe it? It's been so much fun, and I just want to thank you for being an amazing audience. *(short pause)* Well . . . I'm anxious to hear how the story ends, aren't you? So, let's get right to it. *(as she opens her notebook and begins to read)* OPERATION ARCTIC, CHAPTER 5, ANOTHER NEW BEGINNING. It's been an amazing week at Walt's place. He's become a believer in Jesus, which is the best thing that could ever happen to a person. AND he's getting along with his sister again, just like old times! But today is bittersweet. While they're rejoicing because of Walt's new life in Christ, their time together is quickly drawing to a close. Margot has to return home.

(While MARGOT packs the last couple things into her suitcase, WALT is deep in thought.)

MARGOT: When will Dusty be here?

WALT: Soon.

MARGOT: What are you thinking about?

WALT: Well . . . I was just reading and then it occurred to me, that if you could get to heaven by just being a "good person," then Jesus died for nothing! I mean . . . why would God send His Son to suffer through all that if there were another way?

MARGOT: I know . . . which is why Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me."

WALT: And I realize that now, thankfully . . . but so many people don't.

MARGOT: If they took the Bible more seriously, they might.

WALT: Yeah . . . it's a shame we neglected it all these years.

MARGOT: I know . . . so we have to make up for lost time.

WALT: And I plan to. Just like Father, I'm going to read my Bible every day. And not just read it, I'm really going to explore it!

MARGOT: Good, because I was going to challenge you to do that—to not just read a few verses and then check it off your "to do" list . . . but really study it, think about it, memorize it, and, of course . . . obey it. 'Cause when you do that, that's when you'll really begin to love it.

WALT: And that's what I'm going to do.

MARGOT: Oh, and I've got a verse I want to show you. *(as she grabs her Bible)* I was reading in Psalm 119 this morning. Here it is, verse 162, "I rejoice at Your word as one who finds great treasure." Think about that. Just like someone would celebrate like crazy if they found a treasure, like gold . . . in the same way, we should be rejoicing every day that we have God's Word!

WALT: Hmm . . . now you're getting me excited! I'm going to memorize that verse right now. *(as he flips through his Bible)*

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* While Walt and Margot are occupied with Psalm 119, the treasure hunters, having concocted a plan to seize the gold, suddenly show up at the door. *(then she stops reading as BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE are nowhere to be found AGAIN!)* . . . I said, the treasure hunters, having concocted a plan, suddenly show up at the door . . . oh, no . . . not this again.

(Then RICO, RALPHIE, and BOBBIE enter the rear of the auditorium and run to the stage. RALPHIE is wearing a backpack and RICO is carrying a small shovel.)

BOBBIE: It was their fault.

STORYTELLER: Wait, don't tell me, *I Love Lucy?*

RICO: No, *Andy Griffith*.

RALPHIE: Yeah, we love that show!

STORYTELLER: Okay, okay . . . now, it's time to focus. You're supposed to be at the cabin door.

(The BAD GUYS go to the cabin door. Then BOBBIE knocks, but WALT doesn't hear it.)

MARGOT: Walt?

WALT: Yeah? *(without looking up from the Bible)*

MARGOT: I think someone just knocked at the door.

WALT: What? That's impossible. It was probably the wind.

MARGOT: Why do you say that?

WALT: Because there aren't any people around here. This place is so isolated, even the animals get lonely.

(BOBBIE knocks on the door again.)

WALT: *(startled)* Someone just knocked at the door.

MARGOT: See . . . I thought so.

WALT: *(concerned)* Wonder who it could be? *(as he quickly gets up and grabs a stick as a precaution)*

MARGOT: Maybe it's Dusty.

WALT: No. She wouldn't be here yet. And besides, we didn't hear a plane.

(BOBBIE knocks on the door a third time.)

WALT: Who's there?

BOBBIE: Canoe.

WALT: *(to himself)* Canoe? *(to BOBBIE)* Canoe who??

BOBBIE: Canoe please come to the door? I'm tired of knocking!

STORYTELLER: Go ahead, it's okay.

(WALT opens the door.)

BOBBIE: Hello. We're with the Permafrost Protection Agency, and we're studying the effects that cabins such as yours are having on the permafrost. May we have a few minutes of your time?

WALT: Uh . . . sure. Would you like to come inside?

BOBBIE: Thank you. These are my assistants.

(BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE enter the cabin. RICO leaves the shovel outside.)

RALPHIE: I want to see the giant fish again!

WALT: You've seen my fish?

BOBBIE: *(panics)* Uh . . . no! Of course he hasn't seen your fish. I mean . . . how could he, right? Do you even have a fish?

RICO: No, you see . . . last night he dreamed about a big fish over a fireplace and just got mixed up. Isn't that right, Ralphie?

RALPHIE: Yeah . . . that's it. Exactly what he said.

MARGOT: Would you like some coffee or hot chocolate?

BOBBIE: Uh, no . . . that's very kind of you, but we're not thirsty.

RALPHIE: *(disappointed)* We're not?

WALT: So, what can I do for you?

BOBBIE: *(to WALT)* Well, first of all, I've got a couple questions. *(as she pulls out a notepad and pen)* Did you build this cabin?

WALT: Yes.

RALPHIE: All by yourself? Wow, I could never do that.

RICO: That's for sure.

RALPHIE: Neither could you!

RICO: Yes, sir!

BOBBIE: Cut it out! *(to WALT)* And when you were building the foundation, did you uncover anything unusual . . . anything of value?

WALT: Well . . . I did find a few pieces of metal. They looked like they might have belonged to an airplane. But . . . that's all.

BOBBIE: Are you sure that's all you found?

WALT: Yes, I'm sure.

BOBBIE: *(to herself)* Hmm . . . very interesting. *(to WALT)* Now, we'd like to take some soil samples. You don't mind, do you?

WALT: No, of course not. Take as much as you like.

BOBBIE: Excellent. Oh, I almost forgot, we found this on the ground behind your cabin. *(as she hands part of a dog leash to WALT)* Do you have a dog?

WALT: *(quickly becomes concerned)* Yes. Several of them.

RALPHIE: Not any more.

WALT: What?? How did that happen?? *(as he runs out the door)*
(WALT runs behind the cabin to check on his dogs.)

STORYTELLER: *(read)* Of course, our bad guys know exactly how—

BOBBIE: *(to STORYTELLER as she cuts her off)* Shhhh!!

STORYTELLER: What?? You can't "shhhh" me! I'm the Storyteller!

(WALT runs back into the cabin.)

WALT: They're all gone! I don't know what happened, but I've got to find them! *(as he quickly grabs his coat)*

MARGOT: I'll go with you! *(as she grabs her coat)*

BOBBIE: *(fake, insincere)* Oh dear. I hope everything is okay.

(While the BAD GUYS watch, WALT and MARGOT dash out of the cabin and exit toward the rear of the auditorium yelling dog names as they go—COMET! BLAZE! RACER! SNOWBALL!)

STORYTELLER: As I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted—*(reads)* our bad guys know exactly how the dogs got loose. They cut their leashes, knowing they'd run away and hoping that brother and sister Wonder would go after them. And so they did.

RICO: Way to go, Boss. Your plan worked perfectly!

BOBBIE: Yeah, in spite of Ralphie's fish blunder.

RALPHIE: Sorry.

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* So now, the treasure hunters can try to claim their prize with no interference from anyone.

BOBBIE: Well, don't just stand there! Grab the shovel and start digging!

RICO: Right, Boss.

(RALPHIE and RICO disappear behind the cabin. Then the sound of digging [sfx] is heard.)

RALPHIE: *(complaining)* This ground is hard! How deep do I have to go??

BOBBIE: Until you find the treasure! Keep digging!

(The sound of digging [sfx] resumes.)

RICO: It can't be that deep. *(pause)* Wait! I think I see something!

(BOBBIE quickly joins them behind the cabin.)

BOBBIE: That's it! Pull it out! . . . C'mon! Hurry up!

(Then they emerge from behind the cabin. RALPHIE drags a large suitcase to center stage.)

RALPHIE: Wheeeuuw! That is one heavy suitcase! Wonder what's in it.

RICO: Gold bars, silly!

BOBBIE: Haha! Okay boys . . . get ready. Your life is about to change!

RICO: Yeah! We're gonna be rich!

(BOBBIE opens the suitcase to find it full of Bibles.)

BOBBIE: *(stunned)* What's this?!! *(then she digs through the books looking for gold)*

RALPHIE: Wow! That was clever. They made the gold bars look like books.

RICO: No . . . they LOOK like books because they ARE books *(as he holds one up)*

So, where's the gold?

BOBBIE: *(angry)* That's what I'd like to know! *(as she turns to look at the STORYTELLER)*

STORYTELLER: Hey . . . don't look at me. I didn't take it.

(Then WALT and MARGOT enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed to the stage. RALPHIE sees them.)

RALPHIE: *(loud whisper)* Hey, they're coming back.

BOBBIE: *(to WALT, pretending concern)* No dogs, huh? That's too bad.

WALT: We're going to have to gather a search party.

BOBBIE: Well, before you do that, you've got another problem to deal with.

WALT: What's that?

BOBBIE: Our gold is missing.

WALT: What do you mean your gold is missing?

BOBBIE: There was a stash of gold buried behind your cabin and, I want to know what you did with it.

WALT: I don't know what you're talking about.

BOBBIE: Well, I think you do. Tie 'em up, boys!

(RICO and RALPHIE search their backpacks for the rope.)

WALT: What? You can't do that!

BOBBIE: Oh, yeah? Just watch! *(then she notices RICO and RALPHIE looking for the rope)* What's wrong?

RICO: *(sheepishly)* Uh . . . Ralphie forgot the rope.

BOBBIE: *(frustrated)* Are you kidding me?

STORYTELLER: This has not been your day, has it, guys. First, you're late for your cue and now this. *(as she exits momentarily to get the rope)*

RALPHIE: *(to BOBBIE)* Sorry.

(STORYTELLER quickly returns with the rope and throws it to RICO.)

STORYTELLER: *(reads)* So Rico and Ralphie begin to tie up Walt and Margot, but now things are about to get more complicated as the sound of a bush plane is heard overhead.

(The sound of a bush plane arrival [sfx] is heard.)

MARGOT: *(to WALT)* Dusty's here!

WALT: You know, if I were you, I'd leave before you get yourselves in trouble.

RALPHIE: Really? Okay. C'mon, guys . . . we better go. *(as he starts to leave)*

BOBBIE: We're not going anywhere until they give us the gold. You got that? Now, tie 'em up!

RICO: But you said yourself they probably didn't have it.

BOBBIE: Well, I've changed my mind. They took the gold out of that suitcase and replaced it with books.

RICO: Or maybe your uncle was wrong. Maybe the books were in there the whole time, and he just thought it was gold.

(Then DUSTY enters.)

DUSTY: Hey, what's going on here?

WALT: Hi, Dusty. You're just in time.

MARGOT: Yeah, they were just getting ready to tie us up. They think we took their gold.

DUSTY: Gold?

WALT: Yeah, they dug up that suitcase behind my cabin expecting to find a stash of gold, but it was full of books instead.

DUSTY: Books, huh? Well, let me just say, no one is going to get tied up.

BOBBIE: Oh yeah? And why should we listen to you? You're just a bush pilot.

DUSTY: No, I'm not just a bush pilot, I'm also an Alaska State Trooper. See? *(as she holds up her badge)* And that means I have all the authority I need to fly you over to the station and book you for, let's see . . . property damage, harassment, unlawful restraint . . . anything else?

RALPHIE: You can probably add trespassing to the list.

RICO: (to RALPHIE) Would you be quiet!

DUSTY: So, what's it gonna be? You know, I'd just love to use my shiny new handcuffs.

BOBBIE: (frustrated) C'mon, boys. It's time to go home.

STORYTELLER: (reads) And so our treasure hunters, who traveled all the way to the Arctic Circle hoping to find their fortune, instead leave empty-handed.

BOBBIE: I knew that was going to happen. The bad guys always lose.

STORYTELLER: And so they should!

RALPHIE: That's why I'm going to be a good guy next time!

RICO: No, you're not!

RALPHIE: Yes, I am!

RICO: Nuh, uh!

RALPHIE: Am too!

BOBBIE: Would you stop!

RICO & RALPHIE: Sorry, boss. It won't happen again.

(BOBBIE, RICO, and RALPHIE exit toward the rear of the auditorium.)

MARGOT: Well, that was interesting.

DUSTY: Yeah . . . and so is this! (as she takes one of the books from the suitcase) As it turns out, they found something worth far more than gold!

MARGOT: What do you mean?

DUSTY: Well, these aren't just books . . . they're Bibles.

WALT: Bibles! Really?

DUSTY: I'll bet they were being smuggled.

STORYTELLER: (reads) What the treasure hunters dug up was a supply of Russian Bibles. The plane that went down all those years ago was part of a mission to sneak God's Word into Communist Russia . . . and the Bibles were buried so the secret operation wouldn't be discovered.

DUSTY: You see, years ago, in Russia, you couldn't walk into a bookstore and buy a Bible. In fact, Bibles were illegal and to own one was a crime. So Christians had to rely on people risking their lives to sneak them into the country. Hmm . . . too bad these never reached their destination. People were counting on them.

WALT: Wow! I had no idea that kind of thing went on!

DUSTY: Oh, yes! And it still does. Maybe not in Russia anymore, but in plenty of other countries, like China and North Korea, where there's a tremendous need for Bibles.

MARGOT: And to think we just let ours sit on the shelf for years gathering dust. Shame on us!

DUSTY: Yeah, I've even heard of whole churches not even having a whole Bible to share. But, you know, God is doing some amazing things to get His Word into those places.

STORYTELLER: (reads) And then Dusty shared a well-known story about a man named Brother Andrew attempting to sneak a whole carload of Bibles into a closed country. When he arrived at the border, he watched nervously as the guards meticulously inspected each car—taking everything out and opening everything up. He knew that if he were caught, he'd be arrested, so he prayed "Lord, in Your Word, You made blind eyes see. Now, I'm praying that You'd make seeing eyes blind." And God answered his prayer! When it was his turn, the guards didn't even look inside his car but waived him on in less than 30 seconds when every other car had been held for at least 40 minutes each!

MARGOT: Wow! And there're probably lots of stories like that.

DUSTY: Yes, there are.

(Then WALT suddenly returns to his cabin and starts packing his duffle bag.)

MARGOT: Walt? What are you doing?

WALT: I'm coming with you. I can't justify living up here all by myself anymore. There's too much to do. I need to get busy serving the One who saved me.

MARGOT: (excited) Really? C'mon, Dusty, let's help him!

(As MARGOT and DUSTY begin helping WALT pack things up, the stage lights dim to signal the end of the story.)

STORYTELLER: (reads) And so both Walt and Margot left that day. After Margot returned to Wonder Crunch, the company began to print Scripture verses on all its cereal boxes and donate large sums of money for Bible translation. Walt went to work for a ministry that provides Bibles to persecuted believers around the world—even doing some Bible smuggling himself. The Bible's impact on their lives was nothing short of remarkable. Now they're doing everything they can to bless others with the Word of God.

Oh, and if you're wondering whatever happened to Walt's dogs. Dusty promised that she'd find every last one of them . . . and so she did. And now they're all safe and sound at the home of a new owner.

And that's the end of our story. (as she closes her notebook) We hope you've enjoyed our time together, but more importantly, we hope you've been challenged to trust God's Word and treasure it like never before! THE END.

(Theme music)