

Day 1 Drama

Characters: JORDAN, ALEX, CHANCELLOR, MAX, INSPECTOR, FLORA

PRELUDE MUSIC

The scene begins as Truth Mission Force leader, JORDAN TRACE, enters from the rear of the auditorium and walks down the center aisle, stopping short of the stage where he retrieves a manila envelope. He quickly opens the envelope, finds a small communication device, and proceeds to watch an important message from the Spy U Commander.

BEGINNING OF PRERECORDED VIDEO SEGMENT

SPY U COMMANDER: Good morning, Jordan. I know you've just returned from Prague, but truth and the knowledge of God is under attack again, so there's no time to relax. This time you'll be going to International City—a Mediterranean city-state with a strong Christian history. The government of this small country has been infiltrated by members of a secret order called VIRUS, whose ultimate goal is to take over the world and remove all references to the one true God.

Tragedy struck 11 months ago when the International City archives building burned to the ground. And even with its state-of-the-art security, all the original founding documents were lost—including its constitution. Our intel has confirmed that VIRUS operatives were responsible.

After the fire, VIRUS flooded the market with counterfeits to create confusion and force the writing of a new constitution—one that'll give them complete control. The good news, however, is that many years ago, a member of parliament named Edmund Allan Cray became suspicious of certain officials and hid one of the originals of the constitution to keep it safe.

Jordan, your mission will be to locate and recover the only remaining original constitution before the chancellor, a VIRUS underling, can ram through a new one by the end of the week. For your team, we've selected Riley Gizmo, an experienced technical specialist, and Alex Cipher, a veteran agent with our European Command. You'll be meeting them at the checkpoint shortly after you arrive in International City. Your flight leaves today at 1200 hours. Godspeed, Jordan. And remember . . . the enemy never sleeps. Because of the top-secret nature of this information, this message will self-destruct in 5-4-3-2-1 (*sound of message destruction*).

END OF PRERECORDED VIDEO SEGMENT

As the message self-destructs, JORDAN exits quickly toward the rear of the auditorium.

THEME MUSIC

It's late Monday night in International City [house lights low] as the screen message "SECRET CHECKPOINT, INTERNATIONAL CITY, LATE AT NIGHT" appears. ALEX enters the stage and takes a standing position near the pâtisserie. Then, after a moment or two, JORDAN comes along.

JORDAN: (*says secret phrase to ALEX*) Nice evening, isn't it?

ALEX: (*gives secret reply*) Yes, it is. But I hear it's supposed to get much colder.

JORDAN: Really? Then I'm glad I packed some warm clothes. (*looks to see if anyone is around*) God is great . . .

ALEX: And there is no other. Psalm 86:10.

JORDAN: (*assured of her identity*) Amen to that! Welcome to International City. (*sees café table and chairs close by*) Would you care to sit down?

ALEX: Thank you. (*sits down*)

JORDAN: Alex, I'm glad to have you with us on this mission because it's an important one. As usual, it's going to require all of our skills and experience—not to mention our total dependence upon God and his Word.

ALEX: Of course! That's how we like it.

JORDAN: We're also under some serious time pressure. The chancellor has already begun work on a new constitution, so if we don't find the original as soon as possible, it'll be too late.

ALEX: Does VIRUS know about the document?

JORDAN: We don't think so. And we have to keep it that way. If they find out that an original exists somewhere, they'll stop at nothing to destroy it.

ALEX: And us, too, no doubt.

JORDAN: Yes, but God is our refuge and strength.

ALEX: Amen!

JORDAN: Still, we can't let our guard down. The evil one is a master of deception, the father of all lies and counterfeits.

ALEX: (*holds up a pamphlet from the table*). Speaking of counterfeits . . .

JORDAN: Watch Tower Society?

ALEX: Yep. Looks like the Jehovah's Witnesses are active here with their false bible, false god, and false Jesus.

JORDAN: Which, sadly, leads to a false hope of heaven.

ALEX: And what's sad is they're just one among thousands of cults and false religions around the world. Yes, indeed, the enemy is alive and well on planet earth, tricking millions of people into believing lies.

JORDAN: Just as Jesus said in Matthew 24.

ALEX: And that's why we're here—to fight for the truth! So what's the plan?

JORDAN: Okay, tomorrow morning at 1100 hours, take a position near the monument. I'll come to you after I check the area for bugs. You never know who VIRUS might consider suspicious. *(hands ALEX a "sensor pen")* Here, you'll need one too. The latest gadget from headquarters. It'll expose any hidden cameras or listening devices within 500 feet.

ALEX: *(smiles)* Cool! I love new toys. Especially very expensive ones!

JORDAN: I've already met with Riley and dispatched him to the safe house. He'll set up and monitor things from there.

ALEX: Sounds good.

JORDAN: Okay, let's test our receivers. *(gets up and walks a few steps away then speaks softly)* Comm check?

They make adjustments to their earpieces.

JORDAN: Again. Comm check?

ALEX: Copy.

JORDAN: *(as he returns to ALEX)* Okay. Well, you know what time it is.

ALEX: Time to pray. May I?

JORDAN: By all means.

ALEX: Father in heaven, we love you. And more than anything, we want to serve you because you're the one and only true God. And now, Lord, we ask for wisdom and protection as we carry out this mission in Jesus' name. Amen.

JORDAN: Amen. All right, that's it for now. Try to get some sleep. The next couple days are going to be long ones.

As TRANSITION MUSIC plays, JORDAN and ALEX leave the area stealthily in different directions. Then night becomes day [house lights up] as the screen message "THE NEXT MORNING" appears.

MAX enters from backstage and proceeds to look over the town square where the International City 200th birthday

celebration will be held. At the same time, the CHANCELLOR enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds toward the stage.

CHANCELLOR: *(looking at the shrouded monument)* So what do you think?

MAX: *(annoyed at lack of security)* What do I think? I think we need *police* protection.

CHANCELLOR: Well, of course. I always have my security team with me.

MAX: *(irritated)* I meant the monument, Victor. There's still a couple days before the ceremony and if anything happens to it, the boss will not be pleased. And that would be very bad for you . . . and for me.

CHANCELLOR: Hmm. I'll make the arrangements.

MAX: See that you do.

CHANCELLOR: So have you seen it yet?

MAX: No.

CHANCELLOR: I wonder if it really looks like me *(tries to get a glimpse of what's behind the shroud)*.

MAX: Uh-uh-uh. All in good time, my friend.

CHANCELLOR: I know. But the suspense is killing me!

MAX: Was your speech approved?

CHANCELLOR: Yes, it's all ready.

MAX: Excellent. International City will soon be ours. *(turns to leave)* Don't forget to call *police* headquarters.

MAX exits toward the rear of the auditorium.

CHANCELLOR: Right. I'll do that now. *(pulls out his cell phone and dials)*

MAX: Just make sure they don't send Inspector Noclue! He's back, you know!

CHANCELLOR: *(to MAX)* What? You're kidding! *(then into the phone)* Uh, yes, this is Victor. Get me the commissioner. *(pause, then the commissioner answers)* Hey, Joe. I'm over here at the park, where the monument is, and we think it'd be a good idea to add some security. *(pause)* Uh-huh. Right. So you'll send someone over? *(pause)* Great.

Meanwhile, INSPECTOR NOCLUE enters the stage from nearby, walks up behind the CHANCELLOR, and holds a salute.

CHANCELLOR: *(still on the phone)* Oh, I almost forgot. Whatever you do, don't send me that incompetent, bumbling inspector—*(pause, phone call cuts off)* Hello? . . . Hello? *(to himself)* Hope he heard me; that's all we'd need. How Noclue got to be an inspector, I'll never understand.

INSPECTOR: *(clears throat)* Ahem.

CHANCELLOR: What? *(turns to see the INSPECTOR saluting him)* Oh no! Are you kidding me?

INSPECTOR: *(speaks with French accent)* Monsieur Chancellor, I am at your service.

CHANCELLOR: *(annoyed, sarcastic)* Yeah, I just heard the bad news.

INSPECTOR: Bad news, monsieur?

CHANCELLOR: That you're back in town. I guess that Caribbean island didn't like you either.

INSPECTOR: Oh, on the contrary, monsieur. They said my methods were so unusual that it was a waste of talent for me to work in such a tiny little police station.

CHANCELLOR: Yeah, right. Don't kid yourself, Noclue. The truth is, you were returned. You know, sent back to the factory. And now, I'm sure the police department doesn't know what to do with you, because you can't be fired! Your uncle's a member of Parliament!

INSPECTOR: Yes, and for that, I am very thankful. Now, what would you like me to do?

CHANCELLOR: *(to himself)* How 'bout take a long walk off a short pier.

INSPECTOR: *(confused)* Monsieur?

CHANCELLOR: Never mind. *(frustrated sigh)* All right, Noclue, I know I'm going to regret this, but since it appears I don't have any other choice at the moment, I'm going to give you one more try.

INSPECTOR: Thank you, Monsieur Chancellor. You will not be sorry.

CHANCELLOR: Really? You think it's possible that you can actually handle an assignment this time?

INSPECTOR: *(extremely confident)* There is absolutely no doubt in my mind. My extensive training and experience will guide me as always.

CHANCELLOR: That's what I'm afraid of. So here's what I want you to do. Listen carefully. See this monument?

INSPECTOR: Uh, no, Monsieur Chancellor. How can I? It is covered up.

CHANCELLOR: *(anger flares)* Of course it's covered up! We're not unveiling it until Wednesday!

INSPECTOR: Oh, I see. I mean, I don't see . . . I mean—

CHANCELLOR: Noclue!

INSPECTOR recoils.

CHANCELLOR: Now, I want you to guard the monu—the covered-up—monument so that nothing will happen

to it. And I mean nothing, not even a scratch. Do you understand?

INSPECTOR: Yes, sir. I believe so. You would like me, Inspector Noclue, to guard the covered-up monument so that nothing will happen to it. And you mean nothing, not even a scratch.

CHANCELLOR: Right. Do you think you can do that?

INSPECTOR: Oh yes! You can count on me, Monsieur Chancellor. I am confident that you will be proud of my work.

CHANCELLOR: *(sarcastic)* Yeah? Well, surprise me.

As the CHANCELLOR leaves, the INSPECTOR surveys the area. As soon as he notices the flower shop, however, he is distracted from his work. He looks around to see if anyone is watching him, then proceeds to smell the flowers. After a few moments, FLORA emerges with a broom. She begins to sweep the sidewalk until she notices the INSPECTOR with his face buried in a bouquet.

FLORA: May I help you, officer?

INSPECTOR: *(startled, embarrassed)* Oh, well—no. *(pause)* I mean, no, thank you. *(takes a step back from the shop)* I am . . . just looking.

FLORA: *(kidding)* I see. And did you get a close enough look?

INSPECTOR: Uh, yes. I think so. *(tries to change the subject)* It is a beautiful day, don't you think?

FLORA: Oh, yes—and a beautiful day to buy flowers. Are you sure you wouldn't like some? As you already know, we've got some lovely bouquets!

INSPECTOR: Oh, uh—no, I cannot. I mean . . . I would like to, but, uh *(looks around, then lowers his voice)* I am on duty.

FLORA: Oh, of course.

INSPECTOR: Shhh! *(leans toward FLORA; loud whisper)* I am guarding the *(motions with his head)* the you-know-what. *(as FLORA doesn't understand, he rolls his eyes)* Must I spell it out for you? The monument!

FLORA: *(loud whisper)* Oh, right. *(pause)* What monument?

INSPECTOR: What monument? The one beneath that—*(pointing, can't think what it's called)* underneath that, you know . . . that thingy there.

FLORA: Oh, I was wondering what was under there! So it's a monument. Well, don't let me bother you. I'm sure you're very busy.

INSPECTOR: Well . . . yes, of course. I am an inspector, you know. *(proudly flashes his police ID)*

FLORA: Really? *(reads the ID)* What's your name? No-clue?

INSPECTOR: (*correcting her*) “Naw-crew” . . . Inspector “Naw-crew.” It is a short *O* sound, you see.

FLORA: Well, I’m glad to know you, Inspector “Naw-crew.”

As the INSPECTOR puts his ID away, he steps on a parcel (box) crushing what’s inside.

INSPECTOR: Oops.

FLORA: (*shocked, she grabs the box*) Oh, no! My Valoria vase—it’s broken! (*as she holds up a piece of broken vase*)

INSPECTOR: (*quickly tries to justify himself*) Madame, what is one little vase when it comes to official police business?

FLORA: (*distraught*) But it’s a priceless antique!

The INSPECTOR peers into the box, seeing the broken vase inside.

INSPECTOR: You mean, it *was* a priceless antique. (*then he takes a step back and accidentally steps on another box*)

FLORA: Inspector! Please! Aren’t you supposed to be guarding the monument?

INSPECTOR: What monument? Oh yes, the monument.

FLORA: Please, hurry along. I’ll be just fine.

INSPECTOR: Well, if you insist. But if you ever need my assistance again, here is my card (*hands her his calling card*).

FLORA: (*with sarcasm*) Oh, thank you. I know just where to put this.

INSPECTOR: Au revoir.

The INSPECTOR exits.

FLORA: (*as she watches him go, she tosses the card in the damaged box she’s holding*) He’s about as useful as a screen door on a submarine!

THEME MUSIC

DAY 2 DRAMA

Characters: INSPECTOR, ALEX, JORDAN, FLORA, MAX

THEME MUSIC

ALEX enters from the side opposite the flower shop and walks toward the shrouded monument. Soon, a suspicious INSPECTOR NOCLUE approaches her from behind.

INSPECTOR: *(clears his throat)* Ahem.

ALEX: Oh! Good morning, officer.

INSPECTOR: Madame, are you aware that City Ordinance *(using the word “dash”)* B63-248-3, Subsection 12.9, prohibits loitering in a public place, which is a nuisance or a threat to safety?

ALEX: But I was just looking at the monument.

INSPECTOR: I see. And what, may I ask, do you find so fascinating about it?

ALEX: I’m just curious about what’s under there. That’s all.

INSPECTOR: *(suspicious)* Hmm, “curious,” you say. You wouldn’t be tempted to peek, would you?

ALEX: Peek?

INSPECTOR: Yes, that is what I said. Because we do not allow peeking without a permit.

JORDAN enters the stage and takes a position behind the INSPECTOR.

ALEX: Oh, no worries, officer. I wouldn’t dream of peeking without a permit. I can certainly wait until tomorrow. That’s when the unveiling is, right?

INSPECTOR: Maybe yes . . . maybe no. That is none of your business. *(suddenly senses JORDAN behind him and puts his finger to his lips)* Shhh. *(changes subject to the weather and prepares to encounter the intruder)* Well, are you enjoying the weather this morning? It looks like it’s going to be a nice day, don’t you think? I certainly do! *(suddenly jumps into his “karate” stance and faces JORDAN)* Hi-yaaa!

JORDAN: *(reacts)* Whoa, officer! Take it easy!

JORDAN walks over to ALEX.

INSPECTOR: Monsieur! I must inform you that it is very dangerous to sneak up on an officer of the law. However, I am a highly trained professional and was able to restrain myself.

JORDAN: Well, I’ll try to be more careful next time.

INSPECTOR: Yes, I highly recommend that you do.

ALEX: *(to JORDAN)* Maybe we should just move along.

INSPECTOR: I believe that would be best.

JORDAN: Thank you, officer.

ALEX and JORDAN start to walk toward the flower shop.

INSPECTOR: You’re welcome. And it’s not “officer,” it’s “inspector.”

The INSPECTOR exits into the pâtisserie. Meanwhile, JORDAN and ALEX arrive at the flower shop and use their sensor pens to quickly and discreetly scan the area.

JORDAN: Everything clear?

ALEX: All clear, nothing suspicious.

JORDAN: Good. *(looks around as he puts his pen away)* Now, the mission begins.

FLORA emerges from inside the shop, holding flowers.

FLORA: Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t know anyone was here. May I help you?

JORDAN: Actually, we’re here to help you.

FLORA: Well, thank you, but I don’t need any new employees right now. Maybe check back around Christmas time.

JORDAN: *(looks around to see if anyone is listening)* No, you don’t understand.

ALEX AND JORDAN: We’re the Truth Mission Force!

JORDAN: We’re here to save International City. You’ve been praying, haven’t you?

FLORA: *(concerned)* Praying? Well, yes. A few of us have, actually.

ALEX: I knew it. All it takes is for someone to start praying. Then sooner or later—at just the right moment—we get called up.

FLORA: *(confused)* Are you angels or something?

ALEX: No, just defenders of the truth. Wherever truth and knowledge of the one true God is under attack, that’s where you’ll find us.

JORDAN: Mrs. Potts, we need to talk to you about Edmund Allan Cray.

FLORA: *(becomes suspicious)* Hold on. I didn’t give you my name. How do you know it?

ALEX: Oh, we know all about you: born and raised near London, two years of culinary school in Paris, then met

your husband, moved to International City, and have been here ever since. You live on Orchard Lane, and you have three daughters, two cats, and one very old parrot named Winston.

FLORA: Goodness! (*shudders*) This is rather creepy.

JORDAN: (*backing off*) Oh, don't worry. Your information is safe with us. We're the good guys!

FLORA: (*defensive*) And how can I be sure of that? Am I supposed to just take your word for it?

ALEX: (*thinking*) Well, you could check our website. We've got a statement of faith and lots of endorsements.

JORDAN: Mrs. Potts, I'm sure this does seem strange to you. And I'm sorry if we came on too strong. Is there a place where we could sit down and talk? I'm sure that after you hear our story, you'll feel a lot better.

FLORA: (*concedes*) Well, I suppose I can listen to what you have to say. Come on inside.

JORDAN and ALEX enter the flower shop, followed by FLORA. TRANSITION MUSIC plays and then the screen message "TWO HOURS LATER" appears. Then JORDAN, ALEX, and FLORA emerge from the flower shop. FLORA hands some old diaries to ALEX.

FLORA: Edmund Allan Cray was such a good man. He served many years in Parliament and did so much for International City. We're very fortunate to have his diaries.

ALEX: And we'll be very careful with them, Mrs. Potts (*as she puts the diaries in her backpack*).

FLORA: I know you will, Alex. And no more "Mrs. Potts." My name's Flora, so that's what it'll be from now on, all right?

ALEX: All right, Flora. It's a deal. (*shakes FLORA's hand*)

JORDAN: (*to FLORA*) You said that you and some others have been praying for International City. Well, don't stop. I have a feeling the next couple days are critical for the future of this place.

FLORA: Oh, don't worry. In fact, I can't wait to tell the others!

ALEX: We appreciate that, but for now we need you to keep all this strictly confidential.

JORDAN: That's right. If the enemy hears about us, our mission will be compromised.

FLORA: I understand. I won't say anything. (*"zips" her lips*) Mum's the word.

JORDAN: Thanks. We'll be in touch.

FLORA: No, thank you! I'm ever so grateful for what you're doing!

FLORA goes back inside the flower shop as JORDAN and ALEX walk toward the monument.

JORDAN: You know, I have a good feeling about those diaries. If I were Edmund, that's exactly where I'd hide a clue.

ALEX: Isn't it amazing? Flora just happened to be restoring the book bindings right when we show up. If we'd come a day or two later, they'd be back at the museum under lock and key!

JORDAN: Yes, thank you, God!

JORDAN stops to look at the covered monument.

ALEX: So what do you think's under there?

JORDAN: According to our intelligence, a statue of the chancellor.

ALEX: Seriously? Huh. (*concerned as she looks around*) How does a place that was once so strong in Christian faith get to this point?

JORDAN: Well, I think people stop reading their Bibles. And then they begin to accept man's ideas instead of what God says.

ALEX: And it's a downward spiral from there, getting worse and worse. Believing God's Word is so important, isn't it?

JORDAN: Yep. Because it's the Bible that teaches us about the one true God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—and that there is no other god. All other "gods" are fakes and lead people away from the truth.

ALEX: Which is why someone wisely said that what comes into our mind when we think about God is the most important thing about us.

JORDAN: Right, because if you get that wrong, you're in for a heap of trouble! And that's just what I'm afraid of for International City—trouble. At any moment, the chancellor could make an announcement about writing a new constitution. And if that happens, any freedoms that Christians have to worship and serve the one true God will be gone for good.

ALEX: (*determined*) Then we can't let that happen! Sure is a good thing Edmund was wise enough to hide a copy of the constitution all those years ago.

JORDAN: We just have to find it, that's all. (*looks at his watch*) Uh-oh, I'm getting a warning signal! Stand firm!

MAX lets out an evil laugh, then steps out from the shadows.

MAX: Well, if it isn't the Truth Mission Force. And just in time to watch the final piece of the puzzle fall into place.

ALEX: Max "the Menace." I should have known you'd have something to do with all the mischief going on around here.

MAX: Mischief? You mean progress, don't you? Haven't you heard? We're finally getting a new constitution. *(feigns concern)* I guess the old one was destroyed in a fire. *(smiles)* Hmm. I wonder how that happened?

ALEX: *(sarcastic)* Yeah, I wonder.

MAX: *(pauses as he looks them over)* Hey, you guys are secret agents. Let's see your cool weapons.

JORDAN: The weapons that we fight with are not the weapons of the world.

MAX: Oh? How disappointing. *(becomes defensive)* Still, I don't know why you're here. There's nothing you can do now. Everything's in motion. You're just too late this time. *(evil laugh)*

ALEX: Max, you know that the one and only true God whom we serve is all-powerful and all-knowing. Do you really think that he's not able to stop whatever you have in mind if he chooses to?

MAX: *(nasty)* Well, it doesn't look like "he chooses to" this time, does it? *(evil laugh)* Oh well, you can't win—

JORDAN flashes his Truth Force memory eraser in MAX's face, causing him to suddenly lose his train of thought.

MAX: *(confused)* Wait. I was about to say something.

JORDAN: And then you stopped.

MAX: Right, I stopped. But why?

JORDAN: Because you forgot.

MAX: Strange. I don't even remember why I'm here.

JORDAN: You don't need to remember.

MAX: Hmm, I think I'll leave before I forget anything else.

MAX quickly exits.

ALEX: Have a nice day! *(to JORDAN)* Good move.

JORDAN: Yeah, had to erase his short-term memory. Can't risk VIRUS knowing we're here. Max the Menace, huh?

ALEX: That's right. A member of the infamous Macaroni crime family.

JORDAN: Macaroni? As in noodles?

ALEX: Yep. And he has a twin brother who lives in Italy. An artist. Very different, but just as evil. I wouldn't be surprised if he's involved with all this too, somehow.

JORDAN: *(smiles)* What's his name, Dennis?

ALEX: Ha! "Dennis the Menace." No, he goes by the name "Nico Supremo" and thinks he's the next Michelangelo.

JORDAN: Well, all I can say is the Macaronis are gonna be in some "hot water" after we expose their wicked scheme!

ALEX responds with a blank stare.

JORDAN: Sorry, couldn't resist. C'mon, let's get back to the safe house and check out those diaries.

As they leave the auditorium stealthily in different directions, TRANSITION MUSIC plays. Then day becomes night [house lights low] and screen message "LATER THAT EVENING" appears. Then the INSPECTOR emerges from the pâtisserie with a box of pastries. Having already eaten several, he sits down at a café table full and sleepy. He yawns and quickly drifts off to sleep. Meanwhile, FLORA emerges from the flower shop with a tote bag and umbrella. She proceeds to lock up for the evening. As she crosses the stage, heading for home, she notices the sleeping INSPECTOR.

FLORA: Inspector?

INSPECTOR: *(snoring)* Zzzzzzz . . .

FLORA: Inspector? *(nudges the INSPECTOR with her umbrella)*

INSPECTOR: *(turns in his chair, continues to snore)* Zzzzzzz . . .

FLORA: Aren't you supposed to be guarding the monument?

INSPECTOR: *(snorts a couple times, then continues to snore loudly)* ZZZZZZZ . . .

FLORA: I suspect they wouldn't like it very much if they saw you sleeping on the job. *(pause)* Inspector! *(bops him on the head with her umbrella)* Wow, if snoozing were an Olympic sport, you'd certainly win the gold!

FLORA picks up the pastry box, and immediately the INSPECTOR wakes up, fully alert.

INSPECTOR: What do you think you are doing? *(grabs the pastry box)*

FLORA: I'm just trying to wake you up, that's all.

INSPECTOR: *(slightly insulted)* Wake me up? Are you suggesting that I was asleep? Because Inspector No clue never sleeps when he is on the duty. *(stands to his feet and proceeds to "guard" the monument)* No, madame, what you may not realize is that I am a highly trained professional.

FLORA: *(plays along)* Is that so?

INSPECTOR: Yes, and you should also know that not just anyone can do this. The training is important, but there's more to it than that.

FLORA: Like what?

INSPECTOR: Well, I don't mean to brag, but you really have to be born with unique abilities like mine.

FLORA: I see. But I do have a question. You're guarding the monument, but you don't carry a weapon. Why is that?

INSPECTOR: *(embarrassed)* Well, they took away my— *(unconsciously places his hand on his hip, where his gun*

would be, then notices his hands) **uh**, what I mean to say is when you have these, (holding up his hands) you do not need a weapon. Let me assure you that these hands are more lethal than anything you can think of. (makes a few “karate” moves then sees the café table and gets an idea) Here, let me show you. See this table? (sets the box of pastries aside and moves the table to center stage) **I will chop it in half!** (with confidence, he prepares to chop the table) Watch closely.

The INSPECTOR proceeds to chop and chop in different ways and from different angles and even gets a running start, but to no avail. The table remains intact. As the situation becomes awkward, FLORA decides to leave.

FLORA: Well, I think it's time I head home. Good night, inspector.

As FLORA exits the stage, the INSPECTOR is still preoccupied with chopping the table in half, although he has a sore hand and forearm and is slowing down considerably. After a

moment or two, a sound [pssst] is heard near the monument. NOTE: For the MYSTERY PERSON, simply have someone do the “pssst” sound from backstage (no actual mystery person onstage is necessary).

MYSTERY PERSON: (softly) Pssst!

The INSPECTOR stops to listen.

MYSTERY PERSON: (louder) Psssssst!

The INSPECTOR walks toward the monument.

MYSTERY PERSON: (loud and long) PSSSSSSST!

INSPECTOR: (as he looks beyond the monument) Who is it?
I order you, in the name of the law, identify yourself immediately!

*The INSPECTOR prepares himself for confrontation, then slowly steps behind the monument. As soon as he disappears from view, a loud **GONG** rings out. The INSPECTOR instantly collapses backward into view, unconscious.*

THEME MUSIC

DAY 3 DRAMA

Characters: ALEX, FLORA, JORDAN, NICO SUPREMO, CHANCELLOR, INSPECTOR

THEME MUSIC

It's the next morning, the day of the big celebration. The podium is front and center stage, two chairs are set for the CHANCELLOR and a guest, and the area is decorated with balloon bouquets. Also, a two-foot section of trim from the monument base is lying on the ground in front of the base [see Set Design and Construction]. This was caused by the mysterious monument thieves and will help set the stage for the Cross scene at the end of Day 5. ALEX is seated at a table outside the pâtisserie with two cups of coffee. Then FLORA enters from around the corner on her way to the flower shop.

FLORA: Hello, Alex. You here for a front row seat?

ALEX: You mean for the unveiling? No, I'm just waiting for Jordan. He got held up. Hey, would you like his coffee? It's gonna get cold, and I'd hate to see it go to waste.

FLORA: Thank you, but being from England, I'm a tea person—loyal as they come, you know. Still, every time I walk past this place, the coffee aroma does try its best to get me to change sides. But it's no use. Nice try, though.

ALEX: It's a caramel latte.

FLORA: *(suddenly weakens)* Did you say caramel?

ALEX: I did . . . silky sweet caramel with velvety smooth steamed milk. It's basically dessert in a cup.

FLORA: *(really struggling now)* Oh, why did it have to be caramel? *(big exhale)* All right! Hand it over before I lose my nerve.

ALEX hands the cup to FLORA, who sniffs it, then takes a sip.

FLORA: *(enthralled)* Oh, it's so warm, sweet, and delicious. Caramel latte, where have you been all my life?

ALEX: I had a feeling you'd like it.

FLORA: *(discreetly and with a wink)* Just don't tell anyone.

ALEX: *(laughs)* It'll be our secret! *(awkward wink)* So Flora, I'm curious, how long have you been a believer?

FLORA: Since I was 11 years old. So that's—oh, ages ago now. My grandmother took me to a holiday Bible club, which is like your vacation Bible school. That's when I heard about Jesus for the first time.

ALEX: You became a Christian at VBS? So did I!

FLORA: Yes, and I remember how eye-opening it was. I learned that I was a sinner, like everyone else; that my

sins separated me from God; *and* that it was a problem I couldn't fix no matter how good I was.

ALEX: And it rocked your world, huh?

FLORA: It certainly did because before then, I just thought you had to be a "good person" to go to heaven.

ALEX: *(nods)* I had a very similar experience.

FLORA: Then came that wonderful verse from the Bible, John 3:16, that tells us God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son. Which is the *best news ever* because God is the only one who could fix my sin problem. And he did it by sending Jesus to pay the penalty for our sins.

ALEX: Amen. But what's so sad is most people don't understand. They still believe you just have to be good to go to heaven, and that isn't true.

FLORA: Right. Jesus himself said that he's the only way to God the Father. So there's only one way to get there and that's to admit your sins and turn away from them, believe that Jesus paid the penalty for your sin on the cross, and then receive God's forgiveness. It's all about what Jesus did—*not* our own good deeds.

ALEX: Exactly. So we just have to keep telling people the truth. That's all there is to it! *(raises her hand to her ear to hear a message from JORDAN)* Okay, I'll meet you there. *(then to FLORA)* Jordan's on his way. He wants to meet at the flower shop.

FLORA: Well, it just so happens I'm going that way.

ALEX and FLORA walk to the flower shop. Then JORDAN suddenly emerges from the front door.

JORDAN: All clear.

FLORA: *(startled)* Goodness gracious!

JORDAN: Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you.

FLORA: That's all right. I'm just not used to all this spy business. How did you get in there, anyhow?

JORDAN: Trust me; you don't want to know. *(brushes off his sleeves and pants)*

FLORA: *(eyebrow raised)* You're probably right about that. I'm just glad you're on our side.

JORDAN: Flora, last night we studied the diaries, and there's no doubt that an original document exists. We just don't know where. But we found a sealed envelope hidden inside one of them. *(hands FLORA the envelope)*

ALEX: We thought you might want to be the one to open it since you're a member of the historical society.

FLORA: Aw, I appreciate that. *(looks at the envelope)* It looks quite old. I should hate to tear it.

JORDAN: It might have a clue.

FLORA: Well, why didn't you say so? *(tears open the envelope and finds a blank slip of paper)* Hmm. No clue. It's blank.

ALEX: That's strange. Why would someone seal up a blank slip of paper?

ALEX AND JORDAN: *(look at each other excitedly)* Maybe it's not blank!

JORDAN: *(pulls out a spy scope).* Let's look at it through the spy scope. *(examines the paper)* Aha! Have a look. *(hands it to ALEX)*

ALEX: *(looks at the paper through the scope)* Whoa!

FLORA: What does it say?

ALEX: "MAY YOU FIND GRACE IN TIME OF NEED." That's from Hebrews 4:16. Think it's a clue?

JORDAN: It has to be.

ALEX: So what do we know about grace? It's a gift from God that we don't deserve, but it could also be a name.

JORDAN: *(notices FLORA deep in thought)* What is it, Flora?

FLORA: Well, it may be a long shot, but "Grace" was a name that Sara Brown gave herself. Sara was Edmund's grandmother. And Sara's father, John T. Brown, was one of the founding fathers of International City.

JORDAN: Wow! You know your stuff. I'm impressed.

FLORA: What can I say? Flowers and family trees. That's my thing.

ALEX: But, what do you mean "Grace was a name she gave herself"?

FLORA: They say Sara was fascinated with names. And a name she was particularly fond of was "Grace"—probably because she was a strong Christian. So to her family, she was "Sara Grace."

JORDAN: Huh. "May you find Grace in time of need."

FLORA: You know, there's a painting of Sara over at the museum. *(gets an idea)* In fact, now that I think of it, that particular painting was donated by Edmund himself just before he died.

ALEX: That's it! That's got to be it! We'll need to examine the painting.

FLORA: *(apprehensive)* Well, I can get you through the front door and show you where it is, but you're on your own from there. I've been a member for a long time, but I

can't just walk in and start taking stuff off the walls. Certainly not!

ALEX: Don't worry, you can leave that to us.

JORDAN: Well, it looks like we've got some planning to do. Thanks, Flora, for all your help. We'll be in touch. *(to ALEX)* Let's go!

TRANSITION MUSIC *plays as JORDAN and ALEX leave stealthily in different directions and FLORA exits inside her shop. As the music ends, NICO SUPREMO enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds down the center aisle toward the stage. His attention is fixated on the monument.*

NICO SUPREMO: *(talking to himself, delighted)* Ah! What a beautiful sight-a! My-a masterpiece right-a in da centa of da big city! Ah, Nico, you have-a truly made eet! *(imagining his name beside the most famous artists)* Michelangelo, Picasso, da Vinci, Monet, and-a now, NICO SUPREMO!

As he passes the flower shop, he grabs a small bouquet and proceeds to front and center stage. FLORA emerges from the flower shop, having witnessed the theft of her flowers.

FLORA approaches NICO SUPREMO.

FLORA: *(holds her hand out and speaks firmly)* That'll be \$35.00, please.

NICO SUPREMO: *(arrogant)* Whuht?

FLORA: \$35.00 . . . for the flowers. Sorry, dear, but I'm not giving out freebies today.

NICO SUPREMO: *(annoyed, he tries to give the bouquet back to her)* Pffft! You can-a have it back!

FLORA: Sorry, no returns. Store policy.

NICO SUPREMO: Well, eet is-a obvious dat you do *not*-a know who I am! *(reluctantly reaches into his pocket for money)*

FLORA: Of course, I do.

NICO SUPREMO gasps, pleased to be recognized.

FLORA: You're the man who owes me \$35.00.

NICO SUPREMO: *(scowls)* Humph! *(hands her some money)*

FLORA: Always a pleasure. Next time, remember to stop by the checkout first.

FLORA returns to the flower shop.

NICO SUPREMO: *(watches FLORA leave, then looks at the bouquet in his hand)* Store-a policy, phooey!

Immediately, the CHANCELLOR enters from stage right and sees NICO SUPREMO.

CHANCELLOR: *(happy)* Nico!

CHANCELLOR and NICO SUPREMO shake hands. NICO SUPREMO hands the flowers to the CHANCELLOR.

NICO SUPREMO: Ah, signore!

CHANCELLOR: We're all looking forward to seeing your work!

NICO SUPREMO: You mean-a my masterpiece-a!

CHANCELLOR: *(leans toward NICO SUPREMO, lowers his voice)* Especially me, if you know what I mean. Wait! What did you say?

NICO SUPREMO: *(arrogant)* I said-a my-a masterpiece. "Work" is what-a amateurs—beginners—do. I-a create masterpieces! Do not-a insult Supremo weeth-a such teeny words!

CHANCELLOR: *(slight pause)* Well, excuuuse me. *(under his breath)* Snooty as usual.

NICO SUPREMO: *(suspects he heard a rude comment)* What-a did you say?

CHANCELLOR: Oh, uh . . . nothing.

NICO SUPREMO: Eet-a sounded like-a you said-a, "snooty."

CHANCELLOR: Oh no! I have nothing but the highest respect for you and your, uh . . . masterpieces. *(hands the flowers back to NICO SUPREMO)* Which is why we've been guarding the monument very carefully! *(looks around, then lowers his voice)* So how'd it turn out, really? I mean, does it actually look like me?

NICO SUPREMO: *(somewhat insulted)* But of course! What-a did you expect?! Eet is "perfetto"—a perfect resemblance!

CHANCELLOR: *(excited)* I can't wait to see it! *(notices the chairs set for the ceremony)* Now, would you be so kind as to sit here? I would like to introduce you during my speech. You'll also be close to the monument when it's unveiled.

NICO SUPREMO: *(bows and hands the flowers back to the CHANCELLOR)* Grazie. *(sits in one of the chairs)*

CHANCELLOR: *(looks around and notices the INSPECTOR is absent)* Where's that ridiculous inspector? He's supposed to be here! *(without care, he tosses the flowers behind him, then pulls out his cell phone and calls the police station)* Just wait 'til I get my hands on him. Hello? Yes, this is Victor. I'm over here at the monument and No clue is nowhere to be found. *(pause)* What do you mean no one knows where he is? *(pause)* No, we can't wait any longer! But when you do find him, tell him that the chancellor has a big surprise for him! *(hangs up)* Ridiculous! *(pause as he thinks)* We've got to get this show on the road! *(looks around)* Is everybody ready? *(looks out at the audience)* Are you all ready? *(motions for the audience to give a cheer)* Okay, strike up the band! *(returns to his seat beside SUPREMO)*

As soon as the music begins, the "INTERNATIONAL CITY 200TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION" slide appears onscreen.

BEGINNING OF PRERECORDED AUDIO SEGMENT

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we are proud to welcome you to International City's birthday extravaganza—celebrating 200 years! To begin our festivities, it is our distinct pleasure to present to you a man of action, a man of purpose, a man who embodies everything that a citizen of International City should be—our amazing, brilliant, and loveable, three-term chancellor, Victor Devlin!

END OF PRERECORDED AUDIO SEGMENT

CHANCELLOR stands and walks to the podium while waving to the crowd.

CHANCELLOR: Thank you . . . thank you . . . thank you . . . no really, you are too kind! Thank you very much for that warm welcome. *(begins to read his speech)* It has been such a pleasure to be your chancellor for these many years. We've come a long way together, and I think you'll agree that what we are becoming is even better than what we have been. International City has a wonderful history, but a brighter future. And now we have the opportunity to take a major step in that direction. I am pleased to announce that a small group of crooked—I mean, *qualified* individuals—is now in the process of creating a new constitution for our beloved country.

CROWD NOISE

CHANCELLOR: Gone forever will be the restrictions and superstitions of the past. Trust me, this is the best thing for our future together. *(short pause)* And now, the moment we've all been waiting for. *(slight pause)* For quite some time, it has been my dream to have a monument designed and placed in the very center of town that would immediately become the pride of International City. And today, it is my pleasure to unveil such a monument. But I would be remiss if I first did not introduce to you its creator who is with us this afternoon, the famous artist and sculptor, Nico Supremo! Please give him a warm International City welcome!

CROWD CHEER as NICO SUPREMO stands and acknowledges the crowd.

CHANCELLOR: Nico and I have been working together for many months on this sculpture, which we have proudly named "Our One True Hope"—a hope which is none other than your loyal and beloved . . .

He gives the signal to reveal the monument. As soon as the curtain falls, we see that the monument is gone and in its

place is the INSPECTOR sitting on a stool, tied up and gagged with duct tape. The CHANCELLOR immediately gasps.

CHANCELLOR: Inspector?!

As **CROWD GASP** plays, NICO SUPREMO jumps to his feet in outrage.

NICO SUPREMO: (very upset) Mamma mia! What-a kind of joke ees-a dis?! (runs to the INSPECTOR) Who-a are you? And-a what have you done with-a my masterpiece? What-a has happened to my-a glorious masterpiece?! (turns to face the CHANCELLOR) Dis ees an-a outrage! A catastrofissimo balaboomba! (storms offstage toward rear exit)

NICO SUPREMO leaves the auditorium, as an angry CHANCELLOR runs over to the monument base.

CHANCELLOR: No clue! Where is it? Where's my monument?

INSPECTOR: (with his mouth taped, he mumbles loudly)
Mmmmm Mmmm Mmm!

CHANCELLOR: What? I can't understand a word you're saying!

INSPECTOR: Mmmmm Mmmm Mmm!

The CHANCELLOR rips the tape off the INSPECTOR's mouth.

INSPECTOR: (reacts with great pain) Ahhhhhhhhhh!

CHANCELLOR: (extremely impatient) Now, if you have any desire whatsoever to keep your job, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MONUMENT!

INSPECTOR: It is a mystery to me as well, Monsieur Chancellor! (stands to his feet and briefly looks around, trying to figure out what happened) All I remember is walking behind the covered monument, doing my duty as a sworn officer of the law, when, suddenly, I was hit on the head. And that is all I remember.

CHANCELLOR: Beautiful! Just beautiful! (pause of frustration)
So there you were at the scene of the crime, when it was actually taking place, and you came away with absolutely no clues whatsoever?

INSPECTOR: That is correct.

CHANCELLOR: Good work, No-clue! You know, that name of yours is perfect!

INSPECTOR: Monsieur Chancellor, am I to understand that you are not entirely pleased with me right now?

CHANCELLOR: (barely restraining himself) Let's put it this way: I'm going to give you just 10 seconds to get out of here and find my monument!

INSPECTOR: (smiles) Just 10 seconds? Oh, Monsieur Chancellor, with all due respect, even Inspector No clue cannot find your monument in 10 seconds!

CHANCELLOR: (yells) Get out of here and find my monument!

INSPECTOR: Yes, Monsieur Chancellor!

The INSPECTOR, with his hands and feet still tied, quickly jumps down from the monument and hops offstage.

INSPECTOR: See? I am going!

THEME MUSIC

DAY 4 DRAMA

Characters: ALEX, JORDAN, FLORA, RILEY (voice only), CHANCELLOR, INSPECTOR

THEME MUSIC

FLORA enters from the side of the auditorium and proceeds to the flower shop. She's returning from the International City Historical Museum after showing JORDAN and RILEY where Sara Brown's painting was on display. Meanwhile, ALEX has been "minding the shop" for FLORA. ALEX is watering flowers, arranging bouquets, etc. Flora's Bible is sitting among the flowers.

FLORA: All right, I'm back! How'd you get on? Did everything go all right?

ALEX: *(watering flowers)* It went great! I sold three bouquets, a couple greeting cards, a candle, and a box of chocolates. Oh, and two large slices of pepperoni pizza!

FLORA: Wait, what? But, we don't sell pizza. We're a flower shop!

ALEX: That's exactly what I told the customer. But he saw my lunch and made me an offer I couldn't resist.

FLORA: *(laughs)* I see. Then you must be hungry!

ALEX: I'm okay. Anyway, thanks for helping us out with the museum. We really appreciate it.

FLORA: Oh, you're welcome, but I didn't do that much. I just got them in and showed them where the painting of Sara was, that's all. *(worried)* I just hope nothing happens to it.

ALEX: Don't worry. Jordan will take good care of it. He knows what he's doing.

FLORA: I hope you're right. *(looks around and lowers her voice)* It was rather exciting. I felt as though I was in a proper spy movie!

ALEX: *(finishes watering the flowers then grabs the Bible)* Hey, I noticed you left your Bible out here. *(hands it to FLORA)* It sure is well-worn. You must read it a lot.

FLORA: *(smiles, gets excited)* Oh, yes, it's by far the most important part of my day. Lately, I've been studying God's attributes. And you know what? *(opens Bible)* Our God—the God of the Bible—is truly like no other! He's all-powerful. He knows everything, sees everything, and has no beginning and no end! *(gets more excited)* He's immutable, so he never changes. He's perfect, so he never makes mistakes. And, he's the sovereign King over the entire universe. Really, we can hardly put into words just how extraordinary our God is!

ALEX: I know! And then there's his love, his goodness, his mercy, and grace.

FLORA: His patience, his purity, his holiness. You could go on forever! Anyway, it's been wonderful to study about God, and I'm just so thankful to be his child.

ALEX: Me too. And it gives me courage on assignments like this. I mean, really, what is there to fear? If our all-powerful, all-knowing, eternal God is for us, who can possibly be against us?

FLORA: Nobody, Alex, nobody.

ALEX: *(checks her watch)* Well, I'd better check in with Jordan and see what's going on.

ALEX steps away to speak to JORDAN on her watch/transmitter.

FLORA: *(concerned)* Say, could you just ask him if the painting's all right?

The CHANCELLOR enters from the side of the auditorium and proceeds toward the flower shop. [JORDAN and RILEY read from scripts backstage. The walkie-talkie voice effect is produced from the sound board.]

ALEX: *(to JORDAN via watch/transmitter)* Night Owl, this is Echo Raven, how's it going over there?

JORDAN: *(walkie-talkie voice)* Echo Raven, this is Night Owl. I've got the painting and Circuit Breaker is standing guard in the hallway wearing a janitor costume.

ALEX: Copy that. Any clues?

While ALEX continues to talk to JORDAN, the CHANCELLOR speaks with FLORA, who then goes inside the flower shop to get his bouquet order.

JORDAN: *(walkie-talkie voice)* No, not yet. I'm gonna flip it over and check the back.

RILEY: *(walkie-talkie voice to JORDAN)* Uh-oh. We've got company!

JORDAN: *(walkie-talkie voice to RILEY)* You've got to hold 'em off, Riley! I need more time!

RILEY: *(walkie-talkie voice to JORDAN)* Okay. I'll try to lose him, but hurry!

ALEX turns and sees the CHANCELLOR waiting outside the flower shop.

ALEX: *(to JORDAN)* Hey, I gotta go. The chancellor is here. Could be a problem. Echo Raven out.

ALEX approaches the CHANCELLOR.

ALEX: Good evening, chancellor. Can I help you with something?

CHANCELLOR: No, thank you. I'm already being helped.

INSPECTOR, with a large magnifying glass, enters discreetly, but dramatically, tiptoeing around looking for clues near the monument base. His incompetence is obvious.

ALEX: Crazy what happened yesterday with the monument and all. I'm sure you were disappointed.

CHANCELLOR: I was. But we'll find the criminals who took it, no doubt about that.

ALEX: Yes, I'm sure you have your best people on the case.

CHANCELLOR: Oh, yes, our very best, indeed.

INSPECTOR leaves as FLORA emerges from inside the flower shop holding a bouquet of flowers.

ALEX: *(to FLORA)* Wow! Those are beautiful. What's the occasion?

CHANCELLOR: They're just for the office. Some important people are visiting this week.

ALEX: Oh. Well, in that case, let me check it over. *(as she takes the bouquet out of FLORA's hands)*

FLORA: *(surprised and puzzled)* What?

ALEX: *(to the CHANCELLOR)* Just want to make sure it's perfect. It'll only take a moment. You don't mind, do you, chancellor?

CHANCELLOR: Of course not, just make it quick. *(looks at his watch)*

ALEX: *(to FLORA)* I'll need your help.

ALEX leads FLORA a few steps away, out of earshot of the CHANCELLOR.

FLORA: What's the matter?

ALEX: Shhh.

FLORA: I don't understand.

ALEX: We've got to be careful, Flora. Things are critical right now, and the forces of evil are poised and ready. Did he ask any unusual questions?

FLORA: No.

ALEX: Has he ordered flowers before?

FLORA: Certainly, lots of times. He usually sends his assistant, but sometimes he comes himself. He's very fond of flowers, that's all. There's nothing wrong with that, is there?

ALEX: Maybe not. *(hands the bouquet back to FLORA)* But before you give those to him . . . *(reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small listening device)*

FLORA: *(curious)* What's that?

ALEX: *(“plants” the bug in the bouquet)* It's a bug. It'll allow us to hear what's being said in his office.

FLORA: That tiny thing? How clever, a proper spy gadget!

ALEX: *(puts her finger to her lips)* Shhh.

FLORA: *(to herself)* Well, Chancellor Devlin, you had better be on your best behavior!

ALEX: Okay, go ahead.

FLORA takes the flowers and gives them to the CHANCELLOR.

FLORA: I'm so sorry for the wait, chancellor. Here you are.

CHANCELLOR: Thank you.

FLORA: You're welcome, and have a wonderful day.

The CHANCELLOR leaves with the flowers.

FLORA: Hmm. He certainly seems to be a nice man.

ALEX: Don't be fooled by appearances.

JORDAN arrives at the flower shop after passing the CHANCELLOR.

JORDAN: *(to ALEX)* What was he doing here?

ALEX: Just picking up some flowers.

JORDAN: You sure that's all it was?

ALEX: I think so.

JORDAN: Because we have to be extra careful now. With the statue heist yesterday, who knows what kind of desperate measures they might take.

ALEX: We bugged the bouquet.

JORDAN: Good. That could give us some valuable information. Okay, now, we've got work to do. *(pulls out a small piece of paper)* Here's what I found.

FLORA: *(a bit anxious)* Wait, just tell me how the painting is. That's all I want to know.

JORDAN: The painting is fine. No worries.

FLORA: *(relieved)* Oh, that's a relief!

JORDAN: All I did was open—

FLORA: Open? *(troubled)* What do you mean, “open”? What did you open?

JORDAN: I just opened a small slit.

FLORA: *(panic-stricken)* A slit? You cut the painting? Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. There goes my membership to the

historical society. I just know it. Twenty-two years right down the drain!

JORDAN: *(tries to calm FLORA)* Relax, Flora! I didn't even touch the painting. On the back of the frame, there was a tiny slit in the brown paper that had been glued shut. That's what I opened.

FLORA: That's all? Just the brown paper?

JORDAN: Just the brown paper. Believe me; no one will ever notice a thing.

FLORA: Are you sure?

JORDAN: Yes, I'm quite sure. Trust me. I'm good at this. I'm a spy.

ALEX: Sorry. We didn't mean to upset you.

FLORA: It's all right. I just have to catch my breath.

JORDAN: So behind the brown paper, I found this note. It's a riddle of some sort . . . and it's a hard one. Listen carefully. "Moses Kenton—and the archive—where the walls meet 1235." *(pronounce "one, two, three, five")*

ALEX: *(thinking)* Okay, one more time.

JORDAN: *(slower)* "Moses Kenton—and the archive—where the walls meet 1235." Any thoughts?

ALEX: Yeah, I think Edmund could've made it a tad bit easier.

JORDAN: I'm sure he just wanted to protect the document.

FLORA: Well, I don't know who Moses Kenton was, but these buildings, the 1200 block, *(points to her shop and in the direction opposite the pâtisserie)* were once known as "Kenton Row" all the way up to where the archives building used to be.

JORDAN: And that's what concerns me, the archives building. Do you have any idea what the address was? Could it possibly have been 1235?

FLORA: Well, the flower shop is 1297, and the archives was that way, *(points in the direction opposite the pâtisserie)* so I guess it's possible.

ALEX: *(concerned)* Wait! Are you suggesting that Edmund may have hidden the document in the archives building?

JORDAN: Well, when you take "Kenton," "archive," and "1235" . . . you see what I mean? They seem to go together.

ALEX: *(discouraged)* So the document may no longer exist? It burned up in the fire?

JORDAN: It kinda looks that way.

FLORA: Well, all I can say is if the document *was* destroyed, then why is the Truth Mission Force here? No, I believe God brought you here to save International City! And, as you and I know, God is perfect. He never makes mistakes.

JORDAN: You're right, Flora! We can't let ourselves get discouraged. C'mon! We've got to get to the safe house right away and study this riddle!

FLORA: And I'll be praying from here. You can count on it!

JORDAN: Thanks! That's the best thing you can do!

TRANSITION MUSIC *plays as JORDAN and ALEX exit stealthily in different directions. FLORA, watching them go, mimics their stealthy walk as she goes back inside the flower shop. Then the screen message "TWO HOURS LATER" appears.*

The next scene begins with the INSPECTOR backstage not knowing that his mic is on. He's heard humming a song, talking to himself, and munching on potato chips. Then he opens a can of pop, drinks loudly, and follows it up with a big burp. (There's a sound effect for this.)

INSPECTOR: Oh, excuse me. *(to someone backstage)* What? What do you mean my mic is on? That's ridiculous! I can see the green light. Oh, that means it's on? Oops.

An embarrassed INSPECTOR slowly emerges from backstage. Then he grabs a lightweight podium nearby and proceeds to front and center stage. He pulls out his notes, clears his throat, and begins his speech.

INSPECTOR: *(reads from his notes)* Citizens and visitors of International City, my name is *(loses his place)* uh, oh, there it is . . . Inspector Noclué. I come to you today to discuss a very serious matter—the theft of our monument. Please rest assured that we are doing everything we possibly can to find it, using the latest science, *(mispronounces next words)* technology, *(TETCH-no-law-gee)* biology, *(BEO-law-gee)* and, uh, *(clears his throat)* ahem . . . other big words like that. *(short pause as he refocuses)* Now, what do we know at this point? Number 1: A statue has been stolen. Number 2: Someone has stolen it. And number 3: We do not know who it is. Cases of this sort can be extremely challenging, however, *(proudly)* because of my unique skills, training, and experience, I have often failed where others have not. *(pause as he focuses his attention on an adult leader in the audience)* Why are you looking at me that way? *(steps away from the podium toward the person)* What is your name? *(person tells name)* Hmm. Your voice—it sounds familiar. Do not leave the city! *(focuses attention on another leader)* And where were you on that fateful night? Hmm? *(person speaks)* A likely story. Do not leave the city! *(turns back to the audience, then speaks loudly and forcefully)* in fact, no one may leave the city! You are all under suspicion! *(returns to the podium to retrieve his notes, then relaxes his tone)* Thank you very much and have a pleasant day.

*The INSPECTOR leaves the stage with the podium. **TRANSITION MUSIC** plays as day becomes night [house lights low] and the screen message “**LATER THAT EVENING**” appears.*

The CHANCELLOR enters and approaches the monument while talking to the commissioner on his cell phone.

CHANCELLOR: You’ve got to be kidding. You mean to tell me that because of a police convention, Noclue is the only inspector we’ve got right now? This is unbelievable! So how long is this convention? *(pause)* Seven days? You mean I have to put up with his nonsense for an entire week? I might as well do the investigation myself! *(abruptly ends the call, then thinks to himself)* You know, that’s not such a bad idea.

The CHANCELLOR pulls a flashlight out of his pocket and begins his “investigation” near the monument. Soon, the INSPECTOR enters from the pâtisserie, finishing a donut. He suddenly notices flashes of light behind the monument.

INSPECTOR: *(to himself in a soft voice)* Aha! What do we have here? It is a well-known fact that a thief will often return to the scene of the crime. *(pause)* At least I think I heard that somewhere. *(pause)* Oh, well. Now, mystery person—whoever you are—you will not get the better of me this time!

The INSPECTOR quickly exits for a brief moment then returns with a very large burlap sack, some rope, and a roll of duct tape. Then he follows the CHANCELLOR discreetly at a distance as he eventually exits backstage.

INSPECTOR: *(from backstage)* Aha! Now I’ve got you!

HITS AND PUNCHES are heard *(sound effect, or ad-lib)* as he apprehends his mystery person. Then he “bags” him and drags him out onto the stage.

INSPECTOR: *(proudly standing over his victim, holding him down with one foot)* Well, my little thieving friend. What do you have to say for yourself?

CHANCELLOR: *(as his mouth is supposedly covered with duct tape, he mumbles frantically)* Mmmmm Mmmm Mmm!

INSPECTOR: Do not use that tone of voice with me, you fiend! You are only getting a taste of your own medicine. Now you know how it feels to have your mouth taped shut!

CHANCELLOR: Mmmmm Mmmm Mmm!

INSPECTOR: *(to himself with pride and satisfaction)* Inspector, you have done it again! Swift, decisive . . . brilliant. Monsieur Chancellor will be so proud of you.

THEME MUSIC

DAY 5 DRAMA

Characters: MAX, JORDAN, ALEX, CHANCELLOR, FLORA, INSPECTOR NOCLUE, POLICE COMMISSIONER

THEME MUSIC

It's early in the morning. JORDAN, disguised as the CHANCELLOR with a trench coat and fedora [pretending to use a full-head latex mask and voice changer], is seated at a table in front of the pâtisserie. He's holding a newspaper in front of his face to hide his identity from the audience. He's awaiting the arrival of MAX to discuss the progress of their plan. JORDAN's intent is to trap MAX and have him arrested. Soon, MAX appears. [To achieve the desired effect, the person playing the CHANCELLOR will be reading JORDAN's lines from backstage.]

MAX: *(slightly suspicious)* Hello . . . Victor? You're not usually early for our meetings.

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): Well, it's a big day for me, and I've got a lot to do. Besides, it's rude to keep people waiting, don't you think?

MAX: *(staring at JORDAN)* Perhaps.

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): Why are you looking at me like that?

MAX: I don't know. Something seems . . . different about you. There's nothing wrong is there? Something I should know about?

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): No. I just don't want to be seen by anyone.

MAX: *(satisfied)* Relax! Soon you'll be Dictator Devlin and won't have to pretend anymore. So is the document ready?

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): The constitution? Yes, it's ready.

MAX: Excellent. The takeover of International City will soon be complete. *(evil snicker)* Everything has worked out precisely as planned. *(suddenly becomes angry)* Everything, except for the theft of the monument!

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): I know. That was disappointing.

MAX: Disappointing? Infuriating, you mean! Any progress in locating it?

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): The investigation just started.

MAX: *(cynical)* Investigation! You know that pathetic inspector of yours will never find it. *(becomes*

threatening) We want that statue, Victor—and we want it now!

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): Why is it so important?

MAX: *(puzzled)* You know very well why it's important! It's a daily reminder of who's in charge. Besides, whoever heard of an evil dictator without an imposing statue of himself? Say, what's wrong with you?

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): Nothing's wrong. I'm just . . . having a change of heart, that's all.

MAX: *(becomes suspicious again)* Change of heart? Victor, I don't like what I'm hearing.

JORDAN (CHANCELLOR'S VOICE): Well, guess what? *(changes to JORDAN's voice)* You're not going to like what you see either! *(drops the newspaper while pretending to pull off his "CHANCELLOR" mask, revealing his true identity)*

Immediately, ALEX emerges.

MAX: *(shocked)* What is this? The Truth Mission Force? You have no authority here!

Then the POLICE COMMISSIONER suddenly emerges.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Not true. The Truth Mission Force has authority everywhere! Max "the Menace" Macaroni, you are under arrest for conspiracy to commit treason. *(to ALEX)* Cuff him!

ALEX: Gladly! *(as she handcuffs MAX)*

MAX: You'll pay for this!

POLICE COMMISSIONER: No, Max. It's you who'll be paying—and for a very long time. Let's go.

ALEX and the POLICE COMMISSIONER escort MAX offstage

JORDAN: One down, one to go.

JORDAN removes his trench coat and hides in anticipation of the CHANCELLOR's arrival. Then the CHANCELLOR, with a bandage on his cheek, a black eye, and wearing sunglasses, enters and proceeds to the rendezvous point.

CHANCELLOR: *(mutters to himself)* All right, quick meeting. In and out. No witnesses. *(impatient, looks at his watch)* Where is he? He's never late.

JORDAN steps out of hiding near the CHANCELLOR.

JORDAN: Waiting for someone?

CHANCELLOR: *(startled)* Oh, uh, maybe.

JORDAN: *(stares at the CHANCELLOR)* Hmm. Wow . . . that's some black eye you got there.

CHANCELLOR: *(annoyed)* Can I help you with something?

JORDAN: He's not coming, you know.

CHANCELLOR: *(suddenly confused)* What? Who's not coming?

JORDAN: Max "the Menace" Macaroni.

CHANCELLOR: *(alarmed)* How do you know that name?

ALEX emerges.

CHANCELLOR: What's going on? Who are you people?

ALEX AND JORDAN: We're the Truth Mission Force.

CHANCELLOR: The what?

JORDAN: The Truth Mission Force, and we're here to save International City.

CHANCELLOR: *(pretending innocence)* Save International City? From what?

ALEX: From creeps like you, Mr. Devlin!

POLICE COMMISSIONER emerges.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Victor Devlin, you are under arrest for conspiracy to commit treason.

CHANCELLOR: What? This is outrageous! You don't have anything on me! Where's my lawyer?

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Inspector!

INSPECTOR emerges and immediately salutes the POLICE COMMISSIONER.

INSPECTOR: Yes, commissioner?

CHANCELLOR: *(becomes enraged)* No clue! I'm going to get you!

The CHANCELLOR tries to attack the INSPECTOR, but JORDAN quickly grabs hold of him.

JORDAN: It's okay. I've got him.

CHANCELLOR: *(struggles)* Let go of me!

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Mr. Devlin, control yourself!

FLORA emerges from the flower shop and stands watching from a distance.

INSPECTOR: *(to CHANCELLOR, hat in hand)* Oh, Monsieur Chancellor! I must apologize about last night. If I had known it was you that I was punching and kicking, I would have stopped immediately. I wish you would have said something.

CHANCELLOR: How could I? You taped my mouth shut!

INSPECTOR: *(remembers)* Oh, yes. That is correct.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Inspector, I would like you to handcuff Mr. Devlin. Then take him down to the station and book him.

INSPECTOR: Ha! That's funny! I thought you said, *Mister Devlin!*

POLICE COMMISSIONER: I did say Mr. Devlin.

INSPECTOR: *(confused)* What? Monsieur Chancellor?

POLICE COMMISSIONER: The *former* chancellor. *(pause)* I'm sorry to report that this person who was elected to serve the people of International City has, instead, been involved in an evil scheme to enslave them.

CHANCELLOR: And it would've worked too, if it weren't for the Truth Mission Force!

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Go ahead, inspector.

The INSPECTOR reluctantly pulls out his handcuffs, then walks behind the CHANCELLOR.

INSPECTOR: *(to the CHANCELLOR while he handcuffs him)* Former Monsieur Chancellor, I take no pleasure in handcuffing you. But as an officer of the law, I must do my duty. It is a pity that I will no longer be able to serve you.

CHANCELLOR: It's not a pity, No clue. It's a *relief!*

JORDAN continues to hold the CHANCELLOR as the INSPECTOR steps away and quickly realizes that he accidentally handcuffed himself.

INSPECTOR: Oops.

CHANCELLOR: *(shakes his head)* Incompetent bumbler.

The POLICE COMMISSIONER rolls his eyes and quickly handcuffs the CHANCELLOR while JORDAN or ALEX helps the INSPECTOR uncuff himself. Then the INSPECTOR leads the CHANCELLOR away.

CHANCELLOR: You'll pay for this! You'll all pay for this!

JORDAN: Why do the bad guys always say that? *(pause)* Well, sir, *(grabs the tube that's been strapped to his back and hands it to the POLICE COMMISSIONER)* here's the document I told you about. I present to you the one and only constitution of International City.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: And we thought all the copies were lost in the fire. *(pulls the document partway out of the tube and then pushes it back in)* You know, I've been suspicious of the chancellor for a while now, but we didn't have any solid proof. Then, thanks to the bug you planted, we listened in on their meeting last night, and that was all the proof we needed. I don't know how to thank you for all you've done. You've saved International City from an evil plot that's been brewing for a long, long time.

JORDAN: Sir, let it be known that God saved International City. He's the one who deserves the glory. We were simply carrying out our mission.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: Then to God be the glory! And may we be better caretakers of the freedoms he's given us.
(pause) So where will you go next?

JORDAN: Well, sir . . . there's a war of worldviews raging everywhere. So all I can tell you is that wherever truth and the knowledge of the one true God is under attack—that's where you'll find us.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: In that case, I hope you never have to come back this way again.

JORDAN: I hope so too, sir.

The POLICE COMMISSIONER shakes their hands and exits the stage. Then FLORA walks over to JORDAN and ALEX.

FLORA: Well, that certainly was something!

JORDAN: It has been a busy morning, hasn't it?

FLORA: All right now, I've waited long enough. Tell me how on earth you found the document!

ALEX: Oh, it's amazing, Flora, you're going to love this. You see, what broke the case wide open was when the computer revealed that Mr. Kenton's first name wasn't "Moses." In fact, the name "Moses" didn't show up anywhere in his family genealogy. That's when we realized there was more to the riddle than we first thought.

JORDAN: So we started to analyze the arrangement of the words. If you remember the riddle *(uses his hands to put the words in their proper places)*, "Moses Kenton . . . and the archive . . . where the walls meet 1235. *(“one, two, three, five”)*

ALEX: Then the computer did a strange thing. It paired "Moses" with "1235" and did the same thing with "Kenton" and "corner."

FLORA: Corner? But that's not in the riddle.

JORDAN: That's what we thought, but then, where do two walls meet?

FLORA: *(thinking)* Oh! In the corner! *(understands)* And "Kenton" and "corner" do go together! Mr. Kenton built the flower shop, and it's on the corner! *(pause)* Wait! You mean that the constitution has been right under our noses the whole time?

JORDAN: Hold on. We're not quite there yet.

ALEX: So at that point, we were thinking that the document, or "the archive," as Edmund called it, was somehow connected to the flower shop, but where?

JORDAN: Now to "Moses" and "1235."

ALEX: Right. So what do we know about Moses? He wrote the first five books of the Old Testament: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.

JORDAN: And what if you numbered those books: Genesis is one, Exodus is two, Leviticus is three, and Deuteronomy is five. Which one is missing?

FLORA: That's easy! Numbers!

ALEX: Exactly!

JORDAN walks over to the address plate on the flower shop.

JORDAN: So that's when we asked permission to remove your address plate. We suspected that Edmund may have hidden the document behind the "numbers." *(as he lifts the address plate revealing a hole where the document was hidden)*

ALEX: And sure enough, he did!

FLORA: Extraordinary! So, it was right here all along!

ALEX: Yes.

FLORA: I cannot *believe* you figured that out!

A CELL PHONE RING is heard.

JORDAN: *(looking at his phone)* It's the commander. *(then answers)* Hello, sir. Thank you. Yes . . . yes. It was close, but God gave us success . . . *(then he steps away from the others and quietly pretends to continue the call)*

FLORA: *(sighs)* It's been a good day, hasn't it, Alex?

ALEX: Yes, it has, and I'm so thankful. *(looking over at the monument base)* I wonder what'll happen with the monument. What's left of it, that is.

FLORA: Well, I imagine they'll call off the search.

ALEX: Yeah, probably.

FLORA: Who wants a giant statue of Victor Devlin, anyway? Not me!

ALEX: Oh, you'd be surprised, Flora. Art theft is big business.

JORDAN rejoins the group.

JORDAN: Wondering about the statue?

FLORA: Yes.

JORDAN: Commander said it was ISAT. *(“eye-sat”)* They stole it.

FLORA: ISAT?

ALEX: International Syndicate of Art Thieves.

FLORA: Really? I mean I can see how paintings get stolen, but a statue? It's so big!

ALEX: Not anymore. I'm sure they've cut it into pieces and are selling them as we speak.

FLORA: Hmm . . . well, all I have to say is, this is one heist I'm not mad about.

ALEX: You and me both!

JORDAN: Well, I guess our work is finished here.

FLORA: I'm going to miss you both, I really am.

JORDAN: We'll miss you too, Flora. I'm so glad our paths crossed.

ALEX'S attention is fixated on the monument base. She's thinking to herself.

JORDAN: *(notices ALEX deep in thought)* Alex? What are you thinking?

ALEX: *(picks up the long 2 x 6 board that's been lying beside the monument base since Wednesday)* Jordan, can you climb up there? *(points to the monument base)*

JORDAN: Sure. But why?

ALEX: I just . . . I don't know. I've got an idea.

FLORA: Be careful, dear.

JORDAN climbs up onto the monument base.

ALEX: Here, take this. *(as she hands him the board)* See if you can get it to stand up.

JORDAN slides the board into the slot so it stands vertically.

ALEX: Perfect.

ALEX picks up the small piece of trim that had fallen off the monument, then she removes a matching piece from the face of the monument base.

JORDAN: *(standing by the 2 x 6 upright board and seeing the two short pieces that ALEX is holding)* Ahh, I think I see what you have in mind.

ALEX: Do you?

JORDAN: I'll take it from here.

ALEX hands the two pieces to JORDAN. Then he attaches them to the upright board, one at a time, to form a cross. A spotlight highlights it. [For more information, see Set Design and Construction.]

FLORA: *(looking at the cross)* Oh! How wonderful!

ALEX: It's beautiful, isn't it.

FLORA: Yes, it certainly is.

JORDAN: What a perfect way to end our mission!

JORDAN climbs down from the monument.

ALEX: But look, there's more! The cross with the words, "Our One True Hope." *(points to the monument base)* When you think about it, that's exactly what God is!

FLORA: That's right! And how fitting that it stands in the center of the city.

JORDAN: *(addresses audience)* Yes, and in the same way, God should be the very center of our lives! Remember what Jesus said—that the most important commandment of all is to love God with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength. And isn't that what he deserves? After all, he is the one and only true God. The God who created us, loves us, and sent his only Son to rescue us!

ALEX: Amen!

(Optional: One character starts to sing the doxology, then the others, including the audience, join in.)

THEME MUSIC