

“TRUST IN THE LORD”

Treasure Cove Drama #1

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Theme: *Trust*

Sub Theme: *When you do something wrong, apologize and promise not to do it again.*

Scriptures:

- Trust in the LORD with all your heart. Never rely on what you think you know. Remember the LORD in everything you do, and he will show you the right way. (*Proverbs 3:5,6*)
- “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness.” (*1 John 1:9 NIV*)

CAST

(in order of appearance)

GOOBER
ESMERELDA
DELBERT

MRS. STIFLEMAN
PROFESSOR
CAPTAIN

* * * * *

SND *Opening Theme*

SND *SND – Wild Volcano, earthquake, Mechanical bells and whistles*
LTS *Lights flash onstage*

CURTAINS OPEN

(*Lights are flashing from the malfunctioning Molecular Matter Transporter¹, volcano is rumbling and threatening to erupt, lots of chaotic sound.*)

GOOBER (*stands C.S. with eyes tightly shut; quotes over and over*): “Trust in the Lord with all your heart ... Trust in the Lord with all your heart ... Trust in the Lord with all your heart ...”

(*Sudden silence and total blackout. ESMERELDA enters upstage in the dark.*)

¹ Molecular Matter Transporter: Commonly referred to as the MMT. An elaborate mechanical Device of flashing lights and complex wires created by the Professor – designed to transfer things (and people) from one location to another. Symbolic of man’s attempt to save himself.

(MMT lights flash on and off again, noise, confusion, finally stopping as lights rise on stage. GOOBER stands exhausted as fear leaves him.)

ESMERELDA: Oh, my! That was a wonderful performance, wasn't it? And how incredibly fortunate that the Molecular Matter Transporter temporarily blotted out the sun so that the spotlight could be on me! Ohhhhhhhhh, I love it when a show comes together!! Feel free to applaud!

GOOBER: Okay! I like clapping!! Especially in the light! *(begins clapping, delighted to have company)*

ESMERELDA *(bowing and throwing kisses)*: Thank you; oh thank. Thank you so much. Ohhhh, I haven't had this much fun since I played the ghost of Fruma Sarah in "Fiddler On the Roof." Or the time I was in Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful musical, "The Pirates of Penzance."

GOOBER: Well, I'm glad you had a good time. That was real good ... whatever it was that you did. *(stops clapping)* Hey, did you say you were in a musical show that had pirates in it?

SND **SFX – Short Pirate sound cue**

ESMERELDA: Yes, I did: "The Pirates of Penzance!" I had the lead, of course. And, I might add that I was truly spectacular! *(twirls ecstatically)* Oh; it feels so good to have an adoring audience once again.

GOOBER: You got an audience out here? Zippedy do, I didn't know that! *(looking around)* Hi, guys! Where did you all come from? Guys? Guys? *(beat)* Uh, Esmerelda, I hate to break this to ya, but, I don't think you have an audience out there. There's no one here but you and me.

ESMERELDA: Oh; Goober ... Goober, Goober. You are my audience. I can assure you, an audience of one is better than an audience of none. And after fifteen years on this island ... with no audience whatsoever ... I should know.

GOOBER: You've been here for fifteen years? Zippedy do!!! Why, that's almost; let's see ... that would be ... *(starts counting on his fingers, looks at his feet to count toes – which he can't see because he has shoes on, but tries to figure them in anyway)* five ... ten ... fifteen, take away one ... two ... three, uh ...

ESMERELDA: That's a long time, Goober; a very long time.

GOOBER: Oh, yeah. I knew that! *(goobery laugh)* Me and the Professor's only been here for two years.

ESMERELDA: Yes, I remember the day you arrived. It was dreadfully windy.

GOOBER: Yeah. Me and the Professor got blown all the way from Antarctica!

ESMERELDA: Antarctica? What were you doing there?

GOOBER: The Professor was on a scientific expedition ... and I was his cabin boy!

ESMERELDA: Goodness! What sort of 'scientific expedition?'

GOOBER: We were chasing a flock of the Elusive Transparent Amoeba Butterflies. We'd almost found one, too ... when suddenly, a rogue typhoon sprang up out of nowhere, sank our ship and blew us clear to this-here island.

ESMERELDA: Well, that explains the wind! *(beat)* And to think, you came all this way just to see me perform!! Well, I hope you haven't been disappointed.

GOOBER: No ma'am; I'm not disappointed at all!!

ESMERELDA: Well, then, I shall certainly invite you to my next performance! Ta ta, I have lines to rehearse! *(starts exiting towards Jungle)*

GOOBER: Ta ta! *(beat)* Oh, wait, Esmerelda. Before you go; I've got me a question. If you've been here for fifteen years, and I've been here for two ...how come I've never seen you before?

ESMERELDA: Well ... because I didn't want you to. I was in ... *(whispers)* seclusion:

SND **SFX - Nature sound cue**

communing with nature, trees, flowers, little ants ... and butterflies. But now, I feel it's time for me to return to the stage. *(gestures and looks towards the "sea")* Oh! Look at that?!

GOOBER *(looking quickly from side to side)*: What??

ESMERELDA: There's a lovely ship out there on the corral reef!

GOOBER: There is? *(looks, and gasps)* Zippedy do; there is! But, uh ... Esmerelda, I don't think that ship is very 'lovely.' It looks to me like it's flying a Pirate's flag.

ESMERELDA *(looks and gasps, delighted)*: Ahh!! You're right! There's a skull and crossbones on it. *(dances him around)* Oh, Goober, Goober, Goober; do you know what this means?!?!?

GOOBER: That we're in trouble?

ESMERELDA: No!! It means we're in luck! That's a pirate's ship and no doubt, there are pirates on board. (*gasps*) Perhaps I can recruit them to be in my next play!

GOOBER: I don't think that's a very good idea, Esmerelda. Pirates aren't usually very nice to Castaways.

ESMERELDA: Well, I'm sure these will be just fine! (*peering into sea*) Oh goodie! The ship appears to be sinking into the coral reef. I shall go and prepare for their immanent arrival!

GOOBER: Whose M & M revival??

ESMERELDA: Why, the pirates' 'M & M re- ... (*corrects herself*) **immanent** arrival of course: they should be swimming to shore any moment now!

SND SFX – Short Pirate sound cue.

GOOBER: P-p-pirates? (*freezes – eyes big ... looking out toward the ship*)

ESMERELDA: Yes. Did I mention that I once played the lead in "The Pirates of Penzance?" Which reminds me; I have lines to learn. Ta ta! (*smiles and "floats" away into the jungle*)

(GOOBER suddenly realizes that ESMERELDA is gone. Panics)

GOOBER: Esmerelda? Esmerelda!!? Where'd you go? Where'd you go? It's not safe for a lady to be alone on the island with pirates coming and all. Where are you? Where are you? Oh, where'd she go?? Ohhhhhh!!! (*Frantically runs around on stage, hits head on Hut doorpost, then dashes into the Hut*)

(MRS. STIFLEMAN and DELBERT enter from Jungle while talking)

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Oh, would you look at this; a nice little clearing right in the middle of the Park ... who could ask for more?

DELBERT (*petulantly*): Well, I, for one could think of a few things I could ask for. A sidewalk would be nice ... and maybe a little asphalt for starters. I've been to Jersey City on fact-finding missions many, many times in the past; and one thing I always remember seeing is lots and lots of asphalt. I'm afraid I don't remember seeing any of this before.

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Now, Delwyn ...

DELBERT: That's Delbert. Delbert W. Denerdski ... the second. I was named after my daddy, Delbert W. Denerdsi, Senior. He was really smart, you know. He never would have gotten lost in Jersey City, New Jersey!!

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Now, Del-*bert*; as my dear departed husband Murray used to tell us as we were driving around in our station wagon, without a clue as to where we were going: “No need in getting all upset, dear, just because we appear to be a little lost.”

DELBERT: You call this a ‘little lost?’ I’ve looked all through the map section in my Information Manual, and I can’t find anything that even remotely resembles this place, Mrs. Smotherton.

MRS. STIFLEMAN: That’s “Stiffleman”, dear; not smothering. Just a little stifling.

DELBERT: Well, Mrs. Stifleman; according to my calcu-ca-ca-lations, I’m already three hours, sixteen minutes and fifty-two seconds late for my very important meeting with multitudinous Software Analysts (like myself) representing Computer Engineering Departments from around the world.

And ... to make matters even worse ... I am **sweating** on my Information Manual!

MRS. STIFLEMAN: You know, come to mention it, you do look a bit flushed there, dear. Why don’t you just sit down and have some juice?

DELBERT: Well, that would certainly be a very nice thing to do; but, unfortunately, I’m fresh out of juice.

MRS. STIFLEMAN (*pushing him onto box*): Not to worry, not to worry. You just sit down and let Mrs. Stifleman take care of you.

(Ad lib comments as she searches in her Black Bag, finally takes box of juice out of her bag)

Here you go, young man; this should put the pizzazz in your pizza; the boom in your boomerang, the sheesh in your sheesh-kabob, the sparkle in your eye; and the twinkle back in your toes!

DELBERT: Oh, thank you. (*takes a sip*) Yummy, yummy. Heh heh heh.

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Now you just sip your juice there, and relax. I’ll go see if there’s a telephone in that rustic little hut over there.

Hello? Anybody home? Hello? (*peers into hut*) Oofah. It is a bit dusty in here. Let’s see. (*opens her bag and takes out feather duster*) Oh, this should help. As my Aunt Sophie always says, “Cleanliness is next to godliness.”

(points duster at the doorway and lunges into Hut with duster extended) Hi – ya!

(MRS. STIFLEMAN disappears in the Hut.)

GOOBER: Owwww!!

(Crashing, banging sounds from Hut, DELBERT starts towards Hut to see what the commotion is.)

DELBERT: Uh ... Mrs. Stifleman? Are you okay in there? Mrs. Stifleman?

(Noises stop in the Hut as CAPTAIN speaks.)

CAPTAIN *(calls from back of audience)*: Ahoy there!! Ahoy!! Anybody there? You, sir; you there!

(DELBERT looks around, then hesitantly moves to edge of stage, peering into audience)

DELBERT: Uh; were you maybe talking to me, sir?

(CAPTAIN walks to stage through audience)

CAPTAIN: Yes! Yes, I was! Thank goodness I've found somebody at last!! You're not a pirate are you?

DELBERT: No; no. I'm just a Software Analyst. Although there are some who may consider indigenous personnel in my line of occupation-cy as somewhat ... shall we say, piratical-ca-cal in nature ... I, sir, am simply a Software Analyst.

CAPTAIN: Not a pirate?

DELBERT: Not even a hacker.

CAPTAIN: Well, that's certainly a relief!

(GOOBER sneezes loudly from Hut)

GOOBER: Ahhh – choooo!!!

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Bless you!!

GOOBER: AHHH – CHOOO!! *(backing out of Hut)*

MRS. STIFLEMAN *(following him out)*: Bless you again.

GOOBER: AHHH – CHOOO!!

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Oofahla! Bless you again!! *(attempts to dust his face with her duster)* Now just hold still young man, we can't have you out in public looking like that!

GOOBER: I – I - I’d really rather you not do that, Ma’am. Ahhh – chooo!! I’m allergic to feathers! Ahhh – chooo!!

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Allergies are no excuse for slovenliness.

GOOBER: Ahhhh – chooo!

MRS. STIFLEMAN: But, I guess we could use a little washcloth instead and take care of that smudge under your nose. (*rummages in bag for towelette or soap and washcloth, whatever*)

GOOBER: Ma’am, that’s not a ‘smudge!’ I’m growing a moustache.

MRS. STIFLEMAN: I don’t think so, dear; I know dirt when I see it. What will the people of Jersey City think when they see you running around the Park with a dirty face!

GOOBER: Jersey City? Lady, I think ...

MRS. STIFLEMAN: No need to be formal, dear; just call me, Mrs. Stifleman, from Jersey City, New Jersey. The East side, not the West. And you would be ...?

GOOBER (*in cultured tones*): I’m Bo-see-fus Oswald Lepiticus the II. (*goofy again*) But most people just call me ‘Goober’ ... from Treasure Cove

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Goober. Now if you would just hold still a minute ... (*comes after him with towelette*)

(*PROFESSOR shouts from Jungle; highly stressed*)

PROFESSOR: Goober!!! Goober!!! (*enters from jungle; sees Goober*) Oh, Goober. Thank goodness you’re all right. There’s a crazy lady somewhere out there in the Jungle that was fiddling with the Molecular Matter Transporter. She set it off and, well, I must have lost consciousness for a while, because everything went black. When I awoke, she was gone and ... (*sees others*)

Great Scott! Who are all these people?

DELBERT: Well ... I’m Delbert W. Denerdski. Originally, from Trails End, Oklahoma; recently relocated to Seattle, Washington, where I’ve been working in the Computer Engineering Department for a Hi-Tech Occupational Therapy Agency as a Software Analyst. Heh heh heh. (*beat*) We’re lost.

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Lost, schmahst. As my sister Rosa always says, “When you’re trust is in the Lord ... you’re never really lost.” (*beat, to Professor*) I’m Mrs. Stifleman, dear ... not smothering, you understand ... just a little stifling. (*aside*) That’s a little joke there to relieve the tension of the moment.

DELBERT: Heh heh heh. *(takes a sip from his juice box)*

CAPTAIN: And I'm Captain Barnabas Fuddle. B. Fuddle for short; or, just plain 'Captain.' That's my ship out there; the Sarahanne.

GOOBER: The one flyin' the pirate flag?

CAPTAIN: Yeah. That's her.

GOOBER: Zippedy do. *(eyes big)* Are you a pirate?

CAPTAIN: No; no! I'm one of the good guys. See, the pirates captured my ship and ran their Jolly Roger flag up my mast. And then, ...

PROFESSOR *(interrupts)*: Great Scott! It's just as I feared!! The Molecular Matter Transporter is pulling all of these people to our island! We've got to stop that crazy lady before she has a chance to ...

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Excuse me, sir; but this nice man was talking first. If you'll just wait your turn, we'll be happy to hear what you have to say.

PROFESSOR *(sputters)*: But ... but ...

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Have some juice while you wait. *(gives him Delbert's juice carton)*

PROFESSOR *(sputters)*: But ... but ...

MRS. STIFLEMAN: And a banana. *(stuffs a banana in his mouth)*

(PROFESSOR moves upstage totally exasperated, takes the banana out of his mouth and sips the juice.)

Please continue, Captain. What happened to your crew?

CAPTAIN: My crew. Whoa, now, that was a real mistake. See, I thought I could save a few bucks by hiring a bunch of monkeys to help me with my cargo of coconuts.

OTHERS: Monkeys?

CAPTAIN: Yes. Spider Monkeys. I recruited them from the Island of Arachnoidia. I was told that they'd work for almost nothing: a couple of bananas a day and they were supposed to be good to go! But, nothing could be further from the truth. The only thing they knew how to do was sit around and eat bananas!

DELBERT: One could only assume. Heh heh heh.

CAPTAIN: Yes, well ... in spite of everything, we had enjoyed smooth sailing for several weeks.

SND SFX - Tension/Pirate mood music underscores

(CAST follows CAPTAIN as he tells the story, duplicating his movements upstage.)

Suddenly, we were attacked by pirates in the dangerous Straits of Sorrow.

OTHERS: (*Gasps and ad lib horror*)

CAPTAIN: I soon discovered that, not only were the monkeys lazy, they weren't very brave, either.

OTHERS: (*Ad lib: "What happened? What'd they do?"*)

CAPTAIN: Well, they threw all the coconuts overboard and floated to safety. So, there I was; left in the Straits of Sorrow, without a crew to sail my ship. Those dastardly pirates jumped onto my ship, the beautiful Sarahanne and ...

SND SFX – Music stops abruptly

ESMERELDA (*bursts in from the Jungle*): Hello! Hello!!! Hello!!! Yes; it is I: Esmerelda Sunshine, star of screen and stage. And, I'm back; I'm back; I'm back!!! Oh, to think that you have come all this way just to welcome me as I return to my chosen profession! Thank you; thank you!!! You make it all worthwhile!

PROFESSOR: You!!!!

ESMERELDA: I!?!?

PROFESSOR: Yes, you!! You caused all this!

ESMERELDA (*dramatically aghast*): I most certainly did not!! (*beat*) Caused what?

PROFESSOR: This entire mess! I saw the dial on the MMT. You turned it straight up ... without my permission!

ESMERELDA (*defensively*): And what if I did!!

PROFESSOR: You altered the ionic atmosphere, which in turn, transmogrified these two poor souls here to Treasure Cove ... and it also blotted out the sun and pulled the Captain's ship into the corral reef.

ESMERELDA: Wel-l-l-l ...

DELBERT: Uh, Professor; are you saying that we're not in Jersey City?

PROFESSOR: I'm afraid you're a little south.

DELBERT: Uh oh. (*clutches his Information Manual*)

MRS. STIFLEMAN: You know, I thought this was a little humid for the City Park. I think maybe I'll sit down for a little while. Oofah. (*Sits heavily, take a fan from purse and begins fanning herself*)

GOOBER: Professor, are you saying that Esmerelda caused all this trouble?

PROFESSOR: That's precisely what I'm saying!

GOOBER (*eyes big*): Zippedy do!

ESMERELDA: Well, how was I to know that your silly machine would actually work? It never has before.

PROFESSOR: And how would you know that?

GOOBER: She's been here for fifteen years. In re-conclusion.

OTHERS: (*Ad lib: "In what? What's that mean?"*)

PROFESSOR (*totally frustrated*): Ohhhhhh, all this is beside the point. (*jabs finger at ESMERELDA*) You shouldn't be using things that don't belong to you.

CAPTAIN: Well ... Professor is it? Captain B. Fuddle here. (*offers hand, they shake*) I don't think you can blame everything on Esmerelda. After all, if I'd been willing to pay for a regular crew, my ship probably could have outrun those pirates. I made a big mistake, and now ... I've got no one to blame but myself.

MRS. STIFLEMAN: Now, don't take it so hard, Captain. We all make mistakes. The important thing is that you learn from those mistakes and promise never to do the same foolish thing again. In the same way that we trust the Good Lord to forgive us our sins, you can trust us to forgive you. Isn't that right, everyone?

OTHERS: (*Ad lib agreement*)

CAPTAIN: Well, thank you, Mrs. Stifelman. That's very gracious of you all. I just hope you'll still feel that way after the pirates get here.

SND **SFX - Pirate sound cue**

ALL: (*Ad lib: "P-P-Pirates?!?!"* - *Esmerelda is not scared like the others*)

ESMERELDA (*delighted*): Yes! My adoring fans!! Oh ... I can hardly wait!!

(*Ad lib comments, then dies down*)

DELBERT: So, uh, Captain? (*loosening collar and stretching neck*) When does the next ship leave the island?

CAPTAIN: Unfortunately, the ‘next ship’ appears to be leaving ... now!

SND **SFX - Sinking ship noises**

(*All watch the Sarahanne go down; ad lib comments: i.e. ESMERELDA – “Parting is such sweet sorrow”; DELBERT – “Bummer.”*)

ALL: Ahhhhh. (*voices fall together*)

CAPTAIN (*to the ship*): Oh. Good bye, lovely lady! I’m so sorry I let you down. (*waves at ship, sadly*)

MRS. STIFLEMAN: You know, I think maybe I’ll have a little of that juice now. (*takes juice from PROFESSOR, sits heavily*)

PROFESSOR (*crossing to ESMERELDA*): And I think **you** owe a lot of people here a big apology.

ESMERELDA: Well, sir ... then what you think is wrong. Because you see, Professor: being a big star means ... you never have to say you’re sorry. (*beat*) Which reminds me ... Ta ta! (*she floats away into Jungle*)

PROFESSOR: You come back here. If you think that you can just ... Come back here!! (*following her into Jungle*)

GOOBER (*moving to stage front*): So, Captain; when do you reckon them Pirates are gonna find us?

CAPTAIN: I don’t know, Goober. Soon enough, I’m afraid. Soon enough.

(*They look at each other and freeze; lights dim*)

SND **Closing Theme music**

CURTAINS CLOSE

“TRUST IN THE LORD”

SYNOPSIS OF SCRIPT #1

Theme: Trust.

Sub Theme: When you do something wrong, apologize and promise not to do it again.

Goober is onstage in a state of panic. With a ship that is flying a pirate’s flag looming on the horizon, the volcano threatening to erupt, and the Molecular Matter Transporter making everything go crazy ... it seems like all is lost. But suddenly, the noise and confusion stops and the volcano gives a mighty belch. All is quiet until Esmerelda (a very strange actress who had been hiding on the island for 15 years) sneaks up behind Goober and nearly scares him to death! Shining a flashlight in her face and screaming, Esmerelda makes her first dramatic appearance in Treasure Cove.

Soon afterwards, Mrs. Stifleman and Delbert Denerdski wander into the clearing. Unbeknownst to them, the Molecular Matter Transporter had whisked them to the island from Jersey City. To make matters even more complicated, the Captain of the apparent “pirate ship” ... staggers onto the island. We soon discover that **he** was not a pirate at all ... but that there **were** pirates aboard his ship when it grounded on the coral reef. He readily admits that he was at fault for having hired a crew of spider monkeys from Arachnoidia (instead of real men) to sail his beautiful ship, the Sarahanne. Because of his contrite heart, he was forgiven by the other castaways ... even though his mistake caused the destruction of the Sarahanne and brought pirates to the island.

Bursting from the jungle, the Professor fingers Esmerelda as being the culprit who set off the Molecular Matter Transporter. Unlike the Captain, Esmerelda refuses to apologize ... even though her actions hurt many people. Because of her selfish attitude, some of the Castaways are beginning to be a **little** irritated with her.

The episode ends with the threat of pirates becoming more and more real, and the Captain and Goober stand wondering how long it will be before the pirates find them in Treasure Cove.