

DAY 1 DRAMA

Characters: ODA GRIM, AVERY, YOUNG PROF, ROBO

(Theme music beginning)

(Scene begins with stage lights low. Then ODA GRIM, holding a flashlight and carrying a backpack, enters from the rear of the auditorium and approaches the stage. Meanwhile, ROBO is standing motionless near AVERY'S lab desk.)

ODA GRIM: *(as she enters the stage)* So this is it. This is where it all happens. Where the illustrious Professor Henry Haas comes up with all his amazing inventions. *(she begins to examine the lab)* Gizmos and gadgets everywhere. Ooo . . . and look at all the plaques. Must be nice, the only plaque I ever get is the kind that sticks to my teeth! *(she reads some of the plaques)* "Invention Convention 2018 . . . 1st place." *(then looks at the next one)* "Invention Convention 2017 . . . 1st place." *(then the next one)* "2016" . . . wow! First place every year. He's even smarter than I thought!

(She walks a little farther and comes upon ROBO.)

ODA GRIM: And who do we have over here? A robot? Pleased to meet you, sir! The name is Oda Grim. Also known as "The Evil Oda Grim" *([sfx])*. Perhaps you've heard of me. I've got a reputation for mischief. In fact, mayhem is my middle name. *(she intentionally knocks something over)* Oops! See what I mean? *(she gets an idea)* Hey . . . what do you say we have some fun! *(as she pretends to open his back to access his wires)* We'll move this wire over here *(evil snicker)* . . . and this wire over there . . . and this wire up . . . here. *(evil snicker as she pretends to close his back)* Sorry, I'm just a villain . . . I can't help myself.

(Suddenly, the lights come up.)

ODA GRIM: Hey! I thought they were closed on Mondays! *(to the motionless ROBO, loud whisper)* Well . . . I'd love to stay and chat, but I've gotta hide! Oh . . . and, uh . . . do me a favor and keep our little conversation to yourself, okay? Bye!

(ODA GRIM quickly looks for a place to hide and ends up inside the time machine. Then AVERY enters the stage talking on her cell phone.)

AVERY: School's fine . . . except that I have a big paper due next week. *(pause)* Thanks, I appreciate that. *(pause)* I know. Well, I'm at work now, so I better go. *(pause)* Okay . . . love you, too, Mom . . . bye.

(As AVERY puts on her lab coat, she notices the mess on the floor.)

AVERY: Hmm . . . I wonder how that happened. *(she quickly cleans up the mess)* Oh, well . . . *(then turns to ROBO)* Okay,

Mr. Robot, are you ready for your first test? Power on . . . *(ROBO slowly raises his head)* . . . so far so good. Battery levels full. Now . . . let's see how everything is working. Ready . . . right arm up. *(he raises his left arm)*. No . . . right arm. *(he lowers and then raises his left arm again)* Uh-oh. Okay down. Now, left arm up. *(he raises his right arm)*. What's going on? I can't believe this! *(then she grabs a screw driver and makes an adjustment)* There . . . let's see if that fixed it. Okay . . . right arm up *(he raises his right leg)*. Nope, made it worse. *(pause)* I guess we're going to have to open you up. But, don't get discouraged . . . I'm sure it's just a couple tweaks here and there. Then all you'll need is a voice box . . . AND a really good name . . . something better than "Mr. Robot." Hmm . . . what would be good? *(pause)* Hey, Computer?

COMPUTER 1: *(pre-recorded sfx)* Yes . . . how may I help you?

AVERY: What would be a good name for a robot?

COMPUTER 2: *(pre-recorded sfx)* A good name would be . . . *(pause)* . . . Fluffy.

AVERY: Fluffy? I said we're naming a robot, not a cat. C'mon, we need a really cool name.

COMPUTER 3: *(pre-recorded sfx)* A really cool name would be . . . *(pause)* . . . Mephibosheth.

AVERY: Mephibosheth? You want to name our robot Mephibosheth? Are you serious?

COMPUTER 4: *(pre-recorded sfx)* I am a computer, I am always serious.

AVERY: I was hoping for something more along the lines of C3PO or R2D2.

COMPUTER 5: *(pre-recorded sfx)* Do not be silly. Those are not names, those are numbers.

AVERY: What? Of course they're names! You should know that!

COMPUTER 6: *(pre-recorded sfx)* Mephibosheth . . . is a cool name.

AVERY: Okay, well, I can see you're not going to be any help. Just forget it.

COMPUTER 7: *(pre-recorded sfx)* But I am here to help you. That's my purpose . . . my reason to exist.

AVERY: I said, forget it!

COMPUTER 8: *(pre-recorded sfx)* Well . . . you do not have to get snippy about it!

AVERY: Okay, okay, I'm sorry. Just . . . whatever you do . . . don't cry. You'll short out your circuits again.

(AVERY goes back to work on ROBO.)

AVERY: *(to herself)* That is one sensitive computer.

COMPUTER 9: *(pre-recorded sfx)* I heard that.

(Then YOUNG PROF enters wearing a lab coat and carrying a briefcase. Intensely aware of his situation, he gathers his courage.)

YOUNG PROF: *(very self-conscious)* Good morning.

AVERY: *(she looks up and notices a boy in a white lab coat)* Good morn--oh . . . uh . . . I'm sorry, but this area is restricted. It's not part of the tour. *(as she quickly turns off ROBO and his head goes back down)*

YOUNG PROF: You don't recognize me, do you?

AVERY: Oh . . . uh, yeah, sure. You're trying to look like the Professor, right? Well, it's a cute costume, but, seriously, you need to get back to your group right away. This is no place for a child.

YOUNG PROF: But, I'm not a child! And I'm not trying to look like the Professor . . . I AM the Professor!

AVERY: *(skeptical)* Right . . . and I'm Cinderella.

YOUNG PROF: No, Avery! I'm not kidding. I really am Professor Haas!

AVERY: How do you know my name?

YOUNG PROF: That's easy . . . because I'm you're boss. I'm just a . . . much younger version, that's all.

AVERY: Oh, yeah? Well, I'm not buying it. Names are easy to come by.

YOUNG PROF: Listen, something went wrong in the lab last night . . . and . . . well . . . here I am.

AVERY: Okay . . . if you're really the Professor . . . then prove it!

YOUNG PROF: All right . . . let's see. Your name is Avery Anne Thomas. You were born in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 25th, 1994, and you graduated from Springdale High School with a 4.0 GPA.

AVERY: Keep going.

YOUNG PROF: Um . . . you're left-handed, you like to eat with chopsticks . . . and . . . you read 50 books a year.

AVERY: Aha! Caught you!

YOUNG PROF: What?

AVERY: It's 52, not 50!

YOUNG PROF: Okay . . . 52 books a year. Close enough. Oh . . . you're susceptible to brain freeze, so you never drink anything with ice in it . . . and . . . you still play with dolls.

AVERY: Wow . . . it really IS you, isn't it!

YOUNG PROF: Oh, it's me, all right!

AVERY: I can't believe it! You're like . . . 12 years old!

YOUNG PROF: I know! You can imagine my shock when I looked in the mirror!

AVERY: So, what happened??

YOUNG PROF: I don't exactly know.

AVERY: Well . . . can you change back to the way you were?

YOUNG PROF: I sure hope so. Because I don't know how I'm going to explain this to everyone . . . especially my wife!

AVERY: She doesn't know?

YOUNG PROF: Not yet. She's in New York visiting her sister.

AVERY: That's good.

YOUNG PROF: I just need to get back to the drawing board and see where I made my error. Time travel is SO complicated!

AVERY: Wait! Did you say . . . time travel?!

YOUNG PROF: Oops.

AVERY: That's what this is . . . a time machine?? *(as she looks at the time machine)*

YOUNG PROF: Shhhhhh!!! Keep your voice down.

AVERY: *(changes to a loud whisper)* Hmm . . . so that's why you're here working by yourself every night.

YOUNG PROF: Correct.

AVERY: But why are you being so secretive about it?

YOUNG PROF: Because of what it is. Do you have any idea what would happen if a time machine got into the wrong hands? Someone who might use it for their own selfish purposes . . . like The Evil Oda Grim *([sfx])*?

AVERY: Well, no . . . I can't say I've ever thought about it.

YOUNG PROF: Well, trust me . . . they could literally change the course of history!

AVERY: You really think she'd come here?

YOUNG PROF: You mean The Evil Oda Grim *([sfx])*? Probably not. Still . . . you've got to promise me that you'll keep all this to yourself.

AVERY: You can trust me. I won't say a word.

YOUNG PROF: And, whatever you do, don't call it a "time machine." Someone might hear you. Let's just call it "The Machine."

AVERY: All right . . . "The Machine." *(pause)* So . . . may I . . . uh . . . look inside?

YOUNG PROF: Uh . . . sure . . . go ahead.

AVERY: *(as she walks to the time machine)* How'd you know I still play with dolls?

YOUNG PROF: I didn't. That was a guess.

(As soon as AVERY opens the door to the Machine she finds ODA GRIM with a feather duster and disguised as a janitor. She's busy dusting with her back to the audience. Because she has headphones on, she doesn't notice AVERY and YOUNG PROF. Puzzled, they look at each other, then ODA GRIM turns toward AVERY and continues to dust around her.)

AVERY: Excuse me!

(ODA GRIM just smiles at her as she continues to dust.)

AVERY: *(louder this time)* I said . . . EXCUSE ME!

(ODA GRIM stops dusting and lifts one side of her headphones.)

ODA GRIM: Did you say something?

AVERY: Yes! We're just wondering who you are and what you're doing here.

ODA GRIM: Oh . . . that's easy. I'm Betty . . . your new janitor!

YOUNG PROF: New janitor?

ODA GRIM: Yes. My agency said you needed a janitor and so here I am! And you know what . . . I'm SO glad you called because, well . . . I hate to say it, but this place needs a thorough going over! It's just filthy . . . that's all there is to it.

AVERY: *(to YOUNG PROF)* Should I call Human Resources?

YOUNG PROF: No . . . I'm sure it's okay. They know what they're doing.

ODA GRIM: Oh, I'm probably bothering you, aren't I? You're here working and I'm not paying any attention.

YOUNG PROF: So . . . you didn't hear anything?

ODA GRIM: Oh, I heard something all right . . . Chopin's Funeral March *(pronounced "SHOW-pan")* Dun . . . Dun . . . Dun-Dun . . . Dun . . . Dun-Dun . . . Dun-Dun . . . Dun-Dun. Don't you love that?! But I know . . . I shouldn't be listening to music when I'm working.

YOUNG PROF: *(relieved)* Oh, no . . . that's uh . . . that's totally fine. You keep listening to your music.

ODA GRIM: Really?

AVERY: Yes, by all means.

ODA GRIM: Well, all right . . . if you say so. *(then to AVERY as she looks at YOUNG PROF)* So . . . are the schools closed today?

AVERY: No . . . why do you ask?

ODA GRIM: Well, I was just wondering why he's not in school.

AVERY: *(doesn't know what to say)* Uh . . . well . . .

ODA GRIM: Oh, that's okay . . . it's none of my business. Besides, I better get back to work or I might find myself out of a job!

(ODA GRIM exits the stage.)

AVERY: Well, that was interesting.

YOUNG PROF: I'll say. Hey, let's make sure to lock the lab when we leave. I don't want any janitors in here . . . especially with "the Machine." We can just . . . do our own cleaning . . . *(then, with a smile)* or not!

AVERY: Ha! Sounds good. I'll let her know next time I see her.

YOUNG PROF: Hmm . . . the thought of grade school at my age . . . can you imagine that?

AVERY: Don't remind me. Of school, that is.

YOUNG PROF: Really? Why? I thought you liked your classes.

AVERY: They're okay. It's just my world history class. I have a paper due next week and . . . well . . . let's just say I've got a loooong way to go on it.

YOUNG PROF: How long?

AVERY: Like . . . the whole way. I haven't started yet.

YOUNG PROF: Probably because you've been spending all your time on the robot. I shouldn't have given you such a big project.

AVERY: Oh, no, that's not it. Besides, I'm almost finished with him.

YOUNG PROF: So what's your topic?

AVERY: That's the problem. I don't have one. I'm supposed to write about an important person in history, but I can't decide who that should be.

YOUNG PROF: Well, that's easy. *(as he walks over to his desk and pulls a sheet of paper out of his Bible)*

AVERY: It is?

YOUNG PROF: *(he begins to read)*

He was born in a small village, the child of a peasant woman.

He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty.

Then, for three years he was a traveling preacher.

He never wrote a book,

Never held an office,

Never owned a home,

Never had a family,

Never went to college.

He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him.

His friends ran away; one denied him; another betrayed him.

He was turned over to his enemies and subjected to a mockery of a trial.

Then they nailed him to a cross between two thieves.

While dying, his executioners gambled for his clothes, the only property he owned.

After he was pronounced dead, he was taken down and laid in a borrowed tomb.

Twenty centuries have come and gone and today he is the center of the human race.

All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the parliaments that ever sat and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man as powerfully as this one solitary life.

(Adapted from an essay by Dr. James Allan Francis © 1926.)

AVERY: Hmm . . . that was powerful. Jesus, right?

YOUNG PROF: Correct. And you want to know why he was so extraordinary? Because he wasn't just a man. He's also

eternal God . . . second person of the Trinity . . . and Creator of everything. Fully God and fully man. They don't get any more important than that.

AVERY: Wow, I guess I don't know as much about Jesus as I thought I did. *(Suddenly, AVERY'S watch alarm goes off [sfx].)* Oh, man!

YOUNG PROF: Gotta class?

AVERY: Yeah . . . and it starts in 15 minutes.

YOUNG PROF: That's okay . . . you get going. We can talk later.

AVERY: Okay, thanks Profe---Professor. Boy, I sure hope you can fix the machine 'cause this is so weird!

(AVERY exits.)

YOUNG PROF: Lord . . . thank you for the opportunity to share with Avery. This is just what I've been praying for. Please open her heart to understand the truth about who you are.

(Theme music ending)

DAY 2 DRAMA

Characters: ODA GRIM, YOUNG PROF, PROFESSOR, AVERY, ROBO, QUEEN JOSEPHINE

(Theme music beginning)

(Scene begins with the stage lights full and YOUNG PROF sitting on a stool and asleep at his lab desk. It's the next morning and he was up all night working on a solution to his time machine problem. Then AVERY enters carrying a small package and a cup of coffee. ROBO is standing motionless near the counter with his head down.)

AVERY: *(from backstage)* Why are the lights on? *(as she emerges from backstage)* Am I late? *(she looks at her watch and checks to make sure it's still working, then she sees YOUNG PROF asleep at his desk; she continues with a loud whisper)* Oh . . . that explains it. *(she sets her package and coffee down, then walks toward his desk)*

(YOUNG PROF stirs a bit but remains sleeping.)

AVERY: Poor thing . . . probably up all night. Hmm . . . I don't want to wake him, but I've got so much to do . . . *(pause)* . . . I'll just have to be reeeally quiet. *(then she tries to tear open the package, but can't)* Hmm . . . I need scissors. *(she stoops behind her desk to look for a pair but doesn't find any)* I'll bet there are some on his desk. *(careful not to make a sound, she starts to walk toward the PROFESSOR'S desk)* Shhh . . . *(she winces as the floor creaks [sfx] with her next 3 steps; then it creaks once more before she steps and she gives the sound booth a dirty look)*

(YOUNG PROF stirs again, but remains sleeping.)

AVERY: Wow . . . he's really out. *(she grabs the scissors and walks back to the counter, taking a wide berth around the squeaky area; she opens the package and retrieves what's inside)* Yes, the final piece of the puzzle! *(then she walks over to ROBO and switches him on)* Okay, Robo. Time to install your voice box. *(as she goes to work installing the small piece of equipment)* There . . . all done. *(to ROBO)* Okay, now, here's the deal. Your voice box is in, but I'm not going to turn it on yet because we have to be really, really quiet. You see, the Professor is sleeping over there and we don't want to wake him up. Do you understand?

(ROBO shakes his head no.)

AVERY: You don't?

(ROBO nods his head yes.)

AVERY: You do?

(ROBO shakes his head no.)

AVERY: Well, which is it? Do you or don't you??

(Then suddenly, ODA GRIM, disguised as the new janitor, enters wearing headphones and pushing a vacuum cleaner. AVERY quickly runs over to stop her.)

ODA GRIM: *(she stops the sweeper and removes her headphones)* What's the problem??

AVERY: *(loud whisper)* Shhhh!! The Professor is sleeping!!

ODA GRIM: Sleeping?! At this hour??

(Curious, ROBO sees the headphones, tries them on, then starts "moving" to the music.)

AVERY: Shhh! *(with her index finger to her lips)* Yes. He was up all night working.

ODA GRIM: *(curious)* Was he now. On what, I wonder . . . *(as she takes a couple steps toward YOUNG PROF)* Wait a second . . . that's the kid that was here yesterday.

AVERY: Yeah . . .

ODA GRIM: But you called him, "the Professor."

(ODA GRIM sees ROBO with her headphones and takes them back. Then ROBO walks over to the sleeping YOUNG PROF to get a closer look.)

AVERY: *(realizing her mistake, she quickly back peddles)* I did? I mean, you're right. I did. You see, we call him "the Professor," too, because he's always wearing that silly lab coat.

ODA GRIM: Really? *(pause)* Say, where is the Professor anyway? The real Professor, I mean. I haven't seen him yet.

AVERY: Oh . . . he's around. He's just not quite himself right now. *(pause)* Why don't you come back later.

ODA GRIM: Oh, don't worry, sweetheart. I'll be back. I'll definitely . . . be back.

(ODA GRIM smiles, quickly scans the lab, and laughs to herself as she leaves. Meanwhile, ROBO is fascinated by the YOUNG PROF sleeping with his mouth wide open. He looks into his mouth, listens to his breathing sounds, then tries to close his mouth.)

AVERY: That was creepy. *(then she glances over to see ROBO with his hand on the YOUNG PROF'S jaw, trying to get it to stay closed)* Oh no!

YOUNG PROF: *(finally wakes up with a start)* Ahhhh!!

AVERY: Sorry, I didn't realize he was over here.

YOUNG PROF: That's okay. He just startled me, that's all. It's not everyday that you wake up with a robot staring you in the face.

AVERY: So you never made it home, huh?

YOUNG PROF: Nope . . . here all night. *(as he looks ROBO over)* Wow . . . he looks great. So you're finished with him?

AVERY: Yep. Just installed his voice box a couple minutes ago. Which reminds me. I need to turn it on. *(as she walks over to ROBO and works on the back of his neck)* Okay . . . let's hear you talk.

ROBO: *(mouths the pre-recorded words)* "What would you like me to say, Miss Avery?" *(a little girl's voice, [sfx])*

AVERY: Oooo . . . that won't do. *(as she makes another adjustment)* Okay, now . . . say something else.

ROBO: *(in a normal voice)* Something else.

YOUNG PROF: Much better.

AVERY: And what's your name?

ROBO: My name is . . . Mephibosheth *(pronounced "Meh-FIH-bo-sheth")*.

AVERY: What? Your name is not Mephibosheth. It's . . . Robo!

ROBO: My name is not Mephibosheth, it's Robo.

YOUNG PROF: Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Robo. And I can't wait to see what you can do.

ROBO: And I cannot wait to show you. I have many capabilities. *(as he slips and falls)*

AVERY: Oh, dear.

(AVERY and YOUNG PROF help ROBO back to his feet.)

ROBO: I do not understand this phrase, "Oh, dear." What does it mean?

AVERY: Oh, it's just an expression of concern. That's all.

ROBO: I will remember that.

YOUNG PROF: Well, I guess I should get back to work. *(then he looks at one of his watches)* Wow . . . is that right? 2:15? Oh, wait . . . wrong arm. *(then he checks his other watch)* That was Munich time!

AVERY: So how's it coming? Did you make any progress?

YOUNG PROF: *(frustrated)* Not yet. I've gone over my calculations a million times, but I still can't figure out what went wrong!

(Upon hearing that, ROBO walks over to the blackboard to look at the Professor's calculations.)

AVERY: That's not good. What if you can't change back?

YOUNG PROF: You mean, what if I'm stuck like this—a 60-year-old man in a 12-year-old body? Well . . . in a way it would be nice to live my life over again, but, no . . . I will not accept defeat. I don't care how long it takes. Failure is not an option!

AVERY: Well, I'm sure you're hungry. Can I get you some breakfast?

YOUNG PROF: Not until I figure this out. *(as he stares at the blackboard)*

ROBO: *(pointing to a calculation)* That minus sign is incorrect.

YOUNG PROF: What?

ROBO: It should be a plus sign.

YOUNG PROF: *(a bit condescending)* Ha . . . I don't think so . . . I mean *(pause as he looks at his calculations)* . . . wait a minute. You may have something there. *(pause)* You know what? That may be it!

AVERY: Really??

YOUNG PROF: Yes! I think it is! I really think that's it! How could I have made such a clumsy error? *(as he grabs a piece of chalk and corrects his error)* Good work, Robo! So, let's see . . . that would change the input sequence to . . . *(as he scribbles down some numbers on an index card)* . . . this! *(he hands it to AVERY)*

AVERY: What? What do you want me to do?

YOUNG PROF: Simple. I'm going to get into the Machine. And as soon as the door is closed, you input that code sequence.

AVERY: Are you sure this is going to work? I mean, what if something goes wrong again? What if you come out even younger??

YOUNG PROF: *(joking)* Then you'll have to fetch some diapers and a sippy cup! *(as he steps inside the Machine and closes the door)*

AVERY: This better work! That's all I can say!

(AVERY types the code into the Machine computer, which starts a series of light and sound effects [sfx]. When the sounds stop, the PROFESSOR emerges, amidst a cloud of smoke, through the door of the Machine.)

PROFESSOR: Well? How do I look?

ROBO: You look like an old man.

AVERY: Robo!

PROFESSOR: Then it worked!

AVERY: I'm so relieved! So . . . what does this mean? The Machine works now?

PROFESSOR: Possibly. I'll have to try it to find out. But, c'mon, let's have some breakfast! I'm starving!

AVERY: You want me to come along?

PROFESSOR: Absolutely! I want to hear how things are going with your history paper!

AVERY: Oh, that . . . thanks for reminding me. *(pause)* Hey, Robo . . . wanna join us? We're going to the café. *(as she and PROFESSOR are exiting the stage)*

ROBO: Café . . . a small, informal establishment serving light meals, baked goods, and expensive coffee. Yes . . . I would like to see this.

(PROFESSOR and AVERY exit the stage with ROBO not far behind. As soon as they're out of sight, ODA GRIM steps out from the shadows. She witnessed the whole thing.)

ODA GRIM: *(as she walks over to the Machine)* So, what exactly do we have here, Professor Henry Haas? Something very special . . . that's for sure! A machine that can change someone into a young boy and then change them back. Just think of all the mischief I could do with something like this! *(Suddenly, ODA GRIM hears AVERY and ROBO returning from the café)* Uh-oh! Here comes someone.

(ODA GRIM ducks out of sight as AVERY and ROBO enter the lab.)

AVERY: You can't insult people like that.

ROBO: What kind of people can I insult?

AVERY: No, I mean you can't talk to people that way.

ROBO: Why not? I was just stating a fact.

AVERY: Because it hurts their feelings.

ROBO: Feelings . . . a very difficult concept.

ODA GRIM: *(as she steps out into the open)* Oh, hi! I was just doing some cleaning. That's some robot you have there. He'll probably have my job someday.

AVERY: Oh, that reminds me. I meant to say something earlier, but we don't need a janitor any longer. We've decided to do our own cleaning.

ODA GRIM: Really? Did I do something wrong?

AVERY: Oh no . . . it's not that at all. It's just that . . . well . . . we've got things in here that are extremely fragile . . . and even hazardous.

(ROBO accidentally knocks something over.)

AVERY: You understand, of course.

ODA GRIM: But what if I'm careful? And when I say careful, I mean like, really, REALLY careful.

AVERY: I'm sorry . . . the decision has been made.

(ROBO sees AVERY'S backpack and starts to examine its contents.)

ODA GRIM: *(to herself)* Rats! Now, what am I going to do? I'll have to come up with Plan B.

AVERY: Excuse me?

ODA GRIM: Nevermind. I was just talking to myself.

(ODA GRIM exits.)

AVERY: Hmm . . . that is one strange janitor. *(as she watches ODA leave and then walks over to where she was hiding to see if everything is okay)*

(Then the PROFESSOR enters with a carryout bag and a cup of coffee.)

PROFESSOR: So, what happened? Why'd you leave the café?

AVERY: Let's just say that Robo doesn't have the social skills to be out in public just yet.

PROFESSOR: Well . . . give it some time. He'll learn.

ROBO: Yes . . . I am learning things all the time. Who's Philip? *(as he holds up a letter that he pulled out of AVERY'S backpack)*

AVERY: *(embarrassed)* Give me that! You know, I think it's time for your nap!

ROBO: Oh dear.

AVERY: *(she grabs the letter and promptly puts him in sleep mode)* There. *(to PROFESSOR)* Now we can talk.

PROFESSOR: Okay, tell me about your paper. Did you make a decision yet?

(ROBO starts to snore.)

AVERY: Wait a second. *(as she hits ROBO on the back to stop his snoring)* Sorry about that. So . . . yes, I took your advice. After yesterday, I'm convinced that Jesus is the most important person in history. So that's who I'm going to write about.

PROFESSOR: I think that's a great choice.

AVERY: Yes, but will my professor think so?

PROFESSOR: There's no reason why he shouldn't. Jesus was a real person . . . just like Thomas Edison, Abraham Lincoln, or Alexander the Great.

AVERY: I know. It's just that you can talk about those men and no one objects. But mention the name Jesus and, well . . . it can cause a stir.

PROFESSOR: I suspect it's because Jesus claimed to be God, which means he has the authority to tell us what to do. And many people don't like that.

AVERY: But some people don't believe he was God. They think he was just a good moral teacher.

PROFESSOR: I know, and that makes no sense at all.

AVERY: Why do you say that?

PROFESSOR: Because someone who was just a good moral teacher wouldn't claim to be God, wouldn't accept people worshipping him, and wouldn't tell them that he was the only way to heaven.

AVERY: Hmm . . . that's a really good point.

PROFESSOR: No . . . there are only 3 options. He was either lying, or he was crazy, or he really was and is the Son of God. And if you've read the Bible at all, you know he wasn't a liar and he wasn't crazy.

AVERY: *(pondering)* So . . . he must have been telling the truth. *(pause)* Well, anyway . . . I've made up my mind. Even if it affects my grade, I just want to learn more about him.

PROFESSOR: Good. Well, you better get to work.

AVERY: I know.

PROFESSOR: No, I mean on your report. Take the rest of the day off.

AVERY: But, Professor . . .

PROFESSOR: I mean it. I want you to do a really good job on that paper. You do have a Bible, don't you?

AVERY: Yeah, I think so.

PROFESSOR: Hmm . . . you think so. Well, that's a discussion for another day. In the meantime, here . . . take this one. *(as he hands her a Bible taken from the bookshelf)*. Start with the Gospels . . . you know . . . Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

AVERY: *(uncertain)* Right.

PROFESSOR: They're in the New Testament. Oh . . . and these books might be helpful. *(as he hands her 4 or 5 books)* . . . and this one, too *(as he hands her another book)* and these also *(as he loads her with 4 or 5 more books)* . . . oh, and you've got to read this one *(as he hands her one more)*. It talks about Jesus in the Old Testament and all the prophecies and Christophanies.

AVERY: Kris—TAW--funeez?

PROFESSOR: Oh, yeah . . . that's when Jesus appeared in various forms in the Old Testament before he was born in the New Testament. He did it many times.

AVERY: Really? Wow . . . that sounds interesting *(as she struggles to hold the stack of books)* Well . . . I better get going. I've got a lot of reading to do. Thanks, Professor.

(AVERY exits the lab.)

PROFESSOR: My pleasure. *(then looks up to heaven and prays)* Lord Jesus . . . open her eyes as she reads and help her understand the truth. *(pause, then with excitement)* All right, Robo . . . time to wake up. I've got a job for you! *(as he turns him back on)*

ROBO: *(he raises his head)* Merry Christmas!

PROFESSOR: Huh . . . that was random. *(shrugs shoulders)* Whatever. Okay, now listen . . . I'm going to try out the machine and I need your assistance.

ROBO: I am here to help you. Just tell me what to do.

PROFESSOR: Okay . . . after I enter the machine and secure the door, I want you to input this code sequence. *(as he*

hands him an index card) Then, when the prompt appears, select "go." Do you think you can do that?

ROBO: Yes, Professor. I can do that and much more. Would you like to see me juggle?

PROFESSOR: Uh . . . maybe later. Now . . . let's see. Will I need anything? Maybe a jacket. *(as he takes off his lab coat and grabs his jacket)* And a couple power bars. *(as he grabs some power bars from his desk)* That should do it this first time. Okay . . . I guess I'm ready. As soon as I close the door, you can proceed.

(PROFESSOR enters the Machine. Then ROBO types in the code sequence which causes lights and sounds, but then a malfunction [sfx] occurs and the Machine shuts down. Then the PROFESSOR exits the Machine.)

PROFESSOR: *(frustrated)* What happened??

ROBO: I entered the code sequence, then an error message appeared. Would you like to see me juggle now?

PROFESSOR: Uh . . . no, Robo . . . I meant much later. Let's try it again.

(PROFESSOR re-enters the Machine. Then ROBO enters the code sequence again, which causes the same lights and sounds, but then a malfunction [sfx] occurs and the Machine shuts down again. Then the PROFESSOR exits the Machine.)

PROFESSOR: *(frustrated)* I had no idea time machines could be so temperamental! I'm too tired to dissect the program now. I've got to get some sleep! *(as he heads for the exit)*

(After the PROFESSOR exits, the stage lights dim as if he turned out the lights.)

ROBO: Professor?

(The Machine suddenly springs to life with lights and sounds [sfx] as ODA GRIM is seen hiding near the Machine. She's creating more mayhem and loving it!)

ROBO: Something is happening. The Machine is working again. I do not know what to do.

(The door to the Machine opens. Then QUEEN JOSEPHINE slowly emerges amidst a cloud of smoke. She's speechless as she exits the Machine and takes in her surroundings.)

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(apprehensive)* I have no memory of this place. *(pause)* Cristiana? *(pause)* Prince Garin? *(pause)* Pray, do not jump out at me. *(pause; then she turns and sees ROBO staring at her)*

ROBO: Hello.

(QUEEN JOSEPHINE promptly screams and then faints.)

ROBO: Oh dear.

(Theme music ending)

DAY 3 DRAMA

Characters: ODA GRIM, PROFESSOR, QUEEN JOSEPHINE, AVERY, ROBO

(Theme music beginning)

(Scene begins with AVERY arriving early the next morning. QUEEN JOSEPHINE is lying on the floor in front of the time machine fast asleep. ROBO is standing nearby in a frozen position. His battery is dead. The lights come on and then AVERY emerges from backstage.)

AVERY: *(sees QUEEN JOSEPHINE)* What?? Who's this?? *(pause as she thinks)* How'd she get in here? The doors were locked. Hmm . . . maybe Robo will know something. *(as she turns to ROBO)* Robo? Hello? *(pause as she checks his batteries)* That's strange . . . your batteries are dead. *(she grabs a cord and plugs ROBO in).*

(A bicycle cling [sfx] is heard. Then the PROFESSOR enters the lab wearing a bike helmet.)

AVERY: Oh . . . hi, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Who's that??

AVERY: I have no idea. Some costume, huh?

PROFESSOR: I'll say. Any idea how she got in here?

AVERY: Nope. The door was locked as usual.

PROFESSOR: Hmm . . . that's strange.

AVERY: Yeah . . . and we can't ask Robo. His batteries are dead.

PROFESSOR: Then there's only one way to find out. We'll have to wake her up. *(he takes off his helmet and starts to kneel down)* On second thought . . . you better do it. If my face is the first thing she sees, she'll faint and then we'll be no better off.

AVERY: All right. *(as she kneels down and gives her a nudge)* Hello? *(pause)* Excuse me . . . time to wake up.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(as she stirs and then talks in her sleep)* Nay, Cristiana . . . thou didst not count long enough. *(then she opens her eyes and sees AVERY)* What? Thou art not Cristiana. What hast thou done with the Prince and Princess?!

AVERY: Prince and Princess?

PROFESSOR: Rest assured, madam, we haven't done anything with anybody. But, tell us . . . how did you get in here?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: That is what I wouldst like to know. *(as she gets up from the floor)* For I was at play with the royal children, when suddenly, I hath found myself walking

into this most uncommon room *(then she sees ROBO)* . . . oh . . . and then I was greeted by yonder strange-looking knight.

PROFESSOR: *(to AVERY)* Are you sure the door was locked?

AVERY: Yes, I'm sure. *(to QUEEN JOSEPHINE)* And what's with the costume? Is there a Renaissance festival going on?

(Suddenly, it dawns on the PROFESSOR that maybe the Machine was involved. He quickly walks over to the Machine and checks the settings.)

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Costume? Nay! This is not a costume! It is one of my finest gowns. In fact, in all the kingdom, there is none like it!

AVERY: Kingdom, huh? *(as she rolls her eyes)* And I suppose you live in a castle?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Of course . . . the castle at Faramore.

AVERY: Riiiiight . . . the castle at Faramore. *(to the PROFESSOR)* I think we've got a live one here, Professor.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Live . . . one? I do not catch your meaning, fair maiden.

AVERY: Fair maiden? Ok . . . cool it with the Shakespeare.

PROFESSOR: I just had a bad thought. *(pause)* Excuse me . . . but you didn't happen to enter through that door, did you? *(pointing to the Machine)*

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Well, of course . . . how else could I have gotten in?

AVERY: Wait . . . what are you thinking?

PROFESSOR: *(reluctantly)* And . . . what is your name?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I thought thou wouldst never ask! I am Queen Josephine, wife of Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its territories.

PROFESSOR: I was afraid of that.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Alas . . . and afraid thou shouldst be, for when the king finds out that I am held captive, he will send all of his mighty men to fight for my release. Now, pray . . . what dost thou think of that?!

PROFESSOR: *(to AVERY discreetly)* It was the Machine.

AVERY: What do you mean, "It was the Machine"?

PROFESSOR: It was the Machine that brought her here!

AVERY: *(incredulous)* Nuh-uh!

PROFESSOR: I don't know how . . . another malfunction, I guess.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I cry you mercy. Didst thou harken to what I just said?

PROFESSOR: *(distracted)* Um . . . yeah . . . something about all the king's horses and all the king's men?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Nay . . . that would be Humpty Dumpty. Wouldst thou please focus!

PROFESSOR: Sorry. We're just a little distracted right now.

AVERY: So you're telling me that we actually have a real live queen here?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Of course I am real! I am Queen Josephine, wife of Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its territories!

AVERY: This is crazy! What are we going to do??

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Well, if it please thee, thou mayst begin by telling me who thou art, where I am, and what thou wantest from me!

PROFESSOR: *(perplexed)* I just can't figure out how this could have happened! *(as he goes back to the time machine computer)*

ROBO: *(suddenly comes to life)* Happy New Year!

AVERY: He's been doing that lately, and I don't know why.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: No one is listening to me.

AVERY: Oh, I'm sorry . . . would you like to sit down? *(as she grabs a stool)* Here you go. You're probably hungry, too. Would you like a hot dog?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(disgusted as she sits down)* Hot . . . dog? You eat . . . dogs?

AVERY: Okay, forget that. Uh . . . how 'bout a . . . a smoothie? They've got some really good ones at the café.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Smoo—thee? I am not familiar with this.

AVERY: Oh, it's kinda like a . . . well . . . a healthy milkshake.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Milk—shake.

AVERY: Nevermind. Just forget it.

(Then ODA GRIM enters the lab dressed as an exterminator.)

ODA GRIM: Good morning, everyone. My name is Dead Bug Dawn from A-1 Bug Exterminators, where "We kill the bugs so you don't have to!" *(pause)* Well, anyway, sorry to interrupt, but I'm going to have to ask you all to leave the premises immediately.

PROFESSOR & AVERY: What??

ODA GRIM: That's right. I have to spray for skitterbugs. *(pause)* You don't have a janitor service, do you?

AVERY: Not anymore.

ODA GRIM: And that's why you have skitterbugs. If you had kept this place clean, this might not have been necessary.

ROBO: Scanning database for skitterbugs. *(a scan sound [sfx] is heard)*

PROFESSOR: So, what exactly are skitterbugs?

ODA GRIM: Oh, they're horrid little things, they are. They've got 6 beady eyes . . . and 12 hairy legs . . . and they make a hideous hissing sound just before they bite.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: They . . . bite?

ODA GRIM: Oh yes! And you've got a nasty infestation in here, so there's no time to lose!

PROFESSOR: Says who?

ODA GRIM: This report. *(as she grabs a "report" from her folder)*

PROFESSOR: Let me see that. *(as he grabs it from ODA GRIM)*
(AVERY whispers to the PROFESSOR that Dead Bug Dawn looks familiar and he agrees.)

ROBO: I have no information on skitterbugs in my database.

ODA GRIM: That's not surprising. They're a new strain. And when I say "new" . . . I mean, like . . . really, really new.

AVERY: You know . . . you look familiar. We think we've seen you before.

ODA GRIM: Yeah . . . I get that a lot. *(then she runs her finger on the floor and then looks at it)* Now, to give you an idea of the magnitude of the problem you have, there are a million skitterbug eggs right here, right now on the tip of my finger.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I do not see any eggs.

ODA GRIM: That's because they're microscopic.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Micro-what?

ROBO: Microscopic . . . so small as to be visible only with a microscope. Or, in other words . . . very small, minute, minuscule, teeny-tiny, teeny-weeny, itsy-bitsy or wee—*(interrupted by ODA GRIM).*

ODA GRIM: *(interrupts ROBO)* Okay, Tin Man . . . I think we get the picture, thank you.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: So, am I to understand that all last night, I, Queen Josephine, wife of Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its territories, was asleep atop millions and millions of teeny-weeny eggs?!

ODA GRIM: Oh, yes . . . most definitely.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: That is absolutely revolting! *(as she brushes herself off)*

ODA GRIM: Yeah . . . but that's not the worst of it, lady. The eggs are just about to hatch. And when they do . . . you don't want to be around. Trust me.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: All right, that is it! I am leaving this castle at once!

(QUEEN JOSEPHINE quickly exits the lab.)

AVERY: No, wait! Your Majesty! Come back! *(as she follows the Queen)*

PROFESSOR: Don't let her out of your sight! She can't leave the building! *(as he follows AVERY)*

ODA GRIM: *(to ROBO)* Well . . . what are you waiting for? You don't want to miss the party do you?

ROBO: Party—a social gathering of invited guests involving food and entertainment. I have never been to a party before! *(he starts to leave then stops when he gets an idea)* Perhaps I could do . . . “the Robot.” *(he does “the robot” as he exits)*

ODA GRIM: Yes! It worked! Hahahaha!! Nothing can stop “The Evil Oda Grim”! *([sfx])* Now to find the plans for this time travel contraption! They've got to be here somewhere. *(she starts to search for plans and eventually makes it to the Professor's lab desk; then she finds a stash of candy)* Ooo . . . peppermints! *(she helps herself; then continues to search through his desk)*

(Then the PROFESSOR and AVERY return to the lab.)

PROFESSOR: Looking for skitterbugs?

ODA GRIM: *(startled)* Oh . . . you're back.

PROFESSOR: Yes . . . and sooner than you expected, I see.

ODA GRIM: Uh . . . no, I was just looking for, uh . . . my . . . my safety goggles.

AVERY: *(suspicious)* Hmm . . . I think they're in your shirt pocket.

ODA GRIM: Well, what do you know . . . there they are! Of course, safety goggles are very important . . . especially in my line of work.

PROFESSOR: You know, this isn't a report about skitterbugs. It's a Pioneer Girls cookie catalog. *(as he hands her the catalog)*

ODA GRIM: *(acts surprised)* Oh, sorry about that. I was in such a hurry when I left.

AVERY: We also looked up your company and there is no business named A-1 Bug Exterminators.

ODA GRIM: That's odd. I'll have to check into that as soon as I'm done here.

PROFESSOR: You are done here.

ODA GRIM: What?

PROFESSOR: I said, you're done . . . finished . . . terminated.

AVERY: In other words . . . he wants you to leave.

ODA GRIM: Seriously? I'm being fired again? Man! What does it take to keep a job around here? *(pause as she packs up her things and starts to leave)* Well . . . don't come running to me when the plague hits. That's all I have to say.

PROFESSOR: Don't worry . . . we won't.

ODA GRIM: *(as she exits the lab)* On to Plan C. This is getting ridiculous!

(ODA GRIM exits.)

AVERY: What was that all about?

PROFESSOR: I don't know . . . kinda suspicious, if you ask me.

AVERY: So, what are we going to do with the queen?

PROFESSOR: Well . . . we need to send her back, but I'm not sure yet that I can send her back to the precise moment she left. *(as he starts to work on the machine)*

AVERY: Is that important?

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes. We must avoid changing history in any way because even a small change could create a huge ripple effect over time.

AVERY: But wouldn't it be good to change some things . . . like evil things?

PROFESSOR: Well, it would seem so, but that's not for us to decide. You see, God has a grand plan in place, and we have to trust him when he tells us in the Bible that his ways are higher than our ways.

AVERY: Okay . . . but say she does return to the moment she left, won't she still remember what happened here?

PROFESSOR: Not really. Only like a dream that will quickly fade away.

AVERY: Hmm . . . well, I guess I better go check on Robo and Her Majesty.

PROFESSOR: Wait! So . . . how's your paper coming?

AVERY: My paper? You're kidding, right?

PROFESSOR: No . . . why?

AVERY: Well, you've just invented a time machine—perhaps the most amazing invention of all time—AND there's a real, live queen from the middle ages down the hall, and you want to talk about my history paper?

PROFESSOR: Absolutely! As fantastic as all that is, it pales in comparison to talking about Jesus. Nothing is more exciting to me than him! Not even close! So, c'mon . . . tell me about your paper.

AVERY: Well . . . I don't know. So far I've just been reading and taking notes. I haven't started writing yet.

PROFESSOR: I guess I did give you quite a bit to read.

AVERY: Yeah, but there is something I'm curious about. You know how people say that all religions lead to the same place . . . they just take different paths to get there?

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes. I've heard that many times.

AVERY: Well . . . what do you think about that? Is it true?

PROFESSOR: Absolutely not! I mean, think about it. If there was another way to get to heaven . . . Jesus' death was totally unnecessary.

AVERY: Hmm . . . So, you're saying that all the other religions are wrong?

PROFESSOR: Yes . . . that's exactly what I'm saying. Every other religion teaches that doing good things or being a good person gets you to heaven, but the truth is, we can't even begin to purchase our salvation by being good.

AVERY: Wow . . . I never thought of it that way. But that's what people are doing, aren't they? They're trying to earn their way to heaven.

PROFESSOR: Yes, but the price is just too high. That's why Jesus had to pay it for us by dying on the cross for our sins. He took the punishment that we deserve. Then he rose from the dead proving that the penalty was satisfied. *(short pause)* Listen . . . no matter what anyone tells you, the only way to get to heaven—and I mean the ONLY way—is to admit that you've disobeyed God and broken his laws and then trust in what Jesus did for you on the cross. If you do that, he'll forgive you and save you and adopt you into his forever family. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

AVERY: John 3:16. I learned that verse at VBS.

(Then ROBO enters.)

AVERY: Robo, what are you doing here?? We told you not to leave the queen alone!

(AVERY immediately runs out of the lab to check on QUEEN JOSEPHINE.)

ROBO: *(speaks slower as his battery is running down)* Scanning database for skitterbugs. *(a slower scan sound is heard [sfx], then he speaks even slower)* Scanning database for skitterbugs. *(slowest scan sound is heard [sfx] as his battery runs out)*

PROFESSOR: *(puzzled and concerned)* What is going on around here??

(AVERY bursts into the lab.)

AVERY: She's gone! Now what do we do??

PROFESSOR: Oh, boy! Computer!

COMPUTER 1: *(pre-recorded)* Yes . . . how may I help you?

PROFESSOR: Call the police immediately and report a missing person! She's dressed in Renaissance clothing and answers to the name, Queen Josephine!

COMPUTER 10: Hahahaha! That is a funny joke! Did you hear the one about why cats can't use computers?

AVERY & PROFESSOR: What??

COMPUTER 11: Because they only want to chase the mouse.

PROFESSOR: Stop it, Computer! This is not a joke! Now, do what I say, and call the police!

COMPUTER 12: *(pre-recorded)* Right away, Professor.

ROBO: Oh . . . dear.

(Then ROBO falls forward and face plants.)

(Theme music ending)

DAY 4 DRAMA

Characters: PROFESSOR, AVERY, ROBO, QUEEN JOSEPHINE

(Theme music beginning)

(Scene begins with the PROFESSOR kneeling beside the Machine with some tools and holding a power drill. With the access panel removed, he gets under the Machine to check things over. The sound of a power drill [sfx] is heard, then a cell phone ring [sfx].)

PROFESSOR: *(then answers the phone)* Hello? *(pause)* Oh, hi, Avery. I'm glad you called. So, how'd it go last night? Did the queen finally calm down after that ordeal at the police station? *(pause)* Hey . . . let me put you on speaker so I can lay the phone down. I'm under the Machine right now and it's really tight quarters. *(pause)* No . . . it's fine. I'm just looking for clues.

AVERY: *(from backstage [with phone voice effect])* Did you find anything?

PROFESSOR: Well . . . I'm not sure. It does seem like things might have been tampered with. But, then again . . . it might just be my imagination. Anyway, back to the queen. So, your roommate wasn't there?

AVERY: *(from backstage)* No . . . she went home for some reason, so it worked out great. The queen and I just went straight to the room and never left.

PROFESSOR: So, where are you now?

AVERY: *(from backstage)* At the mall.

PROFESSOR: The mall??

AVERY: *(from backstage)* Don't worry . . . we borrowed an outfit, so she blends in just fine.

PROFESSOR: So, how's it going?

AVERY: *(from backstage)* Well, other than her calling me "fair maiden" all the time, it's going fantastic! She's completely fascinated by everything—automatic doors, drinking fountains, cash registers . . . oh, and the escalator! I'll bet she rode that thing 20 times! And now she's trying on clothes.

PROFESSOR: Boy, is she going to have a wild dream to share when she returns to her castle!

AVERY: *(from backstage)* Will that be today?

PROFESSOR: It's possible. I've got the computer working on the time and location right now.

AVERY: *(from backstage)* Okay, well, as soon as she gets out of the dressing room, we'll be right over.

PROFESSOR: All right. See you soon.

(Then the sound of a power drill [sfx] is heard again as the PROFESSOR continues to work. Meanwhile, ROBO enters with 3 juggling balls. He tries to juggle, then promptly trips and falls.)

PROFESSOR: Robo . . . is that you?

ROBO: Yes, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Hey, I need to tighten down the power booster but I can't . . . quite reach it. *(as he strains)* Can you push me in a little farther?

ROBO: Yes . . . I can push you in a little farther. I can even push you in A LOT farther! *(he gives the PROFESSOR a push and then a head bang [sfx] is heard)*

PROFESSOR: Ouch!!

ROBO: Professor? Are you experiencing physical discomfort?

PROFESSOR: Just pull me out.

(ROBO grabs the PROFESSOR by the legs and pulls him out from under the Machine. As he gets up, he rubs the top of his head and winces in pain.)

ROBO: You have a bump on the top of your head.

PROFESSOR: No kidding. Say, have you been under the Machine lately?

ROBO: Under the Machine? No . . . I have never been under the Machine. But I have been beside it and in front of it.

PROFESSOR: Hmmm . . . *(short pause as he ponders what he saw under the Machine)* All right, well anyway, I'm going to test it again. So, when I go inside and close the door, all you need to do this time is count to 3 and press the Enter key.

ROBO: But I can count much higher than 3. Would you like to hear me? One . . . two . . . three . . .

PROFESSOR: No, Robo! Stop! *(pause)* I just want you to count to 3. Do you understand?

ROBO: Yes, I understand, Professor. You still have a bump on your head.

PROFESSOR: Nevermind about that *(he quickly takes off his lab coat, grabs a baseball mitt and ball cap and then steps inside the Machine)* Okay, remember . . . as soon as I close the door . . . count to 3, and only 3, and then press the Enter key. *(as he closes the door to the Machine)*

ROBO: Count to three. One . . . two . . . three. Then press the Enter key. *(as he presses the Enter key on the computer keyboard)*

(The Machine suddenly springs to life with lights and sounds [sfx]. Then AVERY enters with a balloon.)

AVERY: Professor?

ROBO: The Professor just left.

AVERY: Where'd he go?

ROBO: I do not know the answer to that question. But I can answer other questions like, "How long is the Great Wall of China?" or "What is the lifespan of a dragonfly?" or "Is the Professor testing the Machine right now?"

AVERY: Is the Professor testing the Machine?

ROBO: Yes, he is testing the Machine.

AVERY: *(negative)* Great . . . so we'll probably never see him again.

ROBO: Why did you say that, Miss Avery?

AVERY: Just because of the way things have been going lately.

(Then the Machine suddenly springs to life with lights and sounds [sfx].)

ROBO: Perhaps this is the Professor.

AVERY: *(in a British accent)* Or maybe Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its territories, come to fetch his queen . . . and her balloon! *(as she bats it over to ROBO.)*

(Then the door to the Machine opens and the PROFESSOR emerges amidst a cloud of smoke. Meanwhile, ROBO is completely captivated by the balloon and starts to play with it.)

PROFESSOR: *(enthralled)* It worked! The time machine worked! I can't believe it. It actually worked!

AVERY: *(excited)* Well?? What did you see?!

PROFESSOR: The Cubs winning the World Series!

AVERY: What??

PROFESSOR: Yeah, I got there during the tenth inning of game 7 . . . right before the play at first base! It was amaaaazing!

AVERY: But . . . that was just a couple years ago, wasn't it?

PROFESSOR: Yeah . . . why?

AVERY: I don't know . . . I just thought you'd have gone back farther than that.

PROFESSOR: I know, but I wanted to relive that moment. Do you know how long it had been since they'd won the championship?

ROBO: *(interrupts the PROFESSOR while he chases the balloon but keeps kicking it with his foot accidentally)* 108 years, 19 days, 8 hours, and 42 seconds.

Professor: *(rolling his eyes)* Thank you, Robo. *(pause)* Well, anyway . . . it was just a test. I wanted to make sure the

Machine works okay before I really go somewhere. *(as he takes off his ball cap and puts his lab coat back on)*

AVERY: That makes sense.

PROFESSOR: So where's Queen Josephine?

AVERY: She's in the café having a smoothie. I tried to get her to come in here but she's still bothered about the skitterbugs.

(Then ROBO falls on the balloon and pops it.)

PROFESSOR: Let's give Robo a second chance and have him check on her.

ROBO: I will do that. I will check on her. I will check on Queen Josephine.

(ROBO exits.)

PROFESSOR: Oh, Avery . . . my mind is just a whirl right now. I mean, think of all the possibilities! I could hear Abraham Lincoln deliver the Gettysburg Address, or I could go to Philadelphia and witness the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Or . . . would this be crazy? I could go to first century Israel and see Jesus!

AVERY: Now THAT would be amazing.

PROFESSOR: I know. I can't even imagine how exciting it would be! *(pause)* Which reminds me . . . how's your paper coming? You haven't had much time to work on it lately.

AVERY: Well, actually, I have. The queen fell asleep soon after we got to the dorm, so I got to work on it quite a bit last night.

PROFESSOR: Oh, good.

AVERY: Yeah, it was good. I'm getting a whole new appreciation for Jesus and how uniquely special he was.

PROFESSOR: You mean how special he IS. He's alive, remember. He rose from the dead.

AVERY: Right . . . I know. In fact, I was just reading about all the biblical evidences for his resurrection last night.

PROFESSOR: They're pretty convincing, aren't they? The fact that Jesus lived, died, and rose again is very well documented.

AVERY: I know . . . but what I'm curious about is what he's doing now. I mean, it's been over 2,000 years since he went back up to heaven. What's he been doing ever since?

PROFESSOR: Well, for one thing, he's been building the church and caring for it.

AVERY: The church? Which church? What do you mean?

PROFESSOR: Well, the church, as the Bible calls it, is the enormous family of all true believers everywhere . . . past, present, and future. So Jesus is protecting and strengthening and growing believers all over the world.

AVERY: Wow . . . then he's been busy.

PROFESSOR: He's also been preparing a special place for his people.

AVERY: Really?

PROFESSOR: Yes. When he was on earth, toward the end of his ministry, he told his disciples that he was going away to prepare a place for them and that one day he'd come back to get them—and not only them, but all believers.

AVERY: It's been so long, though. Do you really think he's coming back?

PROFESSOR: Absolutely. Just like the prophecies about his first coming came true, the prophecies about his second coming will also come true. We just don't know when. But Jesus always keeps his promises. Don't ever forget that.

AVERY: I won't.

PROFESSOR: Okay, well, I'm ready to test the Machine again. So . . . what do you think? Should I try Bible times?

AVERY: I don't know. Could it be dangerous? I mean, with the Romans being there and everything.

PROFESSOR: Hmm . . . I guess it could be. But . . . I've got my return button *(as he holds it up)* if things get dicey. And besides, I'm not going to stay very long. *(pause)* So Jerusalem it is . . . in the year . . . 30 AD should be about right. *(as he types on the Machine's computer keyboard)*. Okay . . . now here's how it works. When I go inside and close the door, all you need to do is count to 3 and press the Enter key.

AVERY: That's it?

PROFESSOR: That's it.

AVERY: Well, okay, then . . . I guess I'm ready.

PROFESSOR: Let me grab my backpack. *(as he takes off his lab coat and grabs a small backpack)* As soon as I close the door, you can proceed.

AVERY: Have a safe trip.

(PROFESSOR enters the Machine and closes the door.)

AVERY: *(a bit anxious)* Okay, here goes. Three . . . two . . . one . . . enter.

(AVERY presses the Enter key on the keyboard, which causes a light and sound effect [sfx]. Then QUEEN JOSEPHINE enters dressed in contemporary clothing.)

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I bid thee, fair maiden. Something is wrong with the strange-looking knight!

(ROBO hobbles into the Lab with no power on the right side of his body.)

AVERY: Robo . . . what happened?!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: He did drink some of my . . . refreshment.

AVERY: What? You drank her smoothie? Well, that's just dandy! You're a robot, remember? A machine! You can't eat and drink like humans!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I believe I am to blame, fair maiden. The . . . smoo-thee, as thou calls it, was of such a large size, that I could not even begin to drink the last of it. Hence, I offered it to him not knowing of his . . . shall we say . . . limitations.

AVERY: No, Your Majesty, it is not your fault. He should have known better.

ROBO: *(stutters and twitches)* But it looked so rich and cre-cre-creamy.

AVERY: Let me check to see how much damage has been done. *(as she opens the flap on his back)*

ROBO: Just don't tur-tur-turn me off. I hate it when you do-do-do that.

AVERY: Hmm . . . I was afraid of that. The motivator on your right side is completely fried. I'll have to see if we have another one somewhere. I'll be back. Oh, and watch the Machine while I'm gone. The Professor is testing it again. *(as she exits the lab)*

ROBO: I am a ba-ba-bad robot.

(QUEEN JOSEPHINE begins to cry softly.)

ROBO: Queen Josephine . . . you are cry-crying.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Yea . . . I cannot deny it.

ROBO: Oh dear. *(pause)* Did I hurt your fee-feelings?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Nay, good strange-looking knight. My feelings, thou didst not hurt.

ROBO: Then, why are you crying? I do-do-do not understand.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Alas . . . I weep for my king, my children, and my country. For I believe that never again shall I set mine eyes upon them.

ROBO: I will need to translate that. *(then a scan sound [sfx] is heard)* You are cry-crying because you miss your family and your country and you do-do-do not think that you will ever see them again?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Yay . . . and I never bid them farewell. *(AVERY enters holding a small package.)*

AVERY: Robo! What did you do to her?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Nay, fair maiden . . . the fault lies not with the strange-looking knight.

ROBO: She is cry-crying because she will never see her family or her country ever again.

AVERY: What?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: And I never bid them farewell! *(as she begins to sob.)*

ROBO: That means she ne-ne-never got to say good-bye to them.

AVERY: But, that's not true, Your Majesty! You will see them again! *(as she grabs an empty box of tissues)* Great . . . we're out of tissues.

ROBO: I will get some.

(ROBO hobbles offstage.)

AVERY: In fact, the Professor is testing out the Machine right now. And see that thing over there? *(as she points to the Machine's computer terminal)* It's trying to find your address.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: My "dress," as thou calls it, is in thy chariot.

AVERY: What? Oh . . . uh . . . no, I didn't say "dress" . . . I said, "UH-dress." It's the location where you live. And when we find it, we'll be able to send you back.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: And it is truth that thou speaketh?

AVERY: Of course it is!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Then I thank thee, fair maiden, for thou hast given me hope. *(as she starts to cheer up)*

(ROBO enters with his torso wrapped in toilet paper.)

ROBO: I could not-not find tissues, but I did find toilet paper.

AVERY: You sure did!

(AVERY quickly exits.)

ROBO: Sh-she must want tissues instead.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(amused)* Oh . . . strange-looking knight . . . thou taketh my breath away with amusement!

ROBO: This has not-not-not been my day.

(Theme music ending)

DAY 5 DRAMA

Characters: AVERY, QUEEN JOSEPHINE, ROBO, ODA GRIM, PROFESSOR, ROMAN SOLDIER

(Theme music beginning)

(Continuing the scene from yesterday, ROBO is trying to untangle himself from the toilet paper with just one arm as AVERY returns with a box of tissues.)

AVERY: Found the tissues. *(as she hands them to QUEEN JOSEPHINE)*

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I thank thee, fair maiden, thou art very kind.

AVERY: *(notices ROBO struggling)* Here, let me help you with that.

(AVERY helps ROBO remove the toilet paper.)

ROBO: When are you go-go-going to replace my mo-mo-motivator?

AVERY: Right now . . . so you'll need to stand still.

ROBO: Like this? *(as he stiffens like a board)*

AVERY: Yes. That's perfect. *(as she grabs a small package)* It will only take a second. *(she pretends to open a panel on his back)* Okay . . . bad motivator out . . . and . . . good motivator . . . in. There. You should be good as new.

ROBO: *(he happily moves both arms and legs)* This is great! This is wonderful!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(to ROBO)* Now, no more smoo-thee.

AVERY: That's right, Robo . . . no smoothies. Do you understand?

(ODA GRIM, disguised as a building inspector, appears in the doorway.)

ROBO: Yes . . . I understand.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Fair maiden, a visitor is at thy door.

(ODA GRIM enters with a small rolling suitcase and holding a clipboard.)

ODA GRIM: Hello. I'm the city building inspector, and I'm here for your inspection.

AVERY: Inspection?

ODA GRIM: Yes . . . and let's get something straight. I work for the government now, so you can't fire me.

AVERY: *(confused)* Okay.

ODA GRIM: Is the Professor here?

AVERY: No, I'm sorry, he's not.

ODA GRIM: Rats! *(pause as she thinks)* Well . . . I guess you'll have to do.

AVERY: Oh, but you should wait for the Professor. I'm just a lab assistant. I hardly know anything. Isn't that right, Robo?

ROBO: On the contrary, besides the Professor, you are the smartest person I know.

AVERY: Don't listen to him, he's just a robot.

ODA GRIM: I'm sure you know enough . . . for my purposes, anyway *(evil snicker)*.

AVERY: No, really . . . another day would be better. I mean . . . look at this place, it's an absolute mess . . . and dirty, too! See? *(as she swipes her finger along the top of the counter and holds it up to see)* We haven't dusted in weeks.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: May I see, fair maiden? *(as she tries to get a closer look)*

AVERY: It's not skitterbug eggs, if that's what you're thinking.

ODA GRIM: Skitterbug eggs? I've . . . never heard of them.

ROBO: You have never heard of them because there is a 99.9999 percent probability that skitterbugs and skitterbug eggs do not exist.

AVERY: Oh, some crazy person, dressed like an exterminator, was here the other day trying to convince us that . . . *(she suddenly recognizes ODA GRIM'S face)* . . . that we had an infestation.

ODA GRIM: Why are you staring at me?

AVERY: Oh, uh . . . no reason.

ODA GRIM: *(quickly changes the subject)* Shall we get started, then? *(she pretends to see the Machine for the first time)* Oh . . . this is new since your last inspection. I'll need a complete set of plans to make sure it's up to code. And while you're looking for those, I'm just going to take some pictures and have a look around.

(While ODA GRIM takes pictures of the Machine, AVERY quickly huddles with QUEEN JOSEPHINE and ROBO.)

AVERY: *(discretely)* It finally came to me! I know where I've seen her before. She's the exterminator!

ROBO: Do you mean Dead Bug Dawn from A-1 Bug Exterminators where we kill the bugs so you do not have to?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: But how can that be, fair maiden? For she declared not ever hearing of skitterbugs.

AVERY: She lied. I'll bet she's a spy. So, we've got to think of a way to get her out of here . . . and fast! The Professor

could come back at any moment and then our secret would be out!

ROBO: We could pull the fire alarm.

AVERY: No . . . you should never pull a fire alarm unless it's a true emergency.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Thou couldst lock her in the dungeon!

AVERY: We don't have a dungeon. Maybe I should just confront her.

(Then the Machine suddenly springs to life with lights and sounds [sfx]. ODA GRIM quickly takes a seat at the Professor's desk to watch the action.)

AVERY: Oh, no! Not now!

(Then the door to the Machine opens and the PROFESSOR emerges amidst a cloud of smoke.)

PROFESSOR: *(out of breath)* I made it. Whew! That was a close one! Do me a favor and remind me to wear a Bible times costume next time. I stuck out like a sore thumb and almost got myself arrested!

(The ROMAN SOLDIER, still inside the Machine, coughs.)

AVERY: Professor? Did . . . you bring someone else with you?

PROFESSOR: *(concerned)* Not that I know of.

(The ROMAN SOLDIER emerges from the Machine.)

PROFESSOR: *(loud whisper)* Oh, no! It's the soldier who was chasing me!

ROMAN SOLDIER: *(he scans the room with a scowl on his face, then yells)* Hail, Caesar!

PROFESSOR: Run! *(as he alone runs out into the auditorium to hide)*

ROMAN SOLDIER: Stop citizen! In the name of Caesar and the Roman Empire, I command you! *(as he chases the PROFESSOR)*

AVERY: We've got to do something! *(short pause)* Wait! I know! *(then yells to the PROFESSOR)* Professor! You can stop running! He has no authority here! Rome collapsed over 1,500 years ago! The Roman Empire is no more!

ROMAN SOLDIER: Woman! You speak treason! Rome will endure forever! *(as he grabs AVERY)*

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Unhand her, you brute!

ROMAN SOLDIER: Quiet! Or you'll be next!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(gasp)* How dare thou speaketh to me thus! For I am Queen Josephine, wife of Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its territories.

ROMAN SOLDIER: Oh, yeah? Well, that's only because we haven't conquered you yet!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: And pride goeth before destruction!

AVERY: That's enough, you two. Robo! Grab my backpack and bring it here!

ROMAN SOLDIER: *(to AVERY)* I am taking you to the Fortress of Antonia where you will stand before the governor this night. Then you will feel the weight of Rome's displeasure for inciting political instability.

AVERY: *(unconcerned)* Sure . . . whatever, but first I want to show you something.

(ROBO brings backpack to AVERY.)

ROMAN SOLDIER: *(to ROBO)* And what country are you from, strange one?

ROBO: I am made in the USA. Would you like to see me juggle?

AVERY: Some other time, Robo. Go sit down somewhere.

ROBO: No one wants to see me juggle. *(as he walks away)*

AVERY: *(to ROMAN SOLDIER as she holds up her textbook)* See this? It's my world history textbook, and there's a whole chapter just on the Roman Empire.

ROMAN SOLDIER: And how is it possible that the glory of Rome can be contained in just a single chapter? Tell me that.

AVERY: Well . . . it's a pretty long chapter if that makes you feel any better. Here . . . read this paragraph. *(as she points to a paragraph on a page)*

(ROMAN SOLDIER reads the paragraph and then "turns white." He can't believe that the Roman Empire no longer exists.)

ROMAN SOLDIER: The mighty Roman Empire . . . gone? I cannot believe it!

AVERY: I'm sorry.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: *(to herself)* Ha! I am not sorry at all!

ROMAN SOLDIER: *(devastated)* What is to become of me? I'm now a soldier without an army . . . a man without a country . . . a person without a purpose. I am ruined.

PROFESSOR: Nonsense, soldier of Rome. I can fix your situation.

ROMAN SOLDIER: You're just saying that to make me feel better.

AVERY: No, really . . . he can help you.

ROMAN SOLDIER: You, a mere man, can restore the Roman Empire with all its might and glory? Are you some sort of magician?

PROFESSOR: No . . . not a magician . . . a scientist.

ROMAN SOLDIER: Well, if you would do that, you would prove yourself to be a friend of Rome and the Emperor would be most pleased. Oh . . . and I would not have to arrest you, either.

PROFESSOR: Sounds like a deal to me. All you have to do is get back inside that chamber. We'll do the rest.

(ROMAN SOLDIER looks at the Machine with a bit of skepticism.)

AVERY: Go on . . . it'll be okay.

ROMAN SOLDIER: *(he looks around)* This is a very strange place. I will have to alert the garrison commander. *(then he enters the Machine)*

PROFESSOR: Robo, can you shut the door?

ROBO: I can do that and more! *(as he walks toward the Machine)*

ROMAN SOLDIER: Hail, Caesar!

ROBO: Good-bye, Roman soldier. *(as he shuts the door)*

PROFESSOR: Okay, ready? One . . . two . . . three . . . enter.

(PROFESSOR presses the Enter key, which causes a light and sound effect [sfx].)

PROFESSOR: And back he goes to the first century. Whew! That wore me out!

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Good Professor, I beseech thee. Wouldst thou be able to send me back as well?

PROFESSOR: Absolutely, Your Majesty.

AVERY: But you'll need to change first. I put your dress in the storage room. Robo can show you where it is.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: I thank thee, fair maiden.

ROBO: Follow me, Queen Josephine, wife of Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its toiletries.

AVERY: No, not "toiletries," Robo . . . "territories." King of Vestaland and all its "territories." *(to QUEEN JOSEPHINE)* I'm sorry, Your Majesty.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: That is quite all right. I am not offended.

ROBO: "Territories" . . . I will remember that.

(QUEEN JOSEPHINE follows ROBO off stage, exiting the lab. Then AVERY turns her attention to ODA GRIM, who's seated at the Professor's desk.)

AVERY: Professor, I meant to tell you sooner, but we, uh . . . we have a visitor.

PROFESSOR: *(alarmed)* What??

AVERY: She arrived just before you did. Today, she's posing as a building inspector. Yesterday, she was an exterminator, and before that, a janitor.

ODA GRIM: Very good, lab assistant. I was wondering how long it would take you to figure it out. *(as she removes her disguise)*

PROFESSOR: Let me guess . . . The Evil Oda Grim? *([sfx])*

ODA GRIM: *(proudly)* At your service.

AVERY: What? She's the Evil Oda Grim?? *([sfx])*

PROFESSOR: So that explains all the mishaps and mayhem the past couple days. What do you want?

ODA GRIM: I think you're smart enough to know the answer to that question.

PROFESSOR: Well, if you think I'm just going to hand over a time machine to one of the world's most notorious villains, you're kidding yourself.

ODA GRIM: I thought you might feel that way, so I brought something with me that will help motivate you. *(as she opens her suitcase and begins to assemble her new favorite "weapon")* It's my new favorite toy. A Shrink Zapper. It shrinks things. I just tested it out in the parking lot and it worked perfectly. Look familiar, pretty one? *(as she hands a toy car to AVERY)*

AVERY: *(confused, then flabbergasted)* Wait . . . I don't understand. It looks like my car. Is this my car?? This IS my car!! You shrunk my car!! Professor! She shrunk my car!!

ODA GRIM: *(as she points the Shrink Zapper at them)* And you're both going to be next if you don't hand over the plans to that machine right now!

PROFESSOR: You wouldn't dare!

AVERY: *(pretends to see a mouse)* Oh, look! A mouse! *(as she points)*

(AVERY suddenly grabs the barrel of the Shrink Zapper and struggles with ODA GRIM for control. The PROFESSOR tries to help AVERY, but every time he tries to make a move, the barrel is pointing directly at him. Then AVERY and ODA GRIM disappear through the lab doorway and the sound of the Shrink Zapper is heard [sfx].)

PROFESSOR: Oh, no! *(as he rushes to AVERY'S aid)*

(Then AVERY emerges holding a miniature ODA GRIM in her hand.)

AVERY: Look how small she is! It's incredible!

PROFESSOR: *(scolding)* And it could have been you! That was a very risky thing you did!

AVERY: I know . . . but I had to do it. I just had to. *(amused)* Look at her shaking her fist at us. She's so angry. I wonder what she's saying?

PROFESSOR: Let me grab a microphone.

(PROFESSOR takes a microphone and points it at AVERY'S open hand. Then Tiny Oda Grim [sfx] is heard: "Just you wait! I'll get you for this! You'll see! You'll see! I'm the Evil Oda Grim [sfx]!")

PROFESSOR: It's sad . . . she just won't give up.

AVERY: Actually, she's kinda cute. Think she'll stay like this?

PROFESSOR: Who knows? For now, let's put her in a jar to keep her safe. *(as he grabs a small jar, then holds it as AVERY drops Tiny Oda Grim into it)* Careful . . . I'll take her down

to the police station on my way home and let them deal with her. Oh, for the day when there's no more evil!

AVERY: No more evil? That's hard to imagine.

PROFESSOR: I know, but it will happen. And hopefully soon.

AVERY: Do you really think so?

PROFESSOR: Yes, absolutely. The Bible clearly says that a day is coming when God will create a new heaven and a new earth where the curse of sin will be totally gone. And that means no more crying or pain, no disease, no death, no wickedness, nothing scary. In fact, there won't be anything bad at all.

AVERY: Wow.

PROFESSOR: But, best of all, Jesus will be there for everyone to see, reigning as king forever and ever. It will be wonderful beyond our wildest imagination! I can't wait!

(Then ROBO emerges through the doorway, then stops to introduce QUEEN JOSEPHINE.)

ROBO: *(he raises a trumpet to his mouth and plays a trumpet fanfare [sfx])* Now presenting, the beautiful Queen Josephine.

(Then QUEEN JOSEPHINE enters through the door curtains.)

PROFESSOR: How'd he learn to play the trumpet?

AVERY: Beats me.

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: Good Professor . . . fair maiden . . . indeed, I am thankful that thou hast brought me hither, into thy world. I will admit, at first, I was despondent, but alas, the experience turned out to be most enchanting. And now, if it pleaseth thee, I am ready to return to my world.

PROFESSOR: By all means, Your Majesty. The Machine is ready and waiting. All you need to do is enter the chamber, and we'll do the rest. *(he shakes her hand)* Good-bye. I'm so glad to have met you.

AVERY: Good-bye, Your Majesty. I hope our paths cross again someday. *(then she hugs QUEEN JOSEPHINE)*

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: As do I, fair maiden . . . as do I. *(then she enters the Machine.)* Fare thee well, good people!

ROBO: Hey! What about me?

QUEEN JOSEPHINE: . . . and to you, strange-looking knight! Fare thee well!

(Then ROBO closes the door to the Machine.)

PROFESSOR: One . . . two . . . three . . . enter.

(PROFESSOR presses the Enter key, which causes a light and sound effect [sfx].)

ROBO: I liked her. I liked Queen Josephine, wife of Edward the Gallant, King of Vestaland and all its territories.

PROFESSOR: So did I, Robo. *(then he notices AVERY deep in thought)* Avery?

AVERY: What? Oh . . . sorry, I was just thinking.

PROFESSOR: About what?

AVERY: About what you said earlier. About the new heaven and new earth and Jesus being there. It sounds so amazing . . . but not everyone will get to go there, right?

PROFESSOR: That's true. Only those who've believed in Jesus and are in his family.

AVERY: But . . . what if you're not sure if you're in his family?

PROFESSOR: Well, the good news is, you can be sure. Remember what I told you yesterday. That if you admit to God that you've disobeyed him and then believe in Jesus and what he did for you on the cross, you'll be saved and adopted into his family. All you have to do is ask him.

AVERY: You know, it's strange . . . growing up in church, I've heard that before, but I never took it seriously until now. Maybe it's the history paper.

PROFESSOR: Could be. But the important thing is that you ARE taking it seriously. Because what you believe about Jesus will determine where you spend eternity.

AVERY: Wow . . . that never occurred to me. But it's true, isn't it? What I believe about Jesus WILL determine where I spend eternity.

PROFESSOR: Yep. That's why he's so important. *(short pause)* How 'bout we go to the café and talk more about it?

AVERY: Really? That would be great!

(AVERY and the PROFESSOR exit the lab. After a few moments, ROBO realizes he's alone.)

ROBO: Miss Avery? Professor?

(Then the Machine suddenly springs to life with lights and sounds [sfx])

ROBO: Oh no . . . not this again! Who is it going to be this time??

(Then a Dragon roar [sfx] is heard.)

ROBO: Ahhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!! *(as he runs for the door)*

(Theme music ending)