

The Try-Out Zone – Missing Pieces

CHARACTERS:

- Rod Swirling (Narrator)
- Sir Lacksalot
- Drax (unseen, deep voice only)
- Captain Cologne
- First Mate Pedro
- Captain Taylor Hudson
- Co-pilot Andrews

SETTING: "Twilight Zone", with narrator and three episodes

PROPS: Tape of Twilight Zone Theme, armor, shield & scabbard—but no sword, two chairs.

Rod: Today, for your viewing pleasure, we present 3 stories. Stories of folks who have places to go and deeds to do. Yet will their quests be successful? Watch and find out as we enter the "Try-Out Zone."

Play Twilight Zone theme.

Rod: Let us start back in the days of King Arthur. A young knight named Sir Lacksalot is on a mission to rescue fair damsels, right wrongs, fight injustice, etc. Let us join him in the midst of the Murky Forest.

Enter Lacksalot wearing armor, shield & scabbard—but no sword.

Lacksalot: *(Singing to tune of "Popeye")* I'm a knight of the Table Round. A braver one can't be found! I'll fight to the finish—I'm handsome and thinnish! Yes, knight of the Table Round!" *(with a flourish and bow)*

Lacksalot: *Looks around, moving forward slowly, pushing aside imaginary branches & mopping the sweat from His brow.*

I say! They certainly didn't name this the "Murky Forest" for nothing! I could certainly travel a lot faster if there weren't so many trees! How am I ever going to fulfill my quest if I travel no faster than a tortoise on crutches?"

Stops and sits down, shaking an imaginary rock out of his boot.

Lacksalot: And I keep having this nagging feeling that I'm forgetting something. *(Laughs)* Probably because my Lady Mother is always nagging me about remembering this or that.

Drax: What is your quest?

Lacksalot jumps up and looks around warily while shoving his foot back in his boot.

Lacksalot: Who goes there??

Drax: The one who lives in this forest. The one whom you've been complaining about. Your singing and clanking woke me up. What's your business here?

Lacksalot: Sorry, old chap! (*Self-importantly*) I'm a knight of the Round Table on a quest to defeat the deadly dire denizen of this Murky Wood.

Drax: The deadly dire denizen of the Murky Wood?

Lacksalot: Yes! The dread dragon, Drax!

Drax: Oh, of course. Just how do you propose to do that? He's pretty fierce, especially if he gets awakened from a good year's nap!

Lacksalot: (*Boasting*) I shall fight him, of course! I have my courage, my armor, my shield, and my trusty—*reaches down to draw his sword and looks shocked, squeaks out—scabbard??!!*

Drax: Excuse me, but aren't you supposed to have a sharp, pointed thing in there?

Lacksalot: Y-yes! (*In a low tone*) Drat, I knew I was forgetting something!

Drax: It looks like you're missing something. You'd better get out of here before Drax decides to have canned food for a mid-nap snack!

Lacksalot: I-i-s he nearby?

Drax: Yes, and you woke me up! RROOAAARRR!!!!

Lacksalot: Mama!!

Lacksalot runs off, dodging trees and screaming

Rod: So much for Sir Lacksalot. No wonder he never made it into any of the King Arthur legends. Now, let us join another adventurer. It is 1492. The King and Queen of Spain have just commissioned a journey. Let's join Captain Chris Cologne and his first mate, Pedro, aboard their sailing vessel, the Santa Claudia.

Enter Cologne and Pedro

Cologne: What a beautiful ship! She's watertight, newly painted, well crewed, and spic and span. No other ship can outrun her! We'll beat that crazy Columbus fellow to a new trade route and be back before he's got his leaky tubs more than a few weeks away!

Pedro: *Seems embarrassed and hesitant*

Normally I'd agree with you, Captain. But you're forgetting...

Cologne: Nonsense, Pedro! How can you doubt us? Look at the Claudia's sleek lines and strong rigging. I've spared no expense in getting her the best!

Pedro: I know, sir! But...

Cologne: Pedro, Pedro! You know I've handled every detail myself. We have the best of everything! I'd never sail without it!

Pedro: *(More insistently)* Of course, Sir! Look! There goes Columbus!

Cologne: Is that why you're so worried? Let him have a bit of a head start. It's only fair.

Pedro: 3 months?

Cologne: *(Sputtering)* What? What do you mean, 3 months?

Pedro: Yes, sir! That's how long it will take for the new sails you ordered to be ready.

Cologne: The Claudia can't go anywhere without sails! 3 months?!

Pedro: Aye, sir! Sorry captain, but you wanted them embroidered with your family crest. And they haven't invented the sewing machine yet, so it's going to take another three months.

Cologne: *(Shakes his head sadly)* 3 months!

Cologne and Pedro exit together

Rod: I'm afraid that delay knocked the wind out of their sails—or would have if they'd had any. Now let's journey to the present where another crew is poised to start their quest.

Enter Captain Taylor Hudson and Co-pilot Andrews, bringing in their chairs — sitting them next to each other. The two sit and pretend to check the plane.

Hudson: How's the cargo, Andrews?

Andrews: Captain, we have Bibles packed in 10 feet deep and 60 feet wide! This shipment will bring God's word to thousands of people in the Russian republics!

Hudson: Excellent, Andrews! Those people need these supplies! Let's finish our pre-flight check. Flaps?

Andrews: Check!

Hudson: Rudder?

Andrews: Check!

Hudson: Altimeter set?

Andrews: Check!

Hudson: Magneto?

Andrews: Captain! I'm getting a message from the Russian air control tower. They won't let us land. What are we going to do?

Hudson: Pray and trust God. Lord, we know You want Your word to get through to the Russian people and Your Spirit will make it happen. We believe you will guide us to the best way to deliver these Bibles. We trust You to open the way and show us what to do.

Andrews: Captain, I'm getting a message again. They say we can land on runway 7.

Hudson: Thank you, Lord!!! See, if we trust God, He opens the way and gives us the power to do His work. Let's go!

Andrews: What an awesome God!

Hudson and Andrews exit

Rod: Three stories. Three tales of a lack of power with 3 very different endings. Only one knew where to look for that power. What about you? How would you fare—in the "Try-Out Zone"?

Exit Rod to the theme of Twilight Zone.