



drama by george

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Inconspicuous

By George Halitzka

For the real Don and Ryan, Missionaries Extraordinaire

(RYAN cautiously backs onto the stage, wearing a bunch of protective gear--a catcher's shield, sunglasses, and so on. He is wearing only shorts and a sleeveless shirt under this get-up, and carrying a plastic shopping bag with a Big White Phone in it. We'll find out about that later. Meanwhile, DON is seated in a chair in the middle of the stage, reading a magazine. He stares at RYAN curiously. When RYAN is directly [and obliviously] in front of him, DON startles him.)

DON

Hey, Ryan! What's up?

(RYAN starts.)

RYAN

Shhh--He'll hear you!

DON

Who?

RYAN

Him!

DON

Who?

RYAN

Him!

DON

Isn't he on first?

RYAN

(pointing upwards)

No--HIM!

Oh . . . God.

DON

I'm trying to be inconspicuous.

RYAN

Uh-huh.
(eyeing RYAN'S get-up)

DON

Don't tell God I'm here.

RYAN

Yeah, I never went for that "omniscient" thing.

DON

You think this is *funny*? Look!

RYAN

(RYAN pulls a Missions Conference brochure from his bag and hands it to DON.)

"Missions Conference" . . . so?

DON

Do you have any idea what that means?

RYAN

Bad slide shows and huge flower-print dresses?

DON

He's *looking*.

RYAN

For what?

DON

Missionaries.

RYAN

And you're afraid he'll find--

DON

(DON points at RYAN, who nods.)

Heyyy, God, he's over here! GO-OD! Look, it's Ryan; Ryan the Future Missionary!

(RYAN vigorously tries to shush him.)

RYAN

(simultaneously with DON's line)

Stop that; He'll hear you! He'll send me to Africa! South America! CANADA!

(Etc. RYAN finally succeeds in getting DON in a headlock, which interrupts his God-ward calls.)

DON

All right--Uncle! UNCLE! I'll stop!

(RYAN cautiously releases him.)

What's with the extra clothes? You wanna taste bad?

RYAN

To who?

DON

Jonah's Big Fish.

RYAN

I'm not running from God; I'm inconspicuous. There's a difference.

DON

Yeah . . . what's with the pads?

RYAN

Promise not to tell God?

DON

I won't say anything He doesn't already know.

RYAN

Allow me to demonstrate.

(RYAN hands DON a knife and indicates his catcher's chest pad.)

Take your best shot. Right in the heart!

DON

Why should I--

RYAN

Come on; don't be a wuss!

DON

This is stupid!

RYAN

Give me that!

(RYAN grabs the knife from DON and stabs himself on the pad. The knife bends out of shape.)

See?

DON

So if God resorts to butcher knives, you're covered.

RYAN

It's for the Sword of the Spirit!

(DON looks dubious.)

You take the Bible literally, don't you? Trust me, Donnie; I've done it before. Remember when God wanted me to teach Sunday School?

DON

Yeah--

RYAN

I started wearing this, and guess what?

(DON doesn't bother to answer.)

I coached Little League instead!

DON

But you hated--

RYAN

That's beside the point!

(taking a pair of sunglasses out of his bag)

Check these out.

DON

What're they for?

RYAN
Boring sermons and slide shows.

DON
(putting them on)
I can see just fine!

RYAN
Not if you're asleep.

DON
Oh.
(A beat.)
Can I borrow--

RYAN
(snatching them back)
Get your own.

DON
Okay; I'm starting to see the point of this stuff.
(He realizes what he's just said.)
And that scares me! Now what's with the shorts and t-shirt?
It's twenty degrees outside!

RYAN
That's the cleverest part of my plan!

DON
Could've fooled me.

RYAN
Missionaries have to suffer--to test their faith, right? Nasty
natives, tarantulas--and the cheap suits! I would never make
it!

DON
But why--

RYAN
To show God I can grow spiritually in the U. S. of A.! I've got
all the suffering I need!

DON
I don't think it works that way--

RYAN

Lay it on me, God! Blizzard, ice storm--whatever you want! I can take it!

DON

Ryan, don't you think serving God is an *honor*?

RYAN

And if the cold isn't enough--I'll teach Sunday School! I'll cook for potlucks!

DON

You got the wrong idea, bud--

RYAN

I'll shine the pastor's shoes! I'll--I'll lead the youth group!

DON

Missions is a *privilege*--

RYAN

I'll visit the sick; feed the hungry--attend *Ladies Bible Study*!

(Suddenly, a phone rings. RYAN freezes in horror.)

DON

What's that?

RYAN

It's--The Call!

DON

(He can't believe this is really happening.)
On the Big White Phone.

RYAN

I forgot to turn the ringer off!

(RYAN frantically removes a Big White Phone from his bag and hands it to DON.)

Here!

DON

Answer it!

RYAN

You answer it!

DON

Be a man, Ryan!

(DON tries to forcibly hand the phone to RYAN.)

RYAN

(temper tantrum)

I don't wanna--I don't wanna--I don't wanna!

DON

If God called *me* to missions, I'd be honored!

RYAN

Don't make me do it--

(Finally, DON pushes the "answer" button and holds it up to RYAN's head.)

He--Hello? . . . Oh, hi, God! I was afraid you'd call . . .

Running? No! I learned my lesson after that Little League thing . . . Wait--you what? You don't? That's--too bad. He's right here.

(holding a hand over the phone)

Don . . . God wants to talk to *you*!

(DON gingerly begins to sneak off stage. RYAN is puzzled.)

Don, it's--

DON

Shhh! He'll hear you!

RYAN

Who? God?

DON

Not so loud! I'm trying to be inconspicuous!

(Blackout.)

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