

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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Aglet Encounters

Written by Bob Rictor

Theme: Personal Ministry. Many times, believers in “secular” jobs encounter opportunities to share their faith that are closed to full-time Christian workers.

Interior: Commercial Jet

Three rows of seats are visible. The first row has plenty of legroom. The other rows have absolutely no legroom at all. Earl and Bill are seated on the first row. Earl is seated on the aisle, Bill by the window. An empty seat sits between them. The three seats in the row behind them are filled with passengers. The third row mirrors the first; two passengers are seated with an empty seat between them. Dave has the window seat on the third row. Passengers in rows two and three are quietly talking amongst themselves, listening to music on headphones, or reading.

Sound FX: Tone or “Bing”

Off Stage Voice: Ladies and gentlemen, the captain has turned off the seatbelt sign. You are now free to move about the cabin. However, we do ask that you keep your seatbelt secured while you are seated.

Earl: *(Looks up from the newspaper he’s reading to yawn and stretch in a rather loud and obnoxious manner.)* Ah, they told me that exit rows were the way to go. Sure beats being cramped up like the rest of these poor suckers. Some people just don’t know how to travel, I guess.

(Bill smiles politely.)

Earl: Yup. I usually get claustrophobic, but this isn’t bad at all.... Name’s Earl. What about you? *(Earl reaches out his hand to shake Bill’s hand.)*

Bill: *(shaking Earl’s hand)* Hi. I’m Bill. Nice to meet you. So, what do you do Earl?

Earl: Sales. You, sir, are looking at the aglet king of the entire South East.

Bill: Wow. What exactly are aglets?

Earl: *(Shaking his head disapprovingly)* It never ceases to amaze me how few people know about one of the most important life-saving apparatuses you could ever own. Aglets, my friend, are complex polymeric devices specifically designed to coat and protect the fragile ends of shoe securing devices, enabling them to endure tremendous stress over long periods of time, thereby increasing the life of the device, the shoe, and the wearer.

Bill: *(totally perplexed)* Shoe securing devices?

Earl: You know, the leather or fabric band used to hold the shoe tightly to the foot of the wearer.

Bill: You mean shoestrings?

Earl: Well, if you want to be crude about it...

Bill: So you sell...

Earl: Aglets...*(Giving in to Bill's need for simplicity.)* The plastic tips on the end of your shoelaces.

Bill: *(Trying very hard not to be sarcastic)* Fascinating.

Earl: You'd be amazed. I could tell you stories that would curl your hair. People just like yourself innocently going about their day when suddenly – due to inferior aglets – their shoe flies off causing them to fall, thereby wreaking all manner of injury and death.

Bill: Amazing.

Earl: Now, you sir, I can tell you're a man who appreciates quality. *(He throws one leg on to Bill's knee.)* See that? That's our TK-76 model. We designed that exclusively for the XFL. Two of the meanest 400-pound linebackers could hit you so hard your head would pop off, but thanks to these babies your shoelace would never come untied. *(Brings his leg down.)* I like you, Bill, so I'm gonna get you a pair to try out for yourself.

Bill: Oh, I wouldn't want you to go to any trouble.

Earl: No trouble at all. We've got warehouses full of `em.

Bill: Well, that's very kind of you.

Earl: Not at all. So tell me friend, what do you do?

Bill: I'm the pastor of a small church in town.

Earl: *(Suddenly uncomfortable)* Pastor, huh? *(Starts to squirm in his seat.)*

Bill: Yeah, it's probably not as exciting as your job, but I find it truly rewarding.

Earl: *(Shoving and pulling the back of his seat)* Boy, this seat is uncomfortable. I think it's broken. I don't think my back can take this for the entire flight.

Bill: Too bad. Well, would you like to switch seats? Or maybe you could move to this empty one here.

Earl: *(Excitedly)* No! *(Then catching himself)* Ah, I, um ah mean no thanks. I'm, ah, ah, I'm angoraphobic.

Bill: You're afraid of sweaters?

Earl: No! No. I'm ah, I'm afraid of open spaces.

Bill: Oh, you mean agoraphobic. I thought you were claustrophobic.

Earl: No. Not at all. *(Looking over his shoulder he spots the empty space in the third row.)* In fact, I think I see a spot that would be better ... er, ah, more comfortable for me. If you'll excuse me.

Bill: Certainly. Well, it was nice talking with you, Earl.

Earl: Yeah. Whatever.

(Earl grabs his stuff and races back to the third row)

Earl: This seat taken?

(The two passengers are surprised by the question, but both shake their heads no. Earl climbs clumsily over the first passenger. Once he's seated, he glares at Dave.)

Earl: What do you do?

Dave: Uh, I'm in construction.

Earl: *(Relieved)* Good. My name's Earl. *(Extends his hand.)*

Dave: I'm Dave. *(Shakes Earl's hand.)*

(Suddenly, turbulence hits and everyone jumps in their seats.)

Earl: *(A bit frightened.)* What was that?

Dave: Oh, that's just a little air turbulence. Nothing to be afraid of. You fly much?

Earl: Nah. Travel mostly by car.

(They hit a big pocket of turbulence and everyone bounces around more than before.)

Earl: We're gonna die!

Dave: No we're not. Don't let it bother you.

Earl: How can you be so calm?!

Dave: `Cause, no matter what, I know where I'll end up.

Earl: Cleveland? That's where this flight's going. Right?

Dave: No. I mean Heaven.

Earl: How can you be so sure you're going to Heaven?

Dave: Well, let me tell you. *(Pulls a booklet out of his pocket and begins to read from it.)* Just as there are physical laws that govern the physical universe, so there are spiritual laws that govern your relationship with God.

Off Stage Voice: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the captain speaking. We've reached our cruising altitude of 35,000 feet. Sorry for the bumpy ride a few minutes ago, but according to all reports, the weather up ahead is beautiful and it looks like we're in for a smooth ride. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the flight.

The End.