

Drama Ministry®

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ASPIRIN

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: A man suffering from a headache is offered a solution several times but rejects it because he refuses to let someone else tell him what to believe about aspirin.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: There should be a lightness to the humor. Play it almost with a wink. It's about aspirin, but it's also NOT about aspirin. Extras can be used to fill in extra airline seats and better set the stage.

TIME: 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 3M, 1F (plus extras, if desired)

THEME: Evangelism

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Jeremiah 11:9-10

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service

CHARACTERS:

MORT, DALE, and LINDA – business people on a plane
THE PILOT (voice)

PROPS: Chairs arranged like seats on an airplane

COSTUMES: Casual dress

SOUND: Four wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: An airplane cabin

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The scene takes place on an airplane. DALE sits in the aisle seat, facing the audience. He is reading a magazine, minding his own business. MORT is beside him, a little disheveled, suffering from a headache. Linda is seated a row behind them, unseen because of the high back seats. An airplane intercom chimes, and the pilot speaks.

PILOT: Uhhhhhhhhh, ladies and gentlemen, uhhhhhhhhhhh, we're about an hour from our final destination, uhhhhhhhhh, San Francisco, California. Uhhhhhhhhhhh, I'm going to turn off the fasten seat belts sign, uhhhhhhhhh, in the event anyone needs to, uhhhhhhhhhhh, move about. Just remember to, uhhhhhhhhhhh, keep them fastened while you're in your seat, uhhhhhhhhhhh, and as always thank you for flying with us.

MORT lets out a long, painful groan. DALE looks over at MORT.

DALE: Something wrong?

MORT: Oh, man. I've got a headache.

DALE: Ouch.

MORT: It's a real pounder too. Wow. Kinda feels like there's a metal poker inside my head, you know? Just pounding away.

DALE: Yeah, I know the feeling.

DALE goes back to his magazine, not really that interested. MORT keeps on.

MORT: Oh man. It's not here, or here, but right here.

DALE: I see.

MORT: Right here. Right on the other side of here.

DALE: Uh huh.

MORT: Oh man. I'm sorry, it's just, it really hurts.

LINDA leans over the seat.

LINDA: Excuse me. I couldn't help over hearing. Would you like an aspirin?

MORT: *(A little indignant)* An aspirin? No thanks.

LINDA: Are you sure? Because I have some.

MORT: That's quite all right, ma'am.