

The One Item (2014)



Major characters

Harry or Harriet Sneed - The greedy, sleazy pawnbroker who would sell his own mother for the right price.
 Buff - Tough, gruff, uneducated security guard who works for Harry
 Dr. Kitty Ratchet – Zimbabwe Christian College professor and missionary
 Mr. Withers – Old, old baseball playing friend of Uncle Buck’s. Forgetful, mostly deaf and a big scene stealer.
 Adonis or Athena - Illegal immigrant posing as a Greek antiquities dealer to assist Harry’s unscrupulous Sadie
 McCrady - College student and niece of Uncle Buck, sweet, young, naive.

Minor characters

Samantha -A wealthy, refined widow
It would be terrific to have enough cast to do eulogies for these missions we support at KCC
Martin Saunders (Columbia)
Orphan Network
Passion Ministries (Rana and Simie Samuels)
West Park Missions (Ezekiel Fish)
McKinley Indian Mission (Wayne and Valarie Goodman)
Good News Productions
Someone from the Jamaica trip
Even with Withers breaking up the eulogies with comic relief, you have to balance the length of each one with the total number.
For the most part minor characters help serve the meal, do a short 1-2 paragraph eulogy, (they can even have a paper they read off like they wrote it during dinner to deliver) and a scripture at the end.

Scene I – Welcome to Uncle Buck’s Memorial Service

(Harry and Buff are stationed at the entry table, making absolutely sure everyone entering either has a ticket or pays for one. Harry adlibs his greetings “Be sure to look over all the fine artifacts.” “All these fine artifacts will be on sale at Harry Sneed’s Pawnshop.” “I’ll gladly sell any immediately if you can meet the suggested retail price right now.” Buff stands with his arms crossed glowering at the people as they enter. He informs them he is not to be messed with and used to be a tough bouncer in Las Vegas. He adlibs lines like “Open your purse, lady - how do I know you haven’t got a gun and you’re planning on stealing all these valuable artifacts.” “Mister, lemme see what’s in those pockets. Could be a bomb.”

(Missionary characters are scattered throughout the tables as if they are audience as they arrive. Adonis carries a rag and glass cleaner. He specifically lets guests know in his inconsistent accent that he is a knowledgeable and expert Greek antiquities dealer. Besides adlibs he uses the following: “Know all about artifacts.” “You want I wash your glasses the better to see these fine artifacts.” You buy artifacts, good deals. You come. See suggested price list. “I never met Harry Sneed before. Never been here before. Never saw any of these things before. Never been to the pawnshop”. “I’m named after the Adonis from Greek mythology because I am so handsome.” Or if female “I’m named Athena after Greek goddess of wisdom and I wise, very wise”)

Sharply at 6 pm Harry strides to the microphone. Buff remains at table in case of stragglers.

Harry: *(In his most pleasant snake oil salesman voice.)* Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen. *(Checks the watches fastened to the inside of his jacket.)* It is 6 o’clock on the dot. If you’d all take your seats we’ll get started. As you know we are here to pay tribute to Uncle Buck. I was one of his dearest and closest friends. Uncle Buck knew me as a man of integrity who he could trust. When he needed emergency money to go to the Zimbabwe I would have just given it to him but he insisted he pawn all these items, fine and valuable artifacts every one of them, to me in the event he did not return. He didn’t want to inconvenience me or hurt business. Uncle Buck was that kind of guy.

I have decided to sell the artifacts he collected on all his travels so everyone who wants can have one to remember Uncle Buck or to own an extremely rare and precious artifact. I knew it would be wrong for me to selfishly keep them. Uncle Buck would have wanted them shared with all of you, his dear friends. Now all these fine valuable artifacts will be offered for sale. We have a suggested price list on each table. These appraisals were done by *(Indicating who Adonis is with a wave of his hand.)* Mr. Adonis here. A reputable and extremely knowledgeable Greek antiquities dealer.

Adonis: *(Cutting Harry off prematurely, smiling broadly and pointing to himself.)* Very knowledgeable. You just ask Adonis and I tell you what to buy and how much pay. You pay Harry man here. *(Grinning like a fool and pointing to Harry.)*

Harry: *(Slightly annoyed at the interruption.)* I’m sure many of these items are worth thousands of dollars and some of course will be of sentimental value to those who knew and loved Uncle Buck.

Adonis: So you pay lots, OK. *(Holding up glass cleaner and rag.)* I come wash your glasses so you can see to write a check.

Buff: *(to ADONIS)* Stop interrupting. Harry’s only rented the place until 8:30 so shut up.

Harry: You'll have some time between dinner and dessert to get another look at these wonderful and valuable artifacts that Uncle Buck collected during his travels abroad....

Withers: (*Withers enters in his wheelchair being pushed by Dr. Kitty Ratchet.*) Are we there yet? This doesn't look like a baseball game!

Dr. Ratchet: (*Leaning closer to his ear and speaking in a loud clear voice.*) It's not. It's a memorial service for Uncle Buck. You remember Uncle Buck don't you?

Withers: Buck McCrady. Yup. We played ball together. Good player, Buck was, even if he did strike out in the game we played against Smithfield. Terrible shame that loss. Where is he?

Dr. Ratchet: Uncle Buck passed away. He died in Zimbabwe. We're here for his memorial service.

Withers: (*Surprised.*) He died, did he? Why didn't anyone tell me? Make sure I get to his memorial service. Uncle Buck was my best friend. It's the least I can do. Did I ever tell you we played ball together....?

(*At a nod from Harry, Buff makes his way over to Withers and Dr. Ratchet.*)

Dr. Ratchet: That's why we're here. (*Slightly louder.*) This is Uncle Buck's memorial service. (*Looking at Buff and indicating Withers with a friendly pat on the shoulder.*) This is Mr. Withers, a dear childhood friend of Uncle Buck's.

Withers: (*With pride.*) Yes, I am. Best friend he ever had. We played ball together in high school. (*Looking at Dr. Ratchet. Pause*) Who are you?

Dr. Ratchet: (*Speaking more loudly and slowly, moving so he can see her face more clearly.*) I'm Kitty Ratchet.

Withers: The Kitty has a hatchet? Why are there cats at a ball game? (*To himself.*) Kitties must be the team mascot.

Dr. Ratchet: No, I'm a friend of Uncle Buck's. Dr. Ratchet. You remember me, don't you?

Withers: I don't remember ever seeing you before.

Adonis: (*Aside to audience.*) I don't think he remembers much.

Harry: (*trying not to display his impatience.*) Could you just take your seats. You're interrupting things and we're on a tight time schedule. Buff get their tickets (*In a confidential stage whisper*) Make sure they've paid. I won't have any freeloaders.

Buff: (*Gruffly.*) Where are your tickets?

Withers: My ticker? (*Places hand over heart.*) Yes, I've had a couple problems with my ticker lately.

Buff: (*Yelling*) Tickets!

Withers: Tickets? I have season tickets to all the Tides games.

Dr. Ratchet: No, he means the tickets for the memorial service.

Withers: We have to pay to be at a memorial service? What kind of a world do we live in now? I never heard of such a thing. Paying to go to a memorial service?

Dr. Ratchet: *(Shrugs like she can't believe it either.)* Where are our tickets? You were going to put them in a safe place. *(While Buff and Harry impatiently wait, Withers looks everywhere on his person for his tickets – pockets, under his hat, inside his bathrobe. Harry griping and complaining to Withers how they don't have all day)*

Dr. Ratchet: *(Looking with disgust at Harry and Buff asks the audience.)* What kind of a man would be mean to a little old man in a wheelchair” *(Withers finally locates the tickets and holds them out to Harry. Withers begins wheeling himself toward one of the tables.)*

Withers: *(Mostly to himself.)* “Where’s the hot dogs? You gotta have hot dogs at a baseball game. *(Withers wheels himself close to a table and falls asleep, occasionally rousing to ask where Maude is or who’s up to bat. During the course of the evening he will move around looking for Maude. If asked who Maude is he’ll reply “Haven’t seen her; have you?”)*

Ratchet: *(To Harry.)* I noticed how upset you got with that little old man. Be careful or you’ll have a stroke.

Harry: *(Sneering at her remark about a stroke.)* How would you know anything about strokes?

Dr. Ratchet: I’m a doctor. And I teach medicine at Zimbabwe Christian College.

Harry: *(Immediately changing from angry to charming.)* Buff, quit wasting your time with that old half-wit. Seat this woman immediately. *(Stage whisper to Buff as Buff approaches)* She’s a doctor. That means she has money.

Buff: *(Stage whisper back.)*. Right, boss, I gotcha. Money. *(They exchange a conspiratorial head nod)*

Dr. Ratchet: *(To Buff, but loud enough to be heard as she scans the audience.)* Where’s Sadie McCrady, Uncle Buck’s niece? I’d like to be seated with her if I could.

Harry: I don’t know. We sent her an invitation. I guess she couldn’t be bothered to attend this wonderful memorial service for her Uncle Buck. After all the effort Buck and I put into this, you’d think she could have shown up.

Dr. Ratchet: That’s not like Sadie. Especially since Uncle Buck was leaving all his artifacts to her. *(Harry is glancing at watch the entire time)* He knew she needs the money to finish college to become a Bible translator. I’m surprised he pawned everything to you. Do you have a copy of the contract with Uncle Buck?

Harry: Yup. *(pulls out grubby contract)* Says right here in the event of Uncle Buck’s death, all the items he pawned, belong to me.

Dr. Ratchet: Hold on. It says Sadie get one item of her choice.

Harry: Well, yes, but if she hasn’t selected an item by 8:30 pm tonight, I pick for her and can sell the rest. *(to audience)* Since she couldn’t be here would all you wonderful people mind selecting for her? *(Indicates the audience.)*

Adonis: (*Cheerfully grinning.*) You people pick, yes. Adonis help you pick the right one.

Harry: Now let's get this thing moving. It's (*opens his jacket to check the time.*) way after six and I'll be charged extra if we're not out of here at 8:30 pm sharp. We'll eat and then I'll auction off the items.

Dr. Ratchet: (*Shocked.*) But this is a memorial service. Aren't you going to do eulogies? I for one would like to speak about Uncle Buck.

Harry: I didn't know anyone wanted to speak and it can't possibly be arranged now. Time is of the essence. I've only paid for the room until 8:30 and we're already behind schedule. With only Buff and Adonis to pass out the meals, we don't have time for eulogies.

Dr. Ratchet: How about I help pass out the meals and you let me speak before the auction.

Harry: As long as you're quick.

Dr. Ratchet: Anyone else want to speak? (*CAST ad libs "I do", "I'll help pass out the meals"*)

Harry: Fine, fine. Go pass out the meals.

Dr. Ratchet: Aren't we going to have a prayer first.

Harry: A prayer!!!!?? We don't have time for prayers.

Cast member: There is always time for prayer. (*prays and meal is served.*)

During the meal time Withers wakes up and wheels to a table. He tries to cut his food with a spoon, mixes up which glass to drink from and wants to know what the score is and who's pitching. After about two minutes he'll wonder aloud where Maude is and wheel himself to another table and repeat the process. He can continue until the next scene begins or he's made the rounds. He then falls back asleep.

As cast members pass out meals, they also give each table a copy of both letters and the inventory. They encourage the audience to look at items on display and help Sadie.

Scene II – after dinner

(As the meal winds down Harry takes his place at the podium with Buff, arms crossed and glowering, next to him.)

Harry: Folks, if you haven't already had the chance to look at these valuable artifacts take a moment to do so. While you're at it select a couple for yourselves, in Uncle Buck's honor, to take home tonight. We accept cash, of course. I can imagine Uncle Buck would want these most precious possessions of his to wind up in the hands of his dear friends.

Sadie: *(Rushing in out of breath.)* Is this the Memorial Service for Buck McCrady? Am I too late?

Buff: *(Gruffly.)* Who are you?

Sadie: Sadie McCrady. I'm the niece.

Adonis: *(Suspiciously.)* Denise? I thought you said you were Sadie.

Harry: *(Initially taken aback and surprised, then recovering to his sweet tone.)* We are so glad to have you here. I thought you weren't coming. I was surprised you didn't respond to my invitation.

Sadie: *(Confused.)* I didn't get an invitation. Was I supposed to get an invitation?

Harry: Of course. Buff, how could you fail to get the invitation to this woman? *(Buff shrugs, mumbles something about losing his reading glasses.)*

Sadie: I just got back from a mission trip to () and happened to see something on Facebook. People upset that someone was charging money for people to attend a memorial service. *(A bit desperately.)* I had no idea he died. I came as quickly as I could but I had to drive all the way from Richmond.

Buff: *(Gruffly.)* It's too late for you to eat. The food is all gone.

Sadie: I'm not worried about food *(Anxiously.)* Mr. Sneed, do you have the letter?

Harry: *(Innocently.)* What letter?

Sadie: The letter my Uncle Buck left with you. Just before he left for the Zimbabwe, Uncle Buck left a message on my phone that he'd left a letter for me with you. He said it was important that if anything happened to him *(Starts getting choked up.)* that I read the letter. *(Takes tissue from her pocket and dabs her eyes.)*

Harry: Oh! That letter. Buff, where is that letter.

Buff: I dunno. I don't have my reading glasses with me. You know I can't read a thing without my reading glasses, boss.

Sadie: You must have it. Uncle Buck said he left a very important letter with you.

Harry: Do you mean this letter? *(Removes letter from inside jacket pocket and hands her letter. She opens it.)*

Sadie: (*Confused, not accusing*) This can't be the letter. (*reading aloud*) My dear neice, - (*pauses and looks up.*) He spelled dear "d-e-e-r" and misspelled niece too. (*continues to read*) I want you to no that I love you. Do good in yur work. The most valueable thing I owned came from isreal. It is real nails from the cross. God bless. uncle buck

(*Looking up*) This doesn't even look like his writing!

Harry: (*Shaking his head sadly.*) You know how it is when you get old. Sad but true. It happens to everyone.

Sadie: This can't be from my Uncle Buck (*Shows letter to others*) The words are misspelled, he didn't use capitals (*CAST MEMBER gently takes the letter and begins circulating among the tables letting them see it. She may mention she doubts a college professor would spell so poorly.*)

Harry: (*Patronizingly.*) Of course it's the letter. Uncle Buck gave it to me, one of his closest associates and friends I might add. Here's the inventory list he left for you. According to the agreement I had with Uncle Buck you can pick any one of these items as your inheritance. The rest now belong to me. Your Uncle Buck wanted you to have the nails from the holy cross. He said so in his letter. Adonis, get those nails for her so she can be on her way. (*Adonis goes to look for the nails.*)

Sadie: (*Positive she is correct.*) This inventory list isn't right. Uncle Buck never learned how to use a computer. He used this old Royal typewriter and the "R" key always hit crooked. These are from a word processor.

Harry: It's what your Uncle Buck gave me. Isn't that right, Buff?

Buff: Anything you say, boss.

Dr. Ratchet: (*As she speaks to Sadie she hands her a letter.*) I have a second letter from your uncle. I saw him just a few days ago when I was working at a makeshift hospital in Zimbabwe. It was just before he died. He dictated this letter (*Pointing to It.*) and asked me to give it to you. He asked me to deliver it to you by hand. (*Adonis tries to take the letter from Sadie but Kitty blocks his way.*)

Sadie: (*Choking up*) How did it happen? All I know was he got sick but then nothing...

Fi Fi: Ebola. It is such a terrible disease. Virtually no way to cure it. (*Shakes her head sadly*) Your Uncle Buck had gone to see an ex-student of his who was distraught. He'd just lost his wife and two children to Ebola. It's a terrible disease and was spreading so fast. Uncle Buck of course tried to help. In the process he became infected. He asked me to take down a letter for you and if at all deliver it to you when I came back to the states. A couple of hours later he was dead. Soon the epidemic was under control and I was returning, I brought the letter with me.

Sadie: Thank you. (*The two women hold each other's eyes for a moment but are interrupted when ...*)

Harry: (*Accusingly.*) That letter is probably fake. I wouldn't count on it really being from Uncle Buck. She's probably trying to pull a fast one on you. (*Adonis arrives with the nails*) Here, Denise. You take nails, Adonis take letter. (*ADONIS looks at it*) Looks fake to me and as smart Greek antiquities dealer, I should know.

Sadie: Let me read it. (*Reads letter aloud.*)

My dear niece,

How I wish I could see you one last time but it is not to be. Ebola is fatal and I count my life in hours, not days or weeks. *(Pauses to sniffle.)*

My dearly departed sister's only child - How proud I was to learn that you wished to follow in my footsteps. The world needs missionaries and translations of the Bible everyone can understand. *(Sniffle.)* I am pleased you intend to find ways to bring audio Bibles to people who not only do not have the Bible in their language but who cannot read either. God bless you and your endeavors for him. *(Swallows.)*

As you know, my collection is in the hands of Harry Snead. Believe no advice he gives you. *(Pauses to look at Harry. Harry and Buff both examine the ceiling.)* It was necessary to pawn them for my last trip. Little did I know it would be my very last. In the event I could not return or buy the items back, it was a condition of the pawning that you could pick any one item as your inheritance. Select the right one. It is the 6th one on the inventory I gave Harry. But be wary. He's been known to cheat people. *(Glances at Harry)*

Harry Snead is not to be trusted. *(Everyone including Sadie stares hard at Harry and Buff who return to examining the ceiling.)* Don't give what is holy to dogs or toss your rubies before pigs, or they will trample them with their feet, turn, and tear you to pieces. Search out those who worked with me in the mission field like a merchant searches for fine diamonds. The price of wisdom is beyond gold. *(She hold letter to her heart.)* May I see the inventory? *(HARRY hands her the list)*

Adonis: *(Holding out his hand until SADIE hands letter to him and he examines it.)* Letter has no signature.

Dr. Ratchet: He couldn't touch it at all. Not even to sign it. A necessary medical precaution. Ebola is very contagious.

Harry: That letter is obviously a fraud. Uncle Buck would never say anything like that about me. We were dear friends.

Sadie: *(To Harry.)* The letter said I'm supposed to pick the sixth item on the inventory. But this can't be right. You say Uncle Buck said the nails but the nails aren't sixth.....

Harry: *(With exaggerated concern.)* He probably couldn't remember. He was old, very sick, on his death bed.

Sadie: This can't be the original inventory. Uncle Buck never used a computer to type.

Harry: Buff spilled coffee on the original inventory. We had to retype it. It may be out of order, but don't worry. Mr. Adonis here is an expert Greek antiquities dealer and knows all about what is and isn't valuable. *(Using a wave to indicate the audience.)* Plus, all the people here have agreed to help you. You and all the fine people here tonight can look over all the items. *(Curtly.)* Just decide by 8:30.

Sadie: *(Helpless like the melodrama girl being tied to the railroad tracks.)* How will I ever pick?

Harry: The audience has agreed to help. And aren't they the finest bunch of intelligent, smart, NICEST people I have ever met. Isn't that right, audience? Show your support of this girl with a round of applause. *(Adonis gets the crowd whipped up if they are slow to respond.)* See, we're all here to help you. *(Putting a slimy arm around Sadie.)* Now just hurry along. You should be able to decide in the next ... *(Checking watches inside jacket.)* Say.... 15 minutes.

Sadie: *(Shocked and pulling out of arm.)* Fifteen minutes! I need more time!

Harry: Tell you what; I'll give you until the eulogies are over.

Sadie: Thank you.

Harry: *(Starting to drop the "nice guy sweet talk and becoming annoyed.)* Whoever is going to talk, get it done by 8:30 and not one minute past!

EULOGIES:

I am Kitty Ratchet. I taught with Uncle Buck at Zimbabwe Christian College, an undergraduate college supported by the Christian churches and churches of Christ in the United States and in Zimbabwe. It trains leaders in the churches of Zimbabwe and southern Africa, encourages church planting and church growth throughout the region. and serves as a unifying force for the churches. We just graduated 23 preachers and planted 7 churches. They gave Uncle Buck this necklace, but I'm pretty sure it's glass, not real diamonds.

Each person doing a eulogy in actuality describes a missionary or mission supported by by hosting group OR makes one up. The basic format is as follows:

CAST: I am (name). I went with Uncle Buck to (name of place). I met (names of missionaries). Their work there involves (describe) and while we were there (describe results). While he was there, they gave Uncle Buck (item) but I don't think it is worth thousands of dollars.

Throughout the presentation/eulogies, Harry makes fun of missions subtly and keeps pointing to his watch. With two eulogies to go, Mr. Withers has a heart attack.

Mr. Withers wheels up to speak. Harry hands him the mic to hold. Withers first talks into the wrong end. Harry, obviously frustrated, grabs it from him, turns it right side up and hands it back. Withers fumbles it and gets the wrong end up a second time and tries to talk into it. Harry impatiently fixes it once again, rolls his eyes and mutters something to Buff. They both chuckle.

Withers: I've known Buck McCrady since we were in high school together. We played baseball every chance we could get. I was short stop and Buck was on second.

Harry: *(Looking at his watches, aside to Buck)* Great, he'll probably have to go through the whole line up starting with first base....

Withers: *(sidetracked, looking around for a first baseman.)* Who's on first?

Buff: Nobody. This ain't no ball game. Say something about Uncle Buck then shut up. *(Aside to Harry.)* What a second rate chump.

Withers: What's on second.

Buff: *(confused)* Who?

Withers: Who's on first.

Buff: *(annoyed)* I don't know.

Withers: *(having a good time as he recognizes the routine)* I don't know on third.

Buff: *(more confused)* What?

Withers: What's on second.

Harry: *(loudly and surprisingly)* Knock it off. *(WITHERS is extremely startled)* We don't have time for this nonsense. *(Withers grimaces in pain and clutches his heart)*

CAST MEMBER: *(standing and pointing in distress)* He's having a heart attack! *(to HARRY)* You shouldn't have scared him. *(Harry looks all innocent)*

Dr. Ratchet: *(rushing to help)* He has heart problems. This might have been too much for him. *(Dr. Ratchet starts to attend to him, loosening his collar, taking a pulse, maybe using a stethoscope.)*

Harry: *(Stage whisper to Buff.)* Great, the old guy has to have a heart attack. With police and all that I'll end up paying two late fees.

Dr. Ratchet: *(Holding up a fork she has pulled from his bathrobe.)* No need to worry folks, It was just a fork. Somehow he got a fork in his bathrobe and it was poking him.

Harry: *(Put out, but relieved.)* Scared us all to death. You shouldn't have brought him with a bad heart.

Withers: *(Loudly, in a moment of lucidity, sitting up straighter.)* At least I have a heart. I don't think you do, sonny. *(Harry is shocked at first, then quickly recovers as RATCHET wheels Withers off stage)*

Harry: What I think Mr. Withers was trying to say was that this autographed baseball is the most valuable item and I could let it go for three grand.

Two more eulogies then this final one

Samantha: *(Coming forward.)* I can't tell you what a blessing Uncle Buck has been to me and my family. I met him when he was making the rounds of the churches looking for support. I had wanted to become a missionary but I got married, had children... you know how it is. *(Harry clears his throat, pointing to watch and Samantha turns to look back.)* My husband, Bert, *(gets a far off look that is abruptly ended by Buff waving his hands impatiently.)* made a good living and we supported Uncle Buck and other missions across the globe.

Uncle Buck always said even though we never left America we were part of the mission's team. He said we all have different gifts and the gift of giving was as needed as the gift of speaking.

Harry: Finally! That's done. Now folks, it's getting late. I suppose you all want to be getting home.

CAST MEMBER: But we have to help Sadie pick an item.

CAST MEMBER: We can't leave without helping her.

Dr. Ratchet: What about dessert? The flyer said dessert.

Harry: *(Throwing his hands up for the millionth time.)* Yes, yes. Serve dessert, but be quick.

People pick up desserts and can see all the items which are also displayed where dessert is set out. Adonis and Harry and Buff promote the wrong items.

Scene III – after dessert

Harry and Sadie are at the mic.

Harry: Finally. Time is up. What's your pick?

Adonis: Give the audience a chance to advise her. You table - you there. What you advise? *(Adonis continues to call on the tables until each has advised Sadie.)*

Sadie: *(Calm, cool and collected to audience.)* Thank you especially for being here to honor my uncle. And to show your support of missions. After praying and carefully examining the letter from Uncle Buck that included three scriptures, I noticed each one was off by just a bit.

(reads) Don't give what is holy to dogs or toss your rubies before pigs, or they will trample them with their feet, turn, and tear you to pieces. Search out those who worked with me in the mission field like a merchant searches for fine diamonds. The price of wisdom is beyond gold.

Someone who didn't know their Bible wouldn't have picked up on it. But I study my Bible daily *(can add in if any tables advised correctly that they must study the Bible as well)*

Matthew 7:6 reads: don't give what is holy to dogs or toss your pearls before pigs, or they will trample them with their feet, turn, and tear you to pieces. Job 28 tells us the price of wisdom is beyond pearls.

Matthew 13:45 reads: the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant in search of fine pearls. *(Turning to Harry.)* Mr. Sneed - I'll take the pearl necklace.

Harry: *(Flabbergasted and horrified.)* No, NO!!!

Adonis: *(Realizing Harry will kill him, goes to Sadie to stop her from getting the necklace.)* Pearl necklace fake. Not real. You pick this *(grabs closest thing and holds it up. CAST assist Sadie and thwart Adonis and Harry)*

Harry: *(Grabbing Adonis by the collar and shaking him.)* I paid you good money, five whole dollars, to fool people. You and your bottle of glass cleaner can go back to the corner of Newtown and Princess Anne and wipe windshields for a dollar!

Dr. Ratchet: You reap what you sow, Harry. *(Withers wheels himself in, then looks like he's fallen asleep)*

Adonis: No, NO, NO! Not deported!

Withers: *(As if just waking up from a nap, loudly)* Is it over yet? Who won the game? Is it time to go?

Harry: *(pointing to Adonis)* Throw him out, Buff.

Buff: Throw him out yourself. *(Harry is wide mouthed with shock, BUFF turns to audience)* I confess - I don't need reading glasses. *(Embarrassed.)* I just say that so people won't know I can't read. Maybe there is something to this Christianity thing and if there is, I'm glad Sadie is trying to help people that can't read to learn about this guy named Jesus. *(Harry puts his hands over his head. The rest of the cast starts moving into their final position surrounding the tables in a circle.)*

(Cast drops character and speaks as themselves in this optional ending)

Sadie: Some of what you heard tonight is fiction. Uncle Buck is a fictional character. The pearls are fake. But the mission's information is based on actual missionaries and missions we support at KCC.

CAST: There are thousands of people who do not have the Bible available in their language. Good news productions works in southeast Asia, translating the Bible.

CAST: We feed (insert data) children through Orphan network

(each cast member says something about their mission that is true)

Samantha: We all cannot go abroad but we all can be part of missions and support those willing to sacrifice so much, sometimes even their lives. One way is to pray. Another way is to give.

Withers: Jesus said, "Go into all the world and preach the good news to all creation. Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved, but whoever does not believe will be condemned. Mark 16: 15-16

Harry: Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.

Sadie: How, then, can they call on the one they have not believed in?

Adonis: And how can they believe in the one of whom they have not heard?

Buff: And how can they hear without someone preaching to them?

Dr. Ratchet: And how can they preach unless they are sent? Romans 10: 13-15

ALL: For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believes in him should not perish but have everlasting life. John 3:16

Optional: End with information about actual mission work supported.