

**Pursuing God**  
by Lisa Gillespie

*Man in a trench coat jumps into the back seat of a cab. The cab driver is waiting and is not surprised at the sudden occupancy of his vehicle. The man in the trench coat hunkers down in the seat as if he's trying not to be seen.*

TC: Follow that car!

CD: Oh, brother! (*as if to say...here we go again!*)....Which car, buddy?

TC: (*Peering over the back of the seat..still afraid that he will be seen*) That one right up there. (*He points to show which car he wants the cab driver to follow.*) Don't you see it?

CD: The Red Ford Focus or the White Mercedes?

TC: (*in a hushed whisper*) The White Mercedes. Quick, get your head down. (*The driver ducks and the man in the trench coat dodges behind the seat and then peers over the seat back at the driver, still speaking in a hushed whisper.*) Keep at least two cars between us and Him and, whatever you do, don't lose Him!

CD: Okay, Okay. Keep your shirt on. Look, I'm going to have to sit up to drive. I can't see the road OR the White Mercedes **through** the steering wheel.

TC: Okay. Just be careful. Don't do anything too conspicuous.

*The Cab Driver sits up and mimes pulling into traffic and driving. There's a slight pause before he continues....not wanting to appear to be nosey.)*

CD: So, who are you following? (*There's no response from the man in the Trench Coat. There is a pause and then the Cab Driver speaks.*) Probably some celebrity.

TC: (*He looks around nervously before answering the question.*) I can't tell you.

CD: Well, you probably **could** tell me....but then you'd have to **kill** me, right? (*laughs at his own little bad joke.*)

TC: (*Doesn't get it*) Huh?

CD: Never mind. So, it's a secret, is it?

TC: No, its not a secret. I just don't want anyone to know.