

GOOD SAMARITAN

by BETHANY WALLACE

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: Upon meeting a homeless man in a fast food restaurant, a theology student is challenged by God's most basic command, "Love one another as I have loved you." A retelling of the Good Samaritan story.

TIME: Over 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Love, Evangelism, Salvation

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 10:25-37

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

SAM - A theology student, age 20-40, can be played by a male or female

PROPS: Bible, textbooks (theology), 2 chairs, table

COSTUMES: Contemporary clothing for Sam; shabby, dirty clothes for the homeless man.

SOUND: Two wireless mics

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Jack in the Box restaurant

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GOOD SAMARITAN *by Bethany Wallace*

SAM: This is a true story. The other day, I had an hour for lunch between class and my midterm exam in theology. I'd been studying like crazy for the past few days, so I thought I'd splurge and head to my all-time favorite restaurant. I needed a place a little more cultured than the campus cafeteria, one where I could gather my thoughts, ponder over the theological debates I would need to address on my test, and do a bit of last minute cramming. I headed to Jack in the Box.

From my place in line, I could see one empty table still left unclaimed, and immediately made it my goal to snag it as soon as I got my order. Suddenly I noticed a rancid smell behind me. A man, obviously homeless, had just walked in the door. His eyes were glazed, and the skin on his face was cracked and hardened from spending too many harsh, cold winters outside. He had an uncontrollable twitch on the left side of his face, and there was something stuck in his beard—last night's dinner? Needless to say, he gave me the creeps—and yet I also felt pity for the man. I quickly shoved the latter feeling aside, and as soon as I got my order, I rushed to the open table in the back. I opened my textbook and was immediately absorbed in my studies, so it took me a minute to notice that the homeless man was slowly but deliberately headed in the direction of my table. Oh, goodness, I thought. Please, please, please don't sit down here. Please don't talk to me—not today.

No one else in the restaurant seemed to notice the homeless man walking towards me twitching and mumbling. It was like a bad slow motion sequence, except that my heart was beating at the same breakneck pace of a small rodent's. He stopped at my table, just standing there for what seemed like hours, looming over me. My body was tense—

I remained perfectly still, with the dumb but resolute idea that if I didn't move, the homeless man would go away.

He didn't budge, however, and when I peered up at him slowly and cautiously, he asked me with eyes glazed and face twitching, "Do you believe in God?" What was this? Some sort of divine encounter? Some sort of test? "Yes, I do," I said. Then he asked, "Do you believe that God is all-powerful?" "I do," I replied. And then the homeless man asked me a theologically loaded question my professors had never prepared me to answer: "Do you believe God is so powerful that He can make a cigarette so big he can't smoke it?"

(Beat.)

Needless to say, this wasn't what I had expected. I couldn't think of anything to say in response—clever or profound. So instead, I asked God to speak through me. And I was surprised at what came out. "Do you believe God is so powerful that He can save you?"