

The Good Samaritan

By

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Theme:

This play is based on the story of the Good Samaritan as found in Luke 10:25-37. Its intention is to convey the teaching of Christ that everyone is our neighbor and to encourage the audience to seek ways to show Christ's love to their neighbors on a daily basis.

Biblical References:

Luke 10:25-37

Approximate Running Time:

15-20 minutes

Props:

A Big Bible.

A Picnic basket.

A briefcase.

A suit that is adjusted to be ripped and torn during a mugging.

A smart phone.

A camera bag.

Binoculars.

Video Camera with a lens cap.

Three skate boards.

Cast of Characters:

Narrator: He or she will introduce the play and sum up the lesson taught at the end.

Bob: The guy who gets robbed. He is a business man. He is dressed in a nice-looking suit. He has a briefcase, a tablet, and a cell phone. The suit should be bought at a thrift store just for the play and tailored so that it will rip apart without much effort. He should have sturdy clothes beneath his suit.

Bad Dudes 1-4: The bad dudes are a gang of ruffians who mug Bob. They are dressed in leather jackets, jeans, sun glasses, and whatever else you want that will make them look like bad dudes.

Beth: A young lady who is a busybody. She likes to talk about other people and makes everyone's business her business. She's dressed in her Sunday best and is carrying a picnic basket.

Jeff: Beth's husband. The two of them have a similar view on life. He is dressed in his Sunday best and is carrying the biggest Bible you can find.

Sam: A sightseer who is dressed to the hilt for catching the sights. He has a camera bag, binoculars, and a video camera. He's wearing a bright Hawaiian shirt, shorts, and a safari hat.

Edna: She is a prima donna. She thinks she's a movie star and is dressed as if she is the star of a great film production.

Fred: A skater dude who is dressed to the max for skateboarding. He enters riding his board.

Sue: She is a skater too. She is dressed in a stereotypical skater outfit.

Scene:

[Narrator is standing at center stage.]

Narrator: Let me set the scene for you. It's Bible times. Jesus is making His way from town to town teaching them what the Kingdom of God really looks like. Hundreds of people flock to Him wherever He goes. One day, a teacher of the Law confronted Jesus and asked Jesus what he had to do in order to get eternal life. Jesus asked him, "What is written in the Law and how do you read it?" The man said, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength and with all your mind and to love your neighbor as yourself." Jesus told him that he answered correctly and that he would have eternal life if he did these things.

There was a dramatic pause. The man was satisfied with the answer, because he had done his best to keep the Law. But then the man asked Jesus who his neighbor was. In reply, Jesus told him the following parable - or something like it.

[Bob can enter from any part of your sanctuary so that he's on the stage to get mugged at the right timing for his lines.]

[Bob enters. His cell phone begins to ring as soon as he enters.]

Bob: Hello. Bob here. How can I help you? *[He pauses in the right places.]*
Oh, hi Sam, how are you today? I'm doing great. So, what's up? Yeah, I'm on my way to *[next big city near you]* for a big job interview. I'm really excited about this job. I mean, I know that I've blown some job interviews in the past, but I think I've learned from them and this time's gonna be different. Yeah, I've got my samples with me. Yeah, I rehearsed my answers to the Wall Street Journal's top ten questions asked at a job interview. You didn't read that one- hey, I highly recommend it. I just downloaded it only my tablet. Yeah, I'll share it with you the next time I see you. Okay, okay, yeah, I got it. So, what's new with you? Oh, I see. Well, tell your wife I said hi. Okay, see ya. Bye.

[Bob hangs up the phone and stops to get something out of his briefcase. A group of bad dudes enter as Bob fools with his things at one side of the stage.]

BD1: Hey, look at that guy over there.

BD2: Oh, he looks like a great score.

BD3: Yeah, he's gotta be rich!

BD4: He probably has a nice watch too!

BD1: What do you think that suit is worth?

BD3: I don't care about his suit! I'm not going to wear it. I will wear that watch he's got, though.

BD4: [*Taking an aggressive posture.*] I called the watch.

BD3: No way, I want the watch.

BD4: No, I called it.

BD2: Come on you two. According to the Bad Dude code of ethics the first person to call something gets it. Everyone knows that.

BD3: Okay, okay. You're right. But then I get his smart phone.

BD1: How do you know he's got a smart phone?

BD3: Those kinda guys always have smart phones, tablets, laptop computer, and all kinds of great gadgets. You can have the phone, but I want the tablet and computer - if he's got 'em.

BD1: What are you gonna do with a tablet? Use it to schedule your muggings?

BD3: Hey, that's a good idea. [*Pretending to use one.*] Yeah, let me see what my mugging schedule looks like. Oh, I'm totally booked with muggings until 3 o'clock next Tuesday.

[*They laugh.*]

BD3: I just want to play Angry Birds.

BD2: You guys can argue over his stuff. I don't need any of it. I just want the cash.

BD1: Yeah, that's all I want too.

BD4: Why do you want his computer and tablet? Isn't that stuff hard to get rid of?

BD3: No way. Do you know how much that kinds stuff is worth on e-bay?

BD1: E-bay? You use E-bay to fence your stuff? No way!

BD3: Yeah. I buy stuff on there too. How did you think I got this cool jacket?

BD4: I thought you stole it.

BD3: No way. I'm not gonna steal this cool of a jacket off of someone.

BD2: I would if I could.

BD3: If you could. But you won't cause you aint got the guts to do it.

BD2: Yeah I do. I've got as much guts as you.

BD3: No, you don't.

[BD2 and 3 start to push each other around as they argue. Bob gets his stuff together and begins to move again.]

BD1: Hey you two - cut it out! Here he comes.

[Bob cautiously makes his way past them. The four make a wall and block his progress. Bob moves to go around them, but they move with him to block him.]

Bob: Excuse me. I'm trying to get by.

BD1: I don't think we're gonna let you by.

BD2: Did you pay the tax to use this road?

Bob: Tax to use this road? I pay my taxes, but I didn't know there was a specific tax I had to pay in order to use this sidewalk!

BD3: Well, there is.

Bob: Says who?

BD1: Says we.

BD4: Yeah, did you pay it?

Bob: No.

BD1: Well, we can't let you pass until you've paid it.

Bob: Okay, okay. I can see that I'm outnumbered here. I'm on my way to an important meeting. I can play your little game. *[Pulling his wallet out.]* How much do you want?

BD3: All of it.

BD4: Get him!

[They mug him. They push him around. They rip his clothes. They beat on him. They take his stuff. They go through it and find all of the good stuff and leave him lying alongside of the road with the stuff they didn't want. Bob moans as he's left lying there.]

[In a stage mugging the movements must be blocked out and practiced at slow speeds before attempted at fast speeds. As an option, the mugging can start with pushing, lead to one holding his arms behind his back, another punching him in the face and gut, leading him to be bend over, then straightening him with another punch. Then a kick to the groin (inside leg) will double him over again, where a solid blow over his head will drop him to the road in a heap. Then, a couple of punches and/or kicks will ensure that he's out for at least a few minutes.]

Bob: *[After the Bad Dudes have run off the stage. Faintly - and with spacing between words.]* Help me. Help! Somebody, please help me!

[Bob continues to moan and call out faintly. Beth and Jeff enter as they make their way to church.]

Beth: Oh, I just can't wait to hear what Pastor is talking about during his sermon today.

Jeff: Yes, his sermons are just divine.

Beth: And then we get to stay for the potluck dinner afterwards.

Bob: Help me.

Jeff: I just love church potluck dinners. There are beans, bean casseroles, bean dip, baked beans, bean soufflé, green beans, bean salad, and there's always some homemade macaroni and cheese - you know how I love homemade macaroni and cheese.

Beth: You eat too many beans. Oh, and I hope that Gladys doesn't bring that awful bean dip of hers. I mean the stuff is just thick enough to choke a horse - and I'm not talking about her husband, either.

Jeff: He's just about as big as a horse. Well, anyway, he certainly eats as much as a horse!

Beth: I know what you mean! Talk about someone in need of a diet!

Bob: Help.

Jeff: I sure hope that sister Francis isn't singing today. Her singing reminds me of the sounds a cat makes when someone's trying to drown it. [*He attempts to imitate her singing in an awful voice.*]

Beth: Stop that! Enough of that. You remind me of Alfalfa trying to sing to Darla.

Jeff: I'm just trying to say that sister Francis couldn't carry a tune if she had a picnic basket like yours.

Bob: [*Louder.*] Help me. [*Louder again.*] Help me!

Beth: [*Craning her ear.*] Do you hear something?

Bob: [*Louder. Imitating the sound Jeff made imitating sister Francis.*] Someone - help - me.

Jeff: It sounds like sister Francis.

Bob: Help me.

Beth: No, I don't think that sounds like sister Francis.

Jeff: Yeah, I think it does. [*He begins to imitate her and then pauses to listen to Bob again.*]

Bob: Help me!

Jeff: See, it sounds just like her.

Beth: No, it sounds like someone who needs some help. [*Yelling out to him.*]
We hear you. You person in need of help. [*Looking around.*] Where are you?

Bob: Over here.

[*They go to where he's lying.*]

Beth: Oh my goodness. What happened to you?

Bob: I've fallen and I can't get up!

Jeff: We can see that. What happened to you?

[*He moves towards Bob.*]

Beth: [*Grabbing his arm.*] NO! WAIT! Don't go near him dear. You don't know what kinds of diseases he might have.

Jeff: Diseases? But he needs help. Can't you see that?

Beth: No, you've got to trust me. I saw this on Oprah. If we help him we could get one of his diseases that he is suffering with and if we get one of his diseases then we can't help those God has called us to help. We have to be careful.

Bob: But I need your help.

Beth: Well, we'll just pray that someone who is called to dealing with your unique and distinct problems will come along. Maybe even someone with your particular diseases so that they don't have to worry about catching them from you.

Bob: But I don't have any diseases. I just need your help.

Beth: That you know of. I was reading in the *Gossiper Home Wrecker* that most guys lying in the ditch have diseases that they don't know of. Some of them could kill helpful people such as ourselves. We want to help you but we must first protect ourselves.

Jeff: Wow. You've made an outstanding point. And I always thought that magazine was a complete waste of money.

Beth: You see. It just might have very well saved our lives today. In fact, I think I need to order some back issues. Maybe there are other life-saving ideas in them.

Bob: But what about me? I need someone to save my life right now.

Beth: I'll do some additional research as soon as I get the back issues and let you know what I find.

Bob: But how does that help me today? I need help today.

Jeff: Oh, I know this. [*As if giving a Sunday School answer.*] If you give your life over to Jesus today He'll be sure to help you out. [*With a very satisfied look on his face. Beth smiles at him in an assuring manner.*]

Bob: Out of this ditch?

Beth: He'll help you in every way possible.

Bob: Can't you help me get up right now?

Beth: [*With a disgusted look on her face.*] Uh - remember the disease thing?

Bob: Oh, sorry, I forgot.

Beth: You see. That may very well be a symptom of one of the diseases you have. [*She gets a pad out of her purse.*]

Jeff: What other symptoms do you have?

[*Beth says a loud "uh-huh" or "ummmm" or "Yes, I see" or something else after each thing that Bob lists as she writes them down on her pad.*]

Bob: [*Surveying his own condition.*] Well, my wrist is sore. I have a really big headache. I think my leg might be broken. My arm really hurts. My clothes are torn. My left eye is swollen shut. My nose is all bloody.

Beth: Oh dear. Do you remember what your social security number is?

Bob: [*Thinking.*] No, I'm not sure.

Beth: I see. How about what you had for dinner yesterday?

Bob: [*Thinking.*] I'm drawing a blank.

Beth: Ahhh. And how about the birthdates of your wife and kids?

Bob: [*Right away.*] Oh, I don't have a clue on those.

Beth: Oh dear! This is worse than I thought.

Bob: No, I never knew those.

Beth: [*Scolding.*] That's horrible. How dare you not know the birthdates of your wife and children!

Jeff: See, I'm not the only father who doesn't know the birthdates of my wife and kids.

Beth: You're not lying in a ditch with some mysterious diseases.

Bob: Not yet, anyway.

Jeff: But I still don't know them. I've never known them. It's just a guy thing.

Beth: How much of an effort on our part would it be for you to learn the birthdays of your wife and kids? I mean, come on, really.

Jeff: I don't know.

Beth: I mean, it's not as if they aren't the most important people in your life, right?

Jeff: Well, I...

Beth: They ARE the most important people in your life, aren't they?

Jeff: Of course dear.

Beth: Then perhaps you should make more of an effort.

Bob: Hey, remember me? Lying in a ditch? What about Bob? Why does everyone forget about Bob?

Jeff: We didn't forget about you.

Bob: What can you do for Bob?

Beth: Nothing. [Grabbing Jeff. Stepping away.] We have to get going. [Then coming back.] I'll get back to you on the specifics on your various diseases when I learn more about them. Oh, by the way, what's your phone number?

Bob: Uh, I can't remember.

Jeff: Maybe you have it written down somewhere.

Bob: [Bob looks around him and indicates that all of his stuff was taken.] They took all my stuff.

Beth: Oh well, never mind then. Nice meeting you. [Grabbing Jeff again.] Come on Jeff, let's go.

Bob: You're just leaving me here? Lying in the ditch?

Jeff: I'm sorry, but we're on our way to church. You would love our church. Our pastor preaches the most excellent sermons and there's always such great special music numbers. You just don't want to miss a minute of it! Oh, and today, there's this great potluck dinner after and our dear friend sister Gladys is going to be singing - we just wouldn't want to miss a minute of it.

Bob: But I need your help right now.

Beth: Oh, didn't we mention - helping people lying in ditches isn't part of our ministry. Of course, there are others in our church who are called to help people lying in ditches. Our church has a "hands and feet" ministry. They get together every third Wednesday of the months that don't have a major holiday in them and plan how they can effectively reach out to those who are truly hurting and needy in this lost world.

Bob: But I'm truly hurting and needy and I'm right here in front of you.

Jeff: We'll be sure to mention you and your story to the committee chairperson when we see them later today at the potluck. I'm sure they'll take your need under consideration the next time they meet. Which should be later this month.

Beth: Oh, I'm sorry, I think there's a major holiday this month.

Jeff: Oh, and I believe there is one next month as well.

Beth: So, I think I can confidently predict that you will hear back from them within the next six months...

Jeff: Give or take.

Bob: I hope I'm not still here six months from now!

Jeff: See, that would be grand. And that would mean that you didn't need our help after all.

Bob: But I do need your help now.

Beth: I'm sorry, but you'll have to wait until someone else comes along who can help you. We've done our part. We've identified the need. Well, actually we will identify it after I do my research, and I would get back to you except that we don't have your phone number and all. But you understand.

Jeff: You see: all of this is biblical. Someone has to do the planting, someone else does the watering, and someone else does the reaping.

Beth: But God makes everything grow.

Jeff: So you see, we did the sowing, someone else will do the watering and someone else will do the harvesting. But we must be going.

Beth: Goodbye.

[They exit while talking about the lunch after church. Sam and Edna enter. Sam is walking backwards with the video camera up to his face. He's directing Edna as she enters. Edna enters acting like she's a movie star.]

Sam: That's it. You're doing it. You're on an African safari. You're looking for the big lion out on the frontier. You walk cautiously, looking all around. You don't know if he's in the brush or up on the jeep or...

[Sam trips over Bob and falls to the ground. Edna runs to his aid, completely ignoring Bob.]

Edna: Oh, my goodness! Are you all right Sam?

Sam: Oh, oh my eye. I poked myself in the eye when I fell with this thing up to my eye.

Edna: *[Looking into his eyes.]* Are you okay? *[Standing and striking a pose.]* Can you still see me?

Sam: You're a little blurry. Hold on. I know how to fix it. [*He holds up the binoculars.*] There. That's it. Now I can see you perfectly.

Edna: [*Standing there in her pose for another minute. Then, waving to him in a flirtatious manner. Then breaking character.*] Oh, you silly guy. Enough about you. Let's get back to me. Stand up. Get the camera ready. Now, where were we?

Sam: Places everyone.

[*They get up and set back to their original positions.*]

Sam: You're on an African safari. You're looking for the big lion on the plain. You look around, searching for him. Then you walk cautiously, looking here and there. He could be anywhere. You tentatively make your way...

[*Sam trips over Bob and falls again.*]

Sam: Woah!

Bob: Owww!

Edna: [*Acting as a premadonna - with no sympathy for Bob or Sam.*] What is it this time? Did you poke your eye with the camera again? You're not a director. You're a klutz!

Bob: No. You poked me in the eye this time.

Edna: [*Surprised.*] Who are you?

Bob: I'm not just a lion on the tundra - if that's what you mean.

Edna: Very funny. Who are you and what are you doing in our movie?

Bob: Sorry. I didn't mean to mess up your movie. I'm just the guy that got mugged and is lying in the ditch looking for help.

Sam: I didn't cast a guy who got mugged - and is lying in a ditch - or someone looking for help.

Bob: I didn't know you were shooting a movie here today.

Sam: You didn't get the memo?

Edna: Well, we're not really shooting a movie.

Sam: At least it's not like a Hollywood movie or anything like that. We're here on vacation and we just wanted to get a little creative with our home movies. You know, add some plot and some creativity to spice them up a bit. Most people don't really want to watch other people's home movies. I thought if we did something like this others would want to see them. Maybe we could get a thousand hits on YouTube. You know, that kinda thing.

Bob: Yeah, that makes sense.

Sam: But you never know when you're going to tape something that you can sell to American's Funniest Home Videos or some tabloid news show.

Bob: Oh. Yeah, you could make some good money doing that. Well, good luck with that.

Sam: Thanks.

Edna: So, tell us, what are you doing lying on the side of the road like that?

Bob: Well, like I said, I got mugged yesterday and I've just been lying here waiting for someone to help me out of it.

[*Sam swings the camera around and begins taping.*]

Sam: Aw, a tragedy in the making right before our very eyes.

Edna: It's providence that we stumbled upon it, really.

Sam: Yeah, I can work with this. Hey, tell me how the mugging went.

Bob: Well, there were four guys who sopped me on this very road and who beat me up and took all my stuff and left me here to die.

Edna: The nerve of them! Sammy, do you think they're gonna come back and mug us? After all, we are movie stars!

Sam: [*Looking around.*] I don't think so. [*Then, with more confidence.*] Don't worry hun. We won't be out after dark. I promise. Besides, CSI is on tonight. Go on.

Bob: So, they beat me up and took all my stuff and left me here to die.

Edna: You said that already. So, what happened next?

Bob: Nothing. That's my whole story. They beat me up and took all of my stuff and left me here at the side of the road to die. I'm just waiting for someone to help me.

Sam: Oh, what a story. This truly has epic life vs death or epic good vs evil ballad that transcends all of humanity. So, has someone come to help you out yet?

Bob: Nope. I'm just lying here in this ditch waiting for someone to offer to help me.

Edna: Oh, let's work this. [*Pointing at Bob.*] You lie there - the man in need of help. [*Pointing at Sam.*] You operate the camera. [*Striking a dramatic pose.*] I'll be the star of the show. Lights, camera, action. Are you rolling yet?

Sam: Yeah, at least I think so. [*Looking at the camera.*] Yeah, we're rolling.

Edna: Did you remember to take the lens cap off this time?

[Looking at camera and then taking off the lens cap.]

Sam: Thanks for the reminder. Now I'm ready. Ok. Places everyone! Are you ready? 3, 2, 1, ACTION!

[Edna moves off to the side of the stage. She begins to whistle and walk along the road. She looks at Bob, makes big eyes, and begins to cue him. He doesn't get it. Finally she just stops and walks to her husband.]

Sam: Cut, cut, cut.

Bob: What's wrong?

Edna: You should start to call out for help when I get right about here. Now let's try it again. [She returns and starts over.] How do I look?

Sam: Fabulous. Man in the ditch - you look - pitiful. Great! Everyone ready? 3, 2, 1, ACTION!

Bob: [Waiting until Edna is at the right place, then with little effort.] Help, help me.

Edna: [Striking a dramatic pose.] What is that I hear?

Bob: [Still with little effort.] Help me. I've fallen and I can't get up.

Edna: Is that a cry of distress I hear?

Bob: Yeah.

Edna: Oh, where could it be coming from?

Bob: Over here.

Edna: Oh my goodness. What happened to you? [She bends down to come closer to him.]

Sam: Cut, cut, cut.

Bob: Now what?

Sam: It's the lighting. The lighting is all wrong.

Edna: The lighting?

Sam: Yeah, when you kneel down when I'm standing over there the sun is right in my eyes. I think if I stand over here... [He walks right over Bob to look for better lighting.]

Bob: Hey!

Sam: Keep quiet. I'm thinking.

[Sam walks over Bob again.]

Bob: Hey! Hurt guy lying in the road here!

Sam: I thought I told you to keep quiet. I'm thinking.

Bob: Hey, are you gonna help me out or not?

Edna: He said to keep it quiet.

Sam: Let's see. Where is the lighting better? Over here, *[walking]* over here? Or over here?

Bob: Come on! *[Trying to get up.]* Hey, look! I think I can put some weight onto my good leg.

Sam: *[Pushing him back down as he walks over him again.]* Stay where you are. I'll be ready in a minute. Okay, I think I have the right angle now. Places everyone. Let's try this again from the top. Ready?

Edna: *[Moving back into her place.]* Ready.

Sam: Everyone ready?

Edna: Ready.

Sam: I said, everyone ready?

Edna: ready.

Sam: What about Bob?

[With increasing sarcasm.]

Bob: Ready.

Sam: That's better. Okay. Here we go. 3, 2, 1, ACTION!

Bob: Help, oh someone please help me.

Edna: What is this I hear?

Bob: Help me. Oh help me. I've fallen and I can't get up.

Edna: Is that the cry of distress I hear?

Bob: Yeah, I'm in distress.

Edna: Oh, where could it be coming from?

Bob: Over here.

Edna: Oh my goodness. What happened to you? *[She bends down to see him closer.]*

Bob: Well, I was walking down the road and these robbers mugged me, took my stuff, beat me, and then left me here to die on the side of the road.

Edna: You poor dear.

Sam: Cut, cut, cut. What are you doing?

Bob: Let's just say that I'm a bad actor.

Sam: [To Bob.] That was horrible. [To Edna.] You were marvelous, my dear.
[To Bob.] You've gotta be able to do better than that.

Edna: Come on. I know you can do it. Just try to be more like me!

Bob: This is ridiculous! I'm laying here on the side of the road waiting for someone to help me and you want to make a documentary of it.

Bob: It's not a documentary, it's more of an action adventure romance drama, I think.

Edna: Starring me!

Bob: And me.

Edna: Hey, I thought you said you wanted help, right?

Bob: Yeah.

Sam: Well, this is how we're helping you. Now are you going to play along or do we have to find some other guy in a ditch and cast him?

Bob: No, I'll play along, I guess. I need your help.

Sam: All right. That's better. Now, this time, with *feeling* everyone. Places. Everyone in places? Ready in 3, 2, 1, ACTION!

[This time Bob is trying to do his best acting job.]

Bob: Help, help me. I need help!

Edna: What is that I hear?

Bob: Help me. I've fallen and I can't get up.

Edna: Is that a cry of distress I hear?

Bob: Yeah, I'm in distress.

Edna: Oh, where could it be coming from?

Bob: Over here. I need help over here.

Edna: Oh my goodness. What happened to you? [She bends down to get a closer look.]

Bob: [Dramatically. With passion.] Well, I was walking down this road and these robbers jumped out, took my stuff, beat me up, and left me here on the side of the road to die.

Edna: You poor dear.

Bob: All I can do is lie here and call out for help.

Edna: Then what happened?

Bob: I was laying here calling out for help and this couple stopped to help me - at least that's what I thought they were going to do. They were afraid I had some kind of a disease so they wouldn't help me at all.

Edna: Oh, that's terrible. What kind of disease do you have?

Bob: None that I know of.

Edna: What symptoms do you have?

Bob: Well, I think my leg might be broken. My arm really hurts. I have this huge headache. My clothes are torn. My left eye is swollen shut. My nose is all bloody. And my other eye hurts from you falling into me.
[Points to Sam.]

[Sam looks the other way.]

Edna: Oh, you poor man. So, how did those people help you?

Bob: They didn't. They said they were on their way to church and some all you can eat bean casserole festival or something. So they left me lying here at the side of the road until you came by.

Edna: Yes, we are your rescuers.

Bob: Finally. Thank you so much for helping me.

Sam: Reach out to him. Do it again with passion. [Edna reaches out but doesn't touch him.] That's good. Now give me a tear. And cut. Excellent!

Edna: Am I done? Can I move now?

Sam: Yep - that's a wrap.

Edna: Oh good. [She gets up dusting herself off and makes her way to Sam.] I almost touched him. That would have been gross. And what if he does have some sort of a disease?

Sam: Be sure to take a good shower tonight and we'll have our doctor check you out when we get home, my dear.

Edna: Good idea.

Sam: Come on, let's edit this and see what we can do with it as soon as we can. I know this is a story that's worth something.

Edna: Do you think we can sell it to the *Gossiper Home Wrecker* nightly?

Sam: Only if we're lucky!

[They begin to exit.]

Sam: What a stroke of luck for us to come across a real-life adventure like this. He was a bit difficult to work with, but I think we have something here, I really do.

Bob: Excuse me!

Edna: What is it now?

Bob: Aren't you going to help me?

Sam: Yes, we're going to work on this video and make it as compelling as possible. I'm sure someone will see it and send help as soon as they can.

Edna: It's the best we can do. We're on vacation.

Bob: Great. Just great. Thanks a lot!

[As they exit.]

Edna: You're welcome.

Sam: Thanks for being such a sport.

Bob: *[Aside.]* Can you believe it?!?!?

[Bob lies back down in frustration as Fred and Sue enter on their boards.]

Fred: Hey, look at that dude over there!

Bob: Don't hurt me. Your friends already got to me.

Sue: Our friends? What do you mean by 'our friends?' Our friends would never do something like this to anyone!

Fred: Dude, what happened to you?

Bob: This gang of bad dudes mugged me, beat me up, took all my stuff, and left here at the side of the road to die.

Sue: No way. That's most dreadful. *[Kneeling down to help him.]* Are you hurt?

Bob: Well, I think my leg might be broken. My arm really hurts. I have a huge headache. My clothes are torn. My left eye is swollen shut. My nose is all bloody. And I hurt my other eye when this other guy fell on me.

Sue: You poor guy.

[Sue and Fred lay their hands on him and try to feel for broken bones.]

Bob: But I'm starting to feel better already.

Fred: I don't feel any broken bones. Let's get you to the ER. They'll fix you up and you'll be good as new as soon as can be.

[Sue and Fred try to get Bob to his feet but he's in too much pain to do it.]

Bob: Ow! I can't stand on that leg - even if it's not broken.

Sue: Now what are we gonna do? There is no way he can stand.

Fred: I got an idea.

[He takes the two skateboards and put them together. Then they put Bob on the boards and slowly push him off stage.]

Sue: Take it easy. Nice and easy.

Bob: This is working. How did you think of this?

Fred: I used to do this all the time with my first board - back when I was a little kid.

Bob: Beauty thinking.

Sue: I just hope its downhill all the way.

Fred: So, how long were you laying in that ditch back there?

Bob: It's a long story. From what I hear you might be able to check it out on YouTube later tonight!

[They exit continuing to talk about the day. Narrator enters.]

Narrator: Fred and Sue rolled Bob all the way to the ER where he found out that his arm was okay, but his leg was indeed broken. They kept him in the hospital for a couple of days just to be sure that he was going to be okay. He had endured a pretty traumatic experience. When Bob said that he didn't have the money to pay for his medical bills Fred and Sue went to their friends and they took up a collection for him. They raised enough to pay for his medical bills and then some. They bought him a new suit, a new tablet, a new cell phone, and a new briefcase. They talked one of their friends into letting them borrow his car and they got Bob back to his home within needing their skateboards to do it.


Bob had a walking cast on his leg for six weeks. Fred and Sue visited him every other day until he got his cast off. That's when they gave him the present they were most excited about - his very own new skateboard. They taught him to ride it as soon as Bob was feeling better. Now they hang out on Saturdays skating around town and looking for ways to help others.

When you love people the way Jesus tells us to love them it's really easy to tell who your neighbors are!

[As Narrator begins to exit Bob, Fred, and Sue ride their boards across the stage. The narrator almost runs into them.]

Bob: Hey, watch out! Catch you later narrator dude!

- CURTAIN -



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