



Parable Time

The Good Samaritan

Compassion • 2024

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13 min ▾

From the ancient city of Jerusalem to the nearby city of Jericho, an Israelite embarks on a life-changing journey. Unfortunately, he is attacked by a band of robbers who take his possessions and leave him half dead. In this critical state, he has no choice but to beg for help from those passing by. Out of the three good men who see him, only one stops to help. This adaptation of the well-known biblical parable reminds us that true compassion is evident in our actions and not merely in words.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Israelite	(male)
Priest	(male)
Levite	(male)
Samaritan	(male)
Robber 1	(male)
Robber 2	(male)
Merchant	(female)
Innkeeper	(female)

The Good Samaritan

(Merchant, Innkeeper, Priest, and Robbers roaming the marketplace)

Merchant:

Step right up, get your fruit here! Olives! Figs! Sir! Is that a new garment?

Priest:

Hmm?

Merchant:

My, you wear it so well.

Priest:

Mmhhm.

Merchant:

How about some fresh fruit. Huh? Only the best for you.

Priest:

Hmm. I've seen better.

(Israelite enters)

Merchant:

You! What a lovely bag. Why not fill it with the best fruit in all of Jerusalem?

Israelite:

Maybe another time.

Merchant:

But another time may never come. Here.

Israelite:

Do excuse me, but I am in a hurry.

Merchant:

Oh, everyone's just go go go. Why not slow down, eh? Enjoy the blessings of our God.

Israelite:

[Irritated] Ma'am.

Merchant:

You wouldn't want to take His blessings for granted, would you?

Israelite:

Well no...

Merchant:

Absolutely not. Come. You'll thank me later.

Israelite:

Just make it quick. I really have a long way to go.

Merchant:

What would you like? Apples? Figs?

Israelite:

An apple will do.

Merchant:

Just one?

Israelite:

One is fine.

Merchant:

Tell you what. Three for the price of two, just for you.

Israelite:

Sure...why not.

Merchant:

Let me get you a bag. Where did you say you were going?

Israelite:

Ah, just to Jericho.

Merchant:

What's in Jericho?

Israelite:

Well, heh, it's actually a funny story. I have a cousin who's getting married down there, and—

Merchant:

Married? You know what makes a great wedding gift?

Israelite:

[Irritated] What?

Merchant:

You didn't get him a gift yet, did you?

Israelite:

Well, no, I was going to say—

Merchant:

Oh, what kind of cousin are you? Here, don't embarrass yourself. Take a bag of olives. They'll be delighted.

Israelite:

Look, I really need to get going. It's a long walk to Jericho and I—

(Israelite backs up into Levite who falls and drops his basket)

Levite:

[Grunts]

Israelite:

Oh my, I'm so sorry! Are you alright?

Levite:

I'm okay.

(Israelite helps Levite up)

Israelite:

Are you sure? You look beat.

Levite:

I'm just really tired, that's all.

Israelite:

Here. Let me grab your things.

Levite:

[Yawning] Did you say you were going to Jericho?

Israelite:

I did, yes.

Levite:

I was heading there myself later today. Would you like to go together?

Israelite:

I wouldn't mind, really, but I plan to leave now.

Levite:

I suggest you wait, so we can go together. It will be safer for the both of us.

Israelite:

What do you mean?

Levite:

That's what I mean. Have you never been to Jericho before?

Israelite:

No. First time actually.

Levite:

Really?

Israelite:

Yeah, it's actually a funny story, my cousin lives down there—

Levite:

Don't be foolish. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is full of crooks and robbers. You're best off traveling with a companion.

Israelite:

Oh.

Levite:

I'll be finishing my Levitical duties later today. Let's meet here in say three hours and head out together?

Israelite:

Sorry sir, but I need to leave now. If I wait any longer—

Levite:

Suite yourself.

(Levite exits)

Israelite:

Sorry again...for bumping into you.

Merchant:

Olives?

Israelite:

I need to go.

Merchant:

Half off. Take it or leave it! You'll never get this opportunity again—

Priest:

[Loudly] Dear God of Israel, hear my humble prayer today!

Merchant:

Here we go again...

Priest:

I beg you, protect me on my way to Jericho. Keep me from those crooks and robbers and especially those filthy Samaritans. I thank you that I am not a Samaritan, or a thief, or unjust, or even like this merchant who cheats people every day.

Merchant:

Pff.

Priest:

Amen.

Israelite:

Excuse me sir. Did you say you were going to Jericho?

Priest:

Indeed.

Israelite:

I'm actually headed there myself. Would you perhaps—

Priest:

Are you now? Then you best stay far away from those no good Samaritans.

Israelite:

Uhh, yeah. I was just going to offer—

Priest:

They're full of nothing but lies. You can never trust them.

Israelite:

Yeah, yeah. I know.

Priest:

What do you know? I met a Samaritan once, a filthy creature he was. They're quite filthy, aren't they?

Israelite:

They are, yes. Could I—

Priest:

You know what I told him?

Israelite:

What?

Priest:

Nothing! Hahaha. Did you really think I would even speak to a Samaritan?

Israelite:

No, no, heh. I would never speak to one either.

Priest:

Good.

Israelite:

Is it okay if I tag along with you?

Priest:

Hmm...yes. I will allow you such a privilege. But no time for chit-chat, I still have my priestly duties to attend to. We'll meet here in a few hours.

(Priest exits)

Israelite:

But...I'm...nevermind.

Merchant:

So do we have a deal or not?

Israelite:

Here. Keep the change.

Merchant:

Enjoy your travels!

(Israelite exits. Robbers enter)

Robber 1:

There. That might work. Come on.

Robber 2:

Are you sure? I don't know, it looks a little small.

Robber 1:

Trust me. Get down.

Robber 2:

They'll see me for sure.

Robber 1:

If you keep standing they will.

Robber 2:

Hey, can we try the net this time?

Robber 1:

No, next time.

Robber 2:

But you said that last time!

Robber 1:

No net.

Robber 2:

Why?

Robber 1:

We're not here to mess around, alright.

Robber 2:

I'm not messing around. Why do you think those hunters use nets?
Because nets catch prey!

Robber 1:

We're not catching rabbits, are we? We're thieves.

Robber 2:

It's the same idea.

Robber 1:

No net.

Robber 2:

Ah...I get it. You're jealous.

Robber 1:

Oh, yeah, so jealous.

Robber 2:

Yeah. You're just jealous you didn't come up with the idea first.

Robber 1:

You think I got nothing better to do?

Robber 2:

Let me try something new, *one* time.

Robber 1:

And risk getting caught? No thank you.

Robber 2:

See. Jealousy.

Robber 1:

Where'd you even get that net from anyways?

Robber 2:

No one.

Robber 1:

Who?

Robber 2:

Eh, you wouldn't know him.

Robber 1:

Who?

Robber 2:

From uh...

Robber 1:

Spit it out.

Robber 2:

Uh...Samaritan.

Robber 1:

A Samaritan?

Robber 1:

Are you out of your mind?!

Robber 2:

He seemed like a good guy.

Robber 1:

A good guy? There's no such thing as a good Samaritan.

Robber 2:

Ugh, here you go again.

Robber 1:

They're traitors, alright. Sleazy and immoral.

Robber 2:

Since when did you care about morality? Look at us, we're thieves.

Robber 1:

But we are not *Samaritans*.

(Robber 1 grabs the net and throws it aside)

Robber 2:

Hey!

Robber 1:

I never want to hear about you doing business with a Samaritan again.

Robber 2:

I paid good money for that.

(Footsteps. Israelite enters)

Robber 1:

Shh! Get down.

(Robbers attack Israelite)

Robber 2:

[Heavy breathing] Fast as a rabbit. If only we had a net...

Robber 1:

[Heavy breathing] Stop. Just search him.

(Finds money bag)

Robber 2:

Jackpot!

Robber 1:

Nice. Take the coat and let's go.

(Robbers exit. Priest enters)

Israelite:

[Groaning]

Priest:

Good heavens.

Israelite:

[Weakly] Help...

Priest:

Now, it wouldn't be right for such an important man as myself to waste time on the woes of the rabble.

Israelite:

Please...

Priest:

Besides, this is a new garment. I can't afford to get it stained with your blood. Well, huh huh, I could *afford* it. But it's not worth my time. May God bless you, heal you, give you strength, and all that.

(Priest exits. Levite enters)

Levite:

Oh my, what a pity.

Israelite:

Help...help.

Levite:

I feel for you, I do. But I'm just so exhausted from my work in the temple. Haven't I done enough good deeds this week? Someone else will be sure to help you. God bless.

(Levite exits. Samaritan enters and runs up to Israelite)

Israelite:

[Groans]

Samaritan:

Easy. Easy. I'll take care of you.

Israelite:

But, but...

Samaritan:

Shhh...don't worry.

Israelite:

You're...a...Samaritan.

Samaritan:

And you're bleeding. So let me help you.

Israelite:

But...

(Samaritan take out oil and wine to treat wounds)

Samaritan:

This might sting a little.

Israelite:

[Groans]

Samaritan:

Just a little more.

Israelite:

Why? Why are you helping me?

(Samaritan binding bandage)

Samaritan:

Are you not hurt?

Israelite:

But...I'm a Jew.

Samaritan:

Jew, Samaritan, Greek, Roman, what does it matter? Are we not all descendants of Adam?

Israelite:

I don't understand.

Samaritan:

I would bleed just the same as you. It's only right for me to show mercy. [Pause] There, that should do it for now. Let me help you up.

Israelite:

Th-thank you.

Samaritan:

Let's get you someplace safe. There should be an inn not too far from here.

(Walk to the inn, knock on door)

Samaritan:

[Shouting] Innkeeper! Are you there?

(Knocks once more, Innkeeper opens the door)

Innkeeper:

Yes?

Samaritan:

Do you have a bed for this man?

Innkeeper:

Oh dear. I'll see what I can do.

Samaritan:

Please, here's two denarii.

Innkeeper:

Right away.

Samaritan:

Whatever more you spend taking care of him, I'll repay when I return.

Innkeeper:

Of course, of course.

Samaritan:

Farewell, sir. May God bless your recovery.