

Who Is My Neighbor?

by Kevin M Reese

CAST:*

- Reporter
- Cameraman
- Guy (or Gal)
- Vic (victim)
- Punk (Robber)
- Thug (Robber)
- Clergy
- Politician
- Sam (Good Samaritan)

* Characters may be played by male or female actors by adapting the names/pronouns (Vic = Victor or Vickie, Sam = Samuel or Samantha)

A reporter and camera operator enter. The reporter scopes out the area and, with cameraman's signal to begin, addresses the audience.

REPORTER: Good morning. This is Scoop Downing reporting for "The Morning Show." I am here at the corner of Fifth and Cherokee in beautiful downtown Medford (or whatever town you're in) asking passersby to answer the age-old question: "Who is my neighbor." Oh, I see a young man approaching right now. Excuse me.

GUY: Yeah?

REPORTER: I'm Scoop Downing with "The Morning Show," may I ask you a few questions?

GUY: (looking for camera) Am I on TV?

REPORTER: Yes, you are.

GUY: Oh, wow! (waves at camera) Hi, Mom! (keeps waving and smiling) Hi, Jennifer! Hi, dad-- look at me, I'm on TV! Hey, Dad, put a tape in the DVR and record this, will you? (to reporter)

Hey, can I show you a trick? I've been working on it a lot--

REPORTER: Are you through?

GUY: (embarrassed) Oh, sorry.

REPORTER: Now, can you tell me: who is your neighbor?

GUY: Oh, well, that would be Mr. Killian. He lives next door. He's a funny guy, you see he--

REPORTER: No, no, what I mean is, in the bible it says to love your neighbor as yourself. Who is your neighbor?

GUY: Oh, well-- that would be Mr. Killian. He lives next door. He's--

REPORTER: (dryly) A funny guy. Yes, we know. Well, thank you for your time. (to camera as guy exits) Well, there is probably the most literal meaning of the word neighbor. (sees Vic approaching) Here comes someone else. Excuse me.

VIC: Huh?

REPORTER: May I ask you a few questions?

VIC: Well, I'm kind of in a hurry. (notices it's TV) Well, OK, if it doesn't take too long.

REPORTER: We're asking people on the street who they consider their neighbors. Luke 10:27 says we must love our neighbor as ourselves. Who is YOUR neighbor.

VIC: Hmm, my neighbor. . . . Well, I guess it's my friends or my family. I love them, so they must be my neighbors. I don't know. Never really thought of it.

We see two robbers, Punk and Thug, enter. They size up the situation, pick up rocks and wait for Vic..

REPORTER: Great.

VIC: Can I go now?

REPORTER: Yes, thank you for your time. (Vic exits while the reporter talks to camera) So, another meaning of "neighbor" could be those whom we love.

Within view of the camera, the robbers bonk Vic over the head with a rock.

THUG: Bonk!

VIC: (rubbing his head) Ow!! Hey, that hurt! Why did you-- (suddenly faints)

THUG: Ha, ha! Come on, get his stuff.

The robbers proceed to rob Vic.

REPORTER: (to cameraman) Hey, did you get that? (Camera Operator nods "yes") Wow! Talk about being at the right place at the right time. Keep rolling.

They duck behind a tree to document the crime. The robbers drag Vic CS.

PUNK: Man, he is loaded. Can you believe this?

THUG: Stop talking and hurry up before somebody comes along and sees us.

PUNK: Oh, yeah. Well, I think that's everything. Let's get out of here.

THUG: Yeah, come on! (sees a cat off in the distance of the direction they're heading) Aww! Hey, look at the little kitty. Isn't he cute? Can I pet it? Here kitty, kitty, kitty--

PUNK: Knock it off. Sheesh!

They exit. Vic is coming to now. He begins to moan. A Clergyman enters wearing very religious looking apparel. The camera is still rolling.

CLERGY: (Pompously exulting in exaggerated pseudo-Latin) GLORIA IN EK-SHELL-SIS DAY-O, I am so religious. SUNG-TOOS AY-LAY-ZONE, am so wise. INNA-GOTTA-DA-VEEDA, I-- WHOA! (he almost runs over Vic) What the--

VIC: (moans) Ohhhh.

CLERGY: Hey, are you all right?

VIC: (Moans) Ohhh.

CLERGY: (thinks for a moment) Well -- I guess I better-- uh -- (pretends to help while he looks around to see if anybody is looking. Sees nobody, so he drops Vic) Ahh, forget it. I'm in a hurry. I'm late for my discipleship conference. I'm up for an award! (leaves) He'll be all right. Somebody will definitely be along any time now. . . Probably. . . Maybe. . . Ahh, who cares. (wiping his hands) Oh, Man! I got dirty! (he's gone)

Reporter can't believe what took place. A Politician enters.

POLITICIAN: (as if addressing a political pep rally) We've got to get UP in the polls. We're twenty percentage points behind! How are we going to win this election is we don't get out to the people. They haven't got any faith in us anymore. We have to show them that we're compassionate, caring people just like they are-- Huh? Whoa! (almost steps on Vic)

VIC: (moans) Ohhhh.

POLITICIAN: What in the-- Are you all right?

VIC: (moans) Huh-uh.

POLITICIAN: Oh, you poor soul. Here, let me help you. (Bends over to help, but stops. Has second thought) Wait, I have a better idea. I'll-- I'll call somebody who can help. We have lots of agencies being paid for by taxpayers. This is right down their ally. The S-R-S, HUD, The Red Cross, the ACLU-- (stops cold) The ACLU?? What am I thinking!?! I can't get involved here. If it doesn't turn out well, I could be sued. There could be a scandal. (panics) A SCANDAL!?! I got to get out of here. Aw, he's too young to vote anyway.

The politician hides his face and rushes off. Camera still rolling, a Samaritan enters.

SAM: Oh, man I'm so late! I'll never get to school in time. One more tardy and I'm dead! (sees Vic) Hey!

VIC: (moans) Ohhhh.

SAM: What in the world. . . .

VIC: Help.

SAM: (looking around to see if someone else can help) Oh, man, I am so late. (not sure what to do) Aw, for crying out loud!

VIC: Help me, please.

SAM: Oh. . . . (giving up) Yeah, yeah, come on, pal. (helps Vic to his feet) Can you walk? What happened?

VIC: I got mugged. They hit me over the head and robbed me.

SAM: You'll be OK. (they start off) Let's get you over to the doctor's office.

VIC: (stops) Hey.

SAM: Yeah?

VIC: Not that I'm complaining, but, why are you helping me? Other people who I thought for sure would help me didn't. You didn't have to-- why did you stop?

SAM: Oh, yeah, I had to, pal.

VIC: You did? Why?

SAM: Because it's the right thing to do. Shouldn't we treat each other like we want to be treated?

VIC: Yeah. Thanks, thanks a lot. I don't know what I would have done--

SAM: (brushing it off) Yeah, yeah, don't worry about it. We'll get you all patched up. Come on. (they exit)

REPORTER: Wow! You got all that, didn't you? (Camera Operator nods) This is Scoop Downing reporting for "The Morning Show." I am here at the corner of Fifth and Cherokee and we have just witnessed an unbelievable sight. Two people ignored his plea for help. The whole incredible story tonight at eleven. (the report is finished)

CAMERA OPERATOR: (starts to pack up) Hey, Scoop

REPORTER: Yeah?

CAMERA OPERATOR: Why didn't you help him?

REPORTER: (sharply, almost annoyed) Oh, well, I don't make the news--I just report it.

THE END

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Characters may be male or female.

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