



Responsibility-taking, Relationship-building and Restoration in Prisons
MEREPS FINAL CONFERENCE
17-19th Jan 2012

THE MERCIFUL SAMARITAN

Rock scene

Written by Dezső Gagyí and Ádám Fellegi

Music by Ferenc Darvas

Pianist and Musical Director: Ádám Fellegi

Actors: Inmates of Balassagyarmat Prison

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Balassagyarmat Prison



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The Robbed Man (lies on the ground whimpering in sorrow):

Ouch, ouch, ouch! What am I to do now? My property! My fortune! Everything is lost!
Ouch, ouch, ouch! Why did it have to happen to me? They should have beaten and
robbed somebody else! How will I get all this money back? Cursed be those who have
robbed me! Ouch, ouch, ouch! My fortune! Ouch, ouch, ouch!

(Pause)

If I am not mistaken, a Pharisee priest is approaching.

I am finally saved! He will help me, because he is an important person, a good servant of
God.

(Song):

Help me, Lord, I have been robbed! They took away everything I had, and they have
beaten me! I have nothing, nothing left! Do not let me die here. Oh, oh, oh, please do not
let me die here!

(Prose):

Pharisee priest:

How do you dare to address me, when you can see that I am in a hurry? I am a
prestigious Pharisee priest. I can see that you do not know the law. If you did, you would
not have dared to address me. And you still venture to ask for help? You, guilty tax
collector – as far as I can see! When you chose this profession, you knew that you will be
the cause for the misery of many people. Have you ever shown mercy to anyone? I think
not!!! You chose your fortune instead of laws.

(Song):

You therefore surely, surely deserve it. You got what was coming to you. You are a guilty
thief, your wealth is stolen and you do not follow God's law. No, no, no, do not expect
any help from me!

(Prose):

The Robbed Man:



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Why, oh why? I never kicked you and I never deceived you. I was just doing my work like anyone else. I collected the tax that the Emperor is entitled to. Why would I be guilty because of this in your eyes? I have never been a thief or profited from stolen goods! I am an honourable tax collector who supervises the payment of tax. Have you already paid the tax? Have you paid the Emperor the money he is entitled to?

Pharisee:

I have already told you, you are guilty! You do not have the right to question me! I represent God's law. And you receive the same you gave to our people according to how you behaved. You do not deserve any mercy! Just shout: my fortune! It might hear you and come running to help you. Ha-ha-ha. Leave me alone. (*Hurries away*)

The Robbed Man:

What am I to do now? What am I to do now? Ouch, my back! Ouch, my head! Ouch, ouch, ouch! That wicked and evil priest did not help me. And said that I am guilty, guilty, while there is neither evil nor sin in me. He is guilty, not me!

(*Pause*)

Who is there? Who is coming there? Oh, there is hope! This man will finally take me to a place where I can be cared for. Because he is a Levite, the keeper of the church, so he must be a very holy and good person. How finely is he dressed! It must have been very expensive. And if he reaches me soon, he might even be able to overtake those who robbed me. And my money could be found.

(*Song*):

Ouch, please help me! Ouch, please help me! Do not leave me here like the Pharisee. I have been beaten and robbed. See, I am bleeding, and my whole body is aching. If you do not help me, and do not call me a doctor, I will surely die. Do not leave me alone, please, help me, help me!

Levite:

(*Prose*):

How could you think such a thing? That I would touch your dirty and bloody clothes? Or even your body? I do not have the slightest intention of touching something that would soil me. While you are a guilty, filthy tax collector. You have never done the right thing in



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your life. Look at me! Raise your gaze to me! I am a holy, law-abiding Levite! You should have lived a holy life like this, instead of being despotic and cruel. How can you expect any help, when you

(Song):

have already taken your part, you were wealthy and you had everything. You are guilty, so you have to pay for your sins! You are guilty, so you have to pay for your sins!

The Robbed Man:

Are you really the one who will not help me? Since you are a Levite, God has ordered you to supervise His church. You should have been merciful. You are a beloved and pure people – that is what you say of yourselves. All my trust was in you, and you did not pity me. You did not help me, so die here just as I will die here. I wish you a fate similar to mine, with nobody to help you. Die, you, evil Levite! May you die a cruel death!

Levite:

May your every curse fall back upon you! This cannot happen to me, because I am truthful. Only the guilty can have a cruel death like this. So do not say anything, because it is better for you to die here than to commit more sins and become guiltier. There is nobody to have mercy on you. The Pharisee pontiff was right that he did not help you. He saw your guilt, and all your hope was gone. You will die by the side of this road like a dog.

Levite *(singing):*

My people are superior. Why should I soil myself with blood? Why would I make myself unchaste by helping you? *(leaves)*

The Robbed Man *(alone)*

What have I done that they did not help me? I was only performing my duties. And I loved my job! *(Big pause)*

Perhaps both of them were right. I must be a bad person indeed. But it does not matter now.

(Pause)

What do I see? Who is approaching?



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He is exactly the person I hate and despise! He is from Samaria. Those people have always been my enemies. And I cannot even protect myself. If he reaches me, he will surely kick me. Or he will beat me more with his spear. But I will still try!

Help me, please! Help me, please!

Samaritan (*song*):

I can see that it is hard for you to talk. You are in great pain and you are bleeding. Do not be afraid, I will take you to a place where you will be cared for, and you will recover soon.

The Robbed Man:

I have always thought that you are a crooked and violent people. You have always wanted evil things to happen to us Jews. And still, you are the one to pity me and offer me help. In the eyes of the Pharisee and the Levite, I am only a very guilty person. And they did not help me. They just left me here in trouble. Perhaps in some way they are right, because I was often too greedy as I collected tax for the Emperor. And I provided generously for myself as well. Now I admit that I am a guilty tax collector who did not follow God's law.

Samaritan (*song*):

Even if you are guilty, it is no matter, because our heavenly Father has the right to decide who is guilty and who deserves forgiveness.

(Takes him to the inn.)

Owner of the inn:

Away with you! Wicked, dirty vagabonds! You will not soil my inn with your filth! You, guilty thief, you, tax collector! As for you, you may on no account set foot in my inn! You are a detestable idol-worshipper! You are not of our people. If you do not go away, I will break your bones with my stick. Do not expect any free drinks, food or accommodation here. Away with you, guilty thieves! You will not receive anything here for free!

Samaritan (*song*):

Here is the money, two shekels. Take care of him. Treat his wounds according to your best knowledge.

The Robbed Man (*song*):



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Sir, you are from Samaria, and we despise you! We, Jews, think you are detestable and repulsive.

Samaritan

Now you can see that our people are not bad and evil. The Pharisee and the Levite condemned you like you condemned me, although we never wanted to harm you, and we have always respected your folk. Love is stronger than any national groups. I come to you and your people with love, and we have never wanted to do you harm. There is a prophet who is called the promised Messiah. This is his message: love one another as I love you! That is what I believe in. Please, believe in this, too, and you will never again misjudge anyone.

The Robbed Man (*song*):

Forgive me, please, for what I have done to your people. Now I will live my life without judging people by appearances.

Samaritan (*song*):

You are right. Judgement can be only made by our heavenly Father. Our deeds show whether we follow God's laws. Love your Lord and God from all of your heart and soul, love Him with all of your power and mind, and love your neighbours as you love yourself.

Amen, amen.

Closing choir (*all*):

I am not guilty, I am not guilty, you are not guilty, he is not guilty.

I am not innocent, I am not innocent, you are not innocent, he is not innocent.

Only our lord God has the right to judge us all!

