

## HEALING OF NAAMAN

by Ted Swartz

**Characters:** Narrator, Naaman, Servant Girl, Syrian King, Israelite King, Servant, Elisha

**Scripture text:** 2 Kings 5: 1-18

**Props:** cups of water

**Length:** 8-10 minutes

**Setting:** Indoor/outdoors/ At the river

NARRATOR: Once there was a commander of the Syrian army. His name was Naaman. He was a brave man, and the King of Syria respected him very much, but he had leprosy. One day while the Syrian troops were raiding Israel they captured a girl and she became a servant of Naaman's wife. Some time later the girl said to Naaman:

SERVANT GIRL: You know, if you would go to the prophet in Samaria, you could be cured of your leprosy. And perhaps your nose wouldn't fall off.

NAAMAN: Who are you?

SERVANT GIRL: I'm Lydia. I work for your wife.

NAAMAN: Since when?

SERVANT GIRL: Since your last incursion into my country.

NAAMAN: Oh right. And you work for my wife?

SERVANT GIRL: Yes.

NAAMAN: She didn't tell me that.

SERVANT GIRL: No?

NAAMAN: She never tells me anything.

SERVANT GIRL: Really?

NAAMAN: Oh yes.

SERVANT GIRL: She also hasn't paid me this week.

NAAMAN: Right. *(Pulls out wallet, pays her, she waits for more.)* Okay.

NARRATOR: So Naaman went to the Syrian king, and told him what the servant girl said. Evidently commanders in the Syrian army put great stock in advice given by servant girls captured in raids against their country.

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SYRIAN KING: Sounds like a great idea. *(Pulls out the letter.)* I'll give you a letter to take to the king of Israel ... what his name?

NARRATOR: Not really crucial for the story.

SYRIAN KING: Right.

NARRATOR: And so Naaman left and took along 750 pounds of silver, 150 pounds of gold and ten new outfits.

SYRIAN KING: Ten new outfits?

NARRATOR: I'm sure it was the new fall line. And you can't take a holiday without being properly outfitted.

SYRIAN KING: Right.

NARRATOR: He also carried with him the letter, which read:

SYRIAN KING: I am sending my servant Naaman to you. He is a brave man, and I respect him very much, but he has leprosy. Would you cure him of said disease? Signed, My Majesty.

SERVANT GIRL: Did I say "go to the king?" No, I said go to the prophet. Do they listen? No. Men.

NARRATOR: When the king of Israel read the letter...

ISRAELITE KING: A healing?! A healing?! That's ridiculous! Why would anyone ... a healing!? I'm just supposed to wave my hand over this guy and ... a healing?! Why does he think I can cure this man?

SERVANT GIRL: You see I didn't say that you...

ISRAELITE KING: ... Does he think I'm God? With power over life and death?

SERVANT GIRL: If you would have...

ISRAELITE KING: ... He must be trying to pick a fight with me.

SERVANT GIRL: Oh I'm sure that's it. Yea, that would be it.

NARRATOR: When Elisha heard what had happened he sent a note to the king.

ELISHA: "Why are you so afraid? Send the man to me, so that he will know there is a prophet in Israel.

NARRATOR: Naaman left then with his horses, chariots, silver, gold, and 10 new outfits and stopped at the door of Elisha's home.

*(Servant appears.)*

NAAMAN: Elisha! Thank you for seeing...

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SERVANT: No, I'm not Elisha.

NAAMAN: Who are you?

SERVANT: I'm a servant. He sent me out.

NAAMAN: He couldn't come out himself?

SERVANT: He's a very busy man.

NAAMAN: And I'm not?

SERVANT: Not the point here.

NAAMAN: True.

SERVANT: I do have your instructions.

NAAMAN: Excellent.

SERVANT: You are to ... wash in the Jordan River seven times.

NAAMAN: That's it?

SERVANT: *(Checks notes.)* Yup, you wash in the Jordan River, just the seven times.

NAAMAN: You're kidding.

SERVANT: Elisha is not known for his sense of humor.

NAAMAN: Ah . You know we've got some perfectly fine rivers in Syria.

SERVANT: I'm sure you do.

NAAMAM: I could have stayed right there and washed in those rivers.

SERVANT: Yes, I suppose that's right.

NAAMAN: The Abana river ... the Pharpar river.

SERVANT: The Pharpar river?

NAAMAN: Yes.

SERVANT: Is it far?

NAAMAN: To the Pharpar?

SERVANT: Yes, how far to the Pharpar?

NAAMAN: The Pharpar? It's a fair piece.

SERVANT: As far as a par four?

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NAAMAN: That's far.

SERVANT: For sure.

NAAMAN: I once had a parfait at the Parpar.

SERVANT: Talk about a parpait too far. So it's far?

NAAMAN: For sure.

SERVANT: From here, perhaps too far.

NAAMAM: That's fair. *(A beat.)* Seven times?

SERVANT: Seven times.

NARRATOR: And so Naaman made his way to the Jordan River. And stepped in.

*(A cup of water is thrown in his face.)*

NAAMAN *(Turns to look at the narrator, she just raises an eyebrow at him.)*  
That's one.

NAAMAN: Right. *(Goes back again. Another cup of water in his face. Looks at the narrator.)* Seven times?

NARRATOR: Right.

NAAMAN: I thought he wasn't known for his sense of humor.

*(The next 5 times go pretty fast—"Thrower" gets over anxious and has to be held back—perhaps as far as a bucket of water? When he goes down the last time and "comes up" he sees that he is cured. Professes amazement.)*

NAAMAN: Elisha! *(ELISHA comes out.)* Thank you. I know now that the God is the only God in the whole world. Would you please accept a gift from me?

ELISHA: No.

NAAMAN: I have 750 pounds of silver ... 150 pounds of gold.

ELISHA: No, thank you.

NAAMAN: Ten new outfits?

ELISHA: I don't think so.

NAAMAN: That's a lot of gold...

ELISHA: Yes it is, but no.

NAAMAN: Silver's not bad either...

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ELISHA: MM mhh.

NAAMAN: Did I mention the outfits?

ELISHA: Yes you did, but no.

NAAMAN: New fall season.

ELISHA: I am a servant of the Lord and I will not take anything from you.

NARRATOR: And so Naaman returned home, with the gold, silver, 10 new outfits, and brand new skin.

THE END

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PREVIEW

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\*\*\*\*\* SCRIPT PREVIEW \*\*\*\*\*

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