

# Take a Little Off the Sides

From *A Funny Thing Happened to Me on My Way Through the Bible*

By Martha Bolton

The Story of Samson and Delilah

• A comedy sketch •

**Characters:**

SAMSON  
DELILAH

**Props:**

Large paper scissors hidden somewhere on DELILAH'S person  
Sofa

*(Scene opens with SAMSON and DELILAH sitting on the sofa. DELILAH is playing coy with him.)*

DELILAH: Samson (*cuddling up to him*) . . . What's the secret of your strength?

SAMSON: You mean, beside Wheaties?

DELILAH (*backing away*): C'mon Sam! I'm serious! (*Getting closer*) You're such a STRONG man . . . (*bats eyelashes*) and I DO LOVE STRONG MEN!

SAMSON: Delilah . . . you love ANY kind of man!

DELILAH (*thinks for a moment*): Well, yes—that's true. But, STRONG men in particular. (*Cuddling*) So, what is it? Diet? Exercise? Aerobics? What IS it that makes you so . . . (*feels his arm muscle*) . . . so STRONG?

SAMSON: My strength cometh from the Lord.

DELILAH (*unimpressed*): Yeah, yeah—I know. You’ve told me that already MANY, MANY, MANY times. (*Anxious*) But there’s got to be more to it than that, Sammypoo! . . . After all, nobody is as strong as YOU.

SAMSON (*smiles shyly*): I know.

DELILAH (*determined*): So, what is it? (*Quickly softening her tone of voice*) I mean, what is it that makes you such a strong, strong man? (*Playing coy*) C’mon, you can tell little ol’ Delilah your secret.

SAMSON: No, I can’t, Delilah. You see, if I told you, then you’d tell your mother, and she’d tell her friends . . . and before you know it the whole world would know!

DELILAH (*rising to her feet, excited*): So, there IS a secret to your fabulous strength!

SAMSON: And it’s going to STAY a secret (*gritting his teeth*) . . . dear.

DELILAH (*pouting*): Then, actually Sam mykins, what you’re really telling me is that you don’t love me.

SAMSON: Now, I didn’t say that!

DELILAH: If you loved me, you wouldn’t keep secrets from me.

SAMSON: Well, this is one secret I can’t tell ANYBODY . . . not even you, Delilah.

DELILAH (*sitting back down next to him, batting her eyelashes*): Not even me?

SAMSON (*emphatic*): Not even you! . . . You see, Delilah, God’s blessed me with this fabulous strength, and . . . well, if I were to tell you my secret, then I would be failing God.

DELILAH (*matter-of-factly*): So?

SAMSON: I can’t do that. God has a special purpose for my strength.

DELILAH (*risers to her feet and walks away from him*): There are ways I can find out your secret!

SAMSON (*aggravated*): Drop it, Di!

DELILAH (*turns and walks toward him again*): But I CAN’T drop it, Samson! All my life nobody’s ever trusted me with their secrets!

SAMSON: Well, doesn’t that tell you something, Gossip Gums?

DELILAH (*defensive*): Who are you calling Gossip Gums?! I CAN KEEP A SECRET!

SAMSON: ARE YOU KIDDING?! If God wanted to send a message to the whole world, all He'd have to do is whisper it in your ear and tell you to keep it to yourself!

DELILAH (*offended*): So, what you're saying is I have a big mouth.

SAMSON (*rises to his feet and walks toward her. He romantically touches her lips*): You have a lovely mouth, Delilah. (*Looking deep into her eyes*) It's like a beautiful fragrant flower—THAT NEVER CLOSES!

DELILAH (*walks away*): That's it! I'm walking!

SAMSON (*taking her hand and pulling her back*): Look, Delilah . . . It's not that big of a deal! All you need to know is that I'm the strongest man in the world . . . and I love you! Isn't that enough?

DELILAH (*thinks for a moment*): No! . . . I have to know your secret!

SAMSON: Well, how do I know I can trust you?

DELILAH (*raising her right hand*): I promise I won't tell a soul . . . (*brief pause*) and neither will Mom!

SAMSON (*angry*): Face it, Delilah! You just can't keep a secret!

DELILAH (*pouting*): Well, it's plain to see you don't love me. So, good-bye!

SAMSON (*sincere*): I love you.

DELILAH: No, you can't.

SAMSON: But I do.

DELILAH: But, you don't.

SAMSON (*cautious*): All right, if I do tell you my secret, will you promise to marry me?

DELILAH (*hesitant*): That's the bargain, huh?

SAMSON: You love me, don't you?

DELILAH: Oh, yeah . . . it's not that! It's just that, well . . . I kind of had a date tonight.

SAMSON: Then, I guess you'll never know my secret.

DELILAH: Oh, all right . . . I'll cancel the date and we'll get married instead. (*Overly anxious*) SO, WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?! . . . (*softening her tone*) . . . Sweetheart?

SAMSON: It's my hair.

DELILAH (*doesn't realize he has just told her his secret*): I know. I've been meaning to talk to you about that. Don't you EVER get a haircut?

SAMSON: My hair's the secret of my strength.

DELILAH: Your hair?

SAMSON: Yes. When I was a child, God told my mother to never let a razor touch my head. And she obeyed.

DELILAH (*fondling his long locks*): I just thought you were trying to be hip or something.

SAMSON: So, now that you know my secret, can we order the wedding invitations?

DELILAH: Sure, but first, Buster, you're getting a decent haircut! (*Pulls out giant paper scissors and chases him offstage.*)



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