

A script from



“Caught”

by
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- What** A woman realizes that she has something she’s rarely had in her life—forgiveness. *Themes: Forgiveness, Sin, Adultery, Jesus, Mercy, Grace*
- Who** 1 female
- When** Bible times
- Wear (Props)** Black sheet, white t-shirt with “forgiven” or “new creation” written on it.
- Why** John 8
- How** Try not to make this a melodrama by over-acting. This is a dramatic piece, so really take the time to work it out. Don’t stay at one level. You’re painting a picture, telling a story. Also, the voices in the beginning can be recorded.
- Time** Approximately 3-5 minutes

*An invisible crowd rumbles in the distance. We never see the crowd, but we can hear them. They are shouting. It gets closer and their shouts are more audible. You can distinguish cries of "Stone her!"; "She's an adulteress, kill her!" and "the law says to stone her!" While they shout, the **Woman** wrapped in a black sheet runs down the middle aisle as though being pursued closely by the mob.*

*Over the crowd you hear the **Woman** pleading for her life saying...*

Woman: No! Please stop! Have mercy! Please! No! Stop! Help me, someone!
Please stop! Stop! STOP!!!

(on her last "STOP!!!" the shouting crowd is immediately silenced)

You want to know if I'm that woman, right? The one that *He* saved that day? *(long pause)* No. I'm not that woman. But I remember that day. I remember how angry those people were - the crowd that dragged her there, their hands filled with rocks and trembling with hatred, their eyes wide and unblinking without compassion, their brows hot from the scorching sun, their shouts to kill her and stone her were chilling to my ears. There was no mercy offered and no hope to have.

Because they were right. She was an adulteress. She was a sinner. She deserved to die.

And then I saw him. They tossed her at his feet and asked him what they should do with this woman, this adulteress who was caught in the act. They said the law commanded them to stone such women and they waited to see what he would say.

At first he said nothing. He simply bent down and started to write on the ground with his finger. They kept questioning him. And then he stood up and said, "If any one of you is without sin, let him be the first to throw a stone at her." And then he stooped down to write again. I can't read. I don't know what he wrote.

But when I looked up from where he was writing on the ground I saw this hateful, cruel crowd start to leave. Drop their stones and leave, one by one, until only he was left with the woman still standing there. And I remember as he stood up, he looked into her eyes. And she stood there. Shame swept across her body. She was still covered with the sweat of her adulterous embrace. Hair tousled, lips red.

He quietly asked her, "Woman, where are they? Has no one condemned you?" He didn't eye her. He didn't look her up and down. His gaze was soft but determined, intense but not frightening. Eyes wide, she struggled to speak. And then she managed to say, almost disbelieving it herself, "No one, sir." And then he declared, "Then neither do I condemn you."