

A script from



“Notorious to Glorious: The Woman at the Well”

Their sin made them notorious. The Son made them glorious.

by
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What The Bible has some “notorious” characters who encounter the truth of Jesus and whose lives show his transforming love in all its glory.

Themes: Salvation, Redemption, Shame, Guilt, Messiah

Who Woman

When Back in the (Biblical) Day

Wear (Props) Costume should be a modern representation of a Biblical time. The WOMAN AT THE WELL could wear a long maxi skirt and modest solid colored t-shirt.

Some form of pottery that could work as a water jar.

Why John 4:4-42

How Speaking to audience monologue. Simple. Pure. She could carry a large water jar in with her and place it on the ground near her or on a pedestal or some other place to remain on stage when she leaves.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Carrying a large water jar she enters and puts it down, wipes her brow then speaks to the audience.

Woman: I hated getting water from the well. *(Long pause as she remembers the shame and hurt of those days past)* Hated it. But...I needed water and we had only one well. So, I had to go. In the hot, hot noonday sun I would always go. Once...just once...the morning air was so muggy, so stifling, I knew the day would be blistering hot. I thought...maybe I could be normal just this once and sneak in among the other women early in the morning...beat the sun before it was so hot and high in the sky.

Another short pause and she looks low and shakes her head over the next line as though she's remember the day she's going to tell us about.

I hated getting water from the well. And that day...I should have just stayed home thirsty. The women...they were so...so...*(looking up into the eyes of the audience)* They hated me. *(Pause)* They whispered to one another about me. They told their children to stay far from me. *(Hurt)* Their children. They told them I was...unworthy.

(Remembering) Not long ago we were children ourselves. We were friends. We used to run around this well and play, helping our mothers gather water. Smiling. Laughing. Living. But now...my mother was...and my father he...*(there's a story she's reluctant to tell)* It doesn't matter now. They're long gone. I've had to take care of myself for a long time now. And I did that how I could. Right or wrong. All these years thirsting for a better life but...now, this was my life. Barely allowed the chance to drink a cool cup of water. Certainly not allowed to drink it with any sort of dignity. I had to bear the burden of being unworthy and bear the beating of the noonday sun.

A change in her voice.

But one day...one day my life changed forever. It was another hot day when I arrived at the well. I was alone, of course. But then...he came. This man. He walked to the well...wiped his brow...and sat down on the edge of the well not far from me. I thought of turning around. I thought of taking the long walk back home but I was so thirsty. At first I was afraid.

A change in her voice and demeanor.

I had learned long ago to fear men. Especially strange men like this who certainly did not belong here, in Samaria. He was so obviously a Jew. Jews hated us Samaritans. But this man...something inside me told me not to fear. I approached the well hesitantly. *(Sort of laughing at the*

thought) I think I thought if I moved slowly he might not see me. Just as I was lowering my jar down the well he turned to me and smiled. He smiled at me! No one had smiled at me in a long, long time. I don't think I smiled back. I don't think I knew how to smile anymore. I continued with my task, moving more quickly now. This man was unsettling.

Then...he spoke to me.

He asked me for a drink of water. I almost dropped my jar! No man ever spoke to me...not in public...not unless they wanted...something from me. I told him I was a Samaritan. A woman. I reminded him that he was a Jew. He smiled again. I think he was fully aware of all of that.

A change in tone as she remembers.

Then he offered me "living water" and now I knew he was talking to me because he was crazy. Living water? He said if he gave me this "living water" I would never thirst, never have to come to this horrible well again and when he promised that I wanted this living water more than life itself. I asked him for it. *(Pause)* Then he dropped the ball.

(Imitating Jesus speaking to her) "Go, call your husband and come back."
(A little ashamed as she speaks to the audience) He knew. I know he knew. He knew I had no husband. That I had many men in my life.

Suddenly I felt shame. The shame of a noonday walk to the well. I tried to hide while standing right in front of him.

Looking up, as though looking at Jesus and remembering that moment.

But his eyes. They didn't shame. It's as though he spoke into this dark part of my life not to condemn it...but to tell me...he sees me. He knows me...and still was willing to be with me here...in public, sitting together underneath the hot noonday sun. *(Eyes and voice brightening)* And then he told me the most amazing truth. For ages we have waited, waited for God's chosen one, the Messiah. He asked me if I believed in that promise and I told him yes! With all my heart. Then he smiled again and leaning in a little closer he said to me, "I, the one speaking to you, am he!"

Absolutely delighted with the biggest smile yet and exuberance.

And I had no doubt of it. There he was! The Messiah standing right in front of me! Loving me! I couldn't contain myself! I ran back to town. I forgot my water jar. I ran into the village to tell everyone about him. Tell them I met the Messiah! I told them my story and they listened. They

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listened...to me! They believed me! I believed in myself. I wasn't so unworthy. I wasn't unloved. The Savior of the world showed me that.

And now, I only walk to the well in the hot noonday sun to find others, who were once like me, and tell them to thirst no more.

Exit...leaving water jar.

SCRIPT

TO

REMOVE

WATERMARK

AT

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