

A NEW DAY

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: The woman from the well reflects on the time she met Jesus and the changes he caused in her life.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: This can be staged with costumes and props, or with no props and an all black costume. This is a wonderful piece for evangelism and outreach, and was written for a missions group ministering to women in an Islamic culture.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1F

TOPIC: Love, Biblical Times

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: John 4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service, Sermon Illustration

CHARACTERS:

The Samaritan Woman

PROPS: A well, a jar (optional)

COSTUMES: Biblical attire, or all black.

SOUND: One wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage; spotlight if possible

SETTING: A well in Samaria

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The woman enters, carrying a jar. She sets the jar down and looks back.

WOMAN: Dawn's breaking. Just about sunrise now. All over town, people are waking up to a new day. The men are getting ready for work. The women are preparing to start their day. For most of them, it begins right here. Any minute now, I should see them coming. Strange how I look forward to it.

It wasn't too long ago I wouldn't dare be here so early. In our country, women are taught to be seen and not heard. That doesn't stop them from talking amongst themselves when they do get together. I grew tired of the whispers, and the gossip. The sideways glances. I didn't have to hear the words. I knew they were talking about me.

I never felt any shame for the things I did. I never dwelt on my decisions. And besides, I did what I had to. To survive. A woman's security comes from her man. He's her provider, her protector. She depends on him for food and shelter. Without him, she has no hope of salvation. He is her only link to God.

I could have taken my chances after my first husband died. I could have lived the "righteous" life of a widow on the streets. A woman is just as likely to be beaten to death as survive out there. No. I had to survive. So I married again, and again, and again. I might have been unrighteous in their eyes, but I was alive.

I still couldn't stand to be around the others, so I started coming here in the middle of the day. Not even the men were out walking during the hot hours of mid-day. I could walk the streets without dodging the glances of others.

Needless to say, I was a bit stunned the day I saw the man from Nazareth sitting by the well. His people don't pass through our town very often. They certainly don't stop when they do. He surprised me even more when he spoke to me, and asked for water. There was no hostility, and no embarrassment in how he spoke. Simply asked for a drink.

"Sir, are you really asking me for water?" I said. "I am a Samaritan woman, and you're a Jew. Are you really asking me for a drink?"

He smiled, and gently replied, "If you knew who it was that asked you, you would ask me for living water."

I laughed at him. He didn't have a pot, or a rope, or anything with which to draw water. "How are you going to offer water to me? You have nothing to use to gather water. Are you greater than our forefather Jacob who dug this well?"

"Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again," he said. "But whoever drinks the water I give him will never thirst. Indeed, the water I give him will become in him