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# NOTORIOUS TO GLORIOUS

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




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# NOTORIOUS TO GLORIOUS:
# THEIR SIN MADE THEM NOTORIOUS.
# THE SON MADE THEM GLORIOUS.

written by

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## Synopsis

Revisit biblical storytelling with “Notorious to Glorious: The Woman at the Well” by Rebecca Wimmer on Scriptmore. This five-minute monologue presents the life of one of the Bible’s most notorious characters in her own words. She tells of her sad existence before meeting Jesus and then of the surprising and powerful transformation His glorious love and grace brought into her life. The script can be performed in either period costume or modern clothing.

As the script unfolds, it paints a vivid portrait of the woman, ostracized by her community for her past choices. Her encounter with Jesus becomes a pivotal moment. Through rich and evocative storytelling, this script transcends the pages of the Bible, inviting audiences to witness in the words of this actress the redemptive power that can turn notorious tales into glorious testimonies.

Written to be performed by one woman, either live or on video, “Notorious to Glorious” offers a profound exploration of faith, transformation, and the boundless love that emanates from the teachings of Jesus. Immerse your audience in the story of the Woman at the Well and experience the extraordinary journey from notorious to glorious through the lens of God’s love for all sinners, no matter our backgrounds.

## Cast of Characters

WOMAN AT THE WELL

## Time

Back in the (Biblical) Day

## Director Notes

PERFORMING TIPS

Speaking to an audience monologue. Simple. Pure. Don’t overreact this. It’s a real person’s story. Could be done on video recorded or live.

WARDROBE

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 and 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.

## ACT I

### Scene 1

Setting: The stage is empty.

At Rise: WOMAN AT THE WELL enters.

**WOMAN AT THE WELL**

*(carrying a large water jar she enters and puts it down, wipes her brow then speaks to the audience)*

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. Everyone needs 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. So I went to the well before dawn.

*(another short pause and she looks low and shakes her head over the next line as though she's remembering 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 shunned me. 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 the water for our homes. Smiling. Laughing. Living. But now...my mother was...and my father he...

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**WOMAN AT THE WELL** (CONT)

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 with 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. 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. I wasn't hopeless while I still believed that. 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 I had no doubt of it. There he was. God's promised love for his world, his people, 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 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)*




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