

Female Part

Woman caught in adultery, sharing about how Jesus is her Savior.

Jesus is my Savior. He has saved me before and so I know he will do it again. See I'd been caught outright and dragged straight into the open daylight. Bystanders gawking. The village women absorbing every morsel of gossip.

(maybe some women appear on a screen like a memory and she sweeps some dust there way with a broom)

Common decency dictated that the shame of the moment was enough. But the law called for something greater...my life.

(with a smirk) Their words condemned me, but they didn't dare look me in the eye.

(Back to a feeling of shame) I did everything to try to cover my...my shame...but I couldn't hide from the onlookers. Or this...this Holy man whose feet they threw me to. I was finished.

I stared at the ground when He said that whoever was sinless, they should go first. They should throw the first stone. I squeezed my eyes shut, grasping at the gravel, waiting for the end of my life to unfold.

Nothing, though. Then footsteps. And more of them. Except...they were walking away.

I looked up. "Is no one left to accuse you?" he asked me. "No." "I don't either," he said. "Go and sin no more."

(Finally looks at the audience). Accusers. That's how He ended up on a cross. And as He hung there dying, he didn't say "I am finished." He said...it is finished. That's a different thing. It means something is...accomplished.

He restored my hope. And my self-respect and dignity. I didn't even know I had any left.

On a day that I thought I was finished, the only man there Holy enough to demand justice...
...handed me mercy.

Male Part

Soldier who crucified Jesus, who has since realized that Jesus is his Savior.

(feeling defensive) Hey look buddy, I was just doing my job. The Governor gave me an order and I carried it out, Heck the whole crowd wanted him dead. What was I supposed to do?

(realizing that John isn't judging him, He softens) I have thought alot about that day and... Well I wanted to come and tell you guys, for what it's worth, well in my opinion, I don't think it was right what happened to Jesus that day.

You know I loved that job. I felt like I was administering justice everytime I nailed someone to that tree, but that man... that man didn't deserve that.

I was stationed at Golgatha that day, We had just raised the 2nd criminal when they brought him to me. I'll never forget how he looked. He had been beaten, spit on, whipped. He was unrecognizable - hideous.

What was left of his clothes was stripped off Him, and He was thrown down on the cross. That is when I went to work.