

## GO AND SIN NO MORE

Ted Swartz and Lee Eshleman

**Characters:** Peter, Andrew

**Scripture text:** John 8:1-11

**Props:** sketch pad, drawing pencils, two chairs

**Setting:** indoors

**Length:** 8 minutes

*(PETER is posing for a portrait, wearing perhaps a hat that makes him look silly.  
ANDREW is behind an easel, sketching him.)*

ANDREW: Would you hold still? *(Beat as PETER squirms.)* Look, if I'm going to do this, you are going to have to hold still.

PETER: Give me a break, this is hard.

ANDREW: Sitting still is hard?

PETER: Sitting still like this is.

ANDREW: Oh, you mean it's a strain to look intelligent.

PETER: Is that what this is? I thought I just had gas.

ANDREW: I wanted to make you look pensive, actually. Just a little while longer.

PETER: Can I see it?

ANDREW: No.

PETER: Come on, I want to see it.

ANDREW: You cannot see until I'm done.

PETER: What if I don't like the direction it's going?

ANDREW: It's too late.

PETER: What?

ANDREW: Once a piece of art is started, it takes on a life of its own.  
*(Gestures.)*

PETER: That's ridiculous.

ANDREW: That's the nature of art.

PETER: But you're the artist.

ANDREW: Yes, but that merely makes me a conduit for the art.

PETER: A conduit?

ANDREW: Yes ... hold still!

*(PETER returns to his position... a pause.)*

PETER: Knock knock.

ANDREW: What?... no.

PETER: Come on, knock, knock.

ANDREW: Who's there?

PETER: Conduit.

ANDREW: Conduit who?

PETER: You want me to sit still, but I just conduit. *(Laughs at himself ... then mutters, musing.)* Conduit ... conduit. Like mustard.

ANDREW: That's condiment. I simply open myself to the art and it flows through me onto the page.

PETER: Like mustard.

ANDREW: No!

PETER: Right. So you don't know where it's going.

ANDREW: No, that's what's great about art.

PETER: And you can't change it?

ANDREW: You can affect it but you can't chart a whole new direction. *(ANDREW draws.)* For instance, you might turn out to be good looking in this version.

PETER: I would rather be smart than good looking.

ANDREW: Oh, 0 for two.

*(Pause.)*

PETER: I want to see it.

ANDREW: Nope.

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PETER: I'm not sure I trust you being a condiment for my portrait.

ANDREW: Maybe you would rather have Jesus draw you?

PETER: Ah. No! He can't draw.

ANDREW: Right. Well, when your medium is dirt after all...

PETER: Right.

ANDREW: He did it again yesterday.

PETER: Did he?

ANDREW: Yes ... hold still! There was a woman.

PETER: A woman. Really?

ANDREW: They caught her sleeping with someone.

PETER: Ah.

ANDREW: Who wasn't her husband.

PETER: Right.

ANDREW: That's adultery.

PETER: I am familiar with the term adultery.

*(Pause.)*

ANDREW: They wanted to stone her. *(Pause.)* They said that was the law.

PETER: So it is.

ANDREW: Pete.

PETER: Well, they weren't wrong about that.

ANDREW: My question is; where was the guy?

PETER: Which guy?

ANDREW: The guy she slept with.

PETER: I don't know. I wasn't there.

ANDREW: So we can rule you out.

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PETER: Yea! *(Pause.)*

ANDREW: Maybe he should have been stoned, too.

PETER: That's not how the law reads.

ANDREW: Yea, I know.

PETER: Who was the woman?

ANDREW: Her name was ... Tabitha ... of Capernaum.

PETER: Ah.

ANDREW: What does that mean?

PETER: Nothing.

ANDREW: Peter.

PETER: Nothing. How's it looking?

ANDREW: It's looking fine. Peter, do you know this woman?

PETER: Everybody knows this woman.

ANDREW: No, not everyone knows this woman. Stop moving!

PETER: Okay.

ANDREW: Peter, how do you know her?

*(PETER says nothing.)*

ANDREW: Peter.

PETER: *(Without moving his lips.)* I can't move.

ANDREW: You can move your lips!

PETER: I know what she's like.

ANDREW: Meaning?

PETER: This isn't the first time. She's like a work of art.

ANDREW: Well, she was cute.

PETER: No, I mean, it's too late. You can't chart a whole new direction.  
*(Imitates ANDREW'S arm motion.)*

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ANDREW: People aren't like drawings.

PETER: Yeah, we don't need a conduit to mess up our lives. We do it all by ourselves.

ANDREW: People CAN change.

*(Pause.)*

PETER: Right ... That's when Jesus started drawing in the dirt?

ANDREW: Yep. Everybody is standing around with rocks in their hands and he's down in the dirt, drawing. I don't know what it was. It was either some kind of bird or larvae. And while we're all trying to figure out what he drew, he said ... *(Pauses, sketches.)*

PETER: He says what???

ANDREW: Anybody who doesn't have any sin, fire away.

PETER: Fire away?

ANDREW: Fire away. *(Pause.)* So?

PETER: So what?

ANDREW: Would you have thrown a rock?

PETER: No, I wouldn't have thrown a rock.

ANDREW: Nobody else did either. They all just started to trickle away until there was just her and Jesus, her sittin' in the dust—him just drawing away.

*(Pause.)*

PETER: So, he's saying just sleep with anybody you want.

ANDREW: No, he isn't.

PETER: Sure he is.

ANDREW: Since no one else condemned her—neither was he.

PETER: Like I said—he's saying that she can just keep doing what she's doing.

ANDREW: He said: "Go. And sin no more."

PETER: Fat chance.

ANDREW: Is there anything else you'd like to throw at her?

PETER: She's not going change.

ANDREW: Peter, how do you know this woman?

PETER: *(Pause.)* I knew her when we were both young. Before she—

ANDREW: Were you close?

PETER: Yes ... no. Not really.

ANDREW: Not really?

PETER: I doubt she even remembers me.

ANDREW: But you remember her.

PETER: Yea. But it doesn't matter now. She made her choices.

ANDREW: She's gonna be different now.

PETER: No, she's not!

ANDREW: She's met him now.

PETER: So he says—don't sin and she's just going to stop?

ANDREW: He also said, "you find them something to eat." And "why don't you cast on this side of the boat?" ... oh and "wind, rain—be still."

*(PETER is stopped, has nothing to say, is somewhat chagrined.)*

ANDREW: Done. *(Turns it around, PETER and the audience can now see it.)*

PETER: *(Is impressed dispute himself.)* Pretty good.

ANDREW: Yea. It's still probably a stone's throw away.

THE END

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