

**What's-her-face**  
by Justin Street  
**Scripture reference: John 4:1-26**

CHARACTER

*Gossipy*

Did you see? She's back. You know. *Heeerrrr*. That woman. You know. The one who...

*pulls face*

Well. You know I don't talk about other people's business. Anyway, she's back. Just like that. Showed up right in the market, like nothing ever happened.

*beat*

Well, no. Like *something* happened, obviously. Cause she is not the same woman. I mean, of course it's the same woman, but... well you know what I mean. But she just came back like she didn't do what she did.

*beat*

I mean, literally like she didn't do what she did. Like it never happened. Boom. Clean slate.

*beat*

I hear she's really getting herself together.

*Sarcastically*

Well, good for her. Must be nice, right? I mean, how you can just do whatever you want for years, and blow your whole life up and the lives of people around you, and you take your lumps like a grownup, get shunned by the community — totally deserved, by the way — and it's not like we cast her out into the desert. We didn't say she couldn't go to the well when the rest of us do, she *chose* to go in the hottest part of the day, precisely because we *weren't* there — that's on her.

*beat*

I mean, I get it. I probably would've done the same thing, if I'd done the same thing — which I totally would *not* have done! I'm not saying I'm perfect. I'm just saying that I wouldn't have done that.

And if I *had*, you better believe that I would have carried that with me until the day I *died*. I might've moved away. That's what she should've done, honestly. It's the easiest for everyone, really. It's the responsible thing to do, not that responsibility is what she's known for. All I'm saying is that you would *not* see me. Uh-uh. Nope. Not in this town. You know how people can be.

I've done things I'm not proud of, but nothing like what she's done — so to see her just so... so... free?

*beat*

*Heavily*

I know the mistakes I've made, and I carry them with me. Every. Day. That's what you're *supposed* to do.

*beat*

Right?