

FISH-EYES: THE COMPLETE SCRIPT

Created by Ted Swartz and Lee Eshleman

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PRODUCTION NOTES

CHARACTERS

PETER: A disciple of Jesus

ANDREW: His brother, also a disciple of Jesus.

TIME

The first century, although speech patterns and dialogue are modern. The play takes place over three years.

PLACE

There are exterior and interior scenes, which can be indicated by symbolic set pieces.

PROPERTIES

A number of the properties work best if mimed, specifically the fishing nets (cleaning, casting, pulling in), the oars (rowing), the footwashing basin, the baskets of loaves and fishes, the door to the upper room. The boat can be suggested by two simple benches. For all props, timelessness and simplicity work best (i.e. simple wooden chairs are much better than orange plastic ones). Props are listed at the beginning of each scene.

COSTUMING

Simplicity and easy motion in the costumes are paramount. The characters are poor fishermen. A simple base costume of short-sleeved shirt and pants (perhaps suspenders) will suffice, plus a jacket to add on for the wedding scene (Scene 2) and/or last supper scene (Scene 9).

OTHER

Jesus, other disciples, and guests at the wedding are related to by Peter and Andrew, but are never seen. Actors should agree before the performance where each of these imaginary characters will stand. For a consistent approach, the sounds of the bird at Peter's third denial (Scene 12) and the knock at the door in the upper room (Scene 13) are also implied, rather than created by sound effects.

Transitions between scenes can be accomplished with light cues or simply by turning full back between scenes. The right music can also be very effective in creating mood and transition.

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FISH-EYES: THE COMPLETE SCRIPT

SCENE 1: THE CALL

Scripture text: Luke 5

Setting: A fishing dock. Morning.

Props: 2 wooden chairs with backs

Length: 5 minutes

(PETER and ANDREW enter. PETER is angry.)

PETER: Do you believe that guy?

ANDREW: Leave it go, Peter.

PETER: I mean he doesn't have to be that rude.

ANDREW: Peter...

PETER: How many times have we eaten there?

ANDREW: I don't know.

PETER: I'll tell you ... A lot. We've eaten there a lot. Well, never again.

ANDREW: Peter, we didn't have any money.

PETER: I know we didn't have any money! Sometimes I really hate fishing, you know that?

(PETER begins to pull nets for cleaning and repair.)

ANDREW: No, you don't.

PETER: Yes I do!

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(ANDREW throws his hands up.)

ANDREW: So we didn't catch anything last night. I mean it's not like it's our fault. We were in a not spot.

PETER: A what?

ANDREW: A not spot. A spot where the fish are not ... is a not spot. As in "this is a not spot, we may as well go back, we'll never catch anything here." *(He stretches the net out and regards it.)* Holy ... look at this net! What makes a hole that size?

PETER: Not fish, that's for sure.

ANDREW: Tell me about it.

PETER: I mean, we must have cast, what, 60 times last night?

ANDREW: Sixty-six. I was counting. The first time we cast I thought, "Okay, that's one." Then the next time I thought, "Two." Then three, then four, but on the fifth one I had to make a little angular mark because it's like a subset or a little bundle of sticks—

(He discovers PETER staring at him.)

PETER: Whatever. The point is, Andrew, we catch fish, we sell them. We don't catch fish, we don't sell them. Being a fisherman and all, I find that's important.

ANDREW: Okay, fine.

PETER: Would you look at all the holes in this net?

ANDREW: Look at all the muck in this net.

PETER: You take the muck, I'll take the holes.

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ANDREW: Right. *(They work for a moment. Andrew starts to chuckle.)* This reminds me of a joke. Chuck told me this one. There's this guy who wants to sell a donkey so he goes to market on a Saturday—

PETER: What kind of donkey?

ANDREW: I don't know. Anyhow, leaning against a post there's a lawyer, a tax collector, and a rabbi.

PETER: How old was the donkey?

ANDREW: I don't know.

PETER: Why not?

ANDREW: It doesn't matter.

PETER: Of course it does. That's how you tell the value of the donkey. How old was the donkey?

ANDREW: I don't think the humor hinges on the value of the donkey.

PETER: Sure it does!

ANDREW: How do you know? You haven't even heard it yet!

PETER: Chuck told you this joke?

ANDREW: Yeah...

PETER: He obviously doesn't know how to tell a joke.

ANDREW: Well now I've lost my momentum.

PETER: You never had any!

ANDREW: Why do I bother?

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PETER: *(Seeing a figure approaching)* Andy, who's this comin'?

ANDREW: I dunno. I've never seen him before.

PETER: Tell you what. You like to talk so much, you talk to him.

ANDREW: Good morning. What? No, as a matter of fact we didn't have a very good night. But thanks for asking. It's nice to be reminded of that pleasant memory. *(Laughing)* You're joking, right? That's what we did all night. In fact we cast 66 times and didn't catch anything. What makes you think we should go back out and—wait a minute! Is this some sort of promotion? Are you selling something? We have everything we need here. *(Pauses to listen, then to PETER)* He says he hasn't fished that much himself.

PETER: So what makes you think we should go back out?

ANDREW: Do you have some sort of hot tip on an immigration influx of mackerel?

PETER: Listen, I'm tired. You wanna catch some fish, you go out and put down a net.

ANDREW: You're really serious about this, aren't you? How's that? Wait a minute. Do I know you? Why exactly do you think ... why should I? ... Peter.

PETER: I'm going home.

ANDREW: Peter, wait a minute. *(Motions him over; quietly)* I think we should go back out.

PETER: You would. Tell you what. You and your new friend here wanna go, go right ahead. I'm tired; I'm going home.

ANDREW: I think we should go back out and cast again.

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PETER: Hey, Andy! I said I'm not interested. *(Turns back to Jesus)* Look, you said you didn't fish. So don't be telling us how to fish. If there were fish out there, we would've gotten them. If there were 10 fish out there, if there were five ... if there was one stinking lousy fish out there I think we...

(He is suddenly silent, transfixed by Jesus.)

ANDREW: I think we should go back out and cast again.

PETER: Okay. *(Begins to turn)* Andrew, who was that?

(ANDREW laughs; then they both turn to watch the departing figure in a mix of puzzlement and wonder.)

Scene 2: DRESSING

Scripture text: John 2

Setting: Inside a bedroom. Two days later.

Props: costuming: socks, shoes, jacket, etc.

Length: 1 minute

(PETER and ANDREW are dressing for a wedding.)

ANDREW: Is this jacket okay?

PETER: The jacket's fine. Have you seen my other sock?

ANDREW: You didn't even look at the jacket.

PETER: The jacket's fine. I love the jacket. I couldn't be happier about the jacket. Have you seen my other sock?

ANDREW: Look out in the hall.

(PETER checks in the hall.)

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PETER: There's no sock out there.

ANDREW: Well I don't know where else to... *(Discovers a sock in his pocket, hands it to PETER, who begins to put it on.)* I guess I thought it was a handkerchief. *(PETER reacts in mid action.)* I didn't use it. *(Pause)* I don't think. *(Again PETER does a take.)* I'm sure it's dry by now anyway. Come on, hurry up. If there's one thing I hate, it's being late for a wedding.

PETER: You know what I hate? Weddings. Andrew, tell me again: Why are we going to a wedding?

ANDREW: Because he asked us to.

PETER: So from now on you're going to do everything he asks you to?

ANDREW: Yeah, I think. Aren't you?

PETER: I don't know.

ANDREW: Well, it worked out pretty well last time.

PETER: I guess.

ANDREW: You guess?

PETER: A guess ... a wedding ... so what are we giving them?

ANDREW: A fish.

PETER: A what?!

ANDREW: A fish.

PETER: We're giving them a fish.

ANDREW: Yeah. We had a lot of them. What?

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PETER: We're giving them a fish.

ANDREW: I wrapped it nicely. Come on!

Scene 3: THE RECEIVING LINE

Scripture text: John 2

Setting: At the receiving line of a wedding. Later the same day.

Props: 2 goblets

Length: 6 minutes

ANDREW: *(Moving down the receiving line, shaking hands)* Hello. How are you? Hi. I'm Andrew and this is my big brother Peter. Hello. And you must be the mother of the bride. You can just tell. Oh, it was a beautiful wedding. All the symbolism and—Pete, wasn't it a beautiful wedding?

PETER: *(To bride's mother)* Well ... it was a wedding. They went ahead and did it. I'm sorry? Oh, no ma'am, we're not with the bride or groom. We're with Jesus.

ANDREW: Yes. We didn't receive invitations as such. We were "called".

PETER: Yes, we're with Jesus. It's this new group we're in.

ANDREW: It's a gathering. A kind of...

PETER: It's a new club. No, it isn't a club. Help me out, I'm dying here...

ANDREW: Well, we're with Jesus and... *(Pause)* We're with Jesus.

PETER: I'm sorry? Well, there's the two of us here, James and John. You might know Zebedee's boys... *(Counting)* Eleven, there's 11 of us.

ANDREW: There's 12.

PETER: What?

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ANDREW: There's 12.

PETER: Really?

ANDREW: Sure, there's the four of us here, Bart's group over by the chip dip, and those four that just joined up, I think one of them's a tax collector.

PETER: Really?

ANDREW: Yea.

TOGETHER: Ohhhh

PETER: There's 12. *(Hearing another question)* What are we going to be doing? *(Pause, then to ANDREW)* What are we going to be doing?

ANDREW: *(Pause, then to bride's mother)* We're with Jesus. Have you ever met him? He's ... yeah he's *(Discovering him and waving)* over there by those big water jars. He's with his mother. You really should— *(PETER is tugging his sleeve.)* We have to keep moving. It was nice to have met you. *(They move down the line. ANDREW stops.)* What are they up to?

PETER: Who?

ANDREW: Jesus and his mother.

PETER: I don't know; she's been at him for a while. *(They shrug.)*

ANDREW: Ah and here's the couple of the hour. *(Shaking groom's hand)* Congratulations buddy! May I kiss the bride? Ah. *(Shakes her hand)*

PETER: Those 11 olive branches around the altar were a nice touch.

ANDREW: Pete, there were six per side, so...

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PETER: Hmm?

ANDREW: Never mind. Oh, you liked our gift? I'm glad. Well, I realize that some may find such a gift ... unusual. But, well, that's an unusual fish. Well, how we got the fish was unusual, the fish itself may not be so unusual except that we gave you the best one—I don't mean to say it isn't special—but see, we're fisherman, that's what we do, we were in this not spot all night and nothin', just nothin', and then Jesus comes along the next morning and—have you ever met him? He's standing over there with his mother. If you haven't met him, you really should get over there and... (*PETER pokes him in the side.*) So anyhow, to make a story exactly the same length, Jesus tells us to throw the nets out there again, so we did and it was just as smooth as before ... then foom!, boy there was fish everywhere ... fins and gills and gelatinous eyes.... They're practically leaping into the boat and I went over trying to haul them in ... I hope you enjoy your fish. Actually it hearkens back to an old saying of mother's: there's always room for mackerel. (*Big laugh. Discovers PETER staring at him.*) Mom was a bit off her nut. (*beat*)

PETER: We gotta go.

Scene 4: THE RECEPTION

Scripture: John 2

Setting: At the wedding reception. Later the same day.

Props: 2 goblets

Time: 3 minutes

(*PETER and ANDREW stand together at the reception. They now have goblets in hand.*)

ANDREW: So Peter, you can back me up here. Just telling Philip about Mom. She always knew what to say. Like after that bad break-up she looks me right in the eye and says: "Oh, Andrew. You know she's not the only one in the fish."

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PETER: I gotta get more wine. Steward!

(PETER takes a few steps away from ANDREW and, as ANDREW speaks, raises his glass as if to say "more", then drops it back again in disappointment.)

ANDREW: "She's not the only fish IN THE SEA." That's it. Cause if she was IN the fish ... whew! I mean, that would give a whole new meaning to the word "chum," wouldn't it?

PETER: Oh, that's great. They're out of wine. You guys out of wine? Yeah? Thomas, you know these people. You think they'll bring some more? You doubt it. ... That's it, we're going.

ANDREW: What? We just got here.

PETER: We're going.

ANDREW: No, I don't want to go.

PETER: These are not my kind of people. I feel stupid being here. And they're out of wine.

ANDREW: Don't you feel like there's a reason we're here? Like we're supposed to be here?

PETER: We are not supposed to be here.

ANDREW: Then why are you here?

PETER: I guess it's the fish.

ANDREW: It's not the fish. It's him.

PETER: Oh, please.

ANDREW: I just knew from the moment I saw him standing on the dock that there was something about him. There was a feeling, a glow...

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PETER: A glow? I'm at a wedding because he has a glow?

ANDREW: There's something about him.

PETER: Fine. There's something about him. Now what?

ANDREW: He's gonna make us fishers of men.

PETER: And what does that mean?

ANDREW: I have no idea.

PETER: *(Accepting more wine)* Yes I would, thank you. Well neither do I. This whole thing feels like a stupid impulse to me.

ANDREW: Pete, have you tasted this wine? It's really good. It's got a robust bouquet, a long oaky finish.

PETER: Wow, this is a lot better than the last stuff they had.

ANDREW: Exactly. ...That stuff they were serving right before when they...

BOTH: *(Together)* Ran out.

(They look back where Jesus was, then back at each other. ANDREW raises the glass and PETER toasts it. They look back at Jesus.)

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Scene 5: THE DAY AFTER THE DAY ON THE MOUNT

Scripture text: Matthew 5-7

Setting: Inside. Several months later.

Props: sketchbook, guitar

Length: 5-6 minutes

(PETER strums guitar as ANDREW leafs through pages of his sketchbook.)

PETER: Hey Andy, listen. I got a song for you.

ANDREW: Really.

PETER: About the sermon yesterday.

ANDREW: That's a big topic for a song.

PETER: Well, I'm hoping it'll be a big song. *(Sings)* "Oh, he taught for two or three hours, I kinda lost count. But he had us all spellbound, with the sermon on the hill."

ANDREW: You know what I think. I think you should cut your right hand off. ... It's causing you to sin.

PETER: Very funny. You know you try to make art and—

ANDREW: Hey, those aren't my words.

PETER: Whose were they?

ANDREW: Jesus.

PETER: Really?

ANDREW: Yeah, see I had some blank pages in the back of my sketchbook and I was writing down everything he said because I think we're gonna need to know it later on.

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PETER: Really?

ANDREW: Oh yeah. That was a major address. Did you notice how he quoted all the old masters but then put this new spin on everything? Definite keeper material.

PETER: You think so?

ANDREW: Yes, I do.

PETER: See, I was thinking if he really wanted us to remember it he would have used that standard tag line: "He who has ears, let him hear."

ANDREW: No, I think he wants us to know it.

PETER: All of it?

ANDREW: Yes.

PETER: All of it?

ANDREW: What are you getting at?

PETER: Well, he did go on for a while. Do you think he'll test us on it?

ANDREW: He might. Just you.

PETER: All of it?

ANDREW: You keep saying that. Of course all of it.

PETER: Well, I didn't get all of it. I sorta faded during the latter part of the middle.

ANDREW: Faded?

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PETER: Yeah, it was around that part about saving up moth and rust for ourselves.

ANDREW: No, that's not right. It's "Don't save up treasure for yourselves, where moth and rust will destroy."

PETER: Makes a lot more sense that way. That's about the time I faded out. Hey, I know the preamble, though.

ANDREW: The what?

PETER: The preamble to the sermon. I've got that locked right up here.

ANDREW: Well, there's certainly a lot of room up there. ... So you could give me the gist.

PETER: I'm not talkin' gist. I mean the whole thing. Right up here.

ANDREW: You memorized it?

PETER: Yeah.

ANDREW: Word for word?

PETER: That's what memorization is.

ANDREW: You?

PETER: You don't believe me.

ANDREW: Of course I do. Why would you lie about such a thing?

PETER: All right smart guy, I'll show you. Hold the book on me.

ANDREW: *(Flips through the book)* Okay.

PETER: Ready?

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ANDREW: Anytime you're ready.

PETER: The Preamble to the Sermon on the Hill. (*Anguished pause*) Could you give me the first word?

ANDREW: Blessed.

PETER: Blessed. (*Pause*) Blessed?

ANDREW: They all start with "blessed".

PETER: They do?

ANDREW: Except for the woes.

PETER: The woes.

ANDREW: Woes.

PETER: "Woe—"

ANDREW: Whoa!

PETER: Woe!

ANDREW: No, no.

PETER: Woe no, no.

ANDREW: No, whoa as in horse.

PETER: Woe to the horse.

ANDREW: No it's blessed.

PETER: Blessed is the horse.

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ANDREW: Just stop a second—

PETER: Stop the horse.

ANDREW: Have mercy.

PETER: Have mercy on the horse.

ANDREW: *(Covers PETER's mouth)* There is no horse. Unbridle the horse and let it run free. Let's take it back at the top with that very first word. *(PETER can't remember it.)* Blessed.

PETER: Blessed

ANDREW: are

PETER: are

ANDREW: the

PETER: the

ANDREW: poor

PETER: poor

ANDREW: in

PETER: in

ANDREW: *(Hinting)* sssss

PETER: ssss

ANDREW: SssP!

PETER: SssP!

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ANDREW: Spiiiiiiiiir

PETER: Spiiiiiiir.... Spiiiiiiir... SPEAR! Blessed are the poor in spear, for they shall have a quiverfull.

ANDREW: Let me see if that's right. Oh, no it's not. It's *spirit*.

BOTH: Blessed are the poor in spirit

ANDREW: for

PETER: for

ANDREW: theirs

PETER: theirs

ANDREW: is

PETER: is

ANDREW: the

PETER: the

ANDREW: kingdom

PETER: kingdom

ANDREW: of

PETER: of

ANDREW: heaven.

PETER: heaven! See I got it.

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ANDREW: Yeah, that's the first of NINE.

PETER: It is? Well, once you got that first word...

ANDREW: Oh, I dunno ... BLESSED?

PETER: And then you just take it from there.

ANDREW: That's very impressive. I owe you an apology.

PETER: That's okay.

ANDREW: Maybe you should study some more.

(PETER glances through the pages)

PETER: Well, that's never gonna work.

ANDREW: What?

PETER: This.

ANDREW: You'll have to tell me.

PETER: Love your enemy, do good to those who do you wrong.

ANDREW: What about it?

PETER: It's never gonna work.

ANDREW: Well, not for you.

PETER: Meaning?

ANDREW: You can't get along with you friends, let alone your enemies.

PETER: That's harsh.

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ANDREW: But true.

PETER: But true ... never gonna work.

ANDREW: That's assuming you know what he has in mind when he says 'love your enemies'.

PETER: And you do?

ANDREW: Do what?

PETER: Understand what he has in mind.

ANDREW: He has this way of turning everything on its head, turning everything back on itself, so you find yourself looking at the situation from a completely different angle.

PETER: So you know what he means?

ANDREW: Are you kidding? Nobody knows what he means.

PETER: Never gonna work.

ANDREW: I guess we'll see.

(Pause)

PETER: He also said this?

ANDREW: Now what?

PETER: When you give alms don't announce it. Instead, when you give alms don't let your left hand know what your right hand is doing ... so that your giving may be done in secret.

ANDREW: Yea?

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PETER: Well, that's stupid.

ANDREW: How do you mean?

PETER: I mean, isn't that why we do acts of good, so people can see us?
You ever do that?

ANDREW: One time.

PETER: One time?

ANDREW: There was this beggar downtown, and I bought him lunch. And then I didn't tell anyone. That was a totally right-handed bit of alms giving. Nobody knows I did that ... well, except for you now.

PETER: Except for me.

ANDREW: But this left-hand/right hand stuff is tricky. I like to be seen with Jesus. I like it when we go to a secret place to pray, and people see us go. And when the paralytic dances, the water turns into wine, all the hoopla. But it just keeps spiraling. Like, why am I telling you this? Because I'm seeking? Or am I just trying to impress you? I don't know.

PETER: What makes you think you can impress me?

ANDREW: Well, that's true.

(Pause)

PETER: Hey Andy, remember this?

ANDREW: Oh yeah.

(PETER closes the book and indicates that they can do this by memory together.)

PETER: Our father who's in heaven. We honor your name.

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ANDREW: Your kingdom come and your will be done, right here on earth as it is in heaven.

PETER and ANDREW:

Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our

PETER ANDREW
debts trespasses

PETER and ANDREW:

(Exchange puzzled looks) ... as we forgive...

PETER ANDREW
our debtors those who trespass against us

PETER: And don't lead us into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

ANDREW: Because yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.

BOTH: *(clasping hands)* Amen.

Scene 6: THE FEEDING AND THE BOATRIDE

Scripture: Matthew 14

Setting: On a hillside. Several months later.

Props: two chairs placed to form imaginary boat, one behind the other

Time: 15-16 minutes

(PETER and ANDREW are in poses of boredom and exhaustion.)

PETER: Does he know what time it is?

ANDREW: I don't know. How long's he been talking?

PETER: Three days.

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ANDREW: Someone should talk to him.

PETER: I agree. Someone should talk to him.

ANDREW: I think SOMEONE should talk to him.

PETER: I'm not gonna talk to him.

ANDREW: Well, I'm not gonna talk to him.

PETER: I'm not gonna do it.

ANDREW: Well, I'm sure not gonna do it. Sometimes I don't even think he speaks our language. What if I go up there and he starts talking in those preables again? Because I don't-

PETER: Parables. Andrew, they're called parables.

ANDREW: Whatever! The point is they don't make sense. "A good measure pressed down, shaken up and running out over the mustard seeds with the yeast of the Pharisees. What's that supposed to mean: "Yeast of the Pharisees"?"

PETER: I don't know. You know what gets to me is when he uses numbers. You know how I am with numbers. I've got a little problem with numbers. I think he knows it, too.

ANDREW: Yeah?

PETER: Yeah, he looks at me like I'm supposed to know this stuff: "Hey Pete: 144." I hate that.

ANDREW: You know what gets to me is when he draws. Somebody asks a great question, everybody leans forward to see what he'll say, and he's down here doodling in the dirt. It's embarrassing. Sometimes I just want to kind of slide up there and... *(Erases it with his foot)*

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PETER: Okay. Okay. I'll talk to him this time but you have got to talk to him next time.

ANDREW: Deal. *(They shake.)* Fisherman shake? *(Special handshake)*

PETER: *(Moves down stage center, to Jesus)* Uh, Jesus. Can we have a word with you? Oh, it won't take long and then you can get right back to it. Well, it's just this Lord: it's getting toward supper time, these people have been here all day, and we were thinking maybe you should send them all home so they could get something to eat. *(Pause)* Beg pardon?

(Runs back to ANDREW.)

ANDREW: What did he say?

PETER: He said WE should give them something to eat.

ANDREW: Riiiiiiight. Us. There are thousands people here. With what?

PETER: *(To Jesus.)* With what? We should find something.
(to ANDREW) He said we should find something.

ANDREW: What does it mean?

PETER: I think it means we should find something.

ANDREW: Are you sure it's not a preable? Cause he may be—

PETER: It's not a parable. He uses a different tone of voice for parables.

ANDREW: So what, we're supposed to literally find something? I don't have anything.

PETER: You go that way and I'll go this way.

(PETER and ANDREW go out into the audience, asking people for food. They accept anything that's offered, then go back up on stage.)

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PETER: Did you get anything?

ANDREW: Yeah, a few things. How about you?

PETER: About the same.

ANDREW: Oh, here's a late entry. Thanks, Phil.

PETER: Well, the basket's cute, but that still ain't much. *(To Jesus)* What? Yes, we've been out there. Collecting that food. What do we have? Well we've got these loaves of bread, a couple of fish, *(Filling in some of the items collected)* Oh, we should bless it? I guess we should. *(They set it all down and bow their heads, glancing up occasionally to sneak a peek at Jesus and the food.)* Amen.

ANDREW: Amen.

PETER: Oh, we should pass it out now. All of it? *(Pause)* No, I didn't think it was funny either, Lord. He says we should make a line and he's gonna break it and we're gonna pass it out.

ANDREW: Well, this shouldn't take very long.

(They form a fire brigade line and begin passing out the food. They think they are done. More comes. They are incredulous. Finally they are laughing and amazed.)

PETER: Andy, we've got bread!

ANDREW: We've got bread!

PETER: We've got fish!

ANDREW: We've got fish!

PETER: Keep it going! *(Finally ANDREW slows down.)* What?

ANDREW: Tell Jesus, the people are fed up.

Purchasing this script grants performance

PETER: I don't think I can say it like that.

ANDREW: Just look ... everybody has something.

PETER: Lord, we've got enough. *(Listens; laughs hysterically)*

ANDREW: What did he say?

PETER: The leftovers.

ANDREW: What about the leftovers?

PETER: He says we're supposed to pick up the leftovers.

ANDREW: *(Laughs)* That's a good one.

(They both laugh. PETER stops abruptly.)

PETER: You're not kidding are you? He says we're supposed to pick up the leftovers in baskets.

ANDREW: I'm not even gonna ask.

PETER: I wouldn't.

(They go out into the house, asking that the audience return all leftovers. They return, placing the imaginary baskets upstage.)

PETER: All done, Lord. How many baskets are there? Oh good, numbers. *(Counts)* Eleven.

ANDREW: There's 12.

PETER: What?

ANDREW: There's three rows with four baskets each, so you multiply.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

PETER: Twelve. There's 12, Lord. (*Listens*) And what does it mean?

BOTH: Auuuuuuuuugh!

ANDREW: Why can't 12 just be 12?

PETER: Does everything have to be a teachable moment with this guy?

ANDREW: It's just a number. Wait, Peter. There's 12 baskets.

PETER: I got that.

ANDREW: And there's 12 of us. And there's 12 tribes of Israel. Twelve, 12 and 12. That's what it means. (*Raises hand*) Ooooooh. Call on us. Call on us. (*Ducks behind PETER*) You tell him.

PETER: Jesus, try this one on. There's 12 baskets. There's 12 of us. And there are 12 tribes of Israel. (*Listens*) And what does THAT mean?

BOTH: Auuuuuuuuugh!

PETER: Where does he think we're gonna get the information to fill in his blanks?

ANDREW: I thought that was good. (*Pause*) Huddle.

PETER: Huddle. (*They huddle*)

ANDREW: I got it.... yeast of the Pharisees.

PETER: What's that have to do with it?

ANDREW: What do you make bread with?

PETER: Not just yeast.

ANDREW: So what? Baking powder of the Pharisees?

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

PETER: You know, I'll bet it's a fig tree thing.

ANDREW: What?

PETER: He hates fig trees. Everywhere we go, we got dead fig trees.

ANDREW: *(After a pause)* Let's just go with the usual.

TOGETHER: *(To Jesus)* We don't know. *(Listen)* What? You want us to get in the boat?

ANDREW: Are you gonna come with us?

PETER: You'll catch up.

(Slow take to each other.)

ANDREW: Does he have his own boat?

PETER: Just get in the boat.

(They step into the boat and begin to row. ANDREW looks up.)

ANDREW: Why are we doing this?

PETER: I just do as I'm told.

ANDREW: Look up ahead. We're heading right into a storm.

PETER: It doesn't look good does it?

ANDREW: No. We should turn around and go back.

PETER: Hey, I just do as I'm told. He says pick up the bread, I pick up the bread. He says get in the boat, I get in the boat. He says row, I just row.

Purchasing this script grants performance

(They row for a time. PETER sees, but doesn't see, something out on the water. He looks again. Rows very slowly. Finally reaches for ANDREW.) Andrew! (Taps ANDREW's head and then points. ANDREW does a double take.)

ANDREW: Just row!

(They begin to row furiously. They scream and huddle together, looking. PETER looks harder.)

PETER: Andrew.

ANDREW: What?

PETER: That's Jesus out there.

ANDREW: *(Relieved momentarily)* Phew!

(Then realizes this isn't any better. Jumps into PETER's lap.)

BOTH: AUUUUUUUUGGHHHHH!

PETER: He doesn't have a boat!

ANDREW: But he's catchin' up.

PETER: Walkin' on the water.

(PETER sees Jesus signal to him. Does the "who me?" gesture. Shakes his head no. And again, vigorously, then:) Okay, you stay there.

ANDREW: Peter you are not gonna actually–

PETER: Ssssssh!!!!

ANDREW: Peter, you can't swim!

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights

PETER: SSSSSSSSH!! *(He jumps out of the boat and begins a spongy walk.)* Jesus, I'm not sure we should be able to be doing this. *(He plunges. Jesus pulls him back up.)* Thanks, Lord, maybe we should just get back into the boat.

(ANDREW pulls him in.)

ANDREW: What did you think you were doing out there?

PETER: I don't know. It just seemed like a good idea at the time. Did you see? I had three steps!

ANDREW: Lord, get in the boat. *(Helps him in)* You really scared us.

(One last blow to the boat sends them reeling, then it is calm. They spin around, look at the sky, amazed. Look at Jesus.)

PETER: How did you do that?

ANDREW: *(To Peter)* How did you do that?

Scene 7: "DON'T TELL ANYONE"

Scripture: Matthew 17

Setting: A bedroom. A few weeks later.

Props: Sketchbook, clothing to pack/sack or suitcase to pack in

Time: 5-6 minutes

(ANDREW is in the room, sketching. PETER storms in, opens a drawer in the bureau, begins throwing clothes in an old duffle bag.)

ANDREW: Hello.

PETER: Yeah.

ANDREW: What's with you?

Purchasing this script grants performance

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and duplication rights.

PETER: Nothing.

ANDREW: Really?

PETER: Yeah.

ANDREW: What's the matter?

PETER: Nothing.

ANDREW: Yeah, you said. What are you doing?

PETER: I'm packing. I'm done. I'm quitting.

ANDREW: No you're not.

PETER: I'm done. I've had it.

ANDREW: Just like that.

PETER: Just like that.

ANDREW: Peter, what happened to you?

PETER: Can't talk about it.

ANDREW: What?

PETER: I can't talk about.

ANDREW: What do you mean?

PETER: He told us we can't tell anybody.

ANDREW: He says that all the time. It doesn't include me.

(PETER opens his mouth to say something, shuts it abruptly.)

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

PETER: I can't tell you.

ANDREW: Yes, you can.

PETER: All right then, I'm not going to tell you.

ANDREW: You weren't trying to walk across a pond or anything were you?

PETER: Very funny.

ANDREW: C'mon Peter, please?

(Pause)

PETER: All right. James, John, and me went with him up the mountain.

ANDREW: Yeah...

PETER: And we get up to the top, *(Sheepishly, haltingly)* and his clothes turn white, and then there was Elijah and Moses.

ANDREW: Moses? The Moses?

PETER: Yes, Moses!

ANDREW: And Elijah?

PETER: Isn't that what I said?

ANDREW: All these years we've been setting a chair at the table and he shows up on a mountain.

PETER: If you don't want to be serious...

ANDREW: Okay, sorry. So, what did you do?

Purchasing this script grants performance

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and duplication rights.

PETER: I can't tell you.

ANDREW: Peter!

PETER: Promise you won't laugh.

ANDREW: Promise.

PETER: Swear to God?

ANDREW: I can't do that.

PETER: What?

ANDREW: I can't do that.

PETER: What do you mean?

ANDREW: He told us we can't do that.

PETER: Okay, fine. You don't want to hear, fine. *(Turns to continue packing)*

ANDREW: Okay, okay, I promise.

PETER: All right. I said, "This is great, let's build three tents, one for you, one for Elijah, and one for Moses."

(ANDREW just looks at him, after a moment we can see the strain of trying not to laugh, finally he explodes in laughter.)

Sure, go ahead and laugh! What would you have said?

ANDREW: *(Still laughing)* I don't know.

PETER: That's right, you don't know! Nobody knows, nobody knows nothing.

Purchasing this script grants performance

ANDREW: Anything.

PETER: Whatever!

ANDREW: How did you know it was Moses?

PETER: I don't know, you just ... it was Moses.

ANDREW: What does it mean?

PETER: How should I know? I mean, Moses and Elijah are standing there and all he can say is "see that you don't tell anyone".

ANDREW: That's all he said?

PETER: Yeah, not to tell anyone until the son of man is raised from the dead.

ANDREW: Wait a minute. Raised from the dead? What does that mean?

PETER: Like he's gonna tell me. He doesn't ever really tell us what's going on. Everything has to be this big mystery.

ANDREW: So you're gonna quit.

PETER: Yeah, I mean why did he pick us for this job if we're so thick? It's obvious we don't have what it takes.

ANDREW: What does it take?

PETER: I don't know! Don't tell anyone? Is that some kind of joke? I mean, Andrew, right before our eyes he's just—it was like staring at the sun. He was like, glowing...

ANDREW: He had a glow?

Purchasing this script grants performance

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and duplication rights.

PETER: Can't he just TALK to us? Just tell us what's going on? Noooo. It's "the Son of Man must suffer this and the yeast of the Pharisees that and..."

ANDREW: Peter-

PETER: He says "Follow me", and then doesn't give us any answers...I mean, I don't care if he claims to be the Son of God-

ANDREW: He does.

PETER: If he says "Oh ye of little faith one more time" I'm gonna just pop him!

ANDREW: Hey! (*Grabs him*)

PETER:

(*ANDREW is holding PETER firmly, looking into his eyes.*)

ANDREW: Moses and Elijah showed up.

PETER: Yeah?

ANDREW: You saw them. You heard them.

PETER: Yeah?

ANDREW: You don't find that remarkable?

PETER: Well, yeah.

ANDREW: And he walked on the water.

PETER: Yeah.

ANDREW: YOU walked on the water. (*A beat*) Well, off you go. Be sure and write. Need any help with the bags?

Purchasing this script grants performance

(PETER says nothing but begins to unpack his bag. He turns to ANDREW.)

PETER: He had a glow.

[He exits. ANDREW holds up the sketch book with sign on it that says Intermission.]

INTERMISSION

Scene 8: THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

Scripture: Matthew 21

Setting: Outside, Jerusalem. A year later.

Props: 2 chairs, sunglasses

Time: 3 minutes

(PETER and ANDREW stand on chairs, wearing sunglasses, waving.)

ANDREW: Helloooo, Jerusalem. *(To PETER)* You know you're not doing the proper parade wave, don't you?

PETER: What are you talking about?

ANDREW: You're supposed to hold your hand aloft and then make the slightest of motions, elbow, elbow, wrist, wrist, like this.

PETER: That looks dorky.

ANDREW: Just the same, royalty does this to keep from tiring.

PETER: Tiring? How long are we supposed to be doing this?

Purchasing this script grants performance

and duplication rights.

ANDREW: I don't know. It could be hours. I can't even see the end of this crowd. And there's people out there throwing down olive branches and sweatshirts on the road for us. I love being a disciple. *(Looks down)* Sure. No I've got a pen. *(Signs an autograph; looks at PETER)* That's still not right. You look like you're milking a camel.

PETER: *(After trying out some decidedly uninspired versions of the parade wave)* I'm not sure this was such a good idea.

ANDREW: That's true. It was a GREAT idea.

PETER: No, listen to me. I think it would have been better if we'd come in at night.

ANDREW: Right. Better visibility. C'mon! Enjoy this. This doesn't happen every day.

PETER: Andrew, I think it would be better if nobody knew we were here.

ANDREW: You're serious, aren't you?

PETER: Yes, I am.

ANDREW: Do me a favor. Open up your eyes. Look out there. These people love us. Everybody loves us.

PETER: No Andrew, that's my point. Not everybody does.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights

Scene 9: THE LAST SUPPER

Scripture: Matthew 26

Setting: Interior. Four days later.

Props: A plank 5-7 feet long, 6-10 inches wide; 2 barstools on which to set plank, sketchbook. goblets

Time: 6-7 minutes

(ANDREW and PETER look incredulously around. As they discuss, they set down two barstools with the plank stretched across, to form one half of the "table.")

ANDREW: Will you look at this place? It's disgusting. This is no place for a dinner.

PETER: Once again, I'm just following orders. He says find a guy carrying water and he'll show you where to have dinner.

ANDREW: Oh, then I'm sure we're at the right place. With specific directions like that. Find a guy carrying water. It doesn't get much more rock solid than that, does it?

PETER: This is the place.

ANDREW: Yeah? Well, we're gonna have to totally rearrange this place. I don't picture it like this at all.

PETER: What do you mean picture it?

ANDREW: I was hoping you'd ask. (*Produces a sketch in his sketchbook*) I've been working on this all day. It's a little seating chart for dinner. Where people sit, what elements we use, the whole shebang.

PETER: With suggested facial expressions and hand gestures, I see. And you got us all sitting in a line here. I hate that. You can't talk to anybody when you sit in a line. And what's this—these architectural lines converging dramatically in a vanishing point behind his head. What's that? This place doesn't look like that.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

ANDREW: I know. Dramatic effect.

PETER: Dramatic effect. What's this disc behind his head? What's that thing?

ANDREW: That's a symbol.

PETER: Andy, you drew him with a beard. He doesn't have a beard.

ANDREW: I know.

PETER: You know? He doesn't have long hair either. He hates it. Gets all tangly.

ANDREW: I know.

PETER: You know?

ANDREW: Of course. I just like to draw him this way. I think it might catch on.

PETER: The whole thing's ludicrous. The whole shebang.

ANDREW: Yeah? Well just the same I'd like to remember him and us just like this.

PETER: What do you mean remember him?

ANDREW: Oh, apparently someone hasn't been listening.

PETER: To what?

ANDREW: It's nothing. Forget it.

PETER: Listening to what?

ANDREW: To what he says. "Tear down this temple and I will rebuild it in three days." Do you have any idea what that means?

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

PETER: No.

ANDREW: Neither do I. But I have this feeling that we're moving very rapidly toward something.

PETER: Yeah, the end of the week.

ANDREW: He also said, "It is written. I will strike the shepherd and the sheep of the flock will be scattered." Do you know what THAT means?

PETER: No.

ANDREW: Neither do I. C'mon, help me move this table.

PETER: Andy, I am not going to sit in a line.

ANDREW: Could you just trust me on this? Have I ever let you down? (*PETER gives him a look.*) Recently? C'mon, let's just try it and if you don't like it we can put it back.

PETER: Okay.

ANDREW: Let me just show you why this is so perfect. See Jesus will be in the middle, we'll flank him six per side. I've got James and John together here so they can't argue about who's on the left and who's on the right.

PETER: Good idea.

ANDREW: I thought so.

PETER: Who's this on the end?

ANDREW: You can't tell?

PETER: No.

Purchasing this script grants performance

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and duplication rights.

ANDREW: That's Judas?

PETER: It is?

ANDREW: He's hard to draw.

PETER: Why's he on the end?

ANDREW: I dunno. He just said he wants to be on the end. And we're here. Would you mind helping me see what that will look like?

PETER: How do you want me to hold my hands?

ANDREW: I picture you being declaratory. Making a bold statement. We know you for your pithy wisdom.

PETER: We do?

ANDREW: Yes. So let your body reflect that.

PETER: Let my body reflect "pithy wisdom". I like pithy

ANDREW: Right. (*PETE strikes a pose straight out of DaVinci's Last Supper, finger thrust up in the air, with elbow on the table.*) That's great!

PETER: Is that good?

ANDREW: Yeah, now try putting this hand on the goblet. Great. One more thing. You need to look toward Jesus.

PETER: Oh, he's over here.

ANDREW: See, all of the elements converge on him.

PETER: Oh, that's good.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

ANDREW: Me, I'm going to be frightened. Afraid. Nervous. So I'll be more like this. (*Poses with hands up at shoulder level, palms toward audience, a frozen look of surprise on his face. They both hold for 5 seconds.*)...

Scene 10: FOOTWASHING

Scripture: John 13

Setting: Two hours later. Same place.

Props: 2 chairs

Time: 4 minutes

PETER: Andy.

ANDREW: Shh

PETER: Andrew.

ANDREW: Shhh

PETER: Did you get that? (*ANDREW nods assent.*) I didn't. (*Whistles and runs hand over head*)

ANDREW: Weren't you listening?

PETER: Yes, I was listening. I'm always listening. I just didn't get it.

ANDREW: It was a symbol.

PETER: A symbol.

ANDREW: Yes.

PETER: So what did it mean?

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

ANDREW: Remember how I said it felt like we were moving rapidly toward something?

PETER: Yes.

ANDREW: Well, we are; he's saying we are. And the wine and the bread... They're a lot larger. They mean more.

PETER: What do they mean?

ANDREW: I don't know exactly, but I do feel afraid.

PETER: Afraid of what?

ANDREW: I'm afraid I know what this drawing is about. I'm afraid it's about our last time together.

(ANDREW looks to Jesus, then takes off a shoe and sock.)

PETER: What are you doing?

ANDREW: I'm taking off my shoes.

PETER: Why?

ANDREW: He just said he wants us to take off our shoes.

PETER: Why?

ANDREW: I don't know why! It's a symbol.

PETER: Oh, it would be. See this is what I mean, Andrew. I'm just not getting him lately. He nails us for falling asleep, and the wine and the bread and now we're taking off our- *(Stands to face Jesus)* Oh no, Jesus, you're not gonna wash my feet. *(Listens)* Well, then all of me. My hands, my head. *(Listens)* Right, just the feet. *(To ANDREW)* He said just the feet.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

(PETER and ANDREW sit and in turn extend feet to be washed. PETER'S first foot tickles, the second is sobering. ANDREW'S feet are washed. They watch Jesus go. PETER turns and picks up the plank which forms the table. Holds it over his shoulders, full back, to symbolize the cross. ANDREW simultaneously pulls his jacket down to his wrists, full back, to symbolize the scourging.)

Scene 11: THE ARREST

Scripture: John 18

Setting: Later that night. Outside.

Time: 3 minutes

(PETER, alone, sees Jesus in trouble and shouts for ANDREW.)

PETER: Andy! Andrew!

ANDREW: *(Running in)* What is it, what's going on? *(Pulls PETER back)* Let's not do anything stupid. Let's watch from here.

PETER: What are all these soldiers doing here? Jesus is there. C'mon, Andy we gotta get him!

ANDREW: No we don't.

PETER: What do you mean "no we don't"? Come on! *(ANDREW grabs PETER and holds on.)* What are you doing? Let go of me!

ANDREW: Peter, we've got to stay right here.

PETER: Why?

ANDREW: Because he knows.

PETER: Knows what?

ANDREW: It's time.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights.

PETER: Time for what? (*PETER is starting to realize the truth in this.*)

ANDREW: Pete, it's his time.

PETER: (*Watching*) They're taking him. They're taking him. He didn't do anything. He just let them take him. You know he could have done something here. This is a man who casts out demons, he heals lepers, he could have—

ANDREW: He could have. He didn't.

PETER: Well, then we could have done something.

ANDREW: Like what?

PETER: We could have fought.

ANDREW: We would have all been killed.

PETER: Maybe that would have been better.

ANDREW: Better than what?

PETER: Better than watching him led away like a sheep to slaughter.

ANDREW: He knew.

PETER: You keep saying that. He knew. You tell me this. What kind of idiot knows he's gonna be arrested and probably killed and just lets it happen?

ANDREW: Oh you just haven't been listening, have you?

(PETER rushes at ANDREW. There is a physical encounter: a raised fist or a shove, perhaps. Not too much: a little can symbolize a lot. Be sure the actors know what to expect and how to perform the moves without hurting each other. If in doubt consult a fight director.)

Purchasing this script grants performance

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and duplication rights.

PETER: He could have done something. *(Runs out)*

ANDREW: *(Calls after him)* Peter!

Scene 12: THE DENIAL

Scripture: John 18

Setting: Several hours later. Outside.

Time: 3-4 minutes

(PETER is warming himself by a fire. ANDREW enters, spots him.)

ANDREW: Hey.

PETER: Hey.

ANDREW: What are you doing here?

PETER: I don't know.

ANDREW: Are you all right?

PETER: I don't know.

ANDREW: Well, do you think we should be here? Do you think this is safe?

PETER: Where else do you wanna be right now?

ANDREW: Where is he?

PETER: Second floor.

ANDREW: What do you think they're doing to him.

PETER: How should I know? *(ANDREW draws. PETER is accosted by someone.)* What? Me? No. I was never with him.

Purchasing this script grants performance

ANDREW: So what are we gonna do now?

PETER: I don't know.

ANDREW: Have you seen anyone else? Any of the others? (*PETER shakes his head.*) See, I haven't either. That's kinda weird, don't you think? Everyone scattered. Just like he said.

PETER: Just like he said.

ANDREW: Is he the only one they arrested?

PETER: So far. I mean, it's just a matter of time, isn't it?

ANDREW: What does that mean?

PETER: It means we've been lucky so far.

ANDREW: I don't think luck has been a big factor in any of this.

PETER: Just draw.

ANDREW: (*To stranger approaching*) How's it goin'?

(*PETER has turned away, so as to not be seen. It doesn't work.*)

PETER: (*Turns*) Listen pal, somebody just asked me that. Do I know him? You mean the guy who claims to be the son of God? The guy who says he's the Messiah? No, I don't know him. I'm just here for the show, like everyone else. Can't wait to see what's gonna happen.

ANDREW: (*Whistles*) Whew. Tough crowd. This reminds me of when I was in Caesarea, addressing the Stalactites. "Good evening everyone, thanks for hanging around. If you're just here for the show, you're in luck!. What a show it is! It's the Fisherman Follies with legions of

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights

uninvited Roman soldiers and of course the fabulous Galilean
Dancing Girls–

PETER: Shut up. Just shut up. I'm just a fisherman. What am I doing here?
"Fishers of men". What a joke. Oh and who's gonna be the greatest?
That really looks good now, doesn't it? The greatest. The greatest of
what?

ANDREW: Maybe this isn't the end.

PETER: You don't think we're at the end?

ANDREW: It LOOKS like the end, but–

PETER: Arrest, humiliation and death aren't the end?

ANDREW: He has this way of turning things around–

PETER: What, do you think they're gonna let him go?

ANDREW: I don't know–

PETER: You think they're gonna free him?

ANDREW: I–things look like they're gonna go one way and then–.

PETER: You think they're gonna say: "Oh sorry, we made a mistake. Have a
nice day!" He's dying up there. He's dying and you just stand down
here, drawing, "Oh it's time, it's time." *(Turns)* Hey! I said I don't
know this man! I wouldn't be caught dead with him. Why don't
you just leave me the hell alone!!

*(Suddenly PETER and ANDREW turn to hear a sound. PETER realizes
what he's done and sinks to his knees, sobbing.)* I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Purchasing this script grants performance

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and duplication rights.

Scene 13: THE UPPER ROOM

Scripture: John 20

Setting: Two days later. Interior.

Props: 2 chairs

Time: 4 minutes

(PETER and ANDREW sleep on their chairs; they wake with a start.)

ANDREW: Were you asleep?

PETER: No. Were you?

ANDREW: No, I was keeping vigil.

PETER: *(A take to ANDREW)* What do we do now?

ANDREW: I don't know, I thought he was the one. I thought he'd turn it around. Everything happened so fast.

PETER: How long has it been?

ANDREW: This is the third day.

PETER: Do you think they're looking for us?

ANDREW: I would be.

(They both sit up suddenly.)

ANDREW: Did you hear that? *(Pause)* There it is again. Someone's at the door.

PETER: Someone's at the door.

ANDREW: *(Tapping PETER while sliding his chair away from him and the door. PETER is facing the door and doesn't notice.)* Go see who it is.

Purchasing this script grants performance
and duplication rights

PETER: Why don't YOU go see who it is?

ANDREW: I think you should go see who it is. *(Reaches forward to tap PETER and then slides more.)*

PETER: I think you should go see who it is.

ANDREW: I think you should.

PETER: Why should I go?

ANDREW: You're closer. *(PETER turns and sees the gap.)* But quietly.

(PETER goes to the door, then looks through the peephole.)

PETER: It's Mary and the women.

ANDREW: Well, let 'em in. *(He does)* Shhhhhh! Please, ladies one at a time! Mary.

BOTH: The other Mary.

ANDREW: He's gone? This is your big news? Don't you think we know that? Oh, the body is gone. You've been to the tomb and the body's gone. *(Whispers to PETER)* Went to the wrong tomb. Oh, there's more. We'd love to hear it. *(Listens)* Wait, how big a guy? *(Registers that he was big, listens more)* No, that's the whole idea. They make them big so you CAN'T move them—

PETER: Andrew, I think we should go to the tombs and see for ourselves.

ANDREW: That's a good idea. Peter and I are going to go and see if there's even a shred of truth in this story that you women have brought us. You stay here, lock the door behind us and don't let anyone in but us. We'll be right back. *(PETER has already departed.)* Would it be so hard to just wait for me for once?

Purchasing this script grants performance

(They run down the aisles and out of the house. A moment later, they run back in, and PETER hits the locked door and falls. Actors should vocalize both going out and coming in with things like "Wait up!" "Shhhhh!" "Did anyone follow us?" and so on, to fill the moment, especially if it's a long run to the back exit!)

ANDREW: What happened?

PETER: The door's locked!

ANDREW: Of course it's locked. *(Knocks on the door)* It's us.

PETER: Andy, I think I broke my nose.

ANDREW: Keep steady pressure on it.

(ANDREW helps PETER up and through the doorway.)

PETER: They locked the door.

ANDREW: We told them to lock it.

PETER: When's the last time they did anything we told them to do?

(ANDREW leads him to a chair then closes the door and locks it, with several bolts.)

ANDREW: Well, I guess Peter and I owe you an apology.

PETER: *(Hand on nose, nasally)* We're very sorry.

ANDREW: You women were right. You're usually right. It was just like you said, Mary. It was like a tornado had blown through there. It was crazy. And, see, they're gonna think we did this. They'll think we stole the body. So if they weren't looking for us before, they're gonna be looking for us now. So as you go, don't tell anyone.

(He sees them to the door and closes it again.)

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PETER: Andy, what does this mean?

ANDREW: It could mean that they didn't steal the body either.

PETER: Yeah, but what does it mean?

ANDREW: If that were the case, it would mean that we aren't at the end.

PETER: But what does that mean?

ANDREW: It means maybe he is the one.

PETER: I know, see I know. But what does THAT mean? *(Pause)* I'm goin' fishin'.

ANDREW: Fishing?

PETER: Yes, fishing. That's what I am. I'm a fisherman.

ANDREW: Now?!

PETER: Especially now. I think that's all I am. Just a fisherman. And I wanna go fishing. Are you gonna help me?

(ANDREW shrugs.)

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Scene 14: BREAKFAST ON THE BEACH

Scripture: John 21

Props: 2 chairs

Time: 7-8 minutes

(PETER and ANDREW row an imaginary boat.)

PETER: Yeah, this is a good spot. C'mon.

ANDREW: Look, instead of fishing, couldn't we just sit here for awhile? Collect our thoughts? Look at the water. It's so still. Not a ripple. And the sky, not a cloud. It's just this beautiful shade of azure blue. *(PETER mouths "azure blue?")* And off to starboard a little sparrow is warbling an oratorio just for us. It's been a rough week.

PETER: I know it's been a rough week. That's why I wanna be fishing. Fishing is something I think I still know. What happened to us this week, I don't know. C'mon. *(They cast; ANDREW grabs his back in pain.)* There now, didn't that feel good.

ANDREW: Oh, yeah. That felt terrific.

PETER: What's the matter?

ANDREW: I've got a kink in my back.

PETER: Well, you've gotta help me pull.

(They pull the nets three or four times, then lift to look.)

BOTH: Nothing.

PETER: Okay, Andrew, this time let's really try and get this one out there.

ANDREW: What are you saying? That I'm not doing my part?

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PETER: No. I just said "Let's really try and get this one out there." That's all I said.

ANDREW: I know it's all you said. It's just that it seems so obvious, it seems like it doesn't really need to be stated out loud that we should really try and get it out there. Because I don't think we'll catch any fish at all if we really keep it IN HERE. All of the fish are out there. There's an "out-there-ness" about fish. That's one of their qualities...

PETER: Just pick up the net and throw it!

ANDREW: Out there? *(Pause)* Just clarifying.

(They cast again, pull the nets three or four times, then lift to look.)

BOTH: Nothing.

PETER: All right, Andy. It's rhythm. We need a good rhythm to get a good cast that floats out there. Life's about rhythm ... *(Noticing ANDREW staring at him, amused)* Come on, I know what I'm talking about.

ANDREW: I know you do. I just like hearing you talk.

PETER: Okay, c'mon. Rhythm. Ready?

(They get in sync and cast again, pull the nets three or four times, then lift to look.)

BOTH: Nothin'.

PETER: Man, whose bonehead idea was it to come fishing?

ANDREW: Oh, if I could only remember. Who could it have been? Probably someone IN THIS BOAT. Ooooooh, I need more clues.

PETER: Funny.

ANDREW: *(Sits)* I've narrowed it down to two.

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(PETER notices someone on the shore.)

PETER: Andy, who's that on the shore?

ANDREW: I don't know. But he's hollering at us.

BOTH: WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT!!!!!!!!?????????

PETER: Have we caught anything?

ANDREW: Oh, ha ha ha. Aren't you the funny one, you halibut heckler.

BOTH: NOOOOOOOO!

(They turn away, then hear the call again.)

BOTH: WHAAAAAAAAAAATTTT?

ANDREW: Caaaa...Caaa... Cashew. Nuts. Cashew nuts. Cashew nuts on the other side. Cashew nuts?

PETER: Cashew nuts?

ANDREW: Did you bring a snack?

PETER: No, I didn't bring one.

BOTH: WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

ANDREW: Caaa...caaaa...

PETER: Here he goes again...

ANDREW: CAST! Okay, second word. *(Gives a charades symbol)* You ... you ... your...

PETER: He's talking about us.

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ANDREW: Cast your...

PETER: What do you cast?

ANDREW: Nets! Cast your nets! Cast your nets on the other side. That makes a lot more sense than cashew nuts.

BOTH: *(Pause)* WHHHHHYYYYY?! *(Can't hear the answer)*
WHAAAAAAT?

PETER: Andy, he's not projecting at all.

ANDREW: There is no diaphragm support. Cast your nets on the other side. Thank you! Thanks for that great advice.

(ANDREW turns away, while PETER watches for a short time.)

PETER: Hey Andy, why don't we just do what he says?

ANDREW: *(Laughing)* Give me one good reason.

PETER: I don't think he's gonna shut up until we do.

ANDREW: *(Looks out at the figure on shore, considers)* Okay. But Pete, let's really try and get this one out there. *(They gather the net and cast in rhythm, on the other side.)* Well I hope he's happy... *(PETER looks at Jesus as if to say "how's that?" Suddenly, they are pulled rapidly to side; hanging off the edge of the stage/boat.)* I think we've got something.

PETER: Oh, do you think so? *(They pull in, three times, then see a huge catch.)*
WHOOOOOOO! Would you look at all the fish!

ANDREW: Holy mackerel!

PETER: I have never seen so many fish in one catch, there must be a hundred and...

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ANDREW: ...fifty three. One hundred and fifty-three in a single cast. Man we've still got it!

PETER: It is a good thing that we decided to cast on this side of the...

ANDREW: 'Cause we said, it's not happening over here, so we said we would cast...

(They stop, then look to the shore.)

PETER: Who IS that?

ANDREW: I don't know, but he's cooking something.

PETER: What's he making?

(They sniff.)

ANDREW: Fish.

PETER: And bread.

ANDREW: Huh. Fish and... *(They suddenly realize who it is on the shore; laughing)*
Bread and fish. Peter, do you think there will be enough?

(They both laugh, then embrace.)

END

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