

The Legacy” sample page #2

Actions during the next paragraph: *Jason is in the path of the blindly fleeing Peter, who stumbles into him. He grabs the distraught disciple's shoulders and steadies him, as Peter sways and tearfully mumbles to himself. Jason questions him, and Peter wipes his eyes to look at him as he answers sorrowfully.*

Narrator Jason: Having witnessed Peter's three-fold denial, I reached out and grabbed onto him. "Why did you do it," I demanded. "Why did you say you didn't know Him?" This accusation only made his guilt and grief more acute, and he broke down as I steadied him. "I promised him I would stand beside him even unto death," he sobbed. "Only hours ago, and now look what I did. I swore I never even knew him. Me! Peter! And not just once, but *three times!*"

Actions during the next paragraph: *Peter tries to shake himself free, but Jason continues to detain him, grabbing him as he tries to bolt and swinging him around to put his face next to Peter's tearful countenance. Peter pulls back and wipes his eyes again as he answers. His eyes are haunted as he faces the fact that he was afraid. Hanging his head as he confesses, when he is done he covers his face with both hands in anguish, then yanks loose from Jason's grasp and hurries away.*

Narrator Jason: You're one of his closest friends and disciples," I exclaimed. "How could you do this?" "Because I was afraid of what it would cost me," he admitted with self-loathing. In anguish, he said he could never forgive himself for abandoning Jesus when he needed his friends to stand up for him the most. With that, he pulled away from my grasp and ran away into the night.

Actions during the next paragraph: *As Jason watches Peter fleeing the scene, his face shows distress. From the opposite direction, an elderly man dressed in overalls, like a farmer, walks slowly onstage in his direction. As Jason considers what he had just witnessed, the farmer, whom we learn is the Storyteller that introduced the play, speaks to him. Jason hears his words, but only looks up as if hearing them in his mind... he then turns around, surprised that anyone is actually speaking to him, and stares at the man who has now reached him. The Storyteller smiles enigmatically at him as he stands with his hands in his overall pockets, or with thumbs hooked in the overall shoulder straps.*

Narrator Jason: As I watched Peter retreating into the darkness outside of the courtyard, I wondered how this could happen to someone who knew Jesus so intimately. As I pondered this, I heard a voice that I thought at first was in my head. "Is it really so hard to believe," it asked, "that someone would behave that way in such a situation?" Then I realized someone really was addressing me. The individual I saw standing there was dressed as out-of-place and time as I was... he looked like an elderly country farmer just come in from the field. And somehow, he looked and sounded so familiar, even though I could not recall ever having met him. When I asked him who he was, he replied kindly that we had spent many hours together as I read my father's books.

Actions during the next paragraph: *Jason moves to look more closely at the old man, and reacts with amazed recognition, his expression showing pleasant recollections as they come to mind. When the Storyteller tells him who he is, the old man takes his arm in his as they talk, and leads him down from the scene of the courtyard, and toward the front of the stage. The extras in biblical costumes begin to slowly leave, one at a time, until the stage is empty behind them. Stopping, they turn toward each other and converse.*

Narrator Jason: As I moved closer and searched his face, memories that seemed associated with this person surfaced unbidden; of being with a group of youngsters, going together on amazing adventures, and looking to him for wisdom and guidance; of events from the Bible being brought to life from his words. "Yes," he revealed... "I am the Storyteller." "But you're not real," I said in disbelief, "You're only a fictional character in my father's books!" "I was real enough to you when you read them," he said, "and I was real to your father as he wrote about me. I embodied the things he believed and held dear... You might say he spoke through me. I delivered his words. To better know the father's words, is to better know the father," he said.

Actions during the next paragraph: *The Storyteller lifts his hand to indicated the stage behind them as he speaks. A serious expression plays across Jason's face as the truth of his words sinks in. As he is thinking, and we hear the narration tell about it, a man in a robe walks slowly onstage, his steps unsure. He seems disoriented and distracted. Jason does not spot him immediately, but is focused on speaking with the Storyteller. The stranger turns as he slowly, looking behind him as if afraid he is being followed, and due to this does not see Jason behind him as he backs up.*

Narrator Jason: Motioning back to the courtyard, he referred to what I had seen and heard there. "Why does Peter's denial of his Lord seem so hard to understand?" he wondered. I said that is seemed strange to me that someone who believed in Jesus so strongly, who had been the first to confess that Jesus was the son of God, could deny knowing him to total strangers. "Don't judge him too harshly," he cautioned. He explained that

although Peter knew who he was, and believed in him, the Spirit of God was not yet living in Peter in the fullness he would come to know after the Lord's sacrifice, resurrection, and Pentecost. I recognized myself in what he said; I knew in my heart who Jesus was, but I had not yet experienced His salvation, and I didn't have his Spirit within me to lead and guide me. As this realization hit me, I looked up to see the Storyteller watching me kindly. I admitted to him that I knew now that I was capable of doing the same as Peter, for I had also been afraid to stand up for Jesus when it came down to it.

Actions during the next paragraph: *The man runs into Jason, whose back is to him. They both spin to look at each other, Jason with surprise, the other with a fearful expression. As Jason sees the man is unsteady on his feet, he reaches out to help steady him, and they talk. As the man asks him what he knows of Jesus, Jason lowers his eyes, as he realizes he doesn't know Jesus. But at the last line about betrayal, Jason sharply looks up at the man who he now knows is Judas.*

Narrator Jason: Just then I was jostled by someone not watching where he was going. Seeing his frightened demeanor, and seeming weakness, I offered a steadying hand. He grabbed my arm and looked at me with wild eyes. "They've sent him to Pilate to have him crucified!" I assured him that I knew, and that Jesus had been betrayed by a friend, one that he had trusted. I wondered what kind of person could do that to someone like Jesus. Reacting as if I had struck him, he pulled back and demanded, "What do you know of him? Did you see his miracles? Were you there when he called Lazarus from the tomb?" I could only say no. "Well, I was..." he said, "and that's what makes it even worse. I *knew* he was innocent, and yet I... *betrayed him.*"

Actions during the next paragraph: *Jason looks at the man in horror as he recognizes him. He points at the man as disgust shows in his face. Judas reacts as if hit, then looks around to see who else might be listening. He covers his face with his hands as he cries.*

Narrator Jason: A sudden chill ran up my spine as I realized who the stranger was. "You're the traitor...Judas!" The broken man before me jerked as if I had slapped him, and he looked around as if expecting to see other accusers. "So word has spread already, has it? Is my name destined to be remembered only because I betrayed Jesus? And why? For profit. For silver!"

Actions during the next paragraph: *Judas takes a small bag full of something heavy from inside his robe and holds it in front of him. At the end of his speaking he turns sharply and hurries offstage.*

Narrator Jason: As he brandished a small bag of coins, Judas looked at it as if contained the evil that was the cause of his grief. "I never thought it would come to this," he groaned. "And you know what? Jesus knew what I was about to do. And he gave me a chance to change my mind. I didn't listen, I didn't believe he could know. And now the silver can't save me. The money means nothing to me." Judas straightened with hopeless resolve, and said he was going to return it, and try to undo the terrible sin that he let the devil trick him into committing.

Actions during the next paragraph: *Jason watches him go with a mixture of revulsion and pity on his face. The Storyteller, who has been standing back a little, comes to stand beside Jason again, looking after Judas also. When Jason notices him, he speaks while still watching the direction that Judas left in. After a moment, he turns to the old man and they converse. Meanwhile, in the background, the actors portraying the chief priests and the elders of the Sanhedrin are coming onto the stage, slowly, one after the other from opposite side from where Judas left, meeting in the middle and speaking to each other in a group.*

Narrator Jason: As I watched the traitor hurry off, I became aware of the Storyteller moving up behind me, also watching. I don't know whether to despise or pity him, I commented. Probably both, he surmised. One should despise the greed, but pity anyone that destroys their life with wrong choices. I always painted Peter and Judas with the same brush before, I recalled. I condemned both equally. But I see now there was a huge difference between them, I confided to the old man. Peter loved Jesus, but he let fear get the best of him in a weak moment of danger. But Judas, I observed, had plotted and planned in order to get gain at the expense of a friend. "There is something far worse than acting out of fear," said the grandfatherly figure, "that the heart of man is capable of... when he acts out of selfish avarice and greed." As his words sunk in, I wondered if I was capable of that as well. The thought horrified me.

Track 3 begins here.

Actions during the next paragraph: *Seeing the Storyteller's motion to look behind him, Jason sees the people on the stage as they are speaking to each other. One speaks, as the others listen, then another speaks in his turn. A temple guard, holding a spear, comes in to speak to them, and when they give permission, he goes back partway offstage, where he motions curtly to someone. Judas enters, obviously upset and guilty. The guard*