



**“Jerusalem's Most Wanted” script preview page #2**

**(Play Track #5: Angel Appears music.)**

*(The Captain and the guards suddenly, and all at once, sink down into a deep sleep as if stuck dead, and, with a blaze of light, an Angel enters the room. Stepping around the prone bodies of the guards, the Angel kneels beside Peter.)*

Angel: *(in a normal, but quiet voice, to avoid startling Peter)* "Peter, arise; I have come to deliver you."

*(Peter snores a big snore, which the angel reacts to.)*

Angel: *(Louder)* "Peter! Awake, and let us be gone from hence!"

*(Peter turns over, raises his head and looks at the angel blearily, shakes his head and lays it back down with another loud snore.)*

Angel: *(to himself, in disbelief)* No wonder the Lord renamed him Peter, he sleeps like a rock! *(Louder, placing a hand on Peter's shoulder and shaking him gently. )* Peter! Wake up! I have come from the Lord to ..."

Peter: *(Mumbling.)* "Aw, Momma, I'm still sleepy." *(He rolls over on his side away from the Angel and begins to snore again.)*

Angel: *(With amazement.)* "He doesn't need awakened, he needs resurrected! All right, the kid gloves are off."

*(He smacks Peter sharply in the side with his palm.)*

Angel: *(Loudly.)* "Wake up, Peter!"

*(This has the desired effect as Peter cuts off in mid-snore and awakes with a start, sitting up.)*

Peter: "What?! I'm up, I'm up!"

Angel: *(to himself)* "Finally. *(to Peter)* All right, now that I have your attention..."

Peter: *(Rubbing his eyes.)* "I heard someone call my name, but I thought I was dreaming..."

Angel: "It was no dream. Now, arise, and follow me..."

Peter: *(Looking around, he leans back on his elbows and squints up at the Angel.)* "It's not anywhere near morning yet. Herod can't execute me in the middle of the night!"

Angel: "I'm not here to take you to execution. I am here to..."

Peter: "Well, why are you bothering me, then! *(Lays back down and puts his arm over his eyes.)* And put out that light. Don't I deserve the decency of one last good night's sleep? I'm about to lose my head for Heaven's

sake!"

Angel: *(to himself)* "And I'm about to lose my patience. *(To Peter.)* You aren't going to lose your head for Heaven's sake. You've got it upside down. Heaven has more work for you to do first. *(He stands, looking down at Peter.)* Now, **get up!**"

Peter: "Well, all right. *(As he stands, the chains fall off of his wrists.)* Hey... how'd that happen?"

Angel: *(The Angel turns to leave.)* "Let us go, quickly!"

Peter: *(Not moving.)* "This can't be happening. Locked shackles don't just fall off by themselves! Oh, I get it, I'm still dreaming! Wow, it seems so real."

Angel: *(stops and looks back, impatiently.)* "You are **not** dreaming. You are being delivered. I am an Angel of the Lord, sent to free you, in response to the prayers of the believers."

Peter: "This is so freaky! I'd almost swear you were real, if you didn't glow like a firefly."

Angel: *(Covering his eyes with his hands as if he has a headache, he pulls his hand down over his face, stretching it.)* "I really don't understand the Lord's choice of disciples sometimes..."

Peter: *(Getting into it now.)* "Yeah, if this were really happening, these guards would wake up when we talked! Look... *(Leaning over, he waves his hand in front of the face of one of the unconscious guards.)* Hey, ugly! Wake up! I'm escaping! Woo, hoo! *(He jumps up and down.)* See? Come and get me! *(To the Angel.)* That proves this is a dream."

Angel: "It proves you're a... look, it's not a dream, it's a miracle. Now, come on."

Peter: "Okay, okay. *(Shrugging.)* What have I got to lose? I'm interested to see how this turns out, now."

*(He starts to walk out, but the Angel stops him.)*

Angel: "Put on your belt and shoes first!"

Peter: *(Looking down at his bare feet.)* "Oh, right. *(He starts to do so, tightening his belt and slipping on his sandals.)* Yeah, wouldn't want to walk around in my dream half-naked! That **would** be a nightmare. *(He straightens up.)* Ready!"

Angel: *(With exaggerated patience.)* "Wrap your cloak around you, it's cold outside."

Peter: "Oops. Heh, heh. Sure, why not? *(Starts putting it on.)* You're pretty bossy for a figment of my mind. You remind me of my mother-in-law. One time she was over at our house, and she says to me, 'Simon! You smell like fish! Go clean up before you come in here!' I told her to..."

Angel: *(Pointing at the door, he roars.)* "FOLLOW ME!" *(As if to underscore his impatience, thunder is heard in the distance)*

**(Play Track #6: Distant Thunder Rolls...)**

Peter: "Okay, I'm coming! No need to get all apocalyptic on me. I just hope you got a key for the gate. It would take a miracle to get through that big old... "

*(SFX: creaky iron gate, continuation of Track #6, Gate Opens. )*

*(The large door swings open of it's own accord as they near it.)*

Peter: *(Amazed.)* Hey, look at that! What a trip. Man, I hope I remember this in the morning..."

*(Peter walks through the door, but the Angel walks behind it and out of sight behind the black cloth or curtain. Peter looks around as he go out into the courtyard.)*

Peter: "Okay, we're out, bright-eyes, now wha... *(He notices that the Angel is no longer with him. He looks around.)* He disappeared! *(He shrugs.)* Oh, well, I guess I shouldn't be too surprised. Dreams are weird. *(He shivers.)* And this one is cold. Good thing he reminded me to wear my cloak, after all." *(He stands there a few moments.)*

**(Play Track #7: Rain and Thunder: play for as long as needed and fade out when necessary.)**

Peter: "Great, now it's raining! I can't even have a comfortable dream. I hope I wake up soon, this isn't fun anymore. I'm getting wet!

*(Drawing his cloak tighter around him.)* Maybe I'm awake after all. Let's see... *(He slaps his face.)* Ouch! That **hurt**. *(Incredulously.)* I don't believe it! I really **am** free! It's a miracle! *(Jubilantly.)* Praise the Lord! Now I know for sure the Lord sent his angel and delivered me from Herod, and the plans of the council. *(Walks around excitedly in a circle while he thinks.)* So what do I do? I can't stay here. I can't go home, that's the first place they'd look for me. But where else can I go in the middle of the night? Wait, the big shiny guy said the other believers were praying for me. They're probably all at Mary's house. *(Snaps his fingers.)* I'll go there and tell them the Lord sprung me from Herod's prison! Won't they be happy? *(He sets off quickly and heads off stage, with a look back.)* Man, I feel sorry for those poor guards in the morning... I wouldn't want to be in their sandals! Heh, heh, heh!"

**(Play Track #8: Scene Transition Music)**

*(The Narrator once again enters as the curtain is drawn over the prison set.)*

Narrator: "Slipping off quietly under the cover of rain and darkness, the fugitive from the law Simon Peter made good his outrageous escape. Oblivious and unconscious from the attack, the guards and prison staff were little aware that their most dangerous inmate was once again free to cause upset and anarchy. As he made his way to a safe house, where his accomplices continued their prayer vigil, Peter runs into an unexpected roadblock on his race for freedom."

*(He walks offstage as the curtain is drawn back on the upper room set.)*

## **Scene 4:**

### **Peter rejoins the disciples, to their surprise.**

Rhoda is sitting next to the door. The disciples are all in the next room. Peter approaches from the other side and knocks lightly at the door, as he looks around. Rhoda leaps up and moves to the door on the other side, listening.

*(Peter knocks again, louder this time.)*

Rhoda: "Who's there?"