

A script from



## “Follow Me”

Part 2 in "The Simon Peter Chronicles"

by

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**What** Simon Peter abandons the security of his fishing business to follow Jesus into an unknown future. Discipleship includes uncertainty. But where else can we go? Jesus has “the words of life.” **Themes:** Drama, Monologue, Easter, Lent, Simon, Peter, Jesus, Discipleship, Trust, Faith, Counting the Cost, Gospel, John the Baptist, Andrew

**Who** Simon (later known as Peter)

**When** When Simon is called by Jesus to be an Apostle

**Wear (Props)** Biblical garment  
Scroll  
Pen - plant reed or rustic looking metal rod (not a quill)  
Inkpot - small pottery cup  
Table

**Why** Matthew 4:18-20; Mark 1:14-18; John 6:68

**How** When Simon Peter speaks, this is a dramatization of what is, in reality, going on inside his head, an *inner monologue*. The audience is his alter ego, his listening self. The tone is earnest and confessional.

**Note:** The actual name of Peter’s wife is unknown. For this monologue and the monologue entitled An Ordinary Man, alternate lines without names are offered in brackets [ ].

**Time** Approximately 3-4 minutes

*Simon Peter sits at a table or writing stand, rolls open his scroll, dips his calamus (pen) into the inkpot, and begins writing.*

**Introduction** *(spoken or printed on-screen):*

We meet the Apostle Peter as a *public* figure in the New Testament. But what would he have written if he'd kept a *personal* journal, a record of his own life-changing encounters with Jesus Christ?

**Simon-Peter:**

The first time I heard Jesus speak, my heart leaped like a fish trying get *into* a net! When I told my wife Sherah, [*Alt. delete "Sherah"*] she said I was as crazy as Andrew. I'm not given to following prophets. But this Yeshua, this Jesus, is different, as different as a diamond is from a pool of spit. How can I not follow him? His words spear my heart.

*Rising, stepping away from the table, remembering...*

At first he held back, letting John the Baptist speak, only praying and watching. But some of us asked Jesus questions, and the things he told us—he knew the mind of God! People kept crowding around John, saying, "We've repented of our sins. Now what?"

"Why doesn't Jesus come forward?" I asked Andrew. "He has the answers to their questions. The Baptist can't make them whole. But Jesus..."

Then, yesterday John was dragged away by Herod's guards. The people seemed more lost than ever. "Is this it?" they asked. "Has God abandoned us?" As if in response, Jesus began to gather his disciples.

He came to Andrew and me while we were fishing. It was late in the day, and once again the fish had all but vanished—I'd sent my workers home and was pulling in the last net, when Jesus called out, "Cast it on the other side of the boat!" which any fisherman knows can only produce the same results. But we did it out of respect for the Master. Madness—the net filled so fast—fat silvery sardines and slithering biny in a triple-layered flaxen net—and it yet was bursting! Andrew laughed like a rooster!

Then Jesus looked straight at me as if he'd heard my words when I'd first told Andrew I wasn't interested in a prophet "unless he could show me where to find fish." "Simon," Jesus said, "from now on you'll catch *men*." I fell on my knees. Then he touched my shoulder and whispered, "Follow me."

So now it's begun. My heart is torn: I have a business, workers, a family, and I don't really know what he means when he says, "Follow me." He

could mean anything. But then I suppose that's the point. Jesus doesn't make deals. So I suppose I'll follow. I can't say no; he has the words of life. *(Smiling)* And I'm caught in his net.

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