

A script from



## "The Simon Peter Chronicles: The End of My Self"

Part 5 in "The Simon Peter Chronicles"

by

Mitch Teemley

**What** Following Jesus' arrest, and his own denial of Him, Peter is devastated. His dreams are invaded by images of destruction. In the darkest hour, Jesus is there with us. Are we with Him? **Themes:** Drama, Monologue, Good Friday, Easter, Lent, Peter, Jesus, Sin, Testing, Forgiveness, Hope, Redemption, Atonement, Hell, Gehenna, Gospel

**Who** Peter (formerly called Simon)

**When** Good Friday

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

**Why** Matthew 26:75; Luke 22:31-32; 1 Peter 4:12-13

**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:** Alternate lines for two rather graphic images are offered in brackets [ ].

\*See the end of this scripts for more very important director's notes.

**Time** Approximately 3-5 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:**

It's been two days since I reached the end of my self. That's how Andrew put it. Like a too-short fishing line. Jesus always talked about dying to ourselves, and to illustrate he kept filleting me and cutting out that stinking fish-gut pride I called my self. He did it over and over again, so you'd think I'd be used to it. But nothing could have prepared me for what happened that night.

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

Judas turned on him. We knew he would, but we didn't want to know. After the guards arrested Jesus, I told myself I'd find a way to free him or die trying, and I actually believed it. But when I left that courtyard after denying three times that I even knew him, I realized I'd saved the only thing I truly hated, my *self*.

I went back to the Disciples' House, though I had no right to be there. Mary, Jesus' mother, offered me water. I couldn't even look at her. I crawled into a corner and fell asleep. Was I dreaming?

This dark, faceless thing began circling around me. I was dressed in excrement-soaked [Alt. "filthy"] rags, yet I clung to them. They were all I had. The faceless thing kept ripping away pieces and throwing them on the ground until finally I was completely naked. Then I was lifted up into this huge net, surrounded by hideously ugly fish, and I knew I was one of them. The Dark Thing was leering down at us. It shook us out of the net into the trash pit, Gehenna, outside Jerusalem. The flames began searing my skin, and I watched in horror as my own flesh fell in charred pieces [Alt. delete "in charred pieces"] to the ground. It was like when the Dark Thing had torn away my rags, but with indescribable pain. I clawed the gravel at the edge of the pit, but the Thing kept pulling me toward the flames. Then all of a sudden, there at the edge, was a foot—strong, tortured, beautiful. I grabbed it by the ankle. The Dark Thing was trying to pull me down, but blood began streaming from a wound in the foot and running over my head and neck and shoulders—it burned the Dark Thing's hand like acid. It screamed and pulled away, falling back into the fire. Then a hand that was pierced like the foot reached down and pulled me out of the pit and laid my raw skinless

body in the cool, damp sand. The pit was gone now, and so was the fire. My skin started growing back, and then suddenly the tattered rags began knitting themselves back together, turning white and clean, covering my body.

When I awoke I heard voices on the roof. I climbed the ladder and found a dozen disciples up there, watching, sobbing. I looked toward the hill they call Golgotha, and saw three men being crucified. And then I understood. I just sat there. I couldn't cry, I couldn't feel anything.

What now? Jesus is gone. There's nothing but darkness...

...and I've reached the end of my self.

**Director's Notes:**

*We know that Peter was in deep torment at this time, but we don't know what form it took. This monologue is built around an invented dream sequence; it is a metaphor based on New Testament theology: nets/fish would be embedded in Peter's consciousness as symbols; Peter's clothes ("filthy rags") are representative of his own righteousness; Gehenna, Jerusalem's ever-burning trash heap, was embedded as a symbol of eternal torment in Jewish culture; the blood of Christ restoring Peter after Peter lays hold of Jesus' feet is representative of the Atonement; Peter's regeneration of new skin and new white garments are symbols of becoming "a new creation" clothed in "His righteousness."*