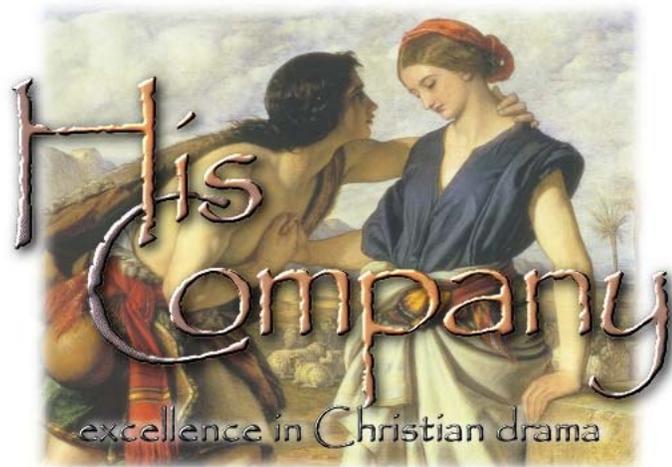


# THE ESSENCE OF HIS DEATH

## THE MUSICAL

by  
David S. Lampel



# Contents

---

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Character Descriptions .....  | 3  |
| Characters' Vocal Requirements.....   | 6  |
| Notes on Using This Script.....   | 6  |
| <br>  |    |
| Act One/Scene One .....   | 7  |
| <i>on a road between Jerusalem and the Egyptian delta</i>                             |    |
| Act One/Scene Two.....  | 15 |
| <i>a marketplace in Jerusalem</i>   |    |
| Act One/Scene Three .....   | 20 |
| <i>the Egyptians meet Dinah and Abigail</i>   |    |
| Act One/Scene Four.....   | 24 |
| <i>Jesus enters the marketplace</i>   |    |
| Act One/Scene Five .....  | 26 |
| <i>Jesus teaches</i>  |    |
| Act One/Scene Six.....  | 28 |
| <i>Dinah believes</i>   |    |
| Act One/Scene Seven.....  | 29 |
| <i>Here He Comes!</i>   |    |
| Act One/Scene Eight .....   | 31 |
| <i>Sekhti goes with Dinah</i>   |    |
| Act One/Scene Nine .....  | 33 |
| <i>Hotep and Abigail</i>  |    |
| <br>  |    |
| Act Two/Scene One.....  | 35 |
| <i>Malchiah and Nicodemus argue at the Council chamber</i>                            |    |
| Act Two/Scene Two.....  | 40 |
| <i>in the courtyard of Caiaphas' palace</i>   |    |
| Act Two/Scene Three.....  | 49 |
| <i>Dinah and Sekhti in the garden / Nicodemus and Caiaphas at the Council chamber</i> |    |
| Act Two/Scene Four .....  | 63 |
| <i>the crucifixion</i>  |    |
| Act Two/Scene Five.....   | 67 |
| <i>Nicodemus buys the essence</i>   |    |
| Act Two/Scene Six.....  | 73 |
| <i>Dinah with her mother</i>  |    |
| Act Two, Scene Seven .....  | 75 |
| <i>at the tomb</i>  |    |
| Act Two, Scene Eight.....   | 78 |
| <i>I Choose Jesus!</i>  |    |
| Act Two, Scene Nine.....  | 79 |
| <i>Goodbye</i>  |    |

# Character Descriptions

---

*(In order of appearance)*

## **Sekhti (sek-tee')**

5 Sekhti is in his mid- to late-twenties and an energetic purveyor of rare Egyptian essence (the base from which perfumes are made). He travels with his partner, Hotep, seeking to sell what they grow and manufacture themselves. Still unmarried, Sekhti is all business: impatient, penny-pinching and scrupulously dishonest—except when it comes to matters of the heart. He has  
10 traveled widely and romanced many, but is still searching for that one, exquisite flower that will bring some color to his rather monochrome existence.

Vocal requirements: see chart

Size part: large

## **Hotep (hoe' tep)**

15 Hotep is a bit of a buffoon. Older than Sekhti, he is yet the submissive one, demurring to his more aggressive partner. Hotep is married to Neferma, his lovely but chronically aging spouse left behind in their hometown of Alexandria (where the Nile delta meets the Mediterranean Sea). He is a good-natured fellow who would wish no one harm.

Vocal requirements: none

20 Size part: medium

## **Theodosius (Theo-doe-see-us)**

25 This greasy Roman merchant is on his way toward Egypt. He is a trader in silly and inconsequential trinkets, a commodity ill-befitting his rather 'robust' stature. Theodosius sweats a lot.

## **Dinah**

30 Our heroine is a pretty young woman in her early twenties (or late teens), bright, fresh, and just a little naive when it comes to the darkness in the world and in others. She carries romance in her heart, but has not yet found the man with whom she cares to share her life. Surely some of that romance has sifted into her interest in this new rabbi, Jesus—the teaching of whom Dinah has just recently been introduced. While she does not yet recognize Jesus as the Messiah, Dinah is excited over His teachings. She has heard him speak only a few times, and then only from a distance, but his words have imbedded themselves deeply in her soft heart.

35 Vocal requirements: see chart

Size part: large

## **Abigail**

40 Abigail is an outspoken, obnoxious person whose sole reason for befriending Dinah may be that she can bully her about. She is older than her companion and feels it is her responsibility to create for Dinah the same tough, unfeeling shell that she has created for herself. Abigail has heard and believed nothing but bad news about this new rabbi, Jesus. She hates Him for stirring things up, and wants nothing less than for her city, her nation and herself to be finally rid of Him.

Vocal requirements: none (see chart for options)

45 Size part: small

## **Fruit Seller**

Minor, two-line part for a character actor with an expressive face.

50

**Jesus**

Jesus was sent to be God in flesh—to be a person, a brother; He was not constructed of stainless-steel and plastic, and He did not glide through a crowd of people with a halo atop His head and a bland, simpering expression pasted across His face. It takes nothing away from Christ’s deity to portray Him as a man.

55

Vocal requirements: small  
Size part: small

**Man #1**

One-line voice in the crowd.

60

**Malchiah (mal-key-uh)**

Friend and colleague of Nicodemus in the Sanhedrin. A toll has been taken on their friendship during the present debate over what should be done with this new prophet named Jesus. Nicodemus has confided his new faith to his friend, but Malchiah is reluctant to run cover for Nicodemus in the Council.

65

**Nicodemus**

Nicodemus is a believer in Jesus, but only secretly. He has not openly expressed his faith in Jesus as the Christ.

70

**Jerusha**

Servant girl in the courtyard of Caiaphas.

**Crassius**

Roman soldier in charge at the courtyard of Caiaphas.

75

**Lucius**

The second Roman soldier—younger than Crassius.

80

**Peter (the apostle)**

**Caiaphas**

The Chief Priest—tough, arrogant, and filled with an intense hatred for this uppity Jesus.

85

**Mary, the mother of Jesus**

A silent (yet dramatic) walk-on during the crucifixion scene. A woman in her Fifties (approx.).

**Artemus**

Servant of Nicodemus.

90

**Miriam**

Dinah’s mother.

**Angel**

Non-speaking, but sings solo.

95

## **The Chorus**

100 Everyone in the Chorus (the Choir) is a character. Whenever they are on stage, they are people—not uniform stick-figures all in a neat row. Each person has a history, a personality, a reason to exist. They are fathers and mothers, shopkeepers and customers; they share joys and sorrows, anger, pain and relief.

In this musical, the Chorus has, essentially (recognizing transient patches of gray), three modes in which it operates:

### 105 **People**

In this mode, everyone on stage is equal—Chorus members and principals alike. It is used when there is no script dialogue taking place and when the Chorus is singing a choral number. When appropriate, actions and sounds should be normal—much as people would interact with each other on Main Street or in the mall—but contextual: i.e., if it is a quiet moment, everyone is quiet.

### 110 **Scenery**

In Scenery mode, Chorus members continue in character, but generally silent and with very small movements that will not distract the audience from the focal point elsewhere on stage. It is used when the principals are conducting scripted dialogue in a busy location, such as the Marketplace.

### 115 **Frozen**

Frozen mode is the next incremental step after Scenery mode. When in this mode, Chorus members do not move and do not speak. It is used to suspend time, so that something can take place elsewhere on stage that represents intimate thoughts of which no one else is privy—such as when Dinah and Sekhti sing to each other from opposite ends of the stage.

120

# Characters' Vocal Requirements

|   | Jesus     | Dinah    | Abigail  | Sekhti  | Angel | Choir         |
|---|-----------|----------|----------|---------|-------|---------------|
| <i>The Marketplace</i>                            |           | Optional | Optional |         |       | Chorus        |
| <i>By Faith</i>                                   |           | Chorus   |          |         |       | Chorus        |
| <i>Could He Be the One?</i>                       |           | Solo     |          | Solo    |       |               |
| <i>Could He Be the One? (reprise)</i>             |           |          |          |         |       | Choir Soloist |
| <i>Call Him Messiah</i>                           |           | Chorus   |          |         |       | Chorus        |
| <i>Blessed Are They</i>                           | Beginning |          |          |         |       | Chorus        |
| <i>Here He Comes!</i>                             |           | Chorus   |          |         |       | Chorus        |
| <i>Thy Will, Not My Will</i>                      |           | Solo     |          |         |       | Women         |
| <i>Crucifixion (underscore)</i>                   |           | Present  | Present  | Present |       | Present       |
| <i>Could He Be the One? (reprise)</i>             |           |          |          | Solo    |       |               |
| <i>Why Do You Seek The Living Among the Dead?</i> |           | Chorus?  |          |         | Solo  | Chorus        |
| <i>I Choose Jesus</i>                             |           |          |          | Solo    |       | Chorus        |
| <i>I Choose Jesus (reprise)</i>                   |           |          |          |         |       | Chorus        |

## Notes on Using This Script

Act/Scene divisions in this particular script are for the purpose of script organization and rehearsal scheduling; they do *not* represent how the musical will be organized from the perspective of the audience, e.g., in a printed program.

*Stage directions for characters are in this typeface.*

 **DIRECTIONS FOR THE LIGHT CREW ARE PRECEDED BY THIS SYMBOL (A CANDLE) AND ARE IN THIS TYPEFACE.**

 **DIRECTIONS FOR THE SOUND CREW ARE PRECEDED BY THIS SYMBOL (A TAPE REEL) AND ARE IN THIS TYPEFACE. IF MUSIC IS TO BE CUED DURING DIALOGUE, LOOK FOR THE TAPE REEL SYMBOL EMBEDDED WITHIN THE TEXT.**

 **DIRECTIONS FOR THE CHOIR ARE PRECEDED BY THIS SYMBOL (AN OPEN BOOK) AND ARE IN THIS TYPEFACE.**

Directions for characters, Chorus members, and tech crews that take place during a song are generally printed in the script prior to the music literature pages.

Page numbers (located in the lower right-hand corner of each page) are for script pages only; they do not include any inserted music literature pages.

References to music page and measure numbers refer to those in the published music literature—not this script.

# Act One/Scene One

---

*Time: c. AD26.*

160 *Place: A road between Jerusalem and the Egyptian Delta*

*Props: 3 large shoulder bags (at least)*

*Collection of stone and glass jars with stoppers*

*2 leather pouches for coins*

*Coins (metal washers work well)*

165 *2 large handfuls of gaudy costume jewelry*

*Water bag (containing flour), broken crust of bread, large fish*

*Sekhiti [sek-tee'] enters at a brisk pace, stops, turns, and addresses his partner who is still off-stage.*

170 Sekhiti and Hotep have come up into Judea, through Bethlehem to Jerusalem, for the Passover. They know there will be many people in the city for the holiday—and they are there to separate some of them from their money. However, they know it will not be easy pickings; the Jews, under Roman domination—and Roman taxes—haven't an abundance of money to spend on perfumes and unguents. The two have a small plot of land in the Egyptian delta where they grow their flowers and produce the essence which is then made into perfume. They travel in an ever-expanding radius to market their wares, for they have not always been the most forthright in their business dealings.

175 Sekhiti and Hotep are dressed in the simple white, linear attire of the Egyptian peasant. In their bags they carry a fragrant assortment of their product: flower petals, oils and unguents pressed from the blooms, and a small amount of spices for which they have traded on their journey north.

180 Sekhiti is the leader of the two by default. He makes the necessary decisions because Hotep will not. He is opinionated and—on occasion—abrasive to those in their company. Hotep, while older than his partner, is quieter, meeker, and more respectful of others.

185 **Sekhiti**  
*(impatiently)*

**Come along, Hotep! Must you dawdle so!**

*Enter Hotep [Hoe' tep], reluctantly.*

**Hotep**  
*(dreamily)*

190 **Have you ever seen that flower before? It was beautiful!**

**Sekhti**

*(coarsely)*

195 We haven't time to stop for every strange flower you trip over. We haven't long before passover.

**Hotep**

*(dismissively)*

You worry so.

200

**Sekhti**

One of us has to.

**Hotep**

Our stock is the finest this season. We'll sell it all the first day—and return to Egypt with our bags filled with gold.

205

**Sekhti**

If our bags aren't filled with gold, your wife will have you sleeping in the street.

**Hotep**

*(with a sigh)*

Ah, Nefer-ma . . . my sweet-smelling rose.

210

**Sekhti**

*(grimacing; aside)*

His sweet-smelling rose lost her fragrance years ago.

**Hotep**

I'm hungry.

215

**Sekhti**

*(impatiently)*

Well, what have we got?

**Hotep**

*(digging through his bag, as he moves toward Sekhti)*

220

Running low. *(pulling the food out)* But, I can offer you a—*(sniffing)* slightly stale crust of bread *(hands the bread to Sekhti)* or— *(holding it at arm's length)* this ripe fish.

**Sekhti**

*(disgustedly)*

Some choice.

225

**Hotep**  
(*dead-pan*)

Please. The fish is waiting.

**Sekhti**

The bread will do. And what am I to wash this down with?

230

*Hotep opens their waterbag, peers inside, then blows into it; dust billows back into his face. He looks at Sekhti apologetically.*

**Sekhti**

You do a great job of planning a trip, Hotep. Any suggestions?

235

**Hotep**  
(*sheepishly*)

There was a stream about half-a-day back . . .

**Sekhti**

(*ruefully, staring at his crust of bread*)

I should never have left Alexandria.

240

*Enter Theodosius [Theo-doe-see-us]*

**Theodosius**

People! What a sight for tired, old eyes! Real people! Do you realize how far I've come with nothing but snakes and scorpions for company?!

**Sekhti**

(*stopping him; disdainfully*)

245

We're from Egypt. We know all about such things.

**Theodosius**

From Egypt! That's where I'm headed! (*expansively*) The name's Theodosius. And you?

250

**Sekhti**  
(*suspiciously*)

You look Roman.

255 **Theodosius**  
(jovially)  
With good reason! (*slapping Sekhti across the back*) Roman by birth. I've been selling my wares down through Syria, Samaria, Judea . . . (*opening his bag*) And I can see right off that you two are men of quality . . . who appreciate the finer things in life.

260 **Sekhti**  
(stiffly, as Hotep rummages through his bag for a sample)  
We, too, are merchants.

**Hotep**  
(offering a sample to Theodosius)  
265 The river Nile brings its live-giving silt and leaves it on our land—where we grow beautiful flowers which we turn into the sweet-smelling essence before you now. A fragile and exquisite blossom is crushed to extract the oils that—

**Theodosius**  
(sniffing the essence)  
270 An enticing aroma.

**Hotep**  
(innocently)  
Why, thank you.

*Sekhti rolls his eyes toward heaven at the incredible naivete' of his partner.*

275 **Theodosius**  
(taking Hotep by the shoulder, as he returns the sample)  
Ah, but my friend . . . (*romantically*) Have you ever peered deeply into the burning fires of a woman's eyes? Have you ever seen the light of a silver moon dancing over the trembling waves of the sea?

280 *Hotep is quickly being sucked into Theodosius' sales pitch; Sekhti, on the other hand, is growing impatient with the Roman's slick pitch.*

**Theodosius**  
(continuing)  
285 Have you ever . . . (*having successfully hooked Hotep*) well, I see, my friend, that you are a man of the world. I need say no more.

**Sekhti**

*(aside; muttering)*

That would be refreshing.

**Theodosius**

*(opening his bag)*

290

You will not find more exquisite jewelry anywhere — why, not even in Corinth!

*Theodosius pulls out a handful of gaudy, costume jewelry—gold chains, silver, large fake stones. Hotep's eyes light up as he selects something; he then takes it to Sekhti.*

**Hotep**

295

Ohhh . . . aren't they beautiful, Sekhti? Wouldn't Isis love to have something—

**Sekhti**

*(pulling him aside; in a loud, stage-whisper)*

Trinkets, Hotep! Worthless trinkets! We could buy his entire stock with just one vial of our perfume.

300

**Hotep**

So I'll pay what it's worth!

**Sekhti**

I don't do business with Romans.

**Hotep**

*(becoming irritated)*

305

Nobody's asking you to. I just want to buy something pretty for my girlfriend.

*(He returns to an eager Theodosius to complete the transaction)*

**Sekhti**

*(to Theodosius; disdainfully)*

310

Romans! You think you own the whole world!

**Theodosius**

*(after a beat; 'well, of course')*

We do.

**Sekhti**

*(to Hotep)*

315

You see? Don't you just love 'em! They come in and take over your land, tax you to death, corrupt your heritage . . .

**Theodosius**

*(firmly)*

320 I don't get into politics. I'm a simple merchant. I respect your heritage. Egypt was already ancient before Rome was even heard of. Your people have always treated me well—and I them.

**Sekhti**

Still a Roman.

325

**Theodosius**

And proudly. But all I ask is a fair deal. Why, I'm on my way now to trade for some of your fine Egyptian linen. There's none better in the world.

**Sekhti**

*(incredulous)*

330

And you think my people will trade linen for your worthless baubles?

**Theodosius**

*(laughing)*

335

No, no. I'm selling them along the way, and with the money I'll buy the linen. Why it's easy finding suckers to . . . *(Hotep, behind Theodosius, reacts with surprise and shock at the insult)* . . . ugh, well now, that is . . . *(realizing he has just blown his sale)* Oh my.

**Hotep**

*(disappointed; returning the trinkets to Theodosius; to Sekhti)*

340

And he seemed like such a nice man.

**Sekhti**

*(looking at Theodosius, but speaking to Hotep)*

Come along, Hotep. Get our things. *(to Theodosius, sarcastically)* You will excuse us. We're in a hurry to get to Jerusalem.

345

**Theodosius**

Jerusalem! *(thinking)* Well then, let me redeem myself by giving you a warning. *(He sits down, as if preparing to tell them something of great import)* When I left Jerusalem the place was buzzing.

*Sekhti and Hotep are indeed very interested.*

350

**Theodosius**

*(continuing)*

You know the Jews; word travels like lightning. And now the whole city's involved.

355

**Hotep**

*(impatiently)*

Well, what is it?

**Theodosius**

360

There's a man there—sort of a . . . special man—a prophet or teacher of sorts. I don't know all the details. I've never understood the Jews and this seems to be a Jewish thing. *(leaning forward)* But here's the really strange part: The Jewish leaders—now as I understand it—have enlisted the aid of the Romans in ridding themselves of this man. *(leaning back)* Figure that out. This guy must be some criminal!

365

**Sekhti**

What does this have to do with us?

**Theodosius**

370

Nothing. Except that you're walking into a real mess. The whole town's agitated—out of control! And let me tell you, friends, *(shaking his pouch of meager earnings)* they are far too busy with this scandal to consider buying a poor merchant's goods.

**Hotep**

*(a little snooty)*

I would think that would depend on the goods being offered.

**Theodosius**

375

Okay, okay. Think of me what you wish. Just remember what I've said when you get there.

**Sekhti**

We've been to Jerusalem before. We know our way around.

380

**Theodosius**

*(seriously)*

385 This is different. It's not like before. *(preparing to leave)* If you're smart, you'll go  
around the city. Or better yet, go back to Egypt. *(brightening)* Say, you could  
accompany me to your fair land! How about it? Three traveling together can  
keep the thieves away!

**Sekhti**

*(to Theodosius)*

390 No, thank you. *(to Hotep as they quickly exit, leaving the Roman standing alone)* The way  
I see it, Hotep, with him along we would be traveling with the thieves.

*Theodosius exits chuckling to himself.*

# Act One/Scene Two

---

*The Place: A marketplace in Jerusalem*

395 The set is a rude collection of permanent stalls, as well as vendors who carry everything with them. One shop deals in woven goods: fabrics for clothing and blankets; one shop sells pottery and/or metal containers: crude water and wine jars, imported brass, etc.; and one shop (near UR) sells fruits and vegetables and some bread. Colorful awnings shade the stalls from the fierce sun. Scattered throughout the crowd of people are individuals selling variations on these and other items. DR is a well or spring from which some women are collecting water in various jars and skin bags.

400

 **LIGHTS UP FULL.**

405  **FULL CHOIR ENTERS IN PEOPLE MODE (SEE INTRODUCTION TO THIS SCRIPT).**

410

*As the lights come up, people are briskly entering the marketplace, bustling about in various small groups and individually: taking their places as shopkeepers, chatting with neighbors, buying, selling. Dinah and Abigail enter—blending in, chatting with the friends they meet. The two local women are here to collect their water and exchange the usual gossip.*

410

The elder of the two, Abigail, is a strong woman and opinionated. She is a friend to Dinah, but more as a school mistress is friend to her young pupils than as one woman to another. Abigail is a person who thinks little of religion—little, that is, until the comfortable status quo is challenged. Dinah is a fresh, naive flower. In her is the innocence of youth and the beauty of a new day. She believes in the good in all people and is bruised by the cynicism and snappish tongue of her friend Abigail (although she is learning how to turn a deaf ear to the rantings of her older friend).

415

420  **CUE “THE MARKETPLACE”**

*The crowd returns to their normal activity after the song. After a moment, the noise of the crowd diminishes to silence and their activity diminishes to only small, blocked movements (Scenery Mode); we then are privy to the conversation of Dinah and Abigail.*

425

**Abigail**

*(arguing with the shopkeeper; holding a bunch of grapes aloft)*

**These are too ripe! How dare you charge so much for rotten fruit!**

**Dinah**

*(embarrassed by her friend's attitude and obnoxious tone)*

430

**Abigail, please!**

**Fruit Seller**

*(indignantly)*

**Madam, the grapes are the correct ripeness for your evening meal.**

**Abigail**

*(with matching indignation)*

435

**Well!**

**Fruit Seller**

*(with crescendoing sarcasm)*

**Or perhaps you'd like me to stomp on them a little so you can have wine!**

440

**Dinah**

*(taking the grapes from Abigail, handing them back to the shopkeeper, and pulling her friend away from the stall; politely, to the fruit seller)*

**Thank you. We'll consider your offer.**

**Abigail**

*(as they turn away; protesting; to Dinah)*

445

**Dinah! What are you doing? (grinning with greedy delight) Just when I had him where I wanted him!**

**Dinah**

*(shaking her head)*

450

**It's a wonder you have any friends at all.**

*Dinah, with Abigail following, moves to an "independent" seller of fruit in the crowd and picks up another bunch of grapes. She stares at them with a slightly transfixed gaze.*

**Abigail**

*(sourly)*

455 I wasn't looking for a friend. Just some grapes—at a good price. *(settling down)*  
Girl, you'll never learn. How will you ever get along in this world?

**Dinah**

*(with quiet cheerfulness)*

Oh, I'm getting along all right.

**Abigail**

*(impatiently)*

460 What are you staring at? *(grabbing for the grapes)* Are there bugs in there? *(to the seller)* We demand a reduced price!

**Dinah**

*(snapping out of it; to the seller)*

465 No, no—they're fine. *(handing a coin to the seller)* I was just remembering something the new rabbi said the other day.

**Abigail**

*(rolling her eyes heavenward)*

470 Not him again.

*Dinah and Abigail move away from the crowd.*

**Dinah**

*(after sampling one of the grapes)*

475 Let's see . . . what was it? Oh yes, He said, "A good tree can't produce bad fruit, and a bad tree can't produce good fruit." *(she grins at Abigail, pleased with herself for remembering what Jesus had said, then pops another grape into her mouth)*

*Abigail listens to this, standing to the side with her mouth hanging slightly open in disbelief.*

**Abigail**

*(dripping sarcasm; mocking the simplistic wisdom)*

480 As if from the very lips of Moses.

485 **Dinah**  
*(not acknowledging her friend's sarcasm)*  
He was speaking of people who aren't what they claim to be: false prophets, fakers. He said we'd know them by their fruit—what they do, what they accomplish.

490 **Abigail**  
*(disgustedly; referring to her irritation with Dinah)*  
Rotten grapes!

**Dinah**  
*(thinking Abigail is commenting on the false prophets)*  
A lot of them. You have to be careful these days.

495 **Abigail**  
*(resoundingly)*  
And just look who's talking. You're sitting there, taking in every piece of rotten fruit this guy's dishing out.

**Dinah**  
500 No! *(struggling to remember what else Jesus said; stumblingly)* He said that any tree that doesn't produce good fruit—well, uh *(frustrated with herself)* Oh, I wish I could tell it better. It does sound odd when I tell it—but if you were only there you'd see—and hear—for yourself.

**Abigail**  
505 Right. I'd see that you're more gullible than even I thought. *(wagging a bony finger at Dinah)* I've heard what people are saying; this new rabbi is speaking against everything we know to be right and true.

**Dinah**  
But I believe Him.

510 **Abigail**  
*(incredulous)*  
Dinah! Snap out of it! You're making a fool out of yourself.

**Dinah**  
To my ears, everything He says makes perfect sense.

515

**Abigail**

*(wryly)*

I'm a little worried about what's between those two ears. Dinah, how can you so easily exchange centuries of tradition for these scandalous new ideas?

520

*A few members of the marketplace crowd are taking an interest in this conversation and moving closer. (These will be the soloists for the upcoming "By Faith.")*

**Dinah**

*(after pondering for a moment; not having considered this before)*

Are they so new? Maybe these 'new ideas' are simply the next step in our faith.

**Abigail**

525

Faith?

**Dinah**

From the time of Abraham, we've been a people who lived by faith.

**Abigail**

*(protesting confidently)*

530

But don't include this man—

**Dinah**

When God told Abraham to leave his home for Canaan, it was a brand new idea. But he had faith—

535

☹ **CUE: "BY FAITH"**

**Abigail**

But—

**Dinah**

*(over Intro; gathering steam)*

540

—when Hannah prayed for a son, she prayed by faith, and Samuel was born and given to the Lord.

*Everyone (including Dinah) joins in explaining their heritage of faith to Abigail.*

☹ **LET TRAX ROLL THROUGH UNDERSCORE P56.**

## Act One/Scene Three

---

*As the crowd returns to normal after the song, they quiet down as Sekhti and Hotep enter, opposite.*

550 *Hoping to redeem himself, Hotep looks around, sees the people in the marketplace nearby, then spies the well.*

**Hotep**  
(happily; relieved)

**There! There's a spring.**

555 **Sekhti**  
(glancing in the direction Hotep is pointing; curtly)

**I'm not blind.**

*The two men cross toward the crowd. Hotep is heading toward the people thinking to slake his thirst; Sekhti, always the businessman, is thinking only of sales. Sekhti halts Hotep, stopping just short of the women.*

560 **Sekhti**  
(to Hotep, but obviously to be overheard by the women; grandly)

**Yes, I've heard the same, Hotep. Why, it's common knowledge that there can not be found more friendly, kind, and compassionate women than the blessed ladies of Jerusalem!**

565 *Wise to the two merchants, Abigail casts a knowing—and wary—eye toward the two strangers. Meanwhile Dinah, more friendly—and naive—quickly notices their plight and offers Sekhti something to drink.*

**Dinah**  
(friendly)

570 **Please, have some of mine. The water from this spring is very sweet.**

**Sekhti**  
(using a trusty line, but suddenly—and quite unexpectedly—smitten by the girl)  
**No more sweet than the one offering it.**

575 *Abigail rolls her eyes to heaven, but reluctantly offers a drink to Hotep—who noisily guzzles it too quickly.*

**Abigail**

*(impatiently)*

Not so fast. You'll give yourself a belly-ache.

**Sekhti**

580 *(after drinking and wiping the back of his arm across his mouth)*

Ladies—

**Abigail**

*(grimacing; sniffing the air)*

What is that smell?

585

**Dinah**

*(sniffing)*

Smells like . . . dead fish.

*Hotep turns away from the others and checks his breath by blowing into the palm of his hand. Finding nothing offensive there, he realizes it is his hand that smells of fish. He*

590 *hastily wipes it down his tunic.*

**Sekhti**

*(to Dinah; formally)*

You've been so kind. Allow me to repay your kindness with a small gift.

*(rummaging through his bag.)*

595

**Abigail**

*(warning Dinah as she leans away from Sekhti)*

Watch it, Dinah! You can't trust an Egyptian. The desert affects their brain.

**Sekhti**

*(with grimacing diplomacy)*

600

Madam, my partner and I are from the delta region, an area rich and fertile. *(he pulls from his bag a tiny vial and hands it to Dinah)* Sweet essence, from one flower to another.

605

*There are actually two scenes taking place simultaneously— one between Sekhti and Dinah, and one between Hotep and Abigail. Sekhti is clearly interested in a sale as he proffers a sample to Dinah; but he is also interested in her. Are his attentions purely opportunistic, or is he falling for the girl?*

*Meanwhile Hotep is having to deal with the crusty Abigail. As much in defense as to make a sale, he launches into their prepared sales pitch.*

610 **Hotep**  
(a memorized speech)  
The river Nile brings its life-giving silt and leaves it on our land—where we grow beautiful flowers which we turn into the sweet-smelling essence before you now.

615 **Sekhti**  
(picking up the sales pitch, but becoming visibly smitten with Dinah)  
A fragile and exquisite blossom is crushed to extract the oils (distracted by the pretty Dinah; his gaze caught by hers) that will turn your soft skin... into a palette... of loveliness—

620 **Abigail**  
(to Hotep)  
(harshly; breaking into the quiet moment between Dinah and Sekhti)  
Well, what else have you got?  
  
Sekhti and Hotep distribute samples to each woman—and to some of the other people who have been drawn toward them. As they sample the fragrance there are oohs and ahs all around. But one by one, even though the olfactory response has been favorable,  
625 each person hands the sample back to the Egyptians. While the two Egyptians try to sell something to those in the gathered crowd, Abigail turns to Dinah.

**Abigail**  
(disgustedly)  
That's what I hate about Passover.  
  
630 **Dinah**  
(distracted; watching Sekhti)  
Uh, what'd you say?  
  
**Abigail**  
(gathering her things to leave)  
635 Passover. Draws all the riff-raff into the city. They prey on us like vultures.

**Dinah**  
(still distracted by watching Sekhti)  
Yes, of course. Vultures.  
  
Abigail, seeing that her friend is somewhere else and temporarily incommunicado, puts  
640 Dinah's belongings into her hand and begins leading her away. Out of the corner of his

eye, Sekhti spies the two women leaving. Not wanting to lose contact with Dinah so soon, he camouflages his true intentions with talk of commerce.

**Sekhti**

(chasing after them)

645 **But ladies, you didn't buy anything!**

**Abigail**

(coarsely)

**Go sell to the Romans. They're the only ones with money.**

650 *Abigail leads Dinah away from Sekhti, but loses contact with her in a small crowd of people. Abigail continues out (exiting) while Dinah lingers in the marketplace, her eyes on Sekhti. Meanwhile, Hotep rejoins Sekhti.*

**Hotep**

(pulling at Sekhti's arm; pouting slightly)

655 **These people are just shoppers, Sekhti. Let's go back to that other market we passed coming into town.**

**Sekhti**

(distracted; staring at Dinah)

**Yes, of course. The other market.**

660 *Sekhti permits Hotep to pull him away from Dinah, but keeps his gaze fixed on her. Most of the marketplace crowd drifts away, leaving small clearings around Dinah and Sekhti.*

665  **CROSSFADE STAGE LIGHTS TO AREA LIGHTS (OR FOLLOW SPOTS) ON DINAH AND SEKHTI.**

 **CHOIR IN FROZEN MODE.**

670 *Everyone on stage—except Dinah and Sekhti—freeze. Lights remain up on the two, who are on opposite sides of the stage. They sing their respective verses to the song while gazing upon each other from across the stage.*

 **CUE: "COULD HE BE THE ONE?"**

 **TRAX CONTINUE TO ROLL AFTER SONG FOR UNDERSCORE, P25.**

# Act One/Scene Four

675

---

 **AS SONG DECRESCENDOS NEAR END, SLOWLY FADEOUT ON DINAH AND SEKHTI—HITTING BLACK JUST AT CUTOFF, STAGE LIGHTS SLOWLY UP TO FULL AS UNDERSCORE PLAYS.**

*Sekhti exits in blackout. Dinah remains in place.*

680



**CHOIR IN PEOPLE MODE.**

*As stage lights come back up, the crowd is re-animated. General commotion and market activity resumes. Enter Jesus with a few of His disciples.*

*After the lights return to full, Dinah pauses (as if transfixed) in the midst of the melee, still thinking about Sekhti. But when Jesus enters she snaps out of it, and moves toward Him along with everyone else.*

685

*Jesus moves through the marketplace much as any other person: laughing with people, slapping friends on the back, stopping to chat with shopkeepers, etc. However, Jesus has developed a following because of His teaching. People do recognize Him as a well-known rabbi, so they begin gravitating toward Him.*

690

 **CUE “COULD HE BE THE ONE?” REPRISE, P29. TRAX CONTINUE TO ROLL FOR “CALL HIM MESSIAH.”**

695

 **WITH TRAX, CROSSFADE FULL STAGE TO ISOLATED SOLOIST.**



**CHOIR IN FROZEN MODE.**

*As lights down on stage, crowd freezes during song (Frozen Mode). Soloist from Chorus sings while gazing upon Jesus from across the stage.*

700  **AS TRAX TRANSITION TO “CALL HIM MESSIAH,” LIGHTS CROSSFADE FROM ISOLATED SOLOIST TO UP FULL ENTIRE STAGE.**

 **CHOIR IN PEOPLE MODE.**

705 *As lights come back up, crowd re-animates and begins singing.*

*Dinah and the crowd sing “Call Him Messiah” while Jesus mostly listens to what they are singing. At p34 on m37, Jesus and the crowd begin moving toward where Jesus will teach. The crowd remains standing through the end of the song; then after the cutoff,*  
710 *quiets down, some jostling for good spots, many sitting before the seated Jesus.*

# Act One/Scene Five

---

 **CHOIR IN A QUIET PEOPLE MODE.**

715

**Jesus**

*(conversationally)*

720

When the Son of Man returns, *(gesturing to where he has sat down)* He'll take His seat on His throne. *(gesturing around the crowd)* And all the nations will be assembled around Him. Then He'll separate them from each other—just as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. He'll put the sheep on His right and the goats on His left.

 **CUE “BLESSED ARE THEY”**

725

**Jesus**

*(without pause)*

Then the King will say to the sheep on the right, “Come, blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom I’ve prepared for you.”

730

**Man #1**

*(seriously wanting an answer, but with a bemused chuckle)*

Teacher, then tell us how we may be sheep—and not goats.

*Jesus smiles at the man and ponders how best to answer. Deciding, He sings His reply.*

*m8: In reply to the man, Jesus sings this first phrase as a solo.*

 **TAKE OUT JESUS’ MIC AFTER BOTTOM P41 (M27).**

735

*m14: If not earlier, all people join here.*

*m28: Jesus stops singing, allowing the people to carry the message themselves; He looks on, pleased that they have understood His words.*

740

*m45: Jesus stands and moves through the crowd toward the exit, making His personal good-byes to a few; as He passes through, the people begin standing, slowly moving*

after Him, and finally bidding Him farewell as He exits opposite; at this point the crowd is spread out across the stage.

745

*m66: Everyone turns out (toward audience), maybe even taking a step forward on beat 1 of m68.*

750

*m84: Everyone begins slowly exiting as the song diminishes, leaving only sufficient number on stage to finish the song, then they exit.*



**THE ENTIRE CHOIR HAS EXITED BY THE END OF “BLESSED ARE THEY.” AS EACH MEMBER EXITS, HE OR SHE SHOULD TAKE POSITION FOR “HERE HE COMES!” (2/1)**

755

# Act One/Scene Six

---

*Dinah (who has been in the middle of the crowd) remains behind as everyone else exits.*

760 🎧 **AT CUTOFF TO “BLESSED ARE THEY” PREPARE CD TRAX FOR “HERE HE COMES!” BUT DO NOT PLAY.**

**Dinah**

*(introspectively; with gathering excitement)*

He is. He is the one! Abigail said Jesus spoke against everything right and true.

But, I never heard truth until today. I heard it in His words—I saw it in His eyes.

765 He is the one. *(as she exits)* Jesus is the one!

*Dinah exits.*

🕯 **AS DINAH EXITS, LIGHTS GO TO BLACK.**

770 🎧 **CUE SECOND HALF OF (TAPED) UNDERSCORE P59 AFTER LIGHTS DOWN.**

📖 **WHILE UNDERSCORE PLAYS, ALL CHORUS PERSONNEL QUICKLY TAKE BACKSTAGE POSITIONS FOR THEIR “HERE HE COMES!” ENTRANCE.**

# Act One/Scene Seven

---

*Place: the Jerusalem Marketplace*

 **CUE: “HERE HE COMES!”**

780

 **FULL CHOIR ENTERS EXCITEDLY AND QUICKLY (IN CHARACTER!) ON DOWNBEAT (PEOPLE MODE).**

 **AT TYMPANI, (BEAT 3) ALL LIGHTS IMMEDIATELY UP FULL.**

785

*Crowd (including Dinah) enters from all entrances—including from behind audience—with great excitement and energy. As they reach the stage, they mill about expectantly, facing and pointing over the audience, going silent—but not freezing—at dialogue.*

 **CHOIR IN A SILENT PEOPLE MODE.**

790

*Sekhti and Hotep enter, ignorant of the occasion, but caught up, nonetheless, in the excitement.*

**Sekhti**

*(calling to Dinah from a distance, then going quickly to her)*

795

**Dinah! Dinah! What’s going on!**

**Dinah**

He’s coming!

**Sekhti**

Who?

800

**Dinah**

The Lord, silly. Jesus is coming.

**Sekhti**

But why all this?

**Dinah**

805 He's our King—our Messiah!

**Hotep**

*(peering into the distance)*

A king? All I see is someone riding a colt.

**Dinah**

*(happily)*

810

That's Him!

*Dinah joins the Chorus in singing their anticipation of Jesus' entrance.*

*Sekhti is excited and shares in their joy, but does not sing along; he is more a spectator than participant, but remains by Dinah's side. From time to time he glances at Dinah, watching and admiring her.*

815

*Hotep does not join in, more a distracted spectator, drifting off into the crowd after a few moments.*

 **AT P70, M47, BEAT 3, HOUSELIGHTS UP.**

820

*As the Chorus sings the final "Hosanna" group p70, m47, Jesus, with some of His disciples, enters from behind the audience and moves down one of the aisles toward the people on stage.*

*As song diminishes, Jesus continues out (exiting) taking most of the people with Him.*

825



**ALL BUT A FEW MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR EXIT WITH, AND FOLLOWING AFTER, JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES. THOSE REMAINING SILENTLY MILL ABOUT—IN SCENERY MODE—OCCUPYING THEMSELVES WITH CONVERSATION OR BUSINESS NOT RELATED TO THE SCENE BEING PLAYED OUT.**

830

## Act One/Scene Eight

---

**Dinah**

*(pulling on Sekhti; as music fades out)*

Come on. Let's go with Him.

*Sekhti starts to go with Dinah, but Hotep returns and stops him.*

835

**Hotep**

Sekhti, where are you going?

*Momentarily befuddled, Sekhti looks back and forth between Dinah and Hotep with his mouth hanging open.*

840

**Dinah**

*(friendly)*

Hotep, come with us to hear Jesus speak.

**Sekhti**

*(to Hotep; not really wanting him along; three's a crowd)*

Sure, why not?

845

**Hotep**

*(becoming exasperated)*

I'll tell you why not. *(jingling his small purse; there is the sound of only two small coins knocking together)* We're coming up short on this trip—and my wife will be taking it out of my hide.

850

**Sekhti**

*(grinning; making fun of Hotep's earlier remark)*

Ah, Neferma. *(pointedly)* She's your rose, Hotep.

*Sekhti turns to leave with Dinah, but Hotep grabs him again.*

855

**Hotep**

*(about as angry and frustrated as Hotep ever gets)*

You mean we're going back empty-handed because you want to go listen to this Jewish teacher?

*Sekhti quickly grabs Hotep and steers him to the side, away from Dinah.*

**Sekhti**

*(confidentially)*

860

Listen, my simple-minded partner: Maybe you've got a wife to go home to, but I don't. We'll have plenty of time to sell our inventory. I don't care about this Jesus—but I do care about the one who does. *(glancing back, smiling and gesturing to Dinah; Dinah smiles back sweetly)* And I think I'll make better time if you weren't  
865 along.

*Sekhti returns to Dinah and they exit together, leaving Hotep alone on stage, staring after them.*



870

**THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR EXIT WITH DINAH AND SEKHTI. THE ENTIRE CHOIR IS NOW OFF-STAGE, AND WILL NOT RETURN EN MASSE UNTIL THE CRUCIFIXION SCENE.**

# Act One/Scene Nine

---

*Hotep heaves a loud sigh, and turns to exit opposite—just as Abigail enters, out of breath.*

875

**Abigail**

*(referring to Dinah and Sekhti; demandingly)*

Where are they off to?

*Hotep stares blankly at Abigail—remembering the face, but not quite placing the woman.*

880

**Abigail**

*(holding him by the shoulders; shouting into his ear)*

I say, where are they off to?!

**Hotep**

*(now he remembers)*

885

Oh, Abigail—Dinah's friend.

**Abigail**

*(sarcastically)*

Always on top of things. *(pause)* I've been chasing her all morning. Where'd they go?

890

**Hotep**

Just to hear that teacher, Jesus. *(scratching his head)* It was the funniest thing. He came in here . . . all the people . . .

**Abigail**

*(stopping him with an uplifted hand)*

895

Don't strain yourself. Now listen carefully: If I miss them again you have to tell Dinah. Tell her to stay away from that man.

**Hotep**

Sekhti?

**Abigail**

900

No, you twit. Jesus. *(confidentially)* Word's out that the council is plotting against Him. I don't want Dinah getting caught in any trap they lay for Him. *(as she exits in the same direction as Dinah and Sekhti)* Tell her to stay away from Him.

*Hotep watches Abigail leave, then turns to exit opposite.*

905 **Hotep**  
*(rehearsing; mumbling to himself as he exits)*  
Tell her to lay awake for . . . No. Tell her to stay away from, uh . . . *(with a grand gesture; loudly)* They're setting a nap—a lap . . . No. A trap—they're setting a trap. Uh . . .

*Hotep exits.*

910 ☹ **CUE APPROPRIATE UNDERSCORE TO FINISH OFF FIRST HALF AND MOVE FROM HOTEK'S HUMOROUS EXIT INTO THE INTERMISSION.**

915 🕯 **HOUSE LIGHTS UP SLOWLY.**

## \* Intermission \*

# Act Two/Scene One

---

*Place: An anteroom of the Sanhedrin's council chamber*

925 *Enter Malchiah [Mal-keye'-uh] and Nicodemus, members of the Sanhedrin. Occasionally voices can be heard from backstage, outbursts coming from the heated exchange in the council chambers (optional).*

**Malchiah**

*(entering angry)*

930 You're a fool, Nicodemus! How much longer do you think you can keep this up?

**Nicodemus**

Will you now give me away?

**Malchiah**

*(exasperated)*

935 No, I'll not give you away. You're still my friend. But I should turn you in. If you persist in this you'll bring us all down with you.

**Nicodemus**

You didn't vote with me.

**Malchiah**

940 I'm implicated by your confidence in me. I take a chance by simply leaving the council chamber with you.

**Nicodemus**

Then why can't you vote with me? Why can't you see it, Malchiah?

**Malchiah**

945 I would ask you the same, my misguided friend.

**Nicodemus**

You were even with me that day he spoke.

**Malchiah**

There have been many days he has spoken. Too many.

950

**Nicodemus**

Yes, he's given us every opportunity to understand, and still some refuse—

**Malchiah**

*(flaring)*

955

There's no need to get personal!

**Nicodemus**

But that's precisely what Jesus has been telling us! Malchiah, are you just like the rest? We keep going to him, we learned men of the Sanhedrin, trying to debate Jesus into submission.

960

**Malchiah**

*(insistently)*

This man is a disruption!

**Nicodemus**

And what is he disrupting?

965

**Malchiah**

Well, our way of life, the way we do things here, our . . . tradition.

**Nicodemus**

*(he had been waiting for that word)*

Yes, our tradition. And I thank God he is disrupting our tradition.

970

*There is a surge of voices from offstage during Nicodemus's last line and Malchiah nervously tries to silence Nicodemus.*

**Malchiah**

Don't press your luck, Nicodemus.

**Nicodemus**

975

*(slightly subdued; acknowledging his rash behavior)*

It was quite some time ago. A group of us had sought Jesus out to once again argue trivialities. A report had come to the council that the disciples of Jesus had been observed eating without having washed their hands.

980 **Malchiah**  
(*smugly*)  
Now I remember. He refused the challenge, as I recall.

**Nicodemus**  
Jesus refused to join in our petty bickering.

985 **Malchiah**  
‘Petty bickering’? It’s the Law!

**Nicodemus**  
Your memory fails you, Malchiah—as does your scholarship.

*Malchiah is greatly offended.*

990 **Nicodemus**  
We didn’t challenge him on the law. We asked Jesus why his disciples transgress the tradition of the elders.

**Malchiah**  
(*not seeing the difference*)  
Yes . . .

995 **Nicodemus**  
(*incredulous; sadly*)  
Well, I see you are still one of them.

1000 **Malchiah**  
(*alarmed*)  
One of ‘them’? Nicodemus, (*gesturing toward backstage*) you are one of them!

**Nicodemus**  
(*with a touch of melancholy*)  
Not anymore. Not since that day.

1005 **Malchiah**  
(*taking Nicodemus firmly by the shoulders*)  
Don’t take this any further. You are a respected councillor, a member of the Sanhedrin. Don’t jeopardize your standing for the ravings of a lunatic prophet—an accused blasphemer.

**Nicodemus**

1010 *(pulling away; with contained angry)*

I'm told there is an animal down in Ethiopia that has a habit of hiding its head in the sand when challenged by an adversary. *(pause)* When I heard Jesus that day, I heard the truth—as if for the first time. Don't you feel the hunger, Malchiah? Don't you hunger for the truth?

**Malchiah**

1015 *(stiffly)*

I know the truth.

**Nicodemus**

Do you think Jesus serves a God other than ours?

**Malchiah**

1020 Don't quiz me on the twisted contents of his mind! My faith has been tested by time and was given by the very hand of God.

**Nicodemus**

1025 But it's those commandments God handed down to us that have become twisted. We've designed for ourselves such a maze of regulations that we've lost sight of who God really is! All Jesus has done is cut through the confusion to show us that our relationship with God must be personal. It cannot be founded on regulations.

**Malchiah**

1030 *(indignantly)*

He called us hypocrites!

**Nicodemus**

1035 And he backed it up by quoting Isaiah: "This people honors me with their lips, but their heart is far away from me. In vain do they worship me, teaching as doctrines the precepts of men." Tradition, Malchiah. Just empty, selfish tradition.

**Malchiah**

*(darkly angry)*

Don't quote the scriptures to me!

1040

**Nicodemus**

*(snapping back)*

Why not? You seem to have forgotten them!

**Malchiah**

1045

All right! Go follow your miniature God. I'll not stand in your way—and I'll not expose you to the rest of the council. *(with bitterness)* But I'll not vote with you. *(pause)* And I'll not be your friend.

*Malchiah exits in a huff. Nicodemus stares after him, his anger diminishing into a sadness for his friend. With a heavy sigh, he follows, returning to the council chambers for the next vote against Jesus.*

1050

# Act Two/Scene Two

---

*Place: The courtyard of the High Priest's (Caiaphas) palace*

*Props: Charcoal fire*

1055 *Stick for tending fire*

*Swords for soldiers*

*Same props used by Egyptians in Scene One*

1060 *As the lights come up, the servant girl, Jerusha, is tending the fire. Enter Crassius, Lucius, Hotep, and Sekhti. The two soldiers are trying (with little success) to shake off Sekhti and Hotep, who are enthusiastically trailing after them, trying to peddle their wares.*

**Hotep**

*(persistently)*

1065 . . . brings its life-giving silt and leaves it on our land—where we grow beautiful flowers which we turn into the sweet-smelling essence before you now. A fragile and exquisite blossom is crushed to—

**Crassius**

*(turning quickly to take Hotep by his tunic)*

1070 I'm about to crush you, you little lotus flower! *(sniffing at Hotep)* Phew! Have you been eating fish?

*The other officer, encouraged by his partner, grabs Sekhti by the scruff of the neck and hauls him over next to Hotep.*

**Sekhti**

But sir, the great and mighty Roman Empire was built on the concept of free commerce! Surely you would not restrict our trade—

1075

**Lucius**

Hold it down! Don't you know where you are?

**Sekhti**

*(looking around)*

Why, no.

1080

**Crassius**

*(in a menacing cadence)*

1085 You're standing in the private courtyard of the High Priest Caiaphas. And if he gets upset because there's too much noise outside, he tells the centurion. Then the centurion lands on us for not keeping things quiet for the High Priest!

**Lucius**

And do you know what happens then?

*Sekhti and Hotep shake their heads slowly in unison.*

1090

**Crassius**

*(fiercely)*

We land on you for making us look bad! Now, keep it down and leave us alone!

*Sekhti and Hotep sheepishly slink back as the two officers join the servant girl at the charcoal fire. Sekhti and Hotep stay near the fire, just behind the others.*

1095

**Lucius**

*(to Jerusha)*

What's going on up there, anyway?

**Jerusha**

They have to question him.

1100

**Lucius**

Why? What's he done?

**Crassius**

Who is this guy?

**Jerusha**

1105

*(as she tends the fire; cynically)*

A teacher. A prophet. A trouble-maker.

**Crassius**

Wait a minute. I heard their talk. Those offenses wouldn't call for what they're planning for this man.

1110

**Jerusha**

You don't know. You're not a Jew.

**Crassius**

*(to his companion; with a derisive laugh)*

And I thank Jupiter for that!

1115

**Jerusha**

He claims to be the Son of Man.

*The two soldiers just look at her, not familiar with the term.*

**Jerusha**

*(impatiently)*

1120

The Son of God.

**Lucius**

Well, okay. *(gesturing to his head)* So he's not quite all there. That's still not cause to crucify him.

**Jerusha**

*(startled by the word "crucify")*

1125

Is that what they're plotting?

**Crassius**

Why do you think we're here?

**Lucius**

1130

Even the Sanhedrin can't crucify a man.

*There is a knocking at one of the entrances.*

**Jerusha**

*(getting up to see who it is)*

I didn't know they were taking it that far.

1135

**Sekhti**

*(stepping closer to the soldiers)*

Gentlemen, this is a most unfortunate time for all. Political intrigue is always messy. But while you're waiting, perhaps I could show you a few of—

**Crassius**

*(with a menacing growl)*

1140

Are you still here?!

*Sekhti and Hotep once again back away, silently, as attention is focused on Jerusha at the door.*

1145 **Jerusha**  
*(speaking to Peter, who remains hidden offstage)*  
You're one of them. *(intently)* You're one of his disciples.

**Peter**  
*(pushing his way in past her; showing labored bravado)*  
I don't know what you're talking about! I just got into town tonight.

1150 **Jerusha**  
Then why are you here? This is the home of Caiaphas, the Chief Priest. *(trying to send him away)*

**Peter**  
*(stepping towards the fire)*  
1155 I saw your fire through the gate. *(nervously acknowledging the two soldiers)* Just thought you might let a traveler warm himself for a moment.

**Lucius**  
*(suspiciously)*  
Sure. Why not.

1160 **Jerusha**  
My master wouldn't like this.

**Crassius**  
Aw, what's the harm. It's a cold night.

1165 **Hotep**  
*(to Peter; friendly)*  
We just got in, too. My name's Hotep. My partner is Sekhti. *(waiting for Peter to give his name)*

**Peter**  
*(with some disdain)*  
1170 Egyptians.

**Sekhti**  
Why, yes. And you are . . . ?

**Peter**

*(trying to get them to leave him alone)*

1175 Tired from my journey. *(sitting down next to the fire)*

**Crassius**

*(to Peter)*

You're from Galilee.

**Peter**

*(nervously)*

1180

Yes.

**Crassius**

Maybe you know this guy inside—the “prophet.” He's from that area.

**Lucius**

1185 Doesn't look good for him.

**Crassius**

*(to Lucius)*

I still can't figure them wanting to crucify him. Yeah, the guy's a pain in the neck, but why—

1190

**Jerusha**

*(subdued; almost sadly)*

To us Jews, God is everything. From the time we are born until we die . . . every part of our life centers around Jehovah. He personally gave us the laws we live by—laws that govern every aspect of living—not just our worship. This . . . man  
1195 has broken the most important law we have. He claims to be that God we worship. The council won't have it. They don't just want him punished. They want him dead. *(she exits)*

**Sekhti**

1200

In Egypt, we have many gods—more gods than can be counted. But with the many we already have, there's always room for one more.

**Lucius**

Same with us. *(sarcastically)* We Romans think of our gods as a . . . community.

1205 **Crassius**  
(to all)  
But not the Jews. They got it into their heads that in all the heavens there's  
room for only one god.

**Hotep**  
It's a curious god who wishes people to be so easily put to death.

1210 **Peter**  
(looking down; too quietly for the others to hear)  
It's not God doing it.

**Crassius**  
What did you say?

1215 **Peter**  
(showing some anger)  
I said, it's not God doing it. It's Caiaphas.

**Lucius**  
(studying Peter)  
1220 You speak like one of them. (taking a closer look) He is one of them, Crassius.

**Peter**  
(flaring)  
I told you before! I'm not!

**Crassius**  
1225 But you do know what we're talking about, don't you.

**Peter**  
(nervously)  
The word has traveled. And, like you said, I am from Galilee.

*From this point on, Crassius spends most of his time studying Peter.*

1230 **Hotep**  
Well, whoever this man is, he sure has made a lot of enemies!

**Crassius**  
(looking at Peter)  
Oh, he has his followers, too.

1235 *Peter looks nervously away.*

**Lucius**

*(now studying Peter as well)*

But the smart ones have made themselves scarce.

**Crassius**

*(edging closer to Peter)*

1240

I would think this Jesus would have arranged for at least one of his followers to stay close by. Do you think so, Lucius?

**Lucius**

Makes sense to me.

1245 *Peter gets up and begins moving away.*

**Crassius**

*(with intimidation)*

I also think that if we came across such a person it would be our duty to hold him for Caiaphas.

1250

**Lucius**

*(in a threatening tone)*

I think you're right, Crassius.

**Peter**

*(running away, fearfully; shouting)*

1255 I do not know this man! *(he exits)*

*Crassius and Lucius begin to exit after Peter, in half-hearted pursuit, but are stopped by Jerusha, who enters just as Peter exits. She is shaken by what she has witnessed inside the palace.*

**Jerusha**

*(to the soldiers)*

1260

Hold it! You're supposed to take the prisoner.

**Crassius**

Now what?

**Lucius**

1265 Why don't they make up their minds!

**Jerusha**

They want you to take him to the Governor.

**Crassius**

Pilate will have our heads for bothering him with this.

1270

**Lucius**

Just blame it on Caiaphas. *(turning to leave, but stopping to speak to the Egyptians)* You trouble-makers better be on your way out of town.

*Lucius and Crassius exit.*

**Jerusha**

1275

*(backing away; troubled)*

These are very strange times . . . very strange. *(to Sekhti and Hotep)* Go home. You don't belong here in the middle of all this.

*Jerusha exits opposite the soldiers.*

**Sekhti**

1280

Who is this guy?

**Hotep**

Someone this town won't soon forget!

**Sekhti**

One man? One man is doing all this?

1285

**Hotep**

One man seems to be enough. *(after a pause)* Sekhti, I'm beginning to really miss Egypt.

**Sekhti**

You always get homesick.

1290

**Hotep**

We should never have come. It's dangerous here.

**Sekhti**

No. Dangerous is if we go back empty-handed. *(reassuringly)* C'mon. Just keep your eyes open for members of the Sanhedrin.

1295

**Hoteb**

How would I know someone of the Sanhedrin?

**Sekhti**

*(as they exit)*

Oh, that's easy. He'll be the one with his nose in the air.

1300

*They exit.*

# Act Two/Scene Three

---

1305 Production Note: This scene is actually two scenes taking place simultaneously, using opposite areas of the stage. While one scene is the focus of attention, the other should be blacked out, with the actors frozen.

1310  **A SMALL GROUP OF WOMEN FROM THE CHOIR (NO MORE THAN 9 OR 10) TAKE POSITIONS ON STAGE IN TWO OR THREE CLUSTERS IN SCENERY MODE. THEY REMAIN HERE THROUGHOUT THE SCENE WITH AN ATTITUDE OF SILENT CONVERSATION WITHIN EACH GROUP—NOT NECESSARILY FROZEN INTO PLACE LIKE STATUES, BUT DOING NOTHING THAT WOULD DETRACT FROM SCENE BETWEEN DINAH AND SEKHTI. THESE WOMEN JOIN SINGING WITH DINAH AT P91, M22.**

1315  **LIGHTS UP ½ DC AS SOON AS DINAH IS IN PLACE.**

1320 *Dinah is seated on a rude bench. She is quietly weeping. Several hours earlier Dinah was drawn to the garden of Gethsemane by rumors of the impending arrest of Jesus. She arrived just as the soldiers were leading Him back into the city. On the fringes of the crowd that had gathered, Dinah stared in disbelief that such a thing could happen. Her beloved Jesus—arrested! What would they do to Him? She could guess—but couldn't bear to think of such a fate for this one who had so recently become Her Savior.*

1325 *Enter Sekhti. The events of the last few days have had a profound impact on the Egyptian. Normally one to come into an area, conduct what business he can, then leave quickly—Sekhti has been fascinated by the turbulent events that have transpired around him. Surprising even himself, he has taken to roaming the city, listening to the conversations of shopkeepers, women drawing their water, and gossip and rumors flying about the temple area. Such rumor has brought him to this garden.*

1330 **Sekhti**  
*(surprised, but happy to see her again; cautiously: he still doesn't know her very well)*  
**Dinah! Why are you here? (moving closer; discovers that she has been crying) You've been crying.**

1335 **Dinah**  
*(with a curious blend of sorrow and anger)*  
**There was little else I could do.**

**Sekhti**

*(jumping to conclusions)*

Have you been hurt? *(posturing protectively)* Who did it?

1340

**Dinah**

*(quieting Sekhti; with a little irritation)*

Nothing like that.

**Sekhti**

*(settling down; thoroughly confused)*

1345

Boy, now this.

**Dinah**

What do you mean?

**Sekhti**

1350

I've been to Jerusalem several times before, but I've never seen things so mixed up as this. Just the other day everyone was so happy—the entire city was celebrating. Now, suddenly, the city's filled with tension, everyone irritable—*(petulantly)* no sales—and now I find you here, like this.

**Dinah**

*(quietly, but firmly—as if to convince herself this isn't just a dream)*

1355

They've arrested Jesus.

**Sekhti**

*(initially failing to recall the name)*

Jesus. *(the light dawns)* Oh, your teacher friend. The one the celebration was for. *(seriously)* Why?

1360

**Dinah**

*(bitter sarcasm creeping into her voice)*

You'd have to ask the ones who arrested Him.

**Sekhti**

*(innocently)*

1365

Couldn't anyone stop it?

**Dinah**

*(sharply; with bitterness; as if Sekhti should have known better)*

The ones who could have stopped it were the ones arresting Him. *(pause; frustrated)* Oh, why? Why such a gentle man—a good man . . .

1370

**Sekhti**

*(a little too glib)*

Oh, they're usually the first to go.

**Dinah**

Well, aren't you the smart one!

1375

**Sekhti**

*(suddenly sorry he said it)*

I didn't mean it like that.

**Dinah**

*(becoming almost hysterical)*

1380

Jesus is more! He isn't just a good man. The world's full of good men. *(bitter; angry)* And the world's full of bad men—who have to destroy the things they don't understand.

**Sekhti**

*(trying to calm her)*

1385

Why are so many interested in Jesus? *(honestly wanting to know)* What makes him so special?

**Dinah**

*(after thinking a moment; quieting down)*

1390

Have you ever looked down into a baby's face? *(enjoying the pleasant imagery)* They smile at you with such deep, black eyes . . . why, you almost fall right into them. And they look up at you with such open trust and love. There's nothing held back. What you see in their face—their eyes—is what's in their heart. *(looking directly at Sekhti)* I don't know if I can tell you about Jesus. *(turning away; slipping back into her weeping)* I don't know if I can tell you about my Lord . . .

1395

**Sekhti**

*(compassionately, yet eager)*

Please try. *(hesitantly touching her to comfort)* I really do want to know. *(confidently)* Tell me, how did you meet him?

**Dinah**

*(regaining her composure)*

1400

I've known Him only a short while, you know. *(pause, recalling their first meeting)* He was speaking—on a hillside just outside the city. At first, I was attracted by the way people were listening to Jesus. There was no fidgeting. Everyone was

1405 silent—clinging to every word. Then I really looked at Jesus. I was still a good  
distance from him, but even then I saw in his eyes something that attracted me.  
*(blushing in response to the curious look from Sekhti)* Oh, not like that. Not as a man.  
How can I explain? It was as if seeing his face, I was suddenly reminded of all the  
things I'd ever searched for—and now had found. All the happiness—the  
peace—that had been missing from my life I found in his face.

1410 **Sekhti**  
*(innocently)*

They say there was the same countenance about our late king, the great  
Rameses . . .

1415 **Dinah**  
*(irritated)*

I'm not talking about charisma. Jesus is not just some politician who can sway a  
crowd.

1420 **Sekhti**  
*(now irritated himself)*

You keep getting angry with me! I have no basis for understanding this person!  
How am I to know who he is—without knowing who he is not? Messiah!  
Messiah! That's all I hear! Half the people worship this man because they say  
He's God come down as man—and the other half hates him because he says he  
is and they don't believe! Which is he?

1425 **Dinah**  
*(firmly)*

He is God!

1430 **Sekhti**  
Well, the closest I have to that is Pharaoh. Since Caesar, Egypt hasn't had it's  
own king. But when we did, *(with awe)* he was a god. He was Son of the Sun! Lord  
of the Two Lands! A god among us.

**Dinah**  
*(skeptically)*

And you believe that?

1435

**Sekhti**  
(*shrugging*)

That's what the priests tell us—and from childhood we're taught to believe what the priests tell us.

1440

**Dinah**

We too are taught to believe the priests. But our priests don't believe Jesus. They say he's a fraud and a blasphemer.

**Sekhti**  
(*patiently*)

1445

Dinah, I don't know your people or their ways. (*with a gentle smile*) I don't even know you that well. And although I've seen Him around you, I've never really met this man Jesus. But He's left his mark on you, and I suddenly find myself wanting to hear more . . .

1450

🕯 **AFTER SEKHTI SAYS: "HE HAS LEFT HIS MARK ON YOU," LIGHTS BEGIN TO CROSS-FADE TO CAIAPHAS AND NICODEMUS**

8 **AFTER SEKHTI SAYS: “HE HAS LEFT HIS MARK ON YOU,” LIGHTS BEGIN TO  
CROSS-FADE TO CAIAPHAS AND NICODEMUS**

1455 *Enter Caiaphas, followed by Nicodemus. Caiaphas is weary from the all-night trial of Jesus. He has given private audience to Nicodemus, who has been up until this moment a respected member of the Sanhedrin, over which Caiaphas presides.*

**Caiaphas**

1460 As if I hadn't enough occupying my mind.

**Nicodemus**

Lord Caiaphas—

**Caiaphas**

1465 And you think you can successfully plead this man's case where he himself failed so miserably?

**Nicodemus**

I can't improve upon his eloquence.

**Caiaphas**

*(enraged)*

1470 Eloquence? *(quieter)* The man's a buffoon.

**Nicodemus**

*(what has he got to lose)*

You don't believe that.

**Caiaphas**

1475 How dare you!

**Nicodemus**

You don't put to death buffoons.

**Caiaphas**

*(uneasily)*

1480 No one takes this sad person seriously.

**Nicodemus**

You're afraid of him.



1505      **LIGHTS CROSS-FADE IMMEDIATELY TO DINAH AND SEKHTI AT THE END OF CAIAPHAS' LINE.**

**Dinah**

*(getting up, moving about)*

I'm only a simple woman. There's so much about Jesus I don't understand. There's mystery in some of the words he speaks— *(chuckling)* but since He's  
1510 mystified our scribes, I'll not feel badly that I'm confused. In the short time I've known him, Jesus has touched my heart more than my mind. His words fill me with peace . . . *(soberly)* and just a bit of sadness. And a hunger to hear more.

**Sekhti**

He sounds like a great teacher.

1515

**Dinah**

*(bemused)*

Teacher. Since when have you heard a "teacher" speak to God as his Father?

**Sekhti**

Our teachers and priests in Egypt speak to the gods all the time! And they  
1520 address them as children to a parent.

**Dinah**

Yes, but when did you last hear that parent reply?

**Sekhti**

*(chuckling)*

1525

Never underestimate the sorcery of an Egyptian Priest.

**Dinah**

*(angered)*

Sorcery! *(regaining her composure)* Sekhti, you believe what you wish. I can only tell  
1530 you what I've seen and heard. It was just a few days ago when Jesus was speaking to His disciples and a small company of Greeks. As always, the moment he began speaking a crowd gathered. I hurried to hear his words. Since that first day, I found myself being drawn closer to him—being drawn away from . . . *(searching for the words)* from my old life, my old friends. Their companionship had become something brittle and uncomfortable. They had a most unkind response to my  
1535 new life. So, I spent my time with my new friend: Jesus. *(smiling at Sekhti)* And I felt no loss. *(soberly)* He was very serious this day, troubled, with an intensity that

was almost frightening. In a very strong voice he said, “The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified!” *(excitedly)* Sekhti, how can I tell you that more than the words he spoke, it was the authority with which he spoke them that astounded us?! He spoke them as one with all authority before men. I know it sounds absurd, but I heard the authority of God in his voice. He stood, and with those penetrating eyes he looked at each one of us—I swear he looked right at me—me! He said, “If anyone wishes to serve me, let him follow me; then where I am, my servant also will be. And if anyone does choose to serve me, the Father will honor him.”

**Sekhti**  
*(simply)*

Serve him how?

**Dinah**  
*(caught off-guard)*

Uh, I’m not really sure.

**Sekhti**

Bring his meals? Carry his water? Run errands for him?

**Dinah**  
*(after a moment’s thought)*

There’s another level of serving—

 **CROSS-FADE TO CAIAPHAS AND NICODEMUS.**

8 **CROSS-FADE TO CAIAPHAS AND NICODEMUS.**

1560

**Nicodemus**

I was hoping you might see.

**Caiaphas**

*(exasperated, and feeling persecuted)*

Why are you doing this to me?

1565

**Nicodemus**

I'm not doing it to you—or anyone else, for that matter. I'm doing it for me.

**Caiaphas**

*(with quiet—yet gradually rising—menace)*

1570

Nicodemus. I care nothing for you or your precious new faith. If you choose to believe the blasphemous rantings of this . . . man, then proceed—at your own risk. And if there were no other considerations, I would run you out of town myself, gladly. But there are considerations. The Council is much bigger than the collection of its members. And the Council is much more important than the soiled reputation of one of its members. I will not have this august body compromised by your preposterous loyalties. I would gladly bring upon you disgrace of the most public kind—but I will not. I will not subject our governing Council to such infamy.

1575

You represent all that is the worst of your generation! You care nothing for our rich heritage. You so easily discard centuries of tradition for something still in its infancy! You and your kind are never satisfied. And your sedition infects us like a cancer.

1580

I detest you. And I detest this Jesus and what he has done to us.

**Nicodemus**

*(with stronger conviction)*

1585

You've done it to yourself, Caiaphas. You won't allow yourself to see the truth in what Jesus says. He is the Christ—and you resent the fact that he is without your permission.

**Caiaphas**

You'll regret this, Nicodemus. You've been blinded!

1590

**Nicodemus**

*(smiling confidently)*

I guess I have. Blinded by His light.

**Caiaphas**

*(furious)*

1595

Get out!

**Nicodemus**

*(shaking his head)*

1600

You think you're still in charge. You think all this is your doing. *(pause)* For once God really is in control. You've just done exactly what he intended. You've just fulfilled the destiny of his Son—and established the end of your meaningless traditions.

*Nicodemus exits, leaving Caiaphas in a seething rage.*

⦿ **LIGHTS CROSS-FADE TO SEKHTI AND DINAH.**

1605

 **LIGHTS CROSS-FADE TO SEKHTI AND DINAH.**

**Dinah**

1610 —and there’s a love that transcends any earthly love. *(pause)* I’ve always dreamed of my marriage and how I’d love my husband with all my heart. But that love pales against the love I feel for Jesus.

**Sekhti**

*(not wanting to make her sad again, but reminding her nonetheless)*

But Dinah, he’s just been arrested.

**Dinah**

1615 *(wearily)*

Oh, how can we know. *(pause)* That same day, while he was speaking with us, one of his disciples—the one called Simon Peter—asked Jesus a question. From where I was I couldn’t hear what was asked—but suddenly Jesus stood, and with a most peculiar look on his face, said: “And what should I say? ‘Father, save me from this hour?’” He looked at us all, and I could feel the agony in his soul. You could see it in his eyes. Such pain. Such love. Then he said: ☹️ “It is for this very reason I came to this hour.” And tonight . . . Here, in this garden . . . *(Dinah finishes this line with a distant expression on her face as she—with this retelling—reaches a deeper understanding of Jesus’ purpose)*

1620

1625

☹️ **CUE “THY WILL NOT MY WILL”**



**WOMEN ON STAGE JOIN WITH DINAH. THEY REMAIN IN PLACE UNTIL LIGHTS GO TO BLACK AT END OF SCENE.**

1630

**Sekhti**

*(after song; incredulous)*

He came to die?

**Dinah**

*(smiling)*

1635

Yes. I see it now.

**Sekhti**

*(failing to understand)*

I'm lost.

**Dinah**

*(taking Sekhti by the arm)*

1640

Lost. That's it, Sekhti. You are lost. We all are—until we believe that Jesus is dying for us.

**Sekhti**

But why should he die for me? He doesn't even know me!

1645

**Dinah**

*(effervescent, her eyes sparkling)*

But he does! He always has.

**Sekhti**

*(drawing closer; blurting out as he looks into her eyes)*

1650

I love you, Dinah!

**Dinah**

*(caught by surprise)*

What? *(almost giggling)* What are you—

**Sekhti**

*(gathering courage)*

1655

I'm saying I love you. *(as Dinah tries to speak)* Don't say it. I already know it's crazy. I can't explain it. I've never been so twisted up inside like I am now. *(moving away)* The first time I saw you . . . *(looking at her)* You are so pretty. But then you started telling me about Jesus. I don't know why, but somehow that made you all the more beautiful—beautiful inside. *(drawing closer)* Dinah, I've fallen in love with you. *(surprised himself)* And I think I'm falling in love with Jesus.

1660

 **LIGHTS BEGIN TO FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK.**

**Dinah**

1665 *(looking deeply into Sekhti's eyes before speaking; maturely)*

Yes. I think you are.

*They exit as soon as lights go to black.*

 **CUE UNDERSCORE, P94, WHEN LIGHTS GO TO BLACK.**

1670

 **WOMEN ON STAGE EXIT AFTER LIGHTS GO TO BLACK.**

# Act Two/Scene Four

---

1675 **Note:** This entire scene (during the Crucifixion Underscore) is performed in mime—acting out behavior and emotions without the spoken word. The audience “sees” the procession, the soldiers, Jesus and the cross only in the faces of those on stage.

1680  **CUE “CRUCIFIXION” UNDERScore; LET TRAX CONTINUE TO ROLL FOR “COULD HE BE THE ONE?” REPRISe, P 103.**

 **LIGHTS UP ¾.**

1685  **CHOIR MEMBERS BEGIN ENTERING IN ASSIGNED ORDER AND ATTITUDE, IN SILENT PEOPLE MODE. IN THE STAGE DIRECTIONS BELOW, THE CHOIR OR CHORUS MEMBERS ARE REFERRED TO AS A GROUP AS “THE CROWD.”**

1690 **Note:** The procession (imagined, but described by those on-stage) comes from the left wall of the auditorium, about 10:00 from DC, and passes over the heads of the audience. Jesus is crucified (the focal point for everyone on stage) in the center of the auditorium, just over the heads of the audience. The Chorus—as well as the principal actors—should rehearse following this “procession” in a synchronized manner. The procession stops and Jesus arrives at the point of His crucifixion on p99, m19, beat 1.

*p98*

*m2-m10*

1695 *Dinah, Sekhti and Abigail enter in great agitation—continuing an argument begun earlier.*

*Abigail is trying to get Dinah away from Jesus. She has heard a lot of rumors, the town is in an uproar, and she knows that there is great danger for anyone aligning themselves with this man. The urgency of the moment is seen in the dark intensity of her argument and in her face.*

1700 *Dinah is responding with equal emotion—not understanding why Abigail hates Jesus so much. Why can’t she see who He really is?*

*Sekhti is mostly supportive of and trying to calm Dinah—certainly taking her side against Abigail. He is the one who is cognizant of goings-on around the trio: the rush of people, the heightening emotions and disquiet.*

1705 *The Crowd is generally agitated—expressing unrest and confusion, rather than any specific anger toward Jesus and/or the soldiers.*

*m11-m16*

*Sekhti interrupts the womens’ argument to point out that there is a procession approaching. He points L (about 10:00) over the heads of the audience.*

1710 *Dinah and Abigail stop their arguing and turn in that direction. What they see is the*

solemn march of Roman soldiers leading three condemned prisoners. One of the prisoners struggling under the load of His crossbeam is the bloody and badly scarred Jesus.

1715 **Dinah** reacts with surprise heavily laced with horror. She can't believe that Abigail was right: the Romans at the behest of the Jewish rulers are going to execute her Savior. But why? What has He done to deserve this?

**Abigail** is initially mildly surprised that indeed her information had been correct. But quickly her surprise melts into smug satisfaction. She never liked this man and the ways he was stirring things up. Now she and the rest of Israel will be rid of him at last.

1720 **The Crowd** begins to betray its various factions: Some are as horrified as Dinah, not believing that this could be happening to Jesus; some are not pleased that the Romans are treating any of their people this way and have a visible disdain for the soldiers; others are overjoyed that this troublesome Jesus will finally be removed from their lives.

p99

1725 **m17-m20**

**Dinah's** horror increases, spreading across her face—until, at m19, beat 1, she crumples to her knees, her face buried in her hands.

1730 **Sekhti** stands beside her in mute confusion. He has witnessed nothing about this man that would call for this brutal punishment. He recalls not only what he has seen with his own eyes, but the deep love with which Dinah has described Jesus. Why would the Jews be doing this to such a man—and one of their own?

**Abigail**, spying another friend in the crowd (one of like mind), leaves Dinah and Sekhti.

**m21-m28**

1735 **Dinah** jerks her head up at the first sound of the hammer striking (m21, beat 3), glaring straight ahead at her suffering Lord. Her face is an anguished mask mirroring the torment He must be experiencing. As the spikes are driven into His flesh, her body sags and a deep sadness washes over her face.

**Sekhti** stays where he is, beside Dinah, but turns his face away from the scene repelled by this horrible method of death.

1740 As the spikes are driven home, the various groups of **the Crowd** cease their activity/conversation one by one, and turn D to face the sight of the crucifixion. As choreographed by the Director, each person in each group turns D, staring at the cross with a glazed expression; each person is motionless, silent, overwhelmed with a sense of

1745 “what have we done?” By p100, m36, every person on stage will be staring forward, motionless, and remain there until m42.

### **m28**

*Dinah* looks up to *Sekhti*—for comfort, for solace, for an explanation—a reason for these events.

*Sekhti* has no explanation, but he can comfort as best he can.

1750 **p100**

### **m36-43**

1755 *Mary*, the mother of Jesus, and two women with her, push their way forward, DC, from out of the Chorus, standing apart from *Dinah* and *Sekhti*. At first, *Mary* cannot work up the courage to look into the eyes of her suffering son, but finally, at m39, she does—slowly lifting her gaze from the ground, over the blood spattered rocks holding His cross in place, up past His pierced feet, His twisted limbs, His heaving chest gasping for breath—until her eyes meet His and Mother and Son have silent communion that no one else could understand.

1760 The three stand, transfixed, until *Mary* can take no more and, around m43 collapses into the arms of one of her friends. They lead her away, all the while glancing back over their shoulders.

(While the three women are DC, *Dinah* and *Sekhti* turn their attention to them.)

### **m49**

1765 At the dramatic suspension before m50, ***Dinah's*** eyes widen as she hears Jesus speak His last. During m50-51, her horror deepens, fear spreads through her body, she clasps her hands to her head as if it is suddenly splitting open. Then as the music climaxes at m52, beat 1, she lets loose with a piercing scream.

1770 ***Sekhti*** experiences the horror of Jesus' death, but in a more subdued way. He does not yet feel anything in his heart for this man; his connection with Jesus is still tied to his affection for *Dinah*. But at this moment of His death, something snaps in *Sekhti's* mind. He suddenly puts some of the pieces together and realizes that this has been no ordinary death. Jesus was no ordinary troublemaker being quickly put of the way. Whatever He is—whether He is truly God, as *Dinah* says, or just an important teacher, as some others say—Jesus is certainly no ordinary person.

1775 **The Crowd** generally mirrors the reactions of *Dinah*, but in a more subdued way.

**m52-end**

*At Dinah's scream, general panic ensues and everyone in the Crowd makes every effort to leave the premises as quickly as possible. (These exits will be choreographed by the Director.)*

1780 **Sekhti** kneels beside *Dinah*, takes her in his arms to comfort her and shield her from the crowd that is seemingly out of control.

**Dinah** accepts his comforting and protective attentions, but cannot pry her eyes from the cross and her lifeless Savior. *Dinah* has not forgotten her wise conclusion in the garden, when she suddenly realized that Jesus must die to accomplish the task for which

1785 He was sent. Her faith—her trust in Jesus as the Messiah—has not wavered; she has just been overwhelmed by the sight of Jesus suffering so horribly and dying with such finality. Even though in her heart she knows this is not the end but a fulfillment of everything Jesus was, her temporal logic is having a difficult time seeing anything more than just a dead, crucified, man.

1790 While the stage empties of everyone else, **Dinah** and **Sekhti** huddle together.

*At the cutoff of the music—but as the thunder continues—Sekhti looks back up at the cross. He stands, slowly, gazing almost peacefully at Jesus.*

1795  **BRING DOWN ALL STAGE LIGHTS EXCEPT FOR AREA LIGHTS OR SPOTS FOR DINAH AND SEKHTI, DC.**

 **CUE “COULD HE BE THE ONE?” REPRISE, P 103.**

*Sekhti sings.*

1800  **AREA LIGHT(S) SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK AS SONG DIMINISHES.**

*Dinah and Sekhti exit in the darkness.*

# Act Two/Scene Five

---

*Place: Just inside Jerusalem city wall*

1805

*Props:*

*25-50 lb. bag of kitty litter*

*Coins*

*Same props for Egyptians from Scene One, with the addition of a special, alabaster jar*

1810

*As Lights come up, there is a great commotion in the city, with people bustling about, pushing and shoving, great agitation. Enter Nicodemus into the raucous milieu. He is accompanied by his servant, Artemus, who is struggling under the weight of a large bag of spice (roughly the size of a 25 lb. bag of kitty litter). Nicodemus is operating under a caustic mix of emotions: He has just forcefully stated to Caiaphas his allegiance to Jesus (thereby alienating the High Priest and most of the Sanhedrin), which has given him a fresh—if grim—determination to continue with his new-found courage; yet he is saddened by the death of his Messiah, and would rather be off somewhere expressing his sorrow privately; over all is his devotion and adoration for Jesus, which has led him to spare no expense in arranging for an extravagant amount of spices for Jesus' burial.*

1815

*Nicodemus and Artemus move D.*

1820

**Artemus**

*(complainingly)*

May I rest, lord?

**Nicodemus**

1825

Yes, of course. *(the servant drops the bag and sits, rubbing his sore shoulder)* I don't see him. We'll give him a few minutes. Is it that heavy?

**Artemus**

*(panting)*

It seems an excessive gift, master?

1830

**Nicodemus**

I owe Him more than this.

**Artemus**

A dead man?

**Nicodemus**

1835 Jesus saved me from the law. Like you, Artemus; in three years you'll have repaid me. Your life will be returned to you and you'll be free of the law.

**Artemus**

At least, your law.

**Nicodemus**

1840 Someday you'll be free of more than that. Someday you'll know, my friend. I want you to know Jesus and the freedom He offers. But I also want you to never be afraid to link your name with His. *(angry and ashamed)* I was afraid—afraid that I would somehow be diminished by calling Him Lord. I was worried that my esteemed colleagues would laugh. *(pause)* Derision is a sharp knife, Artemus, but  
1845 not nearly as sharp as my guilt. *(pause)* Then I went to the hill, and saw Jesus on the cross. This one I had secretly called Lord was being publicly humiliated on my behalf.

*Enter Hotep, angrily searching for his companion, Sekhti. He occasionally grabs someone to ask if they have seen his partner; they all shrug him off as an annoying foreigner.*

1850 *Hotep mumbles to himself as he searches.*

**Hotep**

*(mostly mumbling to himself; all the while making inquiries of the crowd and trying to make some sales)*

. . . had no business coming here in the first place . . . lousy time of the year . . .  
1855 depressed economy . . . how's a man supposed to make a living? . . . next time I'll come without Sekhti! . . . takes off, doesn't tell me . . . Neferma is going to kill me!

**Nicodemus**

*(approaching Hotep; with impatient formality)*

1860 Are you the merchant from Egypt?

**Hotep**

*(sharply)*

What's it to— *(recognizing Nicodemus' position by his dress; respectfully — but not submissively)* Yes, lord.

1865 **Nicodemus**

What do you have for a burial?

**Hotep**

*(cautiously)*

1870 I don't know your ways here, *(gesturing to the servant's burden)* but you seem already well-supplied.

**Nicodemus**

I'm told that you deal in spices, unguents—essence.

**Hotep**

Only the finest.

1875

**Nicodemus**

*(wise to the salesman's boasting)*

Yes, of course. I need something special. I've brought along all I had—but it's not enough. *(choking a bit on the words)* A very good friend of mine requires burial.

**Hotep**

1880

*(always the salesman)*

I'll be perfectly honest with you, *(staring into his bag)* business has been brisk. Our stock is down to practically nothing. I'm just not sure . . .

**Nicodemus**

Expense doesn't matter.

1885

**Hotep**

*(quickly)*

I've got just what you're looking for.

**Nicodemus**

I thought as much.

1890

**Hotep**

A singular fragrance, an aroma unsurpassed even in our own land— *(pulling a small, alabaster vial from his bag)* a mysterious blend of precious spikenard and myrrh, aged in this alabaster jar for more than a decade.

*Nicodemus takes the jar, opens it, and sniffs.*

1895

**Hotep**

Unique, is it not?

**Nicodemus**

It's fragrance is as elusive as your honesty. What's your price?

**Sekhti**

1900 *(who has entered unnoticed; from across stage)*

You may have it at no cost.

*Hotep practically swallows his tongue at the suggestion, but continues unabated.*

**Hotep**

*(to Nicodemus—without turning to react to Sekhti)*

1905 Please excuse my partner. He's been too long in the sun.

**Sekhti**

*(crossing to them; to Nicodemus)*

Sir, isn't that for Jesus.

**Nicodemus**

1910 *(unsteadily)*

Yes . . .

**Sekhti**

Then there is no charge.

**Hotep**

1915 *(grabbing Sekhti by the arm)*

Have you lost your mind?!

**Sekhti**

You don't understand who this is for.

**Hotep**

1920 *(angrily)*

Oh yes I do. It's for that lunatic.

**Sekhti**

He's not a lunatic!

**Hotep**

1925 That girl has turned you—

**Nicodemus**

Gentlemen! Stop this! I'm not interested in your quarrel. I'll take the essence—and I'll pay your price. *(handing Hotep some coins)* This should suffice.

1930 *Hotep quickly accepts the coins, his expression of happy surprise showing that the amount offered is indeed sufficient.*

**Sekhti**

*(grabbing the money from Hotep and returning it to Nicodemus)*

No! We can't accept it. Not for Him.

**Nicodemus**

1935 *(calmly, yet firmly returning the money to Hotep)*

You'll take my money. I'll not offer my Lord a second-hand gift.

**Hotep**

*(clutching the coins; glaring at Sekhti, but speaking to Nicodemus)*

If you insist.

1940

**Nicodemus**

*(turning to Artemus)*

It's time to go. Joseph will be expecting us.

*Artemus shoulders his heavy bag and exits; Nicodemus follows, but is stopped by Sekhti (Artemus continues out).*

1945

**Sekhti**

*(stopping Nicodemus)*

But sir! Why won't you allow us to offer Jesus a gift?

**Nicodemus**

*(turning and studying Sekhti for a moment)*

1950

Are you a believer? Do you already know why Jesus did what He did?

**Sekhti**

I think so.

**Nicodemus**

Then give Him the gift of your life.

1955

*Nicodemus exits. Sekhti and Hotep stand silently watching Nicodemus leave.*

**Sekhti**

*(abruptly turning once Nicodemus has left)*

I have to go.

**Hotep**

1960 Now just a minute. You can't go running off again. We have to get back.

**Sekhti**

Don't worry.

**Hotep**

Where are you going?

1965

**Sekhti**

Listen, it's almost dark. We can't leave until morning anyway. If I'm not back by dawn, you leave without me.

**Hotep**

But I can't—

1970

**Sekhti**

*(firmly)*

It's all right. Either way, it's all right.

*Sekhti exits.*

**Hotep**

*(calling after him)*

1975

But Sekhti . . . ! *(to audience)* Oh, Neferma is going to kill me!

# Act Two/Scene Six

---

1980

*Place: Dinah's home*

*Props: Table*

*Pile of blankets*

*Miriam—Dinah's mother—and Dinah are folding blankets as the scene opens.*

1985

**Miriam**

This means a lot to you, doesn't it?

**Dinah**

More than you know.

1990

**Miriam**

It's not so easy for me. I've always been a practical woman—everything has to make sense in my world. I don't like being off-balance. *(to Dinah; emphatically)* And every time you start talking about Jesus I feel off-balance! *(moving away)*

**Dinah**

*(lovingly)*

1995

I've always looked up to you, Mother. You know that. And both of us have grown comfortable with you having all the answers. But now it's different. Now I have an answer that didn't come from you.

**Miriam**

2000

Does he make you happy?

*Dinah is momentarily confused. Which "he" does Miriam mean? As she sorts out her thoughts, she begins giggling.*

**Miriam**

What did I say?

2005

**Dinah**

2010 Well, at the moment there are two “he’s” in my life. And you think you’re off-balance! *(pause; moving away)* My Lord has just been buried—killed by the Romans and our leaders—and I don’t know whether to be sad or happy over that. But then there’s another man—and yes, I think he makes me very happy.

**Miriam**

You don’t mean — *(Dinah nods her head)* — not that crazy perfume seller. Dinah! Will you never learn?

**Dinah**

2015 I don’t expect you to understand—because I don’t. All I can tell you is that I’m not the same person I was a few days ago. It’s too much—too great a mystery. There is a man—a flesh and bones man—who claims to be God Himself. That man captured my heart in a way I never thought possible. Then some very pious, wicked men killed Him. *(incredulous)* Dead. Then He was buried in a borrowed tomb and the door sealed. *(with intensity)* And the mystery is that I know that from this day on, that man will be controlling every part of my life.

**Miriam**

*(after a pause)*

But—does He make you happy?

2025

**Dinah**

*(beaming)*

Oh yes, He does. And I so much want you to know that happiness.

**Miriam**

*(cautiously; stiffly)*

2030

Perhaps. But now let’s get back to this Egyptian. Surely you realize—I mean, how can you . . . What I’m trying to say is—be careful.

**Dinah**

*(with a twinkle in her eye)*

Perhaps. Perhaps.

2035

# Act Two, Scene Seven

---

*Place: The Tomb*

*Set stage for Tomb.*

2040

🎧 **WHEN STAGE IS SET, CUE UNDERSCORE, P59 (CASSETTE).**

💡 **AT M9, BEAT 1 OF UNDERSCORE, BRING UP ALL STAGE LIGHTS TO  
¼ OR ½.**

2045 *Enter Dinah and the two women who had previously accompanied Mary, the mother of Jesus. They are on their way to the tomb to further anoint the body. They move across the stage in an almost skulking manner, heavily cowled, not speaking to one another.*

2050 🗣️ **AS THE WOMEN APPROACH THE TOMB, CUE “WHY DO YOU SEEK THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?” (WHICH BEGINS WITH TYMPANI AND THUNDER).**

*At the sound of thunder, the women collapse and cower to the ground, trembling with fear.*

2055 *As the women are doing this (and drawing the attention of the audience), the angel appears in front of the tomb.*

🕯️ **AT P I 07, M I 4, BRING AREA LIGHT UP SLOWLY ON ANGEL TO ½ (NO HIGHER!).**

2060 *As the angel sings, the women lift up their heads and slowly rise to their feet—all the while holding on to each other.*

2065 📖 **AT P I 08, SECOND TIME THROUGH, THE CHOIR BEGINS SIFTING IN FROM SEVERAL DIRECTIONS (IN PEOPLE MODE), AS THOSE WHO HAVE HEARD THE REPORT AND HAVE COME TO INVESTIGATE THAT IT IS REALLY TRUE. CHOIR ENDS UP ROUGHLY SCATTERED ACROSS THE STAGE.**

📖 **CHOIR SINGS P I 09, M 34 (INCLUDING DINAH AND TWO WOMEN).**

📖 **AT P I 12, M 56, BEAT I, CHOIR SPREADS APART AND FACES AUDIENCE.**

2070 🕯️ **AT P I 12, M 58, BEAT I, KICK ALL LIGHTS UP FULL!**

🕯️ **AFTER CUTOFF, LIGHTS GO QUICKLY TO BLACK.**



**CHOIR EXITS QUICKLY AND QUIETLY.**



**ONCE SEKHTI IS IN PLACE, CUE UNDERSCORE, P 118.**

2075

# Act Two, Scene Eight

---

*Sekhti enters in the darkness and positions himself.*

🕯 **LIGHTS UP ½ ON SEKHTI.**

2080 *Sekhti is deep in thought. The events of this week have been a perplexing mix of joys and agony. The crucifixion of Jesus—not to mention the supernatural resurrection—has had a troubling impact on him. What is he to do with this Man who calls Himself God? The very concept of giving himself over to the teachings of this man is foreign, to say the least. But that’s precisely what he feels like doing. Why?*

2085 *As the theme repeats in the underscore (m2, beat 3), Sekhti speaks.*

**Sekhti**  
*(to God)*

I don’t know what to say to you! My heart’s saying things without words. Do you speak Egyptian? Well, this is all very new to me. I never expected this. I  
2090 came here to sell—not to buy. *(resoundingly)* I came here for profit. *(surprised; realizing what he has just said)* I came here with my purse empty, and You filled my heart. But I’m not sure I want you there. My life was easier before—I moved from place to place, I didn’t care about . . . about . . . *(not wanting to say the word “people” out loud; long pause; with sad resignation)* Why did you bring her into my life.  
2095 *(angry; clenched)* I didn’t want to love just yet. 🙄 I didn’t want to have to choose between one woman or another. And I didn’t want to have to choose only one God over the many I’ve known. But I can’t ignore Jesus. He holds onto me, and I don’t know what to do about it. *(Sekhti sings)*

2100 🙄 **CUE “I CHOOSE JESUS”**

*Dinah enters with the Chorus, but moves off to listen to Sekhti. She does not sing along.*

📖 **AS SEKHTI BEGINS SINGING SECOND VERSE (P123, M37), CHOIR BEGINS DRIFTING IN FROM OFF-STAGE (IN CHARACTER!), LISTENING TO WHAT SEKHTI IS SINGING, FOCUSING THEIR ATTENTION ON HIM. AT P125, M48 THEY JOIN SINGING.**

2105

🕯 **AT P126, M53, KICK LIGHTS UP TO FULL!**

# Act Two, Scene Nine

---

2110  **AFTER ANY AUDIENCE REACTION, CHORUS SETTLES BACK INTO LOOSE GROUPINGS. THOSE CLOSEST TO DIALOGUE FOCUS THEIR ATTENTION ON THE ACTORS.**

*Dinah moves toward Sekhti. Just before she reaches him, Sekhti notices Dinah and steps toward her.*

2115 **Sekhti**  
*(surprised to see her; happily)*

Dinah!

*Dinah crosses to meet Sekhti; they embrace.*

2120 **Sekhti**  
Are there words for this feeling?

**Dinah**  
No.

2125 **Sekhti**  
*(exuberantly)*  
I didn't think so. *(moving away; with gathering excitement)* But something inside me wants to break out! And every time it tries, it catches in my throat, like . . . *(turning toward Dinah)* . . . like wanting to tell someone how you feel about them, and by the time the words get from your brain to your mouth, they just sound foolish.

2130 **Dinah**  
I know that feeling. It's the excitement Jesus puts into your heart. It's the joy of it all—the need to tell others about him.

**Sekhti**  
*(shaking his head)*  
2135 Too many changes. How can I tell others of something still so new to me?

**Dinah**  
Just live your life, Sekhti. But live it as one who has seen the Christ! Remember, a few of us have been with Him. We've seen Him, heard His voice—looked into His eyes. A few of us—even you.

2140

**Sekhti**

I came here looking to fill my bag with gold. I'm leaving with my heart filled with a gift from a stranger.

**Dinah**

Jesus is no longer a stranger.

2145

**Sekhti**

And I'm no longer the person I was. (*happily—expecting to stay*) I don't want to leave—I can't.

**Dinah**

(*gently; not wishing to hurt him*)

2150

There's no life for you here.

**Sekhti**

(*surprised that she doesn't want him to stay; after a beat or two*)

And there's no life without you.

**Dinah**

2155

Take the person you are now back to Egypt. Share the gift with them.

**Sekhti**

(*firmly*)

Not without you.

**Dinah**

2160

I can't go.

**Sekhti**

But I thought— I mean, weren't you paying attention last night?

**Dinah**

You know it would never work.

2165

**Sekhti**

(*quickly serious*)

No, I don't know that.

**Dinah**

We've shared something special—something I'll never have with anyone else.

2170

**Sekhti**

*(with sarcastic petulance)*

Next you'll say you think of me as a brother.

**Dinah**

I'm not saying that.

2175

*Enter Hoteb carrying all their bags.*

**Hoteb**

*(shouting to Sekhti)*

I thought I'd find you here.

2180

*Dinah, wishing to break the direction of their conversation, takes the opportunity to move away from Sekhti—opposite Hoteb's entrance.*

**Sekhti**

*(distracted, needing to reply to Hoteb, but not wanting to lose Dinah; to Hoteb)*

I told you to wait for me.

**Hoteb**

*(with a bemused smirk)*

2185

Well, I thought you might have found a distraction, so, uh . . . *(gesturing off-stage, back to Egypt)* how about it?

**Sekhti**

*(as Dinah moves further away; to Dinah)*

2190

Dinah, wait! *(to Hoteb)* You wait, too. *(going to Dinah; after a pause)* There has to be more.

**Dinah**

I don't want this, either. *(firmly)* But it's the way it has to be.

**Sekhti**

2195

But why? Am I to lose you on the day I find my Lord? I love you, Dinah. How can that be wrong?

**Dinah**

*(tenderly)*

2200

Love is never wrong. But our love has become entangled with our love for the Savior. Tell me you can tell them apart.

**Sekhti**

Why must they be divided?

**Dinah**

One of us has to come first. Can you choose?

2205

**Sekhti**

*(trying, wanting to answer 'yes', but realizing that he can't)*

No.

**Dinah**

2210

Neither can I. *(compassionately)* There may come a day, but right now my love is too young—for both of you. *(she goes to him)* Sekhti, we both have a new master. He'll tell us when it's right.

*As much as it hurts, Sekhti knows Dinah is right. He heaves a sigh of resignation and takes her into his arms. They cling to each other for a moment, then:*

2215

**Sekhti**

*(gazing into her eyes)*

I'll be back.

**Dinah**

In my heart, you will have never left.

2220

*They embrace again, tenderly, yet with restrained passion. Then they slowly draw apart, their eyes still in an embrace. Dinah says nothing, as Sekhti moves away, but gives him a reassuring smile.*

**Sekhti**

*(whispering)*

I'll be back.

2225

*Dinah turns away and exits through the crowd of people while Sekhti watches her leave with sad resignation. Meanwhile, Hotep moves toward Sekhti, struggling under their cumbersome belongings.*

**Hotep**

*(babbling as he drapes various bags and belongings on a still-distracted Sekhti's shoulders, arms)*

2230 Boy, you sure had me going there. Thought I'd have to go back by myself. Well, *(chuckling)* you've always been a ladies man. It's happened before—it'll happen again. Anyway, just in time: the caravan's leaving for Alexandria. We've got to—

**Sekhti**

*(stopping Hotep by placing a firm hand on his shoulder)*

2235 Hotep, do you think Neferma has been missing you?

**Hotep**

*(grinning)*

Oh, she always misses me . . . why, just the other day she said, "Hotep—"

**Sekhti**

*(with exaggerated patience)*

2240 Well, that'll be very convenient, since I think on the next trip you'll be staying home.

**Hotep**

*(happily)*

2245 Really? *(suddenly suspicious)* Really?

**Sekhti**

*(brightly)*

2250 Really! These trips are becoming much too strenuous for you. I think it's time we opened up a shop in Alexandria, don't you think? You and your wife could run it when I have to come back to Jerusalem.

**Hotep**

You're coming back?

**Sekhti**

*(seriously)*

2255 Count on it. *(with his arm around Hotep; as they exit)* Meanwhile, let me tell you about Jesus.

**Hotep**

Who?

*They exit.*

2260

☹️ **AS SEKHTI AND HOTEK EXIT, CUE “I CHOOSE JESUS” REPRISE, P130.**

2265 📖 **CHOIR SPREADS OUT ACROSS ENTIRE STAGE AND SINGS.**

💡 **AFTER REPRISE, LIGHTS DOWN FULL STAGE; LEAVE LIGHTS UP DC.**

*Pastor steps onto stage and addresses audience. (optional)*

2270 💡 **AT THE END OF PASTOR’S REMARKS, STAGE LIGHTS UP FULL,**

☹️ **AS LIGHTS UP FULL, CUE “I CHOOSE JESUS” REPRISE AGAIN, P130.**

2275 💡 **DURING FINAL REPRISE, HOUSELIGHTS UP SLOWLY TO FULL.**

## HIS COMPANY SCRIPTS

### USE & COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Permission is hereby granted for copies to be made of this His Company script so long as the following conditions are met:

- ☛ All copies will include the script title page with copyright notice.
- ☛ The total number of copies per script will not exceed number of characters, plus director, plus any necessary technical personnel.
- ☛ Copies will not be made for, nor distributed to, other churches. Please recommend that they obtain their own free copy at the His Company web site ([HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/)).
- ☛ The script, or copies thereof, will not be sold or leased to others.

His Company scripts, while distributed at no charge, are copyrighted. We appreciate your cooperation in following these few guidelines. If you have any questions regarding the use of this script, please contact David S. Lampel at 515-462-1971, or leave a message at our *Support Center* at [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/)

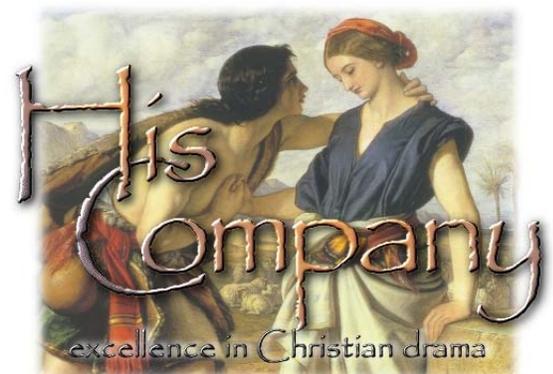
### Contributions

Our first priority is to ensure that our resources get into the hands of those who wish to use them—and always for free. We do not charge for any of our resources. Our first and most important payment comes from the Lord—in the privilege we have of serving in His name.

But if the Holy Spirit is speaking to you, and you would like to contribute to this work, we want you to know that your gift will be very much appreciated, and will be put to work covering our expenses. To express our appreciation, we have prepared some special “thank-you” gifts for those who contribute. Visit our *Contribution Page*, at [HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/CONTRIB.PHP](http://DLAMPEL.COM/CONTRIB.PHP), for details.

### Upholding Your Performance

We would like to hear from you when performances of this His Company script have been scheduled, so that we (and others) can be lifting you and your production up to the throne in prayer. Post as much information as you can about your production at our *Support Center* ([HTTP://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/](http://DLAMPEL.COM/SUPPORT/))—and may the Lord use this resource for His glory.



His Company logo illustration: *Jacob and Rachel*, by William Dyce  
Script Edition: 2004/5