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Apostle Peter and the Last Supper

By Timothy Ratajczak

You know, I told him
This shelf smells
like a privy.
I will treat it as such.
Captain, reporting
with a new prisoner.
Signed by
the emperor.
Shut your mouth.
Looks like we've caught
quite a fish today.
Mystical insurrection
against the empire.
You, dirty old beggar?
Sir, he's of The Way.
Martinian, is it?
Yes, sir.
What way? Say what
you mean, guardsman.
He's a follower of the one
they call "Jesus the Christ. "
Jesus the Christ,
a religious fanatic.
Is that all we get
here these days?
Name?
What is his name?
Simon Peter of Galilee.
They call him
"the fisherman. "
He knew Jesus.
Enough!
Take him to the box.
Let him convert, relax.
Father,
thank you for this chance
to suffer for you.
Thy will be done.
When do you think
they will pass his sentence?
Do you really think
he knew this Jesus?
We should question him.
Maninian, you'd rather look

at some old fool than your wife?

Go home.

Calm yourself.

You'll be ne by yourself?

I think I can

handle watching a door.

Right, well,

I'll see you in the morning.

Is it you, Lord?

Ask your God

to save us.

Are you afraid

he'll deny you?

Am I to be judged silently

by an assassin's blade

in the night?

No...

that face has

never seen murder,

much less committed it.

I'm not supposed

to give you this.

So were you

a priest or a prophet?

I am a fisherman.

Lord Jesus,

thank you for this food,

bless it to my body

and body to your service.

Thank you

for my captors.

I pray for their hearts

to be open to you.

Amen.

So-

what is your price?

What?

What do you seek in

payment for this forbidden meal?

Just a-just a chat,

something to pass the hours.

Yeah right,

it's my wife, my Novella.

She's heard about these

Christians and their Way.
And your Messiah,
this Jesus,
she's insatiably
curious about him.
I've warned her
repeatedly to be careful,
but you know women,
or perhaps you don't.
Here I am with one of the most
famous Christians in my charge.
There's no harm to
ask him a few questions,
for her sake.
Ask, and it shall
be given to you;
seek,
and ye shall find.
What, did he say that?
Your God, your Jesus?
He said, "Come to me,
"all those who are weary
and heavy laden,
"and I will give you rest,
peace.
Do you want peace?
Don't get any ideas.
The gods are
good enough for me.
And what of
the life after this one?
Are you prepared
for that?
You really
think you could convert me
to living a life
of persecution?
No, to
living a life of hope
with an inheritance that can
never perish,
spoil, nor fade.
Is that so?
Do you care to make

a wager on that?
If you can convert me,
I'M set you free.
That wager would not
be fair for you.
Well, we will talk then,
and you will tell me
of your God,
and you will
meet your match, Simon Peter.
If that is your wish,
but I thought it was your
wife who was interested.
Processus.
Don't think you'll
get away with that easily.
I don't know what
you're talking about.
Fraternizing
with a prisoner.
It was merely
an interrogation.
On whose orders?
My own.
I should report this.
Are we to open
Pandora's Box
and report each
other's transgressions,
dear Processus?
Should I report
the gambling?
The women?
The missing wife?
The lightened coffers?
I was wondering when
you might grow a backbone.
Why is he so important
to you, anyway?
He's a famous man.
I've never met
a famous man.
I'm curious.
Don't get

too attached.
His sentence?
There's no reward
waiting for you in the Kingdom.
My master can free you
from this suffering
and provide great riches.
All you need do
is deny him,
as you did before.
That was long ago!
I have been forgiven.
Do not speak to me about your
temporary earthly riches.
I now have
everlasting riches
beyond anything
that you can provide.
Have you?
Has your Father
told you that.
My master
told me a secret.
Perhaps he will
tell you too,
when you meet him.
That I shall die
in 3 days?
Be gone, demon!
Three days,
Simon Peter,
three days,
and you're mine.
In the name of Jesus,
I cast you out!
Did you hear that?
A shriek in the cells?
What of it?
Well, perhaps
we should check.
Perhaps you
should relax.
Ah, that-
that's disgusting.

You'll get
used to it,
the screams,
the filth.
So what do you
think of the gods?
Ugh!
You are boring!
Is this what happens
when you marry?
What if they're right?
What if their one God
is greater than the Olympians?
So join them.
I have a cell
just your size ready.
No...
No, I will not endanger
my wife like that,
but still I'm troubled
with what we're doing.
They say these Christians
go quietly to their deaths.
Makes my job easier.
I mean, it's amazing
they get any converts at all.
What could this cult
possibly offer a man
for him to risk his
freedom and his life?
Who cares, as long as there's
coin in rounding them up?
Your heart is as
black as this place.
Thank you.
I will find out more.
I didn't see a thing.
Did you really know him?
The one they call
the King of the Jews?
You truly mean to hear
my story, don't you?
I do.
Did he really rise

from the dead?
The story
begins long before that day.
I have time.
Tell me everything.
You may have time;
however, I have but
3 days left to my life.
Who told you that?
How do you know that?
If the forces
that surround me frighten you,
then this is not
a tale for your ears.
I want to know,
I need to know.
Your one God, is he
greater than all the rest?
There
is only one true God.
But how do you know?
Jesus himself said,
"I am the way,
the truth, and the life.
No one comes to the
Father, but through me. "
He had power
over the storms,
made the lame walk
and the blind see.
He healed the lepers
and made the dead rise.
So you were friends
with this Jesus?
A prophet?
A living God?
What of us, if we're
to put you to death?
Peace.
I will tell you
of Jesus, our Lord.
First...
I knew him
as a man.

Brother
Hurry, Simon!
He called to us!
There, there,
I can see him,
I can see him!
Come on, brother!
Hurry up!
He is this way!
We have to get
home and tend to Mother!
There, Simon, hurry!
He is there!
Come on!
Andrew!
Andrew.
As I gazed upon him,
I was afraid-
not of him.
His presence was like
all the light and love
and goodness of the world.
for I knew at that moment
that my life would now
become about him.
But what was I,
a simple sherman,
strong enough
to face such a life?
You are Simon,
son of John.
You will be called Peter.
Tell me, brothers,
who do people say that I am?
There are those that say you
are John the Baptist or Elijah,
but mostly people
say you are a prophet,
but they don't
know for sure.
And what about you?
Who do you say I am?
You are the Christ,
the Son of the living God.

Then Jesus
walked with us to our home by the sea,
where my wife's
mother lay dying.
Her sickness was deep.
It was the kind
no remedy could cure,
but Jesus reached
out his hand.
Before my eyes,
he had banished the sickness.
This was but one of many
miracles he performed,
seen by many witnesses.
That is quite a story,
if any of it's true.
Why would I be false?
What would I gain?
You have nothing
I want.
Not even freedom?
As I said,
you have nothing I want.
Even if I believe you,
I've already
made up my mind.
You are clearly insane.
In what respect?
Well, any man who
wishes good health
upon his
mother-in-law is-
mad.
Your wits are
sharp, soldier.
What is your name?
Martinian.
Would you hear
more of Jesus
and accept what
I say is the truth?
I will listen well.
It's only a rooster.
The sound

offends you?
It reminds me.
Reminds you of what?
I denied my Lord.
I denied him,
not once,
but three times.
You sinned
against your Lord?
I denied him.
You were not cast
out from his fellowship?
Man can be weak
in the heart and mind.
Our Lord knew this.
I say to you,
anyone who
commits any sin
is a slave to sin,
and a slave does not
remain in the house forever.
The Son remains forever.
So if the Son
sets you free,
you will be
free indeed.
The emperor can forgive.
A magistrate can forgive.
Beg for their forgiveness.
Deny your Lord,
and you could go free.
I am already free.
What, even in chains?
You are the one
in chains, Martinian,
not I.
Free yourself.
So you will do nothing?
You will sit here
and wait for death?
With Christ,
death is only
a beginning.
And what

of me, Simon Peter,
and my question?
Let's say you're right.
Who would forgive my sin,
being your jailer,
jailer to the personal
friend of God?
Forgiveness
is only found in Jesus,
our Lord.
So, I should, uh-
Yeah.
Home to your wife.
Leave a real soldier
to do his job.
Forgiven?
You?
You are a fool to die.
Christ has forsaken you.
God has forsaken you.
You are alone!
I am not alone!
Jesus says, "I will neither
leave you nor forsake you. "
Nothing better to do
than rile at the rabble
with talk of gods?
How could you follow
a leader like that?
King of the Jews, right?
We were more like soldiers
following our General.
Can't you imagine the
different kind of leader,
one where the lower
soldier is as important
as the highest general?
You mean I would have the
same stature as the officers?
Why would any general
agree to that?
There is a difference between
leading and love of your people,
versus having

the love of power,
the greed of leadership.
Man was born with
the desire to rule.
What if your
general loved you
and felt that all men
were created equal?
Jesus was that
kind of a general.
My brother Andrew and I
were among the
first of the disciples,
captains, you might say.
You're mistaken,
Brother.
The Master clearly
called me first.
You are mistaken.
I told you that
we found the Messiah.
I was in the boat
when Jesus called,
"Come, follow me. "
We were in the
boat together.
He called to us
at the same time.
Yes, yes, but I was
closer to the shore.
There was
John and James, the sons of Zebedee,
whom Jesus cherished.
Mother wanted me to sit
on Jesus right hand.
And you on the left.
Why am I to be
on the left?
Mother has
no say in this.
You be on the left.
I will be on the right.
James, Jesus loves me
better than you.

Hmph, we will see
about that.
There was
Philip, Nathaniel, and Thomas,
James, the son of Alpheus;
Thaddeus;
Simon, the Canaanite;
Matthew the tax collector;
and, of course,
there was Judas.
But Jesus knew what
was in our hearts.
The Master spoke of giving
power beyond comprehension.
Heal the sick,
cleanse the lepers,
raise the dead,
drive out demons.
Freely you have received;
therefore, give freely.
Suppose it
doesn't work, Lord?
Suppose I rebuke a demon,
and it refuses to leave?
There are times
when it will be more work.
Some can only be driven out
by prayer and fasting.
Witchcraft and magic.
That is not
what I speak of.
I speak of
the true power,
which can only
come from God.
Not
very nice of you.
Your Lord gives you powers,
yet you deny him three times?
You have much
anger in you.
You have a wish for
true love in your life,
peace, happiness.

Show me these
powers of yours.
Prove it.
You are not ill.
You are not
beset by demons.
What would you
have me do?
Hmph, gures.
I would have you
be crucified
and die
a rebel's death.
Oh, did no one
tell you?
Now, I've gone and
spoiled the surprise.
It cannot be
that way.
Let's see how quickly
your knees turn to water.
You misunderstand
I am not worthy to die
in the same manner
as blessed Jesus.
What?
You think it's some
kind of honor?
You're insane.
Martinian,
you will come with me.
You got me.
You will come
with me now!
What's this all about?
An agent with the seal of the
emperor wants to question you
about your talks with
this Christian rebel.
Martinian-
Martinian,
what's wrong?
What are you
doing here?

This is no
place for you.
Is he
really here?
Is who here?
Simon Peter,
of course.
The one they call
the Prince of the apostles.
He is here.
Why did you not
mention it?
Must I tell you of every
prisoner now, Wife?
Do not attempt that
tone with me, Husband.
You'll only
embarrass yourself.
Yes, he's here.
I've even spoken to him,
asked him questions.
Well, you've asked him
all the wrong questions.
You don't even know
what I've asked.
I know you've asked
the wrong thing.
And what would be
the correct question?
Ask him for a
blessing, of course,
for my womb, so I may
bear you a child.
That is
dangerous talk.
I know your interest
in these Christians,
but better not
go further.
It doesn't,
does it?
No, of course not.
I'm serious.
I will not lose you

to this cult.
I hear you.
You have made
yourself clear.
I'm also curious
about this man,
but I will not ask
for his blessing.
That crosses
the line.
I will ask him
one question.
Will that suffice?
Now; if you need
time to think-
I- I want to know
how Jesus really died,
and the days
leading up to his death,
and-
Well, ask him that,
and you shall be allowed
to sleep in the bed tonight.
All right,
I have a question.
Not so circumspect today.
Are you eager to hear
tales of my Master?
There is one tale
in particular I would hear:
the death of your Lord.
How did it come about?
That is a tale
both sad and glorious.
I'm surprised you do not
know the answer already.
I know some
whispers, rumors.
I would hear the truth of
it from one who lived it.
They say he
was betrayed?
Yes, he was.
Who was it?

Why did he do it?
Please, I must hear.
I have to be sure.
If your Master
is the true Son of God,
and you are his
right hand, I will be-
I fear for my soul.
If I tell you this story,
and you know my words are true,
will you then accept
Jesus as your Lord?
I will listen well.
I promise nothing more.
Where shall I begin?
It was on the night
of the Passover feast.
Jesus summoned us
all to dine with him.
There was an inn.
There was an upper room
away from all eyes.
There was a table
set for 13.
I had walked
with Jesus,
seen many wondrous
and terrible things.
I thought I had become wise
and learned of the world,
but was not prepared
to hear the secrets
this room would reveal.
Brother, join me.
Who would've thought that
two fishermen from Galilee
would be here
in this room?
My hands have lost
their roughness.
As have mine.
Do you miss it?
We're still
fishermen, Brother.

Now we cast our
nets for the Lord.
Who's supposed
to wash our feet?
Philip, you didn't arrange
for servants to wash our feet?
The Master did not tell me
to provide for servants.
Must you be
told everything?
Should we wash
our own feet?
Well, I'm not.
Well, where do we sit?
We should wait for the Master
to assign places of honor.
Well, why wait then?
The order is
always the same.
Judas, welcome.
Are the others
far behind?
They come.
It's been decided we'd wait
for the Master before we sit.
You can wait.
I've walked all day.
As have I.
And so we
sat, we talked, and we laughed,
even persecuted,
even hunted as we were.
We laughed because
Jesus was still with us.
And then he entered,
and then there
was no more laughter,
not for a long,
long time.
I have greatly desired
to eat this Passover with you
before I suffer;
for I tell you,
I will not eat it again

until it finds its fulfillment
in the kingdom of God.
Blessed are you,
O Lord, our God,
King of the universe,
who chose
and sanctified us
with your commandments
and who gave us appointed times

for happiness:

And times for joy,
the day of this festival, Lord;
the festival of matzah.
He spoke
the prayer of joy and of thanks,
but there was no
joy in the room.
He was still a beacon
of love and light,
but over the rest of us
a shadow fell.
Take and eat.
This is my body,
which is broken for you.
Do this in
remembrance of me.
Drink from this cup,
all of you,
for this is my blood
of the new covenant,
which is shed for many
for the forgiveness of sins.
Do this in
remembrance of me.
So what did it mean,
the drinking of the wine
and the eating
of the bread?
This is the symbol
of the new covenant
in remembrance
of his death.
You are those who

stood by me in all my trials,
and I confer
on you a kingdom,
even as my Father
conferred his kingdom upon me.

Pete r-

Satan intends to sift
you like wheat,
but I have prayed
for you, Peter,
that your faith
may not fail.

And when you have
turned back, I say to you,
you will encourage
your brothers.

Lord, I am prepared to go
with you to prison and to death!
I tell you Peter,
before the rooster crows today,
you will disown me
three times.

No wonder you hate to
hear the crowing of the rooster.

I was a fool.

But you said
he forgave you.

Yes, later,
not that I deserved it.

So Jesus
became the sacrifice.

Yes, he was ushering
in the new covenant
that his death
would symbolize.

Do you understand?

Not really.

In time, you will.

So what happened next?

What does he do now?

I don't know.

He prepared a
wash basin like a servant?

But why?

it was to be-
one of his
last lessons to us.
If only I had
known it,
I would not
have hesitated
Lord?
You do not understand now,
but later you will understand
why I am doing this.
No Lord, you will
never wash my feet.
If I do not
wash your feet,
then you will have
no place in me.
He washed your feet?
That's madness!
Your Master,
your so-called living God,
why would he lower himself
to the duties of a slave?
No, no leader would lower
himself in his men's eyes.
But Jesus did
lower himself.
I do not understand.
Explain this to me.
Jesus was talking
about spiritual cleansing.
While we were arguing
about who was the greatest,
Jesus showed us
what loving,
humble service
looks like.
But if we are
to love one another,
then how could one
of your own betray Jesus?
What you speak of-
is the devil.
The devil?

What is this?
A dark serpent, Satan.
He works
against God's light,
cloaking the world
in violence,
hate, and distrust,
turning men against one another.
Sol am damned
as a soldier.
You have a choice,
Martinian.
The Lord has given
you a choice;
for God wills that
all men should be saved
It's not so easy.
The devil was
in your ranks.
Who was it?
How did it happen?
After the washing of
feet, the darkness was revealed to us.
I have washed your
feet as an example to you.
Now that you know it,
blessed are you if you do it.
A person who has taken a bath
needs only to wash his feet.
His whole body
is clean.
You are clean.
But I am not speaking
about all of you.
I know those
who I have chosen,
but all this is to bring about
what the Scripture said.
Even my close friend,
he who shared my bread,
has lifted up
his heel against me.
What does this
mean, Lord?

I am telling you now,
and I tell you the truth.
One of you
will betray me.
What is he saying?
That is impossible!
It cannot be!
A traitor amongst us?
Find the traitor! Tell me,
tell me who it is, Lord!
One of the twelve,
he who dips his hand
with me in the dish.
Here at this table,
sitting among us as a friend,
is a man
who will betray me.
And
as I looked around the table,
I saw the weakness
that lies in all men,
even us,
the twelve chosen by God.
We were not
above fear.
It was the worst

kind of fear:

not fear from without,
but fear from within.
So one by one,
I looked at them,
and I saw their fear.
No one was
closer to Jesus.
No one stood with cleaner
hands before him;
and yet, even he was
vulnerable to sin and fear,
as any of us.
A traitor?
How can that be?
I know that I have
no such inclination.

Am I not
above reproach?
I have been promised
a throne in your kingdom.
How could I betray the Master
who's dedicated his life
to love and unselfishness?
At times, my temper
has bested me.
James and I would have
called down fire from heaven
to smite the Samaritans,
so enraged were we
at their disrespect.
Will my pride
cause me to stumble?
My intolerance,
my bigotry?
Is it me, Lord?
There was
James, the other son of Zebedee,
so ferociously certain
that he could never fail Jesus;
now so afraid
that he could.
Show me this traitor.
Bring him to me, that I may
lay down mighty judgment
on his head!
You can sometimes
be too kind,
too forgiving.
I'm not encumbered
by such.
Some even see your mercy
as a sign of weakness.
It cannot be me
you speak of.
I'm sure of it.
Am I not one
of the sons of thunder?
Is my father not
an influential man?
I have been promised

a seat at your table,
along with
my brother, too.
How could either
of us betray you?
I was there
on the mountain.
I saw you transfigured.
John and I heard
the very voice of God.
Only three of us
can claim that.
Oh Lord, will my
righteous fury unbalance me?
Will I strike out to hurt,
rather than to heal?
Is it me, Lord?
Thomas,
my friend, must you forever
second-guess
yourself and him?
I knew this
would happen.
I saw it from
the first.
I tried to tell them
this would not end well.
Now they argue over
the identity of the betrayer.
What difference
does it make?
Every act has been
carved in stone
long before
we drew first breath.
All our efforts
and dreams are nothing.
Where has it
brought us?
To the brink of ruin.
What if his end
is somehow,
some way
a new beginning,

and it's my doubts,
my pessimism that will hinder
the coming
of this new world?
What if it's the darkness of my
own mind that signals his end?
It cannot be.
Is it me, Jesus?
Poor Philip.
That was the one time
I couldn't cover him.
The fear was his
to face on his own.
It's probably me.
I'm sure I will make another
mistake along the way
or ask another
foolish question,
and that somehow will
cause all of this to end.
Why did Jesus pick me?
Is the Lord allowing me
to be such a misfit,
knowing that my foolish ways
will bring upon his demise?
But I can think of no other
reason Jesus would invite me
into his kingdom.
I am not worthy of it.
Is it me, Lord?
You knew the hearts
of all these men so intimately.
They were my brothers
together in our love
of Christ.
We lived, suffered
through many trials.
And what of your
actual brother, Andrew?
His heart I knew
best of all.
He loved Jesus,
wanted so badly to please him.
Lord?

The traitor
cannot be me.
I am the first.
You-you saw me, and you
called to me, didn't you?
I saw you, and I knew you
were the Messiah right away.
I brought you
my brother.
Yes, he is talented in
swaying the hearts of men,
but I am a firstborn.
I am the first chosen.
I deserve my place
of honor, don't I?
Or am I only to be known for
being Peter's older brother,
destined to live in the
shadow of one greater than I?
Do I have a place in heaven only
because I am Peter's brother?
Will I come to resent it and
thereby fall by the wayside?
Will that be my
downfall and yours?
Is it me, Lord?
And what
of you, Simon Peter?
Was your mind so full of
dark thoughts and suspicions?
More than
I would have imagined.
I felt the same fear
I did on that hilltop
the day I first saw him.
There can't be a traitor.
It's impossible.
I won't believe it.
But you say there is,
so it must be true.
More than likely,
it's Matthew or Simon.
I should say something.
Yes, I will stand

and accuse them both.
What am I saying?
Matthew and Simon, they love
you with all of their hearts.
Maybe Nathaniel or Philip.
Yes, most certainly Philip,
it has to be.
Why didn't I see it before?
No, poor simple Philip
has the faith of a child.
He would be the
last to betray you.
Who then?
Surely not I.
Am I not the rock?
Did I not walk
on the water?
And did I not sink
like a rock into the sea
when I lost my faith
and became afraid?
What if it is me?
Is it me, Lord?
Thirty pieces of silver.
Did you know that,
Teacher?
The price of a slave.
That's all they
think you're worth.
I'm afraid.
Am I to be the villain only
because I saw through you?
Am I to be punished because
I'm the only one of the twelve
who did not
believe your lies?
You call yourself
a Savior;
then save yourself.
If you will not,
nothing will change.
Your life will be meaningless
and your death will be in vain.
It appears our Messiah

needs a Messiah.
Who will save you,
Jesus?
Who can save you?
It was me, Lord.
I will not sit for this!
The Master accuses
and then says nothing.
I will not sit for it.
Lord?
Hurry and do
what you must do.
Where is he going?
Teacher,
what is happening?
Is Judas
the betrayer, Lord?
Now is the
Son of man glorified.
Why did he do it?
What could he gain?
Satan the deceive!
had entered into him.
He was promised
great rewards.
And did Jesus order
you to go after him?
Jesus
forgave Judas his deed.
I don't understand
this forgiveness.
If a man plots to betray you,
or strikes you,
or steals from you,
I mean, how could you
forgive such a man?
Only the
Son of God can.
Jesus-
he is the way,
the truth,
the life.
I tell you, do not
resist an evil person.

If someone strikes you
on the right cheek,
turn to him the
other cheek, also.
And if someone wants to
sue you and take your shirt,
let him have
your coat, as well.
If someone forces you
to go 1 mile,
go with him 2 mile.
Give to the one
who asks you
and do not turn away
from the one
who wants to
borrow from you.
Again,
I see his wisdom.
Are your eyes
beginning to be opened?
So what happened
to Judas?
Judas fled.
Jesus forgave Judas,
but the betrayer
could not forgive himself
nor accept Jesus
gift of forgiveness,
so he took
his own life.
Easy death
for a traitor.
Some have said so.
So then after the supper,
then Jesus was captured?
Yes, though
the hour was late,
Jesus led us out
into the country
to a garden
called Gethsemane.
This night,
you will all fall away.

My friends,
if the world hates you,
know that it
hated me first.
Remember what
I taught you.
No servant is greater
than his master.
If they persecuted me,
they will persecute you also.
Indeed, the day is coming
when anyone who kills you
will think he
is pleasing God.
Lord, there's
danger here.
Let us depart.
Listen to my words.
The time is coming when
you will weep and lament,
but the world will rejoice;
but I promise you,
your sorrow will
turn into joy.
My Father,
the time has come.
Glorify your Son,
so that I may
glorify you.
As you sent me
into the world,
so I send these
who you have
given to me,
into the world.
Sit here while
I go and pray.
Peter,
John,
James,
come.
Remain here and keep
watch while I pray.
What is the purpose

of this night?
The Lord lls our minds
with moments of death,
betrayal, sorrow,
and rejoice.
He bring us here to Gethsemane
in the dark of night to pray?
He's going to his Father
to seek his will.
He is sorely troubled
Have we not done enough
to lighten his load?
See how he suffers.
Shall we go to him?
He bid us only
to stay and watch.
Watch for what?
Only us twelve know
about this secret place.
That is
what unsettles me.
We are twelve
no longer.
One of us
is a betrayer.
Why then would he choose
us three to accompany him?
I feel that I cannot
stay awake.
I feel it, too.
A warm night
makes me weary.
We will watch
in shifts.
Peter, you stay awake
and watch our Lord.
Stay awake with me,
brothers.
What if this is how
the betrayal happens,
that we fail our Master's
command and fall asleep?
I'll stay-
I will not

fail you, Lord.
I will stay awake
all night,
keep watch.
What?
Could you not
watch with me for 1 hour?
Forgive me, Lord.
I failed you.
The spirit is willing,
but the flesh is weak.
Watch and pray so that you
will not enter into temptation.
Yes.
The betrayal
is at hand!
Brother.
Put down your weapon.
Remember what
I taught you.
He who lives by the sword
will die by the sword.
Put down your weapon.
Who is it
that you seek?
Jesus of Nazareth.
I am he.
Lord!
This is a
tale for the ages.
You swear it all
happened as you say?
Every word.
So they took
Lord Jesus-
your Lord Jesus-
and they crucified him?
Tell me of that.
it was-
witnessed by many.
Jesus our Lord
was crucified
just as it
was prophesied.

He had to die.
I don't understand.
Why did he die?
Why did he not call
his angels to save him,
use his power to come
down from the cross,
anything to avoid the
horror of crucifixion?
A t
last, we come to it.
You are clever,
Martinian.
Your thoughts, we!-
Think back to all that
I have told you of Jesus.
So Jesus said he
would be gloried in death,
so he must have planned
on being betrayed.
So his death was a sacrifice,
but a sacrifice of what?
We were speaking
of sin,
so the sacrifice
was for a sin,
but what sin?
He was pure
and had none.
So he died for a sin
that was not his own.
Go on.
Since we've sinned,
he must have died
for our sins.
So when he died,
he sacrificed himself
for all our sins.
Martinian,
you do understand.
No-
No, I-
I don't know
I think it was better when

I didn't know any of this.
I don't think
I'm ready.
If I become
a follower of Jesus,
I might be persecuted
and die like you.
How are you not
afraid to die?
I do not want to die,
but I am not
afraid of death.
This life is temporary.
Just as Christ was raised
from the dead into life,
I, and all
who believe in him,
will be raised
from the dead.
Don't forget,
I saw the risen Christ.
I know he died.
I saw the empty tomb.
But more than this,
I saw the risen Lord.
I walked with him,
and talked with him,
and ate with him.
I must think on this.
I must speak
to my wife.
My love,
what news?
What?
Have you gone mad?
You haven't left
this spot.
You must go home.
You've been here
the entire night!
I wait to hear
Simon Peter's answer.
Why did you make me
ask that question?

You are a man grown.
You may do
as you wish.
You make threats
I can't ignore.
No, I was
as curious as you.
I've gone too far,
and now I am unsure.
Unsure? Of what?
Everything.
The gods, the world,
the afterlife, myself.
And I will not endanger you
by accepting this faith.
Martinian-
No, you are
my wife.
I am your husband.
Martinian- It is my
duty to protect you!
I am putting
my foot down.
We will hear no more
of these Christians.
My love, I am already
a Christian.
How?
How did this happen?
There was a slave
who told me of Jesus,
a girl from the market,
told me
the words of Christ.
I met her in secret,
and we talked many times.
When she took ill,
I tended her death bed.
My love, she-
she had no fear
of dying.
She had a peace
that was indescribable.
She was meek,

gentle, kind.
She was the least,
and she shall stand first
next to Christ
in heaven.
When death took her,
she smiled,
as if she could
already see his face.
I have that same
peace, Martinian.
If I were to die tomorrow,
I have such rest in my heart.
My beloved Martinian, do you
not desire to have that same-
that same rest
in your heart?
Call to Jesus
in prayer.
Ask him to
forgive your sins.
Ask him to be your Savior
from sin and punishment.
I do not believe
my ears.
I am married
to an outlaw!
Do you love me?
You know I do
with all my heart.
Then you must choose,
for my path is with Christ.
Where does
your path lead?
I don't know.
You have taken counsel
with Simon Peter himself.
You have heard
the truth from his lips.
What more do you
need to hear?
Nothing.
I need nothing more.
Do you still

seek his blessing?
Wait here.
Time's up, sherman.
Third day breaks.
You are mine.
I fear no evil.
Christ has victory
over you.
My fate is
sealed by Christ.
I just have one
last question.
Where did you find the strength
to become the man that you are,
from an ordinary fisherman
to a great apostle?
People line up just so that
your shadow might fall on them.
What caused
this transformation?
It was all God.
Jesus chose me.
He walked with me
and taught me.
He gave me the
Holy Spirit to guide me,
and God has a plan
for you, too.
The wager is yours,
Simon Peter.
You have won.
I have decided.
I will stand with you
and as Christ is my Lord.
Now come, I will
take you out of here
before the shift changes.
Jesus Christ
welcomes you
with honor and love,
Martinian,
but I cannot
go with you.
That would only

endanger you.
I will die.
Oh, cursed on that.
I thought you
would say that.
Hold on.
What have you done?
You would not
come to her.
What else
was I to do?
This is dangerous.
Simon Peter,
apostle of Christ,
I beg you,
give me your blessing.
Novella, is your
life given over to Jesus?
Do you claim him to be
your Lord and salvation?
Yes.
Then you shall
be blessed as you desire.
Accept this blessing in the
glorious name of the Father,
His Son Jesus Christ,
and the Holy-
Processus.
Processus,
what are you doing?
Do you like
persecution so much
that you want
to partake of it?
You heard his words,
as well as I.
Did you not hear
the truth in them?
They were just stories.
What of Christ,
the man himself?
His words, his followers are
spreading across the land,
fulfilling prophecies,

performing miracles,
risen from the dead,
that is no story!
He was a rebel,
and his followers are outlaws!
That is what
the emperor says.
What do you think?
Am I an outlaw?
My wife?
Would you see us
tortured and killed?
You're asking
me to disobey my command!
I'm asking you
to think for your soul,
the part of you that
will live forever.
Stop confusing me!
Let go of your anger,
your distrust.
How dare you
talk down to me.
I am arresting you!
Let him into
your heart.
Shut your mouth!
Save yourself!
I said shut up!
Martinian!
Strike me
all you want.
I am your friend
and I love you.
Christ our Lord
loves you.
Come Process us.
Receive Jesus as your Savior
and be free of all your sins.
God the Father,
you have given us salvation.
Touch these hearts,
as today they recognize
their need for you,

and they wish to accept

Jesus as Lord.

Processus,

Martinfan,

pray with me.

"Lord, I accept

Jesus as my Savior,

and I thank you

for the forgiveness of sin. "

Lord,

I accept Jesus as my Savior,

and I thank you

for the forgiveness of sin.

Amen.

Amen.

Amen.

Novella, you seek

the blessing of Christ.

May I ask?

We are without child.

"I will withhold no good

thing from those who love me,

says the Lord.

Go in peace.

Thank you.

How many times

have I told the guards?

Political prisoners on the left,

religious fanatics on the right.

Do I have to do everything

myself around here?

You two,

where's your prisoner?

It is past dawn,

you great louts.

He is to be crucified.

Bind him and take him.

We need the cell for another.

Who is it?

Sir, another

Christian, Saul of Tarsus.

They're crawling

out of the walls,

these Christians!

This is gonna be the hardest
thing I've ever done.
Is it time?
It's time,
Simon Peter.
The cell is required
for another Christian prisoner,
a certain
Saul of Tarsus.
Paul, my old friend.
Teacher,
I cannot do this.
I cannot do this.
For all that you've done for
the sake of Christ our Lord,
let us escort you
to safety.
My dear Maninian,
that is exactly
where I'm going.
What! told you
in the darkness,
speak in the light.
What I whispered
in your ear,
proclaim from
the rooftops.
We must go.
Then take me to Jesus
and be quick about it.
I can't bear to be away
from him a moment longer.
Peace, I leave you.
My peace I give you;
not as the world
gives peace,
for in this world
you will have many troubles.
But take heart,
for! have
overcome this world.
I am the way.
I am the truth.
I am the life.

No one comes to the Father,
except through me.

Everyone who asks
will receive.

He who seeks will find,
and to him who knocks
the door will be opened.

Do not let your hearts
be troubled.

Do not be afraid.

Remain in my love.

Again I say,
remain in my love;
and surely,

I am with you always
to the very end
of the age.