

[Footsteps, then a door creaking open. The noise of a raucous party and crowd.]

MAN (Bart Fasnender): There you are! Come down!

MARY MAGDALENE (Charleigh E. Parker): (laughing) I'll be back. I'll be back!

SALOME (Yeauxlanda Kay): There must be four hundred people here.

MARY MAGDALENE: Four hundred people would fit in the house. There must be eight hundred.
(laughing)

SALOME: All four families.

MARY MAGDALENE: All four families. And their families.

SALOME: (laughing) And their families 'families! And their servants and dogs and concubines.

MARY MAGDALENE: Ah, it's a day we will always remember. [clinking, like a chain]

SALOME: Did you see the boy in front?

MARY MAGDALENE: That was Matthew. With the fronds? That was Matthew.

SALOME: Matthew!? How did I not recognize him? I thought the boy was older.

MARY MAGDALENE: He's eight now, that was him. He wanted to be a part of it. The palm fronds were his idea.

SALOME: Ugh, he's so tall.

MARY MAGDALENE: Like my father.

SALOME: And Gestas grinning like a fool.

MARY MAGDALENE: (scoffs) Whe-where is he?

SALOME: Somewhere. Talking with your father. Talking with the other fathers. He's working on his next big thing, I'm sure, now that this is done.

MARY MAGDALENE: It is a good plan and everyone knows it's his, but he's not done. And I think my father likes him even less than you do.

[Music, eerie and quick, takes us into another part of the party. We hear the crowd talking, and rustling of cloth.]

GESTAS (Nat Cassidy): (chuckling) Whoa whoa whoa, you may be right, Kezia. But for now, we must wait.

KEZIA (Kelley Rae O'Donnell): You make me wait too long, Gestas.

GESTAS: Come on now, you know I don't go that way.

KEZIA: You should try it! You never know. I bet I could change your mind.

GESTAS: I hate to tell you this, but I have no use for any of that. For me, all of this, women and men and what they do together.

KEZIA: Yes?

GESTAS: It's like watching the Romans eat pork. Maybe it's good, maybe it's not, but it's just not for me. I have no use for it.

KEZIA: When you see them eating pork, doesn't your stomach long [rustling cloth] to taste it? Doesn't your tongue long to feel what it's like in your mouth?

GESTAS: (laughing) Huh, you are trouble, you know that?

KEZIA: I'm worth it.

ADLAI (Sean Williams) (buried in the background): Where is he? We're looking for Gestas, where is he? Where is Gestas?

GESTAS: Your husband keeps staring at us.

KEZIA: My husband wants to stare at us. He likes to stare. [rustling, that builds to a big rustling as if Gestas is getting up in a hurry.]

GESTAS: Well, let me see if I can set you up with someone who can put on a better show than I can.

ADLAI: [clanking of armor] Oh, I think you've already made a good enough show for all of us. [Music creeps in]

GESTAS: Okay, okay, Adlai, what the fuck? [rustling as he is wrestled by the soldiers.]

ADLAI: I'd like a word, Gestas. So would the other fathers.

[ALMELEM Intro theme plays]

SALOME: Everyone says it's his plan, that doesn't make it true. [clinking and rustling] We didn't need the plan, we needed Jesus. We needed the Messiah.

MARY MAGDALENE: Well, we're not there yet. [thunk, like a drawer closing] Jesus needs to lead the seder in a few days and just teach between now and then. [clunk]

SALOME: I was thinking. [rustling]

MARY MAGDALENE: (chuckling) Yes? [rustling]

SALOME: We need something big this week. Like, Lazarus. Or the feeding of the five thousand. [footsteps]

MARY MAGDALENE: Those were Gestas's ideas. Those are magic tricks, we can't expect Jesus to do that here.

SALOME: [clunk, rustling] Of course, you're right. But.

MARY MAGDALENE: Salome, my love, just tell me. [rustling, a door closing]

SALOME: The feeding of the five thousand? The fish and the loaves? Blessed are the Meek? These are what the people want. They want food. That's it. They're fine with revolution, they're fine with throwing out the Romans, but what they want is a belly full of meat and bread.

MARY MAGDALENE: They should come here. We've got plates of it sitting out going bad. (laughing)

SALOME: I'm being sober here.

MARY MAGDALENE: Uh. Gestas says we should lay low.

SALOME: Gestas is the hole in the back of an ass.

MARY MAGDALENE: (bursting out laughing) I have never heard that before.

SALOME: Eh, something I just came up with.

MARY MAGDALENE: Gestas is right. Salome. If he does anything right now, it will be seen as an attack to destroy the Sanhedrin. Jesus just walked through the gates and that's making everyone very, very nervous. Anything he does now will look [a knock at the door, then it creaks open] like an attack on the temple.

ALMELEM (Dani Martineck): [footsteps, we can hear the party again] Apologies, Magdalena, I didn't wait for introduction.

MARY MAGDALENE: What is wrong, child?

ALMELEM: Jesus has attacked the temple. Where is Gestas?

MARY MAGDALENE: WHAT? [the ring of a knife being drawn]

SALOME: I'll go. [rustling, footsteps]

ALMELEM: Jesus attacked the temple. It was magnificent. There are Romans everywhere, they have no idea what to do. I need to tell Gestas, where is he? [the door closes and the party disappears]

MARY MAGDALENE: He's here, somewhere. Salome will find him. First tell me what happened.

ALMELEM: That's what happened! He attacked the temple! One man, like a cougar.

MARY MAGDALENE: How do you know this?

ALMELEM: We were with him! Me, Aaron, Matthew, Huldah, Layla—

MARY MAGDALENE: No, where are—where are Matthew and Layla?

ALMELEM: They're fine, they're all fine. Nobody was arrested.

MARY MAGDALENE: How was nobody arrested? [music creeps in]

ALMELEM: I don't know. I don't know.

[Music plays until Gestas speaks, a shivery, low sound and strings]

SALOME: Out of the way. Move! Get out of the—

GESTAS: Well, this is definitely insane.

ADLAI: This is the man you want. He is the man who planned all of this.

GESTAS: Yes, please, tell the Romans that I catered this event. My dear Maximus Cockmunchimus, I'm the one who picked out these figs, please drag me away in chains.

ADLAI: (laughing) My old friend! My old friend, you can claim to not know what your Judean Pretender just did, but you're the genius! The man behind the man! This is your thief. The master thief who stole your coin.

GESTAS: Where is Mary? [a brief struggle] Get your hands off me! Where is Mary?

ADLAI: Gestas! [a sound like a hand hitting a shoulder] This is a matter for men! [another hand] There are no skirts to hide behind, you're going to do this walk alone. [a stretching, rubbing sound, like someone being restrained]

GESTAS: You can't do this to me!

ADLAI: You're right, [another hand on a shoulder] of course I can't. Or, wait. [a clink and a rustling] Look. I'm doing it. [music creeps in, the shivery low sound again] I just did it. It's done. [a brief struggle as they take Gestas away]

GESTAS: Wait! Wait! Wh-what am I being arrested for? I don't even know what he *did*!

[Music swells, then fades back into the Magdalena's room.]

ALMELEM: Jesus became—I don't know that I've ever seen a man that angry before. I've never been in a war, but I imagine that warriors have that look in their eyes. He leapt on the money changers, he turned stone tables over and they shattered into rubble. There were shekels running into the blood drains by the sacrifices.

MARY MAGDALENE: But no arrests?

ALMELEM: No, they stood around dumbfounded. The Romans stood outside, the Jews stood around inside, nobody did anything. [rustling] This is what The Messiah does! This is how he deals with Caesar and Herod, and neither the Romans nor the Jews could act. God struck them dumb and lost, not a one of them moved.

MARY MAGDALENE: Because—because they didn't know what to do. (laughing) Of course. They don't know who to turn to on the steps of the temple. It-it's neither Jewish nor Roman and nobody knows who is in charge of that.

ALMELEM: Jesus was in charge.

MARY MAGDALENE: [rustling, as if Mary is getting up] This was Gestas!

ALMELEM: No. Please!

MARY MAGDALENE: No, this was his idea! No, he may have ruined everything!

ALMELEM: Magdalena, please, you must know, he never wanted to—

MARY MAGDALENE: [footsteps] He wanted to prove that Jesus was in charge! He wanted to prove that *he* could be in charge! Everyone knows Gestas is behind this campaign. [the door creaks open and closed, then footsteps] He was smirking and shaking hands and grabbing bags of coin right along the parade route, augh.

SALOME: Mary.

ALMELEM: Salome! Tell Mary, please, tell her—if Gestas had known—

MARY MAGDALENE: [pacing footsteps] Of course he knows. He was using this to feature his services. The biggest platform he has ever stood upon, this. Oh. Five thousand people shouting the name of Jesus, and Gestas standing behind him with a nod and a wink.

SALOME: It wasn't Gestas.

MARY MAGDALENE: A man with no more faith than a worm, using the Messiah to clean the pockets of all the men who stand next to him. Where are the fathers?

SALOME: It wasn't Gestas.

MARY MAGDALENE: How do you know?

SALOME: Because Gestas is on his way to prison.

ALMELEM: What?

SALOME: He's on his way to prison.

ALMELEM: For what? What did he do?

SALOME: They say he is a thief. Mary.

MARY MAGDALENE: Yes.

SALOME: He was arrested. On your front door. The father of the [music creeps in, the shivery low sound again]—your father, the other fathers, they *gave* Gestas—they gave Gestas to the Romans.

ALMELEM: What? Why? What does this mean?

MARY MAGDALENE: They think he's—

SALOME: They know he's behind Jesus. They know this is his idea.

MARY MAGDALENE: (sighs) That is. Unfortunate.

ALMELEM: Why? I'm sorry, I'm sorry for speaking this way, but please, someone tell me, what does this mean?

MARY MAGDALENE: It means [beat] he will end up as part of the forest of Golgotha.

ALMELEM: What?

SALOME: He will be crucified.

ALMELEM: When?

SALOME: I wouldn't plan on him being there for Shabbos.

[Music swells into a low string run over the high, eerie violins. Then it fades into the sounds of the prison: dripping water, clanking chains, men yelling in the distance.]

SALOME: Gestas. Baruch Hashem.

GESTAS: [clanking] Don't worry yourself, Salome. This is all part of the plan.

SALOME: It is some small relief you can still make jokes.

GESTAS: Oh no, no, no joke here. I'm playing the long game. I got 'em right where I want 'em. [clanking]

SALOME: I'm here to offer you help.

GESTAS: What do you propose? [rustling and clanking] Do you want to speak to Pilate? Maybe he'll offer to let someone go in time for Passover.

SALOME: Magdalena asked. [wood thumping]

GESTAS: What?

SALOME: Mary. She asked. He said no.

GESTAS: Wow. Magdalena asked Pontius Pilate, the Scourge of Palestine, if he would let a Jew go before Passover.

SALOME: He said no.

GESTAS: I should imagine he did.

SALOME: I am here to offer you help.

GESTAS: You could grab one of those soldiers and see if we can do a prisoner swap.

SALOME: We are all prisoners in Jerusalem.

GESTAS: Ah—are you actually saying that to me right now? Here, let me show you my hands, [clanking] they are actually bound. I'm not in bondage like we were in Egypt, I'm in bondage, like—bondage. I'm bonded-duh.

SALOME: There is worse news.

GESTAS: Probably won't be worse for me.

SALOME: Jesus has been arrested.

GESTAS: [beat, clanking] Oh. Well, shit. (sighs) That wrecks my plan. I was hoping he would overthrow the Roman Empire in the next hour or so and save me from the cross.

SALOME: You won't be the only one up there.

GESTAS: Pilate got him? [rustling]

SALOME: Our Messiah is about to be crucified.

GESTAS: I don't get it. Isn't he the Christ? Why doesn't he just save himself? Or, (chuckling) w-wait, why doesn't, why doesn't he save both of us?

SALOME: Don't you fear God?

GESTAS: At the moment, my fear is being all used up on other stuff.

SALOME: Tell me this, have you been imprisoned unfairly?

GESTAS: That's your question? Yes! Yes, of course! They arrest me because they blame me for your Messiah's temper tantrum.

SALOME: They arrested you for being a thief. Are you a thief?

GESTAS: No!

SALOME: You are not a thief. That truth or a lie?

GESTAS: Oh for the love of God. [clanking] Fine. Yes. I'm a thief. I have, over the course of my life, stolen!

SALOME: Then this is your payment.

GESTAS: Yeah, aren't you a thief? Aren't you a sinner? Shouldn't you be arrested too?

SALOME: I have been baptized.

GESTAS: Great. You know what? Tell the guards I need to be baptized too. Just let me run down to the river real quick. [clanking]

SALOME: That's why I'm here.

GESTAS: Wait, really? We're going to the river? How did you—

SALOME: No. [scraping, wood thumping, water sloshing] Uh. We can't go to the river, but I can baptize you here.

GESTAS: I don't understand.

SALOME: If you accept Jesus the Christ as the Messiah, I can baptize you and you'll be saved.

GESTAS: [clanking] Seriously? How did you get them to agree to that?

SALOME: Who?

GESTAS: Pilate. The Romans.

SALOME: Agree to what?

GESTAS: To letting me go.

SALOME: I think you're misunderstanding me. If you are baptized then we are saving your soul.

GESTAS: [clanking] You're offering to baptize me.

SALOME: Yes.

GESTAS: Even though it won't get me out of prison.

SALOME: Yes. Well, no, it *will* get you out of prison. The prison of sin. [clanking] The prison of your broken soul. Just not out of this actual prison you're in.

GESTAS: Yeah, I'm, uh, not interested, thanks.

SALOME: You do not fear God? [Gestas laughs, his chains clank] Even now? Even now, you do not fear God?

GESTAS: There were three children living at the whore house my uncle ran—that's what we called him, our uncle—when I was little and we decided we were siblings, though I-I don't know if the other two had the same mother. My sister, the younger, wanted to know where the sun went at night. I didn't know but I didn't want her to know that I didn't know, so I told her this. [rustling and clanking]“ There are two suns,” I said. “One of them shines all day long, and the second one follows along at night. This second sun hides. He gives off no light and no heat, but he is there, always looking down on you. You will never know where he is, but he is always there, peering into the shadows and watching you in dark moments [clanking] when you think you are alone.” I was a cruel child. My sister was terrified of this second sun. She had a name for it—she never told me—and she swore sometimes she could see it. And she lived in horror that this second sun would see her and discover her secrets. Finally, when the game became tiresome to my older brother he pulled my sister aside and said, “I could tell you that there is no second sun because of course there is no second sun, the very idea is stupid. But instead, I'll ask you this—if it gives off no light and no heat, if it can't reach you and it can't touch you and it can do nothing to change your life, then why [clanking] are you even scared of it? It doesn't affect you at all! Tell it your secrets, let it discover whatever it wants. It will never touch your life.”

SALOME: Yes.

GESTAS: [clanking] So why would I bother? What kind of fool am I?

SALOME: That's a good question.

GESTAS: I wasn't actually asking a goddamn question!

SALOME: [rustling] I'll tell you what kind of fool you are.

GESTAS: Fine.

SALOME: You're the kind of fool who mocks us for believing in an invisible sun, while the rest of us are staring at the moon. [Music creeps in, that shivery low sound again, but this time hopeful. Sloshing water, footsteps.]

GESTAS: Wait. Wait. She asked Pilate. To let me go. [clanking]

SALOME: Yes.

GESTAS: Why me? Why not Jesus?

SALOME: He told her no. He has a plan.

GESTAS: He has a *plan*?

SALOME: He has a plan.

[Music swells, then fades away to the sounds of Golgotha. Weeping, screaming, wailing, that give way to a clink of coins, the sound of the wind and crows and crickets.]

ALMELEM: [footsteps] Leave me alone with him.

ROMAN (Ian Williams): Not alone. But I'll stand away. [creaking, labored breathing]

ALMELEM: Gestas. Gestas.

GESTAS: I am a thief.

ALMELEM: No.

GESTAS: I am a thief.

ALMELEM: No. You are the storyteller.

GESTAS: If I am the storyteller, then listen. I am a thief.

ALMELEM: No. The other man is the thief.

GESTAS: [creaking] There are three of us.

ALMELEM: The third is—That's Jesus. [creaking]

GESTAS: (moans) I can't see him. (clears throat)

ALMELEM: Well, he's right there. The Messiah is on the cross.

GESTAS: Oh, sweet thing. You've lost a lot of Messiahs lately, haven't you? [sand crunching]

ALMELEM: No. None were lost. I haven't lost any. I've lost you.

GESTAS: Almelem. You know where I keep the records. [creaking]

ALMELEM: [sand crunching] Don't talk of that now, please.

GESTAS: This is still our work. Still your work. You know the records, where we keep the coin. It's yours.

ALMELEM: What should I—Is there any—

GESTAS: You know what to do. Listen. Just listen. You are the storyteller.

ALMELEM: But what do I do?

GESTAS: I can't help you now. You're there. I'm here. (chuckling) It's your job now. Now. I am a thief.

ALMELEM: No. No. He is the repentant thief. He is the Christ. And you [the wind rustles the trees]—you are the unrepentant thief. [creaking]

GESTAS: That is the story. And when another Messiah comes along, you'll know what to do. We can still do this. [creaking]

ALMELEM: I—I want a different story. I want a different ending. [the wind is growing stronger]

GESTAS: Then make it.

ALMELEM: Ho-what? How? Gestas, how? I can't save you all.

GESTAS: You're the messenger bird. Make a story. Tie it to your leg.

ALMELEM: You make no sense.

GESTAS: Huh, I can see your wings.

ALMELEM: This isn't the ending. [music creeps in, a low drone with some percussive notes] This can't be.

[a rush of rain, a crack of thunder. People begin to scream.]

ROMAN: Okay, everyone, get back. Get back! You! You, down from the hill!

ALMELEM: I won't leave!

ROMAN: Move, kid! Don't you see what's happening? [footsteps running, the music is louder, droning and eerie and faster]

ALMELEM: What is the ending then? What now? Gestas. Tell me what now? [footsteps stop, door creaking and rattling and Almelem knocking] Open. Please. Please! It's Almelem! Please let me in!

WOMAN (Jordana Williams) (from inside the house): Get away from here! [inaudible] [running footsteps resume, splashing through muddy puddles]

ALMELEM: Ah. [footsteps slow and get more erratic] Coin. Coin, Gestas. Right? Coin. It's always coin. I know where the coin is. [footsteps speed back up, a door creaks open and closed and metal rattles. The footsteps squelch across the floor. A cabinet opens, water sloshes, and coins clink] Okay, Gestas, okay. Coin, right? Then *no problems*, right? [more clinking, irregular wet footsteps] Some coin, some coin and we can buy your way back down. Buy his way back down, buy new lives. A few coins to buy—It's—It's more than coin, right? [wet sloshing and banging on wood] It's—why aren't you here? (Almelem sobs) [a wet slide of fabric, some rustling, the rain beats on the roof.] What now? What do I do now? (cries) Gestas! What do I do with a handful of coins and a wet tunic? [knocking. squelching. clinking. the music creeps back in. knocking again. then pounding, like someone is breaking in the door. it gives with a splinter.]

ROMAN: [metallic clinking, like armor] There's nobody here. Let's move.

[Music and screaming, the wind roars and the rain falls. Then the sounds of the storm fade away as the music rises. It begins to fade as we hear crickets and footsteps, drier now.]

ALMELEM: Magdalena! [footsteps] Magdalena! [more footsteps] Mary! Please, Mary! [creaking]

MARY MAGDALENE: Almelem?

ALMELEM: Shh! [footsteps] Magdalena. We need to do something.

MARY MAGDALENE: Almelem. There is nothing to do.

ALMELEM: There is. I need your help.

MARY MAGDALENE: (sigh) I—yes. Yes, of course. What do you need?

ALMELEM: I need to hide. I can't be on the street where they'll find me.

MARY MAGDALENE: Wait one second, I'll get you something warm. [creaking] Can you stay in the shed? I can bring you food.

ALMELEM: I need nothing. I just need to hide.

MARY MAGDALENE: Wrap yourself in this. [footsteps, swishing fabric] You're wet, you will be cold.

ALMELEM: I can't go to the—Magdalena, I can't wrap myself in a white robe in the shed, I'll ruin it.

MARY MAGDALENE: It's too small for Matthew now. Better that it keep you warm. Go. [footsteps]

[Music, the more hopeful and ethereal theme from earlier.]

ALMELEM: (laughing) [quick footsteps] If they get angry, it's on you. You're the one who thinks the Roman will help. Nobody does it for love, right? [rattling] They do it for coin. [clinking and rustling] I have a message. From your wife.

ROMAN: From—(sighs) Come away. [footsteps] What is wrong with you, kid? You look like a drowned cat. [coins clinking]

ALMELEM: I need you to bring tools to the new tomb. [coins clinking] I need to go inside.

ROMAN: Look, kid, this isn't enough coin to even—

ALMELEM: There is more. Meet me with tools before the sun comes up in the morning. I need to get inside. [clinking, footsteps, the music creeps back in] This I can do, Gestas. This I can do. Coin and wood can break fear and iron. I can bring you both back down. I know how to do this. I can bring you down from there.

[Music swells, then fades into creaking and scraping and rattling.]

ROMAN: I brought the only tools I could. [a clatter as wood hits the ground]

ALMELEM: Is this supposed to be funny?

ROMAN: What more do you want? It's a tool.

ALMELEM: This is a broken crucifix. This is wood that killed my people!

ROMAN: Wood is wood, kid. This is what you've got. [dragging wood and clinking, rattling]

ALMELEM: Stand look out. Watch for the sun. [footsteps on gravel, wood scraping and crunching against something, Almelem grunting]

ROMAN (from down the hill): Put the beam under the rock. Wedge it there with that stone and lean on the back. The stone will move. [rattling, scraping, stone moving, a rush of air and music]

ALMELEM: (gasps) Oh my God.

ROMAN: The sun is coming up.

ALMELEM: Do not come in here!

ROMAN: Why?

ALMELEM: This is not for you.

ROMAN: Let me see.

ALMELEM: Here. [clinking] Here is your coin. Let me dress in peace.

ROMAN: Kid.

ALMELEM: What? What? This is not for you! Not now! You have your coin, now go! Before the sun rises!

[Music swells, then fades into birdsong and footsteps]

MOTHER MARY (Kristen Vaughan): (crying) My heart will shatter, I just know it. [a rooster crows]

MARY MAGDALENE: None of us will allow our hearts to break, we will—

SALOME: Hold. The stone is moved. [the ring of a knife being drawn, music creeps in. The next line and gasp come from inside the tomb, they echo. footsteps that move from gravel to hard rock] Hand me the torch. (the women gasp.)

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Do not be alarmed. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has risen; he is not here. See the place where they laid him. (the women gasp) But go, tell his disciples and Peter that he is going before you to Galilee. There you will see him, just as he told you.

MOTHER MARY: Thank you. Thank you. [the music stops on a shiver of strings, footsteps as Mother Mary and Salome leave the tomb]

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: [rustling] The robe. [an uncomfortable laugh] Suits you.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: [rustling] It was a gift. It is perfect. [a couple of footsteps, we hear the birdsong faintly from outside.]

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Do you know where he is?

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: There was nobody here when I came in, and I rolled the stone away myself.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Then that's as it should be. So. What now?

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: The disciples will be next. The twelve.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Of course. And then many more.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: They can't get us all. There are ten thousand of us. We'll tell the story.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Do you know what the story is?

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Yes. Do you?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: I think so.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: What will they say?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Of whom?

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: All of us. What will they say?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: They will say—Ah, they will say you are an angel.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: That's right.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: They will say an angel was sitting in the empty tomb. They will say that the angel told Mary and Salome and Magdalena that Christ is Risen.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: And?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: And Christ will appear before his disciples and then disappear again. And the Romans will walk out of Israel with their swords in their sheaths, (they sigh) just as Gestas said. And the world will know the Messiah long after the Roman Empire has crumbled to dust.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: [footstep] And what will they say of Gestas?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Nothing.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Yeah. And that's the story, for now. Do the disciples know?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: They know. I worry about them, some of them. They won't all make it.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: That's alright. They aren't supposed to all make it. We've got the people, the people will spread the story. They'll write the book.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Yes.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: What do you think it will say of you. And Salome.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Oh, I don't know, Almelem. They will say we are saints, or—uh, more likely they will say his mother is a saint and that we are whores. I don't know. (chuckling)

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Hmm. But they will know that Jesus is the Christ. [footsteps]

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Almelem. (sighs) You did n-nothing with the body.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Are you asking me? [music creeps in]

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: What did you do?

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Is it important?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Yes. I—yes, it is.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Do you want the truth? Or do you want the story? What if one thing is too horrible to behold and the other is too wonderful?

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: Tell me.

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: I want to tell you the truth. I did nothing. The tomb was empty. Christ is risen.

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: [the wind blows] (sighs, crying) Yes?

ALMELEM [in the tomb]: Yes. [the music stops]

MARY MAGDALENE [in the tomb]: (a shuddery breath) Then let's go. [footsteps, the birdsong grows louder, and the music fades in and with a rush of strings becomes the Almelem theme.]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): Gideon Media presents ALMELEM by Sean Williams, directed by Jordana Williams. Sound Design by Bart Fasbender. Music by Adam Blau. Produced by Cara Ehlenfeldt. Featuring Dani Martineck, Yeauxlanda Kay, Charleigh E. Parker, Nat Cassidy, Kelley Rae O'Donnell, Sean Williams, Ian Williams, and Kristen Vaughan. Special thanks to Augustus Alexander, Steve Alexander, Micah Busey, Julie Castle, Dan Kois, Harper Kois, Lyra Kois, Kate Cosma, Will Lowry, Lori Parquet, Stacy Raymond, Alia Smith, Moira Stone, Barnaby Williams, and Marlena Williams.

[Music Ends]

END OF EPISODE FIVE