

# **The Prince of Peace**

*By Robert Allen*

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### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

A young girl's search for peace is eventually fulfilled in her discovery of faith in Jesus the Messiah, but not before she is thrown into conflict with her family and even the anti-Christ himself. About 2 hours.

### **ORIGINAL PRODUCTION**

The Prince of Peace was first produced by Pillsbury Baptist Bible College on November 15, 1990 in Kerux Auditorium in Owatonna, MN. The following individuals were in the original cast.

Sharona Heletz: Peggy Cooper  
Marah Cohen: Mary Baker  
Grandmamma Rahel Heletz: Lorene Gibbons  
Grandfather Moshe Heletz: Joe Wilmer  
Dov Heletz: Clinton Bachmann  
Yacov Shimon: Don Crain  
Paul Wilson: Ken Sparks  
Ilya Franz: Colleen Fleming  
Elise Cohen: Faith Hill  
Benjamin Cohen: Steve Gocken  
David BenCanaan: Jeff Dobesh

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(6M 5W. In order of appearance.)*

SHARONA HELETZ  
MARAH COHEN  
GRANDMAMMA RAHEL HELETZ  
GRANDFATHER MOSHE HELETZ  
DOV HELETZ  
YACOV SHIMON  
PAUL WILSON  
ILYA FRANZ  
ELISE COHEN  
BENJAMIN COHEN  
DAVID BENCANAAN  
SOLDIERS

**ACT I**  
**SCENE 1**

*(The living room of the Heletz home in Kibbutz Ramat Rachel is a plain room distinguished only by the beauty of the tapestry hangings on the walls. These have been woven in a variety of patterns evoking images of Israeli heritage. Crocheted pieces cover the furniture. The one piece of furniture which remains undraped is a spinet piano. A sofa occupies the center of the room with the piano in an alcove to the left and a dining table to the right. The room serves as a living area, a dining room and a music studio. Four dining room chairs stand near the table which is covered with a brightly patterned cloth that reaches all the way to the floor. One dining room chair sits along the wall. A large footlocker or chest sits between the front door and the alcove. The room has a door stage left which leads directly to the outside of the house and a door stage right which leads to the kitchen and bedrooms. As the CURTAIN rises, MARAH is seated at the piano slowly and laboriously working her way through Chopin's Military Polonaise. When she comes to a part she knows well, she races through it. SHARONA listens with one ear while she sets the table. RAHEL works on a crocheting project.)*

SHARONA: Keep the tempo peaceful, Marah. Chopin did not intend for it to sound like a soaring turtledove in one measure and a galloping war horse in the next.

MARAH: *(Stops playing.)* Yes, Miss Heletz. I've been working on this piece for three weeks now. Do you think I can play it for the recital?

SHARONA: Perhaps, Marah. But it will take some more practice. Keep the tempo steady now.

MARAH: I will, Miss Heletz. *(Begins again with the same galloping style.)*

RAHEL: Only three weeks? I don't know where you get your patience, Sharona.

SHARONA: Just a few more minutes grandmamma.

RAHEL: That God would give us the only piano in the kibbutz. What have I done to deserve such an honor.

SHARONA: Don't worry grandmamma. She will finish before they come.

RAHEL: I should not worry? Six years Yacov has been gone and he will see my daughter first as a piano teacher?

MARAH: *(Stops playing.)* Was that better, Miss Heletz?

RAHEL: For him you should be playing one of your songs, Sharona. One of your love songs.

MARAH: If I play it one more time, do you think Dov will be here?

SHARONA: Dov? I expect so.

MARAH: Good! *(Attacks the song with vigor.)*

SHARONA: Peaceful, Marah. Peaceful.

RAHEL: One of your love songs.

SHARONA: *(Sits on the couch by Rahel.)* Grandmama. Whatever will I say to him?

RAHEL: "May he kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, For his love is better than wine."

SHARONA: Grandmama, be serious.

RAHEL: You think I am not serious? Of course I am serious.

SHARONA: Perhaps he has forgotten all about me.

RAHEL: Now who is not to worry? "I am my beloved's and his desire is toward me."

SHARONA: But I know nothing about America.

RAHEL: Who is coming to talk about America? He is coming for you.

SHARONA: But six years, Grandmama.

RAHEL: Has Jehovah forgotten his love for Israel? Not for six thousand years.

SHARONA: If he ever loved me.

*(SHARONA smiles wanly and returns to setting the table. MARAH plods and gallops through her practicing. RAHEL starts to mutter and then quote loudly as if to drown out the piano. Her head moves forward and backward as she speaks.)*

RAHEL: *(Quoting.)* Jehovah's is the earth, and its fullness,

The world, and they that dwell therein.

For he, he hath founded it upon the seas,

And upon streams did He set it fast. *(As RAHEL gets louder, so does MARAH.)*

Who may ascend the hill of Jehovah?

Who may stand in His holy place?

He that is of innocent hands and of pure heart.

Lift up, ye gates, your heads,

And raise yourselves, ye ancient doors,

That the King of Glory may come in. *(MOSHE and DOV enter SL and listen to the duet.)*

Who is, then, the King of Glory?

Jehovah, a mighty one and a hero,

Jehovah, a hero in battle.

Lift up, ye gates, your heads

And raise yourselves, ye ancient doors,

That the King of Glory may come in. *(MARAH finishes her song.)*

Who is He, then, the King of Glory?

*(MOSHE and DOV join RAHEL on the last line.)*

MOSHE, DOV and RAHEL: Jehovah of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

MARAH: *(Rises.)* Dov!

DOV: *(Ignores MARAH and runs to the table.)* Shalom, Grandmama. Sharona, Grandfather and I have been inspecting the bunkers. We got so close we could look right down into a machine gun nest.

SHARONA: Dov Heletz, where are your manners.

DOV: *(Stops and looks over at MARAH.)* Hello, Marah.

MARAH: Hello, Dov. Would you like to hear my Polonaise?

DOV: *(Glances at Sharona.)* Well....

SHARONA: Maybe next time, Marah.

MARAH: All right. I'll just sit here and listen to you tell about your adventure.

*(MARAH walks to the dining room chair by the back wall.)*

SHARONA: No, Marah. Not there.

MARAH: Why? What's the matter?

MOSHE: That chair. It *(A beat.)* needs to be repaired.

RAHEL: Praise be to Jehovah who has given light to my husband. Fifty-two years have I lived with a carpenter and still my chairs are broken.

MOSHE: It's very simple, really. As soon as I have time.

RAHEL: As soon as he has time.

DOV: It was so exciting Sharona. They saw us too, and they waved.

MARAH: *(Crosses to DOV.)* The Arabs waved? At you?

SHARONA: Grandfather, how could you? You might have been shot.

MOSHE: But we were not, my child, as you can see for yourself. The winds of peace have already started drifting through the wadis from Jerusalem.

DOV: *(Crosses to Moshe to get away from Marah.)* Grandfather Moshe said he would take me right into their camp next week. He says we'll all be at peace by then.

MARAH: *(Follows DOV.)* Oh, do you think I could come too? Please, Dov? Please, Grandfather Moshe?

SHARONA: Marah, I think you had better be getting home. Your mother will be expecting you.

MARAH: *(Sighs and crosses to the front door.)* All right, Miss Heletz. Shalom, Dov.

SHARONA: Shalom, Marah. *(A beat.)* Dov?

DOV: Shalom, Marah.

*(MARAH exits without taking her eyes off DOV.)*

SHARONA: Do you really think they can do it, Grandfather? Yacov and his friend Paul and the rest of them?

MOSHE: *(Crosses to sit on the couch.)* We must believe. Who thought the wall in Berlin would ever come down?

SHARONA: But is it possible to end four thousand years of conflict in one week?

DOV: The Russians and Americans are getting along.

MOSHE: Surely that lends hope that even our millenniums of conflict can be peacefully resolved. We have always been a people of faith, my child.

SHARONA: Faith in God, yes. But men cannot be trusted.

MOSHE: Who knows? Perhaps God is in Jerusalem and we don't even know it.

SHARONA: You mean, the Messiah?

MOSHE: The Messiah? Some have tried to tell us that we have killed our best Messiahs. Perhaps this time we will follow one.

RAHEL: That the King of Glory might come in.

*(SFX: knock on the door. YACOV enters without waiting for a reply.)*

YACOV: Hello, is anybody...

MOSHE: *(Crosses to YACOV and embraces him.)* Yacov! Welcome home.

SHARONA: *(Sets down the dishes and turns to YACOV.)* Yacov?

YACOV: *(Crosses to SHARONA and takes both her hands in his.)* Sharona, my turtledove. It is true what Grandfather Moshe has written. You have grown more beautiful every day.

SHARONA: Yacov. Oh, Yacov.

*(SHARONA buries her head in his chest and weeps. RAHEL rises from the couch.)*

RAHEL: Let him go, child so that he may greet his elders with the proper respect.

YACOV: *(Gently releases SHARONA and turns to embrace RAHEL.)* Grandmama, forgive me. It is so wonderful to be home I have forgotten my manners. Shalom, Grandmama Rahel. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and give thee peace. Amen.

RAHEL: Amen. You are forgiven. Now a kiss for an old woman.

*(RAHEL presents her cheek and then waves toward SHARONA who is still weeping.)*

RAHEL: I said, 'Play a love song.' Instead she weeps.

*(All laugh. YACOV turns to DOV.)*

YACOV: *(Shakes DOV'S hand.)* And this is little Dov, though not so little any more. How old are you?

DOV: Fourteen, sir.

YACOV: Fourteen. Why you've been a man for over a year. And tough to beat in arm wrestling, I bet. Oh, I almost forgot. I have some people I want you to meet.

*(YACOV crosses to the front door. SHARONA wipes at her tears with a napkin.)*

YACOV: Paul. Ilya. Come in here. I want you to meet the most wonderful family in all the land of Israel.

*(PAUL and ILYA enter carrying luggage.)*

YACOV: Grandmama Rahel, please welcome into your home two of my dearest friends from America. Paul Wilson and Ilya Franz.

RAHEL: *(Concentrates on her crocheting.)* Christians, I expect?

YACOV: Yes, Grandmama, but friends of Israel. They're part of the American delegation to the peace conference.

RAHEL: Jahweh's is the earth.

YACOV: Moshe and Rahel were my father's dearest friends.

MOSHE: *(Shakes PAUL'S hand.)* Welcome to Israel, and welcome to our home.

PAUL: Thank you, Mr. Heletz.

*(MOSHE shakes ILYA'S hand. DOV crosses to take the luggage.)*

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