

# Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

## IT WASN'T ME

by SCOTT CRAIN

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** The twin brother of the apostle Thomas remembers the man he's so often mistaken for.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** The tone is particularly important in a piece like this one, as there are many shades of gray in the character. He's a tad bitter, a tad envious, but also carries an undeniable admiration for the brother who had the courage that he himself lacked. It's a delicate balance, and a crucial one.

**TIME:** 4 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1M

**THEME:** Christian Living, Biblical Times

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** John 20:24-29; Matthew 10:1-15

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon Starter, Worship Service

**CHARACTERS:**

AARON

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Biblical

**SOUND:** One wireless microphones (optional)

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Unspecified

### Drama Ministry

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*Lights up on AARON, a middle-aged Jewish man.*

**AARON:** It...wasn't me.

This happens all the time. Comes part and parcel with being an identical twin, but you're thinking of my brother Thomas. He's the one you want. The one you've heard of. *(with an ironic smile)* The remarkable one.

It's funny. In its own way. Even though we were twins, I was always considered the pick of the litter. Stronger and faster and smarter than Thomas. Better at making friends. Better at finding women.

But the race isn't always to the swift, is it? And while I was making friendly with the girls in town, Thomas was making peace with God in the Judean wilderness. Finding his purpose at the dirty feet of a preacher named Jesus.

*He grins, as if seeing a spark of recognition in his listener's eyes, and he nods, pointing, knowingly.*

Ah, yes—you see? Of course. I told you. Jesus of Nazareth. Everyone's heard of him now, but he wasn't much to look at from a distance, I'll tell you that. My mother told Thomas, "Be careful who you shake hands with. Dirt rubs off, but clean doesn't." And when my brother left the family business to follow the mad preacher into the desert, well...I wasn't the only one laughing behind my hands.

*Beat, his expression growing more grave.*

The laughter faded, though. As stories came of the works this man Jesus was doing. The sick He was healing. The demons cast out. The darkness dispelled, just by a touch of this Man's hands.

Dirt rubs off, but clean doesn't? *(an unsure laugh)* I don't know. The clean of this Man certainly seemed to be catching. The spirit in Him seemed contagious. *(growing in intensity:)* It wasn't long before the stories grew and spread—that He had laid His hands on His followers, on my very brother, and that they were travelling by twos through the countryside to the villages, healing and working miracles in Jesus' name.

My brother Thomas. A healer.

*Beat. He shakes his head ruefully, then sighs and runs a hand across his face.*

I've heard...other rumors. That my brother Thomas was called 'the Doubter'. *(shakes his head)* If only they knew how wrong that was.

My brother believed enough to leave his comfortable life and friends behind. Enough