

STAR SEARCH 2017
DRAMA MONOLOGUE LEVEL 3

THANK YOU

by Justin Street

SUMMARY: *Story based on the one leper (of ten) who came back to thank Jesus.*

The lights coming on signify the moment of healing.

I. I can. I can move. I can *move*! The pain is gone. The unbearable pain is gone? Is this real? Is this my skin? It *is*! This is me, the real me! Not the sores and the broken skin - but me. My own beautiful skin. My face, everything feels back to the way it was. Before the sickness. Back when I was younger, I feel it! This is *my* face. The face that was given to me, and the face that was taken away - for so many years.

My, my toes! One, two, three, four, five - one, two, three, four... five! I have all my toes! I can walk, the way I used to. I don't have to hobble around any more! My arms, move, all the way around. If I had wings I could fly.

These hands. I used to work with these hands. I used to do such great work. I was known for my skilled hands, back before I was forced from the village. Once my body turned against me, and my neighbors turned - but I can't blame them. They had a reason to be afraid. They couldn't get what I had, or *their* work would dry up, and then *they* would be forced to leave their homes, their family...

My. My family. I can see my family. I can hold my family, in these arms. These arms! Arms that were so sick with disease that I couldn't reach out to dry their tears as I was thrown out, torn from them! But now, I can hold their hands in mine, and hold their faces as I draw them in and touch my face to theirs. The face that they know, not the face that turned. The broken face that created a stranger to them. I am now, again, the one they know. I have been given my family back.

Because of him.

He did it. I know it. He told us to go to the priests, but we aren't even halfway there - and it's happened. I am whole. We are all whole. We have to go back. We have to thank him!

Where did everyone go? They're gone. Home to their families, of course. Where I am going.

But first. My family will be there when I get back. They were taken from me once, will not be taken from me again. First - that man. He did this. I have him, and him alone to thank. He healed me, a foreigner. I'm not one of his people. I'm an outsider. But he healed me, just as wholly as he healed the rest of us. The ones who are of his people. Why would he do that?

I have to know. I have to know... him. I don't know. I'm still an outsider.

No. I'll go. At least to say thank you.

Lights out.