

## Yehuda (Judas)

adapted from *All Heaven Broke Loose* by JMD Myers

*In this monologue, Judas starts to explain his frustration with Jesus to the audience – a frustration which eventually reaches a breaking point when he realizes Jesus is not the type of Messiah he thought he signed up for.*

It's been rough for a while. I don't mean we argue or anything – I don't think he even knows I've been going through anything – but there are just those times when you notice: I don't think we're seeing eye to eye here. It used to make me laugh a little, you know? I mean there are the heroes and then there are the people who pick up after the heroes. 'Cause the real world still happens, and somebody's got to deal with that. He sends us out to preach with nothing but the clothes on our backs; alright it's a – what – an inspiring image, but we've still got to eat! Y'know? You can't just expect people to live under that stress wondering if God's gonna come through *this* time. So I'm there, dipping into the fund we keep for the poor, 'cause let's face it: *we're* poor – and of course I don't tell him because he wouldn't understand ... But that's his job, you know? The hero has to believe that his ideals work, and my job is to come along after him and actually make things work. But I'm not laughing anymore.

It's just little things along the way, like how he responds to a question or – I don't know – something about him. Something – that's just “off” from what you were expecting. Something that makes you say, “are you really – are you *really* going to fight for the Kingdom of God?” And it's these little clues that I don't know if anybody else gets, but ... . And then sometimes it's big clues – he could have taken over last year: a crowd of Avraham's sons, ready to make him king, and he walks away from it. *Ran* away from it, actually. But of course, we're all just “well, maybe this is another one of his 'Yeshua things',” y'know? – “maybe this is all part of his clever plan.”

And I deluded myself with that for ... I don't know, I don't even want to know how long. Three years of my life, doing everything he asks; sacrificing everything to follow him. And then last week ... this stupid girl wastes a year's income pouring incense on him. And it's *me* he has a problem with: “Why are you bothering her? If you want to help the poor, you can do that any time.” And I want to say “*We are* the poor – do you get how much we gave up for you?! *We are* poor because of *you!*”

But then he says “You won't always have me. This was funeral incense.” And I knew right then, even if the others still don't get it: it's not going to happen. Everything we've worked for all these years: the revolution, the victory, the glory of Israel – he's not going to do it. He's not going to restore the Kingdom. We believed in him – and here he is talking about dying. HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO US?! How long did he –

This – whatever “this” is – this is not what I joined him for.