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## **“No Doubt About It”**

by  
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- What** This Easter monologue, from the perspective of Thomas, focuses on how Jesus reveals Himself to us when we seek Him.
- Themes:** Easter, Doubt, Faith, God’s Faithfulness
- Who** Thomas, the Disciple
- When** Biblical Times
- Wear (Props)** Large Nail  
Biblical Clothing
- Why** John 20: 24-29; John 14:21; Jeremiah 29:13
- How** This monologue should not be “overacted,” but does include a range of emotion to keep the dialogue dynamic. Therefore, the actor needs to be sure to use tone, pauses, and emotional nuances to ensure that the skit does not become one-dimensional.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Thomas stands center stage, holding the nail. When the skit begins, he ponders the nail in his hand and then looks at the audience.*

**Thomas:** Have you ever had doubts about something? I don't mean just everyday uncertainties. I mean the gut-wrenching fear that you put your faith in something that was just smoke and mirrors? It's the realization that you were *(passionately)* willing to DIE for something, *(pauses and quieter)* but then dread that it wasn't real after all. Well, you aren't alone. That's exactly what happened to me.

I was one of the twelve; a follower of Jesus. And, boy, I was all in! Even ready to die beside Him. Me! *(Self-deprecating)* The "Realist," ready to jump into the fire with Jesus. Hard to believe, right? *(Reminiscent)* Once, Jesus wanted us to go back to Judea when his friend, Lazarus, got sick. The other disciples quickly reminded Jesus that we had just left because He was almost stoned by the Jews. I told the others that we should go with Jesus and die right beside Him! We didn't die on that journey and, instead, I saw Lazarus raised from the dead. What a miracle! You would think that would be proof enough of Jesus' power, right?

*Voice fades a bit and broken.*

I was all in. *(Pauses and becomes even more solemn)* And then He died and suddenly everything I thought I knew seemed to be false. The Man who said He was my Savior...my Teacher... *(pauses)* my friend. He was gone.

It wasn't an easy death. He was tortured. Humiliated. Made to wear a crown of thorns. They took His clothing. They whipped Him. And nailed Him to that ugly cross *(holds up nail and looks at it)*. They put a spear in His side. Nails pierced those hands that had only recently washed my feet. His own mother, crying on her knees, in the crowd. And then He took His final breath... *(Unable to finish the sentence and then yelling the next line)* You see He DIED! *(Pleading)* So, you could see why I was full of doubt, right? I lost hope that day. *(Grows quiet again)* I was so lost. We all were.

*Shakes himself out of the melancholy memory.*

Jesus was placed in a borrowed tomb. And we were all scared and hiding in an upper room. I had left the other disciples for a little while and, when I returned, something had obviously changed. They were excitedly shouting, "We have seen the Lord." Seen the Lord?

*Shakes head "no" emphatically and angry. The next few lines should be spoken as if reliving the memory, growing increasingly louder so there is a contrast after the pause.*

No! He was dead. It's impossible. I won't believe until I place my fingers in Jesus' wounds; until I touch the place where THE NAIL (*holds up nail again*) tore His skin... where the spear gouged His side. Only then, will I believe! (*Pauses, quieter*) I was so jealous. You see, whatever had happened in that room, I had missed it. If Jesus really overcame death and returned to us, why wouldn't He wait for ME before He revealed Himself to the other disciples? Doesn't He care about me?

*Pauses*

If you've ever asked yourself this question, I hope my story helps you. Because 8 days later, Jesus returned to that upper room and I was there this time. (*Smiles, remembering*) I'm still convinced that He came just for me. He called me to His side and told me to put my finger in His wounds. I reached out and... "My Lord and my God." That's what I said as soon as I touched those scars. It was Him and, in that very moment, He restored me.

You see, some people think that my story is about doubt and fear, but I hope you see it's so much more than that. It's another beautiful picture of Jesus' love for His children; for me and for you. He didn't leave me in my miserable doubt. I WANTED to believe. I LONGED to believe. But I couldn't do it on my own. Jesus came back to repair my broken faith. And He'll do the same for you if you're looking for Him... because Jesus doesn't abandon people who seek Him. He leaves the 99 to find the one lost sheep. Are you struggling with doubt? Doubt of Jesus' resurrection. Doubt that He died for you. Doubt of His love. Look for Him. There's no doubt, you won't be doubting long.

*Lights down.*