

A script from



“Noah's Faith”

by
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What Noah and Mrs. Noah stop to remind each other that even though they don't understand it all, God has a purpose and a plan.

Themes: Purpose, Faith, Bible story, Promise

Who Noah
Mrs. Noah

When Bible times

Wear (Props) It isn't necessary to wear biblical clothing. Simply wear neutral, earth-tones.
Sound effect- low thunder rumble
Rolled up paper for ark plans

Why Hebrews 11:7

How Keep the dialogue conversational and be careful not to drag along, taking too many pauses. You can "place the ark" out in the audience, so it's as if Noah and his wife are looking out of the window at it.

Time Approximately 6 minutes

Mrs. Noah is puttering around in the kitchen. *Noah* backs in holding a large set of plans under his arm. He shouts out the door...

Noah: Oh yeah? Well, my camel knows more about boats than you do!

Mrs. Noah: Noah! You're not a sailor yet, so please don't start talking like one.

Noah: It's just that sometimes those idiots out there really get to me. Haven't you heard them? They laugh at me constantly! They point and whisper, "What's crazy old Noah doing today?" And when I try to explain, all they do is laugh even louder. I'm telling you, sometimes I don't think I can take much more of this!

Mrs. Noah: *(Sarcastically)* Now, Noah. You keep telling me how God just wants us to trust Him. Listen to your own words. Remember? He has a plan for you and your...ummm, big floating thing.

Noah: I've told you before, it's not called a "big floating thing".

Mrs. Noah: Sorry dear, what is it called again?

Noah: It's called a...uhhh... *(unrolls plans, looks)* ark! Yeah, an ark! Says so right here.

Mrs. Noah: Of course, dear. I'll try to remember next time. *(Pause)* Noah...as long as you brought it up, I've got to tell you. I've got some serious misgivings about this...ark thing.

Noah: Misgivings? Like what?

Mrs. Noah: Well, this is all so unlike you. You're the type of man that usually has everything planned out so well -- every little detail taken care of. But ever since God told you about building this ark, filling it with animals, and putting all of us inside, you've been going at this thing with no idea what you're doing! I mean, look at this stuff. *(Taking the plans)* This thing is huge! Three hundred cubits long, by fifty cubits wide, by thirty cubits high, three decks. Why, it's going to be big enough to...well, big enough to...

Noah: Carry two of every kind of animal on the earth?

Mrs. Noah: Yes! That's right! Two of every...

Noah laughs.

Noah: God already told us that, didn't He? Just like He has told me everything else about how to build this ark.

Mrs. Noah: Noah, it's not funny. I know you've been working very hard out there, but I don't think you realize just how tough all of this is on the rest of the family.

Noah: What do you mean? I thought you said everyone was handling this just fine.

Mrs. Noah: Well, I wasn't being completely truthful. The fact of the matter is, we're all having doubts.

Noah: What kind of doubts?

Mrs. Noah: *(Starting to cry)* Well, just the other day the children came home crying their little eyes out because they were being teased about their lunatic grandfather and his landlocked boat. The merchants in the marketplace have asked us to stop coming to their stalls because all the laughing is disrupting their bargaining. And me. I haven't been included in any of the ladies basket weaving socials for months! Noah...are you perfectly sure you heard God right?

Noah: Look, God never promised us that serving Him would be easy. Especially in a world like we have today. It's tough on me, too. Do you think I enjoy all the ridicule I'm getting out there having just finished building a gigantic boat in the middle of the desert? I have noticed that there's no water around for miles. What does God expect us to do? Hook the two oxen up to the front and pull?

Mrs. Noah: *(Drying up a bit)* Well, maybe it'll rain.

Noah: Oh, right. Do you know how much rain it would take to float a boat the size of this thing? We're talking major rainstorm here. Continuously. For, oh, at least thirty days...and nights!

Mrs. Noah: Maybe even forty.

Noah: Maybe. But above it all, it's what God said to do.

Mrs. Noah: Well, Noah, I really don't mean to question God, but sometimes this whole thing seems so...abnormal.

Noah: What do you mean?

Mrs. Noah: *(Continuing to cry)* Well, how does He expect us to react to something like this. I mean, the whole family locked inside that thing, for who knows how long, with all those animals, and birds and reptiles. Can you imagine what it will smell like in just a few days? And we're supposed to keep them all happy and fed? Do you know how many peanuts an elephant will eat during a trip like this? And that 500 pound gorilla... just where do you think he's going to sit?

Noah: *(Drying her tears)* I understand your misgivings, dear. We just have to keep reminding ourselves that God has it all worked out. We'll find out how soon enough. Through all the questions, He's still in control. Look, it's okay to have some doubts. Just never lose faith in God's ultimate plan for us. I don't pretend to understand everything about this plan of His, but I do understand one thing. That I trust God.

Mrs. Noah: Noah, do you really think God understands all He's asking us to do here?

Noah: God has never failed us before. He won't this time either. I'll admit, sometimes, I get scared, too. But even though I still have lots of questions, I know without a doubt that our God has promised to keep us safe. We must take comfort in the fact that a God that is powerful enough to make all living things and then powerful enough to destroy them, surely is powerful enough to help us with our little uncertainties concerning His ark. Even when you look at all that's wrong with our world today, God knows our problems and loves us enough to guide us through them. I guess I keep coming back to that simple phrase. I trust God. He'll take care of everything.

Mrs. Noah: You're a good man, Noah. If God wants me to be shut up in an ark with a bunch of animals, I'm glad he chose you to be there with me.

A rumble of thunder is heard.

Noah: Well, grab every peanut you can find and let's start loading up. Oh, and by the way. The gorilla sits anywhere he wants!

The end.