

Doubting Thomas

By

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. BLACK VOID

Wind whistles - maybe? Reverently, a gold caption scrolls.

"The story of the resurrection can be told from many points of view. Among these is that of Thomas the Apostle, who at first refused to believe Jesus had returned. The perfect parable of faith over skepticism, Thomas soon came to know the truth.

But the nitty gritty details of what down during that fateful meeting hath never been revealed. Until... NOW."

EXT. DESERT PLAIN - DAY

The black void dissipates, replaced with barren desert soil. But the air is still. No whistling.

That comes from the lips of THOMAS THE APOSTLE (30s).

Hands buried in tunic pockets, he shuffles along. A commanding voice intervenes:

JESUS

Thomas, my apostle - look before you and behold!

Thomas looks up. Double takes.

THOMAS

Jesus!

He means it as a name, not an epithet. JESUS (30s) stands before him on a dune. A flowing white tunic ripples across his form - a bloody tear in one side.

The two men share a look. Jesus serene. Thomas... not.

THOMAS

Er, uh - Jesus. Is that you?

JESUS

Of course, my child. As wise men often teach: "Wherever you go, there you are."

Thomas backpedals, unsure.

THOMAS

But I saw you die.

JESUS

I hath been risen for nigh on a week. Did not your fellow disciples spread the good word?

Thomas side-eyes Jesus; from every angle his neck allows.

THOMAS

With the proper hair and clothes, other men could *pass* for you.

JESUS

Despite my teachings, you do not yet have faith? Shame!

Thomas grunts. Crosses his arms, pouts.

THOMAS

Unless I witness the nail marks in your hands - how can I be really, really, *really* sure?

Jesus extends both arms, palms facing Thomas. Which reveals: two ragged gaping HOLES.

THOMAS

Oooooo, that's nasty. But - not to dwell on gory details - weren't the nails they used... kinda small?

JESUS

You try hanging from a cross for six hours. And have you ever met a Roman Centurion?

THOMAS

Too many times. Duh.

JESUS

Well, they weren't gentle when they ripped those nails out.

Thomas fidgets. Palms still extended, Jesus sighs.

JESUS

Then lay your hands on this.

The apostle squirms.

JESUS

You want "evidence"? Here it is. In the flesh!

Closing his eyes and making a sour face, Thomas reaches out. He taps Jesus' palms gently. Peeks.

THOMAS

Thats... seriously disgusting. But not definitive proof one hath beaten death.

JESUS

(groans)

What now?

THOMAS

Well, wounds *can* be shallow.

JESUS

Then put your fingers where the nails were!

THOMAS

That's... what I'm doing.

JESUS

No. The *entire* path.

THOMAS

You mean -

JESUS

ALL the way. Do so, or be condemned forever as a chicken-sh... that is, coward!

Curious, Thomas pushes his fingers forward through Jesus' palms. He winces at the squishy sounds. Jesus screams.

JESUS

Ow!

Thomas jumps back. For one horrific second, his finger jams in the wound. Shrieking, Thomas stumbles backward, falls to his knees.

Above him, Jesus LAUGHS. The belly kind. Deep. Sincere.

Confused, Thomas looks up. Jesus grins down, amused.

JESUS

Just kidding, Tom. It doesn't hurt.

THOMAS

Not even a little bit?

JESUS
The pain is behind me now. Resurrection
hath its perks.

Jesus puts a pensive finger to his lips. Thomas flinches
at the extra peek of his lacerated palm.

JESUS
But as you say, hand wounds *can* be
deceiving. If you need further
reassurance-

Jesus grabs Thomas' wrist and slaps it against his torso.

JESUS
Put your hand in my side, too!

THOMAS
Ew, gross. No!

Thomas recoils, kneels. Jesus caresses his head,
compassion in his eyes.

JESUS
Trust me, that hurt worse the first time.
Believe me now?

THOMAS
If I say yes, no more Cronenberg?

JESUS
Nazareth Pinkie Swear. I promise-th.

THOMAS
Then God, I do. Yes, my Lord!

EXT. BLACK VOID

The scene fades out. Sand CRUNCHES as Jesus walks. He
WHISTLES to an unseen Thomas.

JESUS
Come hither, Tom. We have places to go.

THOMAS
You still want me by your side? Even
after all that... back and forth now?

JESUS
Yes. You have proven yourself loyal.

THOMAS

"Proven"? Wait, isn't the concept of
needing proof the very *opposite* of faith?

JESUS

(chuckles)

Oh, silly Doubting Thomas. Walk with me.
You still have much to learn.

FINAL FADEOUT: