

# Righteous Insanity's Halloween Skit Collection



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Risen Again  
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Whom Shall I Fear?

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# Spook House

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Jerry- A “vampire”

Todd- A “werewolf”

Harry- A critic

*As the scene begins, Jerry and Todd are at center. The strobe light is in front of them, and the lights are out. Jerry and Todd make spooky monster sounds. Optional: have a girl off stage screaming during these segments. After about 15 seconds, Jerry stops the monster act.*

JERRY: And we're clear!

*The lights come on.*

JERRY: Boy slow night for a Thursday, huh?

TODD: It's the first week of October. Of course it's slow.

JERRY: We better be good tonight. You know that critic from the paper is coming.

TODD: Big deal.

JERRY: Yes, big deal! If he gives us a bad review, we're toast. You remember what happened when the Corn Maze of Death got one star two years ago? They had to shut down!

TODD: I know, I know.

JERRY: Something the matter with you tonight, Todd?

TODD: Look out, here they com. Lights!

*The lights go out. The strobe turns on. Monster sounds and screaming resume. After twenty seconds, bring the lights back up.*

JERRY: Come on, Todd, what's the matter?

TODD: Just a little afraid, I guess.

JERRY: Afraid? You? The guy who never saw a scary movie that actually scared him?

TODD: I'm not talking about monsters and spook houses. I'm talking about grades.

JERRY: I thought you were a good student.

TODD: I am. But I have to give a speech about something I believe in next week.

JERRY: What are you worried about? You're great at speeches. You—

*Jerry looks off. The lights go out. The strobe turns on. Monster sounds and screaming resume. After twenty seconds, bring the lights back up.*

JERRY: Todd, I've never known you to get stage fright. What's the big deal?

TODD: The big deal, Jerry, is I'm speaking about my faith and my teacher is an atheist!

JERRY: Really?

TODD: And she really hates when people start talking about Jesus in her class.

JERRY: You're still giving the speech, right?

TODD: Of course I am. But I'm afraid I'll get a bad grade.

JERRY: So what? You still share what you believe, and everyone in that class will see you really believe it, including the teacher.

TODD: You think so?

JERRY: You know she's an atheist. You know she'll give you a bad grade, and you still give the speech. That's putting actions to your words, bro. That's showing her that you really, truly believe.

TODD: Hang on, got another group.

*The lights go out. The strobe turns on. Monster sounds and screaming resume. After twenty seconds, bring the lights back up.*

TODD: I guess I shouldn't be afraid, should I?

JERRY: God will be with you, Todd. He'll never leave us, remember?

TODD: And if we have God, there's nothing to be afraid of. If you weren't so scary, I'd hug you right now.

JERRY: Come on, bring it in here, pal!

*Todd hugs Jerry. Harry walks in. He pulls out a tiny notepad.*

HARRY: All lights are on. Werewolves hugging vampire. Worst spook house ever.

*Harry exits.*

JERRY: Well, now we have one more thing not to be afraid of.

TODD: The critic?

JERRY: No, getting fired!

# Scary Story

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Megan and Mary- Girls who like scary stories

*(Megan and Mary enter.)*

MEGAN- And now, in honor of it being Halloween, I'd like to tell you all a scary story.

MARY- Oh wow, YOU are going to tell a scary story? I'm so afraid.

MEGAN- Scoff if you like! But you will be scared by the time this story is over.

MARY- Yeah, right! I don't get scared ever!

*(All the way through this, Mary is sarcastic, not afraid, mocking Megan... until the end.)*

MEGAN- It was a dark and stormy night!

MARY- Wow, I'm shaking.

MEGAN- It was Friday the 13th, and Little Chloe was getting ready to go out to the school dance with her friends. She had on a new outfit and her newest purse. She went into the bathroom for one last touch up, when she heard a bubbling sound in the tub. She pulled back the shower curtain, and she saw... THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON!

MARY- So?

MEGAN- The Creature lunged for Chloe, and she ran out of the house. But instead, of running down the street, she ran out into the deep dark wood.

MARY- What an idiot!

MEGAN- And there, underneath the full moon, she heard a scary sound. *(howls like a wolf)*

MARY- What was that, an ambulance?

MEGAN- No, it was THE WOLFMAN!!!

MARY- Is that all? What a wimp.

MEGAN- Chloe ran, and ran, as fast as she could. She ran out of the woods, and into a cemetery!

MARY- Gee, that was dumb.

MEGAN- And there, in the cemetery, she saw a crypt. The door opened and out walked COUNT DRACULA!!

MARY- Gee, look, I'm so terrified.

MEGAN- Chloe turned and ran out of the cemetery, up the hill to an abandoned mansion with a scary, dark dungeon. She went down into the dungeon, and she heard slow footsteps. Clop. Clop. Clop. Clop.

MARY- What was it, a horse?

MEGAN- She lit a match--

MARY- Little girls aren't supposed to play with matches!

MEGAN- Okay, she turned on the light, and saw: FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!!!

MARY- Ooooh, I'm not gonna sleep over that one!

MEGAN- She ran out as fast as she could, across the street to the old museum. She paused in the Egyptian wing to catch her breath, when all of a sudden, she saw... THE MUMMY!!!

MARY- (*yawns*) That Cinderella story was scarier than this.

MEGAN- Chloe ran away from the Mummy, out into the streets. Then she saw a bright light in the sky. The light got bigger, and bigger, until she could see...

MARY & MEGAN- A UFO!!!

MEGAN- How did you guess?

MARY- Come on, it was soooo obvious.

MEGAN- Fine! So Chloe escapes from the aliens.

MARY- Big shocker there.

MEGAN- She also escaped the Loch Ness Monster, Bigfoot, Freddy, Jason, and the Invisible Man. Then she finally makes it to school.

MARY- Now that's actually kinda scary, going to school.

MEGAN- She had made it, but before going into the dance, she stopped off in the bathroom.

MARY- School bathroom, now it's getting really creepy.

MEGAN- She walked in, she looked in the mirror, and what did she see?

MARY- Gee, who was it? Bloody Mary? Candyman?

MEGAN- No! Chloe looked, and discovered she had forgotten to wear MAKEUP!!!

*(Mary starts screaming and yelling and crying, absolutely terrified..)*

# The Dark House on the Left

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Gaby, Tina, Stacy- Little girls trick-or-treating (can be kids or adults playing kids)

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is not for every congregation, but it can be used as a valuable tool to help your congregation understand the world's animosity towards us. Fair or not, the world sees us as isolationists and kill-joys because we spend more time wagging our fingers and hiding in our churches than we do loving our neighbor. Would it kill us to give out a little candy, or at least once in a while, just say hi?

Gaby, Tina, and Stacy gather at mid-stage, dressed in costumes (cute stuff, not scary stuff) and carrying bags of candy.

GABY: What did Mrs. Stinson give you?

TINA: A full size Milky Way. How about you?

GABY: Full size Twix!

STACY: I love trick or treating at her house. Not that I don't appreciate the fun size bars everyone else gives.

TINA: Of course.

GABY: Did we miss any on this street?

TINA: We skipped the one with the blue shutters.

GABY: Ugh, that's old man Wilson's place. He gives out those fireballs that burn your mouth for three days.

TINA: Ew, I hate those!

STACY: We skipped the Palmers.

GABY: (**disappointed**) She's giving bags of popcorn this year.

STACY: Eww, why?

GABY: They're on a health kick. They've lost a ton of weight since summer.

STACY: Gosh, I hate it when people try to force their values on you?

GABY: Hey, wait. (**points**) What about that one?

STACY: That's the Richardson's. They gave us the flavored Tootsie Rolls, remember?

GABY: No, not the Richardson's. Next door, the one on the left.

TINA: You mean the scary one with the lights off?

GABY: I see someone moving in there. Come on.

Dramatically, Stacy puts a hand on Gaby's shoulder to stop her.

STACY: No Gaby! Not. That. House.

GABY: Why not?

TINA: Is it haunted? Like is that the murder house where a man killed his wife and kids and then buried them in the basement which was once an Indian burial ground and every Halloween, the spirits rise up to kill again?

STACY: No, that's over on Highview Street.

GABY: So what's in there?

STACY: Something worse. Something much, much worse.

TINA: Why? Who lives in there.

STACY: (dramatically) Christians.

**Tina and Gaby gasp.**

TINA: Christians? On this street?

STACY: Yes, Tina, Christians.

TINA: How do you know? I-I-I don't see anything moving.

STACY: Trust me, Tina. They're in there, watching us.

TINA: Why didn't you tell us there were Christians on this street?

GABY: I hear that when you become a Christian, you have to give up listening to fun music and listen to garbage.

STACY: Not only that, you can't watch cool TV any more. You have to watch that one channel with the lady with the blue hair on the gold couch.

GABY: And if you don't vote Republican, they send you straight to Hell!

TINA: That's not true!

STACY: Oh it's true, Tina. Christians hide their spawn in the basement and teach them that everything we think is cool is really evil.

GABY: They only come out every now and then. Usually to protest a movie.

STACY: And church. Don't forget that. They go to church every Sunday.

TINA: What's church?

GABY: My dad says that's where they go to vote on more fun stuff to boycott.

TINA: But why do they hate everything? Why can't they have a little fun like the rest of us?

STACY: Nobody knows, Tina. But every Halloween, they sit in the dark, praying for our souls.

TINA: Our souls? What do they want with our souls?

STACY: They want to take them from us, and give them to their God.

**All three girls scream dramatically.**

STACY: Shall we go to Oak Street?

TINA: Yes, please! Let's just get out of here.

**The girls start to exit.**



GABY: Stacy, what kind of Christians are they?

STACY: Baptists, I think.

GABY: Are they the ones with the horns?

STACY: No, no, that's the Assembly of God Christian. The Baptists have these stripes...

The girls exit.

# No Candy Here

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Bob- A know it all Christian

Kids in costume

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: You can send kids on one, two, or more at a time. The easiest scenario would be to use 2 or 3 kids and send them on one at a time, changing costumes each time they come off.

Bob is seated on his front porch in an outdoor chair. He has a bag of candy hidden in a Wal-Mart bag in a planter beside him.

BOB: Ah, Halloween, and all the kiddies are out celebrating in their costumes. Certainly are a lot in this neighborhood. Here comes some now.

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: Never cared much for Halloween, even when I was a kid. Not that I didn't like candy, mind you. It's just my parents would never get me a good costume. All the other kids got the nice ones. You remember, the plastic, short-sleeve body suits with the masks held on with that super-thin rubberband that only lasted two houses, tops? No, mom and dad refused to spend that kind of money, so I was forced to make home made costumes. I was a hobo at least three years running.

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: Of course then I grew up, and I learned the truth about All Hallow's Eve. It's the devil's night, you know, a night of ghosts and goblins and pagan tradition. You wouldn't

guess it, with all the Tinkerbells and Buzz Lightyears you see these days, but it's the doggone truth.

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: Such a shame, really, that the devil's day has become second only to the birth of our Lord in popularity and revenue. But I can't say it's a surprise. The devil's running amok these days. I mean you've seen what's on MTV now, right? Makes all those Prince videos from the 1980's look like, well, like kids programs!

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: No, it's been a long time since I took any pleasure in Halloween. But if there's one good thing about Halloween, it's this: soon as its over, we can get to the real holidays. The Lord's holidays. Next up is Thanksgiving, a chance to give thanks for all the blessings the Lord gives us. And of course right after that comes Christmas. Then New Years, totally under-rated, but highly functional as a Christian celebration when you consider the Christian life is all about renewal and rededication.

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: Then there's Valentines. I know the singles hate it, but it's a nice day for married couples to celebrate the love the Lord gave them. And let's not forget about Easter. I mean that's the whole basis of our faith. We live because Christ lives.

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: Yeah, Halloween's a stinker, but soon as this holiday's over, we'll have a chance to share Jesus with the world. We show them that Jesus loves everyone, no matter who they are or what they look like. We'll show them that Jesus' blessings are for everyone. He gives them freely, with no pre-conditions and no limitations. Yes sir, soon, we'll show them something that they can have free of charge, something that they can truly be thankful for - just as soon as this night is over.

Some kids in costume come up.

KIDS: Trick or treat.

BOB: Sorry, kids, no candy here.

The kids leave.

BOB: Trick or treat. Yeah, right. (pulls out a bag of fun size candy bars) Like I'm gonna share my Snickers with anyone.

# Not a Vampire

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

Matthew 7:21-23; Matthew 25:31-46

## CHARACTERS

Count Dracula

Spike, aka William the Bloody

Nosferatu

Edward from Twilight

Renfield

*Dracula, Count Chocula, and Spike sit around a table. Nosferatu sits at another table, silently.*

DRACULA: Ah, 1890, that was a good year.

SPIKE: I remember 1890. Killed my first slayer that year.

DRACULA: Just your first? Sorry, I forget sometimes how young you are.

SPIKE: Where'd you bottle this one?

DRACULA: Paris, I believe. I drained the daughter of a pastry chef. Lovely man. Gave me a good deal on rent while I was there.

SPIKE: The bouquet is exquisite. And there's another flavor I can't quite make out.

DRACULA: It's otter.

SPIKE: Get out!

DRACULA: It is.

SPIKE: No wonder it tastes so blood good. Can't go wrong with otter, eh, Nosferatu?

*Nosferatu turns to them, hisses, then turns back.*

SPIKE: Bugger, he's weird.

*Renfield enters.*

RENFIELD: Master, there's a young man at the door. He claims to be a vampire.

DRACULA: Well send him in, Renfield. Don't leave him standing outside. It's bright as day.

RENFIELD: He doesn't seem to mind the sun, Master. In fact, it makes him sparkle.

SPIKE: He what?

DRACULA: Send him in, Renfield. We'll get to the bottom of this.

*Renfield exits.*

DRACULA: Spike, what kind of vampire can go out in the sun?

SPIKE: One with a bloody death wish.

*Edward enters.*

EDWARD: Wow, Count Dracula, it's a real honor.

DRACULA: Indeed. And you are?

EDWARD: My name is Edward. I'm a vampire.

DRACULA: Edward. I'd like you to meet my friend Spike.

EDWARD: Nice to meet you.

SPIKE: Whatever.

DRACULA: And that is Count Nosferatu.

*Nosferatu turns and hisses.*

EDWARD: Wow, this is so cool. You guys have a great place.

DRACULA: Would you care for a drink, Edward?

EDWARD: Sure, I'd love some.

DRACULA: Some blood, perhaps?

EDWARD: Wait, is that human blood?

DRACULA: Of course.

EDWARD: Oh, I can't drink human blood. I feel too badly about it.

SPIKE: Feel bad? What kind of sodding vamp feels bad drinking human blood? It's what we do!

DRACULA: You gave it up, didn't you?

SPIKE: Yeah, yeah, I had a blood soul. You try drainin' orphans with a soul, see how it goes. Point is, a real vamp thinks nothing of drinking human blood.

EDWARD: But I do. It's just not right. I'd agonize over it.

SPIKE: If this guys a vamp, I'm a Chaos Demon. Ever seen one of them? All slime an antlers.

DRACULA: Edward, my house boy, Renfield, said that you were standing out in the sun.

EDWARD: Yes I was.

DRACULA: Is this some sort of magic enchantment of yours?

EDWARD: Oh no. It's just the way us vamps are. We sparkle.

SPIKE: You what?

EDWARD: Our skin sparkles like diamond dust.

SPIKE: Come off it. Everyone knows, a vamp steps outside, and foom. Nothing but a pile of dust.

DRACULA: It's true. Which begs the question: what are you, really?

EDWARD: I'm a vampire, just like I said.

DRACULA: You claim to be a vampire.

EDWARD: Yes.

DRACULA: Yet you do not drink blood, and you do not explode in the sunlight.

EDWARD: Hey quit hassling me, okay? I'm a vampire, like it or not.

SPIKE: You ever eat garlic bread?

EDWARD: Yes. I love it.

SPIKE: You afraid of crosses?

EDWARD: No, why?

SPIKE: He's no vampire.

DRACULA: Renfield! Get this imposter out of here!

*Renfield enters and drags Edward away.*

EDWARD: You can't do this! I have fangs! Immortality! I've got feathery hair and brooding eyes! Come on, guys! Let me hang out with you!

DRACULA: Pretty sad, isn't it, Nosferatu?

*Nosferatu turns and hisses.*

SPIKE: Blimey, he gives me the willies.

# Box of Masks

By John Cospers

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THEME: Dating, being yourself

## CHARACTERS

Eric- A nervous guy who got a date with his dream girl

Dave- Eric's roommate

Angela- Eric's dream girl

*(The set is a living room area in an apartment. There is a coffee table, a couch, and a lot of clothes and junk lying around. A few Twilight Zone videos and remote controls are on the coffee table. Eric enters, tying a tie. Dave is on the couch, reading a Sports Illustrated. He walks to an invisible mirror down stage.)*

ERIC- Well, Dave, old boy, tonight is my night.

DAVE- Tonight's the big date, huh?

ERIC- Yep, after worshipping at the altar of Angela through three years of middle school, four years of high school and three years of college, tonight she's going out with me. What time is it?

DAVE- *(checks his watch)* 6:55. I guess I better get out of here.

ERIC- How's this tie look?

DAVE- As good as the last five you tried on.

ERIC- Should I put on one of the others?

DAVE- Leave the tie. It looks fine. *(stands)* Well, I'm off. Have a good night.

ERIC- Thanks.

*(Dave exits. Eric looks back into the mirror.)*

ERIC- Hair looks good. Tie is straight. Shirt neatly pressed. And I look.... *(becomes disgusted by his appearance)* like the big stupid geek I've been since the sixth grade!

*(Eric rips his sweater off.)*

ERIC- I can't wear this tie. I'll look like a nerd. *(starts to unbutton his shirt)* I know Dave has something from Structure around here.

*(Eric finds a Structure shirt, puts it on, and looks in the mirror.)*



ERIC- Terrific. Now I look like a geek in a stylish shirt. No, I can't be myself. Not tonight. Because who I am is not good enough for her. *(looks around, grabs the videos and hides them in the couch)* These have to go. How can I expect any girl to take me seriously when I have the boxed set of *The Twilight Zone*.

*(Eric gathers the clothes and runs them off stage. He runs back on.)*

ERIC- Okay, house looks good now. *(looks into the mirror)* I still look like a dork. *(looks at the audience)* Dr. Laura says that you should always be yourself on a date. *(looks back to the mirror)* Dr. Laura is a babbling idiot!

*(Eric runs off, returns with a big box of masks labeled "Masks." Inside are masks, which can be Halloween masks, or just faces printed and cut out with sticks attached.)*

ERIC- Let me see... I need a new image. Something, anything different than who I am. What do girls like? Tall, dark, and handsome, right?

*(Eric puts on a Darth Vader mask.)*

ERIC- There. *(looks at himself)* I don't know. *(takes the mask off)* Tall, dark, and handsome may be in, but desire to take over the universe seems like it would be a turn off. Perhaps something a little lighter. Yeah, the kind of guy who listens and cares.

*(Eric puts on a Dr. Phil mask, sings.)*

ERIC- Hmm... As sympathetic as Dr. Phil may be, *(takes off the mask)* this definitely seems to diminish my manliness. I want to seem cute, and friendly. I need to be some one she can depend on. Yeah, someone who will always be there, and always be excited to see her.

*(Eric puts on a dog mask.)*

ERIC- Hmmm. It says friendly, and loyal. *(takes off the mask)* It also says "I like to grovel." *(aside to audience)* Although groveling is a part of being a husband isn't it?

*(Eric pulls out a Batman mask.)*

ERIC- Here we go. *(puts on the mask)* Heroic, brave, a vigilante spirit. *(cocks his head)* But then Batman was also depressed, moody, and psychologically imbalanced.

*(Eric takes off the Batman mask.)*

ERIC- Maybe something more serious. Something that says I'm a leader of men!

*(Eric puts on a Ronald Reagan or George Bush mask.)*

ERIC- Too conservative.

*(Eric puts on an Al Gore mask.)*

ERIC- Too liberal.

*(Eric puts on a Clinton mask.)*

ERIC- And for a first date, this sends ALL the wrong messages.

*(Eric throws the masks into the box and stands.)*

ERIC- This is hopeless! Utterly and completely hopeless! I might as well just go out and enjoy my one date with Angela. My one and ONLY date with Angela! Because after tonight, there is no way in the world she'll look my way and even say "Hi." It doesn't matter what mask I put on. She's not going to like me. We'll go out to dinner, we'll talk, I'll say stupid things, and I'll scare her off, and then tomorrow, I'll go pick up one of the buck-toothed, glasses-wearing nerd girls that hang around and try to pick up guys after the chess tournament. Heck, why even fool with these masks? I'll just go as myself! Yeah! Why should I go out of my way to be something I'm not just to please her? I'll go as the big geek I am, and if she can't accept me for who I am, she doesn't deserve me!

*(Knock on door.)*

ANGELA- *(off)* Eric? It's Angela!

ERIC- *(panicked)* Who am I kidding? I can't let her see me like this! Anything's better than the truth! Right?

*(Knock on the door. Eric throws on the Vader mask and runs to the door. He opens it, and Angela enters.)*

ANGELA- Hi--

ERIC- So, you won't go out with me, will you?

ANGELA- Eric, what's wrong with you?

ERIC- Join me, and together we will rule the galaxy as husband and wife! Join me or die!

*(Angela screams, kicks Eric in the gut, and runs out. Eric falls to the ground. After a ten second pause, Dave enters casually.)*

DAVE- So how was the date?

ERIC- Ohhhh...

*(Blackout.)*

# Keepin' the Devil Out

By John Cospers

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## CHARACTERS

Tony- A mover

Matt- A Christian dad

Doug and Carrie- Matt's kids

*A few pieces of furniture are scattered on stage. Several boxes are in two stacks at center.*

TONY: Well Mr. Timmons, I think that about does it. Just two stacks of boxes without labels to put away, and we're done.

MATT: Great, great. You know if you boys want to take off, I can get these.

TONY: No, no, we can't let you do that. That's not our way at Two Guys, a Truck, and a case of Red Bull.

MATT: I appreciate that, Tony.

TONY: You just tell me where to put the... *(opens a box)* office supplies.

MATT: First floor office.

TONY: You got it.

*Tony takes the box out. Carrie and Doug enter.*

CARRIE: Daddy, are we done yet?

MATT: We're done, sweetie. Welcome to your new home.

DOUG: Can you take us to Wal-Mart now?

MATT: Wal-Mart? What for?

CARRIE: It's Halloween!

DOUG: We need to get costumes so we can go trick or treating?

MATT: Trick or treating? Kids, we don't trick or treat in this house. Remember?

CARRIE: That was our old house.

DOUG: Mom said we couldn't because the old neighborhood was shady.

CARRIE: But this is a nice neighborhood.

MATT: Kids, kids, that's not the reason we don't celebrate Halloween. We're Christians, and Christians do not celebrate things that are evil.

*Tony enters, checks the next box.*

DOUG: You mean Halloween is evil?

MATT: Yes! And we don't want anything evil entering this house. Ever.

TONY: Box full of D&D reference books?

MATT: Down in the basement.

*Tony exits with the box.*

DOUG: Halloween's not evil. It's about kids and costumes.

MATT: It's about the devil. It's an ancient pagan holiday that's been commercialized, but it's still the devil's holiday, and as Christians we

CARRIE: It is not.

MATT: You don't believe me? How are all the houses on our street decorated? Do you see angels out there? Or twinkle lights? No! What do you see?

*Tony enters, checks the next box.*

DOUG: Pumpkins?

MATT: And skeletons and witches. What kind of person decorates their house with symbols of evil?

TONY: Full-size stand up of the Emperor from *Star Wars*?

MATT: Basement. No wait, put that in my office.

*Tony exits with the box.*

CARRIE: Dad, we want to go trick or treating.

MATT: You mean you want candy.

DOUG: Yes, we want candy!

MATT: See? What kind of person would create a holiday that not only celebrates darkness and evil, but gluttony and greed?

CARRIE: It's just candy, Dad!

*Tony enters, checks the next box.*

MATT: Carrie, your body is the temple of the Lord. And you have an obligation to keep you body free of things that will damage it.

TONY: Gin, rum, tequila, bourbon, cigars?

MATT: Basement.

TONY: Are these Cubans?

MATT: *(hushed voice)* Keep it between us, you can have one.

TONY: Sweet.

*Tony exits with the box.*

CARRIE: But Dad, Allison Parker's family tricks and treats, and they go to our church.

DOUG: Yeah, everybody in my Sunday School class does it. Why can't we?

MATT: Kids, kids, just because other Christians do something doesn't make it right. One day, all your friends and their parents will answer to God for the decisions they made. If they're out trick or treating on the devil's holiday, I don't think the Lord will be pleased, do you?

DOUG: I guess not.

MATT: Hey, don't let me see that sad face. In this life, you're going to face a lot of temptations. You're going to meet a lot of very nice people who want you to believe things that are bad aren't really that bad.

*Tony enters, checks the last box.*

MATT: But you have to stand strong against temptation. Don't let the devil get into your life. Don't let anything sinful your house.

TONY: Box of *Playboys*?

MATT: Basement, please.

TONY: You got it.

*Blackout.*

# Risen Again

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Vampira- A vampire

Adam- Frankenstein's creature

Dwight- A living dead zombie

Tori- A Christian, dressed in a Biblical costume

Phil- A Christian, dressed as the Apostle Paul

*(The setting is a Halloween party at a church. Vampira, Adam, and Dwight enter. Tori walks up to welcome them.)*

TORI- Well hello there! Welcome to the Risen Again Halloween Party.

VAMPIRA- Good evening.

TORI- Wow... great bunch of costumes! The look so real. Let me see, you're a vampire.

And you're Frankenstein.

ADAM- Frankenstein creator. Me Adam.

VAMPIRA- Yes, common misconception. Dr. Frankenstein was his creator.

TORI- Oh, so Frankenstein is not the name of the monster?

*(Adam growls, lunges toward Tori. Vampira holds him back.)*

VAMPIRA- Please don't use the "M" word. The politically correct term is "resurrected creature."

TORI- Ha, ha, that's cute. Good description of us all. And who are you?

DWIGHT- Brains!!! Need brains!!

VAMPIRA- Dwight, don't embarrass us! You'll have to forgive Dwight. He's been living dead for the last ten years.

TORI- Aww, you look hungry. Would you like some food?

DWIGHT- Brains!!

TORI- I don't think we have any, but I'll do what I can.

*(Tori exits.)*

VAMPIRA- Will you look at this place, boys? This does not look like any Risen Again party I've seen. There are no mummies. No vampires. No ghouls. This party is so... so... live!

*(Phil enters, dressed as the Apostle Paul.)*

PHIL- Hi there, folks! Welcome to the Risen Again Halloween Party. And you are?

VAMPIRA- Vampira. This is Adam. And this is Dwight.

PHIL- Say, those are great costumes.

VAMPIRA- Why does everyone keep calling them costumes? Are our clothes that out of style. Besides, what are you,

PHIL- I'm the Apostle Paul. You know, from the Bible?

VAMPIRA- The Bible? I have not heard of this.

PHIL- It's a book.

VAMPIRA- The book of the dead?

PHIL- Oh no! It's the Word of God. It's anything but the book of the dead. More like the book of life.

VAMPIRA- Life? Why do you speak of life?

PHIL- Why that's what we celebrate here! Why else would we call it the Risen Again Halloween Party?

VAMPIRA- You mean this is not a place for the undead, the living dead, and resurrected creatures like Adam?

PHIL- *(laughs)* Oh you are a witty one.

*(Tori enters.)*

TORI- Here, guys. Try some hot wings.

VAMPIRA- No thank you. I had a little Italian on the way.

TORI- How about you, big fella?

ADAM- Food good.

*(Adam takes some wings.)*

TORI- Dwight?

DWIGHT- Brains!! Need brains!!

TORI- I don't think we have any, like I said. Tell you what, come with me. We'll find you something.

*(Tori exits with Dwight. Adam starts to eat a wing.)*

PHIL- So where were we?

VAMPIRA- Explain to me again what you mean by Risen Again?

PHIL- Oh yes! You see when we talk about being risen again, we're talking about the new life we have in Jesus Christ. All of us are sinful, and because of our sin we must die. But Jesus, who was without sin, died in our place. Now because Jesus has overcome death, He can save us from our sins and eternal death in--

ADAM- *(with his mouth burning from wings)* FIRE!!!

PHIL- That's right, Adam. Jesus saves us from the fire of Hell.



*(Tori enters.)*

ADAM- FIRE IN MOUTH!!!!

TORI- Oh yeah, that must be the fire sauce on those wings. Can I get you a drink?

ADAM- Drink good!

TORI- Pepsi, or Mountain Dew?

ADAM- Pepsi good... Mountain Dew VERY GOOD!

*(Tori exits.)*

VAMPIRA- So this Jesus, you say He died?

PHIL- Yes He did. But three days after being crucified, He arose from the dead.

VAMPIRA- How so? Is He a vampire? A zombie?

PHIL- Not at all. He's the Son of God. And the good news is we can have a new life because of the blood of Jesus.

VAMPIRA- Blood? Did you say blood?

PHIL- I know, it's a strange thing to say, but because of the blood of Jesus, we can have eternal life.

VAMPIRA- It's not that hard to believe. But if Jesus can really offer people eternal life, why do so few people accept that? I mean consider the alternative. Living dead is still death.

PHIL- I wish I knew. The truth is right in the Bible, and any Christian can tell you how to find it, but most people just don't bother.

*(Dwight enters with a head of cauliflower. Tori also enters with a Mountain Dew.)*

VAMPIRA- That's so sad.

TORI- Here you go, Adam.

ADAM- Dew!!

PHIL- Whatcha got there, Dwight?

DWIGHT- Brains!!!

TORI- It's actually just a cauliflower.

VAMPIRA- If it looks like a brain, Dwight will eat it. Much as he likes to eat brains, Dwight never uses his.

PHIL- Sounds like a lot of people. They'll swallow any belief or philosophy that offers them hope of eternal life without stopping to think and question what is really true. If they'd only open their eyes, they could find every answer in Jesus.

VAMPIRA- Then you must make more people aware. You must go out into the streets and tell them they don't have to die. They can live for all eternity if they only believe in Jesus.

PHIL- You know something? I think we just did.



# The Grace of Frankenstein

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

THEME: Grace

USE: This sketch is an allegory for God taking the punishment for our sins, where Dr. Frankenstein is the God figure and the creature (Precious) is His creation, man. This can be used with any audience, and can stand on its own with a follow-up explanation. It can also be a discussion starter or an introduction for a message. This is ideal for use at Halloween or Halloween alternative functions.

## CHARACTERS

Dr. Frankenstein

The Creature, aka "Precious"

Lt. Harris, a cop

Kelly, a trick-or-treater

Officer Booker

*(The Creature enters, doing the typical Frankenstein's monster walk. He looks menacing at the audience, growls, then bends over, holding his stomach in pain.)*

FRANKENSTEIN- *(off)* Precious! Precious, where are you?

*(The Creature hears his master's call, runs into the audience. Have him grab something from a kid in the audience - a bulletin, a piece of paper, a trick or treat bag - and "hide" behind it. Dr. Frankenstein enters.)*

FRANKENSTEIN - Precious! Where have you gone?

*(The Creature growls. Dr. Frankenstein sees him.)*

FRANKENSTEIN - There you are! I've been looking all over for you. What have you been up to?

*(The Creature groans, holding his stomach.)*

FRANKENSTEIN - Do you know how late it is? Do you know how I worry? What's the matter with you?

CREATURE- Feel bad!

FRANKENSTEIN- You feel bad? You look kind of green. Well, you always look green,

but greener than usual. Are you ill?  
CREATURE- Feel bad!  
FRANKENSTEIN- Well if you wouldn't stay out so late, you would not be sick. And without your sweater. How many times have I told you--

*(Kelly, Lt. Harris, and Officer Booker enter.)*

KELLY- That's him! The big green guy!  
HARRIS- All right buddy, hands where I can see them!

*(Frankenstein and the Creature lift their hands.)*

HARRIS- Not you, shrimp, the big guy. You're under arrest.  
FRANKENSTEIN- Him? But he's just a baby.  
HARRIS- I'll say he is. The way he's acted tonight.  
FRANKENSTEIN- What has he done?

*(Booker walks to handcuff the Creature.)*

HARRIS- He's only stolen candy from every trick-or-treater on the block.  
FRANKENSTEIN- He has? Well no wonder you are sick.

*(The Creature growls at Officer Booker.)*

FRANKENSTEIN- Oh be still! You brought this on yourself. You know, I had plenty candy in the dungeon for you. Pixy Stix, Laffy Taffy, Runts, Nerds. Why do you steal from kids?  
CREATURE- Chocolate!  
FRANKENSTEIN- No chocolate? Of course no chocolate. You are allergic, remember? It makes you very sick, like you are now.  
CREATURE- Chocolate good!  
FRANKENSTEIN- I know it tastes good, but it's bad for you. And that is the only reason I forbid it!  
HARRIS- You sure this is the guy?  
KELLY- Hey, you don't forget a giant green freak stealing your candy in a minute.  
HARRIS- Good point. All right, big fella. Let's go.  
FRANKENSTEIN- No, wait! Officer, I insist you remove those cuffs.  
HARRIS- And let this bozo loose again? No way. Someone has to pay.  
FRANKENSTEIN- Then met me pay. I will take the punishment for his crime.  
HARRIS- Are you feeling okay, pal? Are you sure you're not sick too?  
FRANKENSTEIN- I assure you I am quite sane.  
HARRIS- Do you know the punishment for stealing Halloween candy in this state?  
FRANKENSTEIN- It does not matter. Let my Precious go, and I will pay the price for

his crime.

*(Harris nods to Booker, who takes the cuffs off the Creature and puts them on Dr. Frankenstein.)*

HARRIS- As you wish.

CREATURE- Precious bad.

FRANKENSTEIN- I'm disappointed in you, Precious. But I love you.

*(Booker leads Dr. Frankenstein off.)*

KELLY- I don't get it. Why would he want to be punished instead of the monster?

CREATURE- Precious bad, creator good.

*(They exit.)*

# The Jack-O-Lantern Skit

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Dale and Marv - Jack-O-Lanterns

*From off stage, voices are heard.*

MARV: Hey, let's try in here.

DALE: In where?

MARV: This door, over here.

*Dale and Marv enter dressed as Jack-O-Lanterns with big, funny smiles.*

DALE: This does not look like the way to the pumpkin patch.

MARV: Let's just see where it leads.

DALE: Do you have any idea where we are?

*Marv stops when he sees the audience.*

MARV: Whoops.

DALE: What?

MARV: I think we took a wrong turn.

*Dale sees the audience.*

DALE: Uh oh!

MARV: *(to Dale)* Boy, this is awkward, huh?

DALE: What are we gonna do?

MARV: Leave it to me. *(to the audience)* Eh, hi there. Sorry, we're a little lost. Just trying to find the pumpkin patch.

DALE: What are you doing?

MARV: Just being polite.

DALE: To them?

MARV: Yeah. Why not?

DALE: Look around you, Marv. Do you realize where we are?

MARV: *(looks around)* Looks kind of like a church.

DALE: Exactly! We're in a church, with Christians!

MARV: Yes?

DALE: Christians don't like us, Marv.

MARV: I thought Jesus loved everybody.

DALE: I know he did. But they don't.

MARV: Come on, Dale, that's not fair. I'm sure a lot of them love everybody just like Jesus.

DALE: But we're not everybody. We're Jack-O-Lanterns.

MARV: So?

DALE: So??? We're symbols of Halloween!

MARV: I know that.

DALE: Christians hate Halloween!

MARV: That's so silly. Why would they... oh, you mean the ghosts and goblins thing.

DALE: Yes! People think of Halloween as a Satanic holiday with witches and monsters and demons.

MARV: Oh my!

DALE: I'm serious, Marv, we need to get away from these people.

MARV: Dale, I am surprised at you. Don't you realize how much in common we have with these people?

DALE: What?

MARV: Think about it, Dale. What were we before we became Jack-O-Lanterns?

DALE: Pumpkins.

MARV: That's right, pumpkins, with no expressions on our faces and a bunch of gunk filling up our insides. Then someone came along, scooped all the junk out of us, and put big smiles on our bellies.

DALE: Marv, why do we have smiles on our bellies?

MARV: Don't ask questions like that. You'll ruin the suspension of disbelief.

DALE: Sorry.

MARV: Then that same fella who gave us these smiles also put a light inside of us, bright enough to shine on the whole world. Doesn't that sound like a Christian to you?

DALE: Yeah, I think I get it now.

MARV: I thought you would.

DALE: I guess them Christians aren't so bad after all.

MARV: I tried to tell you.

DALE: You were right. But that still doesn't get us any closer to the pumpkin patch.

MARV: I know, I know. *(to the audience)* Hey, can anyone direct us to the pumpkin patch? Or at least, you know, outdoors?

*Wait for a response from the audience, then the Jack-O-Lanterns begin to exit.*

MARV: See? I told you they weren't all bad.

DALE: You sure, Marv? Some of these men are giving me a look.

MARV: That's because you remind them of pumpkin pie.

DALE: Savages!

# Nobody Believes in Zombies Any More

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Lois - 30's

Jason - 30's

A Zombie

*Jason is chilling out on a couch, reading a book, when Lois runs on, panicked!*

LOIS: Jason? Jason where are you? Jason?

JASON: Hey, Lois. Is something wrong?

LOIS: You mean you don't know?

JASON: Know what?

LOIS: There's a zombie on the loose!

JASON: A zombie?

LOIS: He escaped from the university lab, and he's right down the street! We've got to get out of here!

JASON: (*chucking at her astonishing ignorance*) You, uh, you believe in zombies?

LOIS: Of course I do! I saw it with my own eyes!

JASON: Did you see Santa Claus too?

LOIS: Why are you laughing?

JASON: Come on, Lois. You don't really believe in zombies, do you?

LOIS: Of course I believe in zombies! There's one next door eating Mrs. Cavendish and her pool man!

JASON: Impossible! There's no such thing as zombies.

LOIS: Yes there is!

JASON: This is the twenty-first century. No sane, rational person believes in zombies.

LOIS: They do when they've seen one in the living dead flesh!

JASON: Don't you mean living dead flesh?

LOIS: I'm not joking, Jason! There's a real zombie--

JASON: Zombies are mythological creatures, created by man to explain away things we could not understand.

*The zombie enters.*

ZOMBIE: Brains!!

LOIS: Then why is there a zombie in your house?

JASON: That's not a zombie.

LOIS: Will you just look at him? Look at the rotted flesh! See the glazed over look in his eyes! Stop doubting and believe!



JASON: You know, it's people like you that hold the world back. Believing in things like zombies only prohibits us from making new and exciting scientific advances.

LOIS: If we don't get away from that zombie, there won't be any more scientific advances!

JASON: Exactly my point. People need to stop believing in zombies so we can--

*The zombie rips Jason's arm (a fake arm) off and munches on it. Lois screams as the zombie chomps away at the severed arm.*

JASON: Huh. Will you look at that? I wonder how that happened?

LOIS: What the do you think happened?? The zombie ate your arm!!!

JASON: Lois, there's a clear, rational, scientific explanation for this that has nothing to do with zombies.

LOIS: Like what?

JASON: This man is obviously suffering from some sort of flesh-rotting disease, perhaps leprosy or ebola. It's highly contagious, and it appears that I may be contracting it from him.

*The zombie tosses the chewed arm away and rips Jason's other arm off and gnaws away.*

JASON: Yes, yes, see that? I am definitely coming down with some sort of flesh-eating affliction.

LOIS: You're coming under attack by a flesh-eating zombie!

JASON: Look, if you want to believe in zombies, go right ahead. But do me a favor. Keep it to yourself, and for pity's sake don't teach it to your children. It will only keep us from making further scientific discoveries.

LOIS: Like discovering that zombies are real?

JASON: The scientific mind is a beautiful thing. Don't let it go to waste.

*The zombie bites Jason's head.*

LOIS: No worries about that.

# Don't Open the Door!

by John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Howard – A monster

Pete – Howard's son, a boy monster

*This whole scene, except for part of the end, is played off stage. It's played like a normal father-son argument. The audience never knows these are monsters until the very end.*

HOWARD: Where do you think you're going?

PETE: No where.

HOWARD: Are you trying to open that door?

PETE: No!

HOWARD: Don't lie to me, son!

PETE: I'm not lying, I was just... leaning on it.

HOWARD: Pete, how many times have I told you not to go near that door?

PETE: Like a billion.

HOWARD: Like a billion. And why do you keep trying to see what's on the other side?

PETE: I don't know.

HOWARD: Pete, you have a hundred movies you could watch and a thousand toys. Why in the world do you keep going near that door?

PETE: I just want to see.

HOWARD: Some day you'll be bigger, and I'll let you see what's on the other side.

PETE: But I am bigger!

HOWARD: You're not big enough.

PETE: I'll just take a peek.

HOWARD: Get away from that door now!

*Pause.*

HOWARD: Pete, don't make me come over there. Get away from the door.

PETE: Just one peek.

HOWARD: You are too young. Get away from the door!

PETE: Please?

HOWARD: No! I will not have you sleeping in my bed the next six months because you're scared of what's on the other side!

PETE: I won't be scared.

HOWARD: Yes you will!

PETE: Just one peek, okay?

HOWARD: Don't open the door! Pete! I'm warning you!! PETE!!!

*Pete runs on stage. He looks out at the audience.*

PETE: *(in shock and terror)* It's kids. *(screaming)* IT'S KIDS!!!!!! AAAAAAAAAA!!!!

*Pete runs off stage.*

PETE: Dad, there's kids over there!

HOWARD: I told you!

PETE: Please don't let them get me!

HOWARD: I won't, I promise.

# Whom Shall I Fear?

By John Cospers

[www.righteousinsanity.com](http://www.righteousinsanity.com)

## CHARACTERS

Ricki- Talk show host

Dracula

The Boogey Man

Marie- A young girl

*Four chairs are on stage. Ricki sits in one stage left, angled toward the others slightly. Dracula sits beside Ricki, and the Boogey Man next to Drac. The stage right chair is empty.*

RICKI: Welcome to the Ricki Jenny Rafael show. Today's topic: fear. I'm joined today by two people who have caused a lot of fear for people. Say hello to Dracula.

DRACULA: Hello.

RICKI: And the Boogey Man.

BOOGHEY: Hey, Ricki, big fan, babe.

RICKI: Count Dracula, a lot of people are very afraid of you, but I want to know what you are afraid of.

DRACULA: I'm afraid of stakes.

BOOGHEY: Stakes?

DRACULA: That's right, stakes.

BOOGHEY: Aww, you're crazy. I love steaks! I could go for a nice filet mignon right now.

DRACULA: Not that steak, hairy face, stakes! Wooden stakes! The kind that can go through my heart and make me all dead and stuff.

BOOGHEY: Ohhhh, that kind of stake. I was gonna say.

DRACULA: I see a tent with some wood stakes around it, keeping it up, brrrrr, gives me the willies.

RICKI: Any other fears, Drac?

DRACULA: Garlic, crosses, mirrors, holy water. Oh, and the sun. I really don't like that thing!

RICKI: Isn't that interesting? How about you, Boogey Man.

BOOGHEY: Well, Rickster, there's only one thing that gives this monster the creeps - kids.

RICKI: Kids??

BOOGHEY: I know it's weird, right? I live in kids bedrooms, under the beds, in the closets. But kids really frighten me!

DRACULA: Then why do you live under their beds? Why don't you move some place? Like Edmonton?

BOOGHEY: Why don't you sleep in a bed instead of a coffin?

DRACULA: Because, I am Dracula.

BOOGHEY: Well, I'm the Boogey Man. I have to sleep under kids' beds. But I don't have to like it.

RICKI: Very interesting indeed. Now let's bring out our surprise guest, Marie.

*Marie enters stage right and sits in the empty chair beside the Boogey Man.*

MARIE: Hi, Dracula. Hi, Boogey Man.

BOOGHEY: *(to Drac)* Trade me seats.

DRACULA: Why?

BOOGHEY: Just do it, okay??

*Dracula and the Boogey Man trade seats.*

RICKI: Marie, what are you afraid of?

MARIE: Well, I used to be afraid of all kinds of things - the dark, monsters like these guys. The Boogey Man really scared me.

BOOGHEY: Aww, aren't you sweet? *(to Ricki)* Trade me seats.

*The Boogey Man trades seats with Ricki.*

MARIE: But now that Jesus is in my heart, I'm not afraid of anything! When I am afraid, I remember Jesus is with me. He's God's Son, and with him in my heart, there's nothing I have to be afraid of.

BOOGHEY: That Jesus sounds like a cool guy. Maybe I need Jesus in my heart.

DRACULA: I know I'd ask Jesus into my heart - if I wasn't an unholy creature of the night!

RICKI: That's great advice, Marie. Kids, when you're afraid, just call on Jesus. He's always there, and he's always ready to help you face your fears.

BOOGHEY: Kids? Are there more kids here??

DRACULA: The whole audience is kids, boogey boy!

BOOGHEY: I gotta go!

*The Boogey Man runs off.*

RICKI: We'll be back after this word from Outback Steak--

DRACULA: Don't say that!

RICKI: Sorry. Back in a flash.

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