

DIVERT AND CONQUER
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This short skit takes place in the living room of a family preparing to go out door to door, witnessing and passing out CARE packages. If possible, enough lights should be on that they can be turned out one at a time as the need arises. These can be overhead lights, lamps, spotlights, or a combination thereof. The demons are dressed as army commandos, in black. Family members never look directly at them...

Father: *(Walks into room where others are sit reading and playing a game) (Cheerily)* You guys about ready to roll? If we get a move on, we can probably pass out CARE packages to the whole east side today.

Demon 1: *(Stands with partner in corner, looks up in alarm)* Hey! Whoa! Got to stop this. It's our job to destroy the spiritual growth of this family. Imagine what it'll do to them if they get someone converted by their efforts?

Demon 2: They..they..they would become soul winners.

Demon 1: And then what would happen?

Demon 2: We..we ... we would lose our jobs?

Demon 1: Exactly. So we stop the witnessing today. Now! We can't directly attack them, though!

Demon 2: Wh..wh..why?

Demon 1: Because then they'll know we're here. Here's what we do. Diversionary tactics.

Demon 2: Oh go..go..goody. I'm good at those. Watch! *(Turns and points to the radio which comes on. The demon mimics being an announcer)* La..la..ladies and gen..genn.. *(At this point, Demon 1 claps his hand over Demon 2's mouth, shakes his head, begins to speak)*

Demon 1: Ladies and gentlemen. This news flash just in from the world of finance. High tech stocks have plummeted in every major world market. Most have been pulled off the market till further notice. More on this phenomena as news becomes available. *(Radio goes silent)*

Mother: Honey! Did you hear that? I hope our investments are okay.

Father: *(Frowns)* I hope so too, Honey. Otherwise we may not get to go to Disney World as planned.

Girl: But Daddy, you promised!

Father: I know, Sweetheart. I'll go to the bank on Monday and see what's going on. We need the money in that account.

As he says this, if possible, one light goes out, leaving the stage darker.

Demon 2: Not...not.. bad! Watch this, though. M..m..my turn!

As he is saying this, the girl gets up from the couch...

Girl: Be back in a minute

As she leaves, Demon 2 throws himself on the ground and grabs hold of her foot. She immediately begins to limp badly while leaving the room.

Mother: Honey! Did you see her limping? Maybe she really hurt herself when she fell yesterday. Should we take her to the emergency room?

Father: She wasn't limping a minute ago. Let's see how she does for a little while here.

Mother: If she doesn't get better, I don't want her going with us this afternoon.

Demons nod to each other as another light goes out. Demon 1 holds a finger up as if to say, "Just a minute" He reaches out and knocks over a picture of an elderly couple sitting on an end table.

Mother: *(Hurries to straighten it back up)* Poor Mom and Dad. They've really been on my mind lately. Cooped up in that rest home. Maybe this would be a good day to drive up and visit them. I feel so guilty sometimes. Would you mind terribly?

Father: *(Slowly)* Well. Whatever you think best.

Another light dims.

Demon 2: Gre..grea...great job! How about the final blow? Th..the old ph..ph..phone call trick?

Demon 1: Uh...I think I'll do the honors. *(Pulls out a cell phone from his pocket and dials a number. The phone on the coffee table rings. Father answers)*

Father: Good afternoon. This is a day the Lord has made. I hope you are enjoying it

Demon 1: *(Winces)* Sure am. This is George...from work. You remember me?

Father: Well, I'm not sure. But how can I help you?

Demon 1: Well, you always seem to know what's going on in the plant. Do you think there's any truth to the rumor of most of the work force being laid off?

Father: What? Where did you hear that?

Mother: What is it? *(Father holds up hand to stall her)*

Demon 1: Oh, from some of the foremen. But if you haven't heard it, there must not be much to worry

about. Sorry to bother you!

Father: Wait a minute!

Demon 1: Goodbye (*Demon 1 hangs up, leaving Father holding phone, looking bewildered*)

Mother: What is it, Honey! You're scaring me!

Father: I don't know. I guess they're talking about a big layoff at the plant.

Mother: We sure can't afford that. We don't have enough money in the savings account. What about retirement? What about Disney World?

Father: (*Sharply*) I don't know! I have to think!

Next to last light goes out, leaving one dim light source burning.

Mother: (*Softly*) Are you still going out witnessing today?

Father: (*Bitter*) About what? I don't think I'm going anywhere.

Demons give each other high fives and leave mother and father in darkened room. The last light goes out.