A script from



## "Have No Fear"

by Melinda Whitten

**What** A woman is minding her own business when Fear tries to scare her. But Fear

soon realizes that it's useless to scare someone who has freedom through

Christ! Themes: Fear, Worries, Peace, Freedom

**Who** 1 Female

1 Male

**When** Present day

**Wear** A black shirt with white Velcro letters spelling Fear. The "a" needs look like an e

(**Props**) when turned upside down.

**Why** John 16:33; Matthew 10:26-31

**How** Be very conversational. Have fun and really work on the comic timing to make

this fun for the audience as well.

**Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

A **Woman** is sitting on a park bench reading the paper. "Fear" approaches from behind and jumps out yelling.

Fear: AAAGGGHHH!! (There is no immediate reaction from the Woman. Fear

tries again.) Muah ha ha ha!!

**Woman**: (Looking up, just noticing Fear) I am so sorry. Did you need to sit down?

**Woman** moves her purse and things to her left side, making room for **Fear** to sit down. **Fear** just shakes his head.

**Fear**: (Taking up a boxing stance) Give me your purse and no one gets hurt.

(Woman calmly picks up her purse and hands it to Fear).

**Woman**: Would you like the paper too?

Fear takes the purse, somewhat surprised.

Fear: What? No, no, I don't want the paper. (He sits down abruptly,

disgruntled, and rests his chin on his hands.)

Woman: Are you okay?

**Fear**: Yes... no, no I'm not okay. I guess I'm just having an off day or

something, I don't know...maybe I didn't get enough rest last night.
You're the third person today that gave me no reaction...nothing, nada,

zippola.

**Woman:** Oh, I'm sorry. I was engrossed in this article. Would you like to try again?

**Fear**: No, the moment has passed.

**Woman**: No, really I'm paying attention now. Come on, show me what you got.

Fear: (Dubious, Fear stands up to try again.) AAAGGGHHH!!!

Woman: Eeeek!

**Fear**: (Looking at her sideways.) Now you're just patronizing me.

**Woman:** Seriously, (she puts two fingers to her pulse) I think my heart is racing.

**Fear**: (He slumps back down) I'm losing my touch, it's not just you. This

morning there was a little kid walking into class, and I said, I said, "Hey

kid, pop quiz, states and their capitals."

**Woman**: Ouch, and...?



**Fear**: Nothing, just walked straight past me saying, "I can do all things through

Christ who strengthens me."

Woman: Aahhh (she says knowingly).

**Fear**: (Looks at the **Woman**) What do you mean, "Aaahh?"

**Woman**: Nothing. Go ahead.

**Fear**: Okay, so then I go to this doctor's office, there's a woman waiting on the

couch and I say, "The results are back and it's not good."

Woman: Now that's low.

**Fear**: Hey, it's what I do. I am Fear after all. (He gestures at the word on his

shirt.) Not that it mattered. She said she would take it to her "Father." I

have no clue what she thinks he's going to do.

**Woman**: Of course you wouldn't. Look, you seem like a nice guy...well except for

the whole scaring people thing.

**Fear**: It's my job.

Woman: Yes, I know. Stick with me here... (she pauses, wondering how to

address him) I'm sorry I don't know your...

Fear: Bob.

**Woman**: Bob? Your name is Bob Fear?

**Fear**: Dad wanted to name me "Have Fear" but Mom thought it was too

trendy.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

**ENDING:** 

**Woman:** There you go.

**Fear:** (Looking down at his shirt) Eerf?

**Woman**: (Shooting him a look) Bob...

**Fear**: Alright, alright...I get it. Free. It says free. Free from fear.

Woman: Yeah, look at it as new career. And who doesn't like the word "Free" huh?

Yep, it's a very slimming word on you.



Fear: Really?

Woman: Hey why don't you try it out? See what the people think. Look there's a

dog walker...go give it a shot.

**Fear**: Good idea, take it for a test run. (*Fear runs off stage, we hear him in the* 

background screaming in a very scary voice... "You're free!" and a

woman screams.)

**Woman**: (Rolling her eyes) Softer Bob, take it down a notch. (She hurries after

*Fear*) I am so sorry ma'am…he's new at this.

Lights out.