

A script from



“Death Warmed Over”

by
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- What** Jane Dillman runs into Death sitting on a commuter train. Death has an over inflated view of himself and does his bumbling best to scare Jane. Jane, who knows the One who has defeated death, is not taking the bait. (Themes: Death, Fear, Victory)
- Who** Jane- a “together” business woman Death- dressed very poorly and a bit bumbling.
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Briefcase
Purse for Jane
Picture of “Fluffy” the cat
- Why** 1 Corinthians 15:5
- How** Keep it light and casual. The more “real” Death is, the funnier it will be. The idea of “Death” being a regular Joe is humorous, since the world tends to have such an ominous and dark view of the after-life. The fact that Jane is completely unaffected is annoying to Death.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Two characters ride on a commuter train. One is Jane Dillman. One is Death. Jane is dressed in a business suit. Death wears a cheap sports coat and a loud tie. He wears goofy looking glasses. His hair is very messed up. Generally, he's not very impressive or scary looking, sort of a Woody Allen looking type.

Jane: *(to Death, who is sitting down, but whose briefcase is on the seat next to him.)* Excuse me, is anybody sitting here?

Death: *(a bit of a "Doofus, with an over inflated view of himself)* Nope. Just me...and my briefcase.

Jane: Well, would you mind moving your briefcase so I could sit down?

Death: Move my briefcase? Sure, no problem. I'd love for you to join me. I've been waiting for you.

Jane: Oh, really?

Death: Yes. I've just been sitting here.... waiting. For you.

Jane: Well, that's nice.

Death: *(looks around, as if in possession of a great secret)* Do you know who I am?

Jane: No... no...I'm sorry to say I don't.

Death: *(tries to whisper menacingly)* I'm Death.

Jane: *(chuckles)* Excuse me?

Death: *(trying harder to sound menacing, whispers, then finally just speaks)* Death. I'm Death.

Jane: *(snorts a laugh)* I'm sorry. So, you're Death, huh?

Death: *(defensive)* Yeah. Yeah. I'm Death. You got a problem with that?

Jane: No. No, I just thought you'd look a little different, that's all.

Death: *(still defensive)* What, I don't look like Death?

Jane: *(under her breath)* You look like Death warmed over.

Death: Excuse me?

Jane: Nothing.

Death: You don't think I look... menacing? *(He tries to screw his face into a menacing scowl)*

Jane: *(trying to make him feel better, but tongue very firmly in cheek)* Ah, yes. Very good. Very menacing.

Death: You'd better believe it. Did you see how those people sitting over there reacted?! I scared 'em --

Jane: -- to death. Yeah, I could see that. So... Death...you... uh... you just visiting?

Death: *(in for the kill, reaching down and opening up his briefcase. With much "Drama")* I'm here for you.

Jane: *(not believing this idiot)* For me?

Death: *(checking his records in his briefcase)* You are Jane Dillman, aren't you?

Jane: *(a bit surprised)* Yeah... yeah... I'm Jane Dillman.

Death: Well, I'm here for you.

Jane: You wouldn't happen to have any I.D. on you, would you?

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ENDING:

Jane: Boy, you are a novice. Jesus. Jesus already did it ... death for me.

Death: What... that means you don't have to die?

Jane: *(under her breath)* What do they teach you guys? No, it means I don't have to be afraid to die. When I die- *which apparently is now if you didn't screw up* when I die- I get to be with Jesus *(snaps her fingers)* like that. So... Fluffy or no Fluffy, I'm not in this alone. Jesus is right there ...and he's not scared of you.

Death: Oh yeah?

Jane: Yeah. Trust me. *(Getting her things together, ready to go)* So, if this is it, let's get on with it.

Death: *(still trying to figure this out)* So, this means I can't scare people?

Jane: Oh, no, no, no. You can scare people. Or... at least you can try. But it's probably not gonna work real well on people like me, who are in cahoots with Jesus.

Death: Are there a lot of you around?

Jane: Quite a few.

Death: *(disillusioned)* I think I want to go back to pets.

Lights out. The End.