A script from



"Harvest Party Invite"

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe) by Suzanne Davis

What A fun way to remind your congregation of your upcoming Harvest Party or Fall

Festival. **Themes:** Fall Festival, Halloween, Trick-or-Treat, Just For Fun, Church

Announcements

Who Reader 1

Reader 2

When Present, although text alludes to a gothic setting

Wear (Props)

Actors wears current-day clothing. Alternately, if you want to play up the setting of the original poem for comic effect, the actors may wear clothing reminiscent of Romantic-era America, 1830's, and may be seated at an old-fashioned desk surrounded by dusty books. Depending how much you want to play that up, you could also have lightning/thunder effects as the speaker begins.

If your church is using a flier or bulletin to advertise your event, have the speaker pick it up when he alludes to it.

Why To present your church's Harvest Party/Fall Festival event in a light-hearted

fashion.

How This "poem" only works if delivered over-dramatically and in a much-

exaggerated fashion. Don't follow the meter too rigidly. Consider listening to dramatic readings of "The Raven" before memorizing this in order to deliver an

effective parody.

Some ideas are to use flashlights under your face for the "scary ghost story" effect. Also, you can play ominous music softly in the background (i.e.

something by Danny Elfman)

Time Approximately 3 minutes

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Reader 1 and Reader 2 enter solemnly.

Reader 1: Once upon a late October, while I pondered my life over,

Musing memories sad and sober

As I had each night before-

As my thoughts toward sleep were winging, suddenly there came a ringing

Pounding door and doorbell-ringing,

Hordes of children at my door!

Children coming, more and more!

Reader 2: Ah! –I realized that this evening was the night for trick-or-treating

Now it was too late for leaving

As they knew I was indoors.

Horror struck! I was no dummy, but I had no sweets or yummies

Just some sort of crusty gummies

Hardened from the year before—

All I had, and nothing more.

Reader 1: Helplessly, I took to hiding in my kitchen with no lighting,

Hoping in the dark abiding,

They would leave me as before.

But no refuge could I locate, and no voices could I placate,

Still the children would not vacate—!

Would not leave my entry door!

Children coming, more and more!

Reader 2: Minions, ghosts with flashlights glowing, girls with Elsa-dresses flowing

Knocking, shrieking, "let-it-go"-ing—

"Stop it, stop it!" I implored.

"I already told you munchkins that I cannot give you something!

Take your masks and plastic pumpkins

Off my porch and off my door!

Go, and come again no more!"

Reader 1: Then, my situation dire, suddenly it did transpire

That my eyes beheld a flier

Lying there upon the floor.

The [name of your church's event]! If I'd been there, I would not sit here

crouched in terror—

Pondering my grievous error,

Crouched upon my kitchen floor.

This I thought, and nothing more.



Reader 2: NOW, the end of each October, I'm a [name of your church's event] –goer. You should be there too, moreover,

Food and Fall and Fun galore!

We're requesting your appearance! Drop your plans and stop your

errands!

Bring your kids and bring your parents—

Truly, it's an open door.

Would I miss it?

Both: Nevermore.

Lights fade.

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