

# Satan Comes To Church

by Randal Stephens

## CHARACTERS

The Pastor

Satan

The Pastor's Wife

## SYNOPSIS

This is a short skit that illustrates how Satan, just like God, also has a plan for our lives and never stops trying to distract us from the plan God has for us.

## THE ACT

*The skit begins with Satan entering the sanctuary of a church while the pastor is beginning his message. He enters from somewhere behind the pastor without his noticing. Satan is wearing a mask that stereotypes him: it has a sharp goatee, a widow's peak and horns; the face is red and the hair is jet black.*

*As he steps onto the stage, he grabs a guitar and sits down, pretending to play. Whatever reaction the congregation has is lost on the pastor and he remains unaware of Satan's presence, but Satan is clearly encouraged by the congregation's reaction and plays to it.*

*He puts down the guitar, gets up from the chair, and moves to behind the pastor, mimicking his movements and mocking him. As the congregation reacts, the pastor shows puzzlement, but disregards it and continues with his sermon. Satan then gets out a cell phone and shows it to the congregation. Then he makes a big show of moving through his contacts and calling someone. As he puts his phone to his ear, a second phone rings out in the sanctuary.*

*The person whose phone rings is embarrassed and immediately turns off his phone. Satan is undeterred. He turns back to his phone and dials again and, just as before, the phone rings out in the congregation.*

*The pastor is clearly annoyed and the receiver of the call immediately silences the phone. Satan makes one more call and this time, several phones ring in the congregation. This is accomplished by having several people in the sound booth call those predetermined parishioners in the congregation. It is at this point that the pastor directly addresses the congregation, fed up with the continuing rings.*

Pastor: Folks, can we silence our cell phones, please? This is really distracting.

The Pastor's Wife [*pointing to the stage*]: Honey, look behind you.

*[The Pastor turns around to see Satan standing behind him. Satan does not try to hide, but rather comes around to stand beside the Pastor.]*

Pastor: What are you doing here?

Satan: Who, me? Well, it's Sunday isn't it? I'm here for church.

Pastor: For church?

Satan: Yep, every Sunday. Never miss. *[acting puzzled]* You know, I'm surprised you didn't know that. In fact, I've heard every sermon you've ever preached and I have to say, they're pretty good.

Pastor: So you hear what I preach? How can you do that? I preach The Word up here.

Satan: Well, I'm not saying it's easy kid. It's just that, how am I going to know what lie to tell if I don't know what truth you're telling? Besides, most of what you preach won't even make it out of this room.

Pastor: What do you mean?

Satan *[Satan takes a chair and brings it close to The Pastor and sits down.]*: I mean, my job is a lot easier if I can just get your people thinking about something else, anything else, besides what you're saying.

Pastor: So you come to church to distract everyone?

Satan: Sure I do. Right now, most of them can't even remember what you've been preaching.

Pastor *[looking intently at Satan's face]*: Are you wearing a mask?

Satan: A mask? Oh, this thing. *[He takes off the mask.]* Yeah, sometimes I forget I'm even wearing this thing. Don't worry about this thing. It's not the real me, it's just a persona.

*[Satan takes off the mask and straightens his hair. He positions the mask to "look" up at him and looks down at the mask and back at The Pastor.]*

Satan: It's just easier if people think this is really what I look like. If they're looking for this guy *[holds up the mask]*, they'll never even see me coming. *[He tosses the mask away.]*

Pastor: Of course they will. These people know the truth, so they can recognize the lie when they see it coming, no matter how it looks.

Satan: Why, because you're such a great preacher?

Pastor *[growing more intense]*: No. Because The One who is in them is so much greater than you! *[with authority]* You know what? Stand up.

Satan: What?

Pastor: I said stand up. You're in the House of God, so you stand up!

Satan: Sure kid, whatever you say. [*He stands up and looks at The Pastor with humor, but it is clear he is growing tired of The Pastor's increasing boldness.*] You know, your people here, I own them.

Pastor: No you don't.

Satan: Yes, I do. Take the men. For years I've told them to be sensitive, that women love it when a man cries and that they should let their kids be themselves. Look at them. They're soft, spineless; all they can think about is where they're going to lunch after this. And see the women? I put images in front of their faces of what they're supposed to look like, and then subtly convince them they never can. Right now, all they can think about is what every other woman in the room is thinking of them. And I've told your kids that they are their own heroes, that they can do anything on their own, without any help from anybody. You don't even want to *know* what *they're* thinking.

Pastor: Those are nothing but lies!

Satan: Well of course they are. [*sweetly*] But they're *beautiful* lies, and they look so much like the truth. And the people believe. They believe so deeply that they can't even hear The Truth you're telling. Even now, not a single person can take look at anything but me.

Pastor: These are not my people and they're certainly not yours. They're God's people. He belongs to them and they belong to Him.

Satan [*sympathetically*]: You know kid, for someone who's been doing this so long, you're a little naïve. *I* have them and there's nothing you can do.

Pastor: The Word tells me otherwise.

Satan [*condescendingly*]: Believe me kid, I know what The Bible says.

Pastor [*beginning to grow more combative*]: I know you do.

Satan: Now, there's no reason to get upset. It's just business, nothing personal.

Pastor: You bet it's personal. [*At this point, The Pastor becomes indignant.*] And stop calling me kid.

Satan [*smiles pacifyingly*]: Fine. Ray.

Pastor: It's *Pastor*.

Satan [*still somewhat lightly sarcastic, but starting to show a deeper irritation*]: Alright. Pastor.

Pastor: Now you listen carefully to what I have to say.

Satan [*with defiance*]: You want me to listen to you?

Pastor: You'll do what you're told! You're under my feet and under the feet of these people. And I've got something for you.

Satan [*even more defiant*]: Really? Something for me? You believe anything you can say or do will make any difference at all?

Pastor: Oh yeah. What I've been given, you can *never* endure. And it has already defeated you!

Satan: I know what you're going to say. You think I'm afraid of that?

Pastor: I know you're afraid of it.

Satan: You think it's going to make any difference? You get two hours to "impart" your Truth to them, but I get the rest of the week to undo it. Do you think you can stop that?

Pastor: I know what can.

Satan [*nervous; trying to persuade*]: Look. Let's just leave that out of this. There's room for both of us, you know. We can coexist, side by side. I do it in churches all over the world. It's easy.

Pastor: Not here, not in this church. Here, we walk in The Spirit and we're under the...

Satan: Stop! Don't even say it. I'll just sit down; I'll be quiet.

Pastor: You'll be leaving! The Bible speaks of the saints. It says we've already overcome you.

*[For the first time, Satan's reaction is one of outright anger he does not hide. It shows in his face, but he remains frozen to his spot.]*

Pastor: Do you know how?

Satan: That may send me away right now, but do you think it'll make me go for good?

Pastor: DO YOU KNOW HOW?

Satan: YES! I know how! Don't say it, I'm warning you!

Pastor: You're warning me? The Bible says we've overcome by The Blood of The Lamb!

*[Satan stumbles backwards and falls to the ground. He shows unmistakable pain, but quickly recovers and is back on his feet.]*

Pastor: The Blood heals us. The Blood covers us. The Blood of Jesus Christ was shed once, for all. His Blood is our salvation; His blood is our victory! And you cannot stand against it!

*[Each time The Pastor mentions The Blood, Satan is visibly shaken, almost violently. When The Pastor finishes, Satan starts to leave, but halfway down the aisle, turns and points a finger at The Pastor.]*

Satan: This isn't over, you know. I will be back and make no mistake, I'm getting some of them. Some of the people in this very room will end up with me and there's nothing you can do about it.

Pastor: You have no authority here. Go!

*[Satan turns around and runs out the door, as The Pastor addresses his congregation.]*

**THE END**

# NOTES

## THE RUNDOWN

This skit is supposed to be a little tongue-in-cheek, if not over the top. It portrays Satan coming to church which, in reality, doesn't happen the way it's shown, but illustrates that the enemy is ever present in our lives, trying to keep our minds from what God has for us to do.

## CHARACTERS

It's just the preacher and the devil. The preacher will do what preachers do, and the devil will do what the devil does.

## SETUP

The devil should be dressed in very stylish, modern clothes. He should be a handsome guy with universal appeal and charisma. He should also have that very stereotypical devil mask, which can be obtained at any Halloween store, or online any time of year.

## PRODUCTION

This is intended to be performed live on a Sunday morning. Satan should enter the stage area once the pastor has gotten started on his message.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Take whatever liberties you need in order to make this work. Obviously, this skit can take any number of directions aside from the theme built in, distraction and deceit. With a few changes and good improvisation, this can be fairly easy to do.