

# Halloween KIDS CLUB Introduction

COMPERE: It's a dark and stormy Halloween – and it's time to introduce some spooky characters. Hold on tight – here they come!!!

(Sinister music from Wayne, enter vampire looking evil stage left. Enter werewolf, growling and snarling wolfishly – they see each other and instantly snap out of their scary act.)

VAMP: Hello Neville.

WOLF: G'day Maurice. How's the vampiring game?

VAMP: Not so good.

WOLF: Oh dear.

VAMP: And how's the wolfing business, my dear old thing.

WOLF: Not too good either. Gone to the dogs.

VAMP: Vot is your problem?

WOLF: Well, it's a bit embarrassing but ... I'm just not scary anymore.

VAMP: You're not? You know something ... neither am I. Being a vampire really sucks!

WOLF: Kids are so sophisticated these days. They see so much really scary stuff on TV! Like Kyle Sandilands and Dicko from Australian Idol.

VAMP: How can we compete with those freaks?!

*(Maniacal laughter – Enter the Pirate Ghost)*

PIRATE: Ahoy there! I be the pirate ghost! Doomed to sail the seas for evermore! Care to share my curse with me- *(lifts eye-patch)* Oh, sorry fellas, I didn't recognise you in the dark.

WOLF: G'day Jim.

VAMP: How ya goin', Jim.

PIRATE: Oh alright, s'pose.

VAMP: Only alright.

PIRATE: The wind is out of me sails.

VAMP: You having problems scaring too?

PIRATE: Yaaar, I'm all at sea.

VAMP: We're in the same boat. You know, the other day I tried scaring a kid. I turned up in a flash of light and a puff of smoke, and went *(scary noise)* right in front of him.

PIRATE: Yaaaaar, that must've scared the runny poo out of him.

VAMP: He said my special effects were terrible.

PIRATE: Aaaar, the scurvy dog.

WOLF: Yes?

PIRATE: No, I mean, the kid was a scurvy dog.

WOLF: Oh, okay- You think you've got it bad. I was howling at the moon last night. And you know what happened?

PIRATE: What?

WOLF: The neighbours threw a bucket of water over me. Then the missus complains there's a wet dog smell all through the house.

PIRATE: Yaaaaar, we're three gloomy ghouls....

*(Rest of company/characters enter)*

ALL: You're not alone fellas, I'm afraid we're not frightening anymore either!

ALL: No it's a terrifying thought!

PIRATE: Oh Curses!

WITCH: Nope they're not too good either!

VAMP: I've got it, let's cheer ourselves up.

PIRATE: Yaaaaar, you're right – I'll fetch me rum.

VAMP: No let's sing a song. A song about how scary we are. Sometimes songs can make us feel special. They are the best songs of all. I've got one – it goes like this ...

VAMP: OK I'm gonna need some music please ... something like this nana, nana, nana, na na ... yeah that's it! Now I'm gonna need some backup singers "Watch out!" "Watch out" ooh yeah look out!

## The Ribena-Lovín' Vampire Song (to Batman theme)

I'm gonna drinka your ribena!  
I'm gonna drink every last drop!  
It tastes so delicious,  
I won't be able to stop!  
Ow! ooh yeah I'm feeling baaaad!  
I'm gonna drinka your ribena! (music etc stops prior to this verse in confusion).

*(Song breaks down)*

PIRATE: Yaaaar, what're doin' you batty ol' Vamp?

VAMP: What, are you doing you interrupting me you salty old sea-dog!

WOLF: Are you talking to me?

VAMP: I was talking to him!

PIRATE: That ain't a scary song! Yar supposed to drink *blood*, not Ribena!

VAMP: Why didn't someone tell me!

PIRATE: Well, I've got me a song too. And this one'll chill yee to the bones. It goes like this...

## The Pirate Ghost Song

A pirate ghost, that I be,  
Cursed to sail the seven seas.

*He's a pirate ghost, can't you see,  
He's cursed to sail the seven seas.*

I swash here, I buckle there,  
I'm damned for eternity,  
I like to search for treasure,  
And write romance poetry!

*He swashes here, he buckles there,  
He's damned for eternity,  
He likes to search for treasure,  
And write romance poetry.*

*He's a pirate ghost, that he be,  
He's cursed to sail the seven seas!*

I shout a lot, and go *aaar, aaar*,  
I live in misery,  
Some likes to plunder all they can,  
But it don't do much for me.

*He shouts a lot, and goes aaar, aaar,  
He lives in misery,  
Some like to plunder all they can,  
But it don't do much for he,*

*He's a pirate ghost, that he be,  
He's cursed to sail the seven seas,*

I think I am, a landlubber,  
It's what I am at heart,  
I like flowers, knitting, and crochet,  
Reading books and art!

*He thinks is, a landlubber,  
It's what he is at heart,  
He likes flowers, knitting and crochet,  
Reading books, and art?!!!!  
Eeeew, the chorus leaves in disgust.*

He carries on:  
I wish I was at home right now,  
It is my deepest wish,  
I miss my mummy's cooking,  
And the sea just stinks of fish.

Maybe I'd better go, before I sink's any lower ... Bye! Enjoy the show!!!!