

An Easter Escapade



By Paul Nolan

The Easter story and its traditions are presented through lively whimsical humour while preserving sensitivity and reverence. This is a unique and touching Easter play, suitable as a memorable production for primary and middle schools. Duration 30 min approx, easily extendable by incorporating your own Easter songs or readings.

Published by Magic Parrot Productions.
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The script must not be resold, loaned or passed on to a third party without permission.

The script is available by email for you to customize.
No music is supplied with this production

Character List

Main parts: Jude Jones and Sammi Tones

Large parts: Miss Filler, Mr. Big, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Jones, Mr. Meaner, Miss Take, Judas, Roman soldiers (2), Henry VIII, Elizabeth I, Goddess Eostre

Other parts: Cedric, Jonny, Rebekah, Craig, Julie, Mikey, Sinead, Timmy, Beth, Sarah, Narrators (10), Voice over, Radio and TV announcer, Advert reader, Helen Back, Justin Case, Easter bunny, Regional News Presenters: Rob, Bob, Pam and Sam and National News Presenters: Sandy and Andy.

Props

Backing card/paper, battleships grid drawn onto card, whiteboards, marker-pens, handheld bell, newspaper, duster, polish spray, chairs for the stage, family portraits of Jones' family (could be photographs of cast members), biscuits, microphones (clip-ons) for 2 main characters, additional microphones for voice-overs, announcers, and news reporters (could use stands), radio, Easter eggs, clipboards (2), Easter basket, roman swords (2), TV (cardboard box) TV remote control, crowns (2), simnel cake, hot cross buns, book for Miss Filler and revision guide books. Sounds of bolts and locks opening.

Suggested Scenery

Scene 1: In the classroom: children's work displayed, school posters, classroom posters etc..

Scene 2: Jude's house: family portraits (photographs of the actors dressed in role) to be placed over school posters, three chairs placed on stage (two close together and one apart).

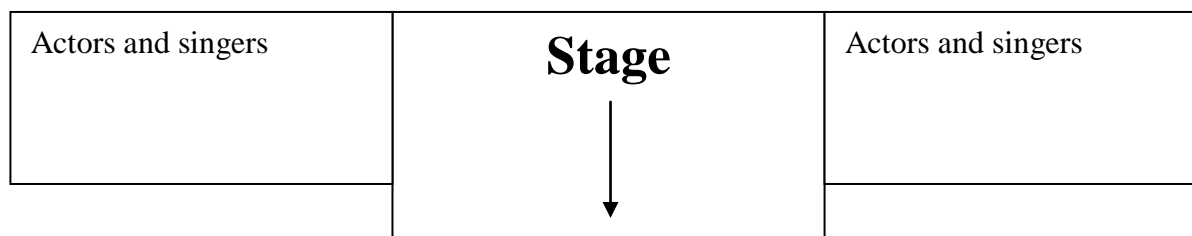
Scene 3: Triple H headquarters: could have a door with locks on painted on, chairs/thrones (7) for the characters

Scene 4: Jude's house: as scene 2 but with a table and microphones (on stands) for news reporters

Scene 5: Jude's house: as scene 2 but without the chairs

Scene 6: School hall: normal school hall, could have chairs (9) for the chat show

Suggested layout



Children to enter from either side of the hall.

Actors onto stage. All sit, chatting to each other, causing disturbances

Cedric: Listen in everyone.....*(louder)* listen in! *(frustrated)* Please, can I have your attention! Miss has obviously been delayed. We must get down to work so that when she arrives she will be most impressed and give us a class crown. *(The rest of the children stop to look at Cedric, look at each other, then return to their poor behaviour)*

Cedric: Oh really, come on chaps. This will not do, will not do at all! Can't you just pretend to be working? *(rest of the class continue to ignore Cedric)* We will be in so much trouble when Miss arrives and I don't like getting into trouble *(class still ignoring him)*. Why don't we play a game of Hangman. I'll go first *(he writes up blanks on piece of card and pauses)* No..... Obviously not your game then? I know just the job. Battleships! Let's play a game of Battleships!

Look out child: *(Looking out for teacher with his hands imitating a pair of binoculars and then shouting)* Battle axe! Battle-axe! *(All the children now get back to doing some work, using whiteboards, working on spellings and tables. Miss Filler walks into the class behind Cedric's back holding her book of put downs – Cedric continues to prepare Battleships).*

Cedric: No - **BATTLESHIPS**. I'll be the commander and I will place all my ships on the grid. No peeking now! Who wants to be the first to sink one of my.. (*He notices that all the kids are looking at him, smirking. He turns, slowly*)

Miss Filler: Well done 5F: you're a real credit to the school. Working quietly whilst I took an important phone call. I'm so proud of you all. All except you that is - Cedric Collins. What do you think you're doing? Trying to distract the children with a game of Battleships when all they want to do is practise their spellings and tables!

Jonny: A4 Done 4 – Cedric sunk! (*The children start to point and laugh at Cedric*).

Miss Filler: Jonny! I do the jokes around here - but nice play on words. All that work on puns is really paying off!

Cedric: But Miss....I was simply trying to.....

Miss Filler: (*interrupting*) I could see quite clearly what you were trying to do but luckily my class were having none of it. I don't have time to listen to your loathsome - lamentable - lies.

Rebekah: Nice bit of alliteration there miss!

Miss Filler: Why thank you Rebekah – it was, wasn't it. I'm going to write that in my new book: One hundred and one best put-downs for teachers.

Craig: The book of put downs that you just can't put down!

Miss Filler: Yes...(louder)YES! I like that! Well done Craig!

Cedric: I was simply trying to.....

Miss Filler: (*interrupting*). There is no more time for you to.... (*flicks through her book*)utter from the gutter (*holding her hand to Cedric's mouth*). You'd better go and talk to the Head coz the hand ain't listening!

Julie: Nice one Miss That's my all-time favourite.

Miss Filler: Absolutely. The perfect put-down for a perfectly poisonous pupil!

(*Cedric exits with all the children laughing at him. He shakes his head and hands in frustration*).

Miss Filler: Now that we have cleansed the class, we can get down to business. It is time for me to introduce something completely new. In our staff meeting last night, we came up with a brilliant idea!

Craig: Are you going to dig a huge hole on the field, cover it with twigs, and invite the school inspectors to walk over it!

Miss Filler: No. We can't do that again.

Mikey: Are the teachers going to breakdance again at the end of term party?

Miss Filler: No. No. Not after last time. Mrs. Jenkins was out of action and in traction for 6 months.

Sinead: Are the woman teachers going to tie their legs to a man's legs and spend the day teaching three-legged and two-headed?

Miss Filler: No! Sinead, but can I borrow your pen a minute just to note down the idea.

All pupilson the stage: Miss! What is it then?

Miss Filler: We decided that we would like the pupils this year to perform an Easter Extravaganza.

Timmy: Shouldn't that be *Eggstravaganza*?

Miss Filler: I refer to my previous comment about who does the jokes around here!

Timmy: Sorry Miss I have shamed myself and my class (*head bowed*)

Miss Filler: Yes - you have.

Mikey: What do we have to do Miss?

Miss Filler: I was coming to that (*she walks over towards the board, puts down her book and begins to write on it*). We need you and your partner (*all children except Sammi and Jude begin to grab a friend*) to research all about Easter and then present it to the whole school at the Easter Extravaganza Assembly on the last day of term (*as she turns around the children let go off their partners*). You need to find out all about the customs of Easter and put on a show for the parents.

Beth: The parents are coming to our show. Oh no - I hate talking in front of parents. They're so big and ugly and they really scare me (*pointing to members of the front row*) especially the ones in the front row!

Miss Filler: You're right of course. Just pretend that they're not there, that's what I do! Now, quickly find a partner and come sit by me. (*The children instantly grab a partner, stand-up and go to sit by the teacher, all except Jude and Sammi who remain seated and look at each other in disgust*).

Miss Filler: Wow - that was quick! Oh dear, look at you two (*pointing to Jude and Sammi*) . No one wants you. Well, at least you have each other. Like two loaves of broken bread left on a supermarket shelf. I'll have to put a yellow sticker on you! Get yourself out of the Bargain Bin and come over here!

Sammi/Jude: I can't work with him/her!

Miss Filler: Well, you're just going to have to! You'll make a very successful couple like Bonny and Clyde, Sonny and Cher, Charles and Diana!

Sarah: What exactly is it that we have to do Miss Filler?

Miss Filler: For the next three weeks, your homework is to research and prepare a presentation all about Easter. We want your presentation to be creative and innovative: we're looking for that something a little bit different. (*Enter the school's Head Teacher - Mr. Big*)

Mr. Big: Good afternoon children....

All pupils: Good afternoon Mr. Big.

Miss Filler: (*slightly flustered, flicking her hair*) Is everything OK Mr. Big?

Mr. Big: Of course Mrs. Filler.

Miss Filler: It's Miss Filler. I'm not married - at least not yet!

Mr. Big: Of course. There is no need to look so apprehensive.

Miss Filler: Oh, I am sorry sir - I mean Mr. Big. It's just that I have never seen you in here without a clipboard before. You're not here to observe me then?

Mr. Big: No. Not at all Polly... I mean Miss Filler

Miss Filler: Not that I mind being observed, of course, Mr. Big (*running her hand through her hair*). In fact, you can observe me over dinner this weekend if you like! (*Whoops and whistles from the class*)

Mrs. Filler: (*wagging her finger angrily*). Settle down 5F. I don't want Mr. Big to think that you're a raucous rabble of reprobates.

Jonny: I don't know what any of those words mean?

Rebekah: You don't want to - none of them are nice.

Mr. Big: I think nothing of the sort Miss Filler. I know what a tight ship you sail here although I was most disappointed to hear of the behaviour of Cedric Collins. Most upsetting. I sent him home to reflect on his actions.

Miss Filler: I can only apologise for him, Mr. Big. Have you come down here to tell me about Cedric?

Mr. Big: Partly, but the real reason I am here is to see how the children have taken to the news about the Easter Extravaganza (*turning to the pupils*). Children - No doubt you are as excited as I am about this great event.

Mikey: (*sarcastically*) Just can't wait to get started Mr. Big.

Sinead: (*fed up*) Three weeks of extra homework....great!

Timmy: (*sarcastically*) Haven't been this excited since I had three teeth extracted at the dentist!

Mr. Big: Miss Filler, have you told them about the star prize for the best presentation?

Miss Filler: No...no, I was just getting to that when you entered my world... I mean my classroom. Be my guest Mr. Big - you tell them!

Mr. Big: Why thank you, don't mind if I do. The winning pair, wait for it.... will each receive...wait for it...their own body weight in...revision booklets! (*Miss Filler nods approvingly*).

Rebekah: (*angrily*) But it's Easter soon.

Mr. Big: That's right, only 6 weeks before testing week!

Craig: That's ages away.

Mr. Big: It's never too early to get revising. I couldn't decide between chocolate and revision booklets but I'm sure you'll agree that I....I mean we.... made the right decision.

All pupils: (*sarcastically*) Of course sir...what a great idea.

Julie: (*sarcastically*) It's your best idea since the one about putting in a cat flap in the upstairs classroom.

Beth: (*sarcastically*) It's an even better idea than your one about getting Mr. Roberts to light the bonfire on camp.

Mr. Big: (*reminiscing*) Oh yes, poor Mr. Roberts. I forgot he had a wooden leg. An *inadequate* teacher but *outstanding* kindling! May he rest in peace. (*The bell rings to signal the end of the day*).

Miss Filler: Right, time to get off home children. You only have three weeks until the presentation. There is no time to waste! (*Miss Filler beckons the children to go and then shoos them out, leaving behind only Jude and Sammi*)

Mr. Big: I can see how enthused your class are Polly. No doubt, a huge stack of revision booklets will be winging themselves your way! I must dash now. Keep up the good work!

(*Miss Filler dashes off the stage, running after Mr. Big, shouting as she leaves*)

Miss Filler: Just a minute Mr. Big, there's something else I have to discuss with you!

Jude: Great, just great. I'm lumbered with you again. Why do I always end up with you?

Sammi: (*shrugging*) Just lucky I guess. On the other hand, it could be the fact that no one likes you?

Jude: That's rich coming from you! You're about as popular as lunchtime lentil curry and you smell as bad!

Sammi: Finished? Now, we do have to work together, whether we like it or not?

Jude: Or not!

Sammi: And we only have three weeks to show time.

Jude: That's plenty of time! Take it easy.

Sammi: Yeah, you're right. But we mustn't leave it to the last minute. I don't want to look a fool in front of my parents.

Jude: That's not so bad: I've been doing that for years. Now relax, we'll talk about it tomorrow. It's such a lovely spring day; too lovely to even think about homework. (*Sammi and Jude exit the stage*)

Scene 2: Jude's house

On the stage are Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones is reading his newspaper and Mrs. Jones is doing some housework. There comes a knock on the door. Mr. Jones goes to open it. Sammi is at the door.

Sammi: Hello there, you must be Mr. Jones. I'm Sammi – Jude's partner.

Mr. Jones: *Partner?* You're Jude's *partner*? He's a dark horse. Have you heard this Maureen, this is Sammi, Jude's partner! (*Mrs. Jones comes running over*).

Mrs. Jones: (*flustered*) Partner. Oh, let me see. He never told me anything. Why is mother always the last to know? Come in my dear, come in, you're most welcome. You must regard yourself as one of the family!

Sammi: Really?

Mrs. Jones. Yes. Really, really! Would you like some biscuits? (*shouting*) Bernard – I think we have some of those golden creams in the cupboard! They're from the finest range you know!

Mr. Jones: Righto' nothing but the best for Jude's new friend! (*shouting*) Jude, your partner is here. (*Jude walks back onto stage. Mr Jones hands the biscuits to Mrs Jones then sits to read his paper*)

Mrs. Jones: (*very excited*) Look Jude, it's Sammi, your new partner. You two youngsters go and hang out in Jude's bedroom. I'll bring over the biscuits. (*Mrs. Jones walks off stage to collect the biscuits*)

Jude: Hi Sammi, you alright? Sorry about my mum and dad.

Sammi: Don't worry about it. Mine are just as bad.

Jude: I doubt that.

Sammi: They seem to think that I'm your girlfriend!

Jude: As if! (*Both the children start to laugh*)

Sammi: Right – less than three weeks to go before our Easter presentation? What are we going to do?

(*Mrs. Jones pops back in with the biscuits*)

Mrs. Jones: Are you two young things having fun? You make a lovely couple. (*Hands biscuits to Sammi*)

Sammi: Thank you Mrs. Jones, very kind.

Jude: Thanks Mum, you can go now.

Mrs. Jones: Are you sure that there's nothing else I can get you. Cup of tea. Some cake perhaps?

Jude: Actually, there is one thing you can give us mother?

Mrs. Jones: What's that son? You can have anything you want?

Jude: I'd like a little bit of...(*shouting*) privacy.

Mrs. Jones: Really - how rude...what do you see in him Sammi?

Jude: Not much probably. You see, she's my work partner. Nothing else.

Mrs. Jones: You mean, she's not your girlfriend?

Jude: Certainly not! Now please go Mother!

Mrs. Jones: In that case, I'll have my Golden Creams back! (*Mrs. Jones grabs the biscuits back and shouts*) Bernard! (*Mr. Jones drops his paper in a panic*)

Mr. Jones: Yes dear – coming. (*Mrs. Jones storms off the stage, Mr. Jones follows, head lowered*).

Sammi: So where were we? Oh yes – three weeks to go. What are we going to do?

Jude: Relax Sammi – there's plenty of time. (*Two children sit on the chairs relaxing*).

Voice over: 2 weeks to go (*Two children shift positions to look slightly less comfortable in their chairs*)

Voice over: 1 week to go (*Two children shift again to look slightly more anxious*)

Voice over: 5 days to go (*Two children shift again to look slightly more anxious*)

Voice over: 4 days to go (*Two children shift again to look slightly more anxious*)

Voice over: 3 days to go (*Two children shift again to look panic-stricken*)

Voice over: 2 days to go (*Two children shift again to look completely over-whelmed*)

Sammi: What are we going to do? There's only 2 days until the presentation and we've done nothing yet? No Easter research at all!

Jude: That's not strictly true. I've done some research!

Sammi: You've eaten some Easter Eggs. Wouldn't call that research!

Jude: It's a start. Relax Sammi. I always find that listening to the radio helps me chill out. (*Jude starts to play with the radio stations. He stops it at the advert.*)

Radio Announcer: We'll be back with more great tunes after these adverts.

Advert reader: Hey kids. Need help with your homework. Stuck for ideas? Parents can't help you or just left it to the last minute again? Well, panic no longer, for help is at hand. Get down to **HOMEWORK HELP IN A HURRY**. Here at Triple H, we have all the answers to your questions; every possible topic is covered in our extensive centre. Get yourself down here and take the work out of homework.

Jude: Did you hear that! We're saved!

Sammi: Let's get going straight away.

Jude: Yes. Time to celebrate with more chocolate! We'll eat some on the way! (*Jude picks up two Easter eggs and gives one to Sammi. Sammi and Jude exit the stage*)

Scene 3: Triple H headquarters

Sammi: (*ringing the bell*) This must be the place Jude. It looks like they're still open.

Jude: It looks scary, what with all the barbwire fencing. (*Mr. Meaner and Miss Take undo several locks and bolts on the door, and then open it to greet the children*).

Mr. Meaner: Hi kids, welcome to Triple H. Please excuse all the security precautions. They're not to keep people *out* you know. I'm Mr. Meaner and this is my assistant, Miss Take.

Miss Take: Miss *Tarke* actually. What can we do for you?

Jude: Well, we've been given a homework project to do and we've left it rather late!

Sammi: Yeah, he's not kidding. We've got to present an Easter project in 2 days and other than eat a few Easter eggs (*throwing a sharp glance at Jude*) we've done nothing.

Mr. Meaner: Worry no longer, you've definitely come to the right place. Last minute panickers are our speciality.

Miss Take: Easter you say – I've got just the people.

(Miss Take walks to the side of the stage. Henry VIII, Elizabeth I, Judas Iscariot, the two Roman Soldiers, the Goddess Eostre and the Easter Bunny all enter the stage, walking behind Miss Take. They line up, or sit down, side by side, as Miss Take re-joins Mr. Meaner).

Mr. Meaner: Here at Triple H we believe that the best way to learn from the past is to interact with it.

Miss Take: Each of these people were once relatively ordinary citizens but they have acted their parts for so long, they have now completely forgotten their former identities.

Sammi: You're joking.

Miss Take: I used to work in Health and Safety. I rarely joke!

Mr. Meaner: (*nodding*) She's right. By examining their personalities and occupations, we were able to match the people with their historical character. Trouble is, we did such a good job, that now they have completely become that character.

Miss Take: Everything is fine when we take them out during the day to visit schools. In fact, we are often complimented for our authenticity.

Mr. Meaner: But at night, they're not safe to be let out. We have to keep them here, locked up.

(Miss Take walks over to the characters and stands beside Judas Iscariot)

Miss Take: Let me introduce them to you. First Meet Judas Iscariot. He was the disciple that betrayed Jesus to the Romans for 30 pieces of silver.

Mr. Meaner: That's right: he sold Jesus out to the roman soldiers in the Garden of Gethsemane when he kissed him on the cheek. Jesus was immediately arrested.

Narrator 1: Judas plotted secretly with the Romans but Jesus was aware of what he was doing. Jesus knew that he had to die so he allowed Judas to betray him.

Miss Take: He's really Mr. Jennings. He was a complete natural for the part - so deceitful and dishonest.

Jude: What job did he used to do?

Mr. Meaner: He was an estate agent.

Miss Take: Now meet two roman soldiers. They helped nail Jesus to the cross and stood guard outside his tomb.

Narrator 2: The Roman soldiers carried out Jesus' crucifixion. They flogged him, spat at him, placed the crown of thorns on his head, nailed him to the cross, and stood watching as he slowly died on the hill of Golgotha.

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE