

## “Easter Bunny Interrogation”

by  
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- What** The Easter Bunny is being questioned about his role in Jesus’ resurrection as two interrogators try to figure out the connection between the candy-delivering rabbit and Easter Sunday. **Themes:** Resurrection, Comedy, Easter Bunny
- Who** Interrogator 1  
Interrogator 2  
Easter Bunny
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Easter bunny costume with bow tie, plaid colors, basket and removable costume head as well as a basket full of Easter goodies...including Peeps. The Interrogators could be wearing all black/navy and dressed like a “Security” detail.  
A stark table with one plain chair behind it to resemble a police investigation room.
- Why** John 3:16
- How** The intensity and pace of this piece follows suit. Because of the staging of this piece keeping lines, if needed, on the table would actually work well making this a simpler presentation to pull together in time for Easter!
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

An interrogation room. **Interrogator 1** is pacing as he speaks. **Interrogator 2** is leaning against the table.

**Interrogator 1:** This may be a tough one to crack.

**Interrogator 2:** You may even say this is going to be one tough *egg* to crack.  
(*Chuckles a little to himself*)

**Interrogator 1:** (*not catching the pun*) Why would I say that? Stop trying to put words into my mouth.

**Interrogator 2:** No, it's just because it's Easter...egg...eggs crack...Easter eggs...Easter eggs crack. Tough *egg* to crack...

The **Easter Bunny** appears in the doorway. His head is under his arm, basket in hand.

**Easter Bunny:** (*confused as to why he's been sent here*) Hi. I was told to come here before...

**Interrogator 1:** (*guides the **Easter Bunny** toward the chair while taking the Bunny head and placing it on the ground and the basket on the corner of the table*) Take a seat, bunny.

**Easter Bunny:** (*moving hesitantly toward the chair and hovering next to it*) Uh...ok. Why am I here?

**Interrogator 1:** That's exactly what we're here for. To answer that *very* question. Why *ARE* you here, rabbit?

**Interrogator 2:** Take a seat.

**Easter Bunny:** Uh, I don't really wanna be late for...

**Interrogator 1:** (*pushing him into the chair*) We said sit down!

**Easter Bunny:** Hey! Watch the fur!

**Interrogator 1:** (*cutting right to the chase slamming his hands down on the table and getting right in the Easter Bunny's face*) Where were you the morning that Jesus resurrected from the dead?!

**Easter Bunny:** (*totally ambushed*) What?!

**Interrogator 2:** You heard that right.

**Easter Bunny:** Did I? What are you talking about?

**Interrogator 1:** I'm talking about Easter Sunday, pal. Stone rolled away, angels, dead man raised from the dead. Where were you when all that went down?

**Easter Bunny:** I don't know...*here?*

**Interrogator 1:** *Here? Here* as in present day, not *Biblical* days? Not when it *actually* happened?

**Easter Bunny:** Well no, of course not.

*Interrogator 1 saunters away from the table proudly.*

**Interrogator 1:** Case closed. This one's in the books. (*Pointing at Interrogator 2*) You were wrong. He wasn't a tough *nut* to crack at all.

**Interrogator 2:** Tough *egg*...I said *egg* because of...Easter...Easter *egg*...aw, nevermind.

**Interrogator 1:** Open and shut case. The Easter Bunny wasn't even there! He admits it.

**Easter Bunny:** I wasn't *where?*

**Interrogator 1:** You weren't at the very first Easter when Jesus arose from the dead.

**Easter Bunny:** (*chuckling in amusement and leaning back in the chair, crossing arms*) Of course I wasn't there. I'm not 2000 years old.

**Interrogator 1:** (*turning back to the Easter Bunny*) Listen here, Peter Cottontail, that kind of chippiness may be acceptable on the bunny trail near whatever hole it is you crawled out of, but *this* is serious business!

**Interrogator 2:** (*echoing*) *Serious* business!

**Interrogator 1:** We're talking life and death...*literally*.

**Interrogator 2:** Li-ter-al-ly!

**Interrogator 1:** (*moving menacingly behind the Easter Bunny while speaking*) Easter is no laughing matter and yet here you are...hoppin along, wearing some tacky bowtie, pushin' your basket full of God knows what, sugaring up our kids 'til they bounce off the walls then crash into tiny weeping, wailing heaps of candy withdrawal loong after you've hip hip hoppityed away. Good riddance, right? Whatever happened to taking responsibility for your actions? What, have I ruffled your...(*tousling his hair*) *hare?*

**Easter Bunny:** *(intimidated and confused)* I really have no idea what is going on right now.

**Interrogator 2:** You're being put through the ringer, rabbit! *That's* what's happening.

**Interrogator 1:** We're trying to place *you* and *Easter* in the same holiday, and we just can't put our fingers on it. *(Moving in slowly to the Easter Bunny's face)* But you...you got more than your fingers all over this piece. You got those hairy little digits into every part of this holiday. So much so that you've completely taken over! I mean, seriously...why are you even here?

**Easter Bunny:** I was wondering the same thing.

**Interrogator 1:** Because it looks to me like you're just a fluffy little treat bearing egg hiding rabbit, and I have no idea how you managed to do it.

**Easter Bunny:** Do what?

**Interrogator 1:** *(slamming the table)* Hijack Easter! The life and death of Jesus, salvation of mankind, the great love story of all existence has been pastel-washed and decorated with cute cuddly baby chicks and ducks nestled in between chocolate bunnies and peeps...oh the peeps! Your peeps are everywhere! Why, we're lucky if we get to squeeze in a few resurrection eggs into the mix and maybe an empty tomb craft or lily covered cross here or there. *(Behind the table right into his ear)* I mean, c'mon!

**Interrogator 2:** *(behind the table right into his other ear)* C'mon!

**Easter Bunny:** *(feeling assaulted)* Listen, you got the wrong guy! I'm not even the *real* Easter Bunny.

*Both Interrogators step back confused.*

**Interrogator 1:** Wait...hold up. you're not the *real* Easter Bunny?

**Easter Bunny:** *(looking back and forth between them)* Uh...are you serious? I would think the fact that my *head* *(gesturing toward Bunny head)* is sitting over there would have given that away.

**Interrogator 1:** *(losing it and banging hard on the table)* Where is he?! Where is the Easter Bunny!!!

**Easter Bunny:** *(jumping up scared)* I don't know! I don't know!! And if I saw him...I would tell him to run as far, far away from you people as possible! Seriously! He's a bunny. A fluffy plaid clad bunny who brings treats and delights to children across the world and you

seem to want him out of the picture whatever the cost. What is wrong with you? (*Pointing at them*) I bet you accosted the mall Santa too, didn't you? Didn't you?

*Interrogators together, heads hanging...*

**Interrogators:** Yes.

**Easter Bunny:** What is it exactly that you want?

**Interrogator 1:** (*starting aggressively, then softening*) I just...I just want...(*sitting in the chair*)...I just want Easter back.

**Easter Bunny:** (*confused*) Back? Did you *lose* it?

**Interrogator 1:** Something like that. It's just that...everywhere we look Easter isn't about Jesus anymore. I don't even remember a time when it ever really was.

**Easter Bunny:** Ok, but...does that mean you have to declare *war* on the Easter Bunny?

**Interrogator 1:** I don't know any other option. Easter isn't about some bunny and all his trappings...cute though they may be. It's about so much *more* than all that. People have to know. It's about God's love. His never ending, unconditional, faithful love for *all* his children.

**Easter Bunny:** You don't have to crucify the bunny to show people God loves them. I thought Christ died once for all.

**Interrogator 1:** Yeah. He did.

**Easter Bunny:** So then...maybe we need less of...what just happened *here*. And more...*love*. More *living* it. *Showing* it. *Being* it. If you love like God loved the world that first Easter when he gave up his one and only Son for *all*, then I think we can let the rabbit stay. Because a love like that will outlast *any* sugar high the Bunny brings.

*Interrogator 2 has slowly moved to the chair and collapses into it sobbing, head on table*

**Easter Bunny:** Are you ok?

**Interrogator 2:** (*speaking through sobs*) Yes. I was just...just so...I was just so worried that I would never be allowed to eat peeps anymore! (*Climbs up on the table and wraps his arms around the Easter Bunny's basket and continues to sob while hugging the basket.*)

**Easter Bunny:** You can have Jesus...*and* Peeps.

**Interrogator 2:** *(standing up and throwing arms around the **Easter Bunny**)* I'm just so happy!

**Interrogator 1:** *(doing the same)* Me too!

**Easter Bunny:** *(crushed between them awkwardly)* Ok, well, this has been, this has...*been. (maneuvering out of the hug)* And I'm gonna get to work now. I'm sure there's a line of people out the door waiting impatiently to create a memory of their fancily dressed screaming children with me.

**Interrogator 1:** Go get 'em, Bunny.

*The **Easter Bunny** moves to exit then turns, pulls some Peeps out of the basket and tosses them back toward **Interrogator 2** who catches them gleefully.*

**Easter Bunny:** Happy Easter!

**Interrogators:** Happy Easter!

***Easter Bunny** picks up the Bunny Head and exits.*

**Interrogator 2:** *(cuddling the Peeps)* I'm just so happy!

**Interrogator 1:** Love will do that to you.

*Blackout*