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“Shell of My Self”

An Easter Play for Kids

by
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SYNOPSIS

This script is a fun way to get children involved in your Easter service. It's a creative retelling of the Easter story, filled with eggs, Big Bunny, Secret Peeps, and the ancient Lamb claiming the Easter kingdom as his own.

CAST

The piece is written to accommodate a range of children's ages and skills and could hypothetically include as many eggs as you can fit onstage. You'll need some older/bolder children to lead-sing the two musical numbers. The echo parts of the songs and dialogue should hopefully allow all children to feel that they have 'lines.'

Narrator

The Eggs:

Egg Benny

Egg Sammy

Egg Sally

Egg Sandy

Egg Rollie

Li'l Yoke

Egg Meg

Egg Peg

Edgar Egg

Other assorted Eggs as needed

The Secret Peeps:

Peter Peep

Piper Peep

COSTUMES

The children's egg costumes are a key and fun part of the show. There are probably a variety of creative ways to do this, but most involve a big (3 or 4-foot-high?) egg shape with a hole cut in the middle for the child's face, and holes for their arms and legs to protrude. Each egg should be colored distinctly, and some may have slight cracks or smudges in them. Edgar's shell is the only perfect one, and it's completely white. The Secret Peeps will be all in yellow, with bird beaks and a yellow headpiece, meant to roughly resemble the popular marshmallow Easter peeps.

PROPS

Podium

Gavel

Broken part of Edgar's old Easter eggshell, its colors are faded and worn

Swords and belts for the Peeps

SET

The set can be arranged to resemble a simple meeting hall, with a podium and possibly raised platform up front and an assembly area for the other eggs in front of it. Some troupes have creatively adorned the walls with hand-drawn 'photos' of famous founding eggs.

TIME

Approximately 20 minutes

PURCHASE
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Set is empty. Narrator enters and steps up to a podium.

Narrator: Ahem. "Shell of My Self," an Easter egg tale of woe and intrigue, set against the timeless backdrop of our search for deeper meaning in the vast, cosmic universe. *(beat, straightening up)* Ahem. And it came to pass in those days that there were Easter Eggs in the land.

Eggs begin to enter as he speaks. All are slightly flawed, with cracks evident, and colors either faded or smudged.

Narrator: *(as they enter)* Beautiful Eggs. Stunning Eggs. Eggs of many different colors, and sizes, and textures. Eggs with stripes. Eggs with silly stickers stuck on them. One-colored eggs and multi-colored eggs. Eggs who were hard-boiled and proud of it. Eggs who had dyed a thousand dyes and come back for more. And it came to pass that the Eggs ruled their Easter kingdom along with their king, a shadowy and mysterious figure known only as... Big Bunny. If you were a good little Egg, life was good.

Music begins for "Good Little Egg," sung with true bluesy grit.

Benny: When I was just a wee baby egg
Still plain and white and new
My momma told me, 'Son, come over here
I've got some words for you

Stay clean
Eggs: Stay clean!

Benny: Stay whole

Eggs: Stay whole!

Benny: Stay away from blenders, lad

Be smart

Eggs: Be smart!

Benny: Be honest

Eggs: Be honest!

Benny: Be a good egg – not like your dad!

She held me tight

Eggs: Awwwwwww...

Benny: She leaned down close...

Eggs: Mmmmmmm?

Benny: She said, 'I know you can'

I squeezed her back

Eggs: Ooooooo ...

Benny: It caused a crack

Eggs: *(wrinkled noses)* Ewwwww!

Benny: And I said, 'Mom, I'm your man.'

(spoken)

And while, like most moms, mine wound up fried

It's also very true that her words have never died

I'm here now to report, that in regards to Momma's plan:

A good little egg I am!

All Eggs: *(chorus)*

A good little egg I am, I am!

A good little egg I am!

Naughty almost none of the time

A model of décor-am!

You may find a crack or two

But nothing bad as him! *(pointing to each other)*

Momma, you can rest at ease

'Cause a good little egg I am!

Verse

I never hurt nobody (no!)

PURCHASE
I never, ever cuss
I never, ever gossip
(But I can sure tell you who does)

SCRIPT
I try to help old ladies
I'm as gentle as a lamb
I always eat my veggies, 'cause
A good little egg I am!

Repeat chorus, verse, and maybe chorus twice more.

As song ends, Benny steps up to the podium. Sammy is on his flank trying to look tough but failing.

Benny: *(banging gavel)* All right, people, let's settle down. Let's come to order here! Here we go. *(clearing throat)* This meeting of the Earnestly Esteemed Eastern Easter Egg Union... is hereby called to order. The honorable Egg Benny presiding. That's me.

Sammy: *(threatening)* That's *him*. Got it?

Benny: Now before we get started ... *(notices Sally waving her hand in the air)* Yes, Egg Sally.

Sally: Is it recess yet?

Benny: No, it is *not* recess.

Sammy: Not!

Benny: Now. Let's begin with... *(notices Sally waving her hand again)*. Yes, Sally.

Sally: Is it *almost* recess?

Benny: *(gritting teeth)* No, it is not almost recess. We've just started.

Sammy: We've just started! Whattaya, talking about recess...!

Sally: I *like* recess. I like it best of all.

Benny stares at her. Sally just smiles sweetly.

Benny: I promise to tell you when it's recess. Ok, Sally?

Sally: Okay!

Benny: *Thank* you. Now, let's begin with the reading of the minutes from the last meeting. Who took the minutes last time?

Rollie: *(wailing)* Ohhhh! I remember who took the minutes last time! It was Edgar!

Eggs: Ohhhhh! Edgar!

They all remove their "hats", or top of their shells, and place them over their hearts.

Peg: Ahhh, Edgar, we barely knew ye.

Sandy: He was a good little egg!

Eggs: A good little egg he was!

Peg: Even if his coloring *was* hideous.

Meg: Even if his shell *did* look like a house fell on it.

Rollie: He was still our Edgar.

Eggs: *(big sigh)* Edgar.

Benny: Yes, yes, we're poorer without him. But we can be comforted by the knowledge that he must've been *awesome* in that egg salad sandwich!

Sammy: *(applauding)* Well said, sir! Well said!

Other Eggs all applaud uncertainly.

Benny: Right. Back to business. *(they all replace their hats)* With Edgar gone, we need somebody to take the minutes for this meeting. Come on, who will it be? Egg Peg, how about you...you want to take the minutes?

Peg: *(standing)* I can't. I'm not a minute egg, sir!

Benny: Hilarious, Peg. That's really hilarious.

Sammy: Hilarious.

Li'l Yoke: I'll do it!

Benny: Thank you, Li'l Yoke. You're a gentleman and a scholar and a...you know, a man among Eggs, whatever. Now. Item One: Deviled Eggs.

Eggs: *(recoiling)* Ohhhhhhh!

Benny: Look, I hate to keep bringing this up, but some of you are just not taking this very seriously. There's far too much deviling going on.

Sammy: Far, *fartoo* much!

Meg: Aw, what's the big deal, Benny? A little deviling never hurt anybody! People love you, they can't resist you, and if you're lucky, you get to hang out on one of those fancy platters!

Eggs all exclaim agreement.

Peg: Personally, I think it'd be exciting to be a deviled egg! I've heard it's *so* spicy!

Benny: Yes, but consider the end result! You get swallowed up whole!

Meg: Hey, we all gotta go sometime. If you ask me, you might as well go looking good and having fun! (*high-fives another egg*)

Benny: You're missing the point. The thing is... Yes, Egg Sally?

Sally: Is it recess yet?

Benny: No, it is not recess!

Sammy: Not!

Benny: There *is* no recess! Okay?! If there was *recess*, then I would *tell* you there was recess, but there *isn't*, so I'm *not*!

Sammy: Preach!

Benny gives him a long, disdainful look. Sammy falls back into line on his flank.

Meg: You know what your problem is, Boss? You think that you ain't got no cracks.

Benny: Egg Meg, that's ridiculous.

Sammy: Ree. Diculous.

Meg: It's true! You walk around here like *you're* all clean and whole and perfect. But you've got cracks just like all the rest of us. Your colors are faded and blurry and—just being honest here—not altogether attractive.

Peg: Yeah, and you've still got some carpet lint on you from when you rolled off the counter last week.

Li'l Yoke: Ohhhhh! *That's* why the season of lint always comes before Easter. I get it now!

They all stare at Li'l Yoke.

Benny: Egg Peg, I may have carpet lint, but I surely don't have the kind of grotesque cracks in my shell that you or anybody else here has!

Sammy: Certainly not!

Meg: Oh, please!

Benny: Furthermore, I will not stand here...

Sammy: No!

Benny: ...and be insulted by the likes of a runny-nosed ...

Sammy: Runny-nosed!

Benny: ...runny-yoked...

Sammy: Runny yoked!

Benny: ...shatter-shelled...

Sammy: Pigeon-toed, poorly-dressed, horribly inept egg like you! He simply won't do it!

Benny gives him another exasperated look. Sammy stands back again.

Meg: I'm with Egg Sally. We should get a recess. This is bogus.

Benny: Egg Meg, you will show more respect! I've been around a long time. I'm the egg that came before your chicken, young lady! And if there's one thing...

A cracking sound is heard. They all stop, and Benny freezes, wide-eyed. Other Eggs are looking at him smugly, and Sammy is looking with concern at Benny's backside.

Peg: Bus-ted!

Benny is frozen. Presently Sammy moves forward and whispers in his ear.

Benny: *(tersely)* I know I've got a new crack in the shell! Think I don't realize when I've got a new crack in my own shell?! *(composes himself)* All right. Enough about deviled eggs. I've said my piece. You all want to go serve yourselves up on a platter, be my guest.

Sammy: Go right ahead.

Benny: We've got bigger issues to deal with here today. We just received a notice from headquarters this morning. Big Bunny is furious.

Murmuring as the Eggs consider this grave news. Now they're all attentive.

Li'l Yoke: Did he say Big Bunny?

Sally: Uh-huh, he did. Big Bunny.

Li'l Yoke: Like, *Big Bunny*?

Benny: Yes, *Big Bunny*. The Head Hare himself.

Sammy: Mr. Easter Ears.

Benny: *That* Big Bunny.

Sandy: Well...what's he furious about?

Peter: *(offstage, loudly)* I'll tell you what he's furious about!

Eggs gasp at his voice. Peter Peep and Piper Peep enter, with an intimidating swagger.

Peter: He's *furious*...because the eggs in his empire are weak and undisciplined.

Sally: *(aside)* Who are *those* guys?

Peg: Big Bunny's personal police force. The Secret Peeps.

Sally: Secret Peeps?

Peg: That's right. They may look like marshmallows, but trust me, kid, they're ruthless.

Piper: Big Bunny grows weary of your soft centers and your...*questionable* commitment to the Easter narrative.

Benny: Peter Peep and Piper Peep, I profoundly promise: Every egg here is loyal to Big Bunny!

Sammy snaps a salute and cracks his forehead.

Peter: So you say. But we'll see. I've never yet seen an Easter Egg yet that didn't crack under pressure!

Piper: We're here for some information, see. Our sources over at Secret Peeps headquarters have identified a threat to Big Bunny's Easter throne.

Gasp from the eggs.

Sandy: What? Nobody takes Easter from Big Bunny! It can't be done!

Peg: Who is it?
Peter: An ancient Lamb.
Meg: A lamb?!

Sally: Lambs are nice! They're fuzzy!

Piper: Yeah, well, this one's about 2,000 years old. He says he's the original owner of Easter, and that all of us eggs and peeps—and Big Bunny himself—had better move over and give the day back to him.

Rollie: A *lamb* said that?

Li'l Yoke: Since when do lambs talk so tough?!

Peg: He obviously thinks he's all big and *baa-aaa-aaa-d...!*

Other Eggs smirk at her joke. Peter frowns and walks toughly over to Peg.

Peter: *(to Peg)* You know, *you* can be replaced by a plastic egg, sister. Don't think I won't do it!

Piper: That goes for all of you! This is serious business! Now we don't have to tell all of you omelets-in-waiting what will happen if Big Bunny gets bounced from the Easter throne. It's curtains for all of us—you, us, everybody.

Benny: But...but...nobody can bounce Big Bunny from the throne. He's...you know, Big Bunny!

Meg: Yeah! Remember that one Easter when those chocolate hippopotamuses came and tried to take over everything?

Sammy: Ew. What a mess!

Benny: Right! But did we all freak out?!

Eggs: No!

Benny: Did we all crack up?!

Eggs: No!

Benny: Did we all become Easter basket cases?!

Eggs: No!

Peg: We did what we always do. We dyed happy. *(beat; others seem confused)* I mean, we didn't *die*-die...I mean, we *were* dyed. *(beat; still)*

PURCHASE
What I mean is that we were happy *being* dyed, but...you know...not to the point of...actual...death...
Peter: All I know is, Big Bunny is treating this as a credible Easter threat. And if he's treating it as a credible threat, then—

Peeps react to a movement offstage and draw their swords.

Piper: Halt! Who goes there?!

Peter: Reveal yourself!

Edgar enters. He is a perfectly white and un-cracked egg. He carries a broken part of his old shell.

Edgar: It's...it's me.

Benny: *Edgar?!!*

Peter: Drop your weapon and put your hands up!

Edgar: It's not a—

Peter: Drop it!

Startled, Edgar sets the shell down on the floor slowly. The Peeps and Eggs slowly gather around him.

Peg: Dude! Look at you! *(to Meg)* Those king's horses and king's men are definitely getting better!

Meg: Edgar...is it really you?

Edgar: It sure is.

Peg: I can't believe it!

Sandy: We thought you were chopped sandwich meat, bro!

Edgar: I was!

Rollie: It's impossible!

Benny: Hey...where's your hideous coloring?

Eggs: Yeah! Hey! *(etc.)*

Li'l Yoke: You're, like, perfectly white, Edgar!

Meg: What, somebody wash you with Clorox, or what?

Edgar: Something like that.

Sally: And where's all your cracks?!

Eggs: Whoa! Wow! *(etc.)*

Peg: It's amazing!

Meg: I don't even see *one!* What *happened?*

Edgar: Well, you might find this hard to believe...

Benny: Try us, man!

Edgar: Well, there was this guy.

Li'l Yoke: What guy?

Edgar: This incredible guy. He washed me up. Washed me completely. I mean, stains that I couldn't get rid of for years. And then he put me back together, piece by piece, a little at a time. And then he invited me to come back home with him.

Meg: He *what?!*

Edgar: I know it sounds crazy.

Benny: But you were headed for death, Edgar! Last time I saw you, you basically *were* dead!

Sammy: Finished. Done for!

Edgar: That's right, I was.

Peg: I mean, you were crushed! *(to Peter)* He was crushed. Nothing left of him. It was quite nauseating, actually.

Edgar: It's true. I was crushed to nothing. That's when he came. And he told me something else, too. He told me that *he* was the real reason for Easter.

Peter: *(gasp)* Treason!!

Piper: That's got to be him, Peter!

Peter: I know, Piper! *(to Edgar)* Did this guy by any chance look like a 2,000-year-old lamb?

Edgar: No. *(the Peeps slump)* But he did *call* himself the Lamb of God.

Peter: Aha! Knew it! *(threatening Edgar with sword)* All right, buddy. Time to start talking.

Edgar: I've told you everything I know.

Piper: Uh-huh. A lot of good little eggs say that. But the Secret Peeps have ways of extracting information.

Li'l Yoke: Hey, Edgar. What's this?

Li'l Yoke has picked up the shell Edgar set on the floor. We now get a closer look at it. It has hideous colors on one side, smudged and faded, and it twists and bends shakily.

Peter Peep trains his weapon on the object, not trusting it.

Edgar: That? Li'l Yoke, that's a shell of my former self.

Gasps as the Eggs gather around to look at it.

Meg: You're kidding!

Benny: It comes off?

Edgar: It gets replaced. By something healed and whole and clean!

Sally: Edgar?

Edgar: Yes, Sally?

Sally: Do you think your nice friend would crush this old shell and give me a new one if I asked him?

Other Eggs are gathered around, listening for his answer.

Edgar: I'm sure of it, Sally. He'll wash and repair the outside *and* the inside.

Peter: Lies! All lies!

Piper: Such talk is treason to Big Bunny! You shall be punished!

Peg: *(pained)* Aw, Peter Peep and Piper Peep, put a sock in it, will ya?!

Li'l Yoke takes the sword from Piper and conks both Peeps on the head with it, knocking them out.

Meg: So where is this guy, Edgar?

Edgar: Not far away at all.

Benny: And what he did for you...he can do for all of us?

Edgar: He sure can. It might hurt a little bit to peel away the old shell. But it's worth it!

Sammy: I don't understand. Why would he go to all that trouble? Wouldn't it just be easier for him to go and get some plastic eggs that don't crack or lose their color?

Edgar: Nah. Those eggs don't have anything on the inside. You all may be cracked and flawed, but you're real.

Peg: Wowww!

Sally: Egg Benny...is it recess yet?

Benny: You know what, kid? It's definitely recess. Let's go!

Music cue for Shell of My Self.

Eggs: (chorus)

I'm not even a shell of my former self

What I used to be I ain't no more

'Cause now I'm something else

Washed so clean and fixed so good

I'm different, can't you tell?

I'm not even a shell of my former self!

Verse 1

I had some cracks (*I had some cracks*)

I had some rot (*I had some rot*)

I had some dirt (*I had some dirt*)

I had a lot (*I had a lot*)

I did some things (*I did some things*)

A bad egg does (*A bad egg does*)

Then Jesus came and cleaned me up

Now I ain't what I was!

Chorus

Verse 2

I had some sorrows (*Had some sorrows*)

I had some woes (*I had some woes*)

I had some scars (*I had some scars*)

Upon my nose (*Upon my nose*)

I wasn't clean (*I wasn't clean*)

I wasn't nice (*I wasn't nice*)

Then Jesus came and washed me up

By his own sacrifice

Chorus

Verse 3

Have you got cracks? (*Have you got cracks?*)

Have you got rot? (*Have you got rot?*)

Have you got dirt? (*Have you got dirt?*)

Maybe a lot? (*Maybe a lot?*)

Slower

Have you done things (*Have you done things?*)

A bad egg does? (*A bad egg doeeeeeeees...*)

Faster again

Let Jesus come and clean you up

Scrub your ears and fix your ruts

And comb your hair and fill your cup

And wash your clothes and toss your stuff

PURCHASE

And forgive all your dumb hiccups
And show you that he loves you much

Loud

You won't be what you was!

Ohhhhhh!

I'm not even a shell of my former self

What I used to be I ain't no more

'Cause now I'm something else

Washed so clean and fixed so good

I'm different, can't you tell?

I'm not even a shell of my former self

I'm not even a shell of my former self!

Curtain.

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