

A script from



“When Yer Whiskers Get To Twitchin”

by
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What A mischievous little mouse and his dozens of cousins have made an astonishing discovery: a bunch of huge, brightly colored eggs all over the yard. Now they must decide whether they'll keep the eggs as just another fun decoration, or dare to look inside.

Themes: Easter, Children's Ministry, Kids, Resurrection Eggs, Redeemed

Who Narrator
Winifred Mouse
Frederick Mouse
Alfred Mouse
Dozens of cousins: mice of many different sizes, shapes and types.

When Present

Wear (Props) Mouse ears, whiskers and tails for all characters (except narrators)
Backpack
A large, oversize hunk of cheese
A (4- or 6-foot) Easter egg, hollow in the middle
A flat dolly cart (for transporting the epic egg)
A poster board with an Easter message on it (inside the egg)

Why John 11:25-26; Luke 24:46-47; Romans 6:8-11.

How *Whiskers* is designed to integrate both older children, in the narrator and Fred roles, and younger or shier children as the dozens of cousins. We've found that even very young children get excited about the simple unison lines of the cousins, and it gives everyone a chance to get involved. It's worth putting some time into the costumes; what kid doesn't look super cute in mouse ears, after all?
Some churches have paired this skit with their annual Easter Egg hunt, and included little scripture slips inside their plastic "Resurrection Eggs."

Time Approximately 10 minutes

Note from the Author:

Whiskers is based— with only slight creative license— on an actual tiny mouse that used to dash around my office and refused to be caught. The children of our church began to hear about the mouse in the pastor's office and eventually named him Fred. Whenever they were near, the kids delighted in stopping by and asking if I'd seen Fred today. Many children claimed to have had Fred sightings, but few of these were substantiated by the skeptical adults.

Eventually Fred became a mouse of somewhat mythical proportions in our fellowship. He began working his way into my children's sermon stories, where he would always be asking his mouse father or mouse friends questions about Jesus and the Bible. (It was rumored that this curiosity about eternal matters was the very reason that Fred hung around the pastor's office in the first place).

So popular was this mighty mite that, when the time came for an Easter children's play that year, all of the children wanted to be Fred. Thus the only plausible solution was to have a script with multiple Freds - and dozens of Cousins who could claim Fredonian bloodlines. Once all those Freds and Fred-alikes appeared on stage together, the adults never doubted the mouse's existence and anointing ever again.

*INTRO MUSIC (optional). LIGHTS UP. A **Narrator** enters, takes up a position to one side, and begins reading from a storybook.*

Narrator: And it came to pass in those days that there were rodents in the land. And it came to pass that their Creator said to them, "Go forth and multiply." And so it came to pass that now there were many, many, many rodents in the land.

*The **Cousins** begin to file in; they all wear mice ears and have dark noses and whiskers and take a seat together on the stage.*

Narrator: *(as they enter)* And it came to pass that, over the course of time, there were big rodents, small rodents, tall rodents and short rodents. Rodents who climbed on rocks. Rodents who played banjos. Rodents who studied classic literature. In short, rodents of every possible size, stripe and permutation. But the *best loved* among them...was a perky little mouse with a special twinkle in his whiskers...a mouse known by everyone...as Fred.

***Winifred** bounds into the nest with fashion, flair and a little sass, and takes a bow. She is carrying a small backpack.*

Cousins: Hiiii, Fred!

Winifred: Hiya, dozens of cousins! How ya doin'?

Cousins: GooooOOOOOOood!

Winifred: Same here! Fred is chillin' like a villain!

Cousins: Chillinnnnnn!

Narrator: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Excuse me. You can't be Fred.

Winifred: Who says I can't, Mac? You wanna start somethin'?

Cousins: Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Narrator: How can you be Fred? You're a...you're a girl!

Winifred: *(sarcastic)* I am? Gee, I hadn't noticed!

*She looks at **Cousins**, shaking her head. They respond by shaking their heads in imitation.*

Winifred: My *name*, buster, is *Winifred* Periwinkle Augustina Mouse. Now, you wanna call me Winifred Periwinkle Augustina Mouse, you go ahead. But most people just call me...Fred *(strikes a pose)*.

Cousins: We looove you, Fred!

Winifred: And I love alla you, too, Cousins! In fact, I love you guys SO much, you're never gonna believe what I brought ya.

She reaches into her backpack and pulls out a huge block of cheese.

Winifred: *(holding it up)* Eh? Eh? Whattaya think?

Cousins: OoooOOOOooooooo. CheeeeEEEEEEEEeeeee!

Winifred: Thas right, cheese. And not just any cheese. I swiped it special from that messy office in the back of the church. The one that says 'Pastor' on the door. I thought to myself, a pastor, huh? You know what you find out in the pastors? Cows!

Cousins: MooOOOooo!

Winifred: Zactly. And what does cows make?

Cousins: CheeEEEEEEEEeeeee!

Winifred: Bingo. Cheese! Well, my whiskers started twitchin' right then, yes, sir. And you know what I've always said: When yer whiskers get to twitching...

Cousins: Something's cookin' in the kitchen!

Winifred: Bam, you got it. I knew there was food in there somewhere. This delectable morsel was just waitin' for me, right on the dude's bookshelf. Probably been there for months.

Narrator wrinkles his nose. Suddenly Frederick comes running onto the stage, out of breath.

Frederick: You guys! You guys! You not-a gonna believe dis!

Cousins: Hiiiiii, Fred!

Frederick: Hi, dozens of cousins.

Narrator: Wait a minute, wait a minute. You're named Fred, too?

Frederick: Frederick Odisious Alejandro Mouse.

Winifred: My brother.

Narrator: You've got a brother named Fred?!

Winifred: *(shrug)* It's no big deal. So does he.

Narrator: But...but...you can't both be named Fred.

Frederick: Who says we can't?!

Winifred: You second-guessing our mother?!

Cousins: Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Narrator: No, no...I'm sure your mother was a very practical mouse.

Winifred: You bet she was, Bub. So just watch it. *(to Frederick)* What's the big news, brother?

Frederick: You ain't gonna believe this. We was out in the big field next to the church, see? Over by that big scary playground thing? And you're never gonna believe what we found. *(yelling offstage)* Bring it in, Fred!

Alfred comes around the corner, pushing a huge (4- or 5-foot?) Easter egg on a flat dolly cart.

Alfred: Ta-daaaaa!

Cousins: OooooOOOOOOOooooooo!

Winifred: Whoa, what is dat?!

Frederick: We don't know. It looks sorta like an egg, but it's like a paint can exploded on it or somethin.'

Winifred: *(to Alfred)* You was out there with him, Fred?

Narrator: Whoa, whoa, whoa! *(to Alfred)* Your name is Fred, too?

Alfred: Alfred Bartholomew Jacques-Pierre Mouse!

Cousins: Hiiiiii, Fred!

Winifred: My other brother.

Narrator: Seriously? You've got *two* brothers named Fred?!!

Winifred: *(shrug)* So do they.

Frederick: It's like the man ain't never seen a triple-Fredder before.

Alfred: Weirdo.

Winifred: Never mind. What do you think the epic egg means, Fred?

Frederick: I dunno, Fred. There's a whole bunch of 'em like this, all scattered around the lawn out there.

Alfred: Yeah, Fred. The adults from the church keep tryin' to hide 'em from the little kids, but the kids is too smart for 'em, see? They keep comin' outside and findin' 'em.

Winifred: *(nose to the egg)* Wait a minute, hold on just a minute! My whiskers...is twitchin'!

Frederick Hey, mine, too!

Winifred: And you know what I always say: When yer whiskers get to twitchin'...

All: Something's cookin' in the kitchen!

Winifred: *(pointing at egg)* I think there's something inside here!

Frederick: Maybe it's cheese!

Cousins: CheeeeeEEEEEEEEeeeee!

Alfred: Let's open it up!

Narrator: Wait a minute, wait a minute! You can't just break that egg open! You'll ruin it! Why would you want to ruin a bright, beautiful egg like that?

Winifred: Because, Cousin! Because maybe there's more to all of this than just a bunch of pretty eggs out on the lawn. Don't you think?

Frederick: Yeah. Like, you gotta not be afraid to look inside, bro.

Alfred: Don't be a lightweight, man. Have some guts! Look inside a little!

Winifred: Yer whiskers ain't twitchin' for no reason, right?

Narrator: Excuse me, *my* whiskers aren't twitching at all. /don't believe in all this whisker twitching nonsense. And I think—*(beat)* Wait. Wait a minute! What was that?

Alfred: *(aside)* He got the twitch.

Frederick: Yep. No doubt.

Winifred: The twitch is strong with this one.

Narrator: I can't believe it! My...my whiskers *are* twitchin'!

Cousins: Something's cookin' in the kitchen!

Narrator: I've never felt like this before!

Winifred: Now you're talkin', Cousin! Follow that twitch and you'll get to the *good* cheese!

Frederick: Ok, then! *(to Alfred)* Fred, you come over here. *(to Winifred)* Fred, you help me get this open.

Alfred: Right, Fred!

Winifred: Gotcha, Fred!

Winifred and Alfred join him, in lifting the top half of the egg off—it's a "plastic egg." They all look inside.

Winifred: Holy Mackanoleeee! Wouldya look at dat?

Alfred lifts out an oversize paper with writing on it.

Frederick: I think it must be, like, a sacred scroll or somethin'!

Narrator: What's it say?

Alfred: Let's see here. *(looking it over)* It...it looks like some kind of coupon!

Cousins: OooooOooooOooooooo! Couuuuuupon!

Narrator: A coupon? You're finding coupons in big, colored eggs?

Winifred: No, no, he's right. *(reading)* It says,
"Your...sins...have...been...redeemed..."

Frederick: Your sins have been redeemed?

Alfred: Are you kiddin' me?! Fred, did you hear that?!

Winifred: Our sins have been redeemed!

Frederick: Unbelievable! Our sins has been redeemed!

*They start jumping up and down and celebrating. The **Cousins** do the same in twos and threes.*

Alfred: *(excitedly, to others, holding the paper)* Do you know what this means? Do you *know* what this means?!!!

Winifred: You better believe I do! It means...um...something *real*/important...you know, probably.

Alfred: It means...IT MEANS...that we better find out what a "sin" is, so-as we can figure how much we got it redeemed for!

Frederick: You said it, Fred!

Narrator: A sin is something that is an offense to God!

Cousins: (*frightened*) Ooooooooo. Noooo bueno!

Winifred: Wait— it's what? A type of fence?

Narrator: Not a type of fence, an *oh*-fense. Something that makes God angry or disappointed, because you didn't act the way you were supposed to.

Frederick: Like when your sister takes your favorite toy truck without asking and then loses it, and then you get mad at her and stick her pigtails in a jar of pickle juice when she's asleep because she really deserved it?!!

Narrator: Uh, right. That's an offense to God.

Frederick: So that's a sin?

Narrator: Yes.

Winifred: I ain't got none o' them.

Alfred: Yeah, my sister ain't got no pigtails. All she gots is a regular mousy tail.

Narrator: No, no, a sin can be anything you do that would make God unhappy. Like being unkind to someone...or taking something that isn't yours...or being selfish and greedy...

Winifred: Ohhhhhh.

Frederick: Yeah, OK, I got some of them sins.

Alfred: Guilty.

Narrator: That's great!!

Frederick: It is?

Cousins: It is?!!

Narrator: Well, sure, you guys! If you got sins, then you can use the coupon!

Winifred: Oh, yeahhhhhh!

Frederick: I forgot about that!

Alfred: I found it first!

Frederick: *(grabbing it from Alfred)* No, I did!

Alfred: No, I did!

Winifred: *(also grabbing a piece)* It belongs to all of us!

Cousins: Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Narrator: *(over the din)* Heyyyy!!! *(they stop wrestling)* Don't you guys realize that when you argue like that, *that's* an offense to God?

Cousins: Ooooooooo. Noooooo buenooooo.

Winifred: *(looking at paper)* Hey, wait a minute! It says something else here!

Frederick: *(reading)* "Your sins...have been redeemed...by *Jesus!*"

Alfred: By Jesus?

Cousins: *(singing)* "Jesus loves me, this I know!"

Alfred: Wait a second! Redeemed by Jesus?!

Frederick: Hey, how come this guy Jesus is out redeemin'sins that ain't his, eh?
Those are my sins and I think I oughta be the one redeemin'em myself!
(to Winifred, quietly) Hey, Fred. What's it mean to redeem something?

Winifred: Use your head, Fred. A re-deem is what you have to do when you didn't deem it right the first time!

Cousins all look at each other, confused.

Cousins: Say what?!

Winifred: It's like a do-over! A re-deem!

Narrator: Uh...almost. When something is redeemed, it means that no matter how bad it is, there's something better that's gonna make up for it.

Alfred: Aaaaand...Jesus is the something better?

Narrator: Right.

Frederick: And so...no matter how bad our sins is...

Winifred: Jesus is the something better that makes up for it!

Narrator: You got it. You give your sins to him, he forgives you...and now you're cool with God again.

Cousins: OoooooOooooOooooo! Muy bueno!!

Alfred: Well...I mean, like...how many of my sins can he handle?

Frederick: Yeah, 'cause I think I kinda got a lot, probably.

Winifred: Me, too.

Narrator: Jesus can handle all your sins. Don't worry. Bring them all to him.

Alfred: Wow. It *was* a sacred scroll.

Frederick: Wait a minute, wait a minute. What's in it for him, eh?

Alfred: Who?

Frederick: Jesus! I mean, what's the guy's angle, eh?

Winifred: Yeah. Like would Jesus just take our sins and forgive them...just because he likes us or somethin'?

Narrator: *(smiling)* Yes, he would.

Cousins: *(singing chorus)* "Yeeesssss, Jesus loves meeee..."

Alfred: Wait...me, too?

Cousins: *(2nd line of chorus)* "Yeeesssss, Jesus loves meeee..."

Frederick: But...I'm so small!

Cousins: *(3rd line of chorus)* "Yeeesssss, Jesus loves me...the Bible tells me so!"

Mice and Narrator all gather and sing together:

Jesus loves me, this I know
For the Bible tells me so
Little ones to him belong
They are weak, but he is strong
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!

Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

Even though I'm kind of small
Jesus loves me most of all
He is always by my side
Jesus' arms are open wide
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

Easter eggs are awful nice
(But) take a word of mice advice
Heed to what the Good Book said
Trust in Jesus—BE LIKE FRED!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.