



LENT ME YOUR EARS (AN EASTER TAIL)

By John Busser

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LENT ME YOUR EARS (AN EASTER TAIL)
By John Busser

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Cast of Characters

MOM:	Female, Early 30's (A Donna Reed type)
DAD:	Male, Mid 30's (A Fred McMurray type)
NANCY:	Female, approx 8 yrs old (cute as a button)
JESUS:	Male, (20's-40's)
THE EASTER BUNNY:	M/F, Any age range

Place

A suburban household

Time

Sunday Morning

LENT ME YOUR EARS (AN EASTER TAIL)

At lights up, DAD is seen sitting in a living room chair. He is reading the newspaper while wearing pj's, a bathrobe and slippers. 8-year-old NANCY comes running into the room wearing a bright pink dress and black dress shoes. She is excited beyond words...

NANCY

Daddy! Daddy! How do I look? (*She spins for him*)

DAD

(*Looking up from his newspaper*) Why Pumpkin, you look as beautiful as your Mother. (*Whispering*) Maybe even a tiny bit more.

MOM

(*From offstage, sweetly*) I heard that, Honey!

NANCY

Daddy! When can I go out and look, huh? When can I go out and look?

DAD

(*Playing innocent*) Look for what, sweetie-bear?

NANCY

(*Admonishing him*) Daddy! It's Easter! I have to go find Easter eggs!

DAD

(*Acting confused*) It is? (*Calling to MOM*) Honey, check the calendar would you. Is today... (*To NANCY*) what did you call it, sweetie? Eastler? (*Back to MOM*) Is today... EASTLER?

NANCY

(*Horried*) NO Daddy! East-ER. Not East-LER. Easter! The Easter Bunny comes today.

DAD

Well let me check the paper here, Puddin' Pop... (*He pretends to scan the paper*) Hmmmm. Nope. No mention of any Eastler Bunny in here. I'll try the Police Blotter...

NANCY

Daddy! You know about the Easter Bunny. You told me about him last year. Remember? He brings candy and eggs for everybody.

DAD

Not ringing a bell, Starfish. Maybe you only DREAMED about an East-ler Bunny...

NANCY

(*Starting to get upset*) DADDY, STOP IT!

MOM

(Entering) Honey, stop teasing her, would you? Nancy, Daddy's just fooling you. Like when he told you about RANdolph the Red-Faced Reindeer.

DAD

Randolph was his twin brother. He has Rosecea.

MOM

Daddy knows all about the Easter Bunny.

NANCY

You do?

DAD

(MOM gives him a look) Sure I do, Sugarcube! I know all about him. I was just funning you!

NANCY

So where does he come from, Daddy?

DAD

Where?

NANCY

Yeah, where does the Easter Bunny come from?

DAD

Well, Nancy, the um... Easter Bunny... like his name implies... comes from..... the East Side.

NANCY

... What?

DAD

Yeah, he's an East-Sider, Lamb Chop. Which is why you don't see him most of the year. He sticks to THAT side of town, mostly. He comes to our side of town, only once a year.

NANCY

He's called the Easter Bunny because he's on the other side of town? *(She thinks for a second)* That doesn't sound right.

DAD

Oh yeah, lots of people are named for the places they come from. Like... Orlando Bloom... Or Dakota Fanning... Or the Boston Strangler.

MOM

(Aghast at the last one) Gary!

DAD

What? He was from Boston!

NANCY

So he's not named after the holiday, Easter?

DAD

It's more like Easter took its name from him. See, Easter used to be a boring holiday. It was always on a Sunday, you had to go to church, everything was pale yellow--

MOM

(Looking out the window) Honey? Sorry to interrupt, but there's a man in our yard.

DAD

A man? What kind of man?

MOM

I don't know. He looks... well, he's got long, stringy hair and a beard, and he's wrapped up in a blanket or something.

DAD

A homeless guy, Mother?

MOM

I don't know. He's holding his hands out. Maybe he wants food.

NANCY

Maybe he wants an Easter egg, Mommy.

MOM

What should we do?

NANCY

Let him in?

DAD

No no no no no! Sorry Nutmeg, no can do.

NANCY

But Daddy, maybe he just wants candy. I could give him a chocolate bunny or something.

DAD

I'm sorry Nan-Nan, but you can't trust anybody these days. I can't just let some dirty, smelly bum into our house. Probably has head lice or something worse. I'm sorry, but I can't.

MOM

Hon? I don't think he's dirty. In fact, He's... positively glowing.

DAD

So he's a happy bum?

MOM

Oh my gosh, he's coming to the door.

NANCY

I'll get it! *(She runs over to the door before she can be stopped)*