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“Easter is a Nap on the Couch”

by
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What This monologue features a parent who is giving up his/her weekly Sunday nap on Easter, talking about sacrifice and getting outside comfort zones.

Themes: Easter, resurrection, crucifixion, monologue, family

Who Actor

When Present, Easter

Wear None
(Props) *Optional- perform this script on a couch

Why Luke 24:1-12

How Keep the dialogue conversational and speak to the audience as if speaking to one person.

Time Approximately 2-3 minutes

Actor enters and addresses the audience.

Actor: Every Sunday afternoon, I get home from church, change clothes, eat lunch with my family, and tell my kids the exact same thing. "I'm going to lay here on this couch and take a nap. If you wake me up, you will be taking a nap as well." Then, I stretch out on my couch. And I sleep.

Peacefully. Every Sunday. Because after you make your kids lay down on a pretty Sunday afternoon when the sun is shining instead of playing outside a few times, they take your threat seriously.

Sunday afternoons are a sacred time. I've worked and provided for my family all week, I've helped clean the house on Saturday, I've broken up more fights than I care to count at home between the kids, I've hauled them all the church, and now, I do what the Lord Himself did on the seventh day. I rest. On my couch. Because I've earned it.

And because it is in the exact spot for a perfect nap. It's under the window where the sun can stream in and make me warm and sleepy on a nice day or where I can listen to the rain as I drift off. I can see the TV and watch a football game or a race until I fall asleep with just the right amount of noise in the background. There's a nice blanket across the back of the couch I can grab if I get chilly. And the pillows! Oh! I don't know where my wife got them, but I will not let her replace them. Ever.

It's absolutely, 100% perfect. For this, my Sunday afternoon nap. But there are a few times a year that I miss my couch and my nap. Easter is one of them.

On Easter, we don't come home to change clothes and eat lunch, no. We go to my parents' house or my in-laws house to eat, still wearing our Easter Sunday best. And you work hard not to spill anything on them because then, there's pictures. While my eyes grow heavy after a nice lunch and my couch is calling my name, I have to squirm and smile for Easter pictures. Then, we hide eggs. I don't even like eggs. Then the kids, still in their Easter best, run around and get sweaty and nasty finding eggs and eating half melted chocolate. But I smile. And I laugh. And I put on my best face while I socialize.

Because it's Easter.

And if Christ could endure a week of shame and humiliation, then go to the cross for something that He DIDN'T deserve, then I can give up my nap that I think I do deserve. I can be grateful today for my family and for the blessings they bring. I can even be grateful for eggs. Because it's Easter.

"Easter is a Nap on the Couch"

Christ is risen from the grave, so I can at least get off the couch. I'm awake on a Sunday afternoon. I may not love it, but I'm thankful for it.

One day, my kids won't want to look for eggs. So, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go hide an egg so well that we don't find it for at least three more months. Then, I'm going to eat some of their Easter candy. I may be sacrificing my nap for my family on Easter, but I will be repaid in chocolate bunnies.

Easter only comes once a year. My couch will be there next week.

Lights out.

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