

A script from



“Thanksgiving: God's Family”

by
Sarah Wall

- What** One family stops to count their blessings and as they do, realize that they each have a lot to be thankful for. **Themes:** Thanksgiving, Family, Grateful, Blessings,
- Who**
- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Sam- 40's | Aunt Rachel- Sam's younger sister |
| Donna-40's | Uncle Hank- Rachel's husband 30's |
| April- teen | Uncle Ben- 20's-40's |
| Child (boy or girl 6-12) | Grandpa- 70's+ |
- When** Present; Thanksgiving
- Wear (Props)** Thanksgiving Dinner Setting- dining room
Everyone is dressed for the holiday
- Why** 1 Chronicles 16:34, 1 Thessalonians 5:18, Romans 8:14-1
- How** A long table set up for a Thanksgiving meal with the family. Since there are quite a few characters, the set-up will need to look somewhat like The Last Supper, providing an opportunity for all character's faces to be visible. Seating will be most ideal if characters are arranged as follows: (from left to right) Sam, Donna, April, Grandpa, Uncle Hank, Aunt Rachel, Child, Uncle Ben.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

The scene picks up in the middle of Grandpa's prayer.

- Grandpa:** ...and we thank You in advance for Your continued provision over this wonderful family. It is in Thy son's name that we pray and ask all of these things. Amen.
- All:** Amen.
- Sam:** Alright, here we are! It's the day poultry across the country loves to hate. And can we blame them, really? No, we cannot. *(Jokingly)* Because it's a Turkey Apocalypse...it's Tur-pocalypse. But I digress. This year we're so pleased to be hosting our Foster Family Thanksgiving get-together.
- All:** *(With varying excitement levels, applaud or celebrate the official launching of the occasion.)*
- Donna:** *(Walking in, maybe wiping her hands on a hand-towel as if she's been working)* I hope you're hungry! Because that turkey is just about ready. I've got it sitting on the counter to rest a minute...let all the juices settle...*(she gestures offstage to imply the turkey in the kitchen. Ooo's, aahh's and giddiness ensue.)*
- Uncle Hank:** Oh, I'm starving. It looked great when I peeked at it earlier.
- Grandpa:** I haven't seen a bird that big since Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in office!
- Aunt Rachel:** Dad, you were 2 when Roosevelt took office...
- Grandpa:** Good point. Maybe it only looked huge 'cause I was so short...
- Child:** What's a Rosey-velt?
- April:** *(She indignantly speaks the words as she types them into her phone)* ...gotta go *(or "gtg")*...about to bring out the crispy bird carcass...*(sends text and looks up with disgust and laments)* Ugh! It never had a chance...
- Sam:** She really is a beaut. Honey, you outdid yourself this year.
- Donna:** Well, we'll see if you're still humming the same tune after carving it.
- Uncle Ben:** Hey, lemme at it before THIS guy grabs a fork! *(Gesturing at Sam)* Am I right? Remember that year you ate both drumsticks and a wing before the turkey ever landed on the table?? Remember THAT, huh?? Now, was that the same year you had to punch a new hole in your belt and took up Jazzercise with mom, or no?

- Sam:** *(Deadpan)* I never Jazzercised.
- Donna:** *(Sympathetically and knowingly)* Sweetie, you did a little.
- Sam:** Alright, well, moving on...while we're waiting for the resting turkey, why don't we go around the table and tell what we're thankful for? Honey, let's start with you. What are you thankful for? *(Gestures toward Donna.)*
- Donna:** Oh, okay! Well, let's see...um, I'm thankful for the helpers I had in getting this meal together. And for the Thanksgiving Dinner Crisis helpline. Thank you, 1-800-TurkeyTalk!
- April:** *(Interrupting)* If turkeys COULD talk, do you think we'd be so amped about serving them with cranberry sauce and garnish every year...?
- Donna:** *(Still smiling, she's used to these rants; continues)*...and...I'm also very grateful for another chair sitting around the family table this year.
- Sam:** *(Turns attention to his daughter, April)* What about you, April? What makes you thankful?
- April:** I'm thankful for all the food here that never had a face...and for all my friends...and you guys are okay, too. Usually. *(She checks her phone for messages.)*

Grandpa starts speaking without a cue to do so.

- Grandpa:** I bet you didn't know that President H.W. Bush was the first president to officially pardon a Thanksgiving turkey.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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ENDING:

- Sam:** Now they're Man-Eating-Turkey pants!
- Uncle Ben:** Game on. Let's eat! *(You could even put **Uncle Ben** in a pair of maternity pants also, if desired.)*
- April:** Did anybody else hear that?
- Uncle Ben:** Yeah, I think I heard something, too. Sounded like a thud. Coming from the kitchen.

Donna: *(To Sam)* Did you put the dog outside?

Sam: No, I thought you said YOU put the dog outside...

Pause for a beat as the realization that the dog is in the kitchen with the turkey washes over everyone.

All: *(Except April, who once again, is engrossed in texting)*
RUUUUUFFFFUUUUUUSSSSS!!!

All run offstage, moving quickly/urgently toward the kitchen. All except April, who texts for a second, looks around as if she hardly noticed they were gone. She shrugs and gets up to follow them offstage, still texting. Lights fade.