

A script from



“That’s Gratitude For Ya”

by
Don Bosley

- What** In a fit of Thanksgiving spirit, an everyday guy takes time out from his busy holiday to take a little drive-thru gratitude to the Lord. But when he tries to get the angel Gabriel to help him with the delivery, he repeatedly discovers that it’s a thankless task. **Themes:** Thanksgiving, Thankfulness, Attitude, True Gratefulness
- Who** Gabriel
Sam
- When** Present
- Wear** Bag for takeout food
(Props) A thankfurter (bare hot dog on a bun), wrapped
2 Grats (fat Bratwurst sausages on a hot dog bun), wrapped
Café table and chairs
- Why** 2 Corinthians 9:11-15; Psalm 100:4; Ephesians 5:4.
- How** Keep the dialogue conversational. Sam has a pretty big personality, but be careful not to go too over-the-top with him.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

LIGHTS UP

Gabriel sits at a small table, as though he were at a sidewalk cafe. He's dressed casually and thumbs through a newspaper. Presently **Sam** enters - probably in plaid shirt, maybe a ball cap, a real construction-worker type. He carries a small bag for takeout food and is looking around for someone. Presently he spies **Gabriel** and approaches.

Sam: (Pointing at him) Let me guess: Gabriel! Am I right?

Gabriel: You're right.

Sam: Knew it! Totally knew it. Angel of the Lord! I recognized you from all the old paintings, with all the wings and stuff. (Extends his hand) Sam Edwards. Big fan. Biiiiiig fan.

Gabriel: (Shaking his hand) Thanks, Sam. You...want to sit down?

Sam: Oh, naw, naw, thanks, though. You know, it's Thanksgiving. I gotta (thumbing over shoulder) ...you know, lots of people coming over. The wife's all, you know... (waving hands in the air) lots to do, right?

Gabriel: Right.

Sam: I just wanted to say "hi" real quick...and I wondered if I could get you to do me a big favor.

Gabriel: Selfie?

Sam: Selfie? Wait, people do that?

Gabriel: (Shrug) A lot of 'em like to be seen with me. They think it changes their profile.

Sam: That's so cool! Naw, but I actually just wanted to see if you could deliver something for me. To the big guy.

Proudly, he sets the takeout bag gently on the table, as though he's handling something quite precious.

Sam: Check it out! Go ahead, open it up!

Gabriel opens the bag, peers inside, then pulls out a wrapped food item. He unwraps a simple, undressed hot dug on a bun. **Sam** is grinning, quite pleased with himself.

Sam: Eh? How 'bout that? Just a little something to let the big guy know that I'm thinking about him. And be sure and tell him Happy Thanksgiving from the Samster, OK?

Gabriel: I...I don't actually know what this is, Sam.

Sam: What? Come on, man! You don't recognize a bonafide thankfurter when you see one?

Gabriel: A...*thankfurter*?

Sam: Yeah! You know, gratitude on a bun. A thankfurter.

Gabriel: You got the Lord a thankfurter for Thanksgiving?

Sam: Absolutely! And that's not all. There's more in the bag, go ahead.

***Gabriel** pulls out two more items and unwraps them. They're thick, Bratwurst style dogs on buns. They may look a little old and unsavory.*

Sam: Eh? How 'bout that, huh? Couple of big, juicy grats for him!

Gabriel: Grats.

Sam: You know it. Let me tell you, that's some fat thankfulness, right there, my friend. Wait...selfie!

***Sam** pulls out his phone and poses obnoxiously for a selfie with **Gabriel** and the food.*

***Gabriel** doesn't pose but just keeps looking at **Sam** in sad disbelief.*

Sam: *(Looking at phone screen)* Nice! You know, I says to myself this morning: "Self? What would the big guy really like on Thanksgiving? What would be the thing that would really make him happy, ya know?" Presto, it come to me - a thankfurter and a couple of grats.

Gabriel: I can't deliver these for you, Sam.

Sam: What? How come? You're the Lord's messenger, right? What's the problem?

Gabriel: Well, first of all, the messages I deliver usually go the other direction, from him to you guys. He doesn't really need return service.

Sam: Oh.

Gabriel: Secondly, as far as gratitude goes, this is a little...lacking.

Sam: What? I waited five minutes at the drive-thru for those!

Gabriel: I try and enter his gates with these, I'll get laughed out of there.

Sam: But...it's a thankfurter! Everybody likes a good thankfurter!

Gabriel: You can't bring fast food to a real thanksgiving, Sam. Gratitude *looks* like gratitude. Thanksgiving *looks* like thanksgiving. Now, does this really look like a proper Thanksgiving table to you?

Sam: Wha-? Well, I mean, sure! (*Straightening the hot dog wrappings and food, trying to make the table look 'nice'*). All you gotta do is...you know...work on the presentation a little, right? Straighten this up a little. Set up your thankfurter like this, where you can see hot steam coming off it there. Mmmmmm! Eh? Thanksgiving for a king, right there.

Gabriel: There's no hot steam coming off that, Sam.

Sam: What? Sure there is... (*waving at imaginary steam*)

Gabriel: Sam, your thankfurter is ice cold. The grats, too.

Sam: All right, so maybe he'll have to nuke 'em a little. He can do that, though, right? The point is, I took the time to bring him some. And not just any gratitude - those grats are seriously beefy, right? Look at those bad boys.

Gabriel: Do you know what those are made of?

Sam: What they're...*made of*?

Gabriel: I mean, if you're going to come plop some gratitude in front of the Lord, you ought to at least be able to tell him where the gratitude comes from.

Sam: I - ... it's - ... I mean ... it's from the *regular places*, I guess.

Gabriel: The regular places.

Sam: Yeah, you know. Thank you for ... this day, probably ... and, you know, for our food ... and thank you for family ... and, I don't know, the sunshine, and amen! Right? It's a typical thankfurter. Why you gotta make it so complicated?

Gabriel: He prefers ingredients that are spiritually organic.

Sam *stares at him, agape.*

Gabriel: Look, Sam. To find real gratitude for your prayers, you gotta *take the time* to go and dig in some real deep places. There's actually some journeying involved. You can't just throw a bunch of junk together at the drive-thru. It's not healthy.

Sam: I do it all the time!

Gabriel: Yes. He knows.

Sam: *(A little put off)* You know, I'm not sure that I'm really feeling the appreciation here for, you know, making a genuine gratitudinal effort!

Gabriel: Come on, Sam. Is this gratitude even fresh? *(Holding up thankfurter)* It looks an awful lot like last year's recycled gratitude.

Sam: *(High-pitched)* Whaaaaat?! *(A little nervous)* Why, that's...that's ludicrous.

Gabriel: Sam. You think he doesn't notice when you keep saying the same thanks over and over again without engaging your brain? You think it comes across the same as fresh gratitude? I mean, his mercies are new every day, Sam. It's not like you don't have fresh ingredients to put in there.

Sam: OK, so I do leftovers sometimes! So sue me! I try and sprinkle fresh gratitude on top when I can, you know.

Gabriel: Let's just be honest here, Sam. When you don't want to take the time to bring him real gratitude, you just grab at the day-old stuff because... well, it costs you less. You're bringing your Lord some pretty stale thanks, Sam.

Sam: My thanks isn't stale!

Gabriel *bangs one of the grats on the table a couple times; it is hard as a rock.*

Sam: *(Really frustrated)* All right, you know what your problem is, buddy?

Gabriel: What?

Sam: You're ungrateful! *That's* your problem.

Gabriel: You think?

Sam: Absolutely! I mean, here I take the time out of my Thanksgiving holiday to go to the drive-thru and pick up a little gratitude for the big guy...I mean, do you realize I probably missed the whole third quarter of the ballgame for this?

Gabriel: Wow.

Sam: Right? And maybe my gratitude isn't as hot as it could have been or as fresh as it could have been, and maybe it could've been a little more *spiritually organic* and dripping with *praise sauce* or whatever. But you know, it was pretty good for little old me, and I think you should be a little more grateful that I showed up here at all.

Gabriel: More grateful.

Sam: That's right. Gratitude looks like gratitude, pal. How many other people went out of their way to bring him a thankfurter and couple of grats for Thanksgiving?

Gabriel: Oh, you'd be surprised.

Lights out.