

A script from



## “The Thanksgiving Toast”

by  
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**What** Three siblings reminisce about their Father’s traditional long-winded, heavenly-minded Thanksgiving Toast that they have had to listen to every year before being allowed to eat. **Themes:** Thankfulness, Family, Grace, Blessings, Turkey

**Who** Turkey 1 - Female  
Turkey 2 - Male  
Turkey 3 - Female  
*\*See casting notes at the end of this script.*

**When** Present

**Wear (Props)** The actors should coordinate so as to help create a sibling similarity. Efforts could even be made to be wearing seasonally appropriate fall colors such as burgundies, burnt orange, brown.

**Why** Ephesians 3:20-21, Matthew 6:11

**How** This script can be done as a reader’s theater with Turkey 1 center stage, Turkey 2 stage left and Turkey 3 stage right standing behind music stands facing the audience reading the script. Or, if memorized the Turkey’s can address the audience in the same set up without stands. This would be the best option simply because in the script they say they have memorized their father’s Thanksgiving toast. Even so, memorization is not vital to the success of this script.

*\*Note- In this script, the characters are called "turkeys" as a term of endearment and not actual turkeys.*

**Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

- Turkey 1:** My mother crafted the same meal every Thanksgiving Day. The same delicious meal that she never made any other day of the year. No. It was Thanksgiving dinner only and that was that.
- Turkey 2:** Turkey, stuffing, cranberries, apple *and* pumpkin pie, homemade noodles, ham, brussel sprouts...bleck, corn and potatoes with gravy. Lots of gravy.
- Turkey 3:** The parade showing on the TV all morning and football all afternoon with relatives strewn about, lounging, semi-catatonic after indulging in this amazing festal feast. It might sound a lot like what goes on in your home on Thanksgiving Day.
- Turkey 2:** A lot like it perhaps...minus one thing...
- All:** The Toast.
- Turkey 1:** My mother made the meal...my father made...the toast. As children, I remember my siblings and I fighting back the temptation to dive into the many succulent morsels laid bare on the table before us. All steaming, piping hot. Their tantalizing smells wafted towards our noses beckoning us to indulge during Dad's traditional Thanksgiving toast.
- Turkey 3:** Such scrumptious food so close to satisfying our stomachs and yet eons away as long as the words kept lingering, seemingly tethered to my father's tenacious tongue. He always gave the speech. There was no stopping him. Every Thanksgiving. And no one could eat 'til the toast was given.
- Turkey 2:** See, my father was a man of few words...except when it came to his beloved Thanksgiving toast. He would savor each moment, each funny analogy he crafted in a speech I now have unwittingly memorized through the years of Thanksgiving torture: (*Holding up an imaginary glass as though mimicking his/her Father giving the speech*) "To our Heavenly Father, who has given to us exceedingly, abundantly, above all that we have asked or sought of him, I give this Thanksgiving toast." (*Back to the audience*) He was just getting started.
- Turkey 1:** (*Imitating his/her Father again*) "Lord, you have given us potatoes from the earth. You provide for us through this modest creation, a fortifying and formidable blessing from the dust from which we came to remind us to dust we will go." (*Speaking to the audience again.*) He's just warming up at this point.
- Turkey 3:** (*Imitating his/her Father again, raised glass.*) "And God, we thank you for the cranberries that sweeten even the most bitter of foods. You prove to us through your giving of the cranberries that you put sweetness amongst the heartiest of feedings in our lives. You have

sprinkled a heavy meal with surprising moments of joy just as you sweeten the heaviness that sometimes exists in our lives." *(Almost spoken to herself.)* I love cranberry sauce...but only pay attention to it on Thanksgiving. *(Pause as he/she thinks about this then realizes he/she must continue.)*

**Turkey 1:** He would continue saying, *(Imitating his/her Father again)* "Thank you God for stuffing. Help us to reduce the stuffing we stuff ourselves with in our daily lives. The excess. The exorbitance. The greed, so that we may use this, our daily bread, to not only feed ourselves, but feed your hungry children in the world across the globe and feed the spiritually empty stomachs of all our neighbors in need."

**Turkey 3:** *(To audience)* It gets better.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at [SkitGuys.com!](http://SkitGuys.com)*

**ENDING:**

**Turkey 1:** But now that he's gone, I wonder if he ever knew that we were actually listening. Because I see potatoes and they make me think of my Creator and how I was created in the image of God. And I'm thankful for that.

**Turkey 2:** I see corn and I think of truth. The kind of truth that sets people free. That saves mankind. And I'm thankful for that.

**Turkey 3:** I smell the ham and think of the smile I so often saw on my dad's face and think, that must be what the smile of Jesus looked like. And I'm thankful for that.

**Turkey 1:** I pass the cranberry sauce...

**Turkey 3:** ...the noodles...

**Turkey 2:** ...I cut the pie and remember all the truth he taught us all those Thanksgivings and every day of our lives.

**Turkey 1:** And when I serve myself some Turkey this year, I'll think of Christ dying for all the Turkeys in the world.

**Turkey 3:** Like dad.

**Turkey 2:** Like me.

**Turkey 1:** And I'm eternally thankful for that.

**Turkey 3:** So, maybe we'll all give the toast this Thanksgiving.

**Turkey 1:** And eat a brussel sprout because it's good for us, and that's what Dad would do.

**All:** *(Pause as they look at one another and then respond in the negative together...)* Nah!

**Turkey 2:** We Turkeys all have so much to be thankful for today...

**Turkey 1:** and tomorrow...

**Turkey 3:** and every day.

**Turkey 1:** *(A small pause then raising his/her glass)* I'll toast to that.

*Turkeys 1 and 2 raise their glasses too. Blackout.*

*\*Casting Notes:*

*The role designation is the suggestion of the writer. It is implied that the three Turkeys are siblings, so three actors, at least one male and female, would be best. Actors should be appropriate in age to one another to realistically depict siblings but age could be anywhere from three teenagers/young adults to three middle aged adults*