

A script from



"Turkey Tactics"

by
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- What** This is a fun sketch about breaking in the "newbie" on the challenges of the family dinner. **Themes:** Thanksgiving, Family, Grateful, Relationships, Fun, Holidays
- Who** Heather- new wife to Kyle
Sharon- younger sister to Marilyn
Marilyn- older sister to Sharon
Kyle- brother
- When** Thanksgiving Day; Present
- Wear (Props)** The setting is a kitchen so go as big as you'd like or as little as need to.
Table
Salt and Pepper shakers
Casserole dish
Rolls
- Why** For fun.
- How** This is an ensemble cast and each character has their role in the family. Be sure to play up the "birth order" factor- younger brother, older sisters, etc. Heather is bright-eyed and optimistic about her new family.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

Sharon is standing at the table, a perplexed look on her face. She is staring down at a variety of canned goods and fresh fruits. Heather walks in carrying a covered casserole and singing "Oh come all ye Thankful". She pauses by Sharon and bumps against her shoulder trying to get her to join in.

Heather: Come on, sing! The dinner is going to be wonderful and the day is going to be grrreat!

Sharon: *(Said at the same time)* Disastrous! *(Sharon notices the casserole and takes it from Heather)* Oh good. We need that. *(Calling out)* Marilyn! I have a table.

Heather: *(Looking down at the items on the table)* What are we doing? What's with the cans?

Sharon: Strategic planning. Here, hold these. *(She hands Heather the salt and pepper shaker)* The salt is Pops and the pepper is Nana, cause, you know she's got some kick to her.

Marilyn: *(Walking in with a bag of rolls)* Okay, I don't know where they went, but there are no apples in the fridge. We're using rolls. *(Hardly breaking)* Hi, Heather.

Heather: *(A little confused)* Hey, Marilyn, Happy Thanksgiving!

Marilyn: We'll see. Okay, let's talk this through. Heather, I see you have Nana and Pops which is a good place to start...let's put them at the table *(she gestures to the casserole.)*

Heather: Oooh, gotcha. *(Catching on, she places "Nana and Pops" at the casserole/pretend table. She takes a little time adjusting and turning the shakers and looks up to see the furrowed faces of the two sisters.)* What? *(She quickly switches their places and looks up for approval. Marilyn just shakes her head.)*

Sharon: Heather, sweetie, I know this is your first Thanksgiving in the Warfield family, and apparently our brother Kyle has not prepared you for what is to come.

Heather: Oh no, he's told me all about the Warfield Thanksgivings. The wonderful stories, and spirited discussions... *(Marilyn snorts)* the games...

Marilyn: Not games. Competitions. Furniture will be harmed in the making of this family gathering. *(Heather frowns.)*

Sharon: Kyle remembers Thanksgiving fondly, because, well he's a man...and once food is introduced all the embarrassing stories told by parents, all the arguments over sports teams and politics, all the references to weight gain and receding hairlines...all forgotten in the calorie-induced

haze. It is a blessing actually and I believe that is why the Thanksgiving meal gets bigger and bigger.

Marilyn: *(Delivered with a sense of purpose)* Turkey and pie saves families, Heather. And it is our job as women, as caregivers, and memory creators to properly prepare, *(gesturing to the table)* so that Thanksgiving memories are about the blessing of family...not uncle Harold's poorly timed and slightly inappropriate joke.

Heather: Wow. That's huge...I had no idea, how will I ever learn—

Sharon: *(Brushing a hand over Heather's hair)* Hey, you're family now...you have us. And since this is my first time hosting I would just feel better if we really thought through the seating arrangement.

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ENDING:

Kyle: Oh, then I wanna sit by Steven. *(He reaches to make the change.)*

Women: No!

Kyle: *(Whining)* Why not? We have fun... *(The sisters stare him down. Kyle starts to look sheepish and begins to laugh)* It was one time. One time...we won't ever...fine. I'll leave you to your planning. *(He snatches a roll and takes a bite. The women yell out, but Kyle runs out before he can get in trouble.)*

Heather: *(Sighing)* Who did he eat? *(All the women look at the table.)*

Marilyn: Uncle Harold.

Sharon: *(Shrugging)* I think I'm okay with that. *(Heather and Marilyn laugh.)*

Lights out. The end.