

Terri and the Turkey

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By Wade Bradford

Stage Right: The humble home of DAD and DAD.

Stage Left: The animal pen.

(A Turkey named Tom walks on stage left, flapping his wings.)

Tom: Gobble, gobble!

On stage right, MOM and DAD enter. Tom listens to them as they speak.

MOM: I mashed the potatoes, I crammed the cranberries, I yammed the yams, and now it's time for you to do what you always do on Thanksgiving Day.

DAD: Watch football?

MOM: No! It's time to prepare the turkey.

TOM: Prepare? That doesn't sound so bad.

DAD: Prepare? That's such hard work! I have to pluck the feathers.

TOM: Ow!

DAD: And pull out the innards.

TOM: Eek!

DAD: And toss him in the oven.

TOM: Oh my!

MOM: But don't forget. First, you must chop off his head.

TOM: (Grabs his neck, fearful.) And all this time I thought I was going to be the guest of honor. (PIG enters.) I've got to get out of here! These people are going to eat me!

PIG: Oink, oink. Welcome to my world, buddy.

DAD: Well, sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do--

(Terri enters, reading a history book.)

DAD: Make his kids do the work.

TERRI: Hey Dad, is dinner ready yet?

DAD: Terri, this is a very special Thanksgiving because I'm giving you a very special responsibility. I need you to chop off the turkey's head.

TERRI: Gross!

DAD: And while you're at it, pluck the feathers, take out the innards, and give it to MOM to put in the oven.

TERRI: But – but – but...

DAD: Have fun, Terri.

He pushes her toward the animal pen, then exits. Note: All of the other human characters have cleared the stage too.

TERRI: Well, I guess if we want a turkey dinner, someone has to do it.

Optional: She picks up a prop ax – make sure its something safe.

TERRI: (Approaching Tom) Sorry, Mr. Turkey. The time has come.

TOM: I – I – I feel faint!

The turkey starts to sway back and forth. He falls to the ground.

TERRI: Oh no! I think he's having a heart attack!

MOM: (Entering.) Who's having a heart attack?

TERRI: (Checking the turkey's pulse.) He doesn't have a pulse.

DAD: (Entering.) I don't have a pulse?

TERRI: Not you, Dad. The turkey!

DAD: Terri, what are you doing?

TERRI: CPR. I learned it in health class.

MOM: She's such a good student.

TERRI: I think it's working. Live, Mr. Turkey! Live!!!

(Optional: If you want to get really silly with this skit, the actress can pretend to use a defibrillator.)

TOM: (Coming back to life.) Gobble gobble!

MOM: You did it honey!

DAD: You saved his life.

TERRI: Yep. Now I guess I better cut off his head.

MOM: Now wait. It just doesn't seem right.

TERRI: You know, according to my history book, even some United States presidents have spared the lives of their turkeys!

DAD: You know, I think that's a great idea. After all, one of the many things we should be thankful for is simply how many families have been able to have wonderful Thanksgiving dinners all because of this noble bird. Besides we have many other delicious foods we can eat. Yams, cranberries, freshly made bread, and mashed potatoes.

MOM: That's right, Honey. Besides, we could always have ham instead!

PIG: (Feeling faint.) I gotta get out of here!

The End