

THANKSGIVING DINNER

by Tracy Wells



CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Christian Publishers. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Christian Publishers. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Christian Publishers.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Christian Publishers.

**CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS
EDUCATIONAL SERIES**

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Parable: The Great Supper

By Tracy Wells

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Parable: The Great Supper

By Tracy Wells

SYNOPSIS: It's turkey and all the trimmings, but three distracted young adults don't have time to come home. Mom and Dad pack up their feast for the soup kitchen just as their kids show up after all, hungry and confused.

BIBLE VERSE: Luke 14:16-24

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male, 3 either)

MOM (f)Parent and chief cook. *(38 lines)*
 DAD (m.)Parent and chief sampler. *(38 lines)*
 JANE/JOHN (f./m)Daughter/son executive. *(15 lines)*
 MARK/MARY (m/f.)Son/daughter farmer. *(22 lines)*
 CINDY/STEVE (f/m.)Daughter/son newlywed. *(12 lines)*

DURATION: 10 minutes.

SETTING: Around the dining room table at Thanksgiving.

TIME: Present day.

SET

The set is very simple, but could be as elaborate as the director chooses. Center stage is a table set for Thanksgiving with dishes, glasses, utensils, and possibly a fall-themed centerpiece and/or tablecloth.

LIGHTING/SOUND

No special lighting effects are required. The buzzing sound of a kitchen timer is needed as well as the sound of the phone ringing.

*This perusal script is for reading purposes only.
No performance or photocopy rights are conveyed.*

COSTUMES

Current-day attire is appropriate. MOM and DAD are dressed nicely in sweaters and dress pants. MOM also wears an apron. JANE wears a business suit. MARK wears outdoor work gear and boots and long gloves. CINDY wears casual clothes.

PROPS

- ☐ Turkey on a platter
- ☐ Serving bowls with spoons (3)
- ☐ Picnic basket
- ☐ Carving knife and fork
- ☐ Cell phones (2)
- ☐ Bucket

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Parables are earthly stories intended to reveal a heavenly meaning. They are by nature stories that people could relate to and which would inspire questions and discussion, thus providing the opportunity for revelation of the truth. We have brought these parables into present time where the listener can relate and once again ask questions, which will reveal the true meaning.

SCRIPTURE: Taken from THE HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION ®. Copyright© 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.™. Used by permission of Zondervan.

PARABLE: ¹⁶Jesus replied: "A certain man was preparing a great banquet and invited many guests. ¹⁷At the time of the banquet he sent his servant to tell those who had been invited, "Come, for everything is now ready." ¹⁸But they all alike began to make excuses. The first said, "I have just bought a field, and I must go and see it. Please excuse me." ¹⁹Another said, "I have just bought five yoke of oxen, and I'm on my way to try them out. Please excuse me." ²⁰Still another said, "I just got married, so I can't come." ²¹The servant came back and reported this to his master. Then the owner of the house became angry and ordered his servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and alleys of the town and bring in the poor, the crippled, the blind and the lame." ²²"Sir," the servant said, "what you ordered has been done, but there is still room." ²³Then the master told his servant, "Go out to the roads and country lanes and compel them to come in, so that my house will be full. I tell you, not one of those who were invited will get a taste of my banquet" (Luke 14:16-24)



AT START: *DAD enters, smelling the air and rubbing his belly.*

DAD: It smells great in here, honey.

MOM enters carrying serving bowl with spoon in it.

MOM: That would be my grandmother's prize-winning stuffing recipe you're smelling.

DAD: Maybe I could have just a little taste. *(Tries to stick his finger in the serving bowl.)*

MOM: Not so fast! *(Moves bowl away just in time.)* Besides, this isn't the stuffing. These are the cranberries. *(Puts bowl on table.)*

DAD: *(Grimaces.)* Oh, never mind then.

MOM: *(With a smirk.)* You don't like my cranberries?

DAD: I don't like any cranberries. I don't understand why they call them berries anyway! Berries are supposed to be sweet and juicy. *(Picks up spoon and stirs contents of bowl.)* These are just bitter hard little balls of hate.

JANE enters. She is texting on her cell phone and carrying a briefcase.

JANE: Well, I like Mom's cranberries. (*Puts briefcase down on table.*)

MOM: (*Tries to hug JANE.*) Thanks, Jane.

JANE: Not now, Mom. I'm on a business call.

DAD: Looks more like a business text.

JANE: I have to send these reports over to our office in London before the end of the business day.

MOM: But it's Thanksgiving. It's not a business day at all. It's a holiday.

JANE: Not in London it isn't.

DAD: When will you be off your call?

JANE: I really can't say, Dad. It could be awhile. (*Puts phone to her ear and starts to shout.*) What do you mean, the financial reports aren't ready? I told you to have them emailed to me two hours ago! (*Sound of buzzing kitchen timer is heard.*)

MOM: That would be the sweet potatoes. (*Exits.*)

JANE: (*Angrily.*) If you don't get those reports emailed to me within the next fifteen minutes, I'm going to have one less thing to be thankful for today, and you're going to be sorry!

DAD: Surely she doesn't mean—

JANE: (*Holding the phone out in front of her and yelling into it.*) Your job, Bob. I mean you will no longer have your job. Now, get me those reports! (*Ends call and puts her phone down on the table, sighing.*) I don't understand why some people can't do a simple task. Is that so much to ask?

DAD: How big were the financial reports you asked for?

JANE: (*Off-handedly.*) Oh, I don't know—two hundred pages or so... give or take.

DAD: But honey, it's a holiday. Can't you give the guy a break?

JANE: (*Annoyed.*) I already told you, Dad, it's not a holiday for him—he's in London.

DAD: Still. (*Puts his arm around JANE.*) Can't you just relax for a minute and enjoy Thanksgiving with your family? You always work so hard. Give yourself—and maybe Bob in London—a little break. (*Sound of phone ringing.*)

JANE: (*Answering phone, annoyed.*) What is it now, Bob? (*Pauses for answer. Angrily.*) Are you kidding me? Why do I have to do everything myself? Well, you can kiss your holiday bonus good-bye, Bob—and maybe your job, too. (*Ends call and picks up briefcase.*) Sorry, Dad. It looks like I have to go back to the office.

DAD: But it's almost dinner!

JANE: (*Kissing DAD on the cheek.*) Tell Mom I'm sorry.

DAD: But it's Thanksgiving!

JANE: Not in London! (*Exits.*)

DAD shakes his head as MOM enters carrying serving bowl with spoon.

MOM: Where's Jane?

DAD: She had to go back into the office.

MOM: But dinner's almost finished.

DAD: (*Rubbing his belly.*) And it smells great! (*Tries to put his finger in serving bowl.*) Is that grandma's famous stuffing?

MOM: (*Moves bowl away just in time.*) No, it's my famous sweet potatoes.

DAD: Sweet potatoes—yum!

MARK enters carrying bucket.

MARK: Sweet potatoes—yuck!

DAD: But Mom makes the best sweet potatoes in the entire world!

MARK: I'm sure she does... if you like sweet potatoes. (*Puts bucket on table.*)

MOM: Mark, don't put your dirty bucket on the dinner table, please.

MARK: (*Picking up bucket and putting it on the ground.*) Sorry, Mom.

DAD: (*Trying to see inside bucket.*) What have you got in there?

MARK: Slops.

MOM: Slops?

MARK: Yeah—you know, leftover decomposing food, a little spoiled milk, a few rotten eggs—slops.

MOM: That'll make you lose your appetite.

DAD: I can understand if you don't want to eat Mom's sweet potatoes, but you didn't have to bring slops to Thanksgiving dinner.

MARK: (*Chuckling.*) The slops aren't for us, Dad. They're for the pigs.

MOM: Pigs?

MARK: Yeah. Our sow had a litter of piglets a few months ago, and they're getting bigger and bigger every day. I swear, they are eating me out of house and home!

DAD: (*Putting his arm around MOM.*) Now you know how Mom and I felt when you were a teenager.

MARK: I can't really stay long. Most of the guys are off today.

MOM: Of course they are. It's Thanksgiving.

MARK: The pigs don't care that it's a holiday, Mom. They just want their slops. (*Takes off his work gloves and puts them on the table.*)

MOM: Please don't put your work gloves on the table, Mark.

MARK: Sorry, Mom. (*Picks up work gloves.*)

DAD: Why do you even need such large gloves on the farm?

MARK: Trust me, Dad—you don't want to know.

MOM: (*Picks up one table setting and hands it to DAD.*) Well, if Jane isn't going to be here for dinner, I might as well make more room for the turkey.

DAD: Maybe she'll join us after her work crisis is averted.

MOM: Then she can heat up a plate when she gets here.

DAD exits with table setting as MOM rearranges serving bowls, putting cranberries near MARK.

MARK: So Jane's not going to be here for dinner? (*Sits and looks in serving bowl.*)

MOM: I guess not. (*MARK starts to put his finger in the cranberries. MOM swats it away.*) Get your fingers out of there! You're just as bad as your father. (*DAD enters.*)

DAD: Like father, like son—that's what I always say.

MOM: Why don't you go and wash up for dinner, Mark?

MARK: Sure thing, Mom. What time are you serving it?

MOM: We're just waiting on Cindy and Dave to get here.

MARK: Oh, great. So we can all sit around the dinner table and watch them smooching and cooing over each other. Talk about losing your appetite.

DAD: They're newlyweds. You should be happy for your sister.

MARK: I am. But that doesn't mean I have to watch them make goo-goo eyes at each other over Grandma's prize-winning stuffing. *(Sound of kitchen timer buzzing is heard.)*

MOM: The stuffing! *(Starts to exit in a hurry.)*

MARK: So what time are Cindy and Dave getting here?

MOM: *(As she exits.)* Four o'clock. *(Exits.)*

MARK: Four o'clock! But that's when I have to give the pigs their next feeding. *(Puts on gloves and picks up bucket.)*

DAD: Can't you change their meal time just this once? It's Thanksgiving.

MARK: Not for the pigs! *(Exits. DAD shakes his head as MOM enters carrying serving bowl with spoon.)*

MOM: Where's Mark?

DAD: He had to go feed the pigs.

MOM: But dinner's almost finished.

DAD: *(Rubbing his belly.)* And it smells great! *(Tries to put his finger in serving bowl.)* Is that Grandma's famous stuffing?

MOM: *(Moves bowl away just in time.)* It is. But it's not time for dinner yet. *(Puts bowl down on table.)* We're still waiting on Cindy and Dave. *(CINDY enters. She is talking on her phone.)*

CINDY: *(In sugary sweet voice.)* I love you too, pookie bear. *(Pauses for answer.)* No, I love you more. *(Pauses for answer.)* No, I love you more. *(Pauses for answer.)* No, I—

DAD: Let me guess—she loves him more.

CINDY: I do love you more! *(Whiny.)* I wish you could be here with me, pookie bear. I miss you so much!

MOM: Why isn't Dave here? It's their first Thanksgiving as a married couple.

DAD: I don't know. If Cindy would ever get off the phone, maybe she could tell us. *(Waving his arms in front of CINDY to get her attention.)* Cindy!

CINDY looks at DAD. He mimics ending the call and putting the phone away.

CINDY: (*Annoyed.*) My dad's telling me he wants me to get off the phone. Doesn't he realize I'm married now and he can't tell me what to do anymore?

DAD: She does realize I'm standing right here and can hear everything she says, right?

MOM: (*Patting his shoulder.*) I think that's the point, honey.

CINDY: (*With a sigh, talking into phone.*) All right, pookie bear. I'm going to let you go so I can talk to my parents, but I'll call you back in a few minutes, OK? (*Pauses for answer.*) No, I miss you more. (*Pauses for answer.*) No, I miss you more. (*Pauses for answer.*) No, I—

DAD: (*Grabbing phone and talking into it.*) She misses you more, Dave. Trust me. (*Ends call.*)

CINDY: (*Grabbing phone.*) Why did you do that, Dad? Dave needs me!

MOM: Where is Dave?

CINDY: He has the flu! Can you believe it? Our first Thanksgiving as a married couple, and my pookie bear gets the flu.

MOM: How awful!

CINDY: I know! And now he's home all by himself with no one to take care of him.

DAD: I'm sure Pookie Bear—I mean, Dave—will be just fine. (*Picking up carving knife and fork.*) Now, when is that turkey going to be done? (*Sound of kitchen timer buzzing is heard.*)

MOM: Right now. I'll go and get it. (*Exits.*)

CINDY: I just need to check on my husband. (*With a big smile.*) My husband—I still love the sound of that. (*Dials phone and puts it to her ear.*) It's me, pookie bear. How are you feeling? (*Pauses for answer.*) Oh, no! You sound just awful. I'll be there in a minute. (*Ends call.*) I've got to go, Dad. Dave is cold and needs another blanket.

DAD: Can't he get his own blanket? It's Thanksgiving!

CINDY: But my husband needs me! (*Exits.*)

DAD shakes his head as MOM enters carrying platter with turkey on it.



CHRISTIANPUBLISHERS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

THANKSGIVING DINNER

by Tracy Wells.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS LLC

P.O. Box 248 - Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 844-841-6387 - Fax 319-368-8011

customerservice@christianpub.com