

# TURKEY TITHES

by Martha Bolton

## Cast:

NANCY: *mom, about 38 years old*

CLIFF: *dad about 40 years old*

UNCLE HENRY: *Nancy's brother*

ADAM: *teenager*

BETHANN: *sixth grader*

GRANDPA: *Cliff's dad*

## Scene:

Thanksgiving dinner table

## Props:

- various dishes filled with food, including one filled with mashed potatoes and a bread basket filled with six rolls
- turkey on a platter
- tableware
- table
- six chairs
- change and paper money (varying amounts) in everyone's pockets or wallets

## Costume Note:

Modern-day wear

*(Sketch opens with entire cast sitting around the Thanksgiving dinner table.*

*UNCLE HENRY starts to serve himself some mashed potatoes. NANCY slaps at his hand.)*

NANCY: Wait.

UNCLE HENRY: What?

NANCY: Not yet.

UNCLE HENRY: But the turkey's gonna get co—

NANCY *(shaking finger)*: Ut-uh-uh.

CLIFF: I think she wants us to say grace first. Right, Honey?

NANCY: It is Thanksgiving.

CLIFF: All right, whose turn is it?

GRANDPA: I prayed last Thanksgiving.

CLIFF: I had to do it the year before that.

ADAM: I did it at youth group once.

*(Everyone looks at UNCLE HENRY.)*

UNCLE HENRY: I'm a guest.

*(Everyone looks at BETHANN.)*

BETHANN: I always have to do it through the year.

ADAM: Do not.

BETHANN: Do too.

ADAM: Do not. We don't pray through the year.

BETHANN: We do it sometimes. Remember when the preacher came over?

NANCY: Oh, never mind, I'll do it.

BETHANN: And once when Mom served liver and dumplings.

ADAM: We all prayed.

CLIFF: I fasted and prayed.

*(NANCY shakes her head, then lowers it while the others follow suit.)*

CLIFF: Thank you, Lord, for our many blessings and for this bounty set before us today. Amen.

UNCLE HENRY: Let's eat! *(Starts to scoop out some mashed potatoes.)*

NANCY *(swipes his hand away)*: Ut-uh-uh.

BETHANN: What's a "bounty"?

UNCLE HENRY *(to NANCY)*: Whad'ya mean *(mimicking)* "Ut-uh-uh"?

NANCY: Not yet.

UNCLE HENRY: We're going to pray again? Is the turkey that bad?

NANCY: We have one more thing to do.

CLIFF: All right, kids, go wash up.

ADAM: We did already.

UNCLE HENRY: Great! Now let's eat. *(Starts to scoop out mashed potatoes.)*

*(NANCY swipes at his hand again)*

UNCLE HENRY: What now?

NANCY: One more thing.

ADAM: Wait, you're not going to make us put on pilgrim hats or anything like that, are you?

NANCY: No.

BETHANN: Don't even think about me putting on that turkey suit again.

NANCY: No pilgrim hats. No turkey suit. I just thought it'd be nice to take an offering.

CLIFF: What?!

GRANDPA: If you need money, Son, why didn't you just say so?

CLIFF: We don't need money. *(To NANCY)* An offering? Did you inhale too much basil or something, Dear?

NANCY: I wanna take a Thanksgiving offering. Is that a crime?

ADAM: Just tacky. Way tacky, Mom.

BETHANN: So uncool.

GRANDPA: Never heard of such a thing.

UNCLE HENRY: No one takes an offering at Thanksgiving dinner.

NANCY: Billy Graham.

UNCLE HENRY: Billy Graham takes an offering?

NANCY: We don't know that he doesn't. Besides, it'll be our new tradition.

UNCLE HENRY: Sorry, Cliff. But I think my sister has done gone and lost it. We'll commit her after dinner. Now pass the mashed potatoes.

NANCY: I know exactly what I'm doing. It makes sense, if you think about it.

GRANDPA: Hmm . . . maybe she has a point. *(Stops and thinks about it.)* Nope, she's whacked. Toss me one of them rolls there, Andy Boy. *(ANDY tosses a roll to GRANDPA, but NANCY intercepts it and puts it back.)*

NANCY: I'm serious, you people.

BETHANN: Are you going to be taking an offering at every meal now, Mom?  
'Cause if you are, I can't afford to eat at home anymore.

ADAM: You gonna put a donation jar in the refrigerator?

CLIFF: Well, now, I do like that idea.

UNCLE HENRY: Look, just face it. Thanksgiving is a time for the turkey, not the hat.

NANCY: We're not going to pass the hat. *(She picks up the bread basket and tosses everyone a roll, giving herself one, too, thus emptying the bread basket)* Just this bread basket. *(She passes the bread basket.)*

UNCLE HENRY: You're serious about this?

NANCY: Thanksgiving is a time for people to think about their blessings, right?

UNCLE HENRY: Yeah.

NANCY: Sounds to me like a perfect time to take an offering. Now come on.

*(As the basket goes around and they all dig in their pockets and reluctantly put various bills and coins into the basket.)*

GRANDPA: What're you gonna do for Christmas dinner? A telethon?

ADAM: Hope she doesn't start making me make a donation every time I want to borrow the car.

CLIFF: Hey, I like that idea too!

*(The basket makes its way around the table and back to NANCY, who drops in a few bills from her pocket as well.)*

NANCY: Now, don't we all feel better?

ADAM: That was my last buck.

GRANDPA: What are you going to do with all that money?

NANCY (*looks in basket*): Well, I can't exactly build St. Peter's Cathedral, but I'll give it in Sunday's offering, and God will put it to good use.

CLIFF: So can we eat now?

NANCY: Now you can eat.

*(They start passing the food.)*

UNCLE HENRY: You know, Nanc, that was actually a pretty good idea.

CLIFF: You serious, Henry?

UNCLE HENRY: Yeah. We all say how thankful we are for blessings, but what do we really do to show it?

ADAM: I guess I didn't need that last dollar.

NANCY: Of course you did, Son. But you gave it. That's what makes it a sacrifice. And that's why God will bless it.

GRANDPA: Here. *(Reaches into pocket and pulls out some more dollars)* I'm blessed, why shouldn't I bless someone else? *(He hands the money to NANCY, and she drops it in the basket.)*

NANCY: Now, this is the spirit of Thanksgiving.

CLIFF *(eating)*: Great dinner, Hon.

ADAM: Yeah.

BETHANN: But we're not going to do this again at Christmas, are we?

NANCY: Maybe. Like I said, it'll be our new tradition.

BETHANN: This family is getting expensive.

CLIFF: Yeah, but blessed.

NANCY: And thankful.

UNCLE HENRY: And hungry! Now, pass those potatoes!

*(They all laugh, and we go to . . .)*

BLACK OUT