

Thanksgiving: A Play In One Act.

Cast:

Mom: She's a cool mom

Dad: Not a paid actor

Bella: College student

Grandpa: Grandpa

Stage is set with a table (center) Dad is setting the table as Mom is cooking. Bella is sat at the table

Dad: Okay, Bella, we're going to try this again.

Bella: I don't know why we have to rehearse. This is stupid.

Mom: We have to rehearse because of Easter.

Dad: We're NOT doing that again.

Bella: It wasn't that bad.

Dad: Grandpa stormed out so fast that he took out the neighbor's mailbox while backing up!

Bella: I've been saying you should take his license way... he IS almost 80!

Mom: You know lack of skill was not the cause. It was you. Now let's try this again. Just stick to small talk.

Dad: He loves sports. You can talk about football.

Bella: Ooooh yeah. We can talk about how Taylor Swift won a Super Bowl in her rookie year!

Mom: Maybe we leave Taylor out of the conversation, dear.

Dad: Yeah, she might not be the best subject. His Facebook reposts have not been the nicest about her.

Bella: Really?! The only posts I ever see are him copy and pasting long posts about Facebook not stealing his likeness and pictures of white Jesus...

Mom: or that one of Keanu Reeves that he thought was Jesus.

Dad: That was a good one. I'm surprised no one corrected him on that. He's going to be here shortly. Let's do a dry run. (*Grabs smiley face pillow*) Okay, Bella, pretend this is Grandpa. (*Places pillow at the head of the table*)

Bella: You know this is absolutely ridiculous.

Mom: Honey, just play along. You're going back to school next week and we won't have to do this again until Christmas. That reminds me, can someone make sure the "Happy Holidays" sign is out of the foyer?

Dad: Already took care of it!

Bella: We're seriously redecorating for this man? What's next?! Old-proofing the television so it only plays NewsMax?!

Mom: Don't be silly, honey. I hid the television in the garage.

Bella: Of course. That's the SANE thing to do. Sad that we have to walk on eggshells around this man

Dad: He's just from a different time, Bella. It's just easier this way.

Bella: It's the lead paint. I swear he was chewing on Matchbox cars as a child. He's a guest in OUR house! We shouldn't have to change anything for him to visit!

Dad: You're right, but it's just easier this way.. He should be here any minute now. Final dress rehearsal. *(He puts the pillow in front of his face)* Bella!!! Happy Thanksgiving!!! I see you've taken out that awful nose ring. Good, you know what people think when they see those things.

Bella: Yes, Grandpa. Mom made me take it out, but I still have my nipple rings in..

Mom: Bella!!! PLEASE take this seriously!

Bella: How can I possibly take this seriously?! Dad is talking through a fucking pillow!

Dad: Language!

Bella: Sorry, a FREAKING pillow.

Dad: That's more like it, although, I'd prefer nothing expletive adjacent either...

Mom: Just stick to small talk.

Bella; Like the weather?

Dad: Maybe not the weather. You know how he feels about the wind...

Mom: Not the wind, just windmills.

Bella: Jesus Keanu Christ. That man is off his rocker. Maybe it's time for the home.

Mom: He still has his wits about him. You just have to censor yourself a bit... don't talk about the weather, grocery shopping, Taylor Swift, dogs, cats, cars, piercings, your girlfriend...

Bella: It's probably easier to make a list of things I can talk about at this point, Mom.

Mom: College. Talk about school. You know he went to Fordham too. You guys have that in common. Maybe leave out anything about your Gender Studies course.

Bella: *(rolling her eyes)* Okay... that's easy enough.

Obnoxious knocking is heard offstage. Dad tosses the pillow to Mom who proceeds to put it out of sight.

Dad: I'll go get him. Bella, remember, best behavior, it's only an hour or so...

Dad exits and returns with Grandpa, helping him on stage.

Grandpa: Bella, dear! Happy Thanksgiving!!! You've gained weight.

Bella: *(Biting her tongue)* Thanks, Grandpa, the dining hall has some great food.

Grandpa : Well, now I know what to get you for Christmas. *(Turns to Mom)* They still make Thigh Masters, right?

Mom: Yes, Dad. How was the drive? Any traffic?

Grandpa: Not too bad. Got stuck behind one of those disgusting Cybertrucks. Those things are an eyesore.

Bella: Now there's something that we can all agree on.

Dad: I saw a video the other day of racoons mistaking one for a dumpster, and they're experts on dumpsters! Dad, dinner's almost ready. How about we get you settled?

Grandpa: I was hoping to watch some of the game. Can we eat in the living room?

Bella: We could but Mom...

Mom: *(cutting Bella off)* Took it to get repaired!!

Grandpa: AH, good girl. I raised you right. No one gets anything fixed these days. They just throw it out and buy a new one. Back in my day, things were built to last!

Dad helps Grandpa into his chair. Bella sits at the table with him.

Dad: Hey, Dad! Bella is going back to school next week *(he winks at Bella for the perfect setup)*

Grandpa: Ah, yes, good old Fordham. I hope they haven't become too "woke". Those Jesuits have always been a little funny. Is the campus as beautiful as I remember?

Bella: Yes, Grandpa, very beautiful.

Grandpa: meet any boys? You only have a few good years left in you...

Bella: (*cringing*) No, Grandpa, just focusing on my studies.

Grandpa: You won't need that when taking care of your husband and kids. Or are you trying to be a rebel like your mother. You know, your Grandmother never had a job.

Bella: Yes, Grandpa. I'm pre-law. I intend to use my degree.

Mom: Dinner's ready!!!!

Grandpa: Well, you've outdone yourself this year. The turkey doesn't look nearly as dry as it did last year.

Dad: Well, this is going much better than I had expected.

Grandpa: So, Bella, what have you been learning at college?

Bella: Well, Grandpa. (*smirks as Dad*) Last week I learned that ribbed condoms don't taste like ribs!!!

Mom and Dad: Bella!!!!

Grandpa: I'm appalled! I will not be breaking bread with a harlot!!!

*Grandpa "storms out" as fast as one would expect an 80 year old man.
Bella pulls out a stack of cash from her pocket.*

Bella: So... what are mailboxes going for these days?

The End