

# THE BEST THANKSGIVING EVER

By Monica Bauer

Copyright © 2011 by Monica Bauer All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-60003-623-6

**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 Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. 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 Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

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 Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

**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 Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

# **THE BEST THANKSGIVING EVER**

by  
Monica Bauer

***Thanksgiving Morning: Doris Jean, a middle-aged Mom from Charlotte, North Carolina***

Last year was The Best Thanksgiving Ever. I refer to it, with sweet nostalgia, as “The Thanksgiving of projectile vomiting.” I bet you never thought of the blessing of projectile vomiting, but that’s how I got the Best Thanksgiving Ever.

As a mother of five, I have become an expert on vomiting. Vomiting can be emergency-room worthy (*rare*), a simple case of eating too many Some Mores (*they should rename those vicious little stomach destroyer’s “Don’t eat no mores”*), or the opening bell for a full week of rapid and unintentional weight loss of the sort that, if it didn’t include splattering pre-digested food all over the couch, would be welcomed by Oprah. But rarely does vomiting save anybody’s Thanksgiving. That requires luck. Or, as I prefer to see it, Divine Intervention.

Now, not all vomiting is Divinely Inspired. Oh no. For example, if one our little Full House (*three boys and two girls*) had come down with “the wretch and whine,” it would *not* have been the Best Thanksgiving Ever. The Divine Intervention was in making the vomiting victim my husband, Chuck. Because that was pretty much the only excuse my mother-in-law would ever accept, for us to be missing a Delbow Family Thanksgiving.

Don’t you judge me! Not until you’ve walked a mile in my Nikes! Chuck is a good man, a fine man, but he has his faults, and one of them is he loves his mother.

## **The Best Thanksgiving Ever - Page 3**

Over the years, I had tried a wide variety of excuses to get out of a Delbow Family Thanksgiving; pregnancy, teething, pregnancy again, teething *and* toilet training, pregnancy again... even travelling with a van-load full of toddlers was no excuse for that woman. Know what goes on in the back seat of an SUV with five kids in it? Becomes a demolition derby back there. The children arrive at their Grandmother's house so bruised up, Chuck's relatives whisper about my parenting skills or lack thereof, and Aunt Charlene finds a moment to pass Chuck the phone number of Child Protective Services. Aunt Charlene is a Social Worker, which means her job is to run other people's lives, and I have rarely seen a human being who loves her job more than Charlene. Every Delbow Family Thanksgiving, she regales the entire house, including both the Grown-Ups and the Kid's Table, with stories from her job. Child abuse, substance abuse; even animal abuse!

You would expect a normal grandmother to protect her grandkids from people like that. But not my mother in law, not Chartreuse! She thinks every word that drops from the mouth of her daughter Charlene is a pearl of wisdom. Every time I try to shush up Charlene, Chartreuse gets all up in my business. What can you expect from a woman who insists on being called the name of a color? And not even a primary color, one of those colors you only find in the 64 crayon box! Of course, her given name is Carlotta, but when she was fifty-three she got hit by a two by four while baling hay, and came out of the coma insisting her name was "Chartreuse."

Just in case you think I'm exaggerating the crazy of my in-laws, the way people do on the Jerry Springer, and then they come out and they aren't nearly the deviants you were expecting, and the show gets surprisingly dull... Let me give you just a taste of Chartreuse crazy. Thanksgiving is a time

## **The Best Thanksgiving Ever - Page 4**

of year when normal people eat turkey. Turkey, yummy, yummy stuffed turkey? But no, Chartreuse got it into her head as a child that Thanksgiving was a time when people should eat whatever farm animal had most recently died.

I have offered, on bended knee, to bring the turkey myself. Oh no, she says. "The Delbow family may not have much, Doris Jean, but we have our traditions! And I know the children look forward every year to finding out what fresh meat will be on the table!" Honest to God, when Chuck's father died three years back, in early November? That was the year I bribed the children to say we were all becoming vegetarians. Of course, you can't effectively bribe a toddler, so when little Chuck grabbed what looked like some sort of organ meat, started chewing on it, and then announced that it didn't taste at all like Grandpa, well... that was a long ride home.

So, now you can fully imagine my excitement when Chuck started to lose it all over the front seat of the Explorer, half-way between Winston-Salem and Raleigh!

I turned the car around, and headed for home, where I got Chuck settled in the bedroom with one of Little Chuck's big plastic buckets, the kind kids use at the beach to make sandcastles. I put my oldest in charge of the youngest, because he is not afraid to stop a homicide in progress. Then I high-tailed it to the Food Mart, just praying it would be open, and I found me an honest to God turkey, and stuffing, and frozen corn. We could finally eat in peace, without having to guess how recently the meat on the table had been romping in the back meadow. Or dying of some horrible disease in the barn. I'm telling you, just knowing exactly what you're going to eat, well, we take that for granted way too much.

## **The Best Thanksgiving Ever - Page 5**

Unfortunately, when Chuck smelled that turkey cooking, he decided he wasn't too sick to join us for a late Thanksgiving. But he wasn't quite up to the occasion. It would have been more festive if Chuck had been the kind of man to vomit with dignity, but he's always been a big man in all respects, so... oh heck, I just turned up the TV, and enjoyed the Best Thanksgiving Ever, giving thanks to the Good Lord for his Divine Intervention.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE BEST THANKSGIVING EVER by Monica Bauer. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**