

Copyright © 2011, Jeff Folschinsky

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Turkey Day is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A “performance” is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play. The program must also contain the following notice: “Produced by special arrangement with Norman Maine Publishing Company, Sarasota, FL.”

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Norman Maine Publishing Company, www.NormanMainePlays.com, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

Norman Maine Publishing
P.O. Box 1400
Tallevast, FL 34270

Turkey Day
3

To CJ Circo

Turkey Day
4

Turkey Day was first produced at The Eclectic Company Theatre in North Hollywood, CA, on April 9, 2010: Taylor Ashbrook, director; Chelsea Sutton, assistant director; Jennifer Salas, stage manager; John Dickey, set design; Christie Wright, lighting design; Jeff Folschinsky, sound design; and Erica D. Schwartz, costume design.

BUFFY: Laura Lee Bahr

BRUCE: Fuz Edwards

BEATRICE: Erin Treanor

ERNIE: Mark Bate

EDGAR: Justin Tinucci

MOMMY: Darcy Shean

DADDY: Biff Wiff

BOBBY RAY: Mark T. Burford

Turkey Day

HOLIDAY FARCE. It's Thanksgiving, the birds are singing, and everything is perfect as Bruce and Buffy eagerly await the arrival of their relatives. But when the guests arrive, it doesn't take long before several salacious family secrets are revealed. Bruce discovers that he is adopted and his parents have been divorced for 15 years, his brother-in-law is a backyard gringo bullfighter, his mother has been blackmailing his sister-in-law, his nephew may be his son, and that Uncle Charlie and Aunt Gertrude are actually the same person. Then things really heat up when the turkey starts on fire and half the house burns down, Bruce's mother dies in the bathroom and her body disappears, and Buffy's brother-in-law asks Bruce for \$150,000 to purchase a lemur ranch. But it's all good until pandemonium breaks out...

Performance Time: Approximately 60-75 minutes.

NOTE: For a family-friendly version of this play in which profanity and adult content have been edited out, please see the Big Dog Publishing version at www.BigDogPlays.com.

Characters

(3 M, 3 F, 2 flexible)

BRUCE: Typical 1950s sitcom husband.

BUFFY: Bruce's 1950s sitcom wife.

BEATRICE: Buffy's bitter, manipulative sister who has a major inferiority complex.

ERNIE: Beatrice's husband, a backyard gringo bullfighter, who yearns to purchase a lemur ranch; looks like a used-car salesman.

EDGAR: Beatrice and Ernie's Gothic son who has changed his name to Edgar Allan Poe; his IQ is off the charts but he's a little strange in the head; flexible. (Note: If played as a female, change real name from Oscar to Oscinda.)

MOTHER: Bruce's ill-tempered, blackmailing mother.

DADDY: Bruce's father who thinks Mother is a she-demon; wears a shirt and a pair of Dickies pants.

BOBBY RAY/BOBBI RAE: Bruce and Buffy's neighbor who likes to eavesdrop and shoot songbirds; voice only; flexible.

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

Setting

Thanksgiving Day, Bruce and Buffy's perfect 1950s home.

Set

Bruce and Buffy's kitchen/foyer. The home looks like it came right out of a 1950s TV sitcom. In the kitchen, there is a window that opens and a kitchen table and chairs. A microwave sits on the kitchen counter. There is an exit to the bathroom and an exit to the front door.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Bruce and Buffy's 1950s kitchen, Thanksgiving Day.

Scene 2: Bruce and Buffy's kitchen, a short time later after a kitchen fire. The set is the same except there are burn marks and smoke damage everywhere.

Scene 3: Bruce and Buffy's kitchen, a short time later after a violent family struggle. Furniture has been thrown all over the place.

Scene 4: Bruce and Buffy's kitchen, a short time later. The house is still in disarray and Bruce and Beatrice are now tied to chairs.

Scene 5: Bruce and Buffy's kitchen after an epic family battle. The house is trashed and Mother is tied to a chair.

Props

Microwave	Towelette
Pamphlets	Toilet paper
Pitcher of cider	Burnt turkey
Glasses	Large knife (plastic)
Serving ladle	Gag
Bouquet of lilies	Ice pack
Beer glass	Bandage to cover Edgar's head
Wine glass	Large black trash bag
Mug for hot chocolate	Giant crucifix
Serving tray	
Cigarette	

Special Effects

Birds singing	Fire alarm
Gunshots	Smoke
Doorbell	Eerie sound
Fart	Birds squawking
Throwing up	

Turkey Day
9

"Happy Turkey Day,
and I hope all you losers
burn in hell!"

-Mother

Scene 1

(AT RISE: Bruce and Buffy's kitchen. It looks like the home of a 1950s TV show. Buffy enters, humming a pleasant tune and opens the window in the kitchen.)

BUFFY: Oh, what a lovely day this is! (*Sound of birds singing.*)
How lovely. The morning birds are singing. Hello, you beautiful morning birds, and how are you doing this fine morning? (*Birds sing.*) Is that so? Well, I'm glad to hear it.

(*Birds start to sing a song and Buffy starts to sing along with them.*)

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) Would you stop that damn singing with those birds! I'm trying to nurse a hangover, and you're killing me.

BUFFY: Sorry, Mr. Bobby Ray, but there's something about the singing of birds. Every time I hear them, I have to sing along. It's like magic. (*Birds sing.*) Oh my, there they go again. (*Starts to sing along with the birds.*)

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) For the love of god, stop singing! I swear to god I have a gun and I'll use it.

(*Bruce enters.*)

BRUCE: (*To Buffy.*) Hey, love muffin.

BUFFY: Hey, pookie bear.

BRUCE: How's my little Betty Crocker doing in the kitchen here?

BUFFY: Just cooking my little heart out.

BRUCE: I do declare. There is nothing sexier than a woman working in the kitchen.

BUFFY: Oh, pookie bear, you're such a kiddier.

BRUCE: Who's kidding? (*Birds sing.*) Oh, listen, the birds are singing. (*Starts singing with the birds.*)

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) Oh god, not you, too. That's it! I warned you sons of bitches. (*Gunshots are heard followed by the sound of birds flying away.*) Damn! Missed 'em!

BRUCE: (*To Buffy.*) Oh, that Bobby Ray...he's such a card. So, love muffin, are you ready for the big day?

BUFFY: What day is that, pookie bear?

BRUCE: Our first Thanksgiving dinner with my parents in our brand new home. And it couldn't be a lovelier day, could it, love muffin?

BUFFY: That's right, pookie bear. It is a lovely day. The sun is shining, the wind is blowing in a nice northeasterly direction, and the temperature is a nice 78 degrees with only a ten percent chance of rain.

BRUCE: Honey, I know that you think having ESP—which only lets you know the weather—is a curse. But it's times like these that I thank God you were hit with lightning three times in one night. So, what's for dessert?

BUFFY: Candied yams.

BRUCE: Excellent! My favorite!

(*Buffy turns on the microwave and suddenly gets a crazy look on her face.*)

BUFFY: (*Crazed.*) And there will come a dreadful destruction of people, and sudden vengeance will—

(*Bruce quickly turns off the microwave.*)

BRUCE: Honey, what have I told you about using the microwave?

BUFFY: It's the devil's instrument and should be treated as such.

BRUCE: Well, let's try to remember that, okay?

BUFFY: Yes, pookie bear. How foolish of me.

(*Bruce notices some pamphlets on the counter.*)

BRUCE: What's this?

(Buffy runs over and grabs the pamphlets off the counter.)

BUFFY: That's nothing. It's just some literature that the doctor gave me yesterday. You know how these doctors love to scare you with the latest problems out there.

(Bruce takes the pamphlets from her.)

BRUCE: Well, maybe I should take a look at them.

BUFFY: Okay, honey, but I should warn you...they're all about...that time of the month. *(Bruce lets out an hysterical high-pitched scream, drops the pamphlets, and hides under the kitchen table. Buffy quickly picks up the pamphlets and exits to the bathroom. Buffy re-enters without the pamphlets, straightens herself up, and crosses to the kitchen table.)* Honey, it's safe to come out. Don't worry, I've hidden them away. You won't have to look at them again. *(No response.)* Honey? Honey? *(Bruce slowly gets out from under the table.)* Oh, honey, it's okay. Those nasty pamphlets are away, and you don't have to see them anymore.

(Buffy helps Bruce up and sits him at the kitchen table.)

BRUCE: *(Still in shock.)* Cold, so cold...

BUFFY: Well, why don't we warm you up with some nice cider?

(Buffy gets out a pitcher of cider and puts it on the table. She starts to get a glass and serving ladle, but Bruce grabs the pitcher and gulps the cider right out of the pitcher.)

BRUCE: Love muffin, why would you have pamphlets like that?

BUFFY: Well, the doctor gave them to me, and I didn't want to be rude. Sorry, pookie bear, I forgot about you—

BRUCE: Shhhh! You promised not to mention that in public.

BUFFY: But it's just the two of us...and Bobby Ray.

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) And I ain't telling a soul.

(*Bruce runs to the window.*)

BRUCE: (*Through the window, shouts.*) You're the best, Bobby Ray! (*Doorbell rings.*) They're here! They're here! (*Goes to answer the door.*) Guess who's answering the door? It's no other than your special little man.

(*Bruce opens the door, revealing Beatrice.*)

BEATRICE: (*Flirtatious.*) Well, I wouldn't say you're that little.

(*Bruce looks concerned and moves away from the door as Beatrice starts to fondle him.*)

BRUCE: (*Calls.*) Love muffin! Your sister Beatrice is here!

(*Ernie, a man dressed like a used car salesman, pops out from behind Beatrice.*)

ERNIE: And the man of your dreams. Just kidding there, Bruce baby. Where is that prime grade-A piece of meat of yours?

BRUCE: You mean my wife?

ERNIE: Who else would I be talking about? (*Buffy approaches.*) There she is! (*To Buffy.*) Come on over here and give me a big wet one.

BUFFY: Oh, I don't think so. Remember the court order...

ERNIE: How can I forget, you big tease.

(*Ernie tries to hug Buffy, but Buffy stops him.*)

BUFFY: Five feet. (*Edgar enters, carrying lilies. He hands them to Buffy. To Edgar.*) Oh, goodness, would you look at how big you are! Do you remember me, Oscar? I'm your Auntie—

EDGAR: (*Correcting her.*) Edgar.

BUFFY: Pardon me?

EDGAR: My name is Edgar now—named after the poet and philosopher Edgar Allan Poe—a name I wish to be etched on my tombstone, which I feel you'll be doing any day now.

BUFFY: How about a soda, Edgar?

EDGAR: No, thank you. Caffeine makes me edgy.

BUFFY: Okay, then, how about a hot cocoa?

EDGAR: With little marshmallows?

BUFFY: Of course.

EDGAR: I guess that will sustain me until my body dissolves into the void of that never-nevermore. Hello, Uncle Bruce.

BRUCE: Hello...Edgar.

BUFFY: Okay, hot cocoa it is, then.

BEATRICE: (*Indicating Edgar.*) Oh, don't mind him. He's just trying to get attention.

EDGAR: Silence, woman! I've had enough of your passive-aggressive attempts to impede my creativity.

BEATRICE: Who's being passive?

EDGAR: Vile gutter tripe! How I loathe thee!

BEATRICE: (*To Ernie.*) Honey, he's doing it again.

ERNIE: Now, Son, don't insult your mother with words she doesn't understand.

BEATRICE: (*To Buffy.*) I swear, ever since he got into that gifted-and-talented program in school, he's been nothing but trouble.

EDGAR: Whore.

ERNIE: See, that's better, Son. (*To Bruce.*) The boy is a little strange in the head, but the people at school say his I.Q. is off the chart. Hard to believe, huh?

BRUCE: Yes, very hard.

ERNIE: I know, and with all those years leaving him at that nursery in that chemical plant...I thought that boy would

have been brain-dead for sure. I guess it just goes to show there's no stopping my superior genes from prevailing. (*Farts.*) Whoa! That jerky I had earlier is acting up something awful.

BRUCE: Classy.

ERNIE: Well, you know me, Bruce, classy is my middle name.

BRUCE: You don't say?

ERNIE: Actually, it's Buford. I was just being metaphorical.

BRUCE: Thanks for clearing that up.

ERNIE: Hey, you got it, buddy.

EDGAR: Moron.

ERNIE: Hey, don't make me put the collar back on you, boy.

BEATRICE: (*To Edgar and Ernie.*) Would you two cut it out before everyone gets the wrong impression of us!

BUFFY: Can I get anyone a drink?

BRUCE: God, yes.

BUFFY: I meant *our guests*, pookie bear.

BRUCE: Right.

ERNIE: (*To Buffy.*) I'll have a beer.

BEATRICE: (*To Buffy.*) White wine will do me just nicely.

EDGAR: (*To Buffy.*) Arsenic, straight up, so I can end this putrid existence.

BUFFY: Oh, Oscar... (*Edgar shoots her an evil look.*) I mean, *Edgar*, you're such a kidder. Hot cocoa with little marshmallows, coming up. (*Goes to get drinks.*)

EDGAR: I call out from the depths of my soul for an end to this existence, and all she does is offer me hot sustenance.

BEATRICE: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, you little piss-ant.

ERNIE: So, Bruce baby...this is a pretty nice house you got here.

BRUCE: Thanks.

ERNIE: How many payments until the rest of it arrives?

BRUCE: Excuse me?

ERNIE: Oh, hell, I'm just kidding with you, Bruce baby. You look like you're doing pretty good for yourself here.

BRUCE: I can't complain. Good job, good woman.

ERNIE: And a good man with a good head on his shoulders
who can recognize a golden opportunity when he sees it.

BRUCE: Yeah, I guess so.

BEATRICE: *(To Ernie, under her breath.)* Subtle.

(Buffy approaches carrying the drinks.)

BUFFY: And here is everyone's drinks. Has it gotten colder
all of the sudden?

(Doorbell rings.)

BRUCE: It must be Mother.

BUFFY: That explains it.

*(Bruce opens the door and Mother and Daddy are standing there.
Mother is holding a cigarette in front of her.)*

BRUCE: Mommy!

MOTHER: Light me.

BRUCE: Excuse me?

MOTHER: Light me, you spineless moron.

BRUCE: Sorry, Mommy, I don't have a lighter.

MOTHER: I told you that woman would turn you into a
pussy.

BRUCE: Mommy, please, we have company and Buffy is
standing right there.

BUFFY: Hello, Mother.

MOTHER: I'll pay you real money not to call me that ever
again.

DADDY: Way to break the ice, honey.

MOTHER: Why don't you eat crap?

DADDY: Sorry, honey, according to the court order, I don't
have to do that anymore. *(To Bruce.)* Howdy, Son.

BRUCE: Hi, Daddy.

BEATRICE: Court order?

DADDY: Yeah, that was settled in the divorce. Hey, everyone!

BUFFY: Divorce?

DADDY: Yeah, for 15 years now. Where have you been? *(To Buffy.)* Is that candied yams I smell?

BUFFY: As a matter of fact, yes, it is. *(To Bruce.)* Uh, pookie bear, you never told me they were divorced.

BRUCE: Because they never told me.

MOTHER: Yes, well, we never told you that you were adopted from a crack whore, but here we are.

BRUCE: I'm adopted?

ERNIE: Wow, Bruce baby. This truly is a day of revelations.

BRUCE: Ernie, would you shut up, god damn it!

(In shock, everyone just stares at Bruce.)

BUFFY: Pookie bear!

BRUCE: Oh, dear Lord, what have I done?

BUFFY: You've taken the Lord's name in vain.

BRUCE: I didn't mean to. It just slipped out. Dear Lord, please forgive me. *(Bruce takes the lilies and starts flogging himself.)* I'm a bad, bad boy! I'm a bad, bad boy!

MOTHER: Well, this brings back memories...

ERNIE: *(To Beatrice, indicating Bruce.)* This guy's hardcore.

BUFFY: *(To Bruce.)* Oh, don't worry, pookie bear. We'll get through this together.

(Bruce stops flogging himself with the lilies.)

BRUCE: Can you see it in your heart to forgive a bad boy like me?

BUFFY: Pookie bear, the Lord and I both forgive you.

BRUCE: I love you, love muffin.

BUFFY: And I love you, pookie bear.

(Buffy and Bruce start kissing passionately.)

MOTHER: *(Annoyed.)* Oh, brother.

DADDY: Well, this is more sentiment than I can stand. If someone will point me in the right direction, I'll be in the bathroom, pinching off a loaf.

MOTHER: Classy.

DADDY: Well, you know me..."Classy" is my middle name.

ERNIE: Really, by chance, "Classy" is my—

DADDY: No one cares! *(Exits.)*

MOTHER: I'll be in the kitchen looking for anything that resembles alcohol.

BUFFY: *(Cheerful.)* I made cider.

MOTHER: Typical.

BUFFY: Okay, I guess we all could use a drink.

(Everyone heads to the kitchen area. Ernie pulls Bruce aside before he can head into the kitchen.)

ERNIE: Bruce baby, let's talk for a minute.

BRUCE: Ernie, can it wait? I've got this splitting headache.

ERNIE: Probably God's wrath.

(Bruce looks up to the sky.)

BRUCE: *(Concerned.)* Do you think so?

ERNIE: You are out there in the worst way, but god do I love you.

BRUCE: Thanks, I guess...

ERNIE: Hey, I'm just kidding with you. We've all got our quirks. Hell, I've got a couple myself, believe it or not.

BRUCE: Really.

ERNIE: I know, hard to believe, but it's true.

(Ernie holds out his arms out for a hug. Bruce just looks at him and isn't really sure what to do.)

Turkey Day
19

BRUCE: Ernie, what are you doing?

ERNIE: We're having a moment. You need a hug.

BRUCE: No, I don't.

ERNIE: Yes, yes, you do.

BRUCE: No, I really don't.

ERNIE: Bruce, get over here, and give me a god damn hug.

BRUCE: Okay.

(Bruce leans in for a little hug but Ernie grabs him and gives him a big bear hug.)

ERNIE: I love you, man.

BRUCE: Well, Ernie, I have no violent feelings for you.

ERNIE: Great. Can I borrow 150,000 dollars?

BRUCE: What?

ERNIE: It's for a really good investment.

BRUCE: What's that?

ERNIE: Lemurs.

BRUCE: Lemurs?

ERNIE: The meat of the future!

BRUCE: What?

ERNIE: I know it sounds disgusting and wrong—and there's maybe moral implications on account that they're so cute and all—but I tell you, once you taste them, you'll never want to go back.

BRUCE: *(To Buffy, calls.)* Honey.

BUFFY: *(From kitchen.)* Yes, sweetie.

BRUCE: *(To Buffy, calls.)* Whatever Mother's having, make me a double.

MOTHER: *(From kitchen.)* That's my boy!

ERNIE: So what do you say, Bruce baby?

BRUCE: I think I'm going to be sick.

ERNIE: I know. The possibilities are overwhelming, aren't they?

(Buffy enters, carrying Bruce's drink and hands it to him.)

BUFFY: Pookie bear, you're supposed to be helping in the kitchen. What are you two doing in here?

BRUCE: Well, Ernie, here, was telling me about a business venture.

BUFFY: Really? What is it?

ERNIE: Well, it's—

BRUCE: No, no, not before dinner. One of us should still be able to enjoy his meal. *(Bruce takes a sip of his drink and spits it in Buffy's face.)* What the hell is this?

BUFFY: I don't know. It was something your mother cooked up.

BRUCE: *(Calls.)* Mommy, what is this?

MOTHER: *(From kitchen.)* Whisky. Why?

BRUCE: Because it tastes like diesel fuel.

MOTHER: Crap. I must have grabbed the wrong flask this morning. Oh, well.

BRUCE: Well, if you'll excuse me. I'm going to go throw up now. *(Exits to the restroom, where we hear him throw up.)*

DADDY: *(Offstage.)* Jesus Christ!

BRUCE: *(Offstage.)* Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.

DADDY: *(Offstage.)* What the hell is wrong with you, boy? *(Daddy enters with a large vomit stain on his pant leg. Bruce follows. Daddy is holding the pamphlets that Buffy hid earlier. To Bruce, indicating pants.)* And these were my best pair of Dickies...

BRUCE: Sorry, but Mommy—

DADDY: Hey, your mother makes me want to throw up, too, but you don't see me going around doing it on other people.

BRUCE: Yeah, but—

DADDY: Our disgust for your mother should be kept a private affair. *(Calls to Mother, who is in the kitchen)* You hear that, she-demon! Your son is disgusted by you, too!

BRUCE: Actually I'm not. *(To Mother, calls.)* I love you, Mommy!

MOTHER: (*Calls.*) Whatever. You're both losers in my book. While we're on the subject of losers, you might want to tell Booffet—

BUFFY: (*Correcting her.*) That's "Buffy."

MOTHER: Yes, well, your bird looks like it's done.

BUFFY: That can't be. It should be another hour before it's done. (*Goes to oven.*)

DADDY: (*To Bruce.*) Boy, do you got one of those moist towelettes you're always carrying around? (*Bruce gets a towelette for Daddy. Daddy wipes his hands on it and gives it back to Bruce. To Bruce.*) By the way, you're out of toilet paper.

BUFFY: (*From kitchen, calls.*) Pookie bear, get in here!

BRUCE: What is it, love muffin?

BUFFY: Somehow the oven's been put on auto clean.

MOTHER: I did that. The oven looked a little worse for wear.

BRUCE: Thanks, Mommy.

BUFFY: Don't thank her! The turkey's still in the oven!

BRUCE: So, take it out.

BUFFY: You can't take it out. The oven locks itself while it's in auto clean mode.

BRUCE: So? You said the turkey shouldn't be done for another hour anyway.

BUFFY: Pookie bear, you don't understand.

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) I believe what your wife is trying to tell you is that an oven auto cleans itself by applying extreme heat. Anything that's in the oven while this is going on is probably going to get roasted to a cinder.

BUFFY: (*Shouts.*) Thanks, Bobby Ray!

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) No problem.

BEATRICE: Who the hell was that?

BRUCE: That's just Bobby Ray. (*To Buffy.*) So what are we going to do?

BUFFY: I don't know.

MOTHER: Well, I'll be in the bathroom making some adjustments if anyone needs me. (*Heads to the bathroom.*)

BRUCE: There's more toilet paper under the sink, Mommy.

MOTHER: That's okay. I brought my own. *(Pulls toilet paper out of her bra and exits into the bathroom.)*

BUFFY: *(In despair.)* Oh, pookie bear.

(Buffy hugs Bruce.)

BEATRICE: Oh, please, you're such a little drama whore. You still have the microwave. See. *(Turns on the microwave.)*

BUFFY: *(Crazed.)* Whore of Babylon! How I will enjoy eating your liver raw in the bowels of hell!

(In a panic, Bruce turns off the microwave.)

BEATRICE: What the hell?

BRUCE: I'm only going to say this once: No one under any circumstance is to use the microwave—ever!

BUFFY: Thanks, pookie bear.

BRUCE: No problem, love muffin.

BEATRICE: Why have it out if you can't use it?

BUFFY: It was a gift. It would be rude not to have it out.

ERNIE: I swear to God you two are all kinds of freaky fun to be around.

BRUCE: Thanks, Ernie.

ERNIE: No problem there, Bruce baby.

(Daddy sits down and starts reading the pamphlets.)

DADDY: I swear, this is some of the worst porn that I have ever seen.

BRUCE: What do you have there, Daddy?

DADDY: I found this reading material hidden away while I was in the bathroom. I assumed it was some nudie mags you were trying to hide from the little woman. If that's the case, we need to talk about your selection here. *(Reads pamphlet titles.)* "Your Body's Value," "Women

Empowerment,” and “The Alternative Options,” all sound promising, but it’s all words with a couple of very odd illustrations of a woman’s—

(Buffy looks concerned and tries to wrestle the pamphlets away from Daddy.)

BUFFY: Oh, Dad, that’s not—

(Bruce takes the pamphlets from Daddy.)

BRUCE: *(To Daddy.)* Let me see those.

BEATRICE: *(To Buffy, snidely.)* Well, it looks like someone isn’t enough woman for her man. *(To Bruce.)* Need to sneak away and spend a little time with the porcelain mistress, huh?

BRUCE: What?

BUFFY: *(Annoyed.)* Beatrice, please.

ERNIE: Don’t worry, Buffy, all guys do it.

EDGAR: Not me.

BEATRICE: Please, you spend so much time in the bathroom spanking your weasel, I’m surprised it hasn’t fallen off yet.

EDGAR: It is the only place in our so-called home where I can do my sun salutations.

BEATRICE: Is that what the kids are calling it these days?

BRUCE: These aren’t mine. They’re Buffy’s.

(Everyone stops and looks at Buffy for a second, not knowing what to say.)

DADDY: Hmm, I never took her for a rug muncher.

BRUCE: What?

DADDY: You know—a rug muncher, a demo dyke, a tender chick, a dizzy lizzy, a blood spitter, a bean flicker, clit lick, a bumper babe... *(Silence. Confused, everyone just looks at him.)* ...a lesbian!

ERNIE/BEATRICE/EDGAR: Oh. (*Looks at Buffy.*) Oh!

BRUCE: Oh, my goodness.

DADDY: (*To Edgar.*) Hey, Rosemary's Baby, go get the old hag out of the crap can. I know she's not going to want to miss this.

(*Edgar exits to retrieve Mother from the bathroom.*)

BUFFY: Guys, I'm not a lesbian.

BEATRICE: This explains why you liked Catholic school so much.

BUFFY: Beatrice, please!

BRUCE: I guess I was blind to all the signs.

ERNIE: Yeah, she really pulled the rug over your eyes, and then did God knows what with it.

BRUCE: Ernie!

ERNIE: Sorry, Bruce baby.

BUFFY: Bruce, I'm telling you, I'm not gay.

BRUCE: (*Points to pamphlets.*) Then why were you trying so desperately to hide these from me?

BUFFY: Because...

BRUCE: Because?

BUFFY: I didn't know how to tell you.

BRUCE: Tell me what?

DADDY: That she likes smoking the fur, mixed fruit and vegetables, muffin munching—

BUFFY: I can't have kids!

BRUCE: What did you say?

DADDY: She's barren, black hole of Calcutta—

BRUCE: (*To Daddy.*) I swear, I will cut you.

BUFFY: I wanted to be sure before I told you, but the test results came in the other day and your father's right...I'm barren.

BRUCE: Oh, my God. How can this day get any worse?

(*Edgar enters.*)

Turkey Day
25

EDGAR: Uh, guys, I think that old lady in there is dead.

(Fire alarm goes off as smoke starts coming from the oven. Lights fade to black.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Bruce and Buffy's kitchen, a short time later. The set is the same, except there are burn marks and smoke damage present. There is a burnt turkey on the kitchen counter. Mother is sitting motionless in a chair. Everybody is standing, huddled around her.)

BRUCE: This just isn't right.

DADDY: You're right. Hold on a second. *(Puts a drink in Mother's hand.)* There you go. This is how she would want to be remembered.

BRUCE: *(Admonishingly.)* Daddy!

DADDY: What? Am I wrong?

EDGAR: Oh... *(Recites John Donne verse.)*

"Death be not proud, though some called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so—"

BEATRICE: Oh, for heavens sakes, would you quit speaking that gibberish.

EDGAR: It's not gibberish. It's John Donne.

BEATRICE: Well, it's done given me a headache, so shut up.

EDGAR: This world is not meant for me. *(To Mother.)* How I envy you, old hag.

ERNIE: Oscar!

EDGAR: *(Correcting.)* Edgar.

ERNIE: What?

EDGAR: I like to be called "Edgar," named after the—

ERNIE: I don't care what you like to be called. Your given name is Oscar, named after your great-grandma.

BUFFY: Don't you mean great-grandpa?

ERNIE: Nope, we thought he was a girl.

BUFFY: Your great-grandma was named Oscar?

ERNIE: Yeah, we had a history of hermaphrodites in the family.

BUFFY: You don't say?

ERNIE: Yes, I do. For instance, my Uncle Charlie and Aunt Gertrude are actually the same person.

BRUCE: Okay, can we get back to the problem at hand here?

BUFFY: Right, pookie bear. Sorry.

BRUCE: Don't apologize.

BUFFY: Why? Because I can't have your children, I can't apologize? I'm sorry I'm such a disappointment.

BRUCE: Fine, if you want to apologize, then apologize.

BUFFY: So you *do* think I'm a disappointment.

BRUCE: No.

BUFFY: Then why are you asking me to apologize?

BRUCE: I'm not, you just— *(Pauses briefly so he can collect himself.)* Love muffin, I'm not disappointed in you. I might be disappointed in the situation, and probably a little angry about how I found out about it, but right now, it really fails in comparison to the fact my mommy just died in our bathroom. Everything else that's going on we will figure out later, okay? *(Buffy starts crying.)* Ah, love muffin, don't cry. Why are you crying?

BUFFY: Because I'm so disappointed in myself. I wanted this day to be so perfect for you. Ever since the doctor told me the news yesterday about being, well...

DADDY: Barren.

EDGAR: I believe the proper medical term is "infertile."

DADDY: Really? That seems so much more depressing.

BEATRICE: Than "barren"?

DADDY: Well, I guess no matter what you call it, someone's dealing with damaged goods.

(Buffy starts crying again.)

BRUCE: Guys, not helping.

DADDY: Sorry, Son.

BRUCE: That's fine.

BUFFY: *(Hostile.)* Oh, so you'll accept *his* apology, but not mine?

BRUCE: Honey, you didn't have anything to apologize for. I'm not disappointed in you. I'm disappointed in the fact that half of my house is burnt down, and my mommy is sitting over there dead... *(To Daddy)* ...with a drink in her hand.

DADDY: What?

BRUCE: That's what I'm disappointed in, not you. *(Buffy starts crying again.)* Why are you crying now?

BUFFY: How can you be so calm about this?

BRUCE: Jesus Christ!

(Shocked, everyone looks at Bruce.)

BUFFY: Pookie bear!

(Buffy slaps Bruce.)

BRUCE: Oh, yeah, that's what I needed. Sorry, love muffin, I don't know what came over me.

BUFFY: Pookie bear, I don't care what's going on. Let's try to remember we're God-fearing people.

BRUCE: Right, love muffin.

ERNIE: *(To Edgar, sarcastic.)* And you wanted to stay home today.

BEATRICE: Ernie, how dare you mock this situation. *(Goes over and hugs Buffy.)* Can't you see my sister is in pain? My darling, perfect sister who had everything handed to her on a silver platter can't do the one thing that would make her complete as a woman and wife. The one thing that I don't seem to have a problem with—so we know it's not genetic, it's just her. How dare you mock her pain, Ernie!

BUFFY: Thanks, Sis.

BEATRICE: No problem, sweetie.

ERNIE: Sorry, I guess that was insensitive of me. Beatrice is right, though. She is as fertile as they come. If you're going to be looking for a surrogate-type situation, we could

probably work something out cheap, since you're family and all.

BEATRICE: (*Scolding.*) Ernie!

ERNIE: What? I'm just saying it's an option out there.

BUFFY: I think I'm going to be sick.

BRUCE: Are you okay, honey? What is it?

BEATRICE: Well, we know it's not morning sickness.

BUFFY: (*Annoyed.*) Beatrice.

BEATRICE: What?

ERNIE: How come every time I bring up a business opportunity, one of them gets sick? It's a wonder they have any money at all, geez.

BUFFY: I just want this day to end. Please, God, let it end.

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) Unfortunately, it's barely past one, so you still got a long time before the day ends.

BUFFY: (*Sarcastic.*) Thanks, Bobby Ray.

BOBBY RAY: (*Offstage, shouts.*) No problem.

BEATRICE: (*Looks out the window.*) Does that freak anyone else out, or is it just me?

DADDY: Does anybody want to order a pizza?

BRUCE: Excuse me?

DADDY: Well, obviously, we're not going to have any turkey, and I'm getting kind of hungry.

BRUCE: Daddy, your wife, and my mommy, is sitting over there dead. How can you think about food at a time like this?

DADDY: I'm not thinking about food, exactly. I'm thinking about me being hungry, and, possibly, how to remedy the situation, which happens to bring the thought-train back around to food.

BRUCE: Oh, Daddy!

(*Daddy turns the chair around so he doesn't have to look at Mother's body anymore.*)

DADDY: Son, let's not turn a sinner into a saint just because she's not with us anymore. Your mother was a deeply flawed person. As a matter of fact, some would say—

BUFFY: She was a royal bitch.

DADDY: Exactly.

BRUCE: (*Scolding.*) Love muffin!

BUFFY: Sorry, pookie bear, it just slipped out.

DADDY: But you're right. She was a mean, old hag. Do you know I don't have one memory of that lady where she's not holding a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other? I think she used them as props so she would have an excuse for being so mean.

BRUCE: If she was such a horrible person, then why did you marry her?

DADDY: Well, she didn't start off that way. There was a time when she was rather pleasant to be around. (*Slight pause.*) Plus, she was great in bed.

BRUCE: Daddy!

DADDY: Well, it's true. That woman could suck a watermelon through a garden hose and spit out the seeds.

BRUCE: Oh, my God.

DADDY: That's what I use to say all the time. Especially when she did this little trick with her—

BRUCE: Daddy, please, we don't need to know about her *special* trick.

ERNIE: I would like to know...

BRUCE: Ernie!

ERNIE: Sorry, Bruce baby.

DADDY: Anyway, at some point, she decided she got handed a raw deal and started fooling around.

BRUCE: Mommy had an extramarital affair?

DADDY: Yeah, but when she developed the clap, that pretty much ended. Anyway, she had her good moments. When we had you, she seemed to be okay...for a while.

BRUCE: I thought you said I was adopted.

DADDY: Naw, that's just something we like to tell party guests. I guess her problem was that she wanted more than what life had to offer her.

EDGAR: I often wonder where love lies, in the heart or in the mind.

BEATRICE: *(To Ernie, indicating Edgar.)* Now, remind me why we didn't drown him at birth?

EDGAR: You know, I think you say these mean things to hide your jealousy.

BEATRICE: Me jealous of *you*? Don't be ridiculous!

EDGAR: I think it really bothers you that I have opportunities at school that you never had—opportunities to better myself and to achieve goals that you only dreamed about. I bet it burns you up inside just thinking about it, knowing that one day I'm going to be better than you.

BEATRICE: You are not, nor will you ever be better than me.

BUFFY: Beatrice!

BEATRICE: Don't you dare take his side, especially not you.

BUFFY: Excuse me?

BEATRICE: I could have been anything, if only given a little encouragement. Did I ever receive any, though? No. And why? Because our parents were too busy lavishing all their attention on their precious little Buffy.

EDGAR: So your solution is taking it out on me?

BEATRICE: Of course. *(To Edgar.)* What makes you so special? *(To Buffy.)* Why are you more deserving? *(To Buffy and Edgar.)* Why are either of you? *(To Buffy.)* What do you have that I don't?

DADDY: Well, she's prettier and more pleasant to be around, and he's moderately entertaining.

BEATRICE: So what does that make me?

EDGAR: What do you think?

BEATRICE: Are you calling me a loser?

EDGAR: Why state the obvious?

(Beatrice approaches Edgar to hit him but Bruce stops her.)

BRUCE: Okay, let's all calm down. I think this tragedy has brought up a lot of issues, and we're all saying things we don't mean. Let's all take a timeout and try to remember that we're all family. And if this day has taught us one thing, it's that life is precious so we should cherish it and each other...always.

(Buffy hugs Bruce.)

BUFFY: Oh, pookie bear, that was beautiful.

BRUCE: Thanks, love muffin.

(Ernie hugs Bruce.)

ERNIE: I couldn't agree more, Bruce baby.

BRUCE: Thanks, Ernie. I guess my mommy's death has made me realize how precious family really is.

(While this is going on, Daddy goes over to the chair that Mother was in and turns it around. Mother's clothes are there but she's missing.)

DADDY: Uh, Son?

BRUCE: Yes, Daddy?

DADDY: Do you know what happened to your mother's body?

BRUCE: Excuse me?

DADDY: Your mother's body is gone.

(Bruce grabs a knife and points it at everyone.)

BRUCE: Okay, which one of you genetic rejects took my mommy's body?

[END OF FREEVIEW]