

# NON-JIVE TURKEY

By Lee Pollero

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**SYNOPSIS:** Tensions rise after three friends get trapped in a shed after getting chased down by an angry turkey. Should they risk their lives trying to escape the terrifying turkey? Or should they stay in the shed forever and try to make a life in there?

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 2 males)*

BECCA (f) .....	The most level-headed of the three. Still best friends with Geoff and Jack, despite knowing that they are complete idiots. <i>(44 lines)</i>
GEOFF (m) .....	Always a prankster, and puts himself first. Has a vast misunderstanding of the real world. Is extremely afraid of bats. <i>(40 lines)</i>
JACK (m) .....	Often the one thrown to the side. When given the opportunity, he will always mess with Geoff. <i>(38 lines)</i>

**SETTING:** In a shed on a turkey farm.

**TIME:** Afternoon, on Thanksgiving.

## PROPS

- A hoe

## COSTUMES

Standard dress except JACK needs nice pants that are ripped.

**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

Originally performed as a part of *Play/Time* at Theatre Unleashed (CA) with the following cast:

BECCA.....Heather Lake  
GEOFF ..... Jim Martyka  
JACK..... Chris Loop

**DEDICATION**

*To Sammi Lappin*

DO NOT COPY

**AT START:** *GEOFF and BECCA run on stage completely out of breath.*

**BECCA:** Oh man! What are we going to do?

*GEOFF tries to catch his breath.*

**BECCA:** Geoff!

**GEOFF:** Hang on. (*Wheezing.*) Lemme... (*Wheezing.*) Catch my... (*Wheezing.*) breath.

**BECCA:** Good lord, you're out of shape.

**GEOFF:** I'm not out of shape. I just happen to be a shape that doesn't like to exercise.

**BECCA:** What shape is that? A circle?

**GEOFF:** No, that's too obvious. I would say a dodecahedron.

**BECCA:** What kind of shape is that?

**GEOFF:** I don't know. But what I can tell you is that it's a shape that refuses to get into the form of a regular, healthy, not flabby shape. So, I would say that that is the shape which I embody.

**BECCA:** Whatever. We need to figure out what to do, and since you're too dodecahedron-y to help out, I will ask Jack. Jack, what do you think?

*BECCA and GEOFF look around.*

**BECCA:** Where's Jack?

**GEOFF:** Oh crap. He's probably dead. Or worse.

**BECCA:** What's worse than being dead?

**GEOFF:** Oh, um, I dunno, Becca. Perhaps castration for one. That would suck. Or being forced to watch One Direction concerts for eternity, and for some reason whenever they sing "Kiss You" your parents are banging on stage.

**BECCA:** Why do you know one of their songs?

**GEOFF:** OR! Being raped by that foul creature outside is a third worse thing than being dead.

**BECCA:** I highly doubt that Jack is being raped by—

*There is a loud pounding on the door. JACK is heard offstage.*

**JACK:** Let me in! Let me in! It's trying to rape me!

*BECCA opens the door. Jack runs in and BECCA quickly closes the door again. JACK's pants are completely ripped up.*

**GEOFF:** Hey, Jack. Welcome to the shed, buddy.

**JACK:** You guys are assholes!

**GEOFF:** Aww, that's not true, pal.

**JACK:** You left me outside!

**GEOFF:** Well, we had to scope the place out first, buddy. Make sure there weren't any creatures hiding around in here. You know, no brethren it can call.

**JACK:** Oh, yeah? And how did that go?

**GEOFF:** You know it went... well, it is possible that we haven't done that yet. But, it's ok, because now we have you to throw at any creatures that attack us again.

**JACK:** I am going to straight up murder you.

**BECCA:** Shut up, you guys. There obviously aren't any psychotic turkeys in here. There's just the one outside... Right behind this door... waiting for us...

**JACK:** Yeah, thank god it's just the one out there. I mean, if this shed has anything, it's probably just bats.

**GEOFF:** BATS!? Why did you say bats? Did you see bats? You better tell me if you saw bats!

*JACK starts giggling, which escalates to full laughter over time.*

**BECCA:** Relax! There aren't any bats. We would have noticed them by now.

**GEOFF:** You sure? Not that I particularly care, but I just think we should possibly move locations on the off chance that there's bats. Not that I care about bats or anything!!! They're just not nice, you know? I mean, they would make terrible, disgusting, terrifying roommates. So, that's it then. We are all agreed. We should get as far away from these bats as possible.

*GEOFF starts walking towards the door, but BECCA stops him.*

**BECCA:** OK, stop! As I said before, there are no bats in here.

**GEOFF:** Well, sure, you said that, but should we really take the chance—

**BECCA:** Are you serious? So, you're saying that you would rather face a real life, pissed off turkey than stay in this extremely safe shed on the off-chance, no not even off-chance, no-chance, that there are bats in here. Bats that we haven't notice in this tiny, our-heads-almost-touch-the-ceiling, shed?

*GEOFF contemplates this.*

**BECCA:** Geoff!

**GEOFF:** I'm thinking...

**BECCA:** Ugh! Forget it! Thanks a lot for bringing up bats, Jack!

**JACK:** Hey! Don't blame me! It's not my fault he's stupidly afraid of bats.

**GEOFF:** There's nothing stupid about it! Bats are creatures of the devil. They only live to suck the souls out of us humans. We gotta get away from these bats!!

**BECCA:** There aren't any bats! Will everybody just calm down and shut the hell up?

*Everybody is quiet. BECCA listens at the door.*

**BECCA:** Crap, I think I still hear it.

**GEOFF:** Guess we're stuck here for a while.

**BECCA:** No, I mean, maybe we should just go out there. I mean, it is just a bird after all.

**JACK:** Oh, no. It's way more than just a bird. It is the feathery demon spawn from hell. Bore from the ashes of previous Thanksgiving dinners. Its insides are fueled by the blood of pilgrims and Indians. Its eyes burn bright with that of a yam on fire, and bleeds pure cranberry sauce. Those eyes. When you look into those eyes you feel the force of millions of slaughtered turkeys staring right at your soul. When it pinned me down

**GEOFF:** It pinned you down? Hahahaha!

**JACK:** Shut up! When it pinned me down, I heard it whisper, "I'm thankful for your death, Jack," and then tried to carve right into my nards with its beak. I jumped up just in time for it to only get my pants.

**GEOFF:** See? It tried to castrate him.

**JACK:** Castrate? I barely got away with my life!

**GEOFF:** Well, yeah. But, castration would have been worse.

**JACK:** Yeah. That's true. Thank god I have cat-like reflexes. Otherwise it would have been more than just my pants that were torn to shreds.

**BECCA:** Ok. Somehow I don't think any of that is true.

**JACK:** Look at my pants! It ripped my pants! These are expensive pants! Also, it's extremely pissed off! Is that not truth enough for you?

**BECCA:** Yes, it is. But what, exactly, do you suppose we do about it, Mr. I-Only-Buy-Designer-Pants?

**JACK:** I say we do nothing and live in this shed forever.

**GEOFF:** I second that motion, except there's only one problem.

**BECCA:** You mean the fact that it is literally impossible to live in such a confined space forever?

**GEOFF:** No, it's that this is a two-person shed, and we have more than two people. Jack, I'm sorry buddy, but you're gonna have to go.

**JACK:** Me? Why do I have to go? Why not make Becca leave?

**BECCA:** Hey!

**JACK:** Sorry, but it's you or me, sister! I already faced the demonic turkey. It's your turn, Toots.

**BECCA:** Toots?

**GEOFF:** No, I can't do that. I need her here in case we need to re-populate the shed.

**BECCA:** Um, what!?

**GEOFF:** Well, if this is our home now then we need to make sure it's sustainable. We can't exactly have a stable economy with just us two, now can we?

**JACK:** So, basically, what you're saying is that you are going to de-populate the shed by kicking me out, just so you can re-populate it?

**GEOFF:** Essentially, yes. But, I mean, it would take, like, 20 babies to take up the room that you do in the shed. So, we could have 19 babies and still be good.

**JACK:** You're going to have 19 babies?

**GEOFF:** There's not a TV, Jack. We need to do something. So, yes, we are gonna have 19 babies.

**BECCA:** What!? I object to this!

*GEOFF ignores this.*

**GEOFF:** Don't worry though, buddy. We will name one of our 19 babies after you. To commemorate your brave sacrifice.

**JACK:** You're gonna name your first baby, Jack?

**GEOFF:** Well, I wouldn't say first. I kinda like the name Taylor. It doesn't even matter if it's a boy or a girl.

**JACK:** So, your second baby?

**GEOFF:** Well, I was thinking more fourteenth.

**JACK:** You have thirteen baby names already planned!?

**GEOFF:** Yup.

**JACK:** And you won't give up any of them to show respect to your best friend? Your best friend who, I might add, gave up his life just so you could have said babies?

**GEOFF:** So...you'll do it?

**JACK:** No! Of course not!

**GEOFF:** Fine, fine. Becca, we're gonna have to name our first kid, Jack.

**BECCA:** No!

**GEOFF:** (*To JACK.*) See! Our first kid has to be Taylor.

**BECCA:** No, I'm not rejecting the name. I'm rejecting the kids! This is ridiculous! We're not sending Jack out to his doom, we're not living in this shed forever, and we definitely ARE NOT HAVING 19 CHILDREN!

**GEOFF:** Jeez, could have talked to me before dropping that bombshell.

**BECCA:** Shut up, Geoff. We're not having sex, so just quit it. What we need to figure out right now is how we can get this turkey as far away from us as possible. I would open up to the floor for ideas, but that has already proved disastrous. So! I'm thinking we stay in here—

**JACK:** Forever?

**BECCA:** No! Not forever! Just long enough for the turkey to get bored and walk away from the shed door. Then we can just run to our car and leave.

**JACK:** I guess that could work. Hopefully the turkey has ADD just like Geoff.

**GEOFF:** I don't have AD – hey, look! A hoe! Hehehe, hoe. What a dumb name for a farming tool. Need something plowed? Here's my hoe!

*GEOFF giggles at his stupid joke.*

**BECCA:** Good lord, I'm actually friends with you two. What has become of my life?

**JACK:** Oh, stop that. You're friends with us because we're the only ones dumb enough to come with you on your stupid adventures.

**BECCA:** Stupid adventures? Name one stupid adventure.

**JACK:** How about the one where you wanted to kill your own Thanksgiving dinner and it ended up with us stranded in a shed?

**BECCA:** ...OK. I'll give you that one. But, who is the one who let go of the turkey and let him loose upon us?

**JACK:** That would be me. But, it's just because Geoff was pretending the axe was his dick. I mean, c'mon, that's hilarious. I just got too distracted and couldn't keep a hold on Reginald.

**BECCA:** Reginald?

**JACK:** Yeah... I may have named the turkey...

**BECCA:** Welp, that's it. Now we can't kill the turkey. Once it has a name, there's no way it can happen.

**JACK:** Oh, don't worry. His name may be Reginald, but that doesn't deter the fact that he's pure evil. Evil things can have names too!

**GEOFF:** Hey guys! Look! The hoe is my dick!

*GEOFF has the hoe between his legs and is thrusting with it. JACK starts laughing.*

**JACK:** See? Still hilarious!

**BECCA:** Jesus Lorenzo, this is my life now. Caught between a chicken and a cock.

**GEOFF:** Oh, don't make such a big deal about it, Becca. It could be worse.

**BECCA:** How? How could being trapped in a confined space with you two idiots be any worse?

**GEOFF:** The turkey could be in here with us. You know, pinning us down like wusses.

*GEOFF laughs at his joke, pointing to JACK when he says wusses.*

**JACK:** Yeah, thank goodness all we have in this shed is that bat right behind Geoff's head.

**GEOFF:** Bat... Bat! BAT!!! AAHH, AAHH, AAHH, AAHH—

*GEOFF runs around the stage.*

**GEOFF:** GetItOffGetItOffGetItOffGetItOffGetItOffGetItOff!!

**BECCA:** He was just joking, Geoff!

*JACK laughs hysterically.*

**JACK:** That was for wanting to kick me out, you jerk!

*GEOFF eventually runs out the door. BECCA and JACK scream!*

**BECCA:** No! The turkey's gonna get in!

*JACK hides behind BECCA.*

**JACK:** I'm not taking the attack this time! It's your turn!

*They wait, BECCA in a fighting stance, JACK cowering behind her. Nothing comes in.*

**BECCA:** Huh. I guess it got bored and left us alone.

**JACK:** Yeah. I guess so. Phew... now what?

**BECCA:** I suppose we should catch Geoff before the turkey does.

**JACK:** Eh. He'll be fine. Besides, it would be nice retribution if his pants get destroyed.

**BECCA:** Jack.

**JACK:** Ok, fine! We'll find Geoff.

**BECCA:** Thank you. I need you both intact for my next stupid adventure.

**JACK:** And what exactly would that be?

*BECCA says this as she leaves through the door.*

**BECCA:** I signed us all up for Alligator Sky Wrestling.

*BECCA exits.*

**JACK:** That better not be a real thing. Becca? Becca?! Becca! Tell me we aren't gonna wrestle alligators whilst free-falling from a plane! BECCA! Crap...

*JACK exits. Blackout.*

**THE END**