

# The Birthday Party

A Comedy Sketch

**Characters:**

LEE	JUDY	GENE
LOUISE	GEORGE	RICK
SUNNY	CHARLENE	RON

**Setting:**

Stage is decorated for a birthday party - balloons, crepe paper, etc. There should be a table, chairs and/or sofa.

**Props:**

A bowl for charade titles; birthday cake (on table); knife for cutting cake; glasses of punch; forks; paper plates

**Costume:**

Modern-day dress

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*(Sketch opens with LEE standing center stage, excitedly looking over the decorations.)*

LEE: Today's the day! MY birthday! And it couldn't happen to a nicer guy! ... Now, let's see .... The cake's ready, the punch is poured, and the decorations are all set up. Everything's perfect. All I need now are my friends. *(A doorbell rings offstage.)* That's probably them now. *(He walks over to side of stage and opens door. The rest of the cast enters, carrying beautifully wrapped packages.)* Hi, everybody! *(They walk right past him.)* Oh, wow, are those my gifts?

LOUISE: No, these are for a little gift exchange we're going to have later. We thought it'd be fun.

LEE *(disappointed)*: You mean, none of those are for me?

LOUISE: Of course not, silly. We'll get you something later.

SUNNY: We just didn't have enough time to shop for you. We had all these other gifts to buy.

LEE: Oh, that's all right. The important thing is that you're here.

CHARLENE: Say, would you look at all these decorations!

LEE: You like them?

CHARLENE: Are you kidding? They're fabulous, ... But they might get in our way when we play games. *(Starts to take down a few streams of crepe paper)* You don't mind, do you?

LEE: Uh ... no, I guess not.

GENE: So, what shall we play?

LEE: Well, I thought charades would be ...

RON: Charades! I'm great at charades!

*(LEE picks up bowl of charade titles. GEORGE takes it out of his hand.)*

GEORGE: Now, let's see. Four to a team. Louise, Sunny, Rick, and Ron will be on one team. Judy, Gene, Charlene, and myself will be on the other.

LEE: Hey, what about me?

GEORGE: You don't mind sitting this one out, do you?

LEE: Uh, ... well, no, I guess not. But you know, it IS my birthday.

RICK: OF COURSE, it's your birthday! That's why we're all here .... Now, go stand over there while we play.

*(They begin playing charades off to the side, quietly)*

LEE *(to himself)*: Boy, just look at them. It's MY birthday, and they're the only ones having any fun. They didn't bring me any gifts. They didn't wish me a happy birthday, And now they're acting like I'm not even here.

JUDY *(she laughs then calls out to LEE from where they're playing)*: Boy, Lee, you sure know how to throw a party. This is great!

LEE *(unenthusiastically)*: I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.

RON: Okay, guys, one more round and it's refreshment time.

LEE *(to himself)*: Well, maybe now I'll get some attention.

*(GEORGE. draws a title from the charade bowl, and starts miming being blown away by a fierce wind)*

SUNNY: Gone with the Wind!

GEORGE: Right!

*(Everyone laughs.)*

RON: All right, that's it. Cake is served. *(They all walk over and look at the cake.)*

GENE: I'll do the honors. *(Picks up knife and starts cutting.)*

LEE: But what about the candles?

GEORGE: Oh, we don't need to bother. There's enough light in here.

LEE *(disappointed)*: Well, do I at least get the first piece?

GENE *(handing RON a piece)*: Sorry, too late. Who's next?

*(Everyone cuts in line in front of LEE until he is at the end of the line. By the time he reaches the front of the line, there's only one piece left.)*

LEE: I don't believe it. You mean I actually get a piece of my own birthday cake?

GENE: Sorry, I haven't had mine yet. *(GENE takes the last piece himself and starts eating it.)* You don't mind, do you?

LEE: No, I guess not.

GENE: What a sport! *(Slaps him on the back.)*

LEE: But the least you guys could do is sing "Happy Birthday" to me.

RICK: Me? Sing?

SUNNY: I can't sing. I've got a cold.

CHARLENE: Well, I know I didn't take nine years of voice lessons just to sing a round of "Happy Birthday."

GENE: Hey, you guys, there's plenty of punch here.

*(They all rush to the table and take the only eight cups. LEE arrives to the table too late again.)*

LEE: I'll take a cup.

GENE: Sorry, you're just not quick enough.

RICK: Who's for another game of charades?

JUDY: I'm always ready.

SUNNY: You can count me in, too.

CHARLENE: Me, too.

LEE: Can I play this time?

RON: What do you say we keep the same teams? That way there's less confusion.

GENE: Sounds good to me.

*(They walk over to the side of the stage once more and resume playing charades, quietly. RON is acting out a song title. LEE is alone, center stage.)*

LEE. *(to himself)*: Boy, what good's a birthday party if your friends are going to forget who it's for?

SUNNY *(involved in the game)*: It's a song? Two words?

LEE *(sarcastically)*: Try "Happy Birthday."

*(RON shakes his head.)*

GENE: No, that's not it

LEE: Didn't think so. *(He straightens a few decorations, then softly and solemnly starts singing to himself:)* "Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me..."

RICK *(calls out to LEE)*: Hey, could you please keep it down. We're trying to celebrate your birthday over here!

LEE *(to congregation)*: You know, I wonder if this is how Jesus feels sometimes. *(He continues singing slowly:)* "Happy birthday, happy birthday, happy birthday to me." *(He quietly walks offstage while his friends continue their game of charades.)*

*(Blackout.)*