

Pa Skit

Cast of Characters

Jeremiah Johnson – Himself
 Jeremiah's Buddy – Pa 2
 Belinda Rigby – Pa 6 with a bonnet

Belinda's Buddy – Pa 5 with a bonnet
 Oregon Trail Cowboys – Pa's 1, 3, 4, and 7
 Narrator - Damen

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| Narrator | All over the world, dads have a bad reputation for their jokes. From my way of seeing it, dad jokes aren't really that bad. Now if you want <u>really</u> bad jokes, you should hear Pa jokes. |
| Pa 1 | <Runs on to stage> What did the buffalo say to his son when he left for college? Bi-son |
| Narrator | With that introduction, this here story is the true account of how Ma Johnson fell in love with Pa Johnson on the trail just outside of Fort Kearney. <i>(Change the names to the Ma & Pa names of your actors.)</i> Now in those days, she was not known as Ma Johnson. She was Sister Rigby, the peach of the prairie, the beauty of buffalo country, the dusty trail dreamboat. To Pa Johnson's way of thinking, she was sweeter than a thick slice of johnny cake with extra molasses. But no matter what he did, she just didn't seem to notice. |
| Pa 5 & 6 | <Sister Rigby and friend walk across stage talking and sit down stage left as Brother Johnson waves, is unnoticed, and then watches longingly.> |
| Jeremiah: | I don't know Brother McMullin. Maybe Sister Rigby is just too good for me. |
| Pa 2 | Well, you are a pioneer. Perhaps you should just settle. |
| Pa 3 | <Calling out from their camp site stage right> Hey neighbor. We've been traveling along the Oregon Trail, just across the river. |
| Pa 4 | Yeah. And we've been watching you and see that you're sweet on that little lady over there. Well, we've got a sure-fire way to get her attention. |
| Pa 3 | <Throwing over a small bottle> Yep. You just take a little bit of that there hair oil and comb it into your hair at the next dance. |
| Pa 1 | Trust us. It works every time. |
| Jeremiah: | What do you think Brother McMullin? |
| Pa 2 | What?! You can't trust them. The only thing they know about is small wooden writing instruments. |
| Jeremiah: | Oh really. Why do you say that? |
| Pa 2 | I'd heard they are from Pencil-vania. Look, if you are really looking for love, I've got a better idea. Women love poetry. Just write down your feelings for her in a poem. |
| Pa 5 | <Standing up and walking away> Okay. Good night Sister Rigby, see you in the morning. |
| Pa 2 | Look, she's alone. Now's your chance. |
| | <Jeremiah walks over to just behind Sister Rigby. She leans her forehead against her hand.> |
| Jeremiah: | Roses are red, and so are my blisters, From my vantage point, you're the pick of the sisters. Your face hypnotizes, from your brow to your lip, |

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| | And your smile warms my heart like a fresh buff'lo chip. I dream of your hugs and I long for your kisses But what I want most is that you'd be my Mrs. |
| Pa 6 | <Sister Rigby let's out a loud snore revealing she has been asleep the whole time. Jeremiah walks back to his spot dejectedly.> |
| Pa 7 | Listen neighbor. Go with the hair oil. You can trust me when I tell you that the ladies can't resist a man with a well-oiled head of hair. |
| Pa 2 | So what makes you an expert? What's your profession? |
| Pa 7 | Me? I'm a retired cowboy. |
| Pa 2 | See. Don't listen to him. A retired cowboy? That means he's de-ranged. So listen, do you know what I heard? |
| Jeremiah: | Sheep? |
| Pa 2 | No. Well, yes... but what I mean is, I heard that women love a man who can dance. Why don't you bust out a few of those new dance moves you've been working on? |
| Jeremiah: | Yeah, now that's a good idea! |
| Narrator | Alright everybody, line on up for the next dance. |
| | <Jeremiah stops to whisper something in Damen's ear as he walks to his spot across from Sister Rigby. Dance consists of Jeremiah, Garret, Rodrigo, and Brian.> |
| Narrator | Bow to you partner. Bow to your corner. Now do-si-do. Now give us a show. |
| | <Jeremiah breaks out his best collection of 80's dance moves – running man, sprinkler, moon walk, can opener, the worm, etc.> <Rodrigo and Brian look at each other and run off laughing> <Jeremiah returns dejectedly to his camp site.> |
| Pa 2 | Okay. I know that didn't go so well but I have one more idea. We get some chickens, a 22-foot long length of rope, and... |
| Jeremiah: | Stop right there. Don't you remember Brother Brigham made us leave all the chickens back in Winter Quarters. |
| Pa 2 | Really? Why? |
| Jeremiah: | Too much fowl language. |
| Pa 1 | This is ridiculous. Why won't you trust us? |
| All Oregon Trail: | Just use the hair oil! |
| Jeremiah: | Nothing to lose at this point. I might as well give it a try. |
| | <Jeremiah wets his hair from the bottle and combs it back.> <Sister Rigby-Pa 6 starts across the stage, sees Jeremiah with his new hair, drops everything he is carrying and jumps into his arms.> <Everyone gives a cheer.> |
| Narrator | And the rest, as they say, was history. And, so of course, the moral of the story is - "Comb, comb, ye saints, no oil from neighbor fear." |