LifeLine Productions

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Butch & Chester - Shep

Introduction

LifeLine Productions is dedicated to presenting the Gospel message and Biblical truths in an entertaining and thought-provoking form. We aim to plant seeds in the hearts of those who do not know Jesus Christ as Savior, and to challenge and encourage believers to a stronger walk with their Lord.

We are thankful to you for ordering this script. It is our prayer that your drama group, youth group or whatever type of group you have will be effective with this material and that God will use our collective work for His good. You are on the front-line; you have the opportunity through your performance to touch someone and lead them to Christ. May God bless your faithfulness in this task.

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Theme: No theme, just a fun Western skit.

People: 2, Butch is very macho. Chester is a wimp and should be dressed in chaps that look like they

were made from a Jersey cow (black and white spots).

Scene: Outdoors, Western scene, nighttime. Chester is under his bed covers with his hat on and his

eyes showing. He's holding the blanket to his face like he is scared when the lights come up.

Lights out.

Sound: Crickets.

Spot lights up (blue lens).

Sound: Frogs, Hoot Owl, Coyote, Cougar.

Sound: Rattle Snake. (*Chester jumps up, grabs a stick and beats the daylights out of the snake he*

finds under his blanket.) Back to just crickets.

Sound: All sound effects (Frogs, Hoot Owl, Coyote, Cougar) plus train sound effect.

Butch: Ouiet!!

Sound: All sound effects out.

Butch: Thank you. (*Chester looks at Butch amazed. Feeling secure he goes to sleep.*)

Sound: Crickets back up.

Sound: Stomach growl.

Butch: (Suddenly alert. Tips hat up with pistol.)

Sound: Long stomach growl.

Butch: (Gets up and looks all over the stage with pistol ending near Chester.)

Sound: Bizarre stomach growl.

Butch: Chester! Wake up.

Chester: What'd I do Butch?

Butch: Chester! There's a varmint in your sleepin' bag and it sounds mean.

Chester: In my sleeping bag?

Butch: Get out real slow. I don't know what it is but it sounds big and ugly.

Chester: But Butch.

Butch: Chester get out now!

Chester: But...

Butch: Chester...

Chester: I'm getting out Butch.

Butch: (*Looks in bag*) I don't know what it was but it sounded hungry.

Chester: It was hungry.

Butch: What was hungry?

Chester: My stomach.

Butch: That was your stomach growling?

Chester: Yeah, Butch. I'm so hungry.

Butch: Chester, did you say you were "so" hungry?

(Both walk downstage.)

Butch: How hungry are ya Chester?

Chester: I'm so hungry, why I could eat as much as Pastor Bob. (*Both pan to audience for a reaction.*)

Butch: I find that pretty hard to believe, Chester. How hungry are ya?

Chester: Why, I'm so hungry I could eat as much as Pastor Chris. (*Both pan.*)

Butch: I don't think so, Chester. How hungry are ya?

Chester: I'm so hungry I could eat as much as little Julie Humphreys. (*This should be someone known*

to the audience who is skinny.)

Butch: Nobody can eat as much as Julie Humphreys.

Chester: Oh yeah. You're right. But I am hungry.

Butch: Ah buck up Chester I fed you dinner. I more than fed you dinner. I delighted your palette with

an array of delicacies from the great wide open. You ate a real cowboy dinner. You want to be

a real cowboy don't you?

Chester: (Grimaces.)

Butch: I know you do. So you gotta learn to eat like cowboys. That's why I gave you my specialty.

Chester: This was your specialty? (Pulls out a piece of something very leathery and thick and throws it

to the ground.)

Butch: Yup. (*Picks it up.*) And there's good news: (*Takes a bite.*) it never goes bad, and I made

enough for the whole trip. Tastes great especially with a cup of black coffee.

Chester: Oh Butch your coffee was so strong.

Butch: Did you say it was "so" strong?

(Both walk downstage.)

Butch: How strong was it Chester?

Chester: It was so strong; I won't blink for a week. (*Both pan.*)

Butch: How strong was it Chester?

Chester: It was so strong, I stirred it with a stick and ended up with a tooth pick. (*Both pan.*)

Butch: How strong was it Chester?

Chester: It was so strong, it could keep ya awake through one of Pastor Bob's sermons.

Butch: Nothin's that strong, Chester.

Chester: Yeah.

Butch: Wait Chester, you're in luck. I think I see another orange and blue, slithering filet right now.

(Gets snake.) Wow, I don't know who's been beating on this thing, but they did a mighty fine

job of tenderizing it for us.

Chester: I wonder who that was.

Butch: Wow fresh Western Diamondback, blood thirsty, not so nice rattler, and freshly tenderized.

This is a dream come true.

Chester: Or a night mare. Butch you ever heard of de ja vous?

Butch: Sounds like that sissy French food. I hear they eat snails. Whoo, blech. I hate snails. They

crawl on the ground.

Chester: Like snakes.

Butch: No. Not like snakes. You can eat snakes.

Chester: I don't know Butch. The cowboy life just may not be for me. Do you think I'll ever be a real

cowboy?

Butch: Well Chester, you look like a cow boy.

Chester: Well thanks Butch, but I don't know. Out here in the great outdoors, I, I'm just so lonely.

Butch: (*To audience.*) We ain't going there. (*To Chester.*) Chester, the heart of a real cowboy belongs

to the great outdoors. It's his life and love Chester.

Chester: Well I'll probably never be a real cowboy then, 'cause I miss my girl.

Butch: Chester, I never knew you had a girl?

Chester: Yeah, I used to.

Butch: Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

Chester: I miss the way hair felt so nice. I miss how, when I'd come home, she'd wag her tail at me.

Butch: Chester this is a 'g' rated event (or "There's no need for intimate details here Chester.").

Chester: I used to say "come here girl" and she'd jump into my arms and lick my face.

Butch: Yeah that sounds like a special woman Chester. If we had a guitar you'd probably sing about

her.

Chester: I would.

Butch: Then it's a good thing I don't have my guitar. (Guitar is handed to Butch by stagehand.)

(Sarcastically.) Thanks. What was her name Chester?

Chester: I called her 'Shep'.

Butch: "Shep."

Chester: This'll make ya cry Butch.

Butch: No girly love song ever made me cry.

Chester: (Chester begins singing song called "Old Shep" which is publicly available.) When I was a

lad and old Shep was a pup, together our fields we would roam.

Butch: A pup!?

Chester: Just a boy and his dog, we were so full of fun, we grew up together that way.

Butch: Your girl was a dog! What kind girl is that?

Chester: Well I remember the time at the old swimmin' hole, when I would have drowned without

doubt. But old Shep, she was there to the rescue she came, she jumped in and helped pull me

out.

Butch: Now that's a pretty special gal. (As the song turns sad, sprinkle the song with comments from

Butch about dust, rag weed, etc. to try to cover up the fact that he is tearing up from the sad

song.)

(Song ends, Butch is crying.)

Butch: That's so special!

Chester: Buck up Butch. It's just a song. (*Both begin to exit.*)

Butch: It's just so touching.

Chester: You this way at movies Butch?

Butch: (As the exit Butch trails off.) Only at Sleepless in Seattle. I just love that ending.