

Sally Ann Ratchet, a skit for staff

John-Boy and Jim-Boy enter and sit on their buckets center stage facing the audience. They lay their rifles down.

John-Boy: Man, that was a nice shot back there. Never seen nobody get 3 rabbits with one shot before!

Jim-Boy: Heck, that weren't nothin'. I once got 5 turkeys with one shot. Now, that was sumpin'!

John-Boy: Wall, its just great to be out here with my best friend, Jim-Boy. Sure glad we're friends.

Jim-Boy: Yup, me too, John-Boy! We've been friends since kiddie garden and that'll never change. Sorry we haven't been out huntin' much since you moved cross the county.

John-Boy: Yeah, I know. But, hey, did I tell ya I got me a new gal-friend? I been seein' her quite a bit.

Jim-Boy: Goll-darn! That there's great, John-Boy. I found me a great little gal too. Let's raise a toast to our gals.

John-Boy: Great idea!
(pours a drink in each cup or each takes up water bottle)

Jim-Boy: A toast...
Both at same time: To my gal, Sally Ann Ratchet!
(both stop with drinks halfway to mouth looking surprised.)

John-Boy: What? Amazing! Both our girls gots the same name. Now, ain't that sumpin'?

Jim-Boy: Hmmm, sure is. Who'd of thought?
John-Boy: Well, let's finish this toast.

Jim-Boy: A toast...
Both at same time: To my gal, Sally Ann Ratchet! With the red mustache and glass eye!
(both stop with drinks halfway to mouth looking surprised. Both try to look a bit suspicious.)

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John-Boy: Ha! What a deal! Best friends and we gots girlfriends with the same name and beautiful looks.

Jim-Boy: Yep, that's pretty amazin'. Ah heck, let's get this over with.

Jim-Boy: A toast...

Both at same time: To my gal, Sally Ann Ratchet! With the red mustache and glass eye! Who plays harmonica with her nose and whistles out her ear!

(both stop with drinks halfway to mouth looking surprised. Acting a bit more suspicious.)

John-Boy: Now, come on, Jim-Boy! I'm not liking this much. I'm starting to get a funny feeling and it ain't no 'ha-ha' funny feeling neither.

Jim-Boy: Dad-burn it, John-Boy! You better not be messin' with me. It ain't too funny now.

John-Boy: I ain't. Now, get on with it already!

Jim-Boy: A toast...

Both at same time: To my gal, Sally Ann Ratchet! With the red mustache and glass eye! Who plays harmonica with her nose and whistles out her ear! And teaches disco lessons to out-of-work truck drivers.

(both stop with drinks halfway to mouth looking very suspicious.)

John-Boy: Now that's just too blame much, Jim-Boy! That's MY Sally Ann we're talking about!

Jim-Boy: Slow down, John-Boy! If your Sally Ann loved you like my Sally Ann loves me, you've got nothin' to worry about. She wouldn't cheat on you.

John-Boy: Yeah, I guess you're right. Blast it! Let's go!

Jim-Boy: A toast...

Both at same time: To my gal, Sally Ann Ratchet! With the red mustache and glass eye! Who plays harmonica with her nose and whistles out her ear! And teaches disco lessons to out-of-work truck drivers at the Pink Flamingo Bar and Grill.

(both stop with drinks halfway to mouth looking very angry)

John-Boy: Why you stinkin' scoundrel!

Jim-Boy: You cheatin' back-stabbin' low-life snake!

(both grab their guns and shoot each other)

John-Boy: Darn, Jim-Boy! You got me. I'm sorry. We shouldn't never of started this toast.

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Jim-Boy: I ain't gonna make it, John-Boy. I'm sorry too. At least, let's finish this toast, together, as friends.

John-Boy: Ok.

Jim-Boy: A toast...

Both at same time: To my gal, Sally Ann Ratchet! With the red mustache and glass eye! Who plays harmonica with her nose and whistles out her ear! And teaches disco lessons to out-of-work truck drivers at the Pink Flamingo Bar and Grill...

John-Boy: ... in Bloomington. (and dies)

Jim-Boy: (looks surprised) What? No, ... in Rosemont! (and dies)