

IT'S YER FAULT

A Humorous Duet

by
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The setting for this skit is in the late 1800's. Think prairie type costumes. Emma is a bossy type character. Abigail is a little scatterbrained. but sweet.

EMMA: (Entering) I still don't see anything. Aire ya sure we're headin' the right way?
ABIGAIL: (Entering, dragging a suitcase) We aire iffen ya followed the stage drivers directions.
EMMA: Well this is a fine predicament ya landed us in now, Abigail!
ABIGAIL: How did I get us here? I've jist been follown' you. Doin' all the work too, I might add.
EMMA: This whole trip was yer idea in the first place.
ABIGAIL: Ya coulda stayed home Emma.
EMMA: And let you loose on unsuspectin' folk?! Of course, iffen I woulda known we'd end up at the edge of the desert without any water, I would have.
ABIGAIL: Oh, water! I'd almost kill fer a drink now! My throat is drier than a pile of bones in a desert.
EMMA: Ya shoulda filled the canteen like I told ya ta do afore we left.
ABIGAIL: Suzannah Ames came by and we got ta talkin' and I jist plumb fergot about it.
EMMA: Ya coulda filled it while ya were talkin'. That's what I woulda done.
ABIGAIL: Fergive me fer not bein' perfect like you!
EMMA: Ya need ta learn ta think Abigail. Ya git us inta more trouble than I can shake a stick at, jist cause ya don't think!
ABIGAIL: I still don't see how this mess is my fault.
EMMA: Yer the one that was in an all fire hurry ta git ta the mission station. I jist hope we didn't fergot anythin' besides the canteen.
ABIGAIL: Next time you can plan the trip.
EMMA: There won't be another trip iffen we don't find that mission soon.
ABIGAIL: I'm sure the Lord didn't bring us out here to die. Do ya think we took a wrong turn somewhere?
EMMA: Of course not! I know how ta follow directions Abigail.
ABIGAIL: Oh yes, I fergot. I make the mistakes, not you.
EMMA: Iffen yer honest Abigail, ya'll admit that ya aire the one that gits us inta trouble.
ABIGAIL: I admit no such thing!
EMMA: Well now, let's see. How about that time we were stuck in the middle of the river on a leaky raft? That was yer idea.
ABIGAIL: I didn't know it was leaky!
EMMA: Let's take a nice ride down the river ya said. Ha! We had ta swim ashore.
ABIGAIL: All right. That was my fault. Whew! It sure is gittin' mighty hot, ain't it?
EMMA: And what about that time ya bought them skittish horses? Ya about killed us both on that ride.
ABIGAIL: The man lied about the horses. He said they were tamer than a daid rabbit.
EMMA: It's a miracle that we're not daid yet.
ABIGAIL: Iffen it's such a chore to be around me, you'll be glad ta git rid of me. I'll find my own way to the station. (Leaves)

EMMA: Don't be silly Abigail. Ya'll git lost fer sure. Oh well. (Pause) Abigail was right about one thing--it sure is hot!

ABIGAIL: (Offstage, screams, runs back on) Help! Emma, help!

EMMA: What is it Abigail? What happened? Are you okay?

ABIGAIL: I saw--I saw--a--snake!

EMMA: A snake? Yer screamin' like that fer a snake?

ABIGAIL: It was a big one! Do ya think it'll come this way?

EMMA: With all the noise ya made. I'm sure it slithered clear ta Texas by now.

ABIGAIL: I cain't help it. I'm scairt of snakes!

EMMA: Ya better git over that. I'm sure we'll be, seein' them around the mission. Might even have ta eat one ta keep from starvin' out here. I hear it's right good meat.

ABIGAIL: Not me! Maybe I can help out inside someplace. Like the schoolroom.

EMMA: Iffen they're smart, they'll put ya where ya can do the least amount of damage. Iffen there is such a place,.

ABIGAIL: I'm sure I'd be right good at workin' with the younguns. I love children.

EMMA: Ya love them so much ya scare them ta death.

ABIGAIL: I do not Emma!

EMMA: What about that time ya watched Laura's younguns? Ya had 'em all cryin' and hiding under the bed when Laura came home.

ABIGAIL: I was jist tryin' ta protect 'em.

EMMA: From a scarecrow.

ABIGAIL: I couldn't tell what it was! It was dark and stormy out, and with the lightnin' flashin' it looked like a wild man standin' there. That horse thief was on the, loose then, iffen ya remember.

EMMA: Ya coulda prayed instead of hidin'.

ABIGAIL: I was prayin'--while I was hidin'. (Pause) Maybe I do tend ta git into diffculties, but not everythin' I do is wrong.

EMMA: Of course not, jist most everythin'.

ABIGAIL: I'm a willin' worker. The missionary did say that they need folks that aire, willin' 'ta work.

EMMA: Well, all the will in the world won't help iffen we cain't find the mission.

ABIGAIL: I wonder how we got lost? The stage driver's directions weren't hard ta follow.

EMMA: Maybe he didn't know what he was talkin' about.

ABIGAIL: I'm, sure he did. He said he's been drivin' the stage fer almost 25 years.

EMMA: Let's see--He said to go straight fer half a mile, then turn left at the cottonwoods and go--

ABIGAIL: Left?!

EMMA: Left at the cottonwoods--

ABIGAIL: He said don't go left.

EMMA: I know I heard him say left Abigail.

ABIGAIL: He said don't turn left.

EMMA: Aire you fer certain?

ABIGAIL: We shoulda gone right at the cottonwoods. No wonder we cain't find the mission.

EMMA: Well! How do ya like, them apples? Guess we'd better head back. (Turns to leave) Aire ya comin'?

ABIGAIL: I have a question first.

EMMA: What is it?

ABIGAIL: We're lost because of a wrong turn, right?

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EMMA: That's right.

ABIGAIL: And who was it that took the wrong turn?

EMMA: (Reluctantly) I did. Although I was sure he said turn left.

ABIGAIL: So, this predicament is yer fault?

EMMA: I suppose it is. Hmm--imagine that! Well. I guess I owe ya an apology Abigail. I've been blamin' you when I shoulda blamed myself. I guess I'd better take care of my own faults instead of worryin' about yers.

ABIGAIL: That's fer sure. I do know one thing ya can worry about now though.

EMMA: What's that?

ABIGAIL: The case. It's yer turn ta carry it. (Abigail heads off. Emma indignantly picks up the suitcase and follows)

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