

Bubba The Cowboy Prince A Fractured Texas Tale

Narrators 1, 2 & 3, Dwayne, Milton, Mizz Lurleen, Wicked Stepdaddy, Voice

Narrator 1: Once, a strapping young feller named Bubba lived on a ranch with his wicked stepdaddy and his hateful and lazy stepbrothers, Dwayne and Milton.

Narrator 2: Bubba's stepdaddy spoiled Dwayne and Milton no end, but Bubba worked from sunup to sundown doing the chores of three ranch hands. Bubba never complained, though. He loved ranching.

Narrator 3: Dwayne and Milton spent their days setting on horseback, bossing Bubba around.

Dwayne: "Get them doggies along there, Bubba"

Milton: "Yeah, and watch out fer them cowpatties", "You know how Daddy hates fer you to track up the house."

Narrator 1: Now Mis Lurleen, who lived down the road a piece, was the purist and richest gal in the county. She owned the biggest spread west of the Brazos, and she loved ranching, too. But it was lonesome work, and after a while, she decided it was time for some companionship.

Miz Lurleen: "I aim to find me a feller," "one who loves ranching as much as I do. And it wouldn't hurt if he was cute as a cow's ear, either."

Narrator 2: Miz Lurleen decided to throw a ball. She sent invitations to all the ranchers in Texas.

Narrator 3: Soon the day of the ball arrived. Milton and Dwayne spent all day getting gussied up in their finest duds. Bubba about ran hisself ragged waiting on them.

Dwayne: "Bubba!" "Fetch my bolo tie!"

Milton: "Bubba!" "Git my boots polished!"

Wicked Stepdaddy: "Bubba!" "Brush them horses and wash that wagon!"

Narrator 1: By the time Dwayne, Milton and their Wicked Stepdaddy were ready to , Bubba was exhausted. Still, as they climbed into the wagon,

Bubba: "Can't you wait for me to ready? I want to dance with Miz Lurleen, too."

Dwayne, Milton and Wicked Stepdaddy: [*hoot and holler*]

Dwayne: "Why you're sorrier than a steer in a stockyard."

Milton: “Can you imagine Miz Lurleen dancing with the likes of you?” “Miz Lurleen wouldn’t even wipe the dirt clods off her boots with that raggedy shirt of yours. And you smell more like the cattle than I do!”

Narrator 2: Bubba took a look at himself. It was true. He didn’t have a decent shirt to wear. His boots were downright disgraceful. And he did smell a bit rough. Milton and Dwayne were right. Miz Lurleen wouldn’t dance with the likes of him. Bubba hung his head. He felt lower than a rattlesnake in a gully.

Narrator 3: Milton and Dwayne and there wicked Stepdaddy went on off to the ball. Bubba mounted his horse and headed for the pasture to check on the herd. The sky was getting darker than a black bull at midnight. It looked like a Texas thunderstorm was brewing.

Narrator 1: Bubba had just arrived at the cow pasture when a bolt of lightning struck, knocking him off his horse. Bubba was stunned for a moment, but when he picked himself up, he heard a voice.

Voice: “Go to the ball. Bubba”

Narrator 1: Bubba looked around. No one was there except him and the cows. Now, Bubba figured he’d bonked the bejeebers out of his bean, ‘cause the voice was coming from a cow. She chewed her cud for a moment.

Voice: “I’m your fairy godcow, and I can help you go to the ball.”

Narrator 2: Bubba sat up rubbing his head

Bubba: “I’d like to go, Miz Godcow, but shoot, I don’t have thing to wear.”

Narrator 3: The fairy godcow swished her tail, and Bubba’s raggedy clothes changed into the handsomest cowboy duds he’d ever laid eyes on. His jeans were crips, his boots were shiney, his shirt was dazzing, and his Stetson was whiter than a new salt lik.

Bubba: “Why I look downright pretty.”

Narrator 1: The fairy godcow swished her tail again, and a nearby steer turned into the most beautiful white stallion Bubba had ever seen.

Voice: “Now, you go off to the ball, Bubba, and have a good time dancing with Miz Lurleen. But you’d best be home by midnight, ‘cause that’s when the magic runs out.”

Bubba: “Yahoo!”

Narrator 2: Bubba jumped on the white horse and galloped off to the ball. When Bubba arrived, the hoedown was in full swing. But every time Miz Lurleen finished a dance, she yawned.

Miz Lurleen: “Where are all the real cowboys?”

Narrator 3: by the time it was Bubba’s turn to dance with Miz Lurleen, it was almost midnight. Soon as she saw Bubba, Miz Lurleen eye’s lit up.

Miz Lurleen: “Why you’re as cute a cow’s ear.”

Narrator 1: Bubba blushed, then took Miz Lurleen in his arms and started dancing. Dwayne and Milton turned purple with jealousy

Dwayne: “Who is that dude?”

Milton: “I don’t recollect seeing him before, but he look a mite familiar.”

Wicked Stepdaddy: “Do something!” “That cowboy is winning Miz Lurleen’s heart.”

Narrator 2: As it turned out, Milton and Dwayne didn’t have to do a thing. Because Bubba and Miz Lurleen were in the middle of do-sido-ing when the clock struck midnight. Suddenly, Bubba’s fins duds turned into the dirty rags he usually wore around the ranch. He looked sorry, and he smelled worse.

Milton: “What is that smell?”

Dwayne: “Why it’s Bubba!”

Narrator 3: Bubba turned fourteen shaeds of red, apologized to Miz Lurleen, and ran out of the room.

Miz Lurleen: “Wait!”

Narrator 1: she yelled, chasing after him. But Bubba didn’t wait. He jumped on his cow and lumbered off into the night. In the ruckus, he lost one of his dirty cowboy boots. Miz Lurleen clasped it in her arms.

Miz Lurleen: “this ia the boot of a real cowboy and the man I want to marry. And I aim to find him.”

Narrator 2: Miz Lurleen went back inside, and though she asked everybody at the ball, nobody knew who the mysterious cowboy was. Nobody except Dwayne and Milton and their Wicked Stepdaddy, that is, but they weren’t talking.

Narrator 3: The next day, Miz Lurleen went from ranch to ranch, looking for the cowboy who owned the boot. When she came to Dwayne and Milton’s ranch, both brothers tried on the boot, but it didn’t fit.

Narrator 1: Miz Lurleen had just climbed on her horse to leave when Bubba rode up. He was dirty and sweaty and smelly from working with the cows. And he was only wearing one boot. Miz Lurleen jumped off her horse and ran over to Bubba.

Miz Lurleen: "Try this on!"

Narrator 2: Bubba took his dirty old boot and pulled it on.

Bubba: "Much obliged, ma'am."

Narrator 3: he said blushing. It fit perfectly.

Miz Lurleen: "You're my prince in cowboy boots!" "I'd recognize that smell anywhere! Marry me, cowboy, and help me work my ranch."

Narrator 1: Dwayne, Milton and their wicked Stepdaddy threw chicken fits. But Bubba just smiled, and he and Miz Lurleen rode off into the sunset. They lived happily ever after, roping, and cow poking, and getting them dogies along.