Skits and Storytelling

Astronaut Jokes

How do you get an astronaut baby to sleep? Rocket

What should an astronaut do when he gets dirty? Take a meteor shower

What did the astronaut get when the rocket fell on his foot? Mistletoe

What did the astronaut think of the restaurant on the moon? He thought the food was fine but there wasn't much of an atmosphere

What did the astronaut see on the stove? An unidentified frying object

What is an astronaut's favorite key on a computer keyboard? The space bar

What do you call an astronaut's watch? A lunar-tick

Where do astronauts keep their sandwiches? In their launch boxes

Why don't astronauts relate well to other people? They are not always down-to-earth

Why do astronauts wear bullet-proof vests? To protect themselves against shooting stars

What happens to astronauts who misbehave? They're grounded

Did you hear the one about the spaceship? It was out of this world

What do you call a space magician? A flying saucerer

What kind of Star Wars toy can you ride? A Toy-Yoda

When is the moon not hungry? When it is full

How did the rocket lose its job? It was fired

How does the astronaut describe his work? Heavenly

Do a Good Turn

Boy #1: (Comes on stage turning around.)
Boy #2: (Comes on stage doing frontward rolls.)
Boy #3: (Comes on stage rolling over and over.)
Boy #4: (Comes on stage doing cartwheels.)
Boy #5: What are you guys doing?
All Cub Scouts: Don't you know a good turn when you see one?

Cub Scout Socks

Characters: Den leader, three Cub Scouts
Props: A pile of socks on a table. Den leader sits behind table.

Den Leader: Boys, I'm pleased to announce that our new Cub Scout socks have arrived. Please step up for your supply of clean socks. (Boys line up in front of table.)
Cub Scout #1: I need four pairs.
Den Leader: What do you need four pair for?
Cub Scout #1: I need them for Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.
Den Leader: O.K. Here are your socks. Next, please.
Cub Scout #2: I need seven pairs.
Den Leader: What do you need seven pair for?
Cub Scout #2: For Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Den Leader: O.K. Here are your socks.
Cub Scout #3: I need twelve pairs.
Den Leader: Wow, you must really be a clean guy! So, why do you need twelve pair?
Cub Scout #3: Well, there's January, February, March, April... etc.

The Collections

Personnel: Den Leader and Cubs Equipment: note pad and pencil

Den Leader: O.K. guys, I hope all of you have something to contribute to our meeting on collections.
(Cub 1 turns to Cub 2.)
Cub 1: What did you bring?
Cub 2: I was going to bring my collections of cookies, but my dog ate it.
(Cub 1 writes something down on a piece of paper. Turns to Cub 3.)
Cub 1: What did you bring?

Cub 3: Uh, I was going to bring my collection of old Science Fiction Comic Books, but a Flying Saucer must have beamed them all up.
(Cub 1 writes on his piece of paper again. Turns to Cub 4.)
Cub 1: How about you?
Cub 4: I was going to bring my autograph collection, but my mom thought she saw Elvis walking down the street, and she grabbed my autograph book and ran off down the street.
(Cub 1 writes on his piece of paper again. Turns to Cub 5.)
Cub 1: What have you got?
Cub 5: I was going to bring my collection of jokes, which I keep on my computer, but a virus

erased my hard drive.
(Cub 1 writes on his piece of paper again.)
Den Leader: O.K. lets see your collections.
(All Cubs put their hands in their pockets and look very uncomfortable, except Cub 1.)
Cub 1: Here is my collection. (Hands the paper he has been writing on to Den Leader.)
Den Leader: Why this is very good! This is the best collection of excuses I have ever seen!

Computer Virus

(Boy comes on stage, vigorously waving a butterfly or fisherman's net.)

Cub #1: Hey, what are you doing?
Cub #2: I'm catching computer viruses.
Cub #1: What's that you're using?
Cub #2: It's an INTER-net.

Chory of Stinderella or Rindercella Skit

Notes: This is a monologue that is funny to listen to if it is memorized. Here are two versions.

Once upon a time, in a coreign fountry, there lived a geautiful birl and her name was Rindercella. Now, Rindercella lived with her mugly other and two sad bisters. Also in this same coreign fountry, there was a very prandsome hince.

Now this prandsome hince was going to have a bancy fall. And he invited the people from riles amound, especially the pich reople.
Now Rindercella's mugly other and her two sad blisters, they went out to buy some drancy fesses to wear to this bancy fall. But Rindercella couldn't go because all she had to wear were some old rirty dags.

So, finally the night of the bancy fall arrived and Rindercella couldn't go, so she just cat down and shried. And she was kitten there shrien, when all at once there appeared before her, her gairy mudfather. And he touched her with his wagic mand ... and there appeared before her, a cig boach and hix white sorses to take her to the bancy fall. But he said, "Now, Rindercella, you be sure and be home before nidmight, or I'll purn you into a tumpkin!"

When Rindercella arrived at the bancy fall, this prandsome hince met her at the door because he had been watchin' all this time behind a wooden hindow. And Rindercella and the prandsome hince nanced all dight. And they lell in fove. And all at once, the mid clock struck night. And Rindercella staced down the rairs, and just as she beached the rottom, she slopped her dripper!

So, the next day this prandsome hince went all over this coreign fountry looking for the geautiful birl who had slopped her dripper. Finally he came to Rindercella's house. Well, he tried it on her mugly other and it fidn't dit. Then he tried it on her two sigly usters and it fidn't dit. Then he tried it on Rindercella and it fid dit. It was exactly the sight rize!

So they got married and lived heverly after hapwards. Now, the storal of the mory is this: If you go to a bancy fall and you want to have a pransome hince loll in fove with you, don't forget to slop your dripper!

Once upon a time, in a coreign funtry, there lived a geautiful birl, and her rame was Ninderella. Linderella cived with her mugly other and her two sad blisters.

In that same coreign funtry, there also lived a very prandsome hince, called Chince Parming. Chince Parming was going to have a bancy fall, and he'd invited all the people for riles amound, especially the pich reople.

Now Cinderella's mugly other and her two sad blisters went out and bought some drancy fesses to bear to the wancy fall. Rindercella wasn't allowed to go, so all she had to wear were wome rirty old dags.

Finally the bight of the nancy fall came, and the mugly other and the two sad blisters rode off in a cancy foach drawn by bour forces. Cinderella couldn't go, so she just cat down and scried.

As she was kitten there scrying, her gairy fodgather appeared! He touched her with his wagic mand, and she was instantly dressed in a geautiful bown of ghite and wold, with matching slass glippers! A kig boach and hix white sorses appeared to bake her to the tall. But the father godfairy warned her to be mome by hidnight, or the diss would resappear and the coach would purn into a tumpkin.

When Rindercella arrived at the bancy fall, Chince Parming met her at the door, for he had been watching from a widden hindow. Pinderella and the handsome chince nanced

all dight, until nidmight, and they lell in fove.

Suddenly, the clock mid strucknight! Cinderella slaced down the rairs and ran away. But as she beached the rottom, she slopped her glass dripper.

The dext nay, Chince Parming went all over that coreign funtry, searching for the geautiful birl who had slopped her dripper, for he was fuch in move and fad to hind her. After a song learch, he came to Hinderella's souse. He tried the slass glipper on the mugly other, but it fidin't dit. He tried the slass glipper on the sin thigly uster, but it fidin't dit. He tried the slass glipper on the sat ugly fister, but it fidin't dit. Tinally, he tried the slass glipper on Cinderella, and it fid dit; it was exactly the sight rize. So Chince Parming and Cinderella were married and they hived lappily after everwards.

Now the storal of this mory is: if you ever go to a bancy fall and want a prandsome hince to lall in fove with you, don't forget to slop your dripper.