

The Boy's Club Skit #11

Funny Business

Kevin Lee

Performers x4

Joe

Harriet

Filthy

Barnsey

Props

Writing pad/book

Beer bottles/cans

Couch

(The three Boys are sitting on the couch, huddled together, studying the writing pad, and talking excitedly, when Harriet enters).

Har. "What are you three clowns up to now?"

Joe. "We're planning."

Har. "Planning...that's a new word for it."

Fil. "We're going to start a Business."

Har. "A Business?...Hmm...a funny business?"

Bar. "No...we're going to market a range of Boy's Club merchandise."

Har. "Those are big words Barnsey...do you know what they mean?"

Fil. "Yes...they mean we're going to sell things with the Boy's Club logo on them."

Har. "No...they mean you can't sit around all day, drinking beer and talking...You have to do something about it."

Joe. "We are...we're planning...I told you that."

Har. "Merchandise?...People only need one beer cooler each you know?"

Joe. "yes, we know that...but there are seven billion people on earth...and if we sell them for two bucks a piece...that's fourteen billion dollars!" (Looking pleased with himself). "Not a bad start to our venture is it?"

Har. "You've done your homework then...So you get seven billion beer coolers made in China...then you ship them over here...then you ship three billion back to China, for the Chinese...and..."

Bar. "No...These are going to be the real deal...we're going to get them made right here."

Har. "So, you're starting a factory now?"

Joe. "No...we thought we'd get people to make them at home...like small Businesses...and give them a chance to be a part of something big."

Fil. "It's going to be big...the opportunity of a lifetime."

Har. "I don't like the sound of this...what sort of idiots would do that for you lot?"

(Joe and Barnsey look at each other).

Fil. "We thought you, and Bella, and Stacey?"

Har. "You, and Bella, and Stacey?"

Bar. "Yes."

Har. "Have you asked you, and Bella, and Stacey, if they want to do it?"

Fil. "No...But they'll see it's a golden opportunity...like we did."

Joe. "It's your chance to be a part of something big."

Har. "That's what you said when I married you."

Joe. "Well, you know how that worked out...this will just be an extension of that!"

Har. "Great...and what else are you selling?"

Bar. "Boy's Club caps."

Har. "And where are they coming from?"

Joe. "We thought...if you girls are clever enough to sew beer coolers...then you'd be clever enough to sew caps as well."

Har. (Shakes her head). "And what else are you selling?"

Bar. "Boy's Club Tee shirts."

Har. "And where are they coming from?"

Joe. "We thought...if you girls are clever enough to sew beer coolers and caps...you'd be clever enough to sew Tee-shirts too!"

Har. "With 'No girls allowed' on the front of them?"

Joe. "No...of course not."

Bar. "Never!"

Fil. But...I thought that's what we agreed?"

Joe. "We were only clowning and stuff when we said that."

Bar. "Just fooling around!"

Fil. "What about the 'Wives are like empty beer cans..They only..."

Joe. "That was just us being silly."

Har. (Looks at Joe sternly).

Joe. "We were just tossing ideas around from the top of our heads."

Har. "Yes well...they wouldn't have come from inside them."

Fil. "Do you want to be a part of it, Missus D?"

Har. "You've made me an offer I can't refuse...but I'll have to think about it."

Fil. "Cool!"

Har. "And what else are you 'merchandising'?"

Bar. "We're going to Market a range of Boy's Club beers...A traditional Lager...and a couple of real hoppy boutique numbers..."

Har. "Are we making them too...in our spare time?"

Joe. "No dear...Brewing is an artform...it takes serious skills to brew a good beer...it's not like cooking...us Boys will see to that."

Fil. "Serious skills!"

Har. "Maybe us mere girls could taste test them for you?"

Fil. "Nah...Joe said you wouldn't know an IPA from the IRA."

Har. (Sternly). "What did you say Joseph?"

Joe. "I wouldn't say that darling...I said something else...can't remember what it was now?"

Har. "Are you Boys clever enough to put your empty bottles outside?"

Fil. "Yes."

Joe. "Yes."

Har. "Then you must be clever enough to mow the lawn...and clever enough to paint the house?"

Joe. "We've got to get this Business stuff sorted first...strike while the iron's hot and all that."

Har. "You promised you'd get the Boys to help you paint the house this weekend Joe?"

Joe. "We were just talking about painting the house before you came in...and my word's my bond...But if we get this off the ground...we'll be able to pay someone...to paint it properly."

Har. "And you'll be able to pay someone to sew...properly."

Joe. "We'll start at the bottom darling...and see where we go from there?"

Fil. "It's gonna be big...*real* big."

Har. "Yes I'm sure it is...so I'll try not to step in it on my way out." (Harriet leaves).

Bar. "That woman just doesn't have any sense of adventure!"

Joe. "That's right Barnsey...she can't see the bigger picture like we can."

Fil. "You got that right...it's her chance to be a part of something big."

Joe. "Her second chance...and that doesn't happen every day."

Bar. "Nope...and I think it's time we celebrate this."

Joe. "My very thoughts...Filthy, get us some beers."

Fil. "Coming up!"

Joe. "We've got a real winner here!"

Bar. "Yep...Bella thinks all we do here is drink beer and tell jokes."

Joe. "If only they knew how much the world is affected by what happens in this little room?"

Bar. (Holding up his beer). "Cheers to that!"

Joe "Cheers."

Fil. "Cheers!"

Joe. "And lock the door Filthy... in case Harriet comes back."

Fil. "Sure...No girls allowed!"

(All huddle in around the notebook, talking excitedly).

End

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