

The Boy's Club Skit #17

The Hairy Man of the Coromandel

Kevin Lee

Performers X3

Harriet

Joe

Filthy

Props

Couch

Beer cans

Pad and pen

(Harriet walks into the Boy's Club room, to find Filthy in there).

Har. "Filthy, you've been here for five nights in a row now...Has Stella kicked you out?"

Fil. "No...She's visiting her Mum for a week...So I'm coming here...Joe's keeping me company."

Har. "That must be hard...having to look after yourself...and do all the cooking and clean up?"

Fil. "No, I like it."

Har. "You like it ...really?"

Fil. "Yes...I have greasys every night...no cooking and no dishes."

Har. "And you're happy eating them every night?"

Fil. "Yeah...my favourite food."

Har. "You're easily pleased...not like someone else around here."

Fil. "And I don't have to shave...or wash...or change my clothes...or make the bed...or put the toilet seat down...or wear underpants."

Har. "And you like that?"

Fil. "Yeah...live like a real man!"

Har. "Live like a cave-man...or the Hairy Man of the Coromandel!"

Fil. "That's a *real* man!"

Har. "Does Stella know you live like this when she's away?"

Fil. "Dunno?...I haven't asked her."

Har. "Maybe I should?"

Fil. "No, it's alright...She might worry about me?"

Har. "No, she might worry about the smell...and what the neighbours think?"

(Joe enters).

Har. "Do you know what Filthy gets up to when Stella's away?...Living on greasys...and not wearing underpants...and not cleaning anything?"

Joe. "I don't interfere in his private life...so I don't know."

Har. "Do you wash when I'm away?"

Joe. "Wash what?...sometimes...yes."

Har. "And shave and wear underpants?"

Joe. "Sometimes...Yes"

Har. "I don't believe you two...this is the twenty first Century...and you two still live like cave-men."

Fil. "It's getting back to nature...It's all about refreshing your soul."

Har. "Your soul?...it *will* need refreshing if you don't wash it."

Joe. "It's getting back to everything the world has lost touch with today."

Har. "Everyone else calls it progress!"

Fil. "Yes, but at what cost to the soul...the inner being?"

Har. "What have you been reading Filthy?"

Fil. "Dunno what it's called...there's no cover...it's the book I'm using for toilet paper."

Har. (Shakes her head). "And you like playing the Hairy Man as well Joseph...while I'm away?"

Joe. "It's reconnecting with your roots...It's enlightening."

Har. "No, it's smelly...and it's primitive...I feel like I need a shower, just listening to you two...Sorry, I don't think you know what that is?"

Joe. "We're much better men for it...makes us tougher...and more resilient...we fend off all the hard knocks this world throws at us."

Har. "No, it's probably a bucket of water that's thrown at you..." (Shudders). "I'm going back to the twenty-first Century...Goodbye!" (She leaves).

Fil. "I don't think she appreciated that?"

Joe. "Nah...you can't tell them...She'll notice the difference between us and everyone else though...if she takes the time to look beneath the surface."

Fil. "That's really deep...maybe we should write a book about our philosophy?"

Joe. "Yeah...we could...lets tot down a few ideas...get us a couple of beers will you Filthy."

Fil. "Coming up."

Joe. "And you know the drill!"

Fil. "Lock the door in case Harriet comes back?"

Joe. “Yep!”

(They huddle together, as Joe starts writing).

End.

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