

The Last Man Standing Club Skit #5

Happy birthday

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins

Props

Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Chairs x 2 (or couch).

Glasses x 2

Cuban style Army hat

Black beard (for Castro).

Nar. "It's the year 2020...Fiddle Castro is the last remaining communist...and Roger Dumbkins is the last remaining Atheist...So, they've formed a club, called the Last-Man-Standing-Club...where they meet on Saturday nights to swig gin...and swap stories about the good-old-days."

(Fiddle is pacing the floor, when Roger enters).

Fid. "Ahh...Mister Roger you're here!"

Rog. "Yes Fiddle...And Happy Birthday old chap."

Fid. "You remembered!"

Rog. "Of course I did...And I brought you a present."

Fid. "A present?"

Rog. "Yes...I couldn't decide what to get...I wanted to give you something lasting...and yet valuable."

Fid. "Valuable?"

Rog. "Yes..." (Handing present to Fiddle). "So here...open it man."

Fid. "Gracias...Gracias...It's a photo?"

Rog. "Yes."

Fid. "Of you?"

Rog. "Yes...But it's not just a photo...It's a portrait...And if you notice on the bottom...I autographed it for you."

Fid. "But...You gave me one of these last year...And the year before...And the year before that too."

Rog. "I'm updating them...Keeping up with the times and all that."

Fid. "But...a box of chocolates would be nice for a change...Or a bottle of gin."

Rog. "Fiddle Man!...This is a memento...and when I'm given the recognition I so soundly deserve...It could be worth a small fortune...Especially with my autograph on it."

Fid. "I could wallpaper my house with them I suppose?"

Rog. "Fiddle man!...That's my portrait...It's a slice of my life...Don't cheapen it with talk like that!"

Fid. "Next year...Could I have a bottle of gin?"

Rog. "Fiddle...You have no appreciation of the better things in life...That portrait could be hanging in a museum one day, with a plaque reading...Graciously donated by the great Fiddle Castro."

Fid. "You think so?"

Rog. "I'm sure of it!...I'm not going to spend my whole life rubbing shoulders with the likes of you...I have greater things planned for the future."

Fid. "See they include a bottle of gin."

Rog. "Fiddle man...You're incorrigible!"

Fid. "Ah...I know what I'll give you for your birthday Mister Roger."

Rog. "No Fiddle...Definitely not!"

Fid. "But why not?"

Rog. "Your time has come and gone Man...But I'm poised on the verge of greatness!"

And besides...I already have a photo of you.”

Fid. “But...I can update it for you?”

Rog. “No!...The old one does just fine...Buy me a nice bottle of gin.”

Fid. “But...?”

Rog. “No man!...Just do as I say...Now let’s go out and get a couple of pies.”

(They walk off together).

End

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