

The Fudders and Dork
Show skits #1-7



Kevin Lee

www.therescueshop.org

The Fudders and Dork skits

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #1

Smoking it

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Richard Fudders
Toby Dork

Props

Desk or table
Microphones x 2

(Fudders and Dork are sitting at their Studio table, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks...and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show...The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "That nobody else will touch..."

Ric. "And tonight, we're going to wade into a debate that has vexed politicians..."

Tob. "...and the general public..."

Ric. "...for a long...long...time."

Tob. "and we're going to ask..."

Ric. "Should Marijuana be legalised?"

Tob. "To kick the ball off we have some letters sent in by our audience."

Ric. "The first one is from Elaine...and I quote...'If they legalize Marijuana, they should legalise everything else too...I mean why not legalise speeding?'...What do you think Dorkey?"

Tob. "We hear you Elaine...I think it's a great idea!"

Ric. "Yeah...me too!...Imagine zipping down the motorway at a hundred and fifty, wind whistling through your hair..."

Tob. "Smoking Marijuana."

Ric. "Yeah!"

Tob. "It's an excellent idea Elaine...So...We'll hand your letter on to the local M.P. and get him to present it to Parliament!"

Ric. (To Dork). "And what else?"

Tob. "We have a letter here from Toby...." (To Fud) "...no relation!...And he writes, 'Should Marijuana

be legalised?...No! No! No! No! No! No!...and No!”

Ric. “So...Um...Does he want a referendum or something?”

Tob. “I think so.”

Ric. “So, we’ll hand your letter on to the local M.P and see what he can do about that too.”

Tob. “I brought this with me too...” (Pulling a cigarette from his pocket.) “...to help us with the debate..”

Ric. “What’s that?”

Tob. “You know?”

Ric. “What?”

Tob. “You know?”

Ric. “Marijuana?”

Tob. “Yes!”

Ric. “You can’t bring *that* into the studio!”

Tob. “Why not?”

Ric. “Because it’s illegal.”

Tob. “Oops...My bad!...” (Putting it back in his pocket.) “You didn’t hear that folks.”

Ric. “Ok...And what else have you got there?”

Tob. “A lot more letters...Half of them are for it...and the other half want tougher penalties.”

Ric. “Well...You can’t please everyone can you?”

Tob. “No!...So this debate can never be decided?”

Ric. “It could if we could find a consensus.”

Tob. “What?...Like something that would please everyone?”

Ric. “Yes”

Tob. “But what like?...Do you mean, like saying anyone who wants to smoke it can, and it’s legal for them...But anyone who doesn’t want to smoke it can’t...and for them it’s illegal?”

Ric. "You're an utter genius Dorkey!"

Tob. "I am?"

Ric. "Yes, you are!...You've just answered the question."

Tob. "I have?"

Ric. "Yes, you have...We'll have to write that down and hand it on to the local M.P. too...I don't know how parliament ever got by without us two..."

(Silence).

Tob. "Maybe we should smoke *this* to find out what the fuss is really all about?"

Ric. "You mean smoke drugs?"

Tob. "Yes...Then we'll know."

Ric. "We can...But, we're still on air."

Tob. "Oops...Ah sorry folks...You know me...I was only joking...So we've solved the debate and now we'll wrap up the show."

Ric. "Bye!"

Tob. "Bye!...And we'll see you next week." (Turning to Fudders). "Do you have any matches?"

Ric. "No...but we'll go and get some...Come on..."

Tob. "Ok."

(They walk off).

End.

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #2

The man trap

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Richard Fudders

Toby Dork

Mabel

Props

Microphones x 2

(Fudders and Dork are standing at a door, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks...and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show...The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "...That nobody else will touch."

Ric. "And tonight...We're coming to you live from Mabel's home...and we have advice for all you single ladies who've been praying long and hard for a man...But your prayers haven't been answered yet..."

Tob. "And we're going to ask, 'Why not?'...So we're here to visit Mabel, who is a classic example."

Ric. "Bottoms up!" (He knocks at the door).

(Mabel answers)

Ric. "Good evening Mabel!"

Mab. "Fudders and Dork!...Come in!"

Ric. "Thank you."

Tob. "Mabel...I understand from your letter that you've been praying faithfully every day for nearly twenty years for a husband."

Mab. "Yes...I have."

Ric. "And you're still praying?"

Mab. "Yes!"

Tob. "But your prayers haven't been answered?"

Mab. "No!"

Ric. "Well folks...Let's find out *why* twenty years of prayer have been ignored by God...because there is always a good reason...*why* good prayers...from good people...go unanswered."

Mab. "Thank you."

Ric. "Well...The kitchen is the obvious place to start...because the way to a man's heart is through his stomach after all."

Mab. (Looking puzzled). "It is?"

Ric. (Drops his shoulders and sighs). "You didn't know that?"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "No!"

Tob. "Mabel...You need to do your homework before you pray..." (Shaking his head). "...We'd better start with the fridge." (Opens it and gasps). "This is a horror story..."

Mab. (Sheepishly). "A what?"

Ric. "Low fat milk...Low fat yoghurt...Margarine...You're trying to catch him...Not poison him!"

Mab. "What's wrong?"

Tob. "What's wrong?...Mabel...Low fat and low salt are for cyclists and people who don't shave...Real men want real food, that puts hairs on their chest."

Mab. (Sheepishly). "They do?"

Ric. "Yes!...They want butter...Meat and potatoes...Bacon and eggs...That's what real men are made of...Not Low fat...tasteless, skinny food...Mabel...If you want the Lord to answer your prayers, you need to give Him something to work with..."

Mab. "I do?"

Tob. "Yes...you do!...Do you think the Lord's going to send a hairy-chested man here to live on skim milk and pretzels?"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "I hoped he would."

Ric. (Shaking his head). "Well...Keep on hoping Mabel...Dreams are free."

Tob. "Let's check out the pantry."

Ric. "No! No! No! No! No!...Where are the chocolate biscuits?...Where's the cake?"

Mab. "I don't eat cake."

Ric. "You don't eat cake?...That's because you aren't a man...Crackers are for people who want to starve to death...Remember Mabel...Salt...Sugar...Fat...and taste."

Mab. (Sheepishly). "Salt...Sugar...Fat...and taste."

Ric. "Yes!...Equals a real man."

Tob. "Not looking very promising Mabel..." (Shaking his head).

Ric. "Let's look in the bathroom...Oh no!...Real men don't want liquid soap..."

Mab. (Sheepishly). "They don't?"

Ric. "No!...They want bar soap...Something they can grip in their big strong hands..."

Mab. (Sheepishly). "But it smells so nice..."

Tob. "Perfume is for ladies Mabel...Not for real men."

Ric. "And look at this toilet seat!"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "What's wrong with it?"

Ric. "The toilet seat's down...A classic mistake...Mabel keep the seat up...It lets the man know he's King of the Jungle."

Mab. "Okay..." (Lifting seat).

Tob. (Shaking his head) "God's really got His work cut out here...Now...what about the Sitting room?"

Mab. (Proudly). "It's my pride and joy...Through here..."

Ric. "Where's the T.V?"

Mab. "I don't watch T.V."

Ric. "And the couch?"

Mab. "I have my rocking chair..."

Tob. "Do you do a hard day's work Mabel?"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "No?"

Tob. "No...You don't...So you don't need to come home and relax in front of the T.V. with a beer, do you?"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "No?"

Tob. "No...Because you're not a hard-working man!"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "No?"

Ric. "Mabel...On a score of one to ten, how do you think your house would rate as a Man-trap?"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "I thought...umm...seven?"

Ric. "Not even close!...Our real-man would be in the front door...and out the back door, without any Man food or couch or T.V to slow him down."

Mab. (Surprised). "Ohhh!"

Tob. "So, what are you going to do about it, Mabel?"

Mab. (Sheepishly). "Buy Man food?"

Tob. "Buy Man food...Top of the class Mabel...That's the bait on the fish hook."

Ric. "Well folks...I'm sure if our friend Mabel amends her ways and stocks her fridge and her pantry with Salt...Sugar...Fat...and taste...It will go a long way towards making her home a Man trap, to help her catch the Man of her dreams..."

Tob. "And remember ladies...If you want to catch a *real* man...Set your trap with some *real* bait...Not just something to scare him off...Bye."

Ric. "Bye."

End.

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #3

Lady luck

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Richard Fudders
Toby Dork
Conrad

Props

Microphones x 2

(Fudders and Dork are standing at a door, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks...and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show...The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "...That nobody else will touch."

Ric. "And today we're here for all you single men who've been praying for a wife...and waiting...and wondering...where is she Lord?"

Tob. "I have a letter here from our friend Conrad who's been doing just that for twenty-five long lonely years now...And he writes...Hello boys...as one man to another I've been alone now for more years than I care to remember...and I want to know why?...I'm angry with God...He just doesn't seem to care about me...Conrad."

Ric. "Well folks...Today we're coming to you live from Conrad's home...so, let's go inside and find out *why* Conrad is *soo* angry with God...Bottoms up!"

(Knocks at the door).

Con. (Conrad answers). "Fudders and Dork!"

Tob. "Hello Conrad...we're here to find out what's gone wrong."

Con. "Come on in Guys...I'm so pleased you're here!"

Ric. (Steps carefully).

Con. "Yeah...Just watch where you're stepping Man...That's going to be my wife's first priority...to clean up the mess in here."

Ric. "I'm pleased someone's going to do it."

Con. (Seriously). "Is that meant to be a joke?"

Ric. (Smiles). "No point in changing your routine now is there?"

Con. "Nope!"

Tob. (Stepping in). "Oh Man...what is that stink?"

Con. (Smelling his armpit). "I haven't had a shower for a few weeks...But why should I if I don't have anyone to wash *for*?"

Tob. "There are other reasons to wash Conrad."

Con. "Really?...But maybe it's the rubbish bags...they're piling up down the hall...I'm getting desperate for a wife to take them out...or I'll have to do it myself!"

Ric. "Can't have that can we?"

Tob. "So, you've been praying patiently all these years Conrad?"

Con. "Yes!...Every time my house starts looking like a pigsty...I get a beer and sit on the couch and I pray, 'God...send me a wife today!' ...And I wait...and I'm *still* waiting."

Tob. (Looking around the floor). "Yes...I can see that!"

Con. "Is it too much to ask for someone to help me?"

Ric. "Maybe what you really need is a vacuum cleaner...Ha."

Con. "What was that?"

Ric. "Only joking."

Con. "I see all these men with their beautiful wives, and I have to do my own cooking and washing...It's not fair...Why doesn't God answer my prayers?"

Tob. "Maybe God came here but He didn't like the smell?"

Con. "Is *that* a joke?"

Tob. (Smiles).

Con. "It's a crying shame that I'm left to live in this pigsty..." (Pretends to wipe away a tear). "...it's just not fair at all."

Tob. "Well...I'm sure God has been looking."

Ric. "Look Conrad if God sends you a wife will she have to work?"

Con. "No...of course not!...I'll get a job and support her...All she has to do is the cooking, and washing, and cleaning, and mow the lawns, and polish the car, and pick up the beer cans...She can be a Lady of leisure."

Tob. "Sounds like it."

Ric. "And what about all these pictures of naked women around the walls...will they go?"

Con. "Yes they will...If she looks better than them."

Ric. "Okay."

Con. "Look Guys...Can you please be honest with me?...What will it take for me to catch the girl of my dreams and reel her in..." (Pretends to cast a rod and reel in a fish).

Ric. "A lot of prayer...a lot of scrubbing...and a lot of good luck."

Con. "Well that's not going to happen is it?...I mean...I need her to do the scrubbing. It's the story of my life...Stuck between a rock and a hard place."

Tob. "Or a couch and a soft place."

Con. "What?"

Tob. (Smiles).

Ric. "Look Conrad...I don't want to disappoint you...But you should narrow your search down to someone who is everything you want."

Con. "I'm all ears Man!"

Ric. "I suggest you look for a motel cleaner."

Con. "Motel cleaner?"

Ric. "Yes!...They spend their lives cleaning up after other people...and they don't comment, or ask any questions, because they don't speak English."

Con. "Really?"

Ric. "Yes...But you might have to keep those pictures on the wall."

Con. "Sounding good, Man!"

Ric. "Only too pleased to help."

Con. "Thanks Guys...You wanna beer to celebrate?"

Tob. "No thanks Conrad...You might need it for breakfast in the morning."

Con. "Funny man...real funny."

Ric. "Well folks...Our friend Conrad is one of the boys...He's been a teenager for the past 25 years...With no prospect of giving it up yet...So, let's hope there's a desperate motel cleaner out there who's looking for a second job with no pay or perks."

Tob. "And to all you hopeful men out there...Might I suggest some deodorant and a skip on the front lawn will go a *long* way towards helping you nail the Lady-of-your-Dreams."

Ric. "Bye...till next week."

Tob. "Bye!"

End.

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #4

The wild man

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Richard Fudders
Toby Dork

Props

Desk or table
Microphones x 2
Small bottle

(Fudders and Dork are sitting at their Studio table, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks...and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show...The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "...That no-one else will touch."

Ric. "That's right folks!...And tonight we're going to ask...'Where have all the *real* men gone?'"

Tob. "You know the type...Hairy chests...Hairy legs...Coarse woollen shirts..."

Ric. "And they smell of sweat...And body odour...And dirty socks..."

Tob. "Sounds like John the Baptist?"

Ric. "Yes...and they cut his head off."

Tob. "Shame!...Real shame!...Society didn't like them *then*...and it doesn't like them today."

Ric. "But no-one makes fun of them..."

Tob. "You got that right!"

Ric. "They'd growl like a bear...And pick you up off the ground...And squash you in their fist like a rotten banana!"

Tob. "Yep...And they're tough."

Ric. "They get bucked off a horse they don't cry."

Tob. "Nope!"

Ric. "They get up...brush the dust off...an' get back on again."

Tob. "That's what we're talking about...*Real* men."

Ric. "So where are they Dorky?...What's happened to them?"

Tob. "The sad truth is they've been captured."

Ric. "No?"

Tob. "Yep!...And emasculated."

Ric. "Ouch!"

Tob. "And made to conform."

Ric. "Sadly!"

Tob. "And tamed."

Ric. "Poor boys!"

Tob. "And dressed like everyone else."

Ric. "How?...In polyester designer clothes?"

Tob. "Yep!...And perfumed."

Ric. "Like Ladies?"

(Both shaking their heads).

Ric. "Shame!"

Tob. "The end of civilization as we know it."

Ric. "You got that right."

(Silence).

Tob. "Speaking of perfume Fud...What's that you're wearing?...It smells quite sweet?"

Ric. "You like it?...It's called Orange Grove...Smells just like oranges...try it."

Tob. (Smells his neck). "Yes...it does...that's amazing!"

Ric. "So, what are you wearing Dorky?...It has quite a pungent aroma?"

Tob. "It's called...THE WILD MAN."

Ric. "A dying breed!"

Tob. "It's supposed to make you feel like you've just heard the Call of The Wild...At least that's what the label says."

Ric. "And does it?"

Tob. "I'm still listening."

Ric. "Mmm..."

(Silence).

Ric. "We need *more* Real Men!"

Tob. "Yep...They were brave."

Ric. "Fearless!"

Tob. "They disappeared over the horizon..."

Ric. "Going only God knows where..."

Tob. "They faced whatever dangers adventure threw at them."

Ric. "Yep!"

Tob. "They built Empires."

Ric. "Yep!"

Tob. "Discovered new Continents."

Ric. "At their own peril."

Tob. "They weren't stay-at-home-pansies..."

Ric. "Like us?"

(Looking at each other).

Tob. "Yep...Like us!"

Ric. "Is that 'Wild Man' working yet?"

Tob. "I think I'm *beginning* to feel a little different..."

Ric. "Can I try a dash of it?"

Tob. "You won't start beating your breast and roar like a lion, will you?"

Ric. "Who knows?...If it's as good as the label says?" (Raising his eyebrows).

Tob. "Maybe if we have a tot?" (Pretending to drink).

Ric. "What?...Drink it?"

Tob. "Might work better?"

Ric. "Okay...But we're still on air!"

Tob. "Oops...We were only joking folks...Ah...Gotta go now...So it's goodbye from us and see you next week...Bye!"

Ric. "Bye!" (Turning to Dork). "Do you have any glasses?"

Tob. "We can swig it."

Ric. "Okay..."

End.

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #5

The price of freedom

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Richard Fudders

Toby Dork

Anna

Props

Desk or table

Microphones x 2

(Fudders and Dork are sitting at their Studio table, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks...and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show...The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "...That no-one else will touch."

Ric. "That's right folks!...And tonight we're opening up the phone lines for our audience to call in with their questions...You know the number!"

Tob. "And first we have Anna...On line One."

Ric. "Hello Anna."

Ann. "Yes hello...I'd like to know what can be done about all these dishonest Traders about?"

(Fud and Dork look at each other and shrug their shoulders).

Ric. "Well...It sounds like you've had some experience with them, so tell us about it!"

Ann. "Thank you...Yes I will...On...er...Sunday, I went for a drive out in the country, and I saw a sign that advertised *free* Range Eggs..."

Ric. "Yes...I buy them myself."

Ann. "So I went in there...and I asked the Lady for a dozen of the Range Eggs...the *free* ones...She just laughed at me and said...'Sure...that's seven dollars fifty'...Can you imagine my horror?"

Ric. "Um...I th...I think so..."

Ann. "I said...'But it said *free*'...and she replied...'It says *free*...But it doesn't actually mean *free*!'"

Ric. "Yes?"

Ann. "So I said...'Well...are they *free* or not?'...And she said...'They *are*, and they *aren't*...' So I said...'Well...give me a dozen while they are!'...and she said, 'Yes I will...that'll be seven fifty if you

please.”

Ric. “Umm?”

Ann. “Brazen!...They think they can take us old folks for a ride!...So I asked...‘Are the Range Eggs *free* or not?’...And she said...‘They aren’t *free* Range Eggs...they’re FREE RANGE Eggs...It means they run all over the show’...”

Ric. “Yes...They do...”

Ann. “So I said...‘I don’t care where they go...Just give me a dozen of the *free* ones’...And she said...‘Nice try you old tart...But you aren’t pulling *that* one on me.’....Can you imagine my horror?...”

Ric. “I think so?”

Ann. “So I threatened her...Told her I’d tell you about it and expose her..!”

Ric. “So, what’s this about, exactly?”

Ann. “Well she advertised *free* eggs...Then she called me the crook ‘cause I wouldn’t pay for them...Brazen!”

Ric. “So, you were trying to get them for nothing?”

Ann. “Well...It said *free*.”

Ric. “No! No!...It means Free Range...It means they go outside...They’re not just stuck in a cage all day long...”

Ann. “But?...Does it mean they’re *free*?”

Ric. “No...It means....”

Ann. (Cutting him off) “I know your game!”

Ric. “What?”

Ann. “You’ve been bought!...She phoned you first and gave you a dozen Range Eggs if you’d help her shut me up...”

Ric. “No!”

Ann. “Yes she did!...She gave you a dozen...and I bet they were free for you?”

Ric. “No...She didn’t!”

Ann. “Give me half and I’ll forget it.”

Ric. "I haven't got any."

Ann. "Fibber!...Don't want to get caught with egg on your face..."

Ric. "No!...I haven't got any...and she didn't phone me..."

Ann. "I thought...I thought if there's an honest man about, its Richard Fudders...But everyone has their price...And yours is a dozen Range Eggs..."

Ric. "Is this a hoax or something?"

Ann. "Yep!...Egg all over your face...I knew it."

Ric. "Who's on line two?"

Tob. "No-one?"

Ric. "Can't we pretend there's someone so we can get rid of this old cow?"

Ann. "I heard that!"

Tob. "Line one's still open!"

Ric. "I was only joking..." (Pressing a button.) "Well folks that's all we have time for today...So until next week Bye!"

Tob. "Bye!...She was a cow wasn't she?...I bet she tries that all the time..."

Ric. "Er...I think the Red Light's still on..?"

Tob. "Um...Bye folks!" (Pressing button).

End.

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #6

Talkback

Kevin Lee

Performers x 6

Richard Fudders
Toby Dork
Sharon
Edmund
Clarissa
Nigel

Props

Desk or Table
Microphones x 2
Phones x 2

(Fudders and Dork are sitting at their Studio table, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks....and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show. The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "...That no-one else will touch."

Ric. "That's right folks!...And tonight we're opening up the phone lines to live callers...you know the number..."

Tob. "That was quick!" (He picks up the phone and listens). "It's Sharon on Line one."

Ric. "Hello Sharon...Good to hear from you...and what's your question?"

Sha. "Why do they let you two clowns run this show?"

Ric. "Pardon?"

Sha. "You heard me!...Who was the fool who let you two clowns run this show...You two couldn't run a sausage sizzle..."

Ric. "Pardon?...Pardon?...Sorry we don't do sausage sizzles..."

Sha. "I said 'why do...'" (Click).

Tob. "Sorry folks...Lost her..."

Ric. "Not sure what that was about?...Something about sausage sizzles...Anyway what's happening now Dorky?"

Tob. "We have Edmund on Line two..."

Ric. "Hello Edmund...How's your evening going?"

Ed. "Very good thank you!"

Ric. "And what's your question Edmund?"

Ed. "I heard that last caller and I don't agree with her at all..."

Ric. "Thankyou Edmund."

Ed. "No...I think you're the two best comedians on the radio..."

Ric. "We aren't actually comedians Edmund."

Ed. "Well...You're very funny anyway..."

Ric. "Thankyou, Edmund...Good to know we have our fans...What now Dorky?"

Tob. "Clarissa on Line one."

Ric. "Good evening, Clarissa."

Cla. "That last caller was right...You are very good comedians."

Ric. "It seems so."

Cla. "Very entertaining...And all those funny little things you do at the end...Pretending to smoke things and drink things...It's hilarious..."

Ric. "Thankyou Clarissa...Yes we...er...ah...Thought that was a good touch..."

Cla. "Bye...And keep it up."

Tob. "Nigel on Line two."

Ric. "Hello Nigel."

Nig. "Are you the two comedians?"

Ric. "Apparently we are...yes."

Nig. "Well...I think you're very good!"

Ric. "Thank you, Nigel."

Nig. "And that funny stuff you do...It all seems so real...Like smoking drugs and stuff."

Ric. "Do we really sound like the type that would smoke drugs?"

Nig. "No!...That's why it's so funny..."

Ric. "Thankyou Nigel."

Nig. "Thankyou, Bye."

Tob. "It's Sharon again on Line two."

Sha. "Why do..."

Ric. (Presses a button). "Oops she's gone."

Tob. "Probably got butterflies..."

Ric. "Yes..."

Tob. "It's Sharon again on Line One."

Ric. "Sorry folks...but that's all we've got time for tonight...Bye."

Tob. "Bye...See you next week."

Ric. "What a persistent cow that Sharon is..."

Tob. "It could be worse."

Ric. "How?"

Tob. "You could be married to her!"

(Both laughing).

Ric. "Yes...That would be a disaster."

Tob. "Who was the fool who let us two clowns run this show anyway?"

Ric. "There wasn't one...I came up with the idea...And I gave a few fifties to the right people and viola!...That's how everyone does it."

Tob. "Alright...Well that's good then..."

Ric. "Is *that* the Red Light?...I think we're still on air...?"

Tob. "Oops!"

Ric. "Sorry folks...You know us...Only joking...Bye!"

End.

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The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #7

The flattened earth

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Richard Fudders
Toby Dork

Props

Desk or table
Microphones x 2

(Fudders and Dork are sitting at their Studio table, when the show begins).

Ric. "Hello folks...and welcome to Radio RFTD...bringing you...The Fudders and Dork show...The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Tob. "That nobody else will touch..."

Ric. "And tonight, we're going to wade fearlessly into a debate that has raged for a thousand years..."

Tob. "...and divided the world for just as long..."

Ric. "...Yes folks...So, tonight we're asking...Is the world round?"

Tob. "Or, is it flat?"

Ric. "Yes, indeedy!"

Tob. "And to get the ball rolling, we have a pile of letters sent in by our audience..."

Ric. "The first one comes from Roscoe...and he writes...'Of course the world's flat, you morons...just look at any wall-map?...That isn't such a hard decision to make, is it?'"

Tob. Well, is it?"

Ric. "Not for Roscoe, it isn't...So, he's our first flattyy..."

Tob. "And here's a letter from Janis...and she says...'Of course the world's round...otherwise we couldn't have day and night at the same time...could we?'"

Ric. "Good point Janis...So, she's our first roundy..."

Tob. "The Bible says the earth's round too..."

Ric. "Really?...How do you know that?"

Tob. "I Googled it..." (Shuffling thru his papers). "Here it is...Isaiah 40 verse 22...It says...'It is He that sits upon the circle of the earth...'"

Ric. "Well, if God didn't know, who would?"

Tob. "Yes..."

Ric. "And what else did you find out?"

Tob. "In 876...a Norwegian Viking...Edmund the Oddfellow...was accused of murdering his wife and brother..."

Ric. "Did he?"

Tob. "Between you and me, yes he did...But he insisted that they were sailing across the ocean to pillage and plunder...when they came to the end of the world...And in the battle to save the ship...his wife and brother fell over the side...and they were sucked over the edge, and never seen again..."

Ric. "And they believed him?"

Tob. "Yes, they did..."

Ric. (Shaking his head). "Did you find out anything else?"

Tob. "Yes...Galileo Galilei said the earth was a sphere...and he was carted off to the Inquisition...and had to recant his error...or lose his head..."

Ric. "Oops...better be careful Janis!"

Tob. "Penelope writes...‘How could you two clowns sort this out? You couldn't even tie your own shoe laces without supervision...' (Looking at Fudders).

Ric. "That's not fair..."

Tob. "No...it's rude...We'll put her letter in the rubbish bin..."

Ric. "Yes!...And Kelvin says...‘All the photo's of a round earth are faked...and the moon landing was faked...and your Show is probably faked too!'"

Tob. "He can go in the rubbish as well..."

Ric. "Yes!"

Tob. "Goodbye Kelvin...I hope you fall over the edge of the world..."

Ric. "Well folks...we went through the other letters earlier...and there were 241 flatty's..."

Tob. "...and 261 roundy's...so, it wasn't exactly a clear verdict..."

Ric. "And there's no way we can get a consensus?"

Tob. "A consensus?"

Ric. "Yes...something that will please the roundy's...and the flatty's..."

(Silence).

Tob. "What if...?"

Ric. "What?"

Tob. "What if we made the world into a cube?"

Ric. "A cube?"

Tob. "Yes...That way it's flat on top...and...it's...well...a globe...except it has flat sides?"

Ric. "Say that again, Dorky?"

Tob. "What if we made the world into a cube?...That way it's flat on top for all the flatty's...But it's still similar to a globe...for all the roundy's?"

Ric. "I can't believe my ears...!"

Tob. "You can't?"

Ric. "You've done it again!"

Tob. "I have?"

Ric. "Yes, you have...You're a genius!"

Tob. "I am?"

Ric. "Yes, you are...That's it!"

Tob. "It is?"

Ric. "Yes!...Hmm Hmm" (Clearing his throat). "This is a very serious announcement, folks...From now on the world is a cube...It's flat on top for all you flatty's...And it's similar to a globe...for all you roundy's..."

Tob. "Take that Penelope!"

Ric. "Well...History has been made today...and we're both a part of it!"

Tob. "We are?"

Ric. "Yes, we jolly well are!...And if that Penelope comes snooping around...she better be careful she

doesn't trip over the 'Genius-at-work signs!"

Tob. "Yes, she better!"

Ric. "So, until next week...it's bye from us folks..."

Tob. "Bye!"

Ric. "We should find out where that Penelope lives...and let her tyres down, or something?...Can't tie our shoe laces without supervision?...What a cow!"

Tob. "I think the red light's on?"

Ric. "What?"

Tob. "We're still on air!"

Ric. "Oops...You know us folks...only joking...Have a great week...Bye!"

Tob. "Can't let her tyres down now...She'll know it's us..."

Ric. "We'll run her letterbox over..."

Tob. "Yes...Trying to make out we're a couple of idiots!"

Ric. "Yes...we'll teach her.

End.

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