

The boys club skits #1-10



Kevin Lee

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The boys club skits

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The Boys Club Skit #1

Burnt offerings

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Joe
Barnsey
Filthy
Harriet/Narrator
Flotsam (Actor as dog)

Props

Couch
Beer cans
Plates

(The three men are sitting on a couch with a can of beer each).

Joe. "Ah...This is the life, isn't it?"

Fil. "You said it!"

Joe. "No woman to pander to."

Bar. "You got that right!"

Fil. "You know...Bella's been really mad with me lately..."

Joe. "Why's that?"

Fil. "Because Harriet tells her that you say she treats you like a god...And she says I never tell her that."

Joe. "Um...Yeah.."

Fil. "She says I only tell her she's like her mother."

Bar. "Yeah...My house dragon tells me that too."

Fil. "So...What does she do to treat you like a god?...Wait on you like a slave?"

Joe. (Smiles.)

Bar. "Come on mate...This is male territory...There's no secrets here...How does she treat you like a god?"

Joe. "She feeds me burnt offerings every day." (Laughing).

Fil. "What?"

Joe. "She can't cook anything without burning it."

Fil. "Well...At least Bella can cook!...Ha...Burnt offerings..." (Laughing).

Bar. "Burnt offerings!" (Laughing).

Joe. "Shhh guys...Here comes Harriet."

(Harriet enters).

Har. "Oh...Single husband's club, is it?"

Joe. "No Honey."

Har. "It stinks in here...Look at these dishes!...Are you Boys going to wash them? Because I'm not going to!"

Bar. "No we aren't...We've got a dishwasher."

Fil. "Yeah."

Har. (Angrily). "A dishwasher?...I've slaved in that kitchen for fifteen years and you never bought me a dishwasher!"

Joe. "Well...There's no woman here to clean them...So we got a dishwasher...But you can use it inside too if you want?"

Har. "Really?...So I get it second-hand?"

Joe. "You can wash them yourself if you want."

Har. "I don't believe you Guys...Drink beer...Watch T.V....And have a dishwasher to do your dishes?"

Fil. "Yeah...Priorities!"

Bar. "Might miss the game if we're doing dishes."

Joe. (Puts plates on the floor and calls out). "Flotsam...Flotsam...Here boy!"

Flo. (Comes in on hands and knees).

Joe. "Dishes boy!"

Flo. (Licks the plates).

Joe. (Looks them over). "Good boy!...Outside now!...There you are...they're all clean."

Har. "What?...Are you going to eat off them?"

Joe. "Yep...They're clean now!"

Har. "You lot are disgusting."

Joe. "Do you want him to do the dishes inside?...You can be a lady of leisure."

Har. "Yuck!"

Bar. "Saves us feeding him...He eats just about anything.""

Fil. "Even what you cook!" (Laughing).

Bar. "Burnt offerings." (Laughing).

Har. "Do you want me to slap you?"

Bar. "No Missus D."

Joe. "The game's starting now if you've finished."

Fil. "And we could do with some nibbles Missus D."

Bar. "Not burnt." (Laughing).

Har. "Could you?...Ask the dog." (She leaves).

Bar. "What did I say?"

Fil. "No sense of humour, that woman..."

Joe. "Nah."

Bar. "Hey...We should get one of those boxes of snacks like we have at work...You put a couple of bucks in and get a bar of chocolate or something..."

Joe. "Yeah...Good idea."

Fil. "I'll organise it."

Bar. "This place is getting to be quite a cosy little pad."

Joe. "Yeah...A real man's cave...Get a few more beers Barnsey...The game's starting, and lock the door in case Harriet comes back."

Bar. "Ok."

Narrator. " Why did you get married?...Was it to have someone to divide the expenses, and chores of life with?...And divide the house up into 'his', and 'her' areas?...Or was it to share the house, and all

that life entails, with someone where the only word you use is 'ours'?... 'And they two shall become one flesh', means 'one,' not two halves, however equal."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #2

No Parking

Kevin Lee

Performers x 5

Harriet/Narrator

Joe

Filthy

Bella

Waiter

Props

Table and chairs

Plates/cutlery/glasses

(Joe, Harriet, Filthy, and Bella are sitting at a table in a restaurant.)

Bel. "This is a change, isn't it?...Eating at a fancy restaurant?"

Har. "Sure is."

Fil. "Joe's only going to turn thirty once...So we *should* celebrate it in style!"

Joe. "Yes...I'll drink to that!"

Fil. "Me too!"

(They chink their glasses and drink).

Joe. "You know...You look quite pretty today, Darl."

Har. "Thank you, Joe."

Joe. "Why don't you look like that at home?"

Har. "Because I've got six children to look after." (Smiles at Joe).

Joe. "But we've only got four children?"

Har. "Yes...But there's you as well."

Joe. "Is that a joke?"

Bel. (Laughing). "Yes...It is."

Joe. "Where did you park your broomstick?"

Har. "Out the front."

Bel. "That isn't a very nice thing to say Joe?"

Joe. "I'm only joking!"

Har. "Don't worry Bella...I'm used to it."

Bel. "But still...Filthy wouldn't say that to me...Would you?"

Fil. "What Dear?"

Bel. "Yes...You'd better 'what Dear'...You have to use a stick to train them properly Harriet!"

Joe. "Ah...Here comes the food!"

Fil. "About time...I'm starving."

(Waiter brings 4 plates, and puts one before each person).

Bel. "This looks awesome!"

Fil. "Sure does."

Joe. "Oh...Just taste these potatoes Harriet...They're so crispy on the outside...And soft and fluffy inside...They're just perfect...This is how I want my potatoes cooked from now on."

Har. (Smiles.)

Joe. "Did you try them Darl?"

Har. "Yes...They're very good."

Joe. "Oh, the steak!...Try the steak...It's so tender...Oh!...This is how I want my steak from now on...Oh!"

Har. "You'll have to come here every day then."

Joe. "Why can't you cook like this?...This is awesome!"

Har. (Smiles).

Joe. "Why can't you cook like this?"

Har. "Pardon?"

Joe. "Why don't you cook like this?"

Har. "If you say that one more time, I'll slap you!"

Joe. "I was only asking?...Everybody finished? We should order our dessert now."

Fil. "Aye, Aye!"

Har. "I'll get my glasses from the car...Be back in a minute." (Harriet leaves).

Bel. "Harriet's driving away."

Joe. "She must've left her glasses at home...She won't be long."

(All sit looking around for 30 seconds).

Fil. "It's been half an hour...I don't think Harriet's coming back."

Joe. "No...She's looking for them...She won't be long."

(All sit looking around again).

Fil. "It's been an hour Joe...I think you're walking home Mate."

Bel. "You're an ass Joe!"

Joe. "Why?...What did I say?.....Women!"

Narrator. "Why did you get married?...Was it to have someone to cook your meals just the way you like them?...And clean up after you?...Or was it to spend your life with the one who you couldn't live without?...If you lose your first love, you will end up being two strangers, sharing a house and tolerating each other...So, never lose your first love, and you will never lose your spouse."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #3

The garden gnome

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Harriet/Narrator
Joe

Props

Can

(Harriet is on her knees, when Joe walks up, holding a can).

Har. "I wondered when you'd come to help?"

Joe. "Yeah...I was enjoying my beer inside...But I felt guilty watching you out here...So I thought I'd come and give you moral support."

Har. "Aren't you going to help?"

Joe. "Help?...Can't you see I've got a beer?...If it gets warm it'll spoil...I thought you'd be finished by now anyway?"

Har. "No...Superman got called out on a rescue and left me to finish it alone."

Joe. "Superman?...Is that a joke?"

Har. "Why have we got so much garden anyway?...All I ever do is weed it!"

Joe. "It looks nice..."

Har. "So why don't *you* weed it?"

Joe. "Because...You know?...You're stuck in the house all day...So it's good exercise for you."

Har. "I'm not the one with a beer pot..."

Joe. "What?"

Har. "You heard me!"

Joe. "My beer's empty now...And you probably need a rest...So how about getting lunch ready?"

Har. "Yes, Master!"

Joe. "And could you put another couple of beers in the fridge please?...I'll just admire what you've done...It's great...Maybe you should put a few boulders around with moss on them...That would be an improvement...And some pixie paths meandering here and there..."

Har. "Sorry Master, I forgot my clipboard...Remind me about that at lunch."

Joe. "I wasn't being critical...I was only suggesting...And you could wear a bikini while you're in the garden too!"

Har. "Ohh!" (Shakes her head and walks inside).

Joe. "What did I say?...Harriet?...Did you lock the door?...Did you lock me out?...Harriet?...Come on...Don't do that?...I've run out of beer...It's too hot to be outside...Pass a couple of beers out the window then?...Or just one?...Harriet? Oh...Women!" (Shakes his head).

Narrator. "Why did you get married? Was it to have someone to do all the chores you don't want to do?...Or was it to spend every day with the one who makes each day so special for you, and to bear each burden together?"

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #4

The good oil

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Joe/Narrator

Filthy

Barnsey

Props

Couch

Cans

(Joe, Barnsey, and Filthy are sitting on the couch with a can of beer each.)

Joe. (Holding can up). "This is a good drop isn't it guys?"

Bar. "Yep...Number one."

Fil. "You got that right!"

Joe. "Harriet says I should stop drinking beer because it's bad for me."

Fil. "What?...Beer?...Bad for you?"

Joe. "Yep!"

Bar. "But they wouldn't be allowed to sell it if it was bad for you?"

Joe. "That's what I said."

Bar. "And?"

Joe. "And she said it was unhealthy."

Fil. "Unhealthy?...Beer?"

Joe. "Yep!"

Fil. "What's in it that's unhealthy?"

Joe. "Dunno?"

Bar. "I'll check." (Turning can around). "There's...Ummm...yeast."

Fil. "Yeast?...But there's yeast in bread?...And bread's good for you."

Joe. "Yes, it is...Put a sausage in it...and some sauce...Can't be beat!"

Fil. "Yeah!"

Joe. "And what else, Barnsey?"

Bar. "There's um...There's malt too."

Joe. "Malt?"

Fil. "We had a spoonful of malt every morning when we were kids...'Coz it was good for us."

Joe. "Yeah...We did too."

Fil. "Malt's good!"

Bar. "And there's water."

Joe. "You can't go far without water."

Fil. "You got that right!"

Bar. "So...It's like a medicine then?"

Joe. "Yeah, it must be...I mean yeast and malt and water...All healthy ingredients!"

Fil. "Bad for you?"

Joe. "I knew she was up to no good when she started bad mouthing beer."

Bar. "That's for real!...Gimme another one, and some chips Filthy."

Joe. "She said chips were bad for me too."

Bar. "Chips?...But they couldn't sell them either, if they were bad for you?"

Fil. "So, what's in chips Barnsey?"

Bar. (Looking over the packet). "Well.....There's potatoes."

Fil. "Potatoes are good for you."

Joe. "Yeah, they are..."

Bar. "And sunflower oil."

Joe. "Sunflower oil's good for you too...Everyone knows that."

Fil. "Yeah!"

Bar. "So?...They're like a medicine too?"

Joe. "Yep...They are!"

Fil. "I haven't been feeling so good lately...Gimme another beer and some chips."

Bar. "There you go Lad....That'll fix anything."

Joe. "Bad for you?"

Fil. "Where'd she get that from?"

Joe. "Prob'ly from some woman's magazine!"

Bar. "Those magazines are only good for one thing!"

Joe. "Two things...if you count lighting fires!"

Fil. "You got that right mate!"

Bar. "Did she say what *was* good for you?"

Joe. "Yeah, she said some other stuff...Not sugar...but I can't remember the name of it...And something else...But I dunno what that was either?"

Bar. "They don't sound much good for you."

Fil. "No, they don't."

Bar. "Stick with the tried and true...That's what I say!"

Joe. "Me too...Beer and chips...Cheers Guys."

Fil. "Cheers."

Joe. "Lock the door Barnsey...In case Harriet comes down."

Fil. "What do we do now?"

Joe. "Just relax...and have a few more bottles of tonic."

Fil. "I feel a lot better already."

Bar. "That's good...It's a proven remedy!"

Joe. "Okay guys...The game starts at four...We better get set up and ready for it."

Fil. "Yeah...and cheers!"

Bar. "Cheers."

Joe. "Cheers."

Narrator. "Every compound is the sum of its parts...Each part may not stand alone, but together they add up to the finished product...Scripture is the same...One page is not meant to be taken alone as the finished product, but together, the sum of the whole is the Revelation of Jesus Christ...As John wrote, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."...Jesus Christ is the Word of God, the Bible, made flesh...The Revealing of God to us...Every page in the Bible must reveal Jesus Christ to us when we read it...or we've missed something...We've missed the whole reason *why* that page was included in the Bible."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #5

Alcoholics Thelotofus

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Joe/Narrator
Barnsey
Filthy

Props

Couch
Cans

(Joe, Barnsey, and Filthy are sitting on the couch drinking beer).

Bar. "Well guys, I think the Boys Club is the best thing ever!"

Fil. "You got that right."

Joe. "Harriet isn't so convinced of that tho'."

Fil. "Why not?"

Joe. "She says we're Alcoholics."

Bar. "Us?...Alkies?"

Joe. "Yeah."

Fil. "We aren't Alkies."

Bar. "No, we aren't."

Joe. "That's what I said."

Fil. "Alkies go to meetings....Like AA meetings!"

Bar. "Yeah....That's right."

Fil. "Yeah...You have to go to those meetings to be an Alky."

Joe. "And we don't go to any meetings."

Bar. "Nope."

Fil. "So, we aren't Alkies."

Joe. "Nope...We're just drunks."

Fil. "You got that right...Happy drunks."

Bar. "Yep...There's nothing wrong with us."

Fil. "Nope."

Joe. "And Alkies sleep on park benches an' things."

Fil. "And they sell their shoes to buy a bottle of Sherry....Or Meths."

Bar. "We aren't even close to it!"

Joe. "No sir."

Fil. "Definitely not."

Bar. "Just drunks."

Joe. "Happy drunks."

Fil. "I'll drink to that!"

Joe. "Me too...Cheers!"

Bar. "Cheers."

Fil. "I wonder where she got that idea from?"

Bar. "Prob'ly from some woman's magazine."

Fil. "Yep."

Bar. "That reminds me...we're out of paper, so you better get another roll."

Joe. "Yeah, sure..."

Bar. "Do you know any Alkies Joe?"

Joe. "Um?...Nah...Just drunks."

Fil. "Me too...Can't think of any."

Bar. "I wonder why people become Alkies?"

Joe. "Prob'ly 'cause they go to those meetings."

Bar. "Yep...Must be."

Fil. "We'll steer clear of them!"

Joe. "That's for sure."

Bar. "Just meet here for a few beers."

Fil. "Yep."

Joe. "And she said, we shouldn't be allowed down here without a woman present."

Fil. "What?"

Joe. "Yep....She said we need supervision."

Bar. "Supervision?"

Fil. "We come here to get away from being supervised."

Bar. "Yeah...To stretch our wings and chill out."

Joe. "That's right...There's only one rule here."

Fil. "No women?"

Joe. "Nah...No rules."

Bar. "Okay Boys...The game starts soon...so we better get ready..."

Joe. "Get a coupla' dozen beers from the fridge Filthy...so we don't have to keep gettin' up..."

Bar. "And some chips."

Joe. "And lock the door...In case Harriet comes interrupting the game."

Fil. "Will do."

Joe. "You're right Barnsey...This is the best thing ever."

Fil. "You got that right."

Joe. "Cheers guys."

Bar. "Cheers."

Fil. "Cheers."

Narrator. "So, how many drinks does it take to be an Alky?...One a day?...Twenty-one a day?...Like most other things in life, whether we control it, or it controls us, is what makes the difference...The Bible

doesn't condemn alcohol, but it does condemn drunkenness in many places...and we're even told, in First Corinthians six verse ten, that ***'drunkards will not inherit the Kingdom of God'***...Then Paul goes on to say, ***'All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful to me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.'*** This goes equally for food, fashion, money, sex, you name it...As-long-as we control it, it is lawful for us, but once it becomes an addiction, then we need to rid our lives of it, and leave it behind."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #6

Hedging your bets

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Harriet/Narrator
Joe

Props

Can
Hedge trimmer
(or pretend).

(Harriet is standing studying something, when Joe walks up with a can in his hand).

Joe. "Hello Darling."

Har. "Hi."

Joe. "What are you doing?"

Har. "I'm trimming the hedge...as you can see."

Joe. "But, that's my job?"

Har. "Well, I asked you to do your job six months ago...and I'm still waiting...It doesn't stop growing...you know?"

Joe. "I know...but me and the boys were going away to the game...I couldn't do it then."

Har. "Really?"

Joe. "You remember the game...It was a real nail biter?"

Har. "You say that about all of them?"

Joe. "Well, they are..."

Har. "And, what about the other times?"

Joe. "I must have had something important to do...Or I would have done it."

Har. "Really?"

Joe. "Yes."

Har. "So, just when *were* you going to do it?"

Joe. "Tomorrow actually."

Har. "You expect me to believe that?"

Joe. "It's true...I planned on doing it tomorrow."

Har. "You can finish it now then?"

Joe. "Well, now that you've started it, you might as well finish it."

Har. (Turns away).

Joe. "You'd better keep your eyes open this time though...."

Har. "What?"

Joe. "Keep your eyes open while you're cutting it."

Har. "I do."

Joe. "Doesn't look like it to me."

Har. "What?"

Joe. "If you look along the top...There's a hump in it...and if you look along the side...it's wavy."

Har. "What?"

Joe. "It's wavy...Looks like you had your eyes closed when you did it."

Har. "Okay...You show me how to do it properly...I'll hold your beer...."

Joe. "Okay, here." (Handing can to Harriet, he turns away).

Har. (Throws can on the ground and walks off).

Joe. "Now...Look along the side...You imagine a line from one end to the other..." (He looks back). "Harriet?" (Sees the can, and picks it up). "You threw my beer away...Now it's wasted."

Har. (Calls out). "You finish it!"

Joe. "Come on...I'll show you how to do it."

Har. "You finish it."

Joe. "I'll do it tomorrow...Like I planned."

Har. "This *is* tomorrow...I'll unlock the door when you've finished."

Joe. "Harriet?...Don't lock the door?...I just got home, I need another beer...Oh, women!"

Narrator. "Marriage is about companionship, it isn't a sparring match...Two peas in one pod...Two single people who gave up their single lives, to live life together as one...As the Lord said...'**And they two shall become one flesh.**' There's no 'me' in one, and no 'I,' and as long as they're one, there never can be."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #7

The Drunkfood Cookbook

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Harriet/Narrator
Joe

Props

Chair (or bed)
Bowl/spoon

(Harriet is sitting in the chair/bed, when Joe enters with a bowl).

Joe. "Good morning, Darling."

Har. "Morning."

Joe. "Happy Birthday...I brought you breakfast in bed for your Birthday!"

Har. "Breakfast in bed?...Thank you....What is it?"

Joe. "Bulletproof porridge."

Har. "Porridge?"

Joe. "Yes."

Har. "You know I can't stand porridge!"

Joe. "But this is my secret recipe?"

Har. "Made with beer instead of water, I suppose?"

Joe. "How did you guess?"

Har. "Yuck!"

Joe. "Try it?"

Har. "I don't need to."

Joe. "Come on...You won't know if you like it or not, 'till you've tried it."

Har. "Okay..." (Smells it).

Joe. "So?"

Har. "Smells like old socks....But I bet it doesn't taste as good?"

Joe. (Eagerly). "Try it?"

Har. "It's so salty?"

Joe. "That's the potato chips...I put a few too many in."

Har. "Potato chips in porridge?"

Joe. "You should be pleased...This recipe has never been cooked outside the Boys Club before."

Har. "I hope not."

Joe. "Me and the Boys have it all the time...It cures hangovers too!"

Har. "You lot need it then."

Joe. "It'll put hairs on your chest too."

Har. "Thankyou...That's the last thing I need...to look like a Gorilla."

Joe. "Well...Don't say I never do anything for you."

Har. "You don't"

Joe. "I just cooked my world-famous-at-the-Boy's-Club-secret-recipe...and you turned your nose up at it?"

Har. "Not everybody has beer for breakfast, you know?"

Joe. "Well, don't tell anyone about this...Coz the recipe will go viral...And Jamie Oliver will be cooking it."

Har. "Jamie Oliver only cooks food....He isn't allowed to poison anyone."

Joe. "We're making our own cookbook anyway."

Har. "Beer porridge...Beer steaks...And what else?"

Joe. "It isn't about beer...It's about enhancing the natural flavours."

Har. "With beer?"

Joe. "Sometimes."

Har. "And what will you call it?...The Drunkfood Cookbook?"

Joe. "No...The Boys Club Cookbook."

Har. "Sounds promising."

Joe. "We're going to start a Cooking School here too...and teach others how to cook real man-food."

Har. (Shaking her head). "What does Bella think of all this?"

Joe. "She's coming 'round...She might be part of our Test Panel."

Har. "Test Panel?...Aren't you supposed to test it on animals, before you test it on humans?"

Joe. "Very funny...Taste Testing."

Har. "Just Bella?"

Joe. "No...I haven't asked you yet."

Har. "Me?...I start drinking the wrong side of lunchtime for you lot."

Joe. "Don't say I didn't ask."

Har. "Can I just have a cup of tea and marmalade on toast please?"

Joe. "Sure...But what about a can of beer?"

Har. "No!"

Joe. "We have our secret recipe for marmalade on toast too...Bella hasn't even tried it yet?"

Har. "No...I don't want any beer on my toast!"

Joe. "Okay...You only have one birthday a year...So you can have whatever you want?"

Har. "What happened to last year's birthday?"

Joe. "Pardon?"

Har. "I asked...What happened to last year's birthday?...And the year before?...And the year before that?"

Joe. "Pardon?...I'll go get your marm' on toast."

Har. "Thank you...and next year...and the year after please."

Narrator. "We were all given Free-will by the Lord...Everyone has the freedom to choose what they eat for breakfast, and at any other time...If someone wants their breakfast soaked in beer, they have the freedom to make that choice, but they don't have the freedom to choose it for anyone else, because that will put them out of the Will of God...I may think something is the best thing I have ever tasted, but it doesn't surprise me when someone else can't stand it, because they don't have

to...Within a marriage, a couple can be very different people, with totally opposing tastes, but still be so totally in love with each other, that none of that matters...Major issues are major issues, and minor issues are minor issues, and living in harmony with another involves wisely separating the two...Major issues should be worked on, but minor issues should never ever become any more than just that...Something to ignore in the bigger picture.”

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #8

Happy Birthday Harriet

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Harriet/Narrator
Joe

(Harriet and Joe are talking together).

Har. "So, where are you taking me tonight, Joe?"

Joe. "I thought um...You know...maybe...maybe Eddy's?"

Har. "Fat Eddy's?"

Joe. "Yes...He makes the best burgers in town."

Har. "If you like lard...which I don't...He looks like he's eaten half his customers!"

Joe. "Very funny...He does make the best burgers around though...You can't deny that?"

Har. "And he's your friend...and he gives you a fifty percent discount!"

Joe. "It's not just that..."

Har. "Not just that?...We had steak for your birthday, and we have greasies for mine?"

Joe. "I was turning Forty...You only turn Forty once!"

Har. "So am I!"

Joe. "Forty?...I thought you were Thirty-Eight?"

Har. "Yes, I was...Two years ago."

Joe. "Okay...For your next birthday we'll have steak."

Har. "So, we went to the best restaurant in town for your Fortieth....And for mine we're clogging our arteries, because you get a fifty percent discount there?"

Joe. "It isn't like that."

Har. "Isn't it?....So, what is it like?....Tell me?"

Joe. "I'm just trying to be wiser with money, that's all."

Har. "Wiser than who?....A moron?"

Joe. "Just wiser."

Har. "You tell me what's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander?"

Joe. "It is."

Har. "When?"

Joe. "I'm buying dinner...I thought you would appreciate that?"

Har. "Remind me again...Whose birthday is it?"

Joe. "Yours, of course."

Har. "So, I should get to choose where we eat?"

Joe. "Yes, of course...You do."

Har. "Good."

Joe. "You can choose anywhere you like....As long as it's Eddy's."

Har. "Eddy's?...Okay...Okay, you win...You can have your burger."

Joe. "There....I knew you'd see sense."

Har. "You get the car...And I'll go get my coat."

Joe. "Okay....There you are...It just takes communication."

Har. "I hope you enjoy it."

Joe. "What?..." (Listening). "Harriet?...Did you lock the door?..." (Tries the door handle). "She locked it!...Okay...I'll get the food...Do you want fries with your burger?...I'll get fries...and what about a drink?...Harriet?...What about beer? Beer and burgers, that's mean...I'll get beers too, because we're celebrating remember?...And we can watch a re-run of a game together...That's a real birthday treat...and Happy Birthday, I think I forgot to say it this morning...And she says I'm inconsiderate?..."

(Walks off).

Narrator. "Some things are cheap at any price...while some things are expensive no matter how cheap they are...Then there are some things which you can't put a price on...and they're the most important ones...because the memory of them lasts a lifetime...But again, there are memories of things which also last a lifetime, no matter how much you try to make up for them...and we must be wise enough to know that they are never worth it...no matter how little or how much they cost."

End

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The Boys Club Skit #9

Dinner's on me

Kevin Lee

Performers x 5

Harriet/Narrator
Joe
Filthy
Bella
Waiter/Waitress

Props

Table/chairs

(Joe, Harriet, Filthy, and Bella, are seated at a table in a restaurant).

Joe. "That is by far the best lamb shank I have ever tasted...It was done to perfection."

Fil. "Yes, it was."

Joe. (To Harriet). "We'll have to come here again."

Har. "Well...I don't hear that very often!"

Bell. "It is good...We should come back too Filthy?"

Fil. "Yes, we should...Oops, here comes the Bill...Keep your head down, Joe."

Waiter/Waitress. (Brings the Account to the table).

Fil. "We're guilty of two lamb shanks, and three beers over here...Thank you!"

Joe. "The same...with four beers here...Ta."

Waiter/Waitress. (leaves).

Joe. (Looks at the Bill, then looks again, and again).

Fil. "What's wrong, Joe?"

Joe. "It's very expensive..."

Bel. "Well, it is the best in town...You said so yourself..."

Joe. "We could have gone to Eddy's every day for a fortnight for this?"

Fil. "It's my Fortieth Joe....Even I don't want grease on my Birthday."

Joe. (Patting his pockets, again, and again).

Bel. "What's wrong Joe?"

Joe. "I can't find my wallet?"

Har. "Oh!...You always do this!"

Joe. "No, I don't...I must've left it on the bench, when I opened the door?"

Fil. "You sure?"

Joe. (Patting his pockets). "Yes...Oh no!..." (Shaking his head). "Can you pay for it Darling? And I'll pay you back?"

Har. "You always do this..."

Joe. "No, I don't"

Har. "Yes, you do so!...It's the only time you ever call me Darling...And you won't pay me back!"

Joe. "I will...Promise...Don't know where I left my wallet?...Unless I dropped it?" (Looking around, and under the table).

Har. (Checking in her bag). "I didn't bring my purse in either...It must be in the car? I'll just go and get it."

Joe. "Okay Darling, see you soon."

Har. (Looks at Joe and smiles, then leaves).

Fil. "Strange?...But, I do remember this happening a couple of times before?"

Joe. "I'm always in such a hurry to leave...I forget things...."

Fil. "You never forget it when we go to the Pub?"

Joe. (Smiles at Filthy).

Bel. "Harriet's driving away?"

Joe. (Looking away). "What?...Maybe she left hers at home too?"

Bel. "Or, maybe she's wise to you?"

Joe. "I *did* forget it!"

Bel. "On purpose...?"

Joe. "No!"

(They sit for half a minute glancing at the door).

Fil. "It's been half an hour Mate...I don't think she's coming back?...Looks like you're on dishes?"

Bel. "I don't blame her."

Fil. "I'll go and pay for ours."

Joe. (Stands up, and pats his pockets). "Well, wouldn't you know it?...Here it is!...It was in my back pocket, and I didn't even know it" (Feigning surprise).

Bel. "You're an Ass Joe...You always ruin a perfectly good evening!"

Joe. "I didn't know it was there?"

Bel. "No, of course you didn't...Harriet's not as stupid as you take her for!"

Joe. "I didn't!"

Fil. "Okay, we'll pay now Joe...Do you want to pay for mine?...Seeing it's my Birthday?"

Joe. "Me?...But I gave you your Birthday present?"

Fil. "No, you didn't."

Joe. "I was going to buy you a beer...I'll give you one when you come over tomorrow."

Bel. "I'll go out to the car."

Fil. "Don't go without me?"

Bel. "No." (Looking at Joe). "I don't need to."

Joe. "Can I get a lift home?"

Fil. "Yeah, sure...Come on, we'll pay and leave."

Joe. (Patting his pockets). "Oh, no...I've forgotten my wallet?"

Fil. (Punches him on the arm, and laughs). "That was a good one...Pity it bombed...I'll have to try it myself sometime?"

Joe. "Yes, it was one of my better moves."

Fil. "When it works...So, what will you say to Harriet?"

Joe. "Same as usual..."

Fil. "Well, don't try that one again Mate...You've got your money's worth out of it."

Joe. "No, I won't...But I've got a few others up my sleeve, for a rainy day."

Fil. (Laughs). "Come on let's pay and get out of here."

Joe. "Oh...and can we stop at a florist on the way home?...I'd better get a bunch of flowers..."

(They walk off).

Narrator. "What's mine is yours...And what's yours is mine...Isn't that how it goes?...Or how it's meant to go?...Marriage is a Union of Two becoming One....As the Bible tells us, '**For they are no more two, but one flesh.**'...When the Two are plotting, and scheming against each other, then they are no more One, but Two, and way out of the Will and favour of God."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #10

The Earthfood Cookbook

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Harriet/Narrator
Joe
Barnsey
Filthy

Props

Piece of paper
Couch
Beer cans

(Joe, Barnsey, and Filthy are seated talking, when Harriet enters holding up a piece of paper).

Joe. "Hello Darling."

Har. "Don't you hello Darling me!...What's this?"

Joe. "Pardon?"

Har. "What is *this*?"

Joe. (Squints, looking at paper). "Umm...?"

Har. "It says...I O U one hundred dollars...It was in the housekeeping jar!"

Joe. "Oh that!...Yes, well...The boys were coming over, and I didn't have any beer...And just like you...I like to be a good host to my friends." (Smiling).

Har. "So, you raided the jar...And stole the money?"

Joe. "I borrowed it."

Har. "Really?...You never pay it back...I think that's called stealing."

Joe. "I will pay it back Darling...This is a really special occasion...We're celebrating...So we had to have some beers."

Har. "And what am I supposed to do with this?"

Joe. "My word is my bond...Everyone knows that...If you present that at the Supermarket, I'm sure they will accept it as payment...or my name's not, Joe Donovan!"

Har. "Really?...Then why didn't you write one out at the Liquor Store?"

Joe. "Because I umm...I already had the cash with me..."

Har. (Shakes her head). "Celebrating?...As usual..."

Joe. "Yes...We've discovered something so profound, that I can't believe Einstein or someone else didn't discover it before us?"

Har. "Is it round...and four of them go on cars?...Because the wheel's already been invented."

Joe. "This is serious Harriet."

Har. "There's always a reason why something hasn't been discovered before...Usually it's been waiting for an idiot or three to think of it."

Joe. "This is going to revolutionise the whole world...You'll never need to cook again, No-one will!"

Har. "So, we eat out all the time...With the money from the house keeping jar?"

Joe. "No...This is so great I feel like I'm going to explode, every time I talk about it...You know how you plant seeds...and you wait a few months before you can eat the veges? And you have to wait a few years before you can eat a cow and sheep and things?"

Har. "You've just discovered that?"

Joe. "No...We had a brainstorm...Together!"

Bar. "Yes...We did!"

Fil. "A real stormer!"

Joe. "We realised...vege's are just second hand dirt...And cows eat grass, so they're third hand dirt...So we thought...Why go through all that effort?...Why not go back to the source...and get the goodness there?"

Har. "You've lost me?"

Joe. "I know...it *is* very deep...We thought...instead of growing veges, and fruit, and animals...Why not go back and get the goodness straight from the ground?...And just eat dirt?"

Har. "Eat dirt?"

Joe. "Yes...Our Earthfood Cookbook will be the greatest diet plan ever...No more fat and sugar and stuff...Just the goodness of earth!...No more cooking...No more working...The world will never be the same again!"

Har. "I must be dreaming?"

Joe. "And you said nothing good would ever come of the Boys Club?...I believe you owe us an apology?"

Har. (Shakes her head and walks away).

Joe. "Could you bring us some potato chips please darling?"

Har. (Turns, and looks at Joe). "Yes, I can...Sure...How would you like them?...In a box, or in a bag?"

Joe. "Pardon?"

Har. "I asked...Would you like them in a box...or in a bag?"

Joe. "What about a packet?"

Har. "No, I'm going to save growing the potatoes...and cooking them...and bagging them...And I'm going to get them straight out of the flower garden...So, would you like them in a box or a bag?"

Joe. "We're still on the verge of the discovery...And we haven't fine-tuned it yet...So we don't want to jump ahead of ourselves...and ruin all our hard work...The old-fashioned type will do for now please."

Har. (Looks at the three Boys, then leaves).

Bar. "That was quick thinking Joe!"

Joe. "Wasn't it!"

Fil. "Are we really going to eat dirt?"

Bar. "Course not."

Fil. "But you just told Harriet...?"

Joe. "Have another beer Filthy...And lock the door while you're up...Just in case Harriet comes back."

Fil. "Don't you think we should *try* eating dirt?"

Joe. "No!"

Fil. "What about a sample...It might actually work?"

Joe and Bar. (Look at each other, then both answer). "No!"

Fil. "So, what are we celebrating?"

Bar. "We aren't...We came over to watch the game together."

Fil. "Oh...Yeah."

Joe. "It's going to start soon...So get a couple more beers lined up Filthy...and lock that door."

Fil. "But, what about the Cookbook?"

Joe. "Filthy...just concentrate on the game!"

Fil. "Okay...I'll get those beers."

Bar. "Good lad."

(All sit down).

Narrator. "When a liar isn't found out, they believe they got away with their deception...and that's the end of the matter...But the Lord Jesus warned us, ***'For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.'***...No-one gets away with anything...Ever...Every lie which was ever told will be revealed at the Judgement...unless they are under the Blood of Jesus Christ...And as we are foretold in Revelation Chapter twenty-one verse eight ***'all liars will have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.'***...The first death is the death of the body...but the second death is the death of the soul and spirit...and the end of consciousness and existence forever...Is it really worth it?...The Lord Jesus said, ***'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'***...Truth brings life...but lies only bring death"

End.

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