

The boys club skits #11-20



Kevin Lee

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The boys club skits

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The Boy's Club Skit #11

Funny Business

Kevin Lee

Performers x4

Harriet/Narrator

Joe

Filthy

Barnsey

Props

Couch

Writing pad

Beer cans

(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 was one of them?"

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 was feeling dizzy, and I said *something*...Is that what I said, Filthy?"?"

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 does not 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 big 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!"

Bar. "You got that right!"

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

Narrator. "Ninety-nine percent of ideas die when they're spoken...This world is full of well-intentioned people, who are going to do everything, tomorrow...But they will run out of tomorrows one day...and their journey will end, filled with regrets...In Philipians Chapter three, verses thirteen and fourteen, Saint Paul said, *'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'*...Does this sound like someone who is putting it off until tomorrow?...No, it sounds like someone who is determined to accomplish what he has set out to do, no matter what the cost...He also admonishes us to, *'Follow me, as I follow Christ.'*...He lived his life as an example to those who would come after him...because he knew there are only one of two outcomes for each one of us...Either we will make it...or we will fail."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #12

What's in a frame?

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Harriet/Narrator

Joe

Filthy

Couch

Props

Toilet seat and photo

(Joe is seated, and Filthy is standing by the door, when Harriet comes along).

Fil. (Looks outside). "Here comes Harriet...and she looks grumpy man...I think you're toast."

Joe. "What?"

Fil. "Harriet's coming...and she looks grumpy."

Joe. "Quick...Lock the door."

Fil. (Begins to close it).

Har. "Don't you dare lock that door Filthy!"

Fil. (Opens the door). "Harriet...What a surprise...Didn't see you there."

Har. (Pushes past him).

Fil. "Come on in."

Joe. "Harriet Darling!"

Har. (Stands before Joe with her hands on her hips). "Don't you Harriet Darling me. What is that thing on the wall?"

Joe. "What thing?"

Har. "You know perfectly well what thing."

Joe. "Oh that!...It's a photo of your Mum."

Har. "No...What is that thing around it?"

Joe. "It's an old frame I had in the shed."

Har. "It's a toilet seat."

Fil. (Starts laughing).

Har. "You want a slap?"

Fil. (Stops laughing). "No, Missus D."

Har. "It's a toilet seat!"

Joe. "Yes, it is...But it was the perfect shape to frame your Mother's head...And you're always telling me to recycle...I was being innovative."

Har. "You can be innovative with your Mother, not mine thank you."

Joe. "It was only temporary...Until I find something better..."

Har. "Well, that time's come...I want it out of that frame right now."

Joe. "Yes, darling...I didn't think it would offend you...It's innovative...But, of course I'll change it for you."

Har. "I'm being very patient with you Joseph."

Joe. "Well, go get it...And I'll change it now."

Har. (Turns to leave, and looks at Filthy). "And don't you dare lock that door Filthy!"

Fil. "Wouldn't dream of it, Missus D."

Har. (Pushes past Filthy, and leaves).

Fil. "Are you really going to change it Joe?"

Joe. "Of course not...Now lock that door."

Fil. "But, Harriet said not to?"

Joe. "When?...Lock it man."

Fil. "But...?"

Joe. "Lock it!"

Fil. (Slowly closes the door, and locks it).

Joe. "There, it wasn't that hard, was it?"

Fil. (Moves away from the door, past Joe).

Har. "Unlock this door now, Joseph!"

Joe. "It's stuck."

Har. "Unlock it!"

Joe. "Still stuck."

Har. "Filthy, unlock it."

Fil. (Moves to the door).

Joe. "Don't."

Fil. "But...?"

Joe. "Don't."

Har. "Unlock it Filthy, or I'll tell Bella."

Joe. "Don't!"

Fil. (Goes to unlock door).

Joe. "Don't tell me you're scared of Bella?"

Fil. "No way...But, I'm scared of Harriet."

Joe. (Shakes his head).

Fil. (Opens door). "There...fixed it."

Har. (Gives Filthy a stern look). "There Joe...You've got five minutes."

Joe. (Takes photo off back of toilet seat). "There you are Darling...All's well that ends well...That's what I say."

Har. (Takes photo, and walks out).

Joe. "That was funny while it lasted."

Fil. "Yes, it was...A real scream."

Joe "Okay...Get a couple of beers Filthy, we'll watch the game...And lock that door too!"

Fil. "Yes, Sir...Where's the key?"

Joe. "What key?"

Fil. "For the door...It's gone."

Joe. "Oh, no!...Harriet's taken it...And she's probably locked the house too!"

(Both walk out).

Joe. "Harriet?...Harriet Darling...we just want to use the Gents Darling...Unlock the door please...And we need a few more beers?...Harriet?"

Narrator. "What's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander...If you treat someone unfairly, don't be surprised if they do the same to you...Saint Paul reminded us, ***'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'***...That is a Law of God...If you sow love, you will reap love...If you sow hostility, you will reap hostility...In Matthew Chapter six, verse forty-four, and forty-five, the Lord Jesus showed us how to end this, when He said, ***'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.'***...If we are sons and daughters of God, we should have the nature of our Father...and we should treat others with love, the way He treats them...not with the selfishness of personal likes and dislikes."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit # 13

A crash course

Kevin Lee

Performers x3

Harriet/Narrator

Joe

Bella

Props

Keys

Chairs x 2

(Harriet and Bella are talking together in the kitchen when Joe enters).

Joe. "Where are your keys?"

Har. "In my purse of course."

Joe. "Can I have them please...I have to move your car."

Har. "You shouldn't drive when you're drunk."

Joe. "I'm not *that* drunk!"

Har. "No more than usual?"

Joe. "What?"

Har. "How many have you had?"

Joe. "I don't know...I mean...who's counting anyway?"

Har. "Me for one...and the Police."

Joe. "I've only had a couple..."

Har. "A couple too many?"

Joe. "You always say that!"

Har. "That's how it works."

Joe. "How what works?"

Har. "You've already had one accident this week..."

Joe. "That wasn't my fault!"

Har. "Really?...Remind me?...You were watching a girl in a mini-skirt...Thinking ...She shouldn't be on the street like that...And you drove into a sign...Did I leave anything out?"

Joe. "I'm only going to move your car so I can ride the mower out...Then I'll put it back...I'm not going anywhere..."

Har. "I know you aren't...Here then..." (Hands Joe the keys). "And bring them back straight away...I have to take Bella home soon."

Joe. "I will! I will!...You don't even trust me?"

Har. "Not when you've been drinking..."

Joe. (Leaves).

Bel. "Filthy wouldn't ask for my keys if he'd been drinking..."

Har. "I should say no as well."

Joe. (Returns and hands the keys to Harriet). "Here are your keys...I need to go and mow the lawn...I touched the garage door a bit with the mower...Just a dent!" (He leaves).

Bel. (Looks at Harriet and shakes her head).

Har. "He's keen...I usually have to drag him outside kicking and screaming, to mow the lawn."

Bel. "Miracles do happen!"

Har. "Not around here they don't."

Bel. "I'd better be going Harriet...Filthy will be home soon."

Har. "Okay, we'll go now."

(They get up and walk away).

Bel. "That's funny...I thought he was mowing the lawn?"

Har. "Oh no!...Look at the garage door!"

Bel. "He said he only touched it...Just a dent?"

Har. "He's caved it right in....I wonder what the mower looks like?"

Bel. "I'm sure the mower's fine."

Har. "How do you know that?"

Bel. "Look at your car."

Har. (Looks around the car and yells). "Joseph!...He's broken my headlights...and smashed the front in!..Joseph...Where are you?"

Bel. "He'll be in the clubhouse."

(They walk away).

Bel. (Tries the door). "It's locked?"

Har. (Yells). "Joseph!...I know you're in there...Open this door, right now."

Bel. "Maybe he's done a runner?"

Har. "No...He's hiding inside..." (Yells). "Joseph!...You've wrecked my car!...Open this door right now!"

Bel. "I'll look in the window." (Walks away and peers in window) "Curtains are closed!"

Har. "I bet they are!...Joseph...You open this door...Or else!"

Bel. "I don't think he's going to open anything?"

Har. "Do you have a lighter?"

Bel. "No...Why?"

Har. "If we set fire to the clubhouse...That will smoke him out..."

Bel. "But...What if he dies?"

Har. "I don't care...As long as it's slow and painful..."

Bel. "What do we do now?...I'll walk home..."

Har. "No, I'll take you in Joe's car...And I might accidentally crash into a power pole on the way back?"

Bel. "You won't really, will you?"

Har. "No...I'd rather do it to him...than his car."

Bel. "It's alright...I'll walk."

Har. "No...I'll take you." (Yells). "Joseph...I'm taking your car...And I'm going to crash it into another car...And Bella's going to tell the Cops you were driving drunk!... Bye"

Bel. "Nothing doing?"

Har. (Yells). "No, I won't...I'll leave it by the Park...with the keys in it..."

Bel. "The door's opening..."

Joe. (Comes out yawning, and stretching). "I must've fallen asleep..."

Har. "I bet you did...Look what you've done to my car!...You've wrecked it..."

Joe. "It's nothing a little hammering can't fix...And a little shhh." (Moves his arm across, as if spray painting). "I can knock that out...Simple..."

Har. "No...You're not going to touch it...I want it done properly..."

Joe. "Okay...I'll take it to the Panelbeaters myself tomorrow...Promise..."

Har. "You'd better...!"

Joe. "I will...But...I scratch your back, you scratch mine..."

Har. "What do you mean?"

Joe. "I mean...Lend me twenty...So I can get some beers..."

Har. "What?"

Joe. "I said..."

Har. "I heard what you said...I don't believe this!...Come on Bella..."

(They walk away).

Joe. "What?...Wha'd I do?...Harriet?..." (Calls out). "How about that twenty?...What about a tenner then?...Come on...And be *careful* with my car!" (He walks off).

Narrator. "Marriage is about trust...What's mine is yours...Not about bargaining...You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours...There's no 'me' or, 'I' in trust...but there is an 'us'...and that's what trust is about...Faith simply means 'trust.'...The Lord Jesus presumed we would continue His work on this earth and, ***'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'***...He presumed we would, ***'ask in prayer'...believing'***...He presumed we would faithfully do all of those things which He asked us to do...His Body on this earth are the only ones who can fulfil His Will for Him...so, we must be faithful to Him, and continue His Work upon earth to fulfil it."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #14

Boys Club wisdom

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Harriet/Narrator
Joe
Filthy
Barnsey

Props

Couch
Cans

(The three boys are sitting together, talking and drinking, when Harriet enters).

Har. "Here they are...Hard at it as usual."

Bar. "We're celebrating!"

Har. "That's your word for it...What is it this time?...You've invented sliced bread?"

Joe. "No...Someone's already done that."

Har. "You noticed?"

Fil. "We're writing a book...Another one!"

Har. "Another one?...The Drunkfood Cookbook Volume Two?"

Joe. "Why do you have to add drunk to everything?"

Har. "I thought that was your favourite word?"

Fil. "It's a book of philosophy..."

Joe. "The Boy's Club Book of Philosophy..."

Bar. "...and Wisdom."

Har. "Hmmm?...Boy's Club and wisdom...Do those three words even make a coherent sentence?"

Joe. "You should hear it before you judge it...you know?"

Har. "I suppose I should?...Okay...Give me a sample."

Fil. "The more I drink, the less I care, the less I care, the more I drink."

Har. "Sounds like that came from the mind of a great thinker!"

Fil. "Yes, it did...I thought of that one."

Har. "I don't know how you do it, filthy?"

Fil. "It just comes naturally..."

Har. "What does it mean?"

Fil. "It means, when I'm sober, I worry about things, but when I'm drunk, no worries!"

Har. "Do you really think that's the way to solve all the world's woes...Just forget about them...And they'll go away?"

Joe. "It'll go a long way towards it...It's all in your attitude."

Har. (Looks at Joe, then looks at Filthy). "Is that in your book?"

Joe. "Of course...It's packed full of knowledge, and gems of wisdom!"

Har. "Well...I can see I'm out of my depth here...I'll wake up soon...and so will you lot."

Fil. "Don't judge a beer by its label."

Har. "Is that another one of your gems, Filthy?"

Bar. "No...That was mine."

Har. "And I thought all you do here is get drunk...and watch TV."

Joe. "No...lots of serious stuff goes on here too."

Har. "Really?...Like who to con the money out of for your next beer?"

Joe. "Wait 'til you read the book...You'll be surprised."

Fil. "Yeah...Real surprised...Bella will too...and Stacey!"

Har. "Yes...I'm sure we will."

Fil. "No man is better than his beer."

Har. "And what does that mean?"

Bar. "It means, cheap men drink cheap beer...And great men drink great beer."

Joe. "Again...It's in your attitude!...If you drink slum beer, you'll always be in the slums, because you're

keeping yourself there...But if you drink expensive beer...Then you'll be living life at a higher level...and you'll be like us...Great!"

Har. (Looks at Joe). "And like us...penniless."

Bar. "Good things have their price...All the greats learned that."

Har. "So, what will your book do for a mere mortal like me...who doesn't spend her life getting legless?"

Joe. "All our quotes have a double meaning...The more I drink, the less I care...You could say...Chill out...Don't judge a beer by its label...You could also say...Don't judge a book by its cover..."

Har. "I think I've heard that before...somewhere...They must've swiped it from you"

Fil. "This is our big chance...This time we're going to make it BIG...And I mean REAL BIG!"

Har. "The more I drink, the less I care...Shouldn't that be...The more I drink, the less I think...The less I think, the more I drink."

(The Boys all look at each other).

Fil. "That rhymes!"

Joe. "We could make an album..."

Bar. "...Of songs?"

Joe. "Yeah...Boy's Club songs."

Fil. "I'll play the piano!"

Bar. "And I'll play the Violin..."

Har. "And what will you play, Joe...The fool?"

Joe. "I'll play the guitar...and sing."

Har. "Can any of you play these things?"

Fil. "No...But we can learn..."

Joe. "Like everyone else...I mean...How hard can it be?"

Bar. "Yeah...All the rock stars play...and they're tanked every night."

Fil. "All the Chinese play the violin...and there's billions of them...Can't be that hard?"

Har. "That's because they have an IQ higher than their shoe size...."

Joe. "Once our book goes viral, they'll prob'ly make us into Role Models...for young people..."

Harriet. "Do you *really* think this book of beer jokes will inspire the world?"

Bar. "It's not jokes...and they'll get us to speak in schools...to inspire young people to succeed in life, like us..."

Joe. "We better hone our social skills a bit...like Public speaking...an' stuff too..."

Har. "Are you lot listening to yourselves?...You have to *stop* young people from drinking...not encourage them..."

Joe. "We'll encourage them to drink responsibly..."

Har. "Like you lot?"

Joe. "Yeah...Well you'd better go now...We've got serious things to ponder..."

Fil. "Shall we write some songs?"

Joe. "Yeah...We'd better get started on them...Bye Harriet..."

Har. "Bye?...I just inspired you to start a Band...Now you're kicking me out?"

Joe. "That was the easy part...Now it's Men's business...Writing the songs...and close the door on your way out."

Har. "What?...I don't believe you lot." (Leaves).

Joe. "You know the drill, Barnsey!"

Bar. "Lock the door...And another round?"

Joe. "You got it...Now we better write some songs guys."

Fil. "This is gonna be big!"

Bar. "What if the Paparazzi are looking in the windows...Trying to photograph us?"

Joe. "That's a thought Barnsey...Those photos would be worth a mint...Close those curtains Filthy...and we better whisper, in case someone tries to copy our songs."

Fil. (Closes the curtains and sits down). "Can we drink to that?"

Joe. "We better...Gotta start this off on the right foot...Cheers Guys!"

(All raise their cans). "Cheers."

Joe. "Now down to business guys."

Bar. "Yeah!"

Fil. "Yeah!"

(All huddle over together, whispering).

Narrator. "The Lord Jesus is *our* Role Model...Before the water was turned to wine...Mary said...'***Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it.***'...That's good advice for all of us, because '***Obedience is better than sacrifice.***'...People make up philosophies, which may help others while they live upon this earth...but they will be left behind when we leave here at death...and they cannot help us in Eternity...The Lord Jesus said, '***I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me.***'...'***But by me***'...that is the ***way***, and the ***truth***...'The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom,'...and once we have that fear, the next step is *obedience* to God, because, His **Word** is ***truth***."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #15

The Boys Club funny afternoon

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Harriet/Narrator

Joe

Filthy

Barnsey

Props

Couch

Beer cans

Clipboard or writing pad

(The boys are sitting, talking, with cans in their hands, when Harriet enters).

Har. "Celebrating again I see!"

Joe. "Yes...How did you guess?"

Har. "You've all got cans in your hands..."

Fil. "We're writing another book!"

Har. "Another one Filthy?...Don't you have to finish one of the first ones before you can write another one?"

Joe. "Yes, we're going to...When the inspiration strikes again...But this one's hot...So we have to get it down while the inspiration's on us."

Bar. "This one's a book of humour..."

Fil. "Yea...The Boys Club Funny Afternoon."

Har. "A joke book?"

Joe. "Yes."

Har. "Are they funny jokes...or just drunk jokes?"

Joe. "Funny of course."

Bar. "Shall we give her a sample?"

Joe. "Yea, why not." (Hands the pad to Filthy). "You do the honours."

Fil. (Takes the pad). "Okay..." (Looks at Harriet, then at the pad). "When my wife eats, she puts on fifty pounds...When she gets dressed, she puts on fifty dollars..."

(All laugh, except Harriet).

Har. "You left out the funny bit..."

Fil. (Flips page over, then turns clipboard over). "No...that was all of it."

Joe. "You need a certain understanding of life to get that one..."

Har. "Or a dozen beers?"

Fil. "Speaking of beers...this is one of mine...What's the difference between a sober and a drunk?"

Har. "Why do I have to answer all the hard questions?...I'll have to put my thinking cap on." (Pretends to put a cap on, and pull it down snug). "Hmm..." (Looking up and concentrating). "No...You've got me there Filthy?"

Fil. "A dozen beers!"

(Boys all laugh).

Har. "I guessed that one...but I thought it was going to be something funny?"

Fil. "That *was* funny!"

Har. "If you've had a dozen beers..."

Bar. "Tell her my one Filthy..."

Fil. "Okay..." (Turning pages). "A man was photographing a Lion at the Zoo, when he fell into the lion's cage...and the lion ate him...I wonder what he was thinking, when he filled his pants?"

(Boys all erupt with laughter).

Har. "Would you think that was funny if it was you, Barnsey?"

Bar. "It's only a joke...It isn't real..."

Har. "That's good...I mean...I thought you were going to say that at his funeral?"

Joe. "It's only a joke...and we've got some tongue twisters in there too...So it's entertaining, *and* educational..."

Fil. "I'll read you a tongue twister...they're really funny...How much beer could a beer mug drink...If a beer mug could drink beer?"

(Boys all laugh).

Har. (Shakes her head). "I just don't know how you Boys do it?"

Joe. "It comes naturally..."

Har. "So...What are you going to do with all the money from your book?"

Bar. "We're going to build a new Clubhouse..."

Har. "A *new* one?"

Joe. "Yea...This one's full of memories...but it's past its use-by-date...It's time we graduated from cans to proper beer pullers...And a variety of beers...And maybe a food counter?"

Har. "All from the proceeds of one book?"

Joe. "Yea...And we'll keep a few copies to award as prizes for the Boys Club Fan Club..."

Har. "The Boys Club Dream Club!"

Joe. "We see the future from a different angle to you."

Har. "You see it through a dozen beers...I see it through a brain."

Joe. "You're always so cynical!"

Har. "I wonder why?"

Bar. "Tell her your joke Joe..."

Joe. "You tell it Filthy..."

Fil. "Nah...You do it better..." (Hands the clipboard to Joe).

Joe. "Okay..." (Clears his throat). "Hmm...mmm...Hey guys...I'd like to introduce you to my wife...This is...Um?..." (Looks at Harriet). "Um?...What's your name again?"

(Boys all burst out laughing).

Fil. "What's your name again?...That's a classic!"

Har. "Would you do that to Bella, Filthy?"

(Boys stop laughing).

Fil. "No, of course not!...She'd make me sleep out in the shed..."

Har. "Then, why didn't you warn Joseph about that?"

Joe. "It was only a joke...to get people to lighten up...and forget about their problems..."

Har. "Well...I hope it works for you!...Because I've got a joke too...It starts with...You're going to sleep out here tonight!...And I think *that's* funny!"

Joe. "I'm not sleeping out here!"

Har. "Then sleep in your car."

Joe. "I'm not sleeping in my car...It was only a joke..."

Har. "Hmmm...Remind me if I'm wrong...But I thought jokes were meant to be funny?"

Fil. "It *was* funny!"

Har. "Was it?...Then you tell it to Bella..." (Harriet leaves).

Joe. "Come on Harriet Darling!...Can you pass a box of beers out please?"

(Boys all listen intently).

Bar. "I think she locked the door?"

Fil. "Yea...She did...You're toast man..."

Joe. "Can I sleep at your place Filthy?"

Fil. "Yea...In the shed...But there's no beers in there?"

Joe. "See!...That's why we need a new Clubhouse...So we're never short of beer...And we can have bunks in it too...So we can sleep after a long night of inspiration!"

Bar. "So we can drink till we drop?"

Joe. "You got it!"

Fil. "Cool...So, we better get the book finished then?"

Joe. "Yea...We better..."

Bar. "I just had some inspiration..."

Joe. "Okay...The pen is waiting..."

Bar. "It's sort of about Harriet?"

Joe. "Yea...Good...What is it?"

(All huddle over and whisper).

Nar. "There is smart humour, idiot humour, and drunk humour...The smart humour takes a bit of brain to get it...The idiot humour doesn't need any brain to get it...and the drunk humour doesn't even need to be funny, to be funny...That is all similar to how people see the Bible...Some believe it is the Word of God, and they put their brain into studying it, and being faithful to obey it...Some see it as the Bible, a mysterious book, that they only read certain passages from, the 23rd Psalm, the Lord's Prayer, John 3:16, etc, and even then they don't *think* about them...Others go to 'church' regularly, but they never even read the Bible at all, because it doesn't interest them...to them, Church is church, with or without the Bible...But, Church *without* the Word of God, is Church *without* God, it's only a Religious Club."

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #16

No more Happy Birthdays

Kevin Lee

Performers x4

Harriet/Narrator
Joe
Filthy
Barnsey

Props

Couch
Beer cans
Pad and pen

(Harriet enters, as Filthy and Barnsey are talking excitedly).

Fil. "This is really exciting!"

Bar. "Yeah, it is all right...people will realise we aren't just the village idiots after all!"

Har. "*What* is really exciting?"

Fil. "Our new idea!"

Har. "So, where is Joe?"

Bar. "He's gone down to the Patent Office...to patent it."

Har. "What new idea?"

Fil. "We've discovered the Fountain of Youth!"

Har. "Is that what it is?...and I thought I'd stepped in something?...So, I suppose beer flows out of this Fountain?"

Bar. "No...this is serious."

Har. "So, what is the Fountain of Youth?...Beer with every meal?"

Fil. "No...Um...we haven't thought of that...but..." (Looking at Barnsey) "Hmm, we should to try it?"

Bar. "Certainly, can't do us any harm."

Har. "So?..."

Fil. "No...we've thought of something really smart...it's going to change the whole world...And we're going to patent the idea...and make a fortune!"

Har. "Okay...I'm sure I've heard that one before...But what is it?...the really smart' part?"

Fil. "It's so simple...an idiot could have thought of it!"

Har. "I'm sure an idiot did."

Fil. "No, it was Joe's idea!"

Har. "That's what I said...So, what is it?"

Fil. "Can't tell you... we're writing a book about it...You'll have to buy the book...but it's to do with the Fountain of Youth."

Har. (Gruffly). "Filthy!"

Fil. "Umm...Joe discovered...the reason why people get older...is because they have Birthdays...So, if you don't have any more Birthdays...You won't get any older!"

Har. "Could you say that a bit slower please...I think I missed the point?"

Fil. "It's Birthdays...You see, the reason people get..."

Har. "I heard you the first time..."

Fil. "It's going to be really big!"

Har. "I'm sure it is..."

Bar. "People will be able to stay young for as long as they want to....and they'll have us to thank for it!"

Har. "So how do you make money out of this again?"

Bar. "We're going to sell 'Certificates to go without a Birthday for year X'...and then you buy another Certificate for next year...and so on!"

Har. "Gosh...why didn't I think of this?"

Fil. "Joe said a lot of people will be saying that...and kicking themselves."

Bar. "Here's Joe...he's back."

(Joe enters looking downcast).

Bar. (Excitedly). "So...did you do it?"

Joe. "No...I think they're going to steal our idea...The..."

Fil. "What?...They can't do that?...That's um...you know...perjury or something?...We can Sue them!"

Bar. "But what happened there?"

Joe. "I went in and talked to a Patent Adviser about it, then he went out to an office, and I heard them laughing...Then he went to another office, and I heard *them* laughing too...Then they all came out and looked at me...and started laughing again"

Bar. "What?"

Joe. "Then he came back, and told me to come back tomorrow...and you know what that means...?"

Fil. "What?...Will they Patent our idea today, before you get back?"

Joe. "Yep...I bet they do it all the time!"

Bar. "We should pay them a visit...they think they're going to play us for fools...but we should let them know these Boys don't roll over so easy!"

Fil. "Yeah...ruffle their feathers a bit...they'll beg for mercy."

Har. "You guys are the stupidest...I can't believe I'm even hearing this!"

Joe. "Laugh all you want...But you'll have to pay me if you want to go without your Birthday."

Har. "So, that bottle I was going to buy for you...? I won't have to buy it after all?...If you're not having a Birthday this year?"

Joe. "No, you can still buy it...Just don't say Happy Birthday...or give me a card or anything?"

Har. "So, you want to eat your cake and have it too?"

Joe. "You're still not getting it...no Birthday cake either!"

Har. "No, it's over the head of a lowly woman...I'll go back inside and do woman things." (She leaves).

Joe. (Loud). "And don't tell any of your friends...or the whole country will know about it in half an hour!"

Bar. "So, what do we do now?"

Joe. "When the going gets tough!...We keep going as though nothing's changed...we'll let them know who they're dealing with."

Fil. "That's what I say too...Shall we celebrate"

Joe. "Yep...break them out...can't go to war on an empty stomach...And lock the door Filthy, in case Harriet comes back."

Fil. "Okay...They think it's the end...but it's only the beginning!"

Bar. "You got that right!"

Joe. "Cheers guys!"

Bar. "Cheers!"

Fil. "Cheers."

(They sit together, as Joe begins writing on the pad).

Narrator. There's always a good reason why 'nobody has thought of it before'...it's been waiting for someone who *doesn't* think to see the possibility...Wise King Solomon once said, ***'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.'***...Many great Empires have risen...and over-run the earth, lauding themselves as the Greatest Conquerors ever...just like Adolf Hitler's Thousand Year Reich...But where are they today?...Only the ruins of their Empires remain...and only graves remain to speak of the inhabitants...But in Daniel 7 verse 14, speaking of Jesus Christ, it says, ***'And there was given Him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.'***...If we are only of this earth, all that remains of us when we die, will be upon this earth...But if we have become a part of that Kingdom of Jesus Christ, we will neither pass away, nor be destroyed...and we will live with Him forever, and forever, and forever...in Eternity."

End.

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The Boy's Club Skit #17

The Hairy Man of the Coromandel

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Harriet/Narrator
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 Bella kicked you out?"

Fil. "No...She's visiting her Mum for a week...So I'm staying 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 caveman...or the Hairy Man of the Coromandel!"

Fil. "Now, that's a *real* man!"

Har. "Does Bella 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 Bella'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 cavemen."

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...We could call it Primitive Philosophy, or something?...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).

Narrator. "Well...some boys like to play the hairy unwashed, when they're unsupervised...Whatever rocks your boat, I suppose.

We were all given Free-will by the Lord...and we can do anything we want to do...We don't have to do wrong behind His back...we can do it before of Him...and He will not stop us, because Free-will means...'Having the freedom to choose your own destiny'...Each person on earth has the freedom to choose their own destiny.

They can choose to live their life with Him, or without Him...and they will still get to enjoy the blessings he pours upon us...***'He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and He sends rain on the just and on the unjust'***...Even the most-evil person on earth still gets to enjoy the most beautiful day which we are given.

But, for those who have not accepted the Grace of God in Jesus Christ, there will be a Judgement, where they will be called to account for their lives, and their works...There will not be any grace given there...and life for the majority of people on earth will end forever, after the Judgement.

You have the freedom to choose to serve the Lord today, by choice...and it may be a hard life, as Hebrews 11 reveals to us...But the reward for it will be Eternity on the New Earth with Jesus Christ, forever and forever."

End.

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The Boy's Club Skit #18

On the Nose

Kevin Lee

Performers x4

Harriet/Narrator
Joe
Filthy
Barnsey

Props

Couch
Beer cans

(Joe is sitting on the couch with a can of beer, when Harriet enters in a huff).

Har. "Have you been dipping into the house keeping jar again Joe?"

Joe. "No, of course not!"

Har. (Looking at Joe's nose). "Hey...Did your nose just grow longer?...I think it did!"

Joe. "It did not!"

Har. "Filthy look at this...tell me if Joes nose grows longer...Say it again Joe...Did you dip into the house keeping jar?"

Joe. "Of course not!"

Har. "See that Filthy...it grew longer."

Fil. "I...I saw it move."

Har. "It grew!...because he lied."

Joe. "I did not lie!"

Har. "There it goes again...You must have seen that Filthy?"

Fil. "Yes...I...I saw it do something."

Joe. "It did not!"

(Barnsey enters).

Bar. "What did not?"

Har. "When Joe told a lie, his nose grew longer...look at it now!"

Joe. "It did not...and I wasn't lying."

Har. "See that you two?...Careful you don't poke someone's eye out with that thing!"

Bar. (Looking intently). "Say it again Joe...slowly."

Joe. "No."

Bar. 'Go on...just so I can check...it does seem longer than usual...'

Joe. "I didn't lie."

Har. "See that?"

Bar. "Yes...I think I did."

Fil. "Me too...I think you told a porky Joe."

Har. "Stand back you two...you don't want him pecking you with that thing."

Bar. "Say it one more time, Joe."

Joe. "No!" (Rubbing his nose).

Bar. "Come on...say it twice...just to be sure?"

Joe. "NO!...leave me alone!" (Gets up and leaves).

Fil. "Hey Joe...Where are you going?...What about your beer?"

Bar. "He went inside...and he left his beer...he must be feeling sick?"

Har. "Did he dip into the house keeping jar Filthy?"

Fil. (Rubbing his nose). "I don't know...I don't think so?"

Har. "Barnsey?"

Bar. (Rubbing his nose). "I don't think so."

Har. "You're a den of thieves, you three!" (Leaves).

Fil. (Looking at Barnsey's nose). "Tell a lie..."

Bar. "What for..."

Fil. "I just want to check something."

Bar. "No, you tell one."

Fil. "Is my nose longer?...or anything?"

Bar. "Dunno?...Is mine?"

Fil. "Can't tell?...Was Joe's?"

Bar. "Dunno...it was hard to tell...He kept moving it."

Fil. "Yeah...he did." (looking at the wall). "It's beer-o'clock...shall we have one?"

Bar. "Yeah...and we better have one for Joe too!...He didn't look so good."

Fil. "Nah...but there ain't much a cold beer don't fix!"

Bar. "Yep...Ok, let's have that beer."

(They sit).

Fil. "Come on...tell a lie."

Bar. "Nah, you."

Fil. "Okay...what about?"

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #19

The connoisseurs

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Harriet
Joe
Filthy
Barnsey

Props

Couch
Beer cans

(Harriet enters, as the Boys are sitting on the couch with a can of beer each).

Har. "Hard at it as usual, I see!"

Joe. "Just relaxing for a change...topping up our fluid levels..."

Har. "Topping up your alcohol levels..."

Fil. "Don't want to dehydrate..."

Har. "That's not likely to happen...I was thinking Joe...We should get a nice bottle of wine to go with our roast tonight...What do you think?"

Joe. "Yeah, why not...Sounds good..."

Har. "What kind?"

Joe. "Um...What kinds are there?...There's red, yellow, and green, aren't there?"

Har. "No, Joe...Those are Traffic Lights...I've only heard of Red and White...The Green must be made from beer..."

Joe. "No, that would be desecration..."

Bar. "No!"

Fil. "Never!"

Har. "Do you drink wine, Barnsey?"

Bar. "Yes, I do..."

Har. "So, what's your favourite?"

Bar. "Um...Anything that's free..."

Har. "Anything that's free?...Hmm...I bet Joe taught you that?...That isn't a choice...it's defaulting..."

Fil. "I like wine too...We drink it at home..."

Har. "Finally...Someone who loves a good wine...So, what's your favourite Filthy?"

Fil. "Whatever's on special...That's what I buy..."

Har. "You lot amaze me...I didn't know you were such connoisseurs?...I'd like a nice wine to go with our roast beef please...Yes Madam...We have a perfect French Red to compliment your beef...but might I suggest this rough old Chardonay?...It's half price today..."

Fil. "The one's on special are quite good...I always empty them..."

Har. "Well...We aren't planning on sculling it tonight...We're going to drink it out of glasses...Like normal people do..."

Joe. "Wine isn't like a good beer...It's really over-rated...They all taste the same if you ask me?"

Fil. "Yeah...They're not like a good beer at all..."

Joe. "Nah...Some coat hanger with a hoity-toity voice says...Can I have a bottle of Chateau Noir please Waiter?"

Har. "I think it's Pinot Noir...They would say Chateau Noir after one too many...Like you lot..."

Joe. "Just get whichever one you think Darling!"

Har. "There won't be any free ones...I'll check out the specials...if Filthy has left any...So, red or white?"

Joe. "I'm not racist...whichever one?"

Har. "I'll buy a nice French red...you lot wouldn't have bought them out..." (Shaking her head). "So, what do Bella and Stacey think?"

Fil. "Bella says I'm a miser!"

Bar. "Stacey says I am too!"

Har. "At least your wives have some discernment...Joe's a miser too!"

Joe. "No, I'm not...I never drink cheap beer..."

Har. "You mean...you never *buy* cheap beer...you drink any beer that's free..."

Joe. "It's got me this far through life...so it must be a wise practice..."

Har. "That's what burglars say..."

Joe. "Just buy whichever one you think, Darling...as long as it isn't too expensive!...If it was up to me, I'd buy a nice boutique beer...with a light but firm hoppy aroma...and enough bite to bring out the flavour of the meat...without overpowering it...What would you say, Barnsey?"

Bar. "I'd say, Castles Gold!...and it's on special at the moment..."

Fil. "Yeah...Gotta be Castles...It's a good after-dinner beer too...so you can carry on drinking it all night..."

Har. "Yes...and it probably costs twice as much as wine?"

Joe. "It takes tremendous skills to craft a beer to perfection...They can't just give it away...So just buy your Chateau Noir..."

Har. "Yes, I'll ask for a Chateau Noir...and they'll probably lock me up!"

(Harriet leaves).

Bar. "What was all that stuff you said about Castles?...Firm and bite and stuff, Joe?"

Joe. "Ha...I made it up...Hoity-toity wine!...Give me a good beer any day...You don't have to make up all that stuff about asparagus with a hint of beetroot, to sell it...The quality sells itself!"

Fil. "Yeah...you're right!" (Smells his beer). "This beer does smell a bit like passionfruit..."

Joe. (Smells his beer). "It's the hops...passionfruit hops...Maybe we should make home-brew?...It only costs about a tenth of what we pay?"

Fil. "So, we could drink ten times as much...for the same price?"

Joe. "Yep!"

Bar. "We should look into it?"

Joe. "I'll get my pen and paper...Maybe we could sell some...Have our own labels...Even if we only drank half of it...we'd be drinking for free...and we'd make a profit off the rest..."

Fil. "That's a great idea!...You're a genius Joe...I wonder why no one else has ever thought of that before?"

Bar. "Because they aren't in the Club!"

Joe. "Yeah!...You know the drill, Filthy!"

Fil. "Yeah...Lock the door...and get another round...in that order."

Joe. "Yep...Okay let's get down to business, guys."

(They huddle together on the couch).

End.

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The Boys Club Skit #19

The code of silence

Kevin Lee

Performers x 5

Harriet/Narrator
Joe
Filthy
Barnsey
Stacey

Props

Couch
Table and chairs
Beer cans

(Stage can be segmented into 2 halves, by some type of divider, or can be performed without any division, as if there *were* 2 separate rooms).

The boys are sitting drinking beer, and the girls are sitting in the next room, talking.

Sta. "You know Harriet, Barnsey always wears earphones when we're driving anywhere...he claims the road noise really hurts his hearing...so he listens to music while we drive?"

Har. "Hmm...Joe does too...He says the noise the tyres make on the road is really painful...so he has to listen to music to stop it..."

(They look at each other).

Har. "Hmm!"

Sta. "Hmm alright...Something stinks..."

(Filthy enters).

Har. "Filthy...just the man we want to talk to..."

Fil. "Me?...What did I do?"

Sta. "Nothing...I hope...When you and Bella are in your car...do you wear earphones?"

Fil. "No...We listen to music..."

Har. "Did you know Joe and Barnsey wear earphones when we drive anywhere with them?"

Fil. (Snickers).

Sta. "Filthy...do you know why?"

Fil. (Smiling). "So they don't have to listen to you two waffling on!"

Har. (Angrily). "What?"

Fil. "So they don't have to listen to you two..." (Laughing).

Sta. "Is that funny?"

Fil. (Seriously). "Oops...I wasn't meant to tell you that was I?"

Sta. "Yes...you were..."

Fil. "I'd better get back to the boys..." (Walks off).

Joe. "Where have you been?...You're a beer behind us now..."

Fil. "Talking to Harriet and Stacey"

Bar. "What did they say?"

Fil. "Wanted to know why you two wear earphones when you're driving?"

Bar. "You didn't say anything, did you?"

Fil. "Me?...Nah!...Didn't say much..." (Mimics zipping his lips).

Joe. "Good...or I'd be in the mustard up to my eyeballs!"

Bar. "Me too!"

Har. (Enters, looking around).

Joe. "Hello darling!"

Har. (Looks at him, but says nothing, then leaves).

Joe. "You sure you didn't say anything?"

Fil. "Nah...can't remember what I said now...but no, of course not."

Harriet. (Walks into the room again).

Bar. "Hey, Harriet...Can you tell Stacey we can go home soon, please?"

Har. "She's gone..."

Bar. "What?...Without me?"

Harriet. "Said she didn't want to listen to you yapping all the way home!" (She leaves).

Bar. "You sure you didn't say anything?"

Fil. "Nah...You know these women...they have intuition!"

Bar. "Information!"

Joe. "Why isn't Harriet talking to me then?"

Fil. "Ask her?"

Bar. "We have a Code of Silence here Filthy!"

Fil. "I know!...I know!...What happens in the Club stays in the Club!"

Joe. "Good...Stick to it..."

Fil. "I do..."

(Harriet enters again).

Joe. "Darling, could you give Barnsey a lift home please?...I'd better not drive..."

(Harriet looks at Joe, but says nothing).

Bar. "I'm ready to go anytime?"

Har. "Sure...but I don't have any earphones...if you don't mind that?...Or you could borrow some from Joseph?"

(Joe and Barnsey both look at Filthy, who looks away).

Bar. "Why would I need earphones?"

Har. "You won't...Because I won't say anything..."

(Joe and Barnsey both look at Filthy, who looks away).

Har. "I'll just go and get my keys..."

(Harriet leaves).

Bar. "I suppose they twisted your arm until it was nearly broken...before you spilled the beans, Filthy?"

Fil. "I didn't mean to...They asked me a trick question...They already knew something was up..."

Joe. "Well...It was good while it lasted..."

Bar. "Yep...You can buy those little ear-plugs that you squeeze into your ears...we could try them?...You hardly notice they're there?"

Fil. "Or just have the music up loud...so you can't talk...That's what I do?"

Joe. "Here's Harriet coming back..."

Har. (Comes in). "Okay Barnsey...we can go now..."

Joe. "See you tomorrow Barnsey..."

Bar. "Yep...See you guys..."

Fil. "See ya..."

(Harriet and Barnsey leave).

Joe. "What's heard in the Club..."

Fil. "Stays in the Club...Yes, I know...Those women are shrewd...I'll have to be careful next time..."

Joe. "Yes...you'd better...Okay...lock the door before Harriet gets back..."

Fil. "And another round?"

Joe. "Unspoken rule..."

(Filthy gets 2 cans and they sit together).

Joe. "Where do you get those little earplugs from Filthy?"

End.

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