The last man standing club skits #1-10



Kevin Lee

www.therescueshop.org

The last man standing club skits

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All skits can be downloaded from www.therescueshop.org/Free Skits

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The Last man Standing Club Skit #1

Creation

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch)
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (For Castro)

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

Rog. "Well Fiddle, this is the way to spend Saturday nights! A few gins with a good friend, looking back over the highlights of one's life!"

Fid. "Yes, Mister Roger; I remember the day that I…" (He thumps his right fist twice on his left breast). "Fiddle Castro, took Karl Marx's ideas and created *real* Communism from them!"

Rog. "No, No, Fiddle!...Nothing is cre-ated!...things just happen...You put in place a *better* form of Communist Government."

Fid. "No, I remember the day that I…" (Beating his breast twice). "Fiddle Castro..."

Rog. (Interrupting). "You don't remember anything of the sort, old chap…What you remember is, you were walking to the corner dairy to get a pint of milk and...What's this? There's a gun in my hand!...Where did it come from?...You don't know, but you just feel like marching...and you look to your right and left and there are others marching with you...Where are you going?...Nobody knows...But your destiny is leading you…and you go to the Parliament buildings, and you take over the Government...And behold...another Communist country is born."

Fid. (scratching his head). "Funny, I don't remember any of *that* happening!"

Rog. "Well it did. Just take my word for it like everyone else does."

Fid. "Umm...okay...Ah I'm feeling a bit peckish now Mister Roger...Fancy a pizza?"

Rog. "Ah...yes…Romeos."

Fid. "No! No! No! Flavios...Flavios creates the *best* pizzas in London...Moah."

Rog. "Fiddle, I've told you one hundred times already…Nothing, nothing, and absolutely *nothing* is cre-ated"

Fid. “Well, where does food come from then?”

Rog. “Don’t you read the bumper stickers?...‘Food happens”

Fid. “But, how does it happens?”

Rog. “It just happens...Take my word for it...we should stop people using stupid words like *‘cre-ate’* and *‘how’* and *‘why’*.”

Fid. “That’s it!...I…” (Thumping his chest). “Fiddle Castro, will make a *new* dictionary and it won’t have words like *‘cre-ate’* and *‘why’* in it.”

Rog. “You don’t listen to a single word I say, do you?”

Fid. “Yes, I do!”

Rog. “No, you don’t!...Nobody *makes* dictionaries.”

Fid. “Well, where do they come from then?”

Rog. “Like everything else, dictionaries happen...It’s just another mystery of this great big Universe of ours.”

Fid. “But...Someone must make them!”

Rog. “Does Santa *really* make all those toys for Christmas?”

Fid. “No.”

Rog. “No exactly...And he doesn’t make dictionaries either.”

Fid. “Then, where do the shops get them from?”

Rog. “From?...From?...From other shops of course!”

Fid. “Mister Roger…you’re a genius! No-one explains the unexplainable like you do!”

Rog. “Yes…okay…Just take my word for it like everyone else does!” (Fiddle parroting him).

Rog. “Were you parroting me?”

Fid. “Me?...whe-when?”

Rog. “Just now, you Commie fiend.”

Fid. “Ah…Umm…Do you still want that pizzas?”

Rog. (indignantly). “You were parroting me!”

Fid. “Hello?...Hello?...I can’t hear…Can you be quiet please?...Yes Flavio, could I have one Anchovies pizza please…And could you see that it happens fast?...Ah gracias, gracias.”

Nar. “Nothing just happens. You can’t have an effect without a cause. And you can’t have a *Creation* without a *Creator*. Anything that is *made* has to have a *Maker*. Or are we to believe it is ‘just another marvel of this great, big Universe of ours?”

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #2

Law and order

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch).
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Fiddle).

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

(Fiddle is pacing the floor when RD enters).

Fid. "Ah, Mister Roger you're here!...But where are my pies?"

Rog. "Sorry Fiddle, they only had two left, and they were saving them for someone else."

Fid. "Yes, for me!...I pull out my gun...I say I…" (Thumping twice on his left breast). "Fiddle Castro, want those pies...and they say, 'Yes sir, and the pies are all free today too!'"

Rog. "Yes! Yes! I'm sure you do...But we have Law and Order." (Pointing one finger up while tracing a circle around it with the other.) "Order is the *hub*, around which Civilization turns…Why, without *Order* the Tube wouldn't run on time…Heathrow and Gatwick would just be Giant dogfights…and my Wife wouldn't bring me my toast and cocoa on the dot of six every morning…Nope...we couldn't have Civilization without Order…Why without Order we'd have some thug running all over London stealing pies at the point of a gun."

Fid. "Eh?"

Rog. "No! No! Not you Fiddle...I was ah...thinking of someone else…He's about, oh an inch shorter than you with his shoes off."

Fid. "Ah…gracias!" (nodding).

Rog. "Fiddle, you can't have Civilization without Order…And you can't have Order without Laws to see that everything runs as smoothly as a well-oiled machine...And anywhere you do see Order, it's the fingerprint of Man upon your horizon!"

Fid. "But....but..."

Rog. "But, but…what man?"

Fid. “But...But...What about all around us?”

Rog. “All around us?...Where?” (Looking at the floor around his feet). “I don’t see anything, where is it man?”

Fid. “No, I mean…in *Nature.”*

Rog. “In Nature?...Where in Nature as an example?”

Fid. “Just everywhere in nature!”

Rog. “Fiddle...‘Just everywhere in Nature,’ is a *Theory*, and a *Theory* without solid, conclusive evidence to back it up is nothing more than a glorified guess...and we can’t base anything on glorified guesses.”

Fid. “But…what about in *Nature*.”

Rog. “No! No! No! There is absolutely *NO* order in nature....Everything in ‘Nature’ is a battle between Random Chance…the Luck of the Draw…the Survival of the Fittest…and those with the share *Determination* to survive and win!...If there was Order in Nature all the wormholes would be six inches apart…and all going in the same direction so they wouldn’t invade each-others privacy...And all the trees would grow exactly twenty feet apart, so they could all make maximum use of Earth, Air and Sky...But they don’t do they?...No!...In some places they grow sparsely, while in others they’re overcrowded!...And why is that?”

Fid. “Ah...they um...”

Rog. “Simply because anyone’s place in *Nature* is based on random chance...No, Fiddle…there is *no* Order in Nature...If there was, the animals wouldn’t foot it to Scotland...They’d go British Rail...and the birds wouldn’t wing it to the Continent…They’d go British Airways...But, they don’t do they?...So there goes your theory out the window...which only goes to prove that I’m *right* and everybody else is *wrong*, once again.”

Fid. “Ah...but?....”

Rog. “Fiddle, if you find Order anywhere, it will be entirely Man-made…Take the phone-book for example…It begins with A and it ends with Z…and everything else is placed in Order in between if I’m not mistaken...And having Law and Order allows us to buy a pie at any hour of the day or night in London…knowing that some clown hasn’t stolen them all at gunpoint.”

Fid. “But....What about the Laws of Nature?”

Rog. “Fiddle, I can sum up the Laws of Nature for you in three words…Things *Happen…*they *Develop*…then they *Progress*...That’s the whole story, and that answers *all* your questions.”

Fid. “It does?”

Rog. “Yes, it does.”

Fid. (Rubbing his stomach). “I’m a bit hungry.”

Rog. “Yes, I’m a bit peckish myself. Let’s go down to the Old-Boys-Club…We can get a pie there, and have a natter to the Know-Nothings.”

Fid. “Yes, Mister Roger...But, do we walk, or catch a bus?”

Rog. “We’ll be Civilised and catch a bus.”

(They walk a few steps and wait for the bus)

Rog. “Ah...Here it is The Twenty Five.” (Pushing in front of F.C.). “Sorry Old Chap, age before beauty...Ah yes, two to the Old-Boys-Club please Driver.” (Patting his pockets). “Oh, no...I’ve forgotten my wallet...Sorry driver, just wait five minutes I’ll go and get it...Then wait three...Okay, just one minute…and I’ll run *really* fast...I don’t care about your stupid timetable...Okay, go then, I’ll NEVER catch your bus again...Go on!...See if I care…No! No! Don’t go...just WAIT...Fiddle where’s your gun?”

Fid. “He’s gone.”

Rog. “Stupid buses...Stupid timetables...I don’t know *why* he has to leave right on time?”

Fid. “My tummy’s rumbling Mister Roger. Shall we order a pizza then?”

Rog. “No!...I rather fancy a pie...Ah Fiddle, you wouldn’t happen to have your *gun* on you would you, by any chance?”

Fid. (Pulls hand out from under his arm with thumb pointing up and forefinger pointing straight out to resemble a gun). “Ah, yes...I do Mister Roger.” (Holding it up and smiling).

Rog. “Good!...Then let’s go and get us those two pies!” (They turn and walk away together).

Nar. “Order doesn’t just happen…You can’t have Order in Nature by Chance any more than you can have Order in a phone-book by Chance…Things left to themselves lend to Chaos…Just look at Fiddle’s beard…It can’t prune itself, and if he didn’t keep it pruned, it would spread like a fungus and we’d never see his face again…Anywhere you see Order it’s the ‘Fingerprint of God’ upon your horizon…Because you can’t have Order without Discipline to maintain it.”

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #3

The invention

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch)
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro)

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

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

Rog. "Hello Fiddle, come on in…I have some exciting news today."

Fid. "What's that Mr Roger?"

Rog. "I've invented something…Something very important!"

Fid. "Really?"

Rog. "Yes...Oh!" (Rubbing his hands together with glee). "Last night I had a veritable brainstorm…and this afternoon I'm going down to the Patent Office, to patent it."

Fid. "What is it, Mr Roger?"

Rog. "Well…you know, when you come downstairs in the morning…and you have to wait in the queue because someone else has beaten you the privy?"

Fid. "Ah?...No!....I say I…" (Thumping on his left breast with his right fist). "Fiddle Castro, want to go...then they come running out…and it's free for me."

Rog. "Well…clearly you have different rules in your house than I do in mine...but, for myself, and all the other lesser mortals…I have invented a privy with...Wait for it!...Two seats!"

Fid. "What for?"

Rog. "So, when you come downstairs and...'already occupied'...I don't think so!...In you waltz and...Viola!...A vacant seat!"

Fid. "Hmmm."

Rog. "Oh...This will bring me the fame and fortune I so dreadfully deserve...and it will spread around the world like a plague."

Fid. "It will?"

Rog. "Yes!...I'll make Dumbkin's a household name everywhere...No more single-seaters and endless queues…The Dump will be the new standard for the entire world...and people will wonder how they ever got by without me...as I often do myself."

Fid. "Ah...?"

Rog. "Oh...No more sitting alone reading the morning paper...You'll be able to sit and chat with friends and colleagues...Imagine the implications for the Business world...each cubicle will have 2 seats on it...No-more wasted time sitting it out...You can plan Company policy…share ideas…and so much more in this now valuable time...I could call it Dumbkin's time…Yes!...Those wasted minutes and hours will be put firmly back on the clock...Right where they belong...Politicians will confer there...Juries will deliberate there...The possibilities are endless!"

Fid. "That *is* very clever…Mr Roger!"

Rog. "Yes!...And I'm designing an enlarged version for high-use areas such as Airports and the Tube...A ten-seater in fact...People will pass through as quickly as they leave their transport...no more waiting...ever!"

Fid. "Very clever!"

Rog. "Oh...and like *all* the great inventions…I wonder why someone else didn't think of it sooner.....It was just so obvious!"

Fid. "It was?"

Rog. "Yes…and as per usual...I'm going to name it after its Inventor...who is...Me of course...So it will be known as the Dumbkin's United Multi Privy...or DUMP for short...No more queues!...That's going to be my motto...No More Queues...I'll get Worldwide Patents and I'll be swimming in money!"

Fid. "Hmm"

Rog. "So, what do you think Fiddle?"

Fid. "I think mine…" (Thump thump). "is easier."

Rog. "No, man...I'm thinking about the rest of the World....Not just you…"

Fid. "So, I suppose you'll be installing one around the corner?"

Rog. "What?...In here?"

Fid. "Yes...for you and me?"

Rog. "I don't think so man!...I value my privacy very highly...I don't fancy having you sitting beside me while I, mm…mm." (clearing his throat)

Fid. "But we could share ideas?"

Rog. "Your ideas aren't that important man."

Fid. "But…I thought you said...?"

Rog. "Well, you thought wrong...We'll just stick with the old single-seater here...And you can wait outside the door...like any normal person."

Fid. "Hmm."

Rog. "Well, let's go and get us some mince pies and a few Gins to celebrate with...Then I must away to the Patent Office.." (Putting on a Winston Churchill voice).

"Oh, never before in the course of human history...has so *much*...been owed by so *many*...to one man...Namely...Me!"

Fid. "Do you really think it'll spread?"

Rog. "Like a fungus man...Like a jolly fungus!"

Nar. "Just because something is convenient or good…doesn't mean it will be popular…Is living a clean, honest life before God and Man popular?. . . No! In fact, people like that are portrayed as Narrow-minded, because they won't join in with the Crowd…What the Crowd does may be popular because 'everyone else is doing it.'But, Proverbs 14:12 tells us…***'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.'***…Too few people take the time to sift through the opportunities offered to them in life…and decide what is right or wrong for the Long-term…They opt for Short term gains and pleasures…and very few will decide that they will only do that which is Right and Good…Why should they? They will miss out on all the fun…No, they will also miss out on drunken hangovers, the pain of broken relationships, and the longing to be with their illegitimate children, who they will always be estranged from…Besides diseases, remorse, and regrets…Perhaps Proverbs 14:12 should be rewritten as…'There is a way which seems right unto our Creator, and the end thereof is happiness, with *no* regrets in life.'"

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #4

The motor car

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch).
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro).

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

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

Fid. "Ah Mr Roger....I have good news!"

Rog. "What's that Fiddle?"

Fid. "I'm buying a new car!"

Rog. "Good on you!...What type, old chap?"

Fid. "Something small and fast...with two doors...Maybe a Honda...Honda make good cars."

Rog. (Shaking his head). "No, No, Fiddle...no-one 'makes' cars!"

Fid. "What?...Where do they come from then?"

Rog. "They just happen, like everything else...In fact," (Furtively looking from side to side and lowering his voice). "I have my own theory on it." (Fumbling in a pocket, he pulls out a marble and holds it at eye level between thumb and forefinger). "As far-fetched as it sounds…I believe that the motor car evolved from the humble schoolboy's marble."

Fid. "What?"

Rog. "Yes, it's astounding I know!...The marble evolved into roller skates...Roller skates evolved into the pushbike...The pushbike evolved into the motorbike, and...and..." (He pauses triumphantly). "In the year 1886 the motorbike evolved into the motorcar...In fact we have the photographs to prove it, because Mercedes and Benz found the very first one!...Actually..." (Rubbing his hands together with glee). "I'm presenting a paper on it to The New Scientist in July...So, just keep it…" (He taps twice on his right nostril, and winks). "...till then!"

Fid. "That sounds stupid."

Rog. (Indignantly). “Fiddle, I’ve forgotten more than you will ever learn...so if you want to talk to someone stupid...go and talk to your reflection in the mirror!.”

Fid. (Pensively). “Is that what you do Mr Roger?”

Rog. “Yes, it is!” (He snaps).

Fid. “But Mr Roger....Where do the Car Dealers get the cars from then?”

Rog. “They grow on fungi, in secret caves somewhere...as I’ll prove in my paper!...And the beauty of it is...They’re still evolving...Every year they’re just a little different...Just a little different...Oh...” (Ecstatically) “...It’s just another marvel of this great big Universe of ours...and it’s the greatest proof I have for Evolution.”

Fid. “Mr Roger...No-one explains the unexplainable like you do!”

Rog. “Thank you Fiddle.”

Fid. (Scratching his head). “Ah...Mr Roger...um...I was thinking?”

Rog. “No, No, Fiddle...Don’t think...Just take my word for it like everybody else does...C’mon let’s go and get us a couple of pies.”

Nar. “Motorcars, like everything else, don’t just happen...And, they didn’t evolve from school-boy’s marbles, as some...” (turning to RD). “...would have us believe. Telling the world that things just happen, without having a Cause for their Effect, is as intelligent as trying to convince them, that today’s pies evolved from yesterday’s sausage rolls. Fortunately...most people aren’t that gullible.”

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #5

Happy birthday

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch).
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro).

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

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

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

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

Fid. "You remembered!"

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

Fid. "A present?"

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

Fid. "Valuable?"

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

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

Rog. "Yes."

Fid. "Of you?"

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

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

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

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

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

Fid. “I could wallpaper my house with them I suppose?”

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

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

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

Fid. “You think so?”

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

Fid. “See they include a bottle of gin.”

Rog. “Fiddle man...You’re incorrigible!”

Fid. “Ah...Now I know what I’ll give you for your birthday. Mister Roger.”

Rog. “No Fiddle...Definitely not!”

Fid. “But why not?”

Rog. “Your time has come and gone Man...But I’m poised on the verge of greatness!...And besides...I already have a photo of you.”

Fid. “But...I can update it for you?”

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

Fid. “But...?”

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

(They walk off together).

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #6

Give up comedy

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch).
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro).

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

(Fiddle is standing, when Roger enters.)

Fid. “Ah Mister Roger...You're here.”

Rog. “Yes Fiddle...And I have news for you.”

Fid. “News?”

Rog. “Yes...I'm having a change of vocation.”

Fid. “Really?”

Rog. “Yes Fiddle...I'm going to venture into the world of comedy.”

Fid. “Comedy?...That's good Mister Roger.”

Rog. “Yes...I'm going to add Stand-up Comedian to my list of many talents.”

Fid. “Stand-up Comedian?...I like that.”

Rog. “Good...I'm having my debut at the Top Hat Club Saturday evening.”

Fid. “Can I come Mister Roger?”

Rog. “Of course Fiddle...Though it may be standing room only…Shall I give you a demo?”

Fid. “Yes please.”

Rog. “Well, you sit there...And I'll stand...of course.”

Fid. (Sits). “Can I clap?”

Rog. “Maybe just laugh...But not too loud...I'm the Star of the Show remember.”

Fid. “Yes, Mister Roger.”

Rog. “Good evening, esteemed Ladies and Gentlemen...I'm the Great...The One-and-only Roger Dumbkins.” (Bowing). “You can clap now Fiddle.”

Fid. (Claps enthusiastically).

Rog. “I'd like to start the evening with a few questions for you...Here's the first one. How can you tell when I'm saying something really intelligent?”

Fid. “Um...I don't know Mister Roger?”

Rog. “That's easy Fiddle...Because my lips are moving.”

Fid. “Ha! That’s very funny Mister Roger.”

Rog. “Question number two...Why hasn't the Queen made me an MBE yet?”

Fid. “Hmm...I don't know?”

Rog. “Neither do I...But I'm still waiting!”

(Silence)

Rog. “That's it Fiddle.”

Fid. “It is?...Could you say that one again, Mister Roger?”

Rog. “Fiddle!”

Fid. “What was the Queen doing?”

Rog. “Forget it Fiddle...Ladies and Gentlemen...This is my third question...A man walked into a shop and put two three-pound notes on the counter...then he...”

Fid. (Interrupting). “But Mister Roger?”

Rog. “What is it Fiddle?''

Fid. “They don't make three-pound notes?”

Rog. “Fiddle...I thought that one would escape even you...Hmm, I guess that one will bomb atrociously...I’ll have to flag it.”

Fid. “Mister Roger...How do you know when I'm saying something really intelligent?”

Rog. “I don't know Fiddle.”

Fid. “My lips are moving.”

Rog. “That's my joke Fiddle...You get your own.”

Fid. “Okay...I heard a good one Mister Roger...An Americano and a Cubano were on a train to Scotland, and the Cubano said...”

Rog. “No Fiddle...No cigar jokes.”

Fid. “But this one's really funny!”

Rog. “No Fiddle...Here I am giving the performance of a lifetime...And you want to cheapen it by telling cigar jokes...Sit still and pay attention...Or I'll make you pay a Tenner for the performance.”

Fid. “Make it nine pounds, and I'll give you three, three-pound notes...” (Laughing).

Rog. “Fiddle, you're incorrigible...I give up...Come on, we'll go down to the Club...and have a pie and a few gins.”

Fid. “Are you going to tell any jokes there?”

Rog. “I only know one more.”

Fid. “What is it Mister Roger?”

Rog. “You of course, Fiddle...Now come on.”

Fid. “That isn't funny...I heard another one...An Americano and a Cubano were playing golf and...”

Rog. “No!”

Fid. “Why not?”

Rog. “No more Cuban jokes.”

Fid. “But this one's funny?”

Rog. “You say that every time Fiddle....Now come on.”

(They leave)

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #7

The architect

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator
Sir Peter Mortimer-Goings-on

Props

Chairs x 2 (or couch).
Glasses x 2
Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro).

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

Rog. (Standing with a glass in his hand, PMGO walks up to him with a glass in his hand).

Pet. "Well hello!…Nice little gathering isn't it?"

Rog. "Yes…it is…I'm Roger Dumbkins." (Holding his hand out).

Pet. "I'm Sir Peter Mortimer-Goings-On." (Shaking hands).

Rog. "Well Peter…."

Pet. "That'll be *Sir* Peter to you…please…"

Rog. "I beg your pardon…Sir Peter…"

Pet. "What did you say your name was again?"

Rog. "Roger Dumbkins."

Pet. "Not…THE Roger Dumbkins?"

Rog. "The one-and-only."

Pet. "Well, this is indeed an honour Sir..."

Rog. "Thank you."

Pet. "That new Theatre at Winchester...An absolute marvel!"

Rog. "Are you thinking of Roger Dumbkins the Architect?"

Pet. "Yes."

Rog. "Actually…That's not me…He's the other, one-and-only-Roger-Dumbkins."

Pet. "Sorry old chap…Have you ever thought of taking up Architecture?"

Rog. "No…I haven't."

Pet. "Don't you think it's important?"

Rog. "Yes…Vitally."

Pet. "So?...Why not try it?"

Rog. "Um…I..."

Pet. "You won't know till you've tried it."

Rog. "Mmm." (Smiling at PMGO).

Pet. "So…Who is this gander we've come here to listen to?"

Rog. "That's me actually."

Pet. "You?" (Looking Roger up and down). "And what's your claim to fame?"

Rog. "I'm a noted Scientist…I dream up theories for the origin of just about everything."

Pet. "Such as?"

Rog. "Well…Perhaps you've heard my theory for the origin of shoes?"

Pet. "Shoe Factories?"

Rog. "So…You haven't…Hmmm…You must've heard of my theory for the origin of the motor car though?"

Pet. "Need I say it?"

Rog. "No…So you haven't heard that one either."

Pet. "Speaking of motor cars…I heard this funny little ditty earlier in the week…It went…'There was this old fogey in London…who….?'…Ah I've forgotten the rest of it…But it was about this chap who believes Marbles grew into Motor-cars…Ha! Ha!"

Rog. "Oh really?...Fiddle where are you?"

Pet. "Pardon?"

Rog. "Just thinking out loud."

Pet. "Well…I think the people who make up those ditties have more intelligence than the goons who make up those theories."

Rog. (Embarrassed). "Really?"

Pet. "So…what was your theory about the motor-car?" (Wagging his finger). "And don't say marbles…Because that one's already taken."

Rog. "Well…It's ah…Hmm Hmm." (Clearing his throat) "It's the cutting edge of Scientific Research and thought today…And it's hard to understand unless you're moving in current Scientific circles..."

Pet. "I didn't understand a single word you said."

Rog. "Good."

(Fiddle enters, and all clap).

Pet. "Isn't that?"

Rog. "Yes it is….Fiddle Castro."

Pet. "We've got someone famous here now!"

Rog. "So, it seems."

Pet. "Hello Mister Castro…This is indeed an honour!...I'm Sir Peter Mortimer-Goings-On." (Holding his hand out).

Fid. "Hello Mister Going-Gone…I'm Fiddle Castro." (Thumping twice on his left breast with his right fist). "And you've met my humble friend Mister Roger?"

Pet. "Yes…I have."

Fid. "I'll introduce you to everyone else, Mister Roger!"

Rog. "There's no need of that, Fiddle."

Fid. "Oh yes there is…Hello everybody and welcome here…I'm Fiddle Castro." (Thumping twice on his left breast). "And this is my good friend Mister Roger."

(Everyone claps, and Roger bows.)

Fid. "And tonight…"

Rog. "No Fiddle…Please don't."

Fid. "He's going to tell us how Marbles grow into Motor-cars."

(Silence)

Rog. "Oh…Sometimes I wish there *was* a God."

Fid. "Pardon?"

Rog. "Thank you Fiddle…I think that helped immensely."

Fid. "Gracias Mister Roger."

Rog. "Well…Yes…I'm the one-and-only Roger Dumbkins…as you just heard…Not the famous Architect…The other one."

(Silence)

Rog. "I'm here to promote my new book." (Holding it up) "From Marbles to Motor-cars…The new Science of Mechanics…I'll read you a snippet from it shall I?...This is from the opening lines…Once upon a time…300 million years ago…A Marble was rolling down a hill somewhere is Wales…If you want to know more, you'll have to buy the book…They're for sale in the foyer…20 quid each…or 25 if you'd like it autographed…And next week I'm going to speak here on the origin of shoes…Who knows where shoes come from?"

Fid. "Mushrooms."

Rog. "Yes, of course you know Fiddle…I wasn't asking you…So that's it, folks…The cat's out of the bag…Yes…Shoes did indeed evolve from the common garden mushroom…As you'll learn next week…Thank you."

(Silence as he walks down and joins F.C.)

Pet. "Well…Ahh…Sometimes, I think the truth is stranger than fiction…So that's it for today…And you can buy an autographed copy of the book in the foyer…Goodnight everybody."

(Clapping)

Nar. " The origin of all things is Spiritual…In the beginning God said, "Let there be light…and there was."…"Let there be...and there was."…But, our friend Mr Dumbkins is Spiritually blind, so he has to explain the origin of things in ways he can personally understand.

This is what a child does when they explain in detail, how a car is made using pieces of wood, string, glue, and wheels…because that's all they know…And so, debating about the origin of things will never allow Mr Dumbkins to see any more than what his limited intelligence allows him to understand…and he will never be any more than a blind leader of the blind.

In Luke 24:25 it says the Lord, 'opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.'…That's what our friend needs, then he will be able to see and understand Creation from an adult's point of view."

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #8

The origin of Dumbkins

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator
Toddy Winklewright

Props

Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro).

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

(Roger and Fiddle are standing together, looking up).

Rog. "Yes, this is the place Fiddle…The Ostrich Club!"

Fid. "Good!"

Rog. "I'll dazzle them with my theories, 'till they grovel at my feet…and we'll go home with pockets full of fivers."

Fid. "Very good Mr Roger."

(They enter the building and stand quietly together.)

Fid. "Do you know any jokes Mr Roger?"

Rog. "Only *you* Fiddle."

Fid. "Huh?" (Looking puzzled).

Rog. "Never mind."

Fid. "I'll tell you one I heard…An Americano and a Cubano were walking down the street, and the Cubano found a cigar…and he said, 'Hey…This must be my lucky day!'"

Rog. "No!" (Emphatically).

Fid. "What?"

Rog. "Don't!" (Emphatically).

Fid. "But?...."

Rog. “Why do every one of your jokes have to include an Americano, a Cubano…and a cigar?”

Fid. “Because…they’re the jokes we tell in Cuba.”

Rog. “Well…this isn’t Cuba…If you want to tell funny jokes here, say…There was an Englishman and a Scotsman…Or…if you want it to sound *really* funny say…There was an Englishman and an Irishman…”

Fid. “Okay…An Englishman and an Irishman were walking down the street…and the Irishman found a cigar…and he said…‘Hey…this must be my lucky day’…”

Rog. “No!” (Emphatically).

Fid. “What?”

Rog. “I fear that won’t bode well for the English, so don’t!”

Fid. “Okay…But there’s this other one I heard that’s *really* funny…An Americano and a Cubano were rowing a dinghy…and a cigar floated past…and the Cubano said…”

Rog. “No thank you Fiddle!”

Fid. “What?”

Rog. “That’s more than enough jokes for one day.”

(Man passing.)

Rog. “Excuse me Old Chap.” (Holding his hand out). “I’m Roger Dumbkins…”

Tod. “Oh…Hello Dumbkins…I’m Toddy Winkleright.”

Rog. “Pleased to meet you, Toddy!”

Tod. “Likewise...”

Rog. “And this is my friend…Fiddle Castro.”

Tod. “Hello Fiddle…Pleased to make your acquaintance!”

Fid. “Gracias!...gracias!”

Tod. “You’re obviously not from around these parts Fiddle…Tell me…Where do you hail from?”

Fid. “From Cuba!...I…” (Thumping twice on his left breast with his right fist). “Fiddle Castro made it the home of *real* Communism!”

Rog. (Shaking his head, frowns at Fiddle).

Fid. (To Roger). “What?”

Tod. “I thought so…Your accent betrays you.”

Fid. “And where are you from Mister Toddy?”

Tod. “I’m from London…The East-End actually…before it was taken over by yobbos and council workers.”

Fid. (Nods).

Tod. “And what about you Dumbkins?...Where do you come from?”

Rog. “From monkeys of course…Like everyone else!”

Tod. “No...I mean where does your family come from?”

Rog. “Yes…They *all* came from monkeys too!”

Tod. “So, you’re from Africa?”

Rog. “No...Nobody knows precisely.”

Tod. “Really?...Then why did you say you came from monkeys if nobody knows?”

Rog. “It’s a Scientifically proven fact, that we’re all descended from monkeys.”

Tod. “Well…If it’s proven…Then where did it happen?”

Rog. “Do I really need to justify myself to a know-nothing like you?”

Tod. “Excuse me, Sah?”

Rog. “Apology accepted!...You’re dumber than a mince pie, so just take my word for it like everyone else does.”

Tod. “I beg your pardon?”

Rog. “You have it again!...Now…Why don’t you go and serve someone a drink or something?

Tod. (Eyebrows raised). “Do you know who I am, Man?”

Rog. “Toddy Winkleright if I’m not mistaken?...Which I *seldom* am.”

Tod. “I’m the President of the Club!”

Rog. “Pull the other one Toddy.”

Tod. (Huffs…and walks away).

Rog. “Thought he could put one over on me, did he?…I didn’t arrive on the last boat you know!”

Fid. “No…Mister Roger.”

Rog. “Ah…It’s starting.”

Tod. (Walks out in front of Fiddle and Roger). “Hello Ladies and Gentlemen…and welcome here tonight…I’m Toddy Winkleright…President of the Club .”

(Fiddle and Roger look at each other).

Tod. “I’m terribly sorry to announce that our advertised speaker will *not* be speaking tonight after all…so Captain Pitcairn will regale us with his adventures in the Congo instead.”

(Applause).

Fid. “I thought you said you would dazzle them?”

Rog. “How was I to know *he* was the President.”

Fid. “Because he said so!”

Rog. “*Everyone* wants to be President.”

Fid. “Not in Cuba they don’t!”

Rog. “No!...I’m sure they don’t in Cuba.”

Fid. “Well…Shall we go and get a pie then?”

Rog. “Yes…Good idea!”

(They walk away).

Rog. “Tell me Fiddle…Do you know any other jokes?”

Fid. “Ah…Gracias!...I’m pleased you asked Mister Roger…This one is *really* funny…An Americano and a Cubano were riding pushbikes down the street…And guess what the Cubano ran over?”

Rog. “A cigar?”

Fid. “Have you heard this joke before, Mister Roger?”

Rog. “No Fiddle…Just a lucky guess.”

Fid. “I bet you can’t guess what the Cubano said?”

Rog. “This must be my lucky day?”

Fid. “You *have* heard this joke before!”

Rog. “No…just another lucky guess…but keep going.”

Fid. “Okay, this is the *really* funny part…”(speaking softly as they walk off).

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #9

The interview

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins/Narrator
Binks, the reporter

Props

Table and Chairs x 2

(Dumbkins and Binks are sitting together, at the table).

Bin. "So, Mr Dumbkins…Thank you for allowing me this interview!"

Rog. "That's quite alright, old chap."

Bin. "A few questions, to begin with…How do you see Science itself?...I mean what is the place of Scientific thought in this modern world?"

Rog. "Scientific Theories are what holds the very essence of life together…Science moulded the modern world."

Bin. "Really?"

Rog. "Yes…Because Science has given so much to mankind."

Bin. "Such as?"

Rog. "Well…Gravity for one…It took Science to prove that Gravity even exists…So without Science we wouldn't have Gravity and we'd all be floating all over the show as if we were living on the moon…So life as we know it would not be possible without Science!...And Gravity is only the tip of the iceberg."

Bin. "Is that a fact?"

Rog. "Yes…So, every person on earth owes their very *existence* to Science…they are indebted to us…"

Bin. "Not quite sure if I agree with that one…But tell me…How do these Theories originate?"

Rog. "Logic and Deduction…Look at it like *this*…Logic tells me that *A* happens because of *B*...That's the basis for my Theory…"

Bin. "Yes?"

Rog. "So, my Theory is born…Then I look at *all* the Evidence to support it…and I deduct anything that is contrary to my Theory…And *discard* it."

Bin. "But…shouldn't you be looking for Evidence that proves *how* it happens?"

Rog. "*How* is *never* a relevant question."

Bin. "Why not?"

Rog. "Because the Theory's right…Even if *all* the evidence is against it…so *how* doesn't come into the Equation."

Bin. "Umm?"

Rog. "The Theory is true…Until *proven* false."

Bin. "Guilty until proven innocent?"

Rog. "That's an unfair comparison."

Bin. "I still don't understand this?...So…the Theory is *true*…Even if *all* the *Evidence* is against it?"

Rog. "Yes…it shows we just haven't put the puzzle together properly yet..."

Bin. "But…Isn't that a bit like saying…'I found a ten-pound note in my front yard...It wasn't *put* there by anyone…It was there because I went looking for it…So…The harder I look…The more I will find…And if don't look at all…There won't be any there?'"

Rog. "Hmm…That's very clever!...Ah…Excuse me for a minute please...I'm just going outside to have a look around." (He leaves, then returns again).

Rog. "There weren't any there…But hmmm…Look old chap?...Would you mind terribly if I delve a little further into your Theory?"

Bin. "My Theory?"

Rog. "Yes…On the Origin of ten-pound notes?"

Bin. "Is that a Theory?"

Rog. "It is now..."

Bin. "But you can't prove it's true?"

Rog. "Yes, I can!...Ten-pound notes are the evidence…If there weren't any Ten-pound notes…the Theory would be false."

Bin. "But?...Isn't that like saying...Um…?"

Rog. "Another Theory?...There's a Scientist inside you yet man!"

Bin. "Um…So the Ten-pound notes are there…?"

Rog. “Because the Theory ’s true!”

Bin. “Hmm?”

Rog. “Look old chap…Do you fancy a pie and a few gins?...We can nip down to the Old-Boys-Club…and I’ll introduce you to the Know-nothings there…”

Bin. “Yes…I’d like that.”

Rog. “Follow me old chap…and keep your eye out for any stray ten-pound notes.”

Nar. “Things don't happen because they are proven true…They are proven true because they happen…You can’t decide something will happen without having evidence for it…You have evidence for it because it is happening…The reason why we have ten-pound notes is because they are printed…not because we want to have them…We know Creation happened, because there is a record of it in Genesis…and we see the evidence of it around us, as it was written…Evolution is a ‘theory'…which means it is what someone surmised about the origin of life…and the living…But the more we learn about the fossil record…genetics…and mutations etc…the more it is proven false…even though it is ‘touted' as true…without having any evidence for it.”

End.

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The Last Man Standing Club Skit #10

Words

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

Cuban style Army hat
Black beard (for Castro).

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

(Fiddle is seated reading, when Roger walks in).

Fid. "Ah…Mr Richard…I didn't think you were coming…You're late?"

Ric. "Well, Fiddle…something remarkable has happened and I was delayed a little…Today is a momentous occasion…like all the other momentous occasions in my life!"

Fid. "A special day?"

Ric. "Special doesn't cover it Fiddle…It's one of those never-to-be-forgotten-occasions, which will be celebrated in all the very best history books…It's the birth of something great!"

Fid. "Ah…Mr Richard…You have a son!...Congratulations!"

Ric. "Son?...What son?...Fiddle you moron, I'm 79 years old?...No…I invented a totally new word this morning…and you're the very first to hear it…after my wife…and a few cherished friends…"

Fid. "A new word?...Ha!...I'll guess what it is?...Um?"

Ric. "No, Fiddle…No-one will ever guess what it is…especially the likes of you…It's Bie!"

Fid. "Bye?...Like goodbye?"

Ric. "No, Fiddle…B…I…E…Bie!"

Fid. "B…I…E…I've never heard of that before?"

Ric. "Of course you haven't, Fiddle…No-one has until today…I only invented it this morning…"

Fid. "So, what does it means?"

Ric. "It means…Wait for it!...'To pause before answering a question'…And the verb is…'Bying'"

Fid. “Mr Richard…Do you have to concentrate very hard when you’re Bying?”

Ric. “Fiddle?...” (Shaking his head). “No…other people wouldn’t…but you *would* have to…It’s merely a momentary pause as you reflect before answering…”

Fid. “Do you close your eyes?”

Ric. “No, Fiddle…It’s like when someone asks…‘What are you doing today?’…and you pause to reflect before answering…You’ve just Bied…That’s the past tense of it…B…I…E…D…”

Fid. “People Bie all the time, Mr Richard….when they’re talking?”

Ric. “No, Fiddle…no-one’s ever Bied before…because the term never existed…I Bied for the very first time ever…very early this morning…I’m going to contact Mirriam-Webster later this morning and announce the birth of Bie…Bied…and Bying…”

Fid. “Are…”

Ric. “No, Fiddle…don’t even think it!”

Fid. “But if people do it, *knowing* they B…I…E…D…Does that make it different than doing it, *not* knowing they B…I…E…D?”

Ric. “Fiddle…If you won a million pounds and you *didn’t* know you’d won it…would that be different than winning it and knowing you *did* win it?”

Fid. “Um…yes…”

Ric. “Finally…we’re getting somewhere!...People have been doing it *without* knowing what they’re doing…But now they can do it and proudly announce to one and all…‘I just Bied!’”

Fid. “I’ll think up a new word too, Mr Richard!”

Ric. “Fiddle…You couldn’t even think up…”

Fid. “Chumdugalong…It means to have hot feet…C…H…U…M…”

Ric. “That’s enough…Dumbchugalong?”

Fid. “Dumbchugalong?...Is that the past tense?”

Ric. “No…it’s the moron who invented it!’

Fid. “You’ve heard it before, Mr Richard?”

Ric. “No, Fiddle…”

Fid. “You like it?”

Ric. “No…It sounds like it was invented by some native who lives in the jungle…”

Fid. “Ah!...Some native who lives in the jungle?...I’ll invent a word for that too!...Um…”

Ric. “No, Fiddle…No more…We’ll go down to the Club now…and I’ll dazzle the Know-nothings with today’s brand-new-word…”

Fid. “Chumdugalong?...I didn’t think you liked it, Mr Richard?”

Ric. “No…Bie!...If you even think of that word at the Club…I’ll have you tossed out…You Cuban moron!”

Fid. “Cuban moron?...We could say…Ah…‘Cubon’…C…U…B…O…N…It must be a good day for new words, Mr Richard?”

Ric. “You Cubon!”

Fid. “Ah, Mr Richard…You like Cubon?”

Ric. “No, Fiddle…and don’t mention that stupid word at the Club…or else!”

Fid. (Hesitates). “There…I just Bied Mr Richard!...Say something and I’ll Bie again…”

Ric. “Ah!” (Looks at his watch). “Come on…We’ll catch the ten-thirty…and have a few G and T’s and a pie with the Know-nothings…”

Fid. “Ask me a question?”

Ric. “No!”

Fid. (Hesitates). “There…I Bied and you never even asked a me question…What do you call that?...Or should I think up a new word for that?”

Ric. “No more…not one word!...Now, come on…”

Fid “Yes, Mr Richard!”

(They walk out).

Nar. “Most people invent something because it fills a void…But some people invent things because of the void between their ears…When the Lord told Adam and Eve to…‘Go forth and multiply and replenish the earth’…they did just that…But as people have scattered over the earth away from the Lord…they have invented a million religions…worshipping rocks…trees…the sun…fish…the moon…You name it, someone worships it…And when they make it into a god…they endow it with powers which it does not have…but, of course it still does not have those powers…it is fiction…As Romans 1:25 tells us, they…‘changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator’…When one person worships a particular rock as the creator of all things…when to the rest of the world it is just another rock…that is no different than one person Bying before they answer a question…when the rest of the world merely…pause.”

End.

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