

The Last man Standing Club Skit #1

Creation

Kevin Lee

Performers 2

Roger Dumbkins

Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Props

1 x Green Army hat (Cuban type)

1 x Black Beard (For Castro)

These characters are fictional, and any resemblance to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

Narrator. "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.

RD. "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!"

FC. "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!"

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

FC. "No, I remember the day that I, (beating his breast twice) Fiddle Castro..."

RD. (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's 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."

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

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

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

RD. "Ah...yes. Romeos."

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

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

FC. "Well, where does food come from then?"

RD. "Don't you read the bumper stickers?... 'Food happens'"

FC. "But, how does it happens?"

RD. "It just happens...Take my word for it...we should stop people using stupid words like 'cre-ate' and 'how' and 'why.'"

FC. "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."

RD. "You don't listen to a single word I say do you?"

FC. "Yes I do!"

RD. "No, you don't!...Nobody *makes* dictionaries."

FC. 'Well, where do they come from then?'

RD. "Like everything else, dictionaries happen...It's just another mystery of this great big Universe of ours."

FC. "But....Someone must make them!"

RD. "Does Santa *really* make all those toys for Christmas?"

FC. "No."

RD. "No exactly...And he doesn't make dictionaries either."

FC. "Then, where do the shops get them from?"

RD. "From?...From?...From other shops of course!"

FC. "Mister Roger....you're a genius! No-one explains the unexplainable like you do!"

RD. "Yes...okay...Just take my word for it like everyone else does!" (Fiddle parroting him).

RD. "Were you parroting me?"

FC. "Me?...whe-when?"

RD. "Just now, you Commie fiend."

FC. "Ah...!...um..Do you still want that pizzas?"

RD. (indignantly) "You were parroting me!"

FC. "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."

Narrator. "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?'"

This literature is in the Public Domain and may be freely copied, quoted or stored by any means without prior permission. www.therescueshop.org