

The Last man Standing Club Skit #2

Law and Order

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.”

Fiddle (pacing the floor) RD enters.

FC. “Ah, Mister Roger you’re here!...But where are my pies?”

RD. “Sorry Fiddle, They only had two left and they were saving them for someone else.”

FC. “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!”

RD. “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 wouldn’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.”

FC. “Eh?”

RD. “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.”

FC. “Ah!” (nodding).

RD. "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!"

FC. "But....but..."

RD. "But, but, what man?"

FC. "But...But...What about all around us?"

RD. "All around us?...Where?" (looking at the floor around his feet) "I don't see anything.....Where is it?"

FC. "No, I mean in *Nature*."

RD. "In Nature?...Where in Nature as an example?"

FC. "Just everywhere in nature!"

RD. "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."

FC. "But, what about in *Nature*."

RD. "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...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?"

FC. "Ah...they um..."

RD. "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."

FC. "Ah...but?..."

RD. "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 Law and Order allow 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."

FC. "But....What about the Laws of Nature?"

RD. "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."

FC. "It does?"

RD. "Yes, it does."

FC. (Rubbing his stomach) "I'm a bit hungry."

RD. "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."

FC. "Yes, Mister Roger....But, do we walk, or catch a bus?"

RD. "We'll be Civilised and catch a bus."

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

RD. "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!..".(holding out his arms) "See if I care, No! No! Don't go...just WAIT....Fiddle where's your gun?"

FC. "He's gone."

RD. "Stupid busses...Stupid timetables...I don't know *why* he has to leave right on time?"

FC. "My tummy's rumbling Mister Roger. Shall we order a pizza then?"

RD. "No!...I rather fancy a pie....Ah Fiddle, You wouldn't happen to have your *gun* on you would you, by any chance?"

FC. (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)

RD. "Good!...Then let's go and get us those two pies!" (they turn and walk away together.)

Narrator. “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.”

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