

The Last man Standing Club Skit #4

The Motor Car

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.

Announcer. "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.

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

RD "What's that Fiddle?"

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

RD. "Good on you!..What type old chap?"

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

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

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

RD. "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) I believe that the motor car evolved from the humble schoolboy's marble!"

FC. "What?"

RD. "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!"

FC. "That sounds stupid."

RD. (Indignantly) "Fiddle, I've forgotten more than you will ever learn,....so if you want to talk to someone stupid,....go and look in the mirror!"

FC. (pensively) "Is that what you do Mr Roger?"

RD. "Yes, it is!" (he snaps)

FC. "But Mr Roger....Where do the Car Dealers get the cars from then?"

RD. "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."

FC. "Mr Roger...No-one explains the unexplainable like you do!"

RD. "Thank you Fiddle."

FC. (Scratching his head) "Ah...Mr Roger....um....I was thinking?"

RD. "No, No, Fiddle...Don't think...Just take my word for it like everybody else does....C'mon lets go and get us a couple of pies."

Narrator. "Motorcars, like everything else, don't just happen. And, they didn't evolve from school boys 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. Most people aren't that gullible."

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