

The Last Man Standing Club Skits # 6

Give up Comedy

Kevin Lee

Performers x 2

Roger Dumbkins
Fiddle Castro/ Narrator

Props

1 x Chair

Narrator. "It's the year 2020, and" etc

(FC is standing, when RD enters.)

FC. "Ah Mister Roger...You're here."

RD. "Yes Fiddle...And I have news for you."

FC. "News?"

RD. "Yes...I'm having a change of vocation."

FC. "Really?"

RD. "Yes Fiddle...I'm going to venture into the world of comedy."

FC. "Comedy?...That's good Mister Roger."

RD. "Yes...I'm going to add Stand up Comedian to my list of many talents."

FC. "Stand up Comedian?...I like that."

RD. "Good...I'm having my debut at the Top Hat Club Saturday evening."

FC. "Can I come Mister Roger?"

RD. "Of course Fiddle...Though it may be standing room only...Shall I give you a demo?"

FC. "Yes please."

RD. "Well, you sit there...And I'll stand...of course."

FC. (Sits) "Can I clap?"

RD. "Maybe just laugh...But not too loud...I'm the Star of the Show remember."

FC. "Yes Mister Roger."

RD. "Good Evening Esteemed Ladies and Gentlemen...I'm the Great...The One-and-only Roger Dumbkins.." (Bowing)".You can clap now Fiddle."

FC. (Claps enthusiastically)

RD. "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?"

FC. "Um...I don't know Mister Roger?"

RD. "That's easy Fiddle...My lips are moving."

FC. "Ha! That's very funny Mister Roger."

RD. "Question number two...Why hasn't the Queen made me an MBE yet?"

FC. "Hmm...I don't know?"

RD. "Neither do I...But I'm still waiting!"

(Silence)

RD. "That's it Fiddle."

FC. "It is?...Could you say that one again Mister Roger?"

RD. "Fiddle!"

FC. ""What was the Queen doing?"

RD. "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..."

FC. (Interrupting) "But Mister Roger?"

RD. "What is it Fiddle?"

FC. "They don't make three pound notes?"

RD. "Fiddle...I thought that one would escape even you...Hmm, I guess that one will bomb atrociously. I'll have to flag it"

FC. "Mister Roger...How do you know when I'm saying something really intelligent?"

RD. "I don't know Fiddle."

FC. "My lips are moving."

RD. "That's my joke Fiddle...You get your own."

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

RD. "No Fiddle...No Cigar jokes."

FC. "But this one's really funny!"

RD. "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."

FC. "Make it nine pounds, and I'll give you three, three pound notes.." (Laughing.)

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

FC. "Are you going to tell any jokes there?"

RD. "I only know one more."

FC. "What is it Mister Roger?"

RD. "You of course, Fiddle...Now come on."

FC. "That isn't funny...I heard another one...An Americano and a Cubano were playing golf and..."

RD. "NO!"

FC. "Why not?"

RD. "No more Cuban jokes."

FC. "But this one's funny?"

RD. "You say that every time Fiddle....Now come on."

(They leave)

End

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