

# The Last Man Standing Club Skit #7

## The Architect

Kevin Lee

Performers 3

Roger Dumbkins

Fiddle Castro/Narrator

Sir Peter Mortimer Goings-on

Props      Roger  
                 Fiddle

1 x Hat

1 x Green Army Hat

1 x Black beard

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

PMGO. "Well hello....Nice little gathering isn't it?"

RD. "Yes...It is...I'm Roger Dumbkins." (Holding his hand out.)

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

RD. "Well Peter...."

PMGO. "That'll be *Sir* Peter to you..."

RD. "I beg your pardon...Sir Peter.."

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

RD. "Roger Dumbkins."

PMGO. "Not...THE Roger Dumbkins?"

RD. "The one-and-only."

PMGO. "Well, this is a honour Sir.."

RD. "Thank you."

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

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

PMGO. "Yes."

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

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

RD. "No...I haven't."

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

RD. "Yes...Vitally."

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

RD. "Um...I...."

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

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

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

RD. "That's me actually."

PMGO. "You?" ( looking RD up and down.) "And what's your claim to fame?"

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

PMGO. "Such as?"

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

PMGO. "Shoe Factories?"

RD. "So...You haven't....You must've heard my theory for the origin of the motor car?"

PMGO. "Need I say it?"

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

PMGO. "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.....It was about this chap who believes Marbles grew into Motor-cars....Ha! Ha!"

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

PMGO. "Pardon?"

RD. "Just thinking out loud."

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

RD. (Embarrassed) "Really?"

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

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

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

RD. "Good."

(Fiddle enters, all clap)

PMGO. "Isn't that?"

RD. "Yes it is....Fiddle Castro."

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

RD. "So it seems."

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

FC. "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?"

PMGO. "Yes...I have."

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

RD. "There's no need of that."

FC. "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, Roger bows.)

FC. "And tonight..."

RD. "No Fiddle...Please don't."

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

(Silence)

RD. "Oh...Sometimes I wish there was a God."

FC. "Pardon?"

RD. "Thank you Fiddle...I think that helped tremendously."

FC. "Gracias Mister Roger."

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

(Silence)

RD. "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 in 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?"

FC. "Mushrooms."

RD. "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.)

PMGO. "Well....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."

(Clapping)

End

Narrator “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.

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. So he will never be any more than a blind leader of the blind.

In Luke 24v25 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.”

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