

# The Last Man Standing Club Skit #8

## The Origin of Dumbkins

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Roger Dumbkins

Fiddle Castro

Toddy Winkleright/Narrator

### 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.

(Roger Dumbkins and Fiddle Castro are looking up.)

RD. "Yes, this is the place Fiddle....The Ostrich Club!"

FC. "Good!"

RD. "I'll dazzle them with my theories 'till they grovel at my feet....And we'll go home with pockets full of fivers."

FC. "Very good Mr Roger."

(They enter the building and stand quietly together.)

FC. "Do you know any jokes Mr Roger?"

RD. "Only *you* Fiddle."

FC. "Huh?" (Looking puzzled.)

RD. "Never mind."

FC. "I'll tell you one I heard...An Americano and a Cubano were walking down the street, and the Cubano found a cigar....And he said 'Hey'...This must be my lucky day'.."

RD. "No!" (Emphatically.)

FC. "What?"

RD. "Don't!" (Emphatically.)

FC. "But?..."

RD. "Why do every one of your jokes have to include an Americano, a Cubano...And a cigar?"

FC. "Because....they're the jokes we tell in Cuba."

RD. "Well,...this isn't Cuba....If you want to tell funny jokes here say...There was an Englishman and a Scotsman....Or,...if you want it to sound *really* funny say...There was an Englishman and a Welshman..."

FC. "Okay...An Englishman and a Welshman were walking down the street...And the Welshman found a cigar...And he said,...'Hey....this must be my lucky day'...."

RD. "No!" (Emphatically.)

FC. "What?"

RD. "I fear that won't bode well for the English so don't!"

FC. "Okay...But there's this other one I heard that's really funny.....An Americano and a Cubano were rowing a dinghy...and a cigar floated past...and the Cubano said..."

RD. "No thank you Fiddle!"

FC. "What?"

RD. "That's more than enough jokes for one day."

(Man passing.)

RD. "Excuse me Old Chap "... (holding hand out) "I'm Roger Dumbkins..."

TW. "Oh...Hello Dumbkins....I'm Toddy Winkleright."

RD. "Pleased to meet you Toddy.."

TW. "Likewise."

RD. "And this is my friend....Fiddle Castro."

TW. "Hello Fiddle....Pleased to make your acquaintance."

FC. "Gracias!...gracias!"

TW. "You're obviously not from around these parts Fiddle....Tell me....Where do you hail from?"

FC. "From Cuba!"...."I (thumping twice on his left breast with his right fist) Fiddle Castro made it the home of *real* Communism!"

RD. (shaking his head, frowns at FC.)

FC. (to RD) "What?"

TW. "I thought so...Your accent betrays you."

FC. "And where are you from Mister Toddy?"

TW. "I'm from London...The East-End actually...before it was taken over yobbos and council workers."

(FC nods)

TW. "And what about you Dumbkins?...Where do you come from?"

FC. "From monkeys of course....Like everyone else!"

TW. "No!....I mean where does your family come from?"

RD. "Yes....They *all* came from monkeys too!"

TW. "So you're from Africa?"

RD. "No!...Nobody knows precisely."

TW. "Really?...Then why did you say you came from monkeys if nobody knows?"

RD. "It's a Scientifically proven fact that we all descended from monkeys."

TW. "If it's proven...Then where did it happen?"

RD. "Do I really need to justify myself to a know-nothing like you?"

TW. "Excuse me Sah?.."

RD. "Apology accepted!...You're dumber than a mince pie so just take my word for it like everyone else does."

TW. "I beg your pardon?"

RD. "You have it again!....Now...Why don't you go and serve someone a drink or something?"

TW. (Eyebrows raised) "Do you know who I am Man?"

RD. "Toddy Winkleright if I'm not mistaken?...Which I *seldom* am."

TW. "I'm the President of the Club!"

RD. "Pull the other one Toddy."

TW. (Huffs...And walks away.)

RD. "Thought he could put one over on me did he?...I didn't arrive on the last bus you know!"

FC. "No...Mister Roger."

RD. "Ah...It's starting."

TW. (Walks out in front of FC and RD) "Hello Ladies and Gentlemen...And welcome here tonight....I'm Toddy Winkleright...President of the Club ."

(FC and RD look at each other.)

TW. "I'm terribly sorry to announce that our advertised speaker will *not* be speaking tonight after all...so Captain Pitcairn will regale us with his adventures in the Congo instead."

(Applause)

FC. "I thought you said you would dazzle them?"

RD. "How was I to know *he* was the President."

FC. "Because he said so!"

RD. "*Everyone* wants to be President."

FC, "Not in Cuba they don't!"

RD. "No!...I'm sure they don't in Cuba."

FC, "Well....Shall we go and get a pie then?"

RD. "Yes....Good idea!.."

(They walk away)

RD. "Tell me Fiddle....Do you know any other jokes?"

FC. "Ah...Gracias!...I'm pleased you asked Mister Roger...This one is *really* funny...An Americano and a Cubano were riding pushbikes down the street....And guess what they ran over?"

RD. "A cigar?"

FC. ".....Have you heard this joke before Mister Roger?"

RD. "No Fiddle....Just a lucky guess."

FC. "I bet you can't guess what the Cubano said?"

RD. "This must be my lucky day?"

FC. "You *have* heard this joke before!"

RD. "No...Another lucky guess but keep going."

FC. "Okay, this is the *really* funny part"....(speaking softly as they walk away.)

End

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