

The Fudders and Dork Show Skit #2

The Man trap

Kevin Lee

Performers x 3

Richard Fudders

Toby Dork/Narrator

Mabel

Props

Microphone

Fud "Hello folks,...And welcome to the Fudders and Dork show....The place where we aren't afraid to answer *all* those hard questions..."

Dork "...That nobody else will touch."

Fud "And tonight.....We have advice for you single ladies who've been praying long and hard for a man....But your prayers haven't been answered yet....."

Dork "And we're going to ask 'why not?'So we're here to visit Mabel who is a classic example."

Fud "Bottoms up!" (He knocks at the door).

(Mabel answers)

Fud "Good evening Mabel!"

Mab "Fudders and Dork!...Come in!"

Fud "Thank you."

Dork "Mabel...I understand from your letter that you've been praying faithfully every day for nearly twenty years for a husband."

Mab "Yes....I have."

Fud "And you're still praying?"

Mab "Yes!"

Dork "But your prayers haven't been answered?"

Mab "No!"

Fud “Well folks....Let’s find out *why* twenty years of prayer have been ignored by God....Because there is always a good reason why good prayers from good people go unanswered.”

Mab “Thank you.”

Fud “Well....The kitchen is the obvious place to start....because the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach after all.”

Mab (Looking puzzled) “It is?”

Fud (Drops his shoulders and sighs) “You didn’t know that?”

Mab (Sheepishly) “No!”

Dork “Mabel....You need to do your homework before you pray....(Shaking his head)...We’d better start with the fridge.” (Opens it and gasps)...“This is a horror story...”

Mab (Sheepishly) “A what?”

Fud “Low fat milk....Low fat yoghurt...Margarine....You’re trying to catch him....Not poison him!”

Mab “What’s wrong?”

Dork “What’s wrong?...Mabel....Low fat and low salt are for cyclists and people who don’t shave....Real men want real food that puts hairs on their chest.”

Mab (Sheepishly) “They do?”

Fud “Yes!...They want butter....Meat and potatoes....Bacon and eggs....That’s what real men are made of....Not Low fat...Tasteless skinny food....Mabel...If you want the Lord to answer your prayers you need to give Him something to work with...”

Mab “I do?”

Dork “Yes...you do!...Do you think the Lord's going to send a hairy-chested man here to live on skim milk and pretzels?”

Mab (Sheepishly) “I hoped he would.”

Fud (Shaking his head) “Well....Keep on hoping Mabel....Dreams are free.”

Dork “Let’s check out the pantry.”

Fud “No! No! No! No! No!....Where are the chocolate biscuits?...where’s the cake?”

Mab "I don't eat cake."

Fud "You don't eat cake?...That's because you aren't a man.....crackers are for people who want to starve to death.....Remember Mabel, Salt....Sugar....Fat....and taste."

Mab (Sheepishly) "Salt...Sugar...Fat...And taste."

Fud "Yes!....Equals a real man."

Dork "Not looking very promising Mabel..."(Shaking his head).

Fud "Let's look in the bathroom....Oh no!...Real men don't want liquid soap..."

Mab (Sheepishly) "They don't?"

Fud "No!...They want bar soap....Something they can grip in their big strong hands..."

Mab (Sheepishly) "But it smells so nice...."

Dork "Perfume is for ladies Mabel....Not for real men."

Fud "And look at this toilet seat!"

Mab (Sheepishly) "What's wrong with it?"

Fud "The toilet seat's down....A classic mistake....Mabel keep the seat up....It lets the man know he's King of the Jungle."

Mab "Okay..." (Lifting seat).

Dork (Shaking his head) "God's really got His work cut out here.....Now,...what about the Sitting room?"

Mab (Proudly) "It's my pride and joy...Through here..."

Fud "Where's the T.V.?"

Mab "I don't watch T.V."

Fud "And the couch?"

Mab "I have my rocking chair..."

Dork "Do you do a hard day's work Mabel?"

Mab (Sheepishly) “No?”

Dork “No...You don’t...So you don’t need to come home and relax in front of the T.V with a beer do you?”

Mab (Sheepishly) “No?”

Dork “No....Because you’re not a hard working man!”

Mab (Sheepishly) “No?”

Fud “Mabel...On a score of one to ten how do you think your house would rate as a Man-trap?”

Mab (Sheepishly) “I thought...umm...seven?”

Fud “Not even close!...Our real-man would be in the front door...And out the back door without any Man food or couch or T.V to slow him down.”

Mab (Surprised) “Ohhh!”

Dork “So what are you going to do about it Mabel?”

Mab (Sheepishly) “Buy Man food?”

Dork “Buy Man food.....Top of the class Mabel....That’s the bait on the fish hook.”

Fud “Well folks...I’m sure if our friend Mabel amends her ways and stocks her fridge and her pantry with Salt..Sugar..Fat...And taste...It will go a long way towards making her home a Man trap to help her catch the Man of her dreams....”

Dork “And remember ladies....If you want to catch a *real* man....Set your trap with some *real* bait....Not just something to scare him off.....Bye.”

Fud “Bye”

End

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