

The Boys Club Skits # 13

A Crash Course

Kevin Lee

Performers x3

Joe

Harriet

Stella

Props

Keys

(Harriet and Stella are talking together in the kitchen when Joe enters).

Joe "Where are your keys?"

Har "In my pocket of course."

Joe "Can I have them....I have to move your car."

Har "You shouldn't drive when you're drunk."

Joe "I'm not *that* drunk!"

Har "No more than usual?"

Joe "What?"

Har "How many have you had?"

Joe "I don't know...I mean...who's counting anyway?"

Har "Me for one...And the Police."

Joe "I've only had a couple..."

Har "A couple too many?"

Joe “You always say that!”

Har “That's how it works.”

Joe “How what works?”

Har “You've already had one accident this week...”

Joe “That wasn't my fault!”

Har “Really?...Remind me?...You were watching a girl in a mini-skirt..Thinking ...She shouldn't be on the street like that...And you drove into a sign...Did I leave anything out?”

Joe “I'm only going to move your car so I can ride the mower out...Then I'll put it back...I'm not going anywhere...”

Har “I know you aren't...Here then..”(Hands Joe the keys)”And bring them back straight away...I have to take Stella home soon.”

Joe “I will! I will!...You don't even trust me?”

Har “Not when you've been drinking...”

Joe (Leaves).

Ste “Filthy wouldn't ask for my keys if he'd been drinking...”

Har “I should say no as well.”

Joe (Returns and hands the keys to Harriet) “Here are your keys...I need to go and mow the lawn...I touched the garage door a bit with the mower...Just a dent!” (He leaves).

Ste (Looks at Harriet and shakes her head).

Har "He's keen...I usually have to drag him outside kicking and screaming, to mow the lawn."

Ste "Miracles do happen!"

Har "Not around here they don't."

Ste "I'd better be going Harriet...Filthy will be home soon."

Har "Okay, we'll go now."

(They get up and walk away).

Ste "That's funny...I thought he was mowing the lawn?"

Har "Oh no!...Look at the garage door!"

Ste "He said he only touched it...Just a dent?"

Har "He's caved it right in....I wonder what the mower looks like?"

Ste "I'm sure the mower's fine."

Har "How do you know that?"

Ste "Look at your car."

Har (Looks around the car and yells) "Joseph!...He's broken my headlights...And smashed the front in!..Joseph...Where are you?"

Ste "He'll be in the clubhouse."

(They walk away).

Ste (Tries the door) "It's locked?"

Har (Yells) "Joseph!...I know you're in there...Open this door, right now."

Ste "Maybe he's done a runner?"

Har "No...He's hiding inside..." (Yells) "Joseph!...You've wrecked my car!...Open this door right now!"

Sta "I'll look in the window." (Walks away and peers in window) "Curtains are closed!"

Har "I bet they are!...Joseph...You open this door...Or else!"

Ste "I don't think he's going to open anything?"

Har "Do you have a lighter?"

Ste "No...Why?"

Har "If we set fire to the clubhouse...That will smoke him out.."

Ste "But...What if he dies?"

Har "I don't care...As long as it's slow and painful...."

Ste "What do we do now?...I'll walk home..."

Har "No, I'll take you in Joe's car...And I might accidentally crash into a power pole on the way back?"

Ste "You won't really will you?"

Har "No...I'd rather do it to him...Than his car."

Ste "It's alright...I'll walk."

Har "No...I'll take you." (Yells) "Joseph...I'm taking your car...And I'm going to crash it into another car...And Stella's going to tell the Cops you were driving drunk!... Bye"

Ste “Nothing doing?”

Har (Yells) “No, I won't...I'll leave it by the Reserve, with the keys in it...”

Ste “The door's opening...”

Joe (Comes out yawning, and stretching) “I must've fallen asleep...”

Har “I bet you did...Look what you've done to my car!...You've wrecked it...”

Joe “It's nothing a little hammering can't fix...And a little shhh” (Moves his arm across, as if spraying) “I can knock that out...Simple..”

Har “No...You're not going to touch it...I want it done properly..”

Joe “Okay...I'll take it to the Panelbeaters myself tomorrow...Promise..”

Har “You better...!”

Joe “I will...But, I scratch your back, you scratch mine....”

Har “What do you mean?”

Joe “I mean...Lend me twenty...So I can get some beers...”

Har “What?”

Joe “I said...”

Har “I heard what you said...I don't believe this!...Come on Stella...”

(They walk away).

Joe “What?...Wha'd I do?... Harriet?...” (Calls out) “How about that twenty?...What about a tenner then?...Come on...And be *careful* with my car!” (He walks off).

The end.

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