

The Boys Club Skits #14

Boys Club Wisdom

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Harriet

Joe

Filthy

Barnsey

Props

Couch or chairs

Cans or bottles

(The three boys are sitting together, talking and drinking, when Harriet enters).

Har. "Here they are....Hard at it as usual."

Bar. "We're celebrating!"

Har. "That's your word for it...What is it this time?...You've invented the wheel?...Again."

Joe. "No...Someone's already done that."

Har. "You realised that?"

Fil. "We're writing a book...Another one!"

Har. "Another one?...The Drunkfood Cookbook Volume Two?"

Joe. "Why do you have to add drunk to everything?"

Har. "I thought that was your favourite word?"

Fil. "It's a book of philosophy..."

Joe. "The Boys Club Book of Philosophy..."

Bar. "...and Wisdom."

Har. "Hmmm?...Boys Club and wisdom...Do those two words even make a coherent

sentence?"

Joe. "You should hear it before you judge it...you know?"

Har. "I suppose I should...Okay...Give me a sample."

Fil. "The more I drink, the less I care, the less I care, the more I drink."

Har. "Sounds like that came from the mind of a great thinker!"

Fil. "Yes it did...I thought of that one."

Har. "I don't know how you do it filthy?"

Fil. "It just comes naturally..."

Har. "What does it mean?"

Fil. "It means...When I'm sober I worry about things...But when I'm drunk...No worries!"

Har. "Do you really think that's the way to solve all the world's woes....Just forget about them...And they'll go away?"

Joe. "It'll go a long way towards it...It's all in your attitude."

Har. (Looks at Joe, then looks at Filthy). "Is that in your book?"

Bar. "Yes, it is."

Har. "Is there anything else in there?"

Joe. "Of course...It's packed full of knowledge, and gems of wisdom!"

Har. "Well...I can see I'm out of my depth here...I'll wake up soon...So will you lot."

Fil. "Don't judge a beer by its label."

Har. "Is that another one of your gems, Filthy?"

Bar. "No...That was mine."

Har. "And I thought all you do here is get drunk...And watch TV."

Joe. "No...Lots of serious stuff goes on here too."

Har. "Really?...Like who to con the money out of for your next beer?"

Joe. "Wait 'til you read the book...You'll be surprised."

Fil. "Yeah...Real surprised...Stella will too!"

Har. "Yes...I'm sure we will."

Fil. "No man is better than his beer."

Har. "And, what does that mean?"

Bar. "It means, cheap men drink cheap beer...And great men drink great beer."

Joe. "Again...It's in your attitude!...If you drink slum beer, you'll always be in the slums...Because you're keeping yourself there...But if you drink expensive beer...Then you'll be living life at a higher level...And you'll be like us...Great!"

Har. (Looks at Joe). "And like us....Penniless."

Bar. "Good things have their price...All the greats learned that."

Har. "So, what will your book do for a mere mortal like me...Who doesn't spend her life getting legless?"

Joe. "All our quotes have a double meaning...The more I drink, the less I care..You could say..Chill out....Don't judge a beer by its label...You could also say...Don't judge a book by its cover..."

Har. "I think I've heard that before....Somewhere."

Fil. "This is our big chance...This time we're going to make it BIG...And I mean REAL BIG!"

Har. "The more I drink, the less I care...Shouldn't that be...The more I drink, the less I think...The less I think, the more I drink."

(The Boys all look at each other).

Fil. "That rhymes!"

Joe. "We could make an album..."

Bar. "...Of songs?"

Joe. "Yeah...Boys Club songs."

Fil. "I'll play the piano!"

Bar. "And I'll play the Violin..."

Joe. "Then, I'll play the guitar...And sing."

Har. "Can any of you play these things?"

Fil. "No...But we can learn..."

Joe. "Like everyone else...I mean...How hard can it be?"

Bar. "Yeah...All the rock stars play...And they're tanked out every night."

Joe. "Can't be that hard to learn...?"

Fil. "All the Chinese play the violin, or piano...And there's billions of them."

Har. "That's because they have an IQ higher than their shoe size...."

Joe. "They'll prob'ly get us to speak at schools and things...Be a role model for young people."

Har. "Are you lot listening to yourselves?...You have to stop young people from drinking...Not encourage them..."

Joe. "We'll encourage them to drink responsibly..."

Har. "Like you lot?"

Joe. "Yeah...Well you'd better go now...We've got serious things to ponder..."

Fil. "Shall we write some songs?"

Joe. "Something like that...Bye Harriet.."

Har. "Bye?...I just inspired you to start a Band...Now you're kicking me out?"

Joe. "That was the easy part....Now it's Men's business....Writing the songs....And close the door on your way out."

Har. "What?..I don't believe you lot." (Leaves).

Joe. "You know the drill Barnsey!"

Bar. "Lock the door...And another round?"

Joe. "You got it...Now we better write some songs guys."

Fil. "This is gonna be big!"

Bar. "What if the Papparazzi are looking in the windows...Trying to photograph us?"

Joe. "That's a thought Barnsey...Those photos would be worth a mint...Close those curtains Filthy....And we better whisper, incase someone tries to copy our songs."

Fil. (Closes the curtains and sits down). "Can we drink to that?"

Joe. "We better...Gotta start this off on the right foot...Cheers Guys!"

(All raise cans or bottles). "Cheers."

Joe. "Now down to business guys."

Bar. And Fil. "Yeah!"

(All huddle over together, whispering).

End.