

Sketch: Sarah gets told off!

- A You made me feel like a right muppet!
- S Me? I didn't do anything!
- A Yes you did; you laughed.
- S I did not!
- A Yes you did!
- S No I didn't.
- A Did!
- S Didn't!
- A Did!
- S Didn't!
- A Ooooh, you big fibber. You did! You laughed, while you were standing outside the tent, earwigging to what was going on.
- S Oh, that? That wasn't laughing. No, that was just... er, snoring; yes snoring. I was asleep!
- A What? Asleep. Snoring?
- S Yeah.
- A Standing up?!
- S I was tired!

A Pull the other one! You were laughing, my girl. You laughed when them three visitors said that you'd have a baby by this time next year.

S *(Muttering grumpily)* Was not laughing... *(Speaking louder)* Still... never heard such nonsense. After all, can you imagine? Me, having a baby, at my age. Huh! If I did have a baby, it'd end up calling me granny. You know what I think? I think those so-called visitors of yours were a bunch of fruit loops. You know. Light's on, but nobody's in, so to speak.

A *(Making 'shushing' noises)* Don't speak like that... Them visitors, there was something about them... They were special. *(Whispering, while looking left and right conspiratorially)* I think they were angels... messengers... from God!

S *(Brief pause while she looks Abraham up and down. Then speaks first sentence in a very measured voice.)*

You old fool! Messengers?! Angels?! I think I've got another fruit-loop on me 'ands. I think you're losing your marbles. I mean, for heaven's sake! A baby? Me? Next, you'll be telling me to start knitting a baby-grow!

(Abraham and Sarah exit from stage)

© Patrick Ellisdon 2023