

Sketch: Abraham and Sarah get a little bundle of joy

(Scene: Baby crying comes on over the speakers. Sarah sat on a chair, cuddling and rocking baby.)

A *(Enters stage and says teasingly)* How's the baby doing... granny!?

S *(Speaking crossly)* Abraham-bar-Terah! Not. One. More. Word.

A I was only –

S No! I mean it. Not one word. Or you'll discover how much a baby's nappy can really hold!

A *(Holds up hands in a conciliatory manner)* Ok, Ok. *(Begins to exit from stage)* I'll just go and make you a nice cup of tea then.

S Thank you.

A And then you can show me the baby grow that you've been knitting! *(Abraham rushes off, as a dirty nappy is thrown in his direction.)*