

Loving your enemy sketch

Scene – Two neighbours chatting to each other over the Garden fence.

Morning.

Morning...

Everything... OK?

Yeah, why?

Well, I was just wondering about John?

What about him?

Well, he was just a bit off with our Sandra this morning. Is he alright?

What do you mean, a bit off? More like your Sandra was being her usual, slightly nosey, goby self.

Huh! Speaks the woman with a mouth the size of Dartford Tunnel!

Oi you! There's no need to get personal. Anyway, you're not exactly on the quiet side yourself, are you? Me and John can hear you half way up the street when you're being Mr Miserable – as usual...

I am not miserable. And I'm not loud! Except when it comes to having to live next-door to a pair of idiots like you two.

Don't you call us idiots!

Don't call me miserable!

Don't call him miserable he says. Him, Victor Meldrew, life and soul of the party!

Well, at least I'm not ugly!

You take that back!

Not until you say sorry for calling me miserable.

Over my dead body!!

If only!

Bloody git!

Stupid cow!

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