

DOCTOR DOLITTLE AND THE MONKEY MAYHEM

It is evening. Dr Dolittle sits comfortably in his chair, surrounded by an assortment of animals. He is happy. Sarah enters with a cup of tea.

Dr Dolittle Ah, splendid. A nice cup of tea.

Sarah Yes, it is nice. But it's not for you, it's for me.

Dr Dolittle Oh. Do I detect an undertone of frustration in your voice? Is this about my mistaking that poor woman for a man earlier?

Sarah No. Well, yes. But no, not just that. It's these animals, John, they're here, there and everywhere! In my hair, under my feet. Last night the pig entered when I was on the loo.

Dr Dolittle *(to Gub Gub)* You should at least have knocked, Gub Gub. I did show you how to knock, didn't I?

Sarah It's not about whether he knocked or not. He shouldn't even be in the house. None of them should. Your patients are leaving by the truckload.

Dr Dolittle What a strange way to leave.

Sarah And I've a right mind to follow them. You might be my brother ...

Dr Dolittle I'm pretty sure I AM ...

Sarah But I can't live in a menagerie. It's ... it's ... unnatural. If God had wanted us to live with animals, he wouldn't have invented cages.

Dr Dolittle I don't really think that ...

Sarah *(interrupting)* It's me or them. I'm sorry, John, but I won't put up with it any longer.

Dr Dolittle Oh dear. That's very upsetting. Where are you going to stay?

Sarah I see. Well, that makes it pretty clear. Good luck with washing your own socks.

Sarah exits decisively.

Dr Dolittle I say, that was a little unexpected. What's got her goat do you imagine?
Some days I really don't understand people.