

SARAH:

Well hello boys and girls! I said hello boys and girls! Yes, it's me! The queen of the kitchen, the princess of the pot noodle, the maestro of the microwave, Now my name is Sarah, Sarah the Cook and it's my job to find and invent new and exotic recipes to sell here in the shop.

I must apologise for not being here to welcome you when you arrived. I've had a bit of a nightmare. I've accidentally just sent a photograph of myself with no clothes on to everybody in my address book. Very embarrassing... and it's cost me a fortune in stamps. For our younger audience members, a stamp is a small sticker that you put on the front of a letter (beat) A letter is a kind of flat email made of paper (beat) Paper is thin slices of tree (beat) a tree is... oh never mind watch a TikTok about it or something.

I do love working here in the shop, I get to create all kinds of delicious things. The alderman really does give me freedom to express my inner Fanny Craddock... she was a chef... get a grip. I use all-natural produce in my cooking. Oh yes, my shepherds pie contains real Shepheard. My toad in the hole is made of 100% real toad. My coq au vin... well you get the idea there don't you.

The Alderman is so kind. I think he fancies me you know. I don't blame him, I mean look at the state of me I'm gorgeous. I'm like a slightly hairier Taylor Swift. I can't see it working between us though, I'm so unlucky in love, every single one of my husbands has died. It's sadder than that... mostly food related deaths too, nothing to do with me of course. I've been married three times so far My first husband died after a long illness. I used to rub grease into his back to ease his aches and pains, he went downhill very fast after that. My second husband died when he slipped and fell into a swimming pool filled with Nescafe coffee. A terrible way to go but at least it was instant. My last husband is in jail now. He used to work fitting kitchen work surfaces... he was arrested for counterfeiting.

I don't think I'll ever get over him you know... (*Spotting a man in the audience*) I'm over him. Hello, my love, what's your name ... oh how lovely ... and what's your star sign? And your blood type? It's just for the insurance forms love I've got a bad track record. (*Spotting another person further back*) Never mind love, I've found a better one. Look at you over there, look at that jaw line, and that beard... lights up tech let's have a proper look at you... Oh I'm so sorry madam I've made a terrible error there.