

## Sketches – Jailer – myfishbites.com

### Intro

This is a sketch we used to illustrate the testimony Joseph must have had on the jailer while he was imprisoned (as in the multi-coloured coat, Pharaoh's PM guy!) Enjoy and edit where needed!

### THE JAILER

He was a nice bloke that Joseph. I remember him well. I mean, you get some funny types down here, bit rough and ready if ya know what I mean. More tattoos than Justin Bieber (insert another known character here with tattoos) and more skinheads than a Britney Spears look-alike contest..

But Joseph was a bit different, despite his funny dress code. He quite liked wearing multi-coloured robes. Told him he looked like a hippy, bit of an Abraham lookalike. The other lads gave him a bit of stick for that. Not that they looked exactly great in their goat-skin kilts.

Joseph was more classy if you get what I mean. Not quite sure why he was in here, but he said it was to do with some bird he didn't think much of. Apparently she was quite fit but he said no as she was married. Fair play, not many other lads in here would do that. We wondered if he was a bit of a whoopsy but he's not. If he said he was innocent, then I trust him.

Some of the other cons had do a few things wrong. You get to remember old faces. There was Mad Morris, inside for doing a number at the King's palace. He pole-vaulted over the palace walls after having a few too many Egyptian alcopops. Then there was Dancing Denis. He was inside after his dance with the Pharaoh's missus at the palace ball. Big mistake that. We had a few other crooks in here – bit of burglary, assault and the usual.

Joseph stood head and shoulders above them all. Good lad, bit of a laugh too. I am always on the look out for a con to look after the place. Joseph was sound and it was obvious I could trust him. Left the keys in his cell one day, completely forgot them after one too many Sambuca's. Came back and the keys were still there. He'd looked after them so no other prisoners could escape. I put him in charge of the place and he was amazing. Now, I've heard of palm-reading and all that rubbish. But Joseph used to do this amazing dream thing. You'd tell him about a dream and he'd tell you what it meant. Mad really. Mind you, I had him stumped one night when I mentioned my early-morning dreams having been at one of Pharaoh's do's and eating too many fermented grapes. That was a weird one. He just laughed at me.

One day, the king's cupbearer and the baker came in having done something wrong. You never knew with the King. You'd be inside at a click of his fingers. Power-mad. Worse than his Prime Minister, Brown.. Anyway, was good to have the baker in here as he was an OK chef. Mind you, we didn't trust him at first, thought he may have poisoned the king.. As for the cupbearer, he wasn't much use. Just kept getting glasses, sipping water and telling us what year, what spring it was from, whether it was mineral or not. Boring bloke. Bit forgetful though..

One day, things got a bit mad. The cupbearer and the baker had a couple of mad dreams. We all got Joseph to 'do his thing' and he said that the baker would be killed. Tell you what, that sent the place quiet.. He must have really done something wrong to the Pharaoh's food. And I'm not just talking too much garlic. Any thoughts we had that he may be a new Jamie Oliver went in that moment. Sure enough, the guy had his head lopped off 3 days later. Sad business. The other guy, the cupbearer was told Pharaoh was pally with him again after he sent him a nice birthday present of a sculpted stone cup. Sure enough, off he went back to the palace. Thing is, he forgot our Joseph. What a fool.. Told Joseph he couldn't trust anyone. But he kept on about this God of his, that God would come through and promote him in time. I said yeah right, but more and more I wondered whether there was something in this God business.

A little while later, Pharaoh had a dream. And then the cupbearer remembered Joseph and got him to do his thing. You'll never guess what happened. Pharaoh only went and made him PM. Unreal, prison to PM in a day. I lost a good man that day, but can't complain as he set up Of-Prison to monitor prison standards and wages. I'm quite well off now. Maybe this God is real..