# *Scene 3*

(*Grandpa is looking through old photos. The children join him.)*

***Grandpa* ~** Hey, look at these. They’re photos of you two when you were little.

***Becky* ~** (*teasing Billy)* Ha! Look at this one of you on our first day at school! You’re all chubby cheeks and curly hair, hanging onto mum like a big softie!

***Billy* ~** Well, look at this one of you holding that teddy. You’d bawl your eyes out if it ever left your sight. Cry baby!

***Becky* ~** Mummy’s boy! (*They continue squabbling, and perhaps pushing and shoving!)*

***Grandma* ~** Now you two, that’s enough. Stop this silly squabbling. What’s happened to you both? You used to be so nice to each other!

***Grandpa* ~** They’re growing up, Dear!

***Grandma* ~** I suppose there is a world of difference between being five and eleven years old. Maybe I’m too old to remember what it was like.

***Grandpa* ~** Then let me remind you. For example, take going to school in the morning – you’ve not a care in the world when you’re only five……

*(The action moves to centre-stage. A mother enters with an infant child.)*

***Mother 1* ~** Now you have a lovely day at school, sausage. (*She repeatedly kisses the child on each cheek, with big, lip-smacking effect!)* Oh look, Mummy’s got lipstick all over your cheek. *(She spits on a hanky and wipes.)*

***Infant 1* ~** Please will you help me change my shoes, Mummy.

***Mother 1* ~** Of course, Honey-pie. *(She kneels, miming the changing of shoes)* There you are. Now, sweety-pops, in you go and Mummy will wave at you through the window for the next twenty minutes! Byesy bye. Love you.

(*The pair stand for ages waving at each other, until an annoyed infant teacher enters and pulls the child off stage! Mum exits in the opposite direction. A year 6 child then stomps on, ahead of a fretful mother. Grandpa narrates…..)*

***Grandpa* ~** Now, by year 6 things had certainly changed……

***Mother 2* ~** Wait Darling. Don’t I get a kiss?

***Junior 1* ~** No Mum! My friends are watching. Stay over there and don’t you dare follow me anywhere near the classroom!

***Mother 2* ~** But have you got your dinner money, Darling?

***Junior 1* ~** (*exasperated)* Yes I’ve got my dinner money. NOW GO AWAY!

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***Mother 2* ~** Well, I’ll pick you up at 3.30, okay?

***Junior 1* ~** DON’T YOU DARE! I’m walking back with my friends.

***Mother 2* ~** But I worry about you Darling.

***Junior 1* ~** DON’T CALL ME THAT! NOW GO AWAY!

***Mother 2* ~** Okay Darl…I mean Dear. Goodbye then.

(*As her child stomps off, she walks away in the other direction, dabbing her eye with a hanky!)*

*……continued……..*

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