

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, sweetie-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!

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!)

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