

SANDGRAN

A Classroom Play

by **Brian McGuire**

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

SPANNER IN HER POCKET,
SANDGRAN
and
PUPPETS

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CAST

George	<i>(Dad)</i>
Angela	<i>(Mum)</i>
Darren	<i>(about six years old)</i>
Debra	<i>(about five years old)</i>
Gran	
Traffic Warden	<i>(Male or Female)</i>

PRODUCTION NOTES

Any scenery should be bright as on 'comical seaside postcards'.

For *Scenes 1, 2 and 4* upstage right should be a couple of cut outs representing sand dunes. They need only be about 30 centimetres in height. The Children's final place for digging their hole is behind the sand dunes. Some sand around the area is desirable although the covering of Gran with sand through mime can be just as effective. When Gran is pushed into the hole she is in effect pushed behind one of the sand dunes and thus hidden from the audience.

Upstage left is a small wooden hut with a door that opens.

The car need only be a side or front view cut-out and can be comical in appearance. The family should get in from the upstage side.

A brightly coloured sun with a smile on one side and a frown on the other hangs down. For *Scene 4* the smile is changed to a frown.

Lighting is less bright after *Scene 2*.

The music should be bright and bouncy at all times.

B. McG.

SANDGRAN

by Brian McGuire

SCENE 1. A beach on a sunny day. Sounds of seagulls, the sea, children playing etc.

(Enter GEORGE, ANGELA, DARREN and DEBRA. They carry items such as buckets, spades, beach mats, bags and towels. GEORGE picks up two deckchairs from outside the deckchair hut. One will be used for ANGELA, the other GRAN).

George: Ow! I've jammed my finger in these deckchairs. This place will do.

Angela: By those dunes would be better. What did you say before?

(Music fades).

George: *(irritable)* Nothing.

Gran: *(offstage)* Oh!

Angela: My mother's had enough.

George: We're here now. We haven't walked miles. She's all right.

Angela: You could go back and help her.

George: Wait until I put up these deckchairs.

(The CHILDREN are laughing. As GEORGE speaks he indicates right).

George: Those two can play over there. *(He puts up the deckchairs centre stage)*

Angela: Darren, Debra, further over please.

Darren/Debra: Yes mum.

(ANGELA searches for suntan lotion. The CHILDREN begin digging a hole).

Angela: Where's that suntan lotion? *(She finds it in a bag).*

Gran: *(panting as she arrives)* Oh! I can't walk on sand. Let me get on to a deckchair. Will you help me George?

Angela: *(rubbing suntan lotion on her hands ready to spread)* Help her George, I can't. I've got sun tan lotion all over my hands.

George: *(helping Gran)* You've put enough of that stuff on.

Angela: I have to watch my skin.

Gran: (*panting as GEORGE helps her on to the deckchair*) Eeh! Thank goodness for that. I need to sit down. I'll be all right. That's it. Where's George going to sit?

George: (*unrolling a beach mat*) On this beach mat.

Angela: He'll enjoy that more. He can lie down. He'll be asleep in a few minutes.

(*GRAN'S deckchair is to the right of ANGELA'S. The CHILDREN are to the right of GRAN. All the ADULTS close their eyes, GEORGE lies back.*)

(*Pause - beach sounds are evident.*)

Angela: The sun's glorious.

(*Pause - beach sounds.*)

Angela: It's lovely and peaceful here.

(*Brief pause. - beach sounds.*)

Gran: Eeh!

George: (*sitting up*) What?

Angela: (*opening her eyes*) I think she said 'Eeh'.

George: Oh. (*He lies back.*)

Angela: What are you children doing?

Darren: Digging.

Debra: Digging a hole.

Angela: That's nice but dig it over there (*indicating the sand dunes*) then we don't get sand everywhere.

Debra: We've started now.

Angela: Do as you're told. Go on.

(*The CHILDREN move to behind a sand dune.*)

Darren: Here?

Angela: Yes.

(*She closes her eyes. - Pause - beach sounds*)

Angela: I love this weather.

(Brief pause - beach sounds).

Gran: Eeh!

George: *(sitting up)* What?

Angela: *(opening her eyes)* I think she said 'Eeh!'

George: You said that before.

Angela: No I didn't, she did.

George: Yes you did.

Angela: No I didn't. She said it, not me.

George: I know what she said. I was talking about what you said.

Angela: I said what she said.

George: And what was that?

Angela: Eeh!

George: Eh?

Angela: *(more stress)* Eeh!

George: Oh.

(GEORGE lies back. ANGELA closes her eyes).

Darren: That's my spade.

Debra: No it's not.

Darren: Yes it is.

Debra: No it's not.

Darren: *(grabbing the spade from his sister)* Yes it is!

Debra: I had it first.

Darren: The blue one's yours. This is mine.

George: *(sitting up)* Do you two have to go on like that? Can't you have a sensible conversation? Try and play together without fighting.

Darren: She had my spade.

George: *(angry)* Darren, I'm warning you

Gran: I want a wee.

George: What did she say?

Debra: She said she wants a wee. She can do it in this hole if she wants.

Darren: It'll make it wet.

Debra: We can cover it over. Dad, Granny can wee in our hole.

George: Don't tell everyone on the beach.

Debra: She should have gone before she came out. Shouldn't she dad?

George: Sh

Debra: But she should.

Angela: *(opening her eyes)* There doesn't seem much chance of a bit of peace

round here.

Gran: (*opening her eyes*) I'm all right now.

George: I hope she hasn't em

Angela: I'm sure she wouldn't. (*Apprehensive*) Mother?

Gran: Don't be daft. Eeh.

(*ANGELA closes her eyes. GEORGE lies back.*)

Darren: It wouldn't have surprised me if she had. She's got some funny habits.

Debra: Like what?

Darren: She.... she.... Come here and I'll whisper to you.

(*He whispers. They laugh.*)

Darren: And she

(*He whispers again. They scream with laughter.*)

Angela: (*opening her eyes*) I can't sunbathe with all that racket going on. Go and play by those rocks. Take your buckets, see if you can catch a starfish. Go on.

(*The CHILDREN move offstage.*)

Gran: The sun affects my skin.

Angela: It affects everybody's skin mother.

Darren: (*offstage*) Here?

Angela: Yes, that's fine.

Gran: But mine flakes off. It goes all over the carpet like little crisps. Mrs. Hulton makes you sweep it up. It's not good for my back, all that stooping.

George: Does she have to talk like that?

Gran: I heard that George. I hear you all the time. You talk about me as if I wasn't there. Even the children do that now. If I'm in the way

Angela: Nobody says you're in the way.

Gran: He thinks I am.

(*Pause.*)

Gran: I'm not comfortable on this chair.

Angela: Do you want to lie down, mother?

Gran: You think I am as well.

Angela: What? (*Realising*) Oh. We brought you, didn't we?

Gran: Because Mrs. Hulton rang you up.

Angela: We were going to bring you.

Gran: You had to be persuaded. I heard the telephone call. Everybody else from the home has been taken out during this hot weather but you were going to leave me in. Pass me on until you forget about me.

(Brief pause).

Gran: I can't lie down unless George helps me off this chair first.

Angela: We didn't forget you mother.

Gran: I don't know whether I should be lying down.

Angela: George.

George: (*sitting up*) Now what?

Angela: You'll have to help her.

Gran: If it's too much trouble I'll stay here, George. It'll not do my back any good but I'll stay.

George: She shouldn't be lying down.

Gran: I'll just give it a try but you'll have to help me.

(Moans from GRAN as she is helped off her deckchair by GEORGE. She sits a few feet in front of it).

George: (*wiping the sand off his beach mat, annoyed*) All this sand on my beach mat now.

Gran: I think I do need the toilet.

(Something similar to a growl is heard from GEORGE).

Angela: You'll have to take her. Go on, get a move on George.

(Another growl as GEORGE gets up from his beach mat, moves to GRAN who cries out as he yanks her out of the deckchair and on to her feet).

Angela: Don't be so rough with her.

George: There you are again. Which way is it?

Gran: I don't need to go now. It was the shock of you yanking me up.

(GEORGE releases his grip on GRAN).

Gran: Oh!

Angela: (*catching hold of GRAN*) It's all right. I've got you mother. Why did you leave go of her? You nearly caused an accident. (*GRAN catches her breath*). Here I'll help you to lie down mother. (*She helps GRAN to lie down*) What did you do that for?

George: She has me up and down like God knows what.

Angela: I'll do it myself next time.

Gran: I told Mrs. Hulton there would be all this fuss.

George: All I want is a pleasant day out. The sun's shining, the sea's calm, so ask your mother to stop being a pest then maybe we'll all enjoy ourselves.

Angela: You could try being nice or even talking to her.

George: She's your mother, she's your responsibility.

Angela: I want to relax as well.

George: I brought her, you entertain her. I'm lying back and closing my eyes. (*He lies back*).

Gran: I'm not a child. I don't need supervision all the time.

Angela: That's not what Mrs. Hulton says.

Gran: How would you know? You visit me once every two weeks. That's what I have to look forward to and when you're there you spend your time looking at your watch.

Angela: And listening to you. I have things to do.

Gran: I could help you with the housework.

Angela: (*quieter*). We're not talking about that again. Our house isn't big enough to accommodate another person. It would be inconvenient mother, you know it would be. Don't start on that now. You know how George reacts when you mention it.

Gran: So you leave me in that home.

Angela: If you were living with us, George and you would be at each other's throats. It's not the atmosphere I want to bring children up in. At least in the home you are with people of your own age. People who you can talk to and people who have time to listen to you.

Gran: It's you I want to talk to. (*Sadly*) It's not the same. I need family around me.

(*Pause*)

Gran: I wish your father was still alive. I loved that man.

Angela: Mother he's been dead for fifteen years. You can't bring him back.

Gran: (*quietly*) I know.

(Brief pause).

Gran: Oh! I've got pains in the top of my legs. You'll have to lift me back on to that chair.

(DARREN and DEBRA are laughing as they return).

Gran: And don't ask him.

Debra: We're back.

Gran: Debra will help me.

Angela: You're just in time to help me lift your granny back on to her chair. She's going to doze in the sun. The heat's making everybody irritable. We're not used to it. You two could do with some lotion on your arms. Come on help me with your granny.

(They hoist GRAN back on to her chair).

Gran: It should have been done as soon as we arrived. Don't hold my arms so tightly. It wasn't my place to say anything. *(As she sits)* Eeh, that's better. I am ready for a doze.

Angela: Debra stand still whilst I put some suntan lotion on your arms.

Darren: Me as well mum.

Angela: Yes you as well. *(She spreads lotion on their arms, legs and faces. GRAN begins to doze).* When I finish putting this on I want both of you to go and play quietly. Perhaps you could finish digging your hole.

Darren: I'm bored with that.

Angela: Spread the lotion on yourselves. I'll get you a lolly each. Your granny's asleep now so don't disturb her.

Debra: She's not properly asleep, she's not spluttering.

(GRAN splutters).

Angela: She's asleep now. Here's a lolly each.

Darren: }

Debra: } Thank you.

Angela: Sh Don't disturb your granny.

Darren: What?

Angela: Sh *(whispering)* Don't say what, say pardon.

Darren: Dad says it.

Angela: Sh

Debra: (*whispering loudly*) We'll eat our lollies mum.
Angela: All right.
Debra: We won't make a noise.
Angela: (*whispering*) All right, sh
Darren: I like these lollies.
Angela: (*annoyed, whispering*) Yes, sh
Darren: Do you want a lick mum?
Angela: (*annoyed, whispering*) No thank you, sh
Debra: You have to be quiet or you'll wake up granny.
Angela: (*quiet, firm and annoyed*) Will you two shut up otherwise I'll stick
Gran: Oh!
Debra: What's wrong?
Angela: She's dreaming. (*Firmly*) Now go and finish digging that hole.

(*ANGELA sits back and closes her eyes. The CHILDREN scramble away.*)

Darren: Look what we've found. It's a worm.
Angela: Sh
Debra: Where did it come from?
Darren: It was at the bottom of the hole.
Debra: What was it doing there?
Darren: The sea brings it in. It goes back and forwards.
Debra: Where's its mum and dad?
Darren: It's not a little boy or girl. It's an old one. It's wrinkled.
Debra: What about its children?
Darren: I don't know whether its a mummy or not. You can't tell with worms. If it's a mummy it swims round in the sea finding food for its children or it just has a rest. That's what they do I think. Should I bury it again?
Debra: No you might squash it.
Darren: It likes lying under the sand.
Debra: (*whispering*) Put it on dad's moustache.
Darren: No, put it in the sandwiches.. You take it. Go on.

(*DEBRA creeps over to ANGELA'S bag. - whispering*)

Darren: In her bag.

(*DEBRA opens a zip on a bag then a lid of a polythene box. She places the worm in, closes the box, replaces it in the bag and closes the zip.*)

Debra: (*whispering as she crawls back*) I've done it.

(*They try to suppress their giggles*).

George: (*sitting up*) What's going on? There's no chance of dozing off here, is there?

Angela: (*opening her eyes*) Don't be so irritable, at least you've had a sleep.

George: Your eyes were closed.

Darren: (*giggling*) Shall we have the picnic mum?

Angela: That's a good idea. Something inside your father's stomach might help his temper. Pass me my bag. Thank you. (*Opening her bag then the sandwich box*) Would you like a sandwich children?

Debra: (*just about suppressing her giggles*) Adults first mum. We'll wait our turn. Let dad have one.

Angela: George?

Gran: Oh darling

Darren: Who's granny talking to?

George: It certainly isn't me.

Gran: Kiss me. I love you Fred.

(*Pause*)

Gran: I know you have to go.

(*Pause*)

Gran: One more kiss.

Angela: She's dreaming about your grandad.

(*GRAN wakes up*).

Gran: Are we having the sandwiches? What's everybody staring at me for?

Angela: Sorry mother. We'll have them now. There you are.

Gran: I don't like cheese. It doesn't agree with me.

Angela: (*a little irritated*) George?

George: Thank you.

(*The CHILDREN stare at GEORGE and try to suppress their giggles as he eats a sandwich*).

George: Mm tasty. Cheese and chutney.

Angela: Cheese.

George: Cheese and chutney. (*The CHILDREN are giggling*). I'll have another one. (*He takes one and bites*). Yuck! There's no chutney in this one. What are you children laughing about?

Darren: Granny's dream.

George: I haven't had much peace since I've been here. Why don't you two go and play in the sea?

(The giggling has almost stopped).

Debra: The red flag's up. That means it's dangerous.

George: And take your brother with you.

(Giggling has stopped).

Angela: There's no need for that George.

(GRAN is having some sort of problem with her teeth).

Angela: What's the matter mother?

Gran: I've got sand in my teeth. Somebody will have to clean them.

Debra: Clean them in the sea gran.

Gran: I can't walk all the way down there.

Darren: Give them to dad, he'll take them for you.

George: Take your hand out of your mouth you disgusting woman. I'm not taking your teeth down to the sea. I'm lying down and I'm sunbathing. You're disgusting. (*He lies back*).

Angela: George!

George: Well she is.

Darren: Eh! Look at that woman. She's taking her bikini top off.

(GEORGE sits up quickly).

Angela: Lie back down George. You came here to snooze.

Gran: I told you you shouldn't have married him. You should have married that that now what was his name?

Angela: Be quiet mother.

Gran: William, William Liddle. He was a butcher. A proper job not traipsing up and down the country like you.

George: I drive lorries, that's my job.

Gran: It still takes you away from home.

George: Will you tell her to stop wittering.

Gran: I hope you children aren't listening to the way your father speaks to me. No manners. He's selfish that's what he is. He wouldn't even take me to the lavatory.

George: I hope she's not going to start again.

(GEORGE lies down. He sleeps).

Angela: Mother you go and sit with the children. I'll help you up.

("Eeh's", moans and groans as GRAN is helped up).

Angela: There you are. Come on.

Gran: *(as they move)* He was a smashing lad that William whatshisname?

Angela: Liddle, mother, Liddle. You'll be all right with the children. *("Oh's", "Eeh's" as GRAN sits).* You're managing well. Debra talk to your granny. Look after her. Let your mum have forty winks. I deserve a rest don't I?

Debra: We'll play with you, granny.

Angela: Good girl.

(She returns to her deckchair and sleeps).

Gran: That father of yours he gets worse. He's no time for me. And your mother's not much better fobbing me off on to children.

Darren: We've played a trick on dad.

Debra: We have.

Darren: *(whispering)* We put

Gran: Ooh! You naughty children. *(She laughs).* And he ate it?

Darren: }

Debra: } *(giggling)* Yes.

Gran: Serves him right.

Darren: We'll finish the sandwiches off. I'll get them.

(Conversation continues as DARREN collects the sandwiches).

Gran: I think I'll get back to Fred.

Debra: You can't go gran. We're looking after you.

Gran: I'm only going to sleep. It's nice when the sun shines and I close my eyes

and dream about Fred. At least everything is peaceful. It's perfect. I could dream about him forever. Help me lie back.

(DEBRA helps her lie back).

Darren: Here's a sandwich Debra. There's nothing wrong with it. I've had one. And I'm going to have another.

(They both eat a sandwich as they speak).

Debra: We still have to play with gran. Mum said so.

(GRAN snores).

Darren: What can we do? She's asleep.

(GRAN splutters).

Darren: Em what about if we bury her? Yes. Start digging. Put the sand on top of her.

(He begins shovelling sand on to GRAN).

Debra: No. We can finish this hole, make it really deep, then we can roll her into it.

(They dig behind the sand dune).

Darren: The trouble with adults is that they fight all the time. Dad and granny are always fighting.

Debra: I think that's because she's his mother in law. He's supposed to hate her. It's one of the facts of life. *(DARREN yawns)*. Are you listening to me?

Darren: Yes but I'm tired. *(He yawns again)*.

Debra: It's the sea air. It makes you tired. *(She yawns)*. It's making me tired now. The sea air is good for you though. The hole's ready. Help me roll her in. Push. Come on you have to push.

Darren: *(tired)* I am pushing. *(He yawns)*.

Debra: O.... h. She's in. Phew. Cover her over.

(They begin covering GRAN with sand. DARREN is almost falling asleep).

Debra: Darren don't go to sleep.

Darren: I can't help it. *(Very sleepy)* You do it. *(He goes to sleep).*

Debra: I've nearly finished. *(Looking round)* Everybody is asleep except me.

(She yawns. Various snores, moans and groans. Fade in music. Fade out lights as DEBRA falls asleep. Time passes. Fade in lights. Fade out music as GEORGE wakes up).

SCENE 2

George: Oh. Is that the time? Wake up everybody. Angela! Wake the children up.

(Everybody except GRAN wakes up. Everything is gathered up as they speak. The deckchairs are returned to outside the hut).

Angela: We'll get caught in all that traffic. Darren, Debra. Pick everything up. Hurry up. Remember what the traffic was like last time. We'll be crawling along.

Debra: *(looking offstage)* Where have all the cars gone?

Darren: Which cars?

Debra: The ones that were parked in front and behind us.

Darren: On the yellow lines.

George: What yellow lines?

Debra: The ones you were parked on..

George: I didn't see them because of all the other cars.

Angela: You're supposed to be a lorry driver. You're trained to be aware of the highway code. All that fuss you were making when you were getting out of the car. You don't look properly do you George?

George: There's no need to nag.

Angela: I'm pointing out that you need to be more aware.

George: I'm aware you're nagging.

Angela: Is that everything gathered up?

Debra: There's a policeman by our car, dad.

George: Marvellous! That's all we need.

Darren: It's not a policeman, dad.

George: Thank goodness for that.

Darren: It's a traffic warden. He's getting out a little book and a pencil.

Angela: (*annoyed*) Go and do something. We can't afford a fine. Get after him George.

George: (*calling*) Excuse me!

Angela: He won't hear you from there.

George: (*moving offstage*) Excuse me!

(*Fade in music. ANGELA and the CHILDREN rush after GEORGE. Fade out lights.*)

SCENE 3. A nearby road. A car (see Production Notes).

(*As the lights fade in and the music fades out GEORGE and the TRAFFIC WARDEN are talking.*)

Traffic Warden: But don't let it happen again.

George: Thank you very much.

Traffic Warden: A safe journey home then.

George: Right, em Cheerio then.

(*As the TRAFFIC WARDEN exits ANGELA and the CHILDREN arrive.*)

George: Come on let's get everything in. Darren, Debra, in the car. Get in the car Angela, before he comes back. My side, get in my side, you know that handle's stuck!

(*She climbs in.*)

George: He had a nerve. Even admitted he didn't book anybody else. I think that's everything.

Angela: What did you say to him?

George: I'll tell you in a minute. Will you children get in?

(*He climbs in.*)

Debra: (*getting in the car*) I'm getting in. I wanted to stay.

Angela: Darren get in!

Darren: I've still got my bucket.

Angela: It doesn't matter. Get in the back with your sister.

(He climbs in).

Darren: She won't move along.

Debra: Ow! *(She cries).*

Angela: What did you do that for?

(Car starts up. Dialogue continues).

Darren: She wouldn't move along.

(Sounds to indicate that the car has moved off).

George: Fasten your seat belt Angela, we're moving.

Darren: Move along! Move along!

Angela: Darren, that's enough!

Darren: Ow! Debra's poked me.

Debra: Serves him right.

Angela: If you would move along there wouldn't be any trouble. *(A car is heard to pass).*

Debra: He hit me.

Angela: Right, I'll do some hitting now!

George: Don't swing at them when I'm driving.

Angela: Sit still both of you otherwise your dad will stop the car and you will be walking home.

(A car is heard to pass. They watch it pass).

Angela: What did you say to that traffic warden?

George: I made the point that there were other cars parked there all afternoon and he hadn't booked any of those. That was a guess, but I was right. Fortunately he hadn't written anything down, so he let us off with a warning. Wind that window up in the back! *(Annoyed)* Who's opened that window? Angela sort it out. If they distract me again we'll finish up having an accident. Darren stop playing with the back of my seat. They weren't as bad as this on the way here.

Angela: That's because I was sitting in the back Oh my God! My mother. Stop the car! Stop the car George. My mother's still there.

(As the Car pulls up the engine still runs).

George: Where on earth is she?

Darren: Asleep.

George: She must have heard all the fuss.

Debra: We buried her.

Angela: We've forgotten my mother.

George: You've forgotten her. She's your mother.

Angela: Turn the car round. She could be swept out to sea if we don't hurry up.

(Fade in music over car turning and the following dialogue).

Angela: Hurry up!

George: I can't turn any faster. It isn't a racing track.

Angela: She'll be freezing. It was turning cold when we left that beach. *(lights out).*

SCENE 4. The Beach as in Scene 1.

(Fade out music. The FAMILY rushes to where GRAN was buried).

Darren: She's not there!

Angela: She could be wandering anywhere.

Debra: She could be dead.

Angela: What a stupid thing to say. She'll be somewhere.

George: It's hard to believe there was brilliant sunshine just over an hour ago. It's gone cold very quickly. There's not a soul around. Nobody to ask.

Debra: Ask in the deckchair attendant's hut.

Angela: She'll have gone home as well.

Darren: We'll see if she's there. *(Knocking on the door of the hut)* Hello! Hello!

(The door opens).

Debra: *(rushing over)* It's open. *(Peering round the door)* Granny! Mum! Granny's here! She's sitting in the corner with a blanket round her. There's no deckchair attendant. Are you all right granny?

Gran: *(coming to the door)* Where's your mother and father?

Debra: They're here.

Angela: Mother! You look perished.

Gran: (*stepping out of the hut, bitterly*) You left me, didn't you?

George: She left you, you're her mother.

Gran: She passed me on to the children. You can't expect them to look after me when I'm too much trouble for you two. You forgot your poor old mother. (*She cries*). I had you Angela, I had you late in life and I'm beginning to wish I hadn't bothered. Caesarian birth you were. I was told the birth would be dangerous but as soon as you'd torn your way through my stomach you were looking out for yourself and that's the way you've always been. You rarely think about anybody else. You two are well suited. (*Regaining composure*) It's a good job the deckchair attendant was there to dig me out. She gave me this blanket. She's away trying to phone you now.

Angela: If it wasn't for these two this wouldn't have happened.

Darren: (*quietly*) It was only a joke.

Angela: You could have killed your granny.

Gran: It's no good blaming the children. If I'm out of the way I'm forgotten.

George: Let's get back to the car. You'll be all right. You weren't forgotten for long.

Gran: Till the next time. (*Angry*) It felt like a lifetime.

George: You can't have been in this hut for more than half an hour.

Gran: It's how long it felt that matters.

George: You're still alive.

Gran: (*crying*) You're right I'm alive but nobody seems to realize it.

Angela: (*upset*) I don't know what to say mother. It'll never happen again. Come on let's get you back to the car. Debra take that blanket back in the hut. We'll take you straight back to the home and Mrs. Hulton will run you a nice hot bath. A cup of hot sweet tea will make you feel better. Fancy me leaving you.

Gran: (*pleading*) Take me home with you. Just for tonight. Don't push me on to Mrs. Hulton. I beg you.

Angela: We'll take you to our house but only to bedtime. You can't sleep mother, there isn't room. (*Sympathetically*) We'll have a game of cards, you can have that cup of tea and we'll relax in the lounge. You'll soon be all right.

Debra: There's that traffic warden again.

Angela: I think he's writing something.

George: (*shouting*) Just a minute.

(*He rushes off. The OTHERS follow*).

(*Fade in music. Fade out lights*).

*SCENE 5. A nearby road as in Scene 4. The car is parked.
(GEORGE rushes up to the TRAFFIC WARDEN).*

Traffic Warden: You again. Forget something did you?

George: We had to come back for her.

(GRAN, ANGELA and the CHILDREN arrive. GRAN pants for breath).

Gran: Who?

Angela: *(irritated)* You.

Traffic Warden: Well it's a ticket this time. *(Tearing off the ticket)* There you are sir. I'll wave you off again, shall I?

George: *(aggravated)* Get everybody in the car, Angela. Darren, get in that corner of the seat and sit still. Angela, get your mother in!

Angela: *(irritated)* She's moving as fast as she can.

George: *(very grumpy)* Let's get home. Just get everybody in the car!

Angela: Come on mother get in. Move along Darren.

(Almost at the same time GEORGE snaps).

Angela: Darren move along!!) Let your granny in. Mother, mother! We're waiting for you. *(Pushing GRAN in the back of the car after DARREN)* Debra can't get in until you're in.

(DEBRA climbs in after GRAN).

Gran: You're pushing me on to the children again. In the back seat. I should be in the front with George.

George: *(impatiently)* Angela, get in!

(ANGELA gets in the upstage side followed by GEORGE).

Gran: I'd rather sit in the front.

George: Tell your mother to shut up.

Angela: You children entertain granny. Give your mum and dad some peace on the way home.

(Car engine starts. Music begins).

Traffic Warden: Some people never learn.

(As the Car appears to move off the lights fade). CURTAIN.