

Chole: Mum, the way Mabel is talking to me is totally unacceptable. She's banned me from her bedroom. I'm not putting up with that!

Mum: It's a phase. Be patient. It's hard at her age at school.

Chole: I get more homework than she does. I *never* see her working.

Mum: It only seems that way. She's under stress.....Don't look at me like that. When you're her age, you'll understand. And of course, there's her hormones

Chole: Her *moans*? Exactly, she never stops moaning, its not fair!

Mum: No, (she laughs) its her hormones. Hormones are chemicals (Chloe interrupts)

Chole:I know what hormones are...

(Chole scowls at her)

Mum: When you reach puberty, hormones make you moody. All teenagers are like it.

Chole: I've got them too. With her!

Mum: What were you doing, anyway?

Chole: I was just talking to her....she's my sister, I should be allowed to talk to her.

Mum: What were you saying?

Chole: I was asking her what *she* was doing. She's so secretive. (Pauses) Mum, is she jealous of me? Is that why she doesn't like me? She's *secretly* jealous.

Mum: Mmmm

Chole: It's like she hates me. Sometimes I hate people when I 'm jealous of them. Well, (thoughtfully) I'm cute and sweet and shes' not. Grandma likes me more and gives me more pocket money. Now *that's* a secret!

Mum: Does she?

Chole: Its because I ask her questions. I interviewed her for my history project and she told me her first job was working in Peak Freans biscuit factory when she was fifteen.

Mum: You're very clever. I think you're going to be much more mature when you get to Mabel's age.

Chole: Mum, if you say things like that you'll just make her more jealous of me and then she'll hate me more and I may lose her forever. And it will be because *you* made her jealous! Give her some pills to sort out her hormones. Change her! I can't wait until I'm old enough to understand. By that time she may have moved out, got a job in a biscuit factory!

Mum: Mabel isn't going to work in a biscuit factory. (Mum holds her arm out, offering her a hug. Chole starts to look consoled by this and moves towards Mum so that she can put her arm around her)

Chole: I think / could at 15. I actually take after Grandma. She says I remind her of herself.

Mum: You don't know what you'll be like when you're 15.

Chole: If I'm like Mabel, give me pills to make me better.

Mum: Now, now (she laughs)

Chole: We're 'chalk and cheese' though aren't we?. I'll be nothing like Mabel. I might even start my own biscuit factory. (She gasps) I like making cakes . Maybe I'll have my own cupcake business. I'll make some now! The smell will bring Mabel down. Perfect!

Mum: She won't eat them, judging from the diet she's on.

Chole: That's the other way I could lose her.....starvation! Have you noticed she never eats?

Mum laughs

Mum: You make some cupcakes and I bet she eats one.

Chole: (Pauses) It's no good. She won't eat one and I'll be rejected.....again! (Pauses) But at least we're have the cupcakes.