



A Change of PACE
Creatively supporting young people during the coronavirus crisis

The Monologue Pod Class

Episode 1

Character: Sean
Gender: Male
Age: 14-15, but playable 13-19
Play: *Too Fast* by Douglas Maxwell (2011)
Accent: no location is specified, but writer is Scottish. Use own accent.

Monologue is below in purple. I've given you some of the scene for context.

SPOKE'S BROTHER: [...] *Postman Pat* is about how everyone has to tell themselves that they're happy even if they're not. You've got to put on a show, find a happy song to sing, or how can anything change?

AMEE: Where are you getting this crap from?

SPOKE'S BROTHER: It's all in the song. 'Pat thinks he's a really happy man.' He's not *actually* happy – he just 'thinks' he is. He has to tell himself all's well everyday or he'll notice that his life is a humdrum shambles and he'll fall apart.

SEAN: Shut up! Pat's life is not a shambles!

SPOKE'S BROTHER: Well, everything's a mess underneath innit? I don't see why Pat should be any different. People are always saying that in a village with only one ginger-haired man, there are a great many ginger-haired children running children running about. So it could be that.

SEAN: No this isn't right.

DD: Sean do not engage with...

SEAN: It's not 'Pat thinks he's a really happy man'. It's 'Pat *feels* he's a really happy man.'

SPOKE'S BROTHER: That's the same thing.

SEAN: Thinking and feeling is not the same.

SPOKE'S BROTHER: In this case there's very little difference in the words.

SEAN: They're opposites.

SPOKE'S BROTHER: They sound like opposites but the ultimate meaning is the same. Like em... like...

JEAN BROWN: Like a guy who's a dick but at the same time is also a fanny?

SPOKE'S BROTHER: Yeah. Pardon?

DD: *(to Jean Brown)* One more from you! One more!

NADIA: *(to Jean Brown)* One more I swear to god!

SEAN: Nah I'm not having this. He's a lovely guy Postman Pat. A really lovely guy. And I hate it when people say his life is a shambles and he's got loads of other kids. Because sometimes right, when I'm in on my own I watch *Postman Pat*. I don't care. Nah, I don't care. And yeah, it's for little ones but it's wonderful and everything. I like the colours. The colours sort of remind me of when it wasn't shit and stuff. Know what I mean? When it wasn't all pressure and... shit. And for that ten minutes I'm back again. When it was all right. You know? And I sing the song. I do, I sing it. And even when I'm not watching it, sometimes I sing it. If things are turning wrong and my guts are all tight and sore, I sing it. Know what I mean? And for as long as the song lasts I'm all right. So leave him alone. Yeah? He's not like all the others. And I am telling you, it is, definitely, 100 per cent, 'Pat feels he's a very happy man.' I'm singing it in my head now. 'Feels.'

There's a big pause.

Someone – who I wonder? – starts to hum the Postman Pat theme. After a bit some others join in.

It does actually help. They're feeling better.

Character: Laila
Gender: Female
Age: 16-17, but playable 13-19
Play: *Too Fast* by Douglas Maxwell (2011)
Accent: no location is specified, but writer is Scottish. Use own accent.

Monologue is below in purple. I've given you some of the scene for context.

DD: The very next day I decided, 'right, I'm getting a group together.' If Frankie Tear can do it I can. You were my inspiration. That's why I'm doing this.

LAILA: I thought you were doing this so Dad could see you on TV?

DD: No.

LAILA: DD thinks just cos Dad met his girlfriend at Glastonbury that means he's in the record industry.

DD: He *is* in the record industry.

LAILA: You know what DD, think what you want I don't care. It's not important. But in my opinion people Dad's age shouldn't even be going to Glastonbury. They should leave that to us. But people like Dad and all his friends, they can't. He can't just let us be young and him be old, he has to get in on it and have the music and the clothes and the games and the phones and I think it's pathetic. He'd rather do all that than... it's pathetic. I wish they would just admit that they're not young and we are. Dress like an adult! Talk like an adult! Apologise and help us! Then maybe we could... look, this isn't important, okay. Sing your little song. I'm going to take Frankie back to ours right?

They leave to go.

Both extracts taken from *Too Fast*, published in Maxwell, Douglas *Plays for Young People* (2012), Oberon Books, London.