



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

The Monologue Pod Class

Episode 2

Character: Meg
Gender: Female
Age: 20s
Play: *James II: Day of the Innocents* by Rona Munro
Accent: any Scottish

MEG comes into the broken and bloody hall. She's shaking, terrified. She calls out in a broken whisper.

MEG: Where are you? Where's my boy? Where's my wee cub? Oh God... Oh God help me... Jamie? Come out, pet. Come out, it's just Meg come to find you.

She's looking under tumbled chairs and tables, crying quietly, desperately.

It's just Meg... it's just your Meg... there's nothing to hurt you now... come out, darling... oh please come out....

Nothing, no movement. MEG is searching frantically then, shouting, accusing the shadows.

JAMIE!!! Where is he? Where is he? What have you done to him!? He was a bairn! Just a bairn and you ruined him, you bastards! You ruined him! May you rot in hell! All of you should bleed and char in hell for what you've done to that wee boy! You've thrown him into your stews of death! You've drowned that bairn in blood!

(Breaks down, talking to God.)

Sweet Jesus. Sweet Mary mother please, please, let me keep him safe. Jamie!

She exits, calling him.

Jamie!

Character: Chrissy
Gender: Male
Age: 14-15, but playable 13-19
Play: *Decky Does a Bronco* by Douglas Maxwell (2000)
Accent: a small town south of Glasgow. But just use own accent.

I've given you some of the scene for context – cut out the **purple lines**.

Enter CHRISSEY. He's much harder now, covering everything up with a swagger.

CHRISSEY: What's up wi' yous?

DAVID: Have you not heard?

CHRISSEY: About Decky? Aye. So.

DAVID: So??? What do you mean 'so'?

CHRISSEY: Everyone's going nuts. You should see his house. Everyone dies sometime. He was hanging about up at the swings all night, what did you expect?

DAVID: Shut up you.

CHRISSEY: Look I know it's sad an' that but you'd be better just getting over it. It's not like you were his brother or anything. It's all right to cry and all of that if you're in his family but there's no point if you just hung about with him. And if he *was* here we'd still be taking the mickey out of him. Just 'cause he's – just 'cause he's no here people are going to be all 'Aw wee Decky was ace, man I was best pals with him' but they werenae. I'm no even going to the funeral. See aw the folks in his house, they were just as bad. They were loving it. They were pretending to be sad, but you could tell that they were enjoying it. Probably the most interesting thing that's happened to them in their whole lives. They never even knew Decky but they're straight round his house greetin'. I hate people. Well I'm not doing it. I'm not joining in on it 'cause it's not real.

So. No one's going on these swings. These swings are finished. No one's going to Bronco ever again on these swings.

An extract from *Decky Does a Bronco*, by Douglas Maxwell, published in Maxwell, Douglas *Plays for Young People* (2012), Oberon Books, London.