

## **Rodney 'n' Jools - A modern scene from a balcony by Sid River**

**Background**      Written in conjunction with a class of Year 6 for an end of year review (and after weeks of studying Shakespeare!) Originally performed directly after the original scene from Romeo and Juliet using the same actors. Went down a storm, but it's only short and only has 3 parts so you may want to use it alongside some other stuff. It does help if the participants (and possibly audience) are familiar with some of the lines from the original Romeo and Juliet scene.

<b>Parts</b>	<b>Description</b>
Rodney	Bit of a backwards-cap-wearing hoodie with a romantic streak. Not the sharpest tool in the box. Should be played (like Jools) as a character from Eastenders.
Jools	Loud and lovely. Won't go out without her face on and a set of 4 inch heels unless its dark.
Off-stage voice	A voice . . . Err . . . Off stage!

### **Notes**

Jools should speak from an elevated position (a balcony, funnily enough!) so standing on a chair behind a screen will work well. There is a 'stunt' required when Rodney hits Jools with a baseball bat. This can be achieved with a cardboard prop or a piece of polystyrene pipe lagging. Use your imagination but don't harm any children in the process (obviously!)

## Rodney 'n' Jools - A modern scene from a balcony

*It is evening outside block of flats called Shakespeare House. Rodney Mongoose is creeping through the bushes under the balcony of the first floor. He treads in something squelchy, stops, picks his foot up and looks at the bottom.*

Rodney: Oh What? My new Nike trainers! All covered in ..UGH! (*He scrapes his trainers on a nearby "Don't let dogs foul the footpath" sign. A light goes on in the balcony and he looks up*) But 'ang on a tick, What's that light doing on up there? Is somebody robbin' the flat? (*pause to think*) Nah, it must be Jools. I'll pop over and 'ave a bit of a quiet natter (*shouts really loudly*). Oi! Jools! Get yourself on that balcony now girl, I want a word with you!

*Clattering noise from the balcony and Jools appears wearing a dressing gown and either roller or a silly shower cap. She leans over the balcony and squints down.*

Jools: What? Rodney Mongoose? Is that you?

Rodney: (*in a bragging voice and striking a macho pose*) Yeah babe! This is the Mongoose Kid down here!

Jools: (*sounding angry*) Well keep your voice down you flippin idiot! You'll wake my dad up and he'll set Gripper on you!

Rodney: Gripper? Is that your Rotweiller?

Jools: No stupid! That's what he calls my Nan, and if she gets her teeth into you you'll know about it.

Rodney: Wow!

Jools: What you want anyway? Can't a girl sit down and watch a Holly oaks DVD in peace! Be quick!

Rodney: Right! Well this is vital information this! (*Shouts loudly*) I'll come nearer so as I can whisper!

*Rodney climbs over an obstacle/bush and falls out of view with a loud clatter. He remains hidden behind the obstacle.*

Jools: Ssshhhhh! (*No response from Rodney*) Rodney? (*pauses—still no response*) Rodney? Wherefore art thou Rodney?

Rodney: (*getting to his feet and rubbing his elbow*) Down here Jule. I n a ditch! I think Gripper's been burying a bone!

Jools: Just keep quiet and hurry up!

Rodney: Yeah. Well...Er that footie game yesterday. You know, when we sneaked off and caught the the bus back together?

Jools: (*sarcastically*) Yeah! So romantic! Just you, me, and the rest of the flippin' High St on the back of a number 73 bus!

Rodney: Yeah, well. (*embarrassed*) I think I accidentally put my dirty socks into your rucksack, and , well, I need 'em for Saturday!

Jools You what!!

Rodney I said, I think I lef...

Jools: I heard what you said! Do you mean to tell me that you dragged me out here just to tell me that! Right! Well if it's your socks that you want, you can bloomin' well have them and I hope the smell suffocates you. (*she disappears for a moment and appears with some dirty football socks which she throws and they land on Rodney's head*) Now you know why I'm called Juli.e. Catapult! (*sobs*) An' I thought you was gonna say such romantic things! (*Blows nose extremely loudly on a large handkerchief*)

Rodney: (*aside*) Aw no! I've gone and done it now! There's only one thing for it. (*pulls out piece of paper, Jools still sobbing*) My mate Sid wrote down some really romantic things for me to say to Jools. They'll be sure to work he said, which is really kind of him 'cos I thought that *he* really liked Jools!

Jools: Are you still there Rodney? (*sniffs*)

Rodney: Yeah. Look Jools, I've got something I want to say to you. (*reads loudly and badly from his piece of paper*) Thou art as glorious to this night as is a wrinkled messenger of Devon! (*pauses and looks slightly confused*) Your lips are like petals . . . bicycle petals! Your cheeks are like peaches . . . football peaches. And your teeth are like stars . . . they come out at night!

Jools: (*sounding offended*) Are you winding me up?

Rodney: Naw! (*screws up paper and throws it over his shoulder*) Honest;y Jools, I'd do anything for you, give up anything, I'll provide everything you need...just say yes!

Jools: (*she considers the offer and stands with her arms folded*) Anything? Alright, how about the Bahamas?

Rodney: Anywhere! Australia, you name it!

Jools: (*Getting excited*) California? Disneyland Paris?

Rodney: Yeah! Yeah! Putney High St! Barnett! Milton Keynes!

Jools: (*clasps hands to heart and sounds overjoyed*) Oh Rodney!! Milton Keynes it is! (*leaves Balcony*)

Rodney: Jools! Jools! (*aside to audience and sounding confident*) She's probably gone to get her diary! (*There is movement and noise off stage. Rodney sounds panicked*) What's that? Oh no! Someone's coming! If I'm found here I'll be done for! Quick! Hide!! (*picks up an old baseball bat and hides in shadows*)

*Jools totters into view on high heels but still in dressing gown and shower cap/rollers.*

Jools: Rodney. Coo-ee, Rodney! Kissy kissy I'm h . . .

*Rodney jumps out and clouts her with baseball bat then stops dead and drops the bat when he realises what has happened.*

Rodney: Oh no! What have I done? (*faces audience and becomes very dramatic, holding his heart etc*) My angel! My beloved . . . My mistake! O be some other name! A rose by any other name would smell as sweet! I can't go on! I can't go on!

Off Stage: Well get off then!

Rodney: I'm finished! (*hits himself on the head with bat and collapses to the floor*)

Jools: (*Lifts head, partially sits up and groans*) Rose? Rose? Who is this Rose he keeps talking about? (*falls back done and lights go out*)

THE END