

Changed Utterly side Constance /Helena

CONSTANCE: Look at them Helena! Baden Powell's boy scouts. Eight hundred Irish boys being paraded before the Lord Lieutenant! Nothing can be sadder than to see these boys saluting the flag that flew in triumph over every defeat our nation has known. That flag, from the day it was planted in our country, has stood for murder, pillage, injustice and treachery. I can see all these children growing into manhood and gaily enlisting in the British Army or Police Forces and being used to batter their own class into submission. It's time Ireland trained our own youth. We need to create our own boys organization.

HELENA: *(to audience)* It does not start too well. With some friends, Constance gets together a group of six boys. I volunteer to help.

CONSTANCE: *(to audience)* None of us leaders understand boys in the least and no one knows anything about the subjects we set out to teach. It is all very depressing until someone *(she means Helena)* has a "brilliant idea".

The boys bring out picnic and camping stuff

HELENA: We should organize a camp! *(Constance agrees wholeheartedly) (they act this out)* We find a suitable spot. When we arrive we dawdle over a delicious tea – the boys are hungry as usual.

HELENA: Constance, it's getting dark, we need to fix things up for the night. *(general melee)* We start to pitch our tents on a green grassy slope where the hill slides down by the stream. It takes a long, long time.

CONSTANCE: Tents are very hard to pitch if you don't know how, especially at night. Whenever you trip over a rope in the dark the peg comes out, you probably fall onto the tent, and it collapses. Anyhow the peg flies out and is lost. Next comes the task of trying to disentangle jam from blankets, frying pans, cushions, poetry books and all other indispensable articles that we have brought... Candles are the only important things we have forgotten.