

Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)
2024-2025 Set Pieces for Asia Division

FINAL

Dramatic Duologue
Born in 2015-2016

Choice A
Time Limit:
3 minutes

Emily of New Moon

By L M Montgomery, *an adapted version.*

(On Canada's Prince Edward Island in the 19th century, Emily's father has recently passed and she is an orphan. She has gone to live with her relatives on their farm, New Moon. At school, the girls have been teasing her mercilessly. Rhoda and Emily are standing with the other girls in the schoolyard.)

RHODA: *(Sweetly, handing Emily a box)* Here is a present for you.

EMILY: *(Taking the box and opening it, then flinging it away from her in horror).*

A snake! It's a snake!

(The girls, including Rhoda, run away laughing. A moment later, Rhoda turns and walks back to Emily.)

RHODA: Emily, I'm awfully sorry. I didn't know there was a snake in that box, cross my heart I didn't. The girls just told me it was a present for you. You're not mad at me, are you? Because I like you.

EMILY: *(A bit mistrustfully)* Really? You didn't know it was a snake? *(Shudders)*

It was the nastiest thing anyone could have given me.

RHODA: *(looking at Emily appealingly)* Honestly, Emily. I really want us to be friends.

EMILY: *(Overcome by Rhoda's sudden friendliness)* Well..., of course we can be friends then.

RHODA: I'm going to ask Miss Brownell to let you sit with me. I used to sit with Annie Gregg but she's moved away. You'd like to sit with me, wouldn't you?

EMILY: Of course, I'd love it.

RHODA: We OUGHT to sit together.

EMILY: What do you mean?

RHODA: *(Importantly)* We belong to the two best families in Blair Water, of course! If my father had his rights he would be on the throne of England.

EMILY: Your father would be on the throne of England! Why?

RHODA: We are descended from the kings of Scotland. So of course we don't associate with everybody. I take music lessons. Is your Aunt Elizabeth going to give you music lessons?

EMILY: I don't know.

RHODA: She ought to. She is very rich, isn't she?

EMILY: *(Defensively)* I don't know. I'm not sure you should ask me such questions, Rhoda.

RHODA: But we are friends now. We should tell each other everything.
Your Aunt Elizabeth has an awful temper, hasn't she?

EMILY: *(Angrily)* No, she hasn't! Where did you hear that?

RHODA: Well, my mother told me that she nearly killed your cousin Jimmy in one of her rages. Why doesn't your Aunt Laura get married? Hasn't she got an admirer?

EMILY: I don't know.

RHODA: *(Disappointed)* Well, I suppose you haven't been at New Moon long enough to find things out.

EMILY: No, I haven't. And it's quite different from what I've been used to.
Everything changed when my father died.

RHODA: Your father was as poor as a church mouse, wasn't he?

EMILY: *(Deliberately)* My father was a very, VERY rich man.

RHODA: *(Staring in disbelief)* I thought he didn't have a cent.

EMILY: No, he didn't. But people can be rich without money.

RHODA: I don't see how.

EMILY: No... most people don't understand.

RHODA: Well, you'll be rich some day, anyway — your Aunt Elizabeth will likely leave you all her money, Mother says. So I don't care if you ARE living on charity — I love you and I'm going to stick up for you.

- The End-

Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)
2024-2025 Set Pieces for Asia Division

FINAL

Dramatic Duologue
Born in 2015-2016

Choice B
Time Limit:
3 minutes

The Amazing Maurice and His Educated Rodents

By Terry Pratchett, adapted by Stephen Briggs

(Maurice, a clever talking cat, has teamed up with a group of intelligent, educated rats and a flute-playing boy, Keith. In order to get rich by trickery, they go from town to town and invade as a plague of rats. When Keith pretends to play the rats out of town with his flute, they all share the money he earns. In this scene, two of the rats, DARKTAN and NOURISHING, are working underground for the Trap Disposal Squad.)

DARKTAN: That showed them! That showed them what a rat can do!
(He exits. There is a loud 'snap' and a cry of pain from DARKTAN. A moment's pause, then NOURISHING rushes on.)

NOURISHING: Darktan? Darktan!
(A groan from DARKTAN. NOURISHING crosses to him and looks to where he lies)

NOURISHING: You're caught in a trap!

DARKTAN: *(Said sarcastically, despite the pain)* Oh... really?

NOURISHING: I'll go and fetch Sardines, shall I?

DARKTAN: No! Tell me... what...kind...of...trap?

NOURISHING: Er...er...er...

DARKTAN: Think, you miserable widdler!

NOURISHING: Er, er, it's all rusty. Rust everywhere. Looks like it could be a Breakneck — yes, there's the sign — it's a Nugent Brothers 'Breakneck' mark 1, sir!

DARKTAN: That's ancient, that is! Can you see how... can... you see how... the spring, the spring... So — this is how it happens. Perhaps there really is a Big Rat, deep underground... The Bone Rat... nothing to fear... just walk into the light...it's so easy.

NOURISHING: It's all rusted, sir! I've gnawed through it, sir! It's old and weak!
(She helps DARKTAN, who has a red mark around his waist)

NOURISHING: Probably why you weren't cut in half, sir! Can you hear me, sir?

DARKTAN: *(Dreamily)* Quite nice, really. This must be where the Big Rat lives.

NOURISHING: Darktan, sir? I gnawed right through the spring, sir...

DARKTAN: He must know a lot, the Big Rat.

(He passes out.)

NOURISHING: Sir? Sir? Are you still dead, sir? Sir?

(A small pause, and then DARKTAN breathes in, painfully and noisily)

NOURISHING: It's amazing! You were dead in the trap and now you're alive!

DARKTAN: Nourishing? I'm very grateful, but don't get silly. The spring was stretched and weak and the teeth were all rusted and blunt. That's all.

NOURISHING: But there's teeth marks all around you. No one's ever come out of a trap before!

DARKTAN: I was just lucky.

NOURISHING: Did you see the Big Rat?

DARKTAN: What? No, well, I'm not actually sure. There was a light and ...
Is Hamnpork all right?

NOURISHING: Sort of. I mean, we can't see any wounds that won't heal. He'd had worse.
But he was pretty old. Nearly three years.

DARKTAN: Was?

NOURISHING: Is pretty old, I mean, sir. Sardines sent me back to find you because we need you to help us to get him back, but —

DARKTAN: I'm all right. I'm sure it looks nastier than it is.
Let's get up there then, shall we?

- The End-