

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

FINAL

Dramatic Duologue
Born in 2013-2014

Choice A
Time Limit:
3 minutes

Waiting

By Jeffrey Grenfell-Hill

(The scene takes place on the side of a main row on which a VIP will be passing by in a motorcade (it can be the Queen, a President, or a celebrity). The two children, NICKY and TONI, have been waiting for some time and at this point are getting bored. They sit in a dejected manner holding flags, amongst a group of spectators.)

NICKY: How long have we been here now?

TONI: Three and a half hours. Look! *(Showing the time)*

NICKY: That's ages, isn't it?

TONI: Look, this is one in a lifetime, Nicky, so don't moan. Wave your flag a bit, go on. Like me.

NICKY: Your flag looks nicer than mine. Look at it.

TONI: Well, my Mum bought mine, yours was made in class, wasn't it?
As a project for today.

NICKY: Yeah, and the glue will probably get unstuck. Just my luck. I would rather be in school doing Maths. This is boring. Mega boring.

TONI: *(Getting out some sweets.)* Have a mint.

NICKY: A Mint! A mint in July. This is jelly-baby weather.

TONI: It will take your mind off waiting.

NICKY: Thanks.

TONI: The weather doesn't look too good, does it?

NICKY: Don't say that, we haven't got our Macs with us.

TONI: It's the summer, isn't it?

NICKY: Hey! Look at that man in the red shirt. He looks as if he's up to something.

TONI: Like what?

NICKY: I don't know... He might have a gun...

TONI: Don't be stupid. He looks all right to me. Anyway, he couldn't see straight to shoot anyone, he's cross-eyed!

NICKY: Don't be mean. *(They both are laughing and trying not to look at the man.)*

TONI: Oh no! It's started to rain.

NICKY: We'll get soaked.
TONI: Hold your flag over your head like me.
NICKY: But mine will fall to pieces in the rain.
TONI: No it won't!
NICKY: Yes it will! I told my Mum she should buy me one.
A plastic flag would be better than this paper one...
TONI: Hey, look Nicky, something's happening. Wave your flag.
NICKY: Hey, Toni, that's not a VIP car, it's too small...
TONI: It's the advance guard.
NICKY: It's raining even harder.
TONI: We'd be better off eating this at home on TV.
NICKY: You could be right.
TONI: (Look, The Rolls-Royce is coming. Wave your flag now.
NICKY: I didn't see a thing!
TONI: Was anyone in it?
NICKY: It was raining too hard...
TONI: The glass was all wet...
NICKY: And we're wet...
TONI: What a cheat!
NICKY: Come on, let's go home.
TONI: Well we can tell our grandchildren we once saw this important person.
NICKY: Yes! For two seconds flat. A moving shadow. Great! And look at my flag.
It's about to fall apart.
TONI: Oh! Stop moaning Nicky. This is part of History.
NICKY: I'll tell you what, I could do without History. It's boring...

(They pass through a crowd of spectators as they exit.)

- The End-

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Choice B
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Best Friends

By Jacqueline Wilson, adapted by David Lawson Lean

(GEMMA and ALICE have been best friends since they were born. They see each other every day. They share everything. Then one day Gemma finds out that there's something Alice isn't sharing — a secret. In this scene, Gemma and Alice are crying after a disagreement with Gemma's mum, and Alice finally shares her secret.)

ALICE: *(Handing Gemma a tissue to wipe her nose)* Gem, there is something to cry about.

GEMMA: I thought there might be.

ALICE: I don't know how to tell you.

GEMMA: Just spit it out!

ALICE: I'm not very good at spitting. Unlike you.

(They giggle feebly through their tears.)

GEMMA: Shall I spit it out for you? You don't want to be my best friend anymore.

ALICE: No, it's not that!

GEMMA: It's OK. Well, it's not one bit OK, but I do understand. I'm not sure I'd want to be my best friend. I'm noisy and silly and messy and I break things and I get on everyone's nerves.

ALICE: You don't get on my nerves. I want you to be my best friend for ever, and ever, only... only...

GEMMA: Only what? What is this great big secret, Alice? Come on, you've got to tell me.

ALICE: How do you know there's a secret?

GEMMA: Look, I'm ever so sorry and I know it's a totally sneaky thing to do and you really won't want to be friends with me now, but I read your diary. Just a line or two. Last night. Well, maybe I've had one or two peeps in the past but you never wrote anything secret before —

ALICE: Gem, stop burbling. I do still want to be friends. Though don't you dare read my diary again, you nosy girl. But I swore to my mum and dad that I wouldn't tell anyone, not even you, not till it was settled. But you'll find out soon enough anyway. The thing is, I think we're moving.

GEMMA: You're moving. Is that all? Oh Alice, that's OK. Where are you moving?

Don't worry, if it's right the other side of town I'll get Dad to gift me a lift to your new place in the taxi — it couldn't be simpler.

ALICE: We're moving to Scotland.

GEMMA: Scotland? But that's hundreds of miles away! But how will I see you?

ALICE: I know, I know, it's so awful, isn't it.

GEMMA: What about school?

ALICE: I've got to go to a new school and I won't know anyone. I won't have any friends.

GEMMA: But why are you going?

ALICE: My Dad's getting a new job with this Scottish firm and my mum wants to live up there because we'll be able to get a bigger house. And we're going to have a huge garden and mum says I can have a swing and a tree house.

GEMMA: I'm going to have a tree house, you know I am, when Dad get rounds to it. It was going to be OUR tree house.

ALICE: And I can have any pets I want.

GEMMA: You've got a share of Barking Mad.

ALICE: Mum said I can maybe have my own pony.

GEMMA: A pony! I've always longed for a pony.

ALICE: It's still not definite we're going. So we're not telling anyone yet.

GEMMA: But I'm not anyone. I'm your best friend. Why did you keep it a secret from me? I would have had to tell you or I'd burst! What are we going to do?

ALICE: We can't do anything. We 're just children. We don't count.

- The End-