

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

**FINAL**

**Dramatic Duologue**  
*Born in 2009-2010*

**Choice A**  
**Time Limit:**  
**5 minutes**

## **Walking Through Seaweed**

*By Ian Hamilton Finlay*

*(Two teenage girls are in a city street at dusk. They have sauntered up to look in a shop window. Three doors away is a cafe with a juke-box, its raucous or wistful pop songs carrying faintly into the street. The setting could be anywhere in England. Time: The 1960s.)*

**FIRST:** See them toffee apples in the window?

**SECOND:** Yep.

**FIRST:** Real old-fashioned they look... Fancy toffee apples...

**SECOND:** You ever ate toffee apples?

**FIRST:** Yep. Sure we ate them. Lots of times. When I was wee we were great on toffee apples. But I wouldn't eat one now. It'd be undignified.

**SECOND:** Maybe I could go in the shop and get one of them toffee apples...

**FIRST:** And eat it now...out here in the street? Not when you're out with me you don't eat a toffee apple...

**SECOND:** Oh well, all right...But I think it would be nice to have eaten one of them toffee apples.

**FIRST:** It's all right for kids to eat toffee apples. But we ain't kids now. We're sixteen.

**SECOND:** Yep. Grown-up women. *(The music grows momentarily louder)* How do you like that one that's on the juke-box in the cafe now?

**FIRST:** I never heard that one before.

**SECOND:** It was on the telly.

**FIRST:** We ain't got a telly yet.

**SECOND:** No.

**FIRST:** Everyone around us...they've all got tellys.

**SECOND:** Yep...Them toffee apples look real good. And d'you see them liquorice straps?

**FIRST:** Which?

**SECOND:** There — by the sweetie cigarettes. You see them?

**FIRST:** Yep. We ate them too.

**SECOND:** You know what I always think of when I see those old-fashioned rolled-up liquorice straps?

**FIRST:** No.

**SECOND:** Seaweed.

**FIRST:** What?

**SECOND:** Seaweed. You ever walked through seaweed? — that seaweed that grows by the sea, you know? That seaweed that's all slippery ... and mostly brown...like them straps of liquorice?

**FIRST:** No.

**SECOND:** You never took your shoes and stockings off and sort of — paddled through it?

**FIRST:** No. I'd be scared to.

**SECOND:** Why'd you be scared to?

**FIRST:** Maybe there'd be crabs in it would come and bite you - and - and I'd be scared to walk through seaweed.

**SECOND:** Oh, but it's lovely to walk in seaweed...You take off your shoes and your socks — and you carry them and you go walking all through it...right up to your ankles in it — like a dancer...it makes you feel like a dancer...

**FIRST:** I like dancing...

**SECOND:** So do I.

**FIRST:** I like rock and roll... and jiving...

**SECOND:** I like that too...it's lovely.

**FIRST:** Everyone goes jiving.

**SECOND:** Yep... You got a boy-friend?

**FIRST:** Yep. I got lots of them.

**SECOND:** You got lots of boy-friends?

**FIRST:** Yep.

**SECOND:** What'd you do with them?

**FIRST:** Not much... Go jiving.

**SECOND:** That all?

**FIRST:** What else? Go jiving, go to the pictures. Play the juke-box in a cafe. What else?

**SECOND:** I got a boy-friend.

**FIRST:** Have you?

**SECOND:** Yep. I got a boy-friend. And he's sort of special. I mean — I mean I've just the one special boy-friend — and d'you know what he and I do?

**FIRST:** Go to the pictures?

**SECOND:** No.

**FIRST:** Go jiving?

**SECOND:** No.

**FIRST:** Well, what'd you do? You'll have to tell me.

**SECOND:** Me and my boy-friend - I told you he's special - we go walking through seaweed.

- The End-

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## Skungpoomery

*By Ken Campbell*

*(Skungpoomery means making up a word and then doing it. It is a short comedy play written by Ken Campbell. PC Nicholas Wibble, who has become rather a 'Mummy's boy', is being mothered (or smothered) by his dominating mother. Mrs Wibble could be played by a male actor, if needed. Time: The Present.)*

**NICHOLAS:** But all the other policemen wear boots.

**MRS WIBBLE:** That's because they haven't got nice sandals.

**NICHOLAS:** Well, why've I always got to be different.

**MRS WIBBLE:** It's not a case of 'being different', Nicholas, it's a case of being sensible. It's unhealthy to have your feet laced up inside those big clumping boots all day in the hot weather.

**NICHOLAS:** Oh Mum.

**MRS WIBBLE:** I don't want to hear any more about it, Nicholas.

**NICHOLAS:** Anyway, those sandals pinch my feet, Mum.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Nicholas! You little fibber! We got those sandals at Clarks and we both looked down the X-Ray machine together and we both saw that you had plenty of room in those sandals. Nicholas!

**NICHOLAS:** What?

**MRS WIBBLE:** What's that?

**NICHOLAS:** What's what?

**MRS WIBBLE:** On your tie?

**NICHOLAS:** Nothing.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Egg dribblings. Look at that. And I all nicely ironed it yesterday morning and now you've dribbled your egg on it. Come here.

*(She leads him by his tie to the bowl and cloth)*

**NICHOLAS:** Oh Mum.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Oh and it's not coming out look. It'll have to be put in soak.

**NICHOLAS:** Oh no, Mum — look I'm due on the beat in five minutes.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Well I'm certainly not letting you go out with your tie in that state.

**NICHOLAS:** The Sergeant gets really cross if I'm late.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Well, you'll just have to wear your bow-tie.

**NICHOLAS:** Oh no.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Nicholas!

**NICHOLAS:** Oh look at all the other policemen wear ordinary straight ties.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Come here and let's put it on you and have less of your nonsense. Auntie Glad gave you this nice bow tie — did you write her a thank you letter?

**NICHOLAS:** Yes.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Good boy. Hanky? Lick.

**NICHOLAS:** Bye then, Mum.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Kiss please. I've done you some sandwiches.

**NICHOLAS:** Oh mom, can't I eat in the canteen with the other policemen?

**MRS WIBBLE:** Oh you make me so cross, Nicholas. We've just managed to get rid of all your spots and now you want to go into that nasty canteen and eat greasy fried stuff. You're an ungrateful boy, Nicholas.

**NICHOLAS:** Oh Im not ungrateful at all, Mum. I'm grateful. I really am. It's all right. I'll take the sandwiches. And I'll enjoy them.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Oh Nicholas! I ironed those trousers and now look at them. They're all baggy at the knees. Don't you hitch them up when you sit down?

**NICHOLAS:** Yes.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Take them off and let me give them a quick press.

**NICHOLAS:** Oh no, Mum — Look I'm going to be ever so late now.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Take them off, Nicholas. It won't be take a moment. *(Nicholas hesitates)* Nicholas!!! *(He sulkily removes the trousers and Mrs Wibble returns with an iron)*

**NICHOLAS:** Please hurry up, Mum.

**MRS WIBBLE:** I'm being as quick as I can, Nicholas. *(She is now ironing)* The number of times I've been on to you, Nicholas, to just think before you go to bed at night, what you're going to need in the morning, and go over it and check it's all right then. There's absolutely no need for this breakfast time misery. But you, you never seem to know what you're at or what you're doing.

*(The phone rings. She answers the iron, holding it next to her ear.)*

Hello? Hello? Yahhhhhhhhhhh! Butter! Get the butter, Nicholas!

**NICHOLAS:** Oh yes, here you are *(He shoves a full pack onto his Mum's ear. They tie the pack to her ear with a scarf.)*

**MRS WIBBLE:** Nicholas, you will be the death of me!

**NICHOLAS:** How's it my fault mom. If you stick the iron in your ear.

**MRS WIBBLE:** Nicholas, just shut up! *(Clouts him)* Ooooof *(the pain of the burn)* go and answer it!

-The End-