

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

Dramatic Duologue
Born in 2013-2014

Choice A
Time Limit:
3 minutes

Never the Bridesmaid

By Heather Stephens

(ROSIE is revelling in the description of a recent wedding at which she was a bridesmaid for the third time. She has dressed up in the bridesmaid's dress to impress JESSICA, her best friend, who yearns to be a bridesmaid.)

ROSIE: I carried... *(walking sedately)* ... a basket of beautiful beautiful roses.
(JESSICA looks on longingly.)

JESSICA: Oh! Rosie.

ROSIE: And I wrote a circle of real flowers around my head on the day;
like an angel's halo.

JESSICA: I've *always* longed to wear flowers in my hair, Rosie.

ROSIE: Everyone thought that the flowers were just 'me'.
Even the Bride said I looked as pretty as a picture.

JESSICA: Mummy said...

ROSIE: *(Cutting in)* I've been a bridesmaid three times already.
So I know exactly what to do: I'm professional.
I wore pretty pretty almond pink wild silk the first time,
white satin with lacy petticoats the next. And this, last Saturday.

JESSICA: Mummy said...

ROSIE: *(Cutting in)* Jessica. You've never ever been chosen to be a bridesmaid, have you?

JESSICA: No! Not once.

ROSIE: Poor, poor Jessica. I feel *ever-so-sorry* for you. Really I do.

JESSICA: Mummy said the only reason that I hadn't was because...

ROSIE: *(Cutting in)* Oh! Silly me! I haven't shown you my shoes yet. I almost forgot:
how could I? Look! Jessica. Cost-a-fortune. But perfect with the dress.

JESSICA: Mummy said that the only reason that you're chosen to be a bridesmaid is...

ROSIE: *(Cutting in)* You're jealous! Green with envy. I've spent all this time telling you
about the wedding because I thought you were interested because you're
supposed to be my friend. It's hardly my fault that you've never ever been
chosen. Is it?

(ROSIE sweeps off)

JESSICA: Rosie! Mummy said the reason you're so popular as a bridesmaid is because your Mother promises to write a massive cheque as a wedding present. My Mummy calls it bribery. And says it's contemptible.
(To herself) And gave *me* a lecture when I asked her to do the same for me. Just once: just the once: that's all I wanted. It's not fair.

- The End-

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Choice B
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Penalty!

By Clifford Jury

(Two football players, the GOALIE and the STRIKER, have clashed and are getting up.)

GOALIE: That was never a penalty. Never!

STRIKER: Good one, ref.

GOALIE: How can you give that?

STRIKER: Looked clear to me.

GOALIE: Clear? But you —

STRIKER: Ref's decision.

GOALIE: You know it wasn't. If you score now...

STRIKER: *When* I score —

GOALIE: It'll be a travesty.

STRIKER: It'll be 2-1.

GOALIE: How can you stand there and —

STRIKER: Get back on your line. Ref!

GOALIE: OK, OK, I'm going back. But that was no foul.

STRIKER: I've got stud marks down my shin. Look!

GOALIE: They're days old.

STRIKER: Ref, he's nowhere near his line.

GOALIE: I'm on the line. See — line. This could lose us the championship.

STRIKER: Championship? No chance!

GOALIE: OK, I'm ready. But that was no foul. No way. You'll miss anyway.

STRIKER: I could stick this past you with my eyes shut.

GOALIE: Try it, hot shot! Come on, try! *(The shot is saved)* Yes! Not so cocky now, eh?

STRIKER: Ref! He came forward!

GOALIE: Ref, you can't. I moved sideways, that's all.

STRIKER: You came off your line.

GOALIE: A side-step, that's all. Oh, ref!

STRIKER: Yes, ref! Nice one. Give us the ball.

GOALIE: You can't be serious. (*STRIKER snatches the ball from him. They both look round*)
What happened?

STRIKER: The lights have failed. Can't see a thing. What happens now? Ref, you can't.
You can't abandon it. There's only one minute left. We're just about to win.

GOALIE: (*Approaching*) Not with your shooting, peg-leg.

STRIKER: Come here and say that. (*They clash and roll around the floor. The lights come back on. They stop.*) The lights are back on.

(*Both look up at the ref*)

GOALIE: Hi, ref.

STRIKER: Er, just putting some divots back. Oh no, ref, not red.

GOALIE: Ref!

STRIKER: Off? Both of us?

GOALIE: He started it.

STRIKER: It was him.

(*They slowly go off*)

GOALIE: If you hadn't dived.

STRIKER: You brought me down.

GOALIE: No I didn't.

STRIKER: Yes you did.

GOALIE: I never touched you.

STRIKER: You nearly broke my leg.

GOALIE: I wish I had.

- The End-