

PETER PAN

PETER: Tink, where are you? Quick, close the window. *[It closes.]* Bar it. *[The bar slams down.]* Now when Wendy comes she will think her mother has barred her out, and she will have to come back to me! *[TINKER BELL sulks.]* Now, Tink, you and I must go out by the door. *[Doors, however, are confusing things to those who are used to windows, and he is puzzled when he finds this one does not open on the firmament. He tries the other, and sees the piano player.]* It is Wendy's mother! *[TINK pops on to his shoulder and they peep together.]* She is a pretty lady, but not so pretty as my mother. *[This is a pure guess.]* She is making the box say 'Come home, Wendy.' You will never see Wendy again, lady, for the window is barred! *[He flutters about the room joyously like a bird, but has to return to that door.]* She has laid her head down on the box. There are two wet things sitting on her eyes. As soon as they go away another two come and sit on her eyes. *[She is heard moaning 'Wendy, Wendy, Wendy.']* She wants me to unbar the window. I won't! She is awfully fond of Wendy. I am fond of her too. We can't both have her, lady! *[A funny feeling comes over him.]* Come on, Tink; we don't want any silly mothers.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE: [*Angrily*] Why, how impolite of him. I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me. That's not at all nice. [*Calling after him*] I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I might follow him. Why not? There's no rule that I mayn't go where I please. I--I will follow him. Wait for me, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming, too! [*Falling*] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long . . . and so empty. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt!

Kid Hero

I've always dreamed of being a hero. I've tried everything to become super. I let a spider bite me... no spider powers; just lots of itching. I tried standing too close to the microwave oven hoping the radiation would change me. Nothing. And I got in trouble for making so many bags of popcorn. But I took it all to school and had a popcorn party. I was a hero that day. So I guess it kinda worked.

I love being a hero. I love helping people. I love making them happy. And I hate bad guys. I hate creeps who hurt people.

There's this kid at school... he is always hurting everyone. I am sick of him hurting us. I just need those super powers. I need something that will make him stop!

Maybe if I eat more of the school lunches. They look radioactive. If I get enough green hotdogs and brown ketchup in me... something is bound to happen. (excited)

And I need a catch phrase like "gonna smoosh me a baddie"... and a cool costume... actually last time I was in the bathroom, I saw the perfect superhero name. Protecto! Instead of a telephone booth like superman, I could use a bathroom stall and those Protecto seat covers could be a cape... and make a toilet paper mask. Nothing scares bad guys more than bathroom stuff. (thinks then frowns) Or maybe it will really make them want to give me a swirly. I better rethink this.

Henry V

BOY: As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to all three; but all three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks word and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

MOLE

Spring!

I've been working very hard all morning, spring-cleaning my home. With brooms and dusters. On ladders and steps and chairs. With a brush and a pail of whitewash. Dust and paint was everywhere. All morning with aching back and weary arms and then it caught me. Spring. (smells it) Something – life – was moving up above. And it filled me – with longing. Oh bother! Oh blow! Oh hang spring-cleaning! I'm sick of it!

I'm going to take a break. Oh it's not a day for spring cleaning. Perhaps it's a day for nothing I expected. I'm going to have a – a – a day off! A – holiday! What does one do on a day off? Something – life – was calling me.

So I scraped and scratched

And scabbled and scrooged

And scabbled and scratched and scraped

Up we go! Up we go! Until...Until...Out!

Oh the joy of living! Oh the delight of spring! Without the cleaning. Run for the hedge. Run run.

(Mole sniffs) Smell that? Life. That's life! It's calling me. And I'm coming. (Mole runs and then stops, the sound of a digger, whispering in the bushes)

What was that? Who's there? Oh! Which way is home? Wait. Home is oh, home is where, was it this way? That way? The birds would tell me but they've flown away and something in the air doesn't care anymore. Which way's home, which way? Oh my, I've lost my way!

TOAD

A motor car! A swan, a sunbeam, a thunderbolt! Poop-poop! Oh, what could I be if I had one of these?

I'd be, I'd be, I'd be the Toad with a motor Car! I'd be the Toad who can't stay long, who has places to be and people to meet, I'd be on the open road, maybe picking up a friend! Then dropping her off somewhere because I'm dining with dignitaries, dignitaries, dignitaries, then meeting some ordinary people, Chester O Chesterfield O was it really? Yawn yawn and then zoom off over here poop-poop! And someone might cry out Slow down, Toad! But the Toad has places to be, and people to meet, and deals and appointments and bargains to make, men to see about dogs, dogs to see about cats, cats to see about fish and fish to be frying, and brains to be picking, and points to be scoring, and time to be flying!

BADGER

Good morning, Rat! Good morning, Mole! This is a formal call, you fellows! Summer is here – so – the hour has come!

Who's hour, I hear you ask! Why, Toad's hour!

The hour of Toad! I said I would take him in hand as soon as the winter was over, and I am going to take him in hand – (pause) – TODAY!! Now – I shall need you chaps to back me up – but I have a sound plan – and some very important news.

This very morning, as I learnt last night from a trustworthy source, another new and exceptionally powerfull motor-car will arrive at Toad Hall on approval or return. At this very moment, perhaps Toad is busily arraying himself in those singularly hideous habiliments so dear to him, which transform him from a (comparatively) good-looking Toad into an Object which throws any decent-minded animal that comes across it into a violent fit. We must be up and doing, ere it is too late. You two animals will accompany me instantly to Toad Hall, and the work of rescue shall be accomplished. We'll save the poor unhappy animal! We'll rescue him! We'll convert him! He'll be the most converted Toad that ever was before we've done with him!

Yes indeed, the hour has come! Follow me! Onwards!

KINDERTRANSPORT - Diane Samuels

Between 1939 and the outbreak of war, almost 10,000 children, most of them Jewish, were sent by their parents from Germany to Britain. Nine year old Eva ends up in Manchester, where - although she is very glad to be out of danger - she finds it hard to adjust to her new world.

In this scene she is eating her tea, while reading her first letter from home.

EVA *(Trying to look on the bright side)*. I am very lucky. I appreciate all of this, really I do, Mutti.

She takes a bite out of the bread.

(Reading, as her mother) "March 6th, 1941."

I'm glad to be eating the buttered bread of freedom even if it does taste like sponge buttered with greasy salt.

She sips her tea and continues with the letter.

"Dearest Eva, little Eva who must now be so big." *(she stops)*.

How good it is to sip the tea of England, even if it does taste like dishwater. I am so fortunate not to be at home with you and Vati. How good it is to have escaped.

"See, I write you in English for sure I am that it now is your best language."

If I could, if it wasn't so ungrateful, I'd wish that they hadn't made this 'stuff' for me so I had to drink and eat it; wish that the houses I saw on the way here weren't all the same, red-brick squares so I could look forward to living somewhere like our house, elegant; wish they all spoke German.

She sighs and takes another sip.

"Tantchen Marianne send her love. She is not too well at present as her chest is very bad. It does not help that we have poor heating here in the small flat that Vati and me now share with her."

Mind you Mutti, it was wonderful going on the red bus. We went right through London. I sat on the top. I could see everything. Upstairs on a bus. It's unbelievable!

"Are you keeping up your studies at school and working hard and well as always you did? Also we hope that you be a good girl for the Mr and Mrs Miller. Vati wants me to tell you that he is well and his spirits are up. Life is not so bad. We are happy enough."

An English Organiser enters. Eva quickly hides the letter away and puts on a broad smile.

THE EFFECTS OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON

MARIGOLDS Paul Zindel

This Pulitzer Prize-winning play tells the story of manic, obsessive mother Beatrice and her two daughters, living as near-recluses in 1970s New York.

Tilly is 14, clever, but shy and friendless at school - and dominated by her mother's needs at home. She finds a kind of escape into the mysteries of the universe she is discovering in science classes. The strange title of the play describes an experiment Tillie enters into the school science fair.

This speech begins the play, before the audience knows anything about Tillie, Beatrice, her sister Ruth, or their life.

TILLIE He told me to look at my hand, for a part of it came from a star that exploded too long ago to imagine. This part of me was formed from a tongue of fire that screamed through the heavens until there was our sun. And this part of me - this tiny part of me - was on the sun when it itself exploded and whirled in a great storm until the planets came to be.

And this small part of me was then a whisper of the earth. When there was life, perhaps this part of me got lost in a fern that was crushed and covered until it was coal. And then it was a diamond millions of years later - it must have been a diamond as beautiful as the star from which it had first come.

Or perhaps this part of me became lost in a terrible beast, or became part of a huge bird that flew above the primeval swamps.

And he said this thing was so small - this part of me was so small it couldn't be seen - but it was there from the beginning of the world.

And he called this bit of me an atom. And when he wrote the word, I fell in love with it.

Atom.

Atom.

What a beautiful word.

Mickey is 7 years on and he is annoyed that his older brother Sammy gets more priviledges than him, Mickey speaks with a strong accent (Liverpool) and will hold the playful characteristics of a 7 year old boy.

I wish I was our Sammy Our Sammy's
nearly ten. He's got two worms and a
catapult An' he's built a underground
den, But I'm not allowed to go in there,
I have to stay near the gate, Cos me
mam says I'm only seven, But I'm not,
I'm nearly eight!

I sometimes hate our Sammy, He robbed me toy car y'
know, Now the wheels are missin' an' the top's broke
off, An' the bleedin' thing won' go. An' he said when he
took it, it was just like that, But it wasn't, it went dead
straight, But y' can't say nothin' when they think y' seven
An'y' not, y' nearly eight.

I wish I was our Sammy, Y' wanna see
him spit, Straight in y' eye from twenty
yards An' every time a hit, He's
allowed to play with matches, And he
goes to bed dead late, And I have to
go at seven, Even though I'm nearly
eight.

Y' know our Sammy, He draws nudey
women, Without arms, or legs, or even
heads In the baths, when he goes
swimmin'. But I'm not allowed to go to the
baths, Me mam says I have to wait, Cos I
might get drowned, cos I'm only seven,
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy, Y' know what he
sometimes does' He wees straight through
the letter-box Of the house next door to us.
I tried to do it one night, But I had to stand
on a crate, Cos I couldn't reach the
letter-box But I will by the time I'm eight.

National Theatre Connections Monologues

We Lost Elijah

Ryan Craig

This play takes place in a suburban family garden. The narrative moves back and forth in time, and centres on the disappearance of one of the family who, it turns out, is hiding in the shed all the time. This speech is his sort-of girlfriend Grace, and it is from halfway through the play. when she gives Elijah the idea of hiding in the garden shed.

Grace ok... So we had this gerbil when I was around five. George. Little ginger thing he was and cute as a plum and when we first got him, Kara and me, we made such a big fuss about him; grooming him and replenishing the straw in his hut so he was all cosy and happy. Mum was all like that bloody rodent's not coming anywhere near this house so we put him in this shed ... we had... way, way down at the end of the garden. One time George got out of his cage, escaped. We had the whole street out looking for him; shouting his name, crawling under cars. Kara and me were distraught, on and on we went saying how special he was to us and how we felt so guilty... furious with ourselves for not securing his cage properly. It killed us the thought we'd never see him again. So when our Uncle Eddie found him in a hedge nibbling at some sick outside number twelve we hugged him close and vowed to take extra special care of him from this day forth. After a bit though we started resenting him. Trudging all the way down the end of that garden, every morning, rain or shine... then one morning after it was bitter cold in the night... I went down to the shed to give George his feed and he was rock solid. Dead eyed. Frozen to the bone.

The important thing in this speech is you must simply play what is on the surface; let the subtext take care of itself. You are recalling the events that happened to George and not imagining what might happen in the future. It is a speech that is focused towards a listener. Elijah, who you know very well. Therefore, there should be a familiarity conveyed towards the person who is listening to you.

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