

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? Hmm. 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 (Boy or Girl)

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!