

Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)

2026-2027 Set Pieces for Asia Division

Monologue

Born in 2011-2012

CHOICE A
Time Limit:
4 minutes

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde

by Robert Louis Stevenson (Adapted version)

(Stands rigid. Slowly looks down at his hands, as if they belong to someone else.)

JEKYLL: It has happened. The thing I feared most is no longer a possibility... it is real. This morning, I woke in my own bed. But something was wrong. These hands... they were not mine. They were stronger. Darker. They were the hands of Edward Hyde.

(Breath tightens Takes a small step forward.)

I went to sleep as Henry Jekyll. But I woke without control over what I would become. And I did not even take the potion.

(Voice lowers, more urgent.)

Hyde is no longer something I can summon or stop. He is growing inside me. Stronger every time I resist him. He does not feel guilt. He does not feel fear. He only wants to live. And I feel myself... disappearing.

(Pause. Looks up slightly, controlled panic.)

If I take the potion again, I may lose myself forever. But if I do not... I may lose control completely. Either way... I am no longer safe inside my own body.

(Stillness. Quiet final line.)

I am not two men anymore. I am becoming only one.
And I do not know which one will remain.

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Little Women

by Louisa May Alcott (Adapted version)

(Stands upright, composed. Hands gently folded. Calm, controlled expression.)

MEG: I would rather be poor... than lose who we are. Tonight, they dressed me in silk and laughter.

They smiled at me, poured wine, and talked about me as if I were a project... something to be arranged. And behind those smiles, I heard them whisper.

That we are desperate. That my family is trying to “catch” wealth, as if love were something to be sold.

(Pause. Breath steadies.)

I smiled back.

But inside, I felt something break.

Not anger.

Something quieter.

Shame... that they could not see us at all.

(Takes a small step forward. Voice becomes firmer.)

But I will not carry that shame anymore. My mother is not what they think she is.

She is strong. She is kind. She is proud in a way money can never touch.

And my sisters—my sisters have more warmth, more truth, than all their polished rooms combined.

(Soft pause. Expression softens into dignity.)

We may not have wealth. But we have something they do not understand.

We have home.

We have love that does not depend on price tags or praise.

And I will not be made to feel small for that.

Not anymore.