

Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)

2026-2027 Set Pieces for Asia Division

Dramatic Duologue

Born in 2017-2018

The Skin You're In *Rosa Hesmondhalgh*

CHOICE A

Time Limit:

3 minutes

New Banana (NB) and Old Banana (OB) meet in a fruit bowl. The New Banana is positive about their future, having just arrived from the supermarket; however, the Old Banana is resigned to their fate as a decaying fruit. That's until the New Banana finds Old Banana a new purpose.

(A fruit bowl. An old, sad, slightly bruised banana is decaying in the corner. A brand new, green banana arrives from the supermarket.)

NB: It's even better than I imagined!

OB: Watch it buddy. You'll bruise yourself if you're not careful.

NB: Oh! Sorry. I'm just excited to be here. I've been sat in that supermarket for a whole day and then I got put in the trolley and – boop – got scanned through the self checkout machine and – woop – here I am!

OB: I was like you once. Green. Excited. Certain of my future.

NB: Are you okay? You're looking a little worse for wear.

OB: You're foolish, young one. People don't wear bananas. They eat them. Or at least that's what I thought.

NB: You're... you're a banana? Like me?

OB: Yep. I'm just a really old banana.

NB: How old are you?

OB: About three weeks. Do you know anyone that old?

NB: ...No one. What was it like... back then?

OB: Well, when I was yellow and perfect, I arrived here. Things were looking good for me. But, the family went on holiday and I guess they didn't want to take any snacks. I was left here. And now they've come back and done a whole new shop and brought you back.

NB: You could still get eaten. I'm underripe! Not ready for eating right now.

OB: I'm past the point of enjoyment.

NB: You're really old, sure, but also wise! You must have seen so much.

OB: Oh yes. I'm still thinking about the great Fruit Fly Infestation of a week and a half ago.

NB: See! You can teach me so much about what life is like in a fruit bowl. All I remember is the supermarket — what happened before then?

OB: We were on a tree.

NB: A what?

OB: Big thing, branches, lots of leaves. Where we came from.

NB: Wow.

OB: Our life's purpose? To be eaten. And look at me. I'm destined for the compost bin.

NB: Well, a note on the fridge over there says the compost collection isn't until Thursday, so.

OB: You can read?

NB: Sure, my shelf was next to the magazine rack in the supermarket. I got really good at crosswords. Wait. There's something else stuck to the fridge. Let me read – oh! Old Banana, this is a recipe... for banana bread!

OB: Banana bread?

NB: It calls for overripe bananas!

OB: That's me!

NB: See? Overripe, not old. You have purpose, and meaning, just maybe not the one you originally thought. Maybe I'll be banana bread too.

OB: For such a green banana, you're pretty wise yourself.

~ The End ~



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CHOICE B
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Adventures of Snow Black and Rose Red

Valerie Mason-John

The Anansi legend originated in Ghana, West Africa, with the Ashanti tribe. In Akan, the word Anansi means spider, making him one of the most popular animal tricksters of West African mythology. In this scene, two nine-year-old friends have been captured by Anansi. They are convinced that they have been eaten alive and are determined to escape.

(The sound of a cellar door slams shut, and the key turning echoes out loud. The two girls scramble from the sack.)

SNOW BLACK: Where are we?

ROSE RED: I think we're in the big man's belly.

SNOW BLACK: Me too – it so dark and damp in here

ROSE RED: Let's see if we can find his belly button.

SNOW BLACK: Why?

ROSE RED: Because my mummy says the belly button is what pulled me out of her tummy.

SNOW BLACK: In that case we need to find a stork.

ROSE RED: Why?

SNOW BLACK: Because my mummy says the stork brought me as a present from her tummy.

ROSE RED: Okay then I look for the big man's belly / button.

SNOW BLACK: And I'll look for the stork – but we must walk on tip toes.

ROSE RED: Why?

SNOW BLACK: Shush can't you hear him snoring.

ROSE RED: I'm scared.

SNOW BLACK: I am too.

ROSE RED: Let's hold hands.

SNOW BLACK: Quick. (*Snow Black and Rose Red begin looking for a way out.*)

ROSE RED: I think the big man is waking up.

SNOW BLACK: But he can't be he's still snoring.

ROSE RED: Can't you see how light it's getting.

SNOW BLACK: I think I've found his mouth.

ROSE RED: Where?

SNOW BLACK: Over there, look I can see some trees.

ROSE RED: Let's see if we can swim out of his mouth.

SNOW BLACK: Ouch.

ROSE RED: What's the matter?

SNOW BLACK: His mouth isn't open, and I bumped my head.

(*Rose Red falls about laughing.*)

SNOW BLACK: It's not funny, and shush you will wake him up.

ROSE RED: Look over here, you bumped your head on a window, we're lost in somebody's attic I think.

SNOW BLACK: Are we dreaming, please tell me we're dreaming. You promised to meet me at the river last night before you went to bed.

ROSE RED: I don't think it is a dream, my mummy told me not to meet you at the river in my dream, just in case I wet myself.

SNOW BLACK: If it's not a dream where are we? I want to go home.

ROSE RED: Me too.

SNOW BLACK: We must find our way home.

Scene 3

~ The End ~