



WHEN YOU'RE READY – VOL. TWO
BY
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Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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Compiled by Valerie Goodwin

Author's note

These short speeches have been written for use in examinations and auditions expressly for students aged between 13 and 18. They are all original and have never appeared in print before. In some cases, they are adapted from the author's own recently published plays, but these too have been especially extended or rewritten for this collection.

The intention was to provide a resource for use by today's Drama student, and to offer a range of accents, dialects, moods, themes, emotions and historical periods, as well as being non gender specific in several of the speeches.

The author is a Drama teacher herself and has 25 years' experience to call on.

It is hoped that as well as being useful for solo work the pieces will also spark devised work, character studies, hot seating, further research and stimulation.

The speeches are all between approximately 600- 900 words in length, and some work together to tell a story from several perspectives.

The students may well recognise the fictional or historical characters drawn on; again, hopefully this will lead to an interest in the source material.

Mary Hall, Captain of the Hockey team, 1950

Oh, well played Joyce! That took them by surprise, by Jove! Very nearly got one in there but came off the post. Bad luck.

Bully off then Pam. Don't dawdle Jennifer. We'll show 'em what were made of, here at St. Barts. St. Bartholemew's School for Young Ladies, to give it the full title. Been here since I was a gel. Well, in a way, I still am a gel of course. But I mean- since I was seven. Had my ups and downs of course, and Bunty and I have fallen out a few times, but we're still the best of pals. There's Bunty- she's playing in defence today, because dear Peggy's in the san. – that's sanitorium- with suspected appendicitis. Only suspected. And I can't play today because of that rather underhand crack delivered by one of our keenest rivals on my ankle bone last week. The girl that maimed me – if girl she was- never seen a hairier chin, not even Madame Bonneville has more whiskers!

Anyway, as I was saying- oh, Lord- watch-out, Joan! That nearly went in, my goodness. They are absolutely first rate this side. We are going to have to go all out to beat them. Absolutely vital that we do, of course. And only 14 minutes left with the score all square. It's frightfully exciting isn't it?

Daddy said if we win the trophy again this year he'll buy me a new saddle for Jonty- that's my pony at home. Don't get home too often, just hols of course, but while I'm here Muv rides him or he'd get as fat as a barrel! No chance of us getting fat, what with P.T every morning and cross country every other afternoon and lacrosse and goodness knows what else. Plus the portions are a bit sparing to say the least! Having said that Maggie is managing to put on weight but I very much doubt that it is on our rations here.

I have heard the floor boards creak in the dorm at night and seen some surreptitious rifling through tuck stored in suitcases- midnight feasts, and such like. Then in the a.m. chocolate round the mouth of friend Maggie. Won't share either! Still, when I see her ever expanding waistline and those bulging thighs in her gym knickers, I do congratulate myself on my less curvaceous physique!

Peggy's another one who has got rather tubby of late, but that is not due to night time scoffing- or not to my knowledge. Her current sojourn in the San. might help her shed those excess pounds! She's a very pretty girl though, even with the recent additional inches. I mean, we all voted her the prettiest girl in the school, and here's why: Hair: Blonde, long and shining. Face: Heart shaped, with fabulous cornflower blue eyes. Never ever has a single pimple or spot. Real stop you in your tracks figure too, that the St Bart's regulation gym slip cannot disguise. We all nudge each other whenever Mr Hartley is about, for there's no mistaking the admiration there- he goes quite pink when he speaks to her!

We measured one another the other week and she has a 36-inch bust, and that is not the biggest- Vicky has that, she's 38, but we think she has the narrowest back and certainly the smallest waist. And that really makes the difference doesn't it?

She's like a blonde Elizabeth Taylor.

But when we measured up the other day she had put on three inches in the waist- we were all amazed. And we said, good grief Peggy-have you been scoffing Maggie's secret store of tuck?

LEAVE ME ALONE, you beasts! She positively screamed- and off she went in torrents of tears. If you want to know why she's putting on the pounds, ask the very charming Mr Hartley, said Joan.

Now- whatever did she mean by that?