

THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD

by Hans Christian Anderson
(adapted by Priscilla Morris)

This popular fairy-tale by Hans Christian Anderson tells the story of a proud PRINCESS who, refusing all her suitors, is married off to a swineherd and learns humility. As in all good fairy-tales, the swineherd turns out to be a prince who truly loves her. In this scene, the PRINCESS is found playing ball with two attendants.

PRINCESS: Oh, you stupid, stupid thing! That is the third time you have missed your throw. What did you say? Of course it was straight; Princesses always throw straight, don't they? Now don't stand chattering; begin again, and remember, after this, the first who misses shan't play anymore.

(The PRINCESS misses.)

(Angrily.) There! That was your fault; you can't throw straight, either of you. It's a silly game anyway so go away and leave me alone!

(The EMPEROR enters.)

Good day father. I suppose it's nearly time for me to meet another of your boring Princes. Why do you keep inviting them? They are none of them good enough. The last one had too big a nose and couldn't speak without gobbling like a turkey. His Kingdom was such a little one and his palace wasn't a palace at all, only a plain, ordinary castle with not more than a hundred servants in it. Besides, I don't want to get married, so you can tell this new Prince to go away for I won't see him. What did you say? Has he brought me a present? Oh I do hope it's a little cat! I've always wanted one. Open it! Open it quickly!

(The EMPEROR opens the present.)

Why, it's nothing but an ordinary flower - what a common thing! You can take it away again. Tell the Prince I won't marry him, so he needn't bother to wait. Now go, father, and leave me alone - I am tired of silly presents and Princes!

THE MAGIC MIRROR

by E C Brereton

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL FRENCH

SNOW- WHITE has run away from the palace as the Queen wants her killed. The Queen has always been the fairest in the land but now her magic mirror tells her that SNOW- WHITE is fairer than she. In this scene SNOW- WHITE has discovered a house deep in the forest, which belongs to the seven dwarves.

SNOW- WHITE: I've knocked and knocked and nobody will answer the door! I wonder if this really is an empty house? (She sees the table.) No, it can't be; here's a table laid for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven people. What a tiny table! and what tiny plates and dishes! (She holds one up.) It's like a dolls' dinner-set! This must be a children's house! Oh dear! I wish they'd come home! I'm so hungry! Is there anything to eat on the table? (She looks round.) Yes, bread and butter and milk. Then I must have some now, and when the people of the house come home I'm sure they'll forgive me when I tell them I've been two days and nights wandering in the forest with nothing to eat but nuts and blackberries! (She pours some water into a glass and holds it up.) I don't call this glass very clean! It's all sticky finger-marks outside! (She drinks and makes a face.) And the water tastes of stale tea-leaves and lime juice mixed. And just look at the plates. They're grimed. (She eats and puts the plate down.) And the dust on the table! I can write my name on it with my finger! Oh dear! (She yawns.) I'm dreadfully tired! I think I'll just sit down and wait till the people of the house come home - and then - I'll explain - to them (More and more drowsily till she falls asleep in the chair.)

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

by Roald Dahl
(adapted by Richard R George)

PUBLISHED BY PUFFIN BOOKS

Mr Willy Wonka has just re-opened his famous chocolate factory and hidden five golden tickets in five chocolate bars. A golden ticket entitles the holder to a tour of the special factory and enough chocolate to last them the rest of their lives. One of these winners is VIOLET BEAUREGARDE.

VIOLET BEAUREGARDE: I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. Now, of course, I'm right back on the gum. I just adore gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safe-keeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day, I really wouldn't. My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticise, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that her jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from yelling at me every minute of the day. And now, it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over three months solid. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmetel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the morning.

THE SECRET GARDEN

by Frances Hodgson Burnett (adapted by Shaun McKenna)

THE NOVEL IS PUBLISHED BY PUFFIN BOOKS

MARY LENNOX, brought up in India, travels to England on the death of her parents. She comes to live in her uncle's house, Misslethwaite Manor, on the edge of the Yorkshire moors. Here she meets her cousin, Colin, who is an invalid and has become rather spoiled and demanding in his manner. In this scene MARY is talking to Colin about Dickon, brother to Martha the maid.

MARY: I'm thinking about the way you spoke to Martha, Colin. Once in India I saw a boy who was a rajah. He had rubies and emeralds and diamonds stuck all over him. Everybody had to do everything he told them - in a minute. I think they'd have been killed if they didn't. You spoke to Martha just like that. It made me think. . .how different you are to Dickon.

[COLIN: Who's Dickon? What a funny name.]

He's Martha's brother. He's twelve, and he is not like anyone else in the world. He can charm foxes and squirrels and rabbits just as the natives in India charm snakes. He plays a very soft tune on a pipe and they just come and listen. He played on his pipe and they listened. But he didn't call it magic. He says it's because he lives on the moor so much and knows their ways. He says he feels sometimes as if he was a bird or a rabbit himself, he likes them so. I think he asked the robin questions. It seemed as if they talked to each other in soft chirps. He knows about everything that grows or lives on the moor.

[COLIN: What's the moor like?]

The moor is the most beautiful place. Thousands of lovely things grow on it and there are thousands of little creatures all busy building nests and making holes and burrows and chipping or singing or squeaking to each other. They are so busy and having such fun under the earth or in the trees or heather. It's their world. Actually, I've never been there. Not really. I only drove over it in the dark when I came to this house. Colin, I was thinking - you and I might go on the moor some time.

KINDERTRANSPORT

by Diane Samuels

PUBLISHED BY NICK HERN BOOKS

EVA is a Jewish refugee, escaping to Britain from Germany just before World War Two. The scene begins with EVA at the window of a railway carriage surrounded by other refugees, waving goodbye to her mother and father as the train moves out of the station. Then she passes over the German border and on to Holland. She boards a boat bound for England and finally disembarks at Harwich.

EVA: (On the train bound for England.) Mutti! Vati! Hello! See. I did get into the carriage. I said I would. See, I'm not crying. I said I wouldn't. I can't open the window! It's sealed tight! Why've you taken your gloves off? You're knocking too hard. Your knuckles are going red! What? I can't hear you! (Train noise.) Louder! Louder! What! I can't hear! I can't... See you in England. (The train starts to move. EVA sits down.) I mustn't stare at that cross-eyed boy. What if he talks to me? (A young child starts to cry.) You mustn't cry. There's no point. Stop it!... We'll all see our muttis and vatis soon enough... And don't look at that cross-eyed boy.

(Announcing to everyone in the train.)

Did any of you know? In England all the men have pipes and look like Sherlock Holmes and everyone has a dog. It's the border! The border! Can't get us now! We're out! Out! Stuff your stupid Hitler!

(Sounds of train stopping. EVA is eating greedily.)

You know what? That Dutch lady said we can have as many cakes as we want. And sweets. And lemonade. I'm going to stuff my pockets for later. Who says it's naughty? They all want us to be happy, don't they? Well, that's what I'm doing. Making myself happy.

(Sounds of ship's horn.)

You know what? If you lick your lips you'll taste the salt. Sea salt. What d'you mean, Hook of Holland? It can't be. It's nothing like one. It isn't look at it. How's that a hook? (Coughing.) Excuse me... (About to be sick.) ...it won't come... No, I'm fine... Really... It's just nothing... Nothing will come out of me.

Well, I mean, five bridesmaids is one thing, and that's a bit much to start with, but evening up the numbers with a Page! Called lulian!

HARRIET: Well, I won.

(Ship's horn.)

This is Harwich, you know. It really is England. . .

(Sounds of disembarkation.)

Can you go through just like that? Don't they search you? (She picks up a penny.) A penny.
They have big money here. It must be a sign of good luck