(lines in Italics are not part of the monologue. They are just character descriptions to help you start building a character.)

Intermediate Monologue #1

**Peter**

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.

Intermediate Monologue #2

**Alice**

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? Hmmm. 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!