

## GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT

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*Enter GULLIVER staggering with exhaustion.*

GULLIVER: *(breathing heavily)* Oh...oh..I'm so...tired...so exhausted....all that swimming...and the ship wrecked...totally wrecked. *(sinks down to the ground)* I think all my friends must have been drowned...swept away. There's only me alive now..just me, Gulliver. *(looking around)* What is this place? Where am I? I'm just too tired to explore. I must sleep....must sleep...sleep *(gradually sleeps and sinks into deep snoring.*

*PAUSE. Gulliver snores more loudly and then begins to awake*

Ah, what a sleep....I was dreaming *(tries to sit up)* Ow! OW!...What's this, I can't move my head..it's stuck...my hair is stuck to the ground.....and my hands and arms....what's happening ? I can't move ANYTHING. OUCH! Something's pulling my hair. *(very slowly)* If I could just turn my head perhaps...OW..no, I'd better lie completely still on my back. The trouble is..I can only look up and the sun's in my eyes. Now what am I supposed to do? Just lie still, Gulliver and THINK. How did this happen? Am I stuck with glue..or..no..I can see now..if I just look down..I can see them all over my body...hundreds of tiny ropes fastening me to the ground..and my hair...there are pegs holding my hair down.

Wait a minute..can I feel something moving..yes it's coming up my left leg..I hope it's not a rat! It's coming close to my chest! *(exclaiming loudly)* WHAT...I don't believe this! It was a tiny man..only about six inches high. I think I saw several of them.and they all ran away. I know..I must speak more quietly..all those little people falling off me: it must be like falling down a mountain. All right....I didn't mean to frighten you..you can come back. Good heavens.....there's about forty of them..I've never seen anything like it..I can feel them coming back..climbing up....they're so small..and they've got bows and arrows ready to shoot at me..I must be careful of my eyes. There's one right up near my face..he's lifting his hand as if to say 'hello' No, don't do that..it tickles..It will make me blink or sneeze!

*(Struggling to free left arm)* If I could just...get..my arm free...*(pulls)* Done it! That's better *(feeling hair)* now I can feel how they have fixed my hair..perhaps I could.. OW..I can move my head *(looking towards audience)* Look at you all..hundreds of you looking at me! I'll catch one of you..agh..missed..he just wriggled through my fingers..it's OK..I'm not going to hurt you. *(suddenly shielding head with hands)* OW.. OW ..OW ..OW ..that hurts! OW..arrows..sticking in my hands, like needles..and my face STOP IT!! I can see what some of them are trying to do..stick spears into me.. thank goodness I'm wearing this thick jerkin. They can't pierce that. I'd better stop struggling and be friendly. I'll lie absolutely still. *( to audience)*.will you all please tell me when the little people are coming back?