

**TOO FAST**

by Douglas Maxwell

Too Fast was originally produced as part of National Theatre Connections 2011. The play is an ensemble comedy for young performers with a strong emotional heart and a huge theatrical reveal in the final scene.

Spoke's brother has just given a reading in church at the funeral of his friend who died in a car crash.

This speech doesn't have to be done with a Scottish accent.

**SPOKE'S BROTHER - 13/14 (SCOTTISH)**

What the hell am I doing back in here? I was supposed to go and sit with my mum and dad! Sake. Oh well. Would you all like to know how it went? Would it be useful if I describe, in detail, my recent experiences? To give you, you know, an idea of what awaits you on the other side?

Yeah it went okay actually. Nervous though see. (*His hands are shaking.*) I was all right until I looked up. They're even standing outside, all the way up the gravel to the graveyard. And there's speakers out there so everyone can hear. But a stand must've broken or something because Mr Gibbons is up on a plastic chair, holding a speaker in both hands, like this. I thought, god, whatever I say next will vibrate in his arms. It'll go all the way back to the graves. And when I looked back down at the reading I couldn't make out the words anymore. I could see them, but as like, marks on paper, not as real words with meanings. I heard someone say 'poor kid'. But I wasn't upset. Well, not until then. Cos then, after that, the meanings kind of came into focus. And now it *did* seem sad. Sad that all these words – every word from now on in – will vibrate nowhere near Ali. And I thought 'Poor Kid'. But I just read it. Without thinking or feeling or meaning or anything. And got off. I concentrated on not tripping and anyway ... it went okay.