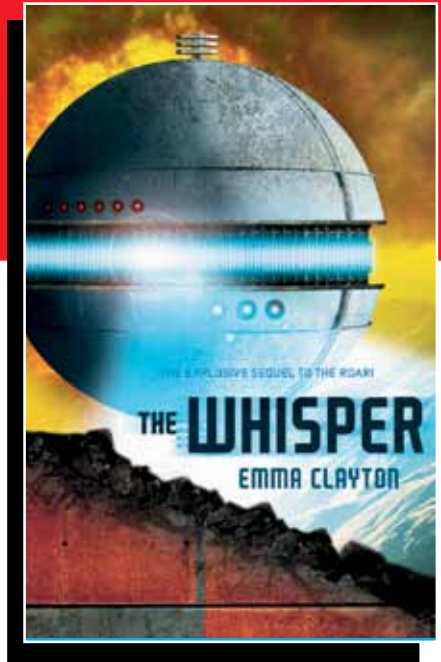


# Booktalk!



## The Whisper Book Talk Script

### *For this Book Talk you will need:*

- A copy of *The Whisper*
- Table with paper and pens spread out

**Engineer:** *(Cautiously)* Mr. Gorman sir?

**Gorman:** *(Sitting at the table working on plans he looks up annoyed)* What is it? Can't you see I am busy with battle plans?

**Engineer:** Yes sir, but...we have a problem.

**Gorman:** What kind of problem?

**Engineer:** You need to see this. *(Motion for Gorman to approach while you stand looking out an imaginary window).*

**Gorman:** *(Gasp, shocked)* WHAT are they doing?

**Engineer:** It looks as if they are gathering in a ring around the fortress. Your army of mutant children are preparing for battle. They seem to have *seen* something.

**Gorman:** *(Annoyed)* Well yes, it does seem that way. But what *have* they seen?

**Engineer:** Pod fighters, the ones that have just returned to the fortress. We think that's what they are interested in.

**Gorman:** *(Laugh out loud)* Brilliant! *(Mockingly)* So they have only now figured out there are Pod Fighters in the fortress? Did they think I would send them to war in their parent's hover cars? Children have no CLUE!

**Engineer:** Sir, the children are on the move. *(Point out the imaginary window again)*

☛ *continued on next page...*

# Booktalk!

## The Whisper Book Talk Script

### *Continued*

**Gorman:** Lock the doors. Don't let any of them back into the fortress. They will attempt to get to the bays and get the Pod Fighters. I don't like this. They are acting strange. I want all the children back under control.  
*(Mutter under your breath)* I told them to sleep until they are needed and they aren't listening...why are they trying to run away from me?

**Engineer:** Sir? We are attempting to get the army under control. They are not responding to the demands being sent through their implanted chips.

**Gorman:** *(With authority)* Release the creeper nets. Once they feel the stab of the creeper nets, they will remember who is in control. I want my army back in bed now! *(Turn on your heels and walk away).*

**Engineer:** *(Stutter, worried)* Yes s... s... sir. *(salute as the engineer exits)*

