



CITY AND ISLINGTON SIXTH FORM COLLEGE

DRAMA AND THEATRE

BRIDGING ASSIGNMENT (GCSE TO A LEVEL)

Summer Assignment

Over the summer and in place of no longer having your GCSE's we would like you to begin thinking about the A-Level Drama and Theatre course that you have signed up to do at City & Islington Sixth Form.

What you need to do:

Task 1 (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Please choose ONE monologue from the selection in the booklet to prepare and learn; we don't mind which one and you do not have to stick to the ascribed gender. This must be ready to perform the first week of Year 12 Drama Lessons:

Female

Bride from Blood Wedding by Federico Garcia Lorca
Rosie from Things I Know To Be True by Andrew Bovell
Viola from Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare
Lady Macbeth from Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Male

Jamie from Chalk Farm by Kieran Hurley and AJ Taudevin
Presley from The Pitchfork Disney by Philip Ridley
Benedick from Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare
Macbeth from Macbeth by William Shakespeare

NB: It is recommended that you research and where possible to read the whole play from which your chosen monologue is from to give you a better understanding of how to perform it.

Task 2 (SEE PAGE 5)

- Read the extract provided from the A-level set text Fences by August Wilson*.
- Using the Setting description provided by Wilson you must create a set design for a production of this play with each of the significant set elements labelled. Please use the template provided.
- Write a 500 word response to how you would perform the character of Troy in this extract based on the information provided in the text. Make reference to both vocal and physical performance.

***Please note that this text is set by the exam board and does include language of the historical period from which it is set.**

Task 3

Watch 'Lovesong' by Abi Morgan and Frantic Assembly on Digital Theatre www.digitaltheatreplus.com

Log in details for City & Islington Sixth Form are as follows;

Username: student@candi.ac.uk

Password: studentaccess

NB: This login is for students enrolling in September only and should not be passed on to anyone else and will be not be available after the first week of lessons. Access is monitored by the institution and service.

Make notes during the production and then answer the following questions in as much detail as possible. Please use the actors, director and creative teams names when referencing them in the work.

- 1) What are the main themes of the play and how are these communicated through production elements such as set design, projection and lighting?
- 2) Pick two characters from the production and analyse their performances, what was the impact on you as an audience member and how was it achieved.
- 3) How is Physical Theatre used to develop the narrative? What movement sequence stood out to you in this production and why?
- 4) Give a description of a production element that is used to depict the passing of time in the play. How does this impact the overall themes and mood of the production?

Please remember: the above tasks will be used in class over the induction period. If you have any question about the task please or have issues access the material online do not be afraid to email Head of Drama, Spencer Wood on spencer.wood@fecolleges.london



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Task 1 monologue Please choose ONE

Female:

Bride from Blood Wedding by Federico Garcia Lorca

Because I went with him . . . I went with him. *Full of anguish.* And you would have gone too. I was a woman burning, covered in sores inside and out, and your son was a trickle of water which would give me children, land, health, but he was a dark river, full of branches, filling me with the murmur of its reeds, singing to me through clenched teeth. And I ran with your son, with your little boy of cold water, and the other one followed me with flocks of birds, so that I couldn't even walk, and my flesh filled with frost, the wounded flesh of a woman already withering, of a young girl burning. Listen to me well, I didn't want to, I didn't want to, do you hear? . . . I didn't want to. Your son was all I ever wished for, and I didn't betray him, but the other one sucked me in with the force of the sea, and nothing could ever have stopped me from going . . . not ever, not even if I'd been old and all your son's children were holding me by the hair.

No, no . . . Take your revenge. Look how soft my throat is; you could cut it as easily as a dahlia in your garden. But that's not true. I'm as clean and as pure as a new-born baby. And with the strength to prove it. Light a fire, and we'll put our hands into the flame; you for your son, me for my body. You'll be the first to take them out.

Female:

Rosie from Things I Know To be True by Andrew Bovell

Berlin. A winter coat. A travel bag. A red nose. And a broken heart. I'm standing on the platform at the train station. It's cold. The train is late and my socks are wet. I'm not quite sure how I got here or where I'm meant to go next.

I met him four nights ago and he was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen. His name was Emmanuel, of course and he came from Madrid. And I wonder if his name wasn't Emmanuel, if it was George or Steve..or not Steve because I don't think they have Steve, but anything other than Emmanuel, I wonder if I would have fallen for him quite so hard. I'd been travelling by myself for three months. The great European adventure. London. Dublin. Paris. Prague. Then Berlin. I'd been saving for a year. Café work, bar work, babysitting. Mum and Dad said don't go by yourself. It's too dangerous. Go on a tour or at least with some girlfriends.

I'll meet people. I told them. I'll be fine. But meeting people is harder than you think. I mean I did, meet people, at hostels and stuff but mainly other Australians. And it was fun for a night or two. But the boys just wanted to have sex and I guess that's alright but if I wanted sex with an Australian boy I would have stayed in Hallett Cove. So I go to the churches and the museums and the galleries and I walk through the cobbled streets and I sit in cafes trying to look mysterious and everything is so beautiful. Everything is what I was expecting it to be. And yet somehow I want it to be more.

I skype home once a week and tell Mum and Dad what an amazing place Europe is. They've never been. I tell them I'm having the best time because I can't bear the thought of them being disappointed for me. And when I skype my brother Mark, I pretend the camera on my lap top is broken because he knows me and he will see it in my face. He'll see that it's all a mess and he'll tell me to come home but I can't go home, not yet, I mean then, I couldn't go home then because it would be such a.... defeat. I don't know what it's meant to be. I don't know what I'm meant to do. I keep wondering when it will start. Life. When will life start?



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Task 1 monologue Please choose ONE

Female:

Lady Macbeth from Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Lady Macbeth: The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth: Great Gamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
Yjis ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Female:

Viola from Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

Viola: I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Male:

Jamie from Chalk Farm by Kieran Hurleye

Jamie:

And people are running about crazy like
filling up shopping trolleys full of all sorts
of shit, like crisps, like bread, like fucking
washing powder. And suddenly I'm not
outside watching myself running in and
jumping and smiling and shouting. I'm inside
and I'm stood still staring at this big shiny
stand lined with bottles of fizzy pink wine.
And I'm thinking about mum. And I'm
thinking about how I can't remember the last
time I seen her properly smile. How I don't
even see her no more. And in my head I can
see her with her big round smiling cheeks,
drinking that pink fizz and I'm thinking about
how that would make her happy. A treat. Like
a treat, you know? And I'm thinking: I can
just take it. I can just actual take it.

continued overleaf:



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continued:

Male:

Jamie from Chalk Farm by Kieran Hurleye

Jamie:

Junior's standing up on the checkout desk doing like a mad dance like a fucking monkey or something. Stamping on shit and tearing it up with his hands, big smile on his face. Someone shouts 'Oi dickhead it's empty they take the money off site!' And he just gives them this big wide-eyed look as if to say 'Who the fuck cares mate? Who the fuck even cares?' And he reaches down with both his hands and rips out the drawer from the cash desk and holds it above his head and just stands there laughing like a fucking mad man.

'Oi!' He says, 'Oi! Jamie, catch!' But I've got both hands trying to carry this big crate of pink fizzy wine for mum yeah, and there's all charging and pushing around me but Junior don't care the fucking idiot, he just launches

Task 1 monologue Please choose ONE

Male:

Presley from The Pitchfork Disney by Philip Ridley

Presley: I saved my pocket money for three weeks. I didn't buy anything. No comics, no crisps, no sweets. I went to a pet shop and bought this tiny green snake instead. A grass snake they called it. When I got home I played with the snake. It felt warm and soft. I was scared but I still had to hold it. I liked the way it wrapped itself round my fingers like an electric shoelace. And then.... then I realised. I could never keep it. Not as a pet. Where would it sleep? What would it eat? Where would it go when I went to school? It was a stupid thing to buy. So I had to get rid of it. But how? All sorts of things occurred to me: flush it down the toilet, bury it, throw it from a tower block. But all the while another thought was taking shape. A thought so wonderful it seemed the only thing to do. So I got a frying pan and put it on the gas stove. I put a bit of butter in the pan and turned the gas up full. The fat started to crackle and smoke. I dropped the snake into the frying pan. It span round and round and its skin burst open like the skin of a sausage. It took ages to die. Its tiny mouth opened and closed and its black eyes exploded. But it was wonderful to watch. All that burning and scalding and peeling. I got a fork and stuck the prongs into the skin. Boiling black blood bubbled out of the holes. When the snake was dead I put it on a plate. I cut the snake into bite size pieces. I tasted it like greasy chicken. I ate it all and licked the plate afterwards. When Mum got home she saw I'd been cooking and hit me. She didn't know anything about the snake. All she was worried about was the scorched patch on the frying pan. She said "I'll have to buy a new one now" But she never did.



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Male:

Benedick from Much Ado About Nothing by William

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by failing in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabour and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

Male:

Macbeth from Macbeth by William Shakespeare

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly: if the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust; First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on the other.



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Task 2

Fences by August Wilson

Fences The Play

Near the turn of the century, the destitute of Europe sprang on the city with tenacious claws and an honest and solid dream. The city devoured them. They swelled its belly until it burst into a thousand furnaces and sewing machines, a thousand butcher shops and bakers' ovens, a thousand churches and hospitals and funeral parlors and money-lenders. The city grew. It nourished itself and offered each man a partnership limited only by his talent, his guile, and his willingness and capacity for hard work. For the immigrants of Europe, a dream dared and won true.

The descendants of African slaves were offered no such welcome or participation. They came from places called the Carolinas and the Virginias, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. They came strong, eager, searching. The city rejected them and they fled and settled along the riverbanks and under bridges in shallow, ramshackle houses made of sticks and tar-paper. They collected rags and wood. They sold the use of their muscles and their bodies. They cleaned houses and washed clothes, they shined shoes, and in quiet desperation and vengeful pride, they stole, and lived in pursuit of their own dream. That they could breathe free, finally, and stand to meet life with the force of dignity and whatever eloquence the heart could call upon.

By 1957, the hard-won victories of the European immigrants had solidified the industrial might of America. War

Fences Act 1

Talking about . . . "What watermelon, Mr. Rand?" I liked to fell out! "What watermelon, Mr. Rand?" . . . And it sitting there big as life.

BONO: What did Mr. Rand say?

TROY: Ain't said nothing. Figure if the nigger too dumb to know he carrying a watermelon, he wasn't gonna get much sense out of him. Trying to hide that great big old watermelon under his coat. Afraid to let the white man see him carry it home.

BONO: I'm like you . . . I ain't got no time for them kind of people.

TROY: Now what he look like getting mad cause he see the man from the union talking to Mr. Rand?

BONO: He come to me talking about . . . "Maxson gonna get us fired." I told him to get away from me with that. He walked away from me calling you a troublemaker. What Mr. Rand say?

TROY: Ain't said nothing. He told me to go down the Commissioner's office next Friday. They called me down there to see them.

BONO: Well, as long as you got your complaint filed, they can't fire you. That's what one of them white fellows tell me.

TROY: I ain't worried about them firing me. They gonna fire me cause I asked a question? That's all I did. I went to Mr. Rand and asked him, "Why?" Why you got the white mens driving and the colored lifting?" Told him, "what's the matter, don't I count? You think only white fellows got sense enough to drive a truck. That ain't no paper job! Hell, anybody can drive a truck. How come you got all whites driving and the colored lifting? He told



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Task 2

Fences by August Wilson

Fences Act 1

me "take it to the union." Well, hell, that's what I done! Now they wanna come up with this pack of lies.

BONO: I told Brownie if the man come and ask him any questions . . . just tell the truth! It ain't nothing but something they done trumped up on you cause you filed a complaint on them.

TROY: Brownie don't understand nothing. All I want them to do is change the job description. Give everybody a chance to drive the truck. Brownie can't see that. He ain't got that much sense.

BONO: How you figure he be making out with that gal be up at Taylors' all the time . . . that Alberta gal?

TROY: Same as you and me. Getting just as much as we is. Which is to say nothing.

BONO: It is, huh? I figure you doing a little better than me . . . and I ain't saying what I'm doing.

TROY: Aw, nigger, look here . . . I know you. If you had got anywhere near that gal, twenty minutes later you be looking to tell somebody. And the first one you gonna tell . . . that you gonna want to brag to . . . is gonna be me.

BONO: I ain't saying that. I see where you be eyeing her.

TROY: I eye all the women. I don't miss nothing. Don't never let nobody tell you Troy Maxson don't eye the women.

BONO: You been doing more than eyeing her. You done bought her a drink or two.

TROY: Hell yeah, I bought her a drink! What that mean? I bought you one, too. What that mean cause I buy her a drink? I'm just being polite.