



DRAMA AND THEATRE STUDIES 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

Please choose ONE monologue from the selection to prepare and learn; we do not mind which one and you do not have to stick to the ascribed gender. This must be ready to perform in the second 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, read the whole play from which your chosen monologue is from to give you a better understanding of how to perform it.

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TASK 1

BRIDE from Blood Wedding by Federico Garcia Lorca

BRIDE:

Because I ran with another, I ran! (Anguished)
You too, you would have gone. I was a woman on fire, wounded inside and out, and your son was a stream of water that could give me sons, land, health; but the other was a dark river, filled with branches, that brought me the murmur of its reeds, and its song between clenched teeth. And I went with your son who was like a child born of water, cold, while the other sent flocks of birds that prevented me walking, and sent frost into the wounds of a poor withered woman, a girl scorched by the flames. I did not want it. Listen to me! I did

not want it. Do you hear? I did not want it. Your son was my goal, and I did not betray him, but the other seized me in his arms like a wave of the sea, struck me like the kick of a mule, and I must be dragged along forever, forever, forever, forever, even if I had been old and all your son's sons had held me back by the hair!

Take your revenge; here I am! Look how tender my throat is; it would cost you less effort to cut it than to cull a dahlia in your garden. But, what you say is not so! I'm as chaste and pure as a new-born babe. And with the power to prove it. Light a fire. Let's put our hands into its flames; you for your son, I, for my body. You'll be the first to withdraw.

ROSIE from Things I Know To be True by Andrew Bovell

ROSIE:

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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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 the 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 murdering 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 Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

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!

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BENEDICK from Much Ado About Nothing by William Shakespeare

BENEDICK:

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 falling 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.

MACBETH from Macbeth by William Shakespeare

MACBETH:

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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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. Oh, it was wonderful to watch. All that burning and scalding and peeling. I got a fork and stuck the prongs into its 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.

JAMIE from Chalk Farm by Kieran Hurley

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 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 actually take it.

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 its 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 my mum yeah, and there's all charging and pushing around me but Junior don't care the fucking idiot, he launches it right at me, smashing into the wine shelf behind me blowing up all the bottles. And I drop the crate – smash – and I'm standing in the middle of this fucking explosion yeah of glass and pink fizz!

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TASK 2

- 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. This language will not be used in class during practical activities or performance tasks.

The above tasks will be used in class over the induction period and therefore vital they are completed before lessons begin.

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TASK 2

FENCES – A play by August Wilson

Characters

TROY MAXSON

JIM BONO Troy's Friend

ROSE Troy's wife

LYONS Troy's Oldest son by
previous marriage

GABRIEL Troy's brother

CORY Troy and Rose's son

RAYNELL Troy's daughter

Setting:

The setting is the yard which fronts the only entrance to the MAXSON household, an ancient two-story brick house set back off a small alley in a big-city neighbourhood. The entrance to the house is gained by two or three steps leading to a wooden porch badly in need of paint.

A relatively recent addition to the house and running its full width, the porch lacks congruence. It is a sturdy porch with a flat roof. One or two chairs of dubious value sit at one end where the kitchen window opens onto the porch. An old-fashioned icebox stands silent guard at the opposite end.

The yard is a small dirt yard, partially fenced, except for the last scene, with a wooden sawhorse, a pile of lumber, and other fence-building equipment set off to the side. Opposite is a tree from which hangs a ball made of rags. A baseball bat leans against the tree. Two oil drums serve as garbage receptacles and sit near the house at right to complete the setting.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE:

It is 1957. TROY and BONO enter the yard, engaged in conversation. TROY is fifty-three years old, a large man with thick, heavy hands; it is this largeness that he strives to fill out and make an accommodation with. Together with his blackness, his largeness informs his sensibilities and the choices he has made in his life.

Of the two men, BONO is obviously the follower. His commitment to their friendship of thirty-odd years is rooted in his admiration of TROY's honesty, capacity for hard work, and his strength, which BONO seeks to emulate.

It is Friday night, payday, and the one night of the week the two men engage in a ritual of talk and drink. TROY is usually the most talkative and at times he can be crude and almost vulgar, though he is capable of rising to profound heights of expression. The men carry lunch buckets and wear or carry burlap aprons and are dressed in clothes suitable to their jobs as garbage collectors.

BONO: Troy, you ought to stop that lying!

TROY: I ain't lying! The nigger had a watermelon this big.

(He indicates with his hands.)

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 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 the m 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.

STAGE DESIGN TEMPLATE (AUDIENCE VIEW)

