

# Sixth Form Transition Tasks

DRAMA





# What you need to do

On the following slides are 5 tasks.

You can attempt them in any order you wish.

- Try to complete as many as you can.
- Most importantly – **ENJOY THEM!**



1.



SET TEXTS:

**ANTIGONE**



# Antigone - Greek tragedy



## Research Ancient Greek Theatre

- <http://www.ancientgreece.com/s/Theatre/>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VeTeK9kvxyo>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aSRLK7SogvE>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gnoZmoZbjwg>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rOXUySKf1gM>

You will be studying Greek theatre and your set text is Antigone by Sophocles. Use the links opposite to find out more about the importance of theatre in Ancient Greece.



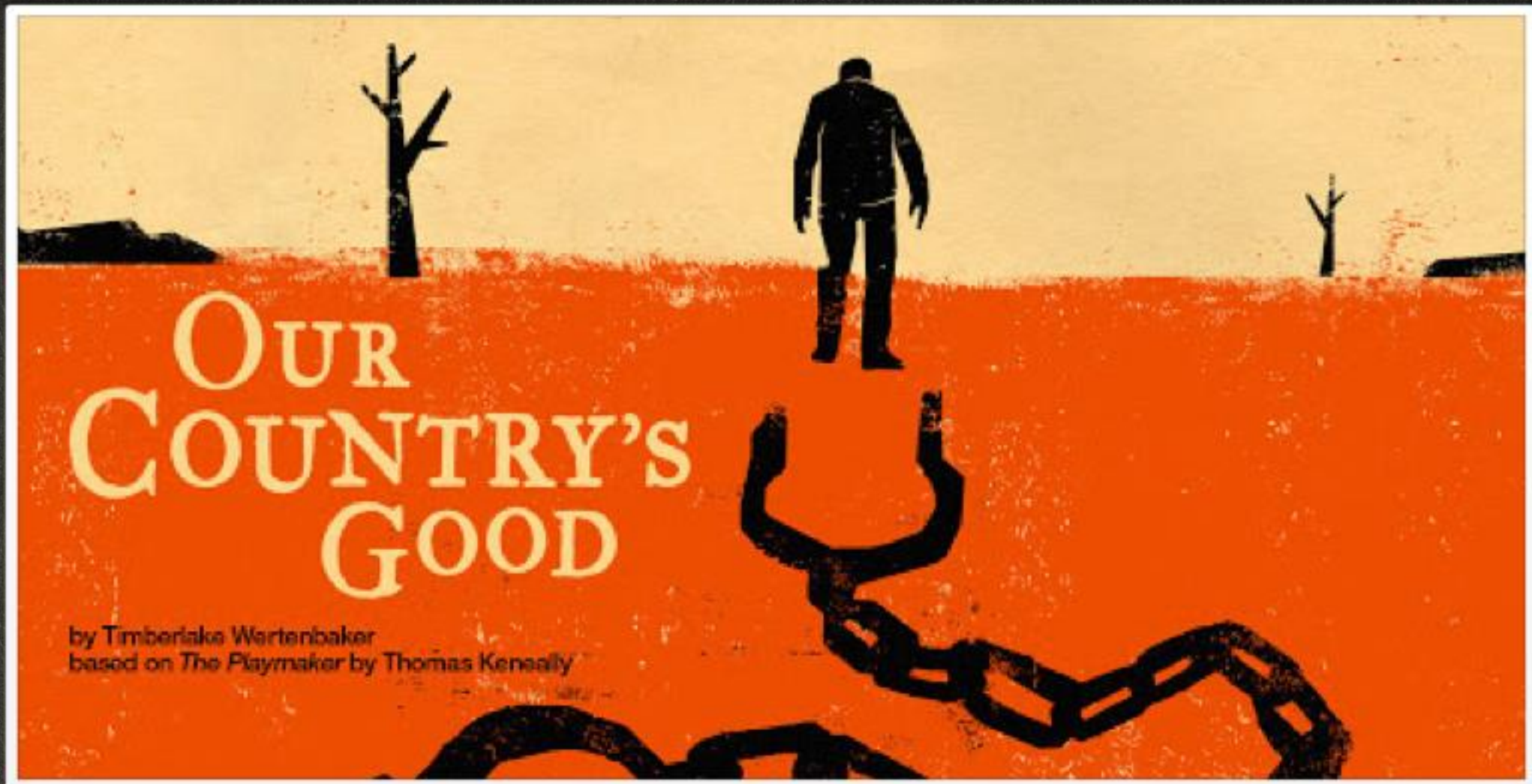


# SET TEXT: Antigone - Sophocles

- Now you know a little more about Greek Theatre, why not learn some more?
- Why not use this time productively and purchase the play and read it ahead of September. **Write down your initial understanding of the plot.**
- Watch the play [online](#): You will need to use Username: 1Yn\*1Xb\* Password: 4Zj#2Qk# **\*IMPORTANT: You CANNOT offer those details to anyone or post on social media\***  
**Write a theatre review**



2.



SET TEXTS:

**OUR COUNTRY'S GOOD**



# SET TEXT: Our Country's Good - Timberlake Wertenbaker

- You will study **Our Country's Good** next year.
- Why not use this time productively and purchase the play and read it ahead of September. **Write down your initial understanding of the plot.**
- Watch the play [online](#): **Write a theatre review**



4.



# RESEARCH DRAMA PRACTITIONERS

KONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKI

BERTOLT BRECHT

ANTONIN ARTAUD

FRANTIC ASSEMBLY



# Practitioners

Don't forget to email 'US' your fact files

- Research **Stanislavski** and create a fact file.
  - Research **Brecht** and create a fact file.
- Research **Artaud** and create a fact file.
- Research **Frantic Assembly** and create a fact file. Another website.
- *(See next slide for an example of how to create a fact file however you can do this in an alternative way if you wish.)*



# Example of fact file

Image of practitioner	Practitioner's name
Quote from the practitioner	
Background / key info about Practitioner	
Style of theatre Practitioner is associated with e.g. Naturalism / Epic etc.	Other info
Example of plays linked to practitioner	



5.



LEARN AND PERFORM A MONOLOGUE





# Take centre stage!!!



Choose a monologue, learn the dialogue, rehearse and then record your self performing it off-script.

You can choose one of the examples on the following slides, a monologue you are already familiar with, or you can search the site below.

<https://stageagent.com/monologues>



## TOP TIP:

You will need to research the play's context in order to perform your monologue well.







## Christopher **The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time** ●

Male, mid teens, present day

It was 7 minutes after midnight. The dog was lying on the grass in the middle of the lawn in front of Mrs. Shears's house. Its eyes were closed. It looked as if it was running on its side, the way dogs run when they think they are chasing a cat in a dream. But the dog was not running or asleep. The dog was dead. There was a garden fork sticking out of the dog. The points of the fork must have gone all the way through the dog and into the ground because the fork had not fallen over. I decided that the dog was probably killed with the fork because I could not see any other wounds in the dog and I do not think you would stick a garden fork into a dog after it had died for some other reason, like cancer, for example, or a road accident. But I could not be certain about this. I went through Mrs. Shears's gate, closing it behind me. I walked onto her lawn and knelt beside the dog. I put my hand on the muzzle of the dog. It was still warm. The dog was called Wellington. It belonged to Mrs. Shears, who was our friend. She lived on the opposite side of the road, two houses to the left. Wellington was a poodle. Not one of the small poodles that have hairstyles but a big poodle. It had curly black fur, but when you got close you could see that the skin underneath the fur was a very pale yellow, like chicken. I stroked Wellington and wondered who had killed him, and why.

My name is Christopher John Francis Boone. I know all the countries of the world and their capital cities and every prime number up to 7,057. Eight years ago, when I first met Siobhan, she showed me this picture and I knew that it meant "sad," which is what I felt when I found the dead dog. Then she showed me this picture and I knew that it meant "happy," like when I'm reading about the Apollo space missions, or when I am still awake at 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. in the morning and I can walk up and down the street and pretend that I am the only person in the whole world. Then she drew some other pictures but I was unable to say what these meant. I got Siobhan to draw lots of these faces and then write down next to them exactly what they meant. I kept the piece of paper in my pocket and took it out when I didn't understand what someone was saying. But it was very difficult to decide which of the diagrams was most like the face they were making because people's faces move very quickly.



## Kipps from *The Woman in Black*

male, 50s, 1930

There is only one last thing to tell. Within a few weeks Stella and I were married, and a little over a year later, Stella gave birth to our child, a son, whom we called Joseph Arthur Samuel, and Mr Samuel Daily was his godfather. I never thought of the past, I was filled with joy and contentment in my life. I was in a particularly peaceful, happy frame of mind one Sunday afternoon the following Summer. We had gone to large park, ten miles or so outside London. There was a festive holiday air about the place, a lake, a bandstand, stall selling ices and fruit. Families strolled in the sunshine, children tumbled on the grass. Stella and I walked happily, with young Joseph taking a few unsteady steps holding onto our hands. One of the attractions on offer was a pony and trap on which rides could be taken, and little Joseph gestured to it excitedly. So because there was only room for two, Stella took Joseph and I stood, watching them bowl merrily down the rise. For a while they went out of sight away around a bend, and I began to look idly about me at the other enjoyers of the afternoon. And then quite suddenly, I saw her. (sound effect of a horrific crash).

Our baby son had been thrown clear, clear against another tree. He lay crumpled on the grass below it, dead. And ten months later, Stella too, died of her injuries. (pause) I had seen the ghost of Jennet Humfrye, and she had had her revenge. You asked for my story, I have told it. Enough.







## Alfred Doolittle from Pygmalion

cockney dustman, 50s, 1870s



In Higgin's parlour

DOOLITTLE: Don't say that, Governor. Don't look at it that way. What am I, Governors both? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor: that's what I am. Think of what that means to a man. It means that he's up agen middle class morality all the time. If there's anything going, and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: 'You're undeserving; so you can't have it.' But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband. I don't need less than a deserving man: I need more. I don't eat less hearty than him; and I drink a lot more. I want a bit of amusement, cause I'm a thinking man. I want cheerfulness and a song and a band when I feel low. Well, they charge me just the same for everything as they charge the deserving. What is middle class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me anything. Therefore, I ask you, as two gentlemen, not to play that game on me. I'm playing straight with you. I ain't pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and that's the truth. Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.



# Lady Macbeth

ACT I SCENE V Macbeth's castle, Inverness

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger*

What is your tidings?





# Lady Bracknell 'The Importance of Being Earnest'

50s, 1890s, aristocracy

LADY BRACKNELL: Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr. Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice . . . as far as any improvement in his ailment goes. Well, Algernon, of course if you are obliged to be beside the bedside of Mr. Bunbury, I have nothing more to say. But I would be much obliged if you would ask Mr. Bunbury, from me, to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday, for I rely on you to arrange my music for me. It is my last reception, and one wants something that will encourage conversation, particularly at the end of the season when every one has practically said whatever they had to say, which, in most cases, was probably not much.





# Janet from *Five Kinds of Silence* by Shelagh Stephenson

female early, 20s, present day



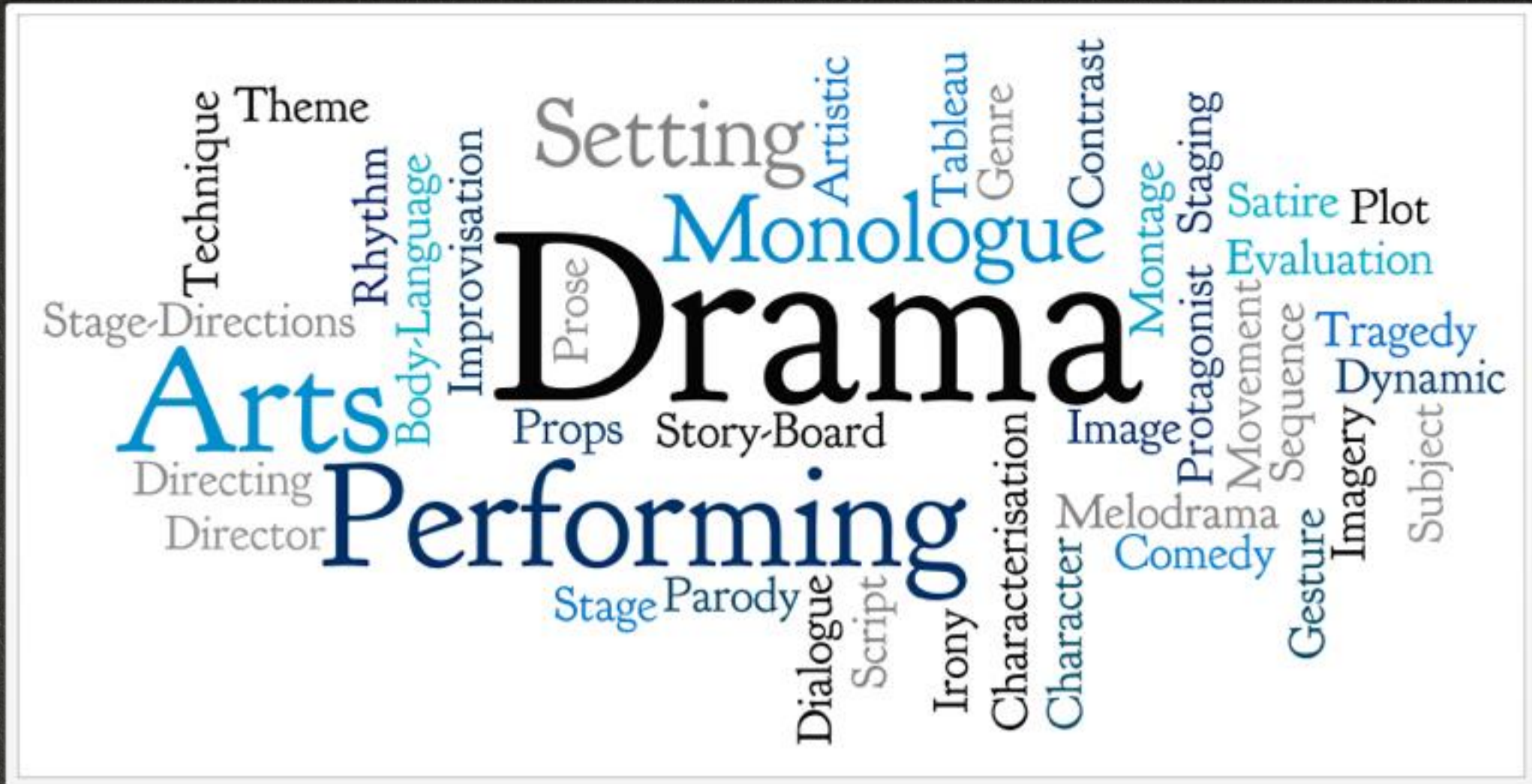
I can't sleep Mum, I can't sleep on my own the bed's too big there are noises in the room, things creak, footsteps on the stairs, out in the corridor, I think it's him, every time I think it's him. They say he's dead but what if he's not? The golden glow's gone. Euphoria, they said, hysteria. Small dreams I had then, a glimpse of him, a hand here, a breath there, but quick to go. He's shrinking I thought, death has shrivelled him, soon he'll be gone. He's back now, the whole of him, his breath on my face, his hands in my hair, pulling me to places I want to forget.

I'm not strong like Susan, soon I will die of this. Smile he says, smile. Big dreams now, huge dreams, no point in sleeping, there's no rest in it, no ease. Close my eyes and I'm trapped in the film of our life. Snap. Another photo. Snap. Smile Janet, smile. What will they make of these happy family snaps, our sandals and frocks, our arms entwined, a rabbit eating grass at our feet. And we're smiling smiling smiling smiling for our lives but at the back of my head I say please someone read this secret sign, I'm sending you a message read it read it please. This is not real this is not true, can't you see it in my eye. He kicks us where it can't

be seen, under our hair, under our clothes, he boots us across the room. I want to tear off my dress and shout look look look look look. I look at the photo and where is the message, the sign in my eye? I look at the photo and we're just smiling.



6.



DEFINE KEY DRAMA TERMINOLOGY



Can you define the following key words.  
Mostly likely, these words will be new to you.

	Key Word	Definition
1	theatre of the absurd	
2	theatre in education	
3	naturalism	
4	forum theatre	
5	physical theatre	
6	verbatim theatre	
7	apron	
8	backstage	
9	black box	
10	black comedy	
11	box set :	
12	brace :	
13	catharsis	
14	characterisation	
15	charonian steps	



	<b>Key Word</b>	<b>Definition</b>
16	chorus	
17	colour filter	
18	commedia dell'arte	
19	cyclorama	
20	deus ex machina	
21	amphitheatre:	
22	end on	
23	theatre in the round	
24	thrust staging	
25	traverse stage	
26	doubling	
27	ensemble	
28	epilogue	
29	fly	
30	gauze	
31	gel	
32	mask	
33		



	<b>Key Word</b>	<b>Definition</b>
34	kitchen-sink drama	
35	method acting	
36	epic theatre	
37	pathos	
38	prologue	
39	rake	
40	realism	
41	revolve	
42	wash	
43	trap	
44	orchestra	
45	parados	
46	motivation	
47	Given cirumstances	
48	gobo	
49	truck	
50	genre	



GO   
FURTHER

# National Theatre home

WATCH A PLAY  
(ONLINE FOR **FREE**)

**NATIONAL THEATRE**



# NATIONAL THEATRE

- Watch as many live streamed performances using our [School Login](#).
- You will need to use Username: 1Yn\*1Xb\* Password: 4Zj#2Qk#
- \*IMPORTANT: You CANNOT offer those details to anyone or post on social media\*
- *Complete a theatre review. Give it a star rating out of 5. What did you like about the play? What did you dislike and why?*