



## Pre-entry Preparation, Requirements and Recommendations

Welcome to A-Level Drama and Theatre Studies at Comberton Sixth Form

This creative and challenging course develops your skills in acting, directing, and devising. You will analyse and evaluate performances, texts, and your own practice. Studying a range of theatrical practitioners will help you apply their theories to your own practical work through the numerous examination performance pieces.

At A Level we follow the AQA specification for Drama and Theatre Studies at Comberton Sixth Form. The aims of the course are to:

- Develop students' interest and enjoyment in drama and theatre both as participants and as informed members of an audience, fostering an enthusiasm for and critical appreciation of the art form.
- Develop understanding and appreciation of the significance of social, cultural and historical influences on the development of drama and theatre.
- Experience a range of opportunities to develop a variety of dramatic and theatrical skills, enabling students to grow creatively and imaginatively in both devised and scripted work.
- Integrate theory and practice through students' understanding of critical concepts and the use of specialist terminology.
- Develop the skills as a director, designer and as an actor in a number of different contexts.

### Preparation

Students embarking on this course should have enthusiasm for Drama and the theatre and a willingness to investigate a full range of theatrical styles and conventions. Theatre visits are an integral part of the course and several will be arranged throughout the year.

To prepare for the course you should consider the latest trends in theatre and culture and start to see a diverse range of productions in a professional context. This can be achieved by *reading The Stage Newspaper* on a regular basis, and *visiting a number of theatre productions* with an emphasis on different styles and genres.

With so many resources online presently, it is also worth while exploring what shows you can watch, what workshops you can participate in and look at companies such as the National Theatre, Frantic Assembly, Gecko, Matthew Bourne and Wise Children.

You will also need to *prepare a monologue* over the summer and the information for that has been attached.

### Requirements

You will need an A4 file to store your notes, along with lined paper, pens and pencils. With the practical nature of the course you will need to wear appropriate and comfortable attire for physical exploration.

We will provide scripts and textbooks for use during lessons and there will be copies available for use in the Sixth Form library. However, you will need to purchase your own copies to annotate in for exam preparation. We will forward you the titles and versions of the scripts we will be studying in due course.

If you have any queries about your course preparation please contact Jeremy Frost, Head of Drama and Theatre Studies: [jfrost@combertonvc.org](mailto:jfrost@combertonvc.org)

## Year 12 Monologue Brief for September 2023

As a student of Drama and Theatre Studies there will be a vast demand on you and the rest of the group to perform prepared pieces on 5 different occasions.

Therefore, we would like you to choose from one of the monologues attached and prepare it for performance in September at the start of term. You will need to consider your interpretation of the chosen text and consider how you will stage it for the rest of the group. The amount of preparation you put into this exercise is entirely up to you – however:

- **read all the extracts before making your choice**
- **choose an appropriate monologue, out of the three, that you are drawn towards (choose carefully – as the obvious choice does not always play to your strengths or you might simply want a challenge!)**
- **you should aim to be off script**
- **you need be confident with your directorial decisions**
- **you might want to consider the context of the extract in regards to the play it is taken from**
- **consider how the audience may (or may not) be used.**

Any questions should be directed to the Head of Drama and Theatre Studies (Mr J Frost) using:

[jfrost@combertonvc.org](mailto:jfrost@combertonvc.org).

The extracts are as follows:

Group 1	<b>#1</b> Taken from ' <i>Immaculate</i> ' by Oliver Lansley  <b>Mia</b> – has woken up 8 months pregnant and has no idea how! Slightly farcical and comic timing is important.
	<b>#2</b> Taken from ' <i>Karamazoo</i> ' by Philip Ridley  <b>Ace</b> – 15 year old girl waiting for a first date A teens perspective on the opposite sex – comical and full of teen attitude
	<b>#3</b> Taken from ' <i>Pink Mist</i> ' by Owen Sheers  <b>Lisa</b> – having to cope with the emotional turmoil of her husband returning from war with PTSD as well as their young son Tom. Emotional driven
Group 2	<b>#4</b> Taken from ' <i>Karamazoo</i> ' by Philip Ridley  <b>Ace</b> – 15 year old boy waiting for a first date A teens perspective on the opposite sex – comical and full of teen attitude
	<b>#5</b> Taken from ' <i>Many Moons</i> ' by Alice Birch  <b>Robert</b> – is a carer for his partner June who now suffers from Parkinson's disease. Truthful, honest and emotional
	<b>#6</b> Taken from ' <i>Things I know to be True</i> ' by Andrew Bovell  <b>Mark</b> – now part of a dysfunctional family, he recalls memories from the family garden that have stuck with him for life. Thought provoking and guilt ridden.

## Year 12 - Monologues

Group 1 #1

Taken from 'Immaculate' by Oliver Lansley

**Mia**

*As the light comes up, the phone begins to ring. After a moment, a voice shouts from offstage.*

Mia (offstage). Sod off.

*She continues to curse at the ringing phone from offstage. A toilet flushes as lights come up on a small room. It is functional with little in it.*

*The phone continues to ring persistently as MIA continues to shout abuse at it from offstage.*

Sod off...I'm coming...Alright...OK...hang on for Christ's sake!

*MIA bursts onto the stage. She is clearly heavily pregnant and dressed in comfortable tracksuit-style clothes. She is holding a pregnancy test. She answers the phone. She is slightly frantic.*

WHAT?

Yes...YES, I've just done it...

I've got it here...

I'm looking at it now...

Well, it doesn't say anything yet...

I don't know how long...five minutes?

*She picks up the home pregnancy-test instructions and reads the back.*

The pack just says a few...

Well, I don't know how long...five minutes?

*She disregards the instructions.*

This is ridiculous...

I can't be – it's not possible...

No literally...

Biologically...

No...literally, I literally haven't had sex since Michael...

I know...

I KNOW...

Well, there's definitely something in there...

I can feel it moving around...so how do you explain the massive bulge I'm hiding under my sister's jumper?

...because she's fatter than me and my jumpers won't fit...

..yes. I'm sure it's not just gas...

*Looking at watch.*

Three and a half...

OK...

*She stares at the test.*

I can see something...

Something's happening...

It's a line...

It's a blue line...

What the hell does a blue line mean?

*She desperately fishes around for instructions and reads them frantically. Suddenly she stops moving and stares forward.*

Bugger!

## Year 12 - Monologues

Group 1 #2
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Taken from 'Karamazoo' by Philip Ridley

**ACE**, fifteen years old, has a hair style and outfit that yell, 'Look at me! I'm gorgeous!' – She is speaking into a mobile phone.

**Ace** Guess who? Why, it's me. Guess where I am? Oh! Surprise, surprise! I'm at the place where we arranged to meet. Guess who's not here? Guess who's hacking me off? Guess whose life won't be worth living if he don't turn up here in the next sixty seconds. Bye!

*Hangs up.*

This is what happens when you make a date with a bloody Hatchling – Oh! That's one of my words. It describes a certain boy. One who acts like a baby duck. You know? After a duck pecks out its shell the first thing it claps eyes on – Quack-quack! Love! Well, that's what Mr Not Here On Time was like. First day I joined the school – There he is! Eyes wide. Tongue down to his knees. Pure Hatchling! I've got words for most sorts of people. I'm good with words. I take after my dad but...well, that's another story.

*Slight pause*

Charity! That's what my agreeing to meet him is. He's not even cute. A Hatchling can sometimes be amusing if they're cute. Nicole – she had a Hatchling last year by all accounts, and she says he used to buy her little presents and send her love poems and – more importantly – looked terrific without his shirt on. I've seen a photo of him and, believe me, that boy put the 'it' back in fit. A Hatchling like that I could live with. A Hatchling like that I might encourage. But my one – and I don't wanna sound mean, I really don't, but facts is facts and he puts the 'ug' back in ugly. He wears T-shirts the size of marquees for one thing which is usually a sign of acute six-pack shortage in my experience. And as for his ears...well, let's just say if a strong wind catches him unawares he could end up in Alaska quicker than you can say flying elephants. Oh, I know what you're thinking. Bitchy cow. But I'm not. I'm just being honest.

*Dials on phone*

I'm getting wound up now. You offer a Hatchling with deformed ears and a flaccid stomach a date out with the goodness of your heart and – *(into the phone)* Guess who? Me again! Guess what I'm doing! Still waiting for you!

*Hangs up*

## Year 12 - Monologues

Group 1 #3
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Taken from 'Pink Mist' by Owen Sheers

**Lisa**

...When I saw him again  
It wasn't just his body what had changed,  
It was Geraint – all of him.  
Like something up there had made him whole.  
So yeah, the army made him.  
But then they broke him too, didn't they?  
And who had to pick up the pieces then?  
Not all the king's horses I can tell you,  
Or all the king's men.

It was like suddenly I had two kids, not one,  
Gerraint, as well as Tom.  
Falling asleep on his meds, middle of the day.  
Not talking, then next minute having it all to say.  
Howling, crying, throwing tantrums.  
Waking in the middle of the night,  
pissing the bed. They both did that.  
Only Tom never hit me when I tried to hold him,  
Like Geraint did.  
Or stared into my eyes, soaked with sweat,  
Looking t somethings countries away.  
Tom didn't have the last year of his life  
Flashing like a trailer across his mind all day,  
Or a habit of letting fags burn to his knuckle,  
then blister his skin.  
He didn't have this look that said 'I'll never let you in'.  
And he didn't have a father either, or at least  
Not the one that went away.  
He had Geraint instead,  
Drinking, popping pills, his face tense with pain.  
A man who used to be hi dad, but now just there,  
Broken by war into a boy again.

Pink mist. That's what they call it.  
When one of your mates hasn't just bought it,  
But goes in a flash, from being there to not.  
A direct hit. An IED. An RPG stuck in the gut.  
However it happens you open your eyes  
And that's all they are.  
A fine spray of pink, a delicate mist  
As if some genie has granted a wish.  
There, and then not.  
A dirty trick you pray isn't true.  
White heat. Code red. Pink mist.

## Year 12 - Monologues

Group 2 #4
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Taken from 'Karamazoo' by Philip Ridley

**ACE**, fifteen years old, has a hair style and outfit that yell, 'Look at me! I'm gorgeous!' – He is speaking into a mobile phone.

**Ace** What's the story, eh? We said six o'clock. Know what the time is now? Two minutes past! Told you, I don't wait. Call me when you get this. You've got one minute. Then I'm off. Your loss.

*Hangs up.*

Can you believe it? Eh? The bloody nerve! It's her that's been drooling for a date. First day I joined the school she gave me this yearning look. Yearning and pleading. Like a puppy when you're about to thump it one. Not that I've ever thumped a puppy. Or any animal. Love animals, me. Well, okay, I admit, I did put my terrapin in the microwave when I was seven but that was a long time ago and if I'd know it was gonna cause that much mess I would've done it in the first place. Mum – she was so upset. Hit the roof. But...hey, that's another story.

*Slight pause.*

Charity. That's what my agreeing to meet her is. I don't wanna call the girl a dog - cos I'm an old fashioned boy at heart and I've got manners – but let's just say God was at the bottom of the beauty bucket when He came to her. Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing against ugly people. Ugger's fine. In their place. The way I see it...well, it's like sport! Boxing say! You do not put a flyweight no hoper in the ring with a heavy weight at the top of his form. Same with looks. It is inhumane – I repeat: in-hum-mane – to put uggers in the same living space as people like me. You see, I'm what's called an alpha male. Danny thought that one up. He's good with words, is Danny. Me and him hit it off – Bahm! – the first time we met. Down the café it was. You know the one? Next to the second hand computer place. Me and Danny happened to sit at the same table one morning for a fry up and seven hours later – seven hours! –we were still there – still jabbering away – and knocking back an afternoon Coke and doughnut like we'd known each other all our lives.

I'm getting wound up now. You offer a dog charity out of the goodness of your heart and – *(into phone)* I hope for your sake you didn't get my last message because if you did and you *still* not making contact then life's gonna be merry hell for you in the playground. I'll give you one more minute. Then I'm off. So wise up, Holly!

*Hangs up*

## Year 12 - Monologues

Group 2 #5

Taken from 'Many Moons' by Alice Birch

### Robert

Mornings begin with I love yous.

Blind and one side now.

Mornings have always been my favourite part of the day.

The reasons have changed over the years but lately it's because June sleeps late now and I can sit on my own and just sort of Be.

Which feels like a luxury because it is one.

This morning is different.

Because this morning I have to do something. I have to ready myself to do something that I don't want to do. That I know I have to do. That I do want to do. But that I don't want to do.

I didn't sleep well – I don't sleep well.

Fits and starts, deep and light and I wake up headached all over and

Its 6am. And I have four hours until I have to leave the house on my own this time. A nurse, Holly, because it is a Saturday, will come to sit with June whilst I'm out. Holly is a comfort. Holly doesn't like me. She doesn't say a great deal to me, but she does come and lots of nurses won't even come to us. But she does. She treats June like a human. With dignity and respect. Which I like. And I don't mind that she treats me like less than a dog. Like an inanimate object. I don't blame her. It's important to recognise that people have the right. And thought she doesn't talk to me she doesn't talk about me which I am grateful for.

I have a Circle.

And they say that I am a Person.

I am a registered Person.

A registered Citizen.

A registered Carer.

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A registered Driver.

A registered Tenant.

A registered Person.

The Carer is in some ways the more difficult.

'Carer is a Good Label', says Beth from my Circle. 'It is Good for You'.

I am June's Carer and she is my Cared for. As if before this

Horrid Attack

On our world

I did not care for Her and She did not Care for me.

As if it took a massive bout of Parkinson's and for to almost disappear for the World to decide that we Care. Good for me?

## Year 12 - Monologues

Group 2 #6
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Taken from 'Things I know to be True' by Andrew Bovell

*Winter - the roses are bare and the sky is grey.*

### Mark

On the weekends when Dad wanted help in the garden I would climb the gum tree and hide. From up there, I could see the world.

At least I could see our world. Pip singing to a song on the radio and checking her split ends at the patio table. Ben kicking the football from one end of the yard to the other. Always running. Dad pushing a wheelbarrow of dirt around with Rosie following him with her plastic shovel ready to help. And Mum hanging out the washing before sneaking a cheeky fag behind the shed, thinking that no one knows she's there.

They didn't know I was up in the tree watching and seeing everything. Not really a part of the picture and not really even knowing why.

*Contemplates his childhood and recalls memories in his mind before going on*

There were two occasions on which Mum would smoke.

The first was if she'd had more than two glasses of wine. He wasn't a big drinker so this was rare. It usually happened on New Year's Eve. She would light up after two glasses of sparkling wine and only ever smoke the one. She was also known to dance with Dad's undies on her head, after he had taken them off for God knows what reason, so New Year's Eve was always an ordeal for us kids.

The other occasion was when she thought that one of us had a problem that she couldn't solve, which was also rare, Mum having a solution for most problems in life. And on these occasions she could go through the pack, one after another until a solution was found. I suspect that all of all of us, she smoked the most cigarettes on account of me.