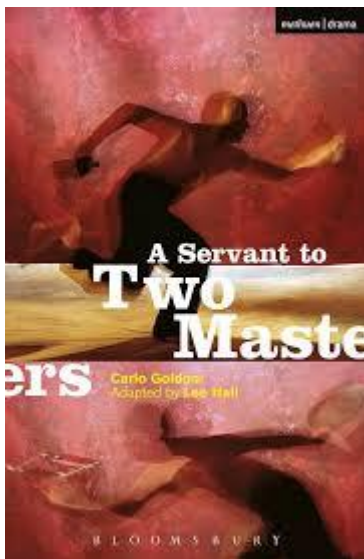




A LEVEL DRAMA & THEATRE STUDIES TRANSITION WORK

Teacher Mrs Plomer and Mrs Homer



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FROME COLLEGE

TASK 1

Identifying style and practice.

- Watch the following clips on Youtube- The 5 Truths, National Theatre.
- The same piece has been directed in different practitioners' styles.
- Notice the differences and record what you see, as you see it in the below table.
- Each column should be filled with bullet points such as 'Loud sound effects', 'blurry images', 'prop wallet' etc- whatever you see.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2OD7phopWWk> Stanislavski

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=62-gYcO6jrY> Brecht

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gHn2Lj7R0Rc&t=156s> Artaud

Stanislavski	Bertolt Brecht	Artaud

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TASK 2

Create a Knowledge Organiser

Using what you learnt about each of the practitioners above, create a Knowledge Organiser that could be given to a GCSE student explaining the ideal, history and methodologies for each of the practitioners. This can be handwritten or typed but please do not copy and paste information. It must be in your own words.



PERFORMING ARTS

BTEC COMPONENT 1 –FRANTIC ASSEMBLY (Links to plays : Curious Incident Of the Dog in the Night -time)

YEAR 10 / YR 11



BACKGROUND INFORMATION	
Artistic Director	Scott Graham
Formed	1994
AIM OF WORK	Frantic Assembly creates thrilling, energetic and unforgettable theatre. The company attracts new and young audiences with work that reflects contemporary culture. Vivid and dynamic, Frantic Assembly's unique physical style combines movement, design, music and text. Frantic's beliefs are built on the notion of collaboration. There is a great sense of ensemble work evident in all that they do.

FRANTIC'S STYLE	
Physical Theatre	The use of the body as the primary (but not exclusive) method for story telling. This can include dance, mime, demonstrative movement, use of sound to create atmosphere and mood, as well as dialogue.
Music	Music is very important in Frantic's work. It is used in the devising process to create music to and creates mood and atmosphere for the audience.
Lighting	The lighting is usually integrated with the choreography to help tell the story. Lighting states drive the focus of the audience and help to create the atmosphere. Projection and LED pixel mapping is often used.

FRANTIC ASSEMBLY KEY TECHNIQUES		
1	Push Hands	A movement exercise to enhance partnership and teamwork. Actors move together with joined hands. Hands are placed palm to palm, the person with their hands on top is 'leader' and should explore space and levels with their partner.
2	Push / Pull	A sequence of movements/a string of material exploring the transference of control.
3	Chair Duets	Physical movement based on and around chairs – includes touches, action, reaction, embraces, rejections, etc all performed at speed.
4	Round By Through	A string of movement material with R -B-T at the centre of each movement choice. Round = Any move that involves passing closely around the body of partner By = Slotting in move that is neat and efficient. Reducing the space between the partners to as small as possible. Through = Passing through the partner, usually confined to the upper body and arms.
5	Lifts – Rocks and Ledges	Learning to Fly as an example from Curious.
6	Gestural String	A sequence of movements using only hands and arms
7	Direct Address	The style of questioning or speaking to the audience and breaking the fourth wall is essential to Frantic Assembly's style. This can be spoken in character or 'in role' as a version of yourself
8	The Fives	Walking in unison, in beats of 5, in a grid sequence – Evident in Curious.
9	Body as Prop	Creating shapes and movements with your body to replicate objects.

TASK 3

Monologues!

Choose one of the Four monologues below and prepare even a section or the whole thing for performance in your second lesson.

This is meant to be fun and show us a bit of what you can do. Enjoy this. If you want to choose your own monologue, go for it! We are excited to see what you can do.

THE CRUCIBLE BY ARTHUR MILLER

MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

Yoga Fart by Gabriel Davis – (One for the brave!)

I farted in Yoga class. It was loud. And I didn't die. My heart started pounding but it did not explode. I thought I would be devastated but I was not. Instead something unexpected happened. I laughed. At first a little giggle and then a full blown belly laugh. In fact, I laughed so hard that I farted again. And again, and again. Embarrassing, no? No. No.

I could feel people staring but I didn't care. I thought I would care. Feel my palms grow clammy, my chest tighten. No. I felt a lightness, wonder, awe. Who knew I had so much air inside me. My body had deflated but my spirit had inflated! I waited for the self loathing to come. But there was only... Stillness. Silence. Then in that silence, a little voice. I love you. Your body is amazing.

I realized, this was why I'd come to yoga in the first place. No, not to fart publicly. To fart publicly and survive it. I know, it's unladylike. But in the depth of this indignity, I had found my greatest strength. Here I was looking my fear in the face And believe me, I had feared this moment. I had played it out in my mind. And it always ended with all the ladies around me pulling hidden rocks out of their lululemon attire and stoning me mercilessly. But not much happened. Here i was staring fear in the face and realizing...it was a bunch of hot air. And i could release it!

I breathed in deep, so deep another loud exclamation of my new found freedom erupted from my behind. "Excuse me," the woman behind me said. "But could you step outside for a moment. Some of us are trying to practice yoga..." This should have destroyed me. It should have sent me whimpering out of the room. But I felt my calm breath, heard myself say: "Excuse me, but I am practicing my fartnassanas thank you very much."

Then something amazing happened. A little noise erupted from another corner of the room. A few other people giggled, then laughed, and then more noises erupted. And it was beautiful. A symphony of fartnassanas. I was free, they were free. And I realized in that moment...I was free of you, too. You can't hurt me anymore.

FOOL FOR LOVE by Sam Shepard

EDDIE: And we walked right through town. Past the donut shop, past the miniature golf course, past the Chevron station. And he opened the bottle up and offered it to me. Before he even took a drink, he offered it to me first. And I took it and drank it and handed it back to him. And we just kept passing it back and forth like that as we walked until we drank the whole thing dry. And we never said a word the whole time. Then, finally, we reached this little white house with a red awning, on the far side of town. I'll never forget the red awning because it flapped in the night breeze and the porch light made it glow. It was a hot, desert breeze and the air smelt like new-cut alfalfa. We walked right up to the front porch and he rang the bell and I remember getting real nervous because I wasn't expecting to visit anybody. I thought we were just out for a walk. And then this woman comes to the door. This real pretty woman with red hair. And she throws herself into his arms. And he starts crying. He just breaks down right there in front of me. And she's kissing him all over the face and holding him real tight and he's just crying like a baby. And then through the doorway, behind them both, I see this girl. She just appears. She's just standing there, staring at me and I'm staring back at her and we can't take our eyes off each other. It was like we knew each other from somewhere but we couldn't place where. But the second we saw each other, that very second, we knew we'd never stop being in love.

PUNK ROCK BY SIMON STEPHENS (Please be aware this contains swearing)

CHADWICK: Human beings are pathetic. Everything human beings do finishes up bad in the end. Everything good human beings ever make is built on something monstrous. Nothing lasts. We certainly won't. We could have made something really extraordinary and we won't. We've been around one hundred thousand years. We'll have died out before the next two hundred. You know what we've got to look forward to? You know what will define the next two hundred years? Religions will become brutalised; crime rates will become hysterical; everybody will become addicted to internet sex; suicide will become fashionable; there'll be famine; there'll be floods; there'll be fires in the major cities of the Western world. Our education systems will become battered. Our health services unsustainable; our police forces unmanageable; our governments corrupt. There'll be open brutality in the streets; there'll be nuclear war; massive depletion of resources on every level; insanely increasing third-world population. It's happening already. It's happening now. Thousands die every summer from floods in the Indian monsoon season. Africans from Senegal wash up on the beaches of the Mediterranean and get looked after by guilty holidaymakers. Somalians wait in hostels in Malta or prison islands north of Australia. Hundreds die of heat or fire every year in Paris. Or California. Or Athens. The oceans will rise. The cities will flood.

The power stations will flood. Airports will flood. Species will vanish forever. Including ours. So if you think I'm worried by you calling me names, Bennet, you little, little boy, you are fucking kidding yourself.