

# Level 1 Acting: Grade 3 Solo

## Titles in Level 1 Acting: Grade 3 Solo

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## Card Play

*The TWO OF DIAMONDS (2D) and The Six of Diamonds (6D) are both cards in an ongoing card game. They have been arguing with each other when 6D leaves with 2D still shouting after 6D.*

**2D:** *(6D exits)* Oh yes... I'd do that. I reckon your head needs seeing to... from the inside!

*(To the audience)* Did you hear that? 'You twos are all the same.' Course we are! What else could we be?

*(He shouts off stage)* You sixes are all the same too! And the sevens!

It's obvious isn't it? Listen, I'll let you into a secret. I'm not the only two on our side... no! There's two of us. Look! Look! It's in the paper... on the team list... just have a look... see! There... under the Hearts... 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2. The Two of Hearts. But the manager doesn't like me. Whenever somebody has to be left out, it's always me. 'Get rid of the Two of Diamonds', he says... never the Two of Hearts. Oh no! I reckon he fancies her. Old Jack, Jack Smart, our manager... he always picks her. I wouldn't trust him an inch. Sly he is! 'We have a strong hand,' said Smart earlier today... hah! How can it be... with the Two of Hearts in it! And leaving me out?

*(The Knave of Hearts (Jack Smart), the Manager, enters with the Two of Hearts (Myra))*

Hello Boss! What happened, Boss?

*(Smart explains that Myra has been injured and that he will have to play 2D. 2D reacts to Smart's explanation but fails to understand that he has just been told to play)*

*(To the audience)* Didn't I tell you that he liked her? Didn't I say? 'One of my best cards.' She's a two... like me! It's not fair... it's unjust and... rotten... and awful. I'll never play even if he got down on his bended knees and begged me. If it was the World Cup I wouldn't play. Never, never, never. Never in a month of Sundays. Never in a year of half-day closings...

*(To Jack Smart)* So you can keep your team. Keep 'em. I don't want any part of it. You can... what did you say?

*(Pause while 2D realises that Jack Smart is asking him to play. 2D now reacts) Yahoo! Here I go! This is it. Here I come. Watch out for the whizz kid. (2D exits singing the 'Match of the Day' tune)*

By David Foxton

## The Sand Dance

*At a pavement coffee shop KELLY is explaining to two friends, Hugh and Katie, an idea for a school review.*

**KELLY:** Now, I'm directing the school review this year. So, this is the plan. I've been studying comedy acts and there's this really funny one on YouTube called Wilson, Keppel and Betty and they do this funny dance. So what I thought was we'd enter from stage right dressed as Egyptian attendants.

*(Waitress appears. To friends) Oh yes, what do you want?*

*(To waitress) Coke, orange juice and a double mocha for me please.*

*(Waitress exits. Gets out pad and pencil from school bag)*

I think we'll need some Egyptian headdresses like this ... *(Drawing them) ... And, well, jewellery. (Notices their reaction) You know, bangles and things...*

No Hugh, nothing through the nose.

*(To Katie) Of course sandals and skirts.*

Oh sorry, I mean shirts not skirts.

*(Notices waitress hovering. Reacts to waitress) ... Oh I see. No double mocha? (Looking at menu) Well, I'll have a straight mocha then.*

*(Quietly to friends) So, skirts, Egyptian skirts. They're like kilts really – men's skirts, and we'll do this dance – it's easy. I'll show you.*

*(Stands in a pose with bended knees and head in profile about to launch into the dance when interrupted by the waitress) What, no mocha either? (Flustered) Okay, I'll have a cappuccino then.*

*(Making sure waitress is gone before continuing) You put your hands like this, both sides of you, bend your knees and jut your head backwards and forwards like a chicken.*

*(As KELLY demonstrates this the waitress suddenly appears)*

That was quick! *(Embarrassed. Returns to the table. To waitress) Thank you.*

*(Quietly to friends)* Stop laughing! I thought we could start with that, then get Hugh to do his belly dance. Actually, you should be really good at it. You do it like this! *(Checking waitress is not around KELLY stands and demonstrates belly dance)* You'll enter through those net curtains your mum lent us Katie. Then we'll escort Hugh to the throne, like this.

*(Standing, sashays across courtyard with head moving like a chicken. Turns, and is suddenly face to face with the waitress) ... Oh, the bill. Thank you.*

*(Sees Hugh and Katie have left)* Where've they gone?

*(Quickly collects school bag. Finds coins in pocket which he tosses on the table. To waitress)* It wasn't that bad, was it?

*By Clare Price*

## Mobile Madness

*VIOLET is a very modern teenager. She sits alone onstage, engrossed in her mobile phone. When she eventually becomes aware of the audience, she addresses them directly.*

**VIOLET:** *(Scrolling and tapping her phone as she speaks)* Cool pic. Deserves a like, I reckon. Big thumbs up, Becca's pose. Standard...boring...dull...yawn...oooh. Now we're talking. Hashtag LoveTheDress. Hashtag WorkIt. Hashtag BringTheBlingBabe. And...tweet.

*(Acknowledging the audience for the first time)* Let me guess – you agree with Mum, right? According to her, I 'spend far too much time glued to my phone for my own good' whatever that means. She's so Stone Age; I'm not even kidding.

I've explained to her that everyone does social networking from their phones, but she won't listen. I think she's scared I'm being corrupted, post by post, so she tries to keep tabs by pretending to be all chilled about it. Thing is, it just comes out really shrill and uptight. And she always gets the names wrong. You know, asks me if I'm posting a picture on Instabook or ChatSnap and wants to know if I've made any new friends on FaceGram. Oh, and she is forever telling me to 'stop chirping' so much. It's too cringe.

I mean, I get it. Once upon a time, there was no such thing as the internet, no social media and definitely no smart phones and bla bla bla bla. But, I swear, if I have to hear another word about how when Mum was my age, she'd come home from school and wait for the dial-up to launch from the landline before she could check her inbox and see if anyone had messaged her, my head will explode.

Actually, my grandma's the funniest. She can't understand why my ten first cousins and I don't just share a mobile phone. How would that even work? Nobody would be able to finish a conversation, and they'd all be snooping on my messages. I'm the oldest, you see, so I have the most interesting things to talk about. Obvs.

Anyway, yesterday I was with my cousin Penny and Nana comes in. Now, logic says that if Mum's a cave woman, Nana must be a dinosaur. 'Cause...well they came first. So Penny and I are busy activating accounts on our new phones, when Nana interrupts: 'I don't like the sound of these internet addresses you've chosen.'

She means email! 'They've got your names in them for all the world to see. That's how people get caught in the web, you know.' We're both just staring up at her.

'You should think more creatively, girls. Lily for you, and Shilling for you.'

I can't stop myself now: 'Nana, why would we be Lily and Shilling? There's no prize for the most random email address. It's actually meant to be connected to your name.'

She gawps, wide-eyed: 'What do you mean – why? You're named after a flower. Your cousin is named after a unit of money. A Lily is a flower and Shillings are old money. Honestly, Violet, I thought you were smart.'

Poor nana still doesn't know why Penny snorted lemonade out of her nose or why I laughed until I cried!

*By Emma Gordon*

## **The Magician's Nephew**

*Two friends DIGORY KIRKE and Polly Plummer were playing together when Digory's mysterious Uncle Andrew tricks Polly into wearing a yellow ring. This causes Polly to vanish to another world. Uncle Andrew explains to Digory that yellow rings can take you to another world and green rings transport you back. Digory follows Polly to the other world. When he arrives he finds Polly asleep on the ground.*

**DIGORY KIRKE:** Well, that was really strange! Like swimming under water – except I'm dry all over. And what a strange place this is...all these trees and pools of water. It's so quiet too. No singing birds; no insects humming; no wind blowing. You can almost feel the trees growing. Polly! Polly! Wake up! Polly! Don't you remember? Crawling over the rafters into Uncle Andrew's room? Finding the rings? Polly, it's me, Digory.

Look! Over there! It's a guinea pig, nosing about in the grass. But what's that strapped to its back? It's a bright yellow ring. And you've got one just like it on your finger, and so have I. He was experimenting. Using us as his next guinea pigs.

We've got to go back, right now. We'll go back to the pool and jump in. Come on. Hold my hand. Shut your eyes. Now – one – two – three – go!

*(They jump into the pool – nothing happens)*

I must have forgotten something. Of course. We're still wearing our yellow rings. They're the ones that got us here. We need to change them for green ones to take us back. Now put this green one on your finger, and we'll try again. Shut your eyes.

Ready? One – two – three – hold it! I've had a wonderful idea. If this pool leads to our world, won't all the other pools lead to lots of other worlds? I think this wood is a sort of in-between place for all of the worlds. Like the tunnel in the rafters in the attic at home. And that explains why it's so quiet and sleepy here. Nothing ever happens.

Hey this is exciting! Come on. Let's have a real adventure. Let's try another pool.

*By C. S. Lewis*

*Adapted by Glyn Robbins*

## The Owl and the Pussycat Went to See

*Quangle Wangle has taken the Owl and the Pussycat to meet the old TURKEY. The Owl and the Pussycat want to get married and have asked Turkey to conduct their wedding.*

**TURKEY:** I am the Learned Turkey, and  
Of me you may have heard;  
Generally recognised  
A very wise old bird.  
Most erudite of animals;  
With several degrees;  
A handsome fan of feathers too,  
And very knobbly knees.  
A gallinaceous Doctor of  
Divinity – that's me.  
Funerals and Christenings for  
A reasonable Fee.  
The Reverend Turkey who lives on the hill...  
Gobble...gobble...gobble...

*(To Quangle Wangle)* Hello, it's Quongle Wongle, isn't it? Quingle Wingle? Quongle Pingle? Quengle Pongle! Of course, stupid me – Quangle Wangle. Good to see you Wangle. I trust you are in good wealth? Er...health! Good! Is this a social or a susiness call? Delightful! Well, what's it to be? A Wedding! But I'm married already.

*(Dawning on TURKEY that it is the Owl and the Pussycat who want to be married)* Ah! Why didn't you say that before? Silly Wangle Quangle.

*(Seeing Owl)* How do you do Owl?

*(Seeing Pussycat)* And welcome Pussycat! My, my, so you're the brushing blide...er...blushing bride, beautiful, beautiful. Tell me, how long have you been married?

Of course, stupid!

Now? Oh. Wongle, have they a ring?

All right. Here goes...Please place the baby in my arms, and we...

Pardon?...

Dearly befumbled...

Oh dear! Beery delivered!...

I'm sorry, I'm all feduddled. Oh, it's no good, I'll have to book it up in my look – er – look it up in my book. It's so long since I did a Widding – er – Wedding. Wongle Pongle, you'd better come and help me get ready.

*By S. Ruskin, D. Wood and E. Lear*

**Talking to Jay**

*CHIPPY and Jay are in a school playing field during break time. They are talking about their holidays.*

**CHIPPY:** It's got to change Jay...this constant going to France. Mum's got it really bad – this love affair with France. Dad says she ought to have married a Frenchman, but then I wouldn't be me – would I?

She's now talking about buying something over there, but Dad says the inheritance laws are complicated in France and I don't know what he means by that! No sooner do we get back, but Mum's going through another self-catering brochure looking for another rental. I tell you Jay it's what you call a fixation, it's as if no other country exists. She says (*Mimicking Mum*) 'I'm doing it for you, with a foreign language you can get a top job.' I mean, a 'top job'? I don't even know what sort of job I want!

Yeah! I agree with you Jay, it's better for the job market to learn Mandarin or Japanese, especially if you want to be in the business world. I wish we were next door to China instead of France across the Channel...

*(Jay interrupts CHIPPY and CHIPPY looks in surprise at what Jay says)*

So your mum wants you to train to be a doctor – that's not for me. I'd have to cut up things, like humans wouldn't I? To find out about their insides? Ugh, what a thought.

So your mum doesn't like France, you're lucky, honestly my mum makes me speak French, makes me, she forces me to do it. The big laugh is that when she gets there, actually in France, she's too scared to speak French herself, although she learned it in school. It's their (*Mimicking Mum*) 'country accent' and she only knows 'Paris French', honestly it just winds me up. There was this day, see, she wanted ham for lunch and I knew the word for it is 'jambon'.

Yes Jay I know that's a good start. So in we go and I say 'Je voudrais', which is 'I would like'. But then I get my numbers all mixed up – I say 'treize' instead of 'huit' and ask for thirteen slices of ham instead of eight. And she has to pay for thirteen, although we only need the eight, then outside the shop she goes ballistic

– well I can't help it if I get my numbers wrong. I'm sure I'm sort of numbers dyslexic, they ought to have me tested.

I think my fate is a cottage in Brittany next summer for two weeks of French.

What, Jay, you don't mean it? I could come with you and your mum and dad to Cornwall? You think they'll let me? Hang on, what will my mum say? My mum can be really stubborn.

*(The school bell rings to signify end of break)*

Hey that's the bell, we'd better get a move on, it's maths lesson next and I really have to concentrate!

*By Jeffrey Grenfell-Hill*

## Blackberry Trout Face

*KERRIE, Jakey and Cameron are siblings. They share the same mother – who they lived with – but their mother has recently left them and they face the prospect of being taken into care. Kerrie has just returned from trying to find their mother.*

**KERRIE:** *(Slowly enters the room. She is absolutely drenched. She looks totally dejected...)*

Don't yer even want to know if I met her?

She sent me a text. It said, I'm at a special place. So I thought I knew where she was. There's this park right near the river, where yer can see the Runcorn Bridge. I've been there with me mum a few times. We'd sit off and look at it and I'd tell her all the stuff I knew about it, while we had a flask of tea and some cookies. We called it our special place.

*(Pause)*

So I thought she had to be there.

It was freezin but I didn't care coz I knew she was gonna be there, waitin for me. I kept thinkin, she'll hug away the cold.

It was still dark when I got there. The bridge was all lit up though and it was all reflectin in the water and it looked dead beautiful.

*(Her brothers run to get her a towel)*

She wasn't there. So I texted her and I waited.

I waited for a reply.

But the special place she was at, wasn't our special place.

*(Jakey pulls her coat off)*

I kept textin her and textin her, telling her where I was; to come and get me, until I had none left. Then the sun come up and the bridge wasn't beautiful anymore. Just a bridge. Ugly, cold metal.

*(Pause)*

Then finally she texted me back.

She said she's with some old friends from years ago, on the South Coast and that they're overlookin some river. She said there's this really nice little bridge goin across it and that it reminds her of me. A special place. She said she'll tell me about it one day when she sees me. Oh yeah and er... Keep safe.

*By Laurence Wilson*

## The Kite Runner

*AMIR lives in Kabul with his father and his brother, Hassan. He talks to the audience about the local kite fighting tournament.*

**AMIR:** The tournament started early in the morning and didn't end until the winning kite flew in the sky. People gathered on the sidewalks and rooftops to cheer their kids. The streets were filled with kite-fighters, squinting up at the sky, trying to gain position to cut an opponent's line. The lucky kite-fighters had an assistant – in my case, Hassan – who held the spool and fed the line. But the real fun began when a kite was cut! That was where the runners came in. They chased the falling kite through the streets until it came spiralling down in a field or on a rooftop. And the most coveted prize was the last fallen kite of the tournament. For this, fights broke out. But Hassan was by far the greatest kite runner I'd ever seen.

In the winter of 1975, the night before the tournament, it snowed heavily, and the next morning the streets were glistening white. Word had it that was going to be the biggest tournament in twenty-five years. I had never seen so many people on our street. Rooftops were jammed with spectators. The smell of lamb kabob drifted from open doors.

Hassan and I were ready. I had to win this tournament. Hassan ran and tossed the kite. Then it was rocketing towards the sky! At least two dozen kites were already up there. Within an hour the number doubled. Red, blue, and yellow kites spun past each other. And soon the cutting started!

A red kite was closing in on mine! I tangled with it a bit, then cut him when he became impatient. Got him! Then I sliced a bright yellow kite! And then one with a white tail! My hands were bloody, but I didn't care! Eventually, the number of kites dwindled from fifty to a dozen. And by three o'clock that afternoon, we were down to a half dozen. And I was one of them! My legs ached, and my neck was stiff. But with each defeated kite...hope grew in my heart like snow collecting on a wall one flake at a time. I saw a blue kite slice a big purple one and then sweep the sky in a series of loops and cut three more! And suddenly...it was just me and the blue kite! I smelled victory! Salvation! Redemption! Concentrate, Amir...Play it smart...Be patient...Almost there. Then a gust of wind lifted my kite! I pulled up! Looped my kite on

top of the blue one! I closed my eyes and loosened my grip! The string sliced my fingers and then...

I won! Hassan, I won! (*Laughter, joy*) No...We won, Hassan. We won.

*By Khaled Hosseini*

*Adapted by Matthew Spangler*



## The Falcon's Feather

*MISHA is a young Russian child. Misha needs help to find a missing friend who has been enchanted to become a bird. Eventually, in desperation and despite every warning, Misha goes to visit the only person who might know how to help – the witch known as Baba Yaga.*

**MISHA:** (*MISHA approaches Baba Yaga. Inside Baba Yaga's hut, MISHA is scared*) I am sorry to have come to you, truly I am, but I have heard that you are the only one who can answer my question. I am told that you will kill me, that you will cook me up and eat me with your iron teeth.

*(Baba Yaga tells MISHA it was unwise to have come)*

I do not think I am being unwise. I need to know the answer to my question.

*(Baba Yaga allows the question to be asked)*

Where should I look for a falcon who is also my friend? I think it is some sort of enchantment and you know all there is to know about enchantments.

*(Baba Yaga answers the question)*

So you say that only one person in the Twice-Nine Kingdoms and beyond the Thrice-Ten Lands will be able to enchant a person to become a falcon? Is she as wicked as you? It is said that you are the most wicked woman in all the wide world.

*(Baba Yaga says the person is wicked but she is a Queen and her people love her)*

If she is wicked and her people love her, then they cannot know how wicked she truly is. So she must use tricks to keep the truth from them. For all your wickedness, you do not deceive anyone in that way. So perhaps you are not the most wicked of the two of you.

*(Baba Yaga asks MISHA if MISHA should be allowed to leave)*

I only want to find my falcon. I do not know why my friend has been enchanted. You have answered my question, will you kill me now?

*(Baba Yaga allows MISHA to leave)*

Thank you (*MISHA hurriedly leaves the hut*)

*By David Kenzie*

## Rehearsal Notes

*RUMI, a young, over-zealous, would-be director, has just finished rehearsing a play with a group of young actors. The actors will be performing 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' in a community hall at a future date. Rumi is giving notes to the group following their rehearsal.*

**RUMI:** (*Clapping to get everyone's attention*) OK, everyone. That's great, just great. I know it's been a long day but I have some short notes on today's run through, so if you could grab a seat and pay attention, I'd appreciate it.

Wall, I think the Wall is coming across as a tiny bit flimsy. (*Demonstrating a wobbly wall*) What? It's heavy? OK – Props, is there something we can do to support Wall? Mortar? Hilarious! Sensible suggestions at our next practice please.

Titania, performance a little bit too gritty... perhaps we could aim for a bit more Queen of the Fairies and a little bit less Hell's Angels? Your father said what? No dear, no motorbikes on set. Think of the Risk Assessment. And while we're on the subject, I know Mum is Wardrobe, but a bit less of the leather waistcoats and tattoos would be appreciated, we aren't at the RSC! (*Laughs at own joke, which no one else gets*)

Pyramus and Thisbe, (*With great enthusiasm*) I am loving it! Just keep doing what you are doing, but remember to hold something back for opening night! You're going to be sensational!

Theseus, honestly, it's not as REGAL as I'd like to see. I realise it is hard when you are the youngest, but let's aim for Head of State (*Showing how it should be*) instead of grumpy toddler, alright?

'Fairies, in general, a bit heavy. You are light, airy, floaty, magical, mischievous!

Yes, Peaseblossom? Oh, could one of the adults take Peaseblossom to the toilet please? Where was I, oh yes...

Lysander and Demetrius, your argument scene is not in the least convincing. Where is the passion, the aggression? Where is the inner turmoil? More believable, more real, give me humanity, give me contrast. I beg your pardon? OK, well ask Mummy to explain it later.

The Mechanicals (*Indicates who they are due to blank looks*) yes, that means you over there. We aren't quite getting the subtext in the humour. Can we work on that for next time? And also, be aware of our backs to the audience. I know there isn't one yet, you'll just have to use your imagination.

Moving on (*Walking across to another part of stage*) Oberon's crew. Could we get some focus in the crowd scenes PLEASE? It's a bit shambolic at the moment. Think of your motivation...

OK, some good work, but much still to do. That's all for now. We'll get there. Thanks for all your efforts and one final thing, let's all wish a very happy ninth birthday to our Bottom. He is now the oldest cast member! Altogether, 'Happy birthday to you, happy birthday...'

*By Lynne C. Jones*