**Level 3 Acting**

**What to Prepare?**

* You have the option to either perform 1 speech from the below options, or a contemporary monologue which needs to have been written in the last 30 years by a reputable playwright and performed in a professional theatre.
* You are expected to recite from memory and not use a script.

Please bring with you:

* A pen
* Comfortable clothing, suitable for activities involving movement

**Option 1**

**Albert Speer by David Edgar**

*First performed in the Lyttleton Theatre at the Royal National Theatre in May 2000 and based on the book Albert Speer: His Battle with Truth by Gitta Serena.*

*Albert Speer was Hitler’s architect and Minister of War. Having escaped the death sentence following his trial at Nuremberg, he served twenty years in Spandau gaol. GEORGE CASALIS is prison chaplain at Spandau. A former member of the French Resistance and a man of exceptional humility, he was chosen because he was a Protestant and spoke German. At their first meeting, Speer has asked CASALIS if he believe it possible to become a different man. CASALIS replied that to do so a man must confront the truth of what he was before.*

*This scene, set in Spandau in 1950 is one of the many talks they have together. Here Speer recalls the time he finally said goodbye to Hitler in the Berlin bunker before going North to try to negotiate surrender with the British. It was in a small room in a Navy barracks that he heard of Hitler’s death and felt ‘free of him at last’.*

**An excerpt (abridged) from Albert Speer by David Edgar.
Published by Nick Hern Books, The Glasshouse, 49a Goldhawk Road, London W12 8QP.**

**CASALIS**

You felt that you were free of him? At last?... Of course. You were an expert, not a Politian… You had sought where possible to improve the conditions of your workers… You had visited one concentration camp… You were ignorant of a systematic plan to murder - … But what do you think you would have done, if you had known?...

No, Herr Speer. I don’t think you’ve been lying. But I must tell you the questions that remain. You have told me you were let down by this man who had promised you so much. But was it really that? Was it not rather a playing out of what was there from the beginning? Is it not the case in truth that the hope was always false because the choice was always wrong? That there was a straight line from your building of the new Berlin to the blasting of that tunnel by those miserable slave-workers in the mountain. That the granite for Germania was quarried by the inmates of Mauthausen. That the searchlights which obscured the stomachs of the party bureaucrats at Nuremberg also blinded you to what was being thought and said and planned. Herr Speer, you have presented me the story of a man who was inspired by great ideals and saw those great ideals betrayed. And yet, I see a man with all the intellectual, yes, and all the moral strength to have seen through all of this. Surely, when you look back to the first time when you looked into those eyes, don’t you ask yourself, how in God’s name was I taken in by that?

**Option 2**

**Kitchen Sink by Tom Wells**

Billy is explaining to his father why he has decided to leave art school

**BILLY.** It wasn’t. I didn’t just sort of, on a whim or anything. I properly, properly…

MARTIN isn’t listening

It’s like, the day after the exhibition, well, not exhibition, it was, we were doing these performances, performance art. Everyone did stuff about like genocide and that, living on council estates, even though they went to flipping, Eton or something, wear pashminas. Men in pashminas, And I was, I dunno. I’d obviously got the wrong end of the stick. Just sort of dressed up as Dolly Parton, lip-syncing to ‘My Tennessee Mountain Home’ in front of, did these paintings of Withernsea landmarks. The lighthouse and that, Aldi. The tutors called me in to see them the next day, sort of said: ‘This isn’t art, Billy, it’s karaoke.’ And, you know, fair enough. But then: I knew, I absolutely knew it was the best way of saying… Well, don’t know what it was saying really but it was just: definitely, the best I had.

Still. Worst mark out of everyone. So, you know.

And then I came out the office, someone had bloody, stolen my paintings. Of Aldi and that.

A moment

~~MARTIN. I’m sorry, Billy~~

~~BILLY. No, it was brilliant~~

~~MARTIN. What?~~

**BILLY.** Just spent an hour with these knobheads telling me how my art was shit and, and worthless. But, you know. If it’s worth stealing... So that was like a bit of a turning point really. For me. Thought, I can stay here getting sick of everything and, you know, miserable and that, for another three years, or, leave while I still give a shit about stuff. Sort of keep that bit of me safe. Get a crap job. Get some mates. Do some paintings, stick them up in cafés and that. Go out, dance on a table, you know, fall in love. That sort of thing happens if you… I mean it hasn’t, the last lad I tried to kiss actually ducked but. It could happen. Stood there thinking: ‘In this situation, what would Dolly Parton do?’ So then I just sort of, yeah. Left.

**Option 3**

**The Power of the Dog by Ellen Dryden
*First performed at The Orange Tree Theatre, Richmond in 1996.***

*Vivien Chadwick, Head of the English Department in a failing school run by an incompetent Headmaster, is preparing to take up a new appointment as Head of a school in South London. At the same time she is attempting to move house as well as visit her mother who has suffered a stroke. Added to these problems is LISA, a brilliant but difficult sixth-former, who she is encouraging to stay on at school and try for a place in university.*

*In this scene Vivien is in her study waiting for LISA to arrive for an extra tutorial. LISA turns up late as usual with the same old excuses - waiting thirty-five minutes for the bus and Mum being stroppy. Vivien asks if there is any chance of Mum coming to see her.*

 **LISA (London. 17)**

Nah! She doesn't like schools. Give her panic attacks. (Pause.) And I don't want you to come to my house . . .

(LISA turns her back. Then changes the subject with great energy.)

Listen. I reckon you owe me ten quid. I went to see that Midsummer Night's Dream. It was crap! Helena was about thirty-five, kept chucking herself all over the place - tossing her hair back and flinging her arms about. You know - just like young people always do when we're in love. Nearly ruptured herself. She was about six inches shorter than Hermia as well, so she'd got these gross high heels and Hermia had to bend at the knees all through the quarrel scene. And the Mechanicals wandered about in the audience and talked to us. I hate that! And Peter Quince sat in the Stalls and shouted his lines from there. And the fairies all lived in cardboard boxes and had tattoos. Puck was a drug-pusher. And it went on for nearly four hours. I reckon ours was better. And I couldn't afford it! . . . Hey and guess what! Theseus and Hypolita played Oberon and Titania! Isn't that original? Everybody liked it except me. I wanted to get up and kill them all. Bunch of tossers ... It was everything you say was wrong - … I really love that play ... I don't think this had any . . . respect. And it wasn't - magic ...

(She stops, lost in thought for a moment)

I know. 'The best in this kind are but shadows and the worst no worse if imagination amend them ... It must be your imagination then and not theirs.'

(She is very still. Her face becomes a mask)

(Very quietly) I like - magic. (Briskly.) I suppose I'm talking rubbish - everybody else says it's brilliant. And they're paid to be in the imagination business, aren't they? And I've got no right to criticize them.

**Option 4**

**EASTER by August Strindberg - Translated by Peter Watts
Published by Penguin Classics, London**

*First performed at the lntima Teatern, Stockholm in 1901 and in Katie Mitchell's production for the Royal Shakespeare Company in The Pit at the Barbican in 1995, it is set in the small provincial town of Lund over Easter.*

*Eleonora is a young sensitive girl who has just returned from the Asylum, where she was being treated for a mental breakdown. Her father is serving a prison sentence for embezzlement and the family are haunted by creditors.*

*In this scene she is talking to Benjamin – a young schoolboy who is staying with them and taking private tuition with her brother. She describes how on her way back from the Asylum she broke into a flower shop that was closed for Confirmation Day and took a daffodil in a pot as a present for her brother leaving a krona and her card on the counter.*

**ELEONORA (Young)**

Shall I tell you about the flowers? Do you know that when I was ill, they made me take a drug made out of henbane which has the power of turning your eyes into magnifying-glasses – Now, belladonna makes you see everything smaller. Anyhow, now I can see much farther than anyone else – I can even see the stars in broad daylight. … The stars are always there. I’m facing north now, and I can see Cassiopeia like a great ‘W’ in the Milky Way. Can you see it? ... Make a note of that, then: some people can see things that others can’t – so don’t be too sure of your own eyes. Now I’ll tell you about this flower on the table; it’s a daffodil, and they come from Switzerland. It has sucked the sunlight into its cup – that’s what makes it so yellow, and that’s how it can soothe pain. I saw it as I passed a flower-shop just now, and I wanted for a present for my brother Elis, but when I tried to get in, I found the door was locked, because it’s Confirmation Day. I simply had to have the flower, though, so I took out my keys and tried them, and – would you believe it? – my latch-key fitted, so I went in. Now, you know about the silent language of flowers? Well, every scent expresses a whole multitude of thoughts, and all those thoughts came flooding in on me; so with my magnifying eye, I looked into their laboratories where no one has ever seen before, and they told me about the pain that the clumsy gardener had caused them – I won’t call him cruel, because he was only thoughtless. And then I left a krona on the counter, with my card, and I took the flower and went.