

Year 9 - How to be director Lessons 1 and 2

You are currently working from home. Please complete the following work on lined paper or on Word. The work can either be submitted by email or returned when you return.

There are two lessons on how to be a director....

ACT I

A comprehensive school hall

A wooden stage. There are two double desks US. UR is an old locker with a school broom leaning against it. DC is a chair, L and R two single desks and chairs angled DS, and three bags. A satchel, plastic bags and sports bags are near the chairs and desks. They belong to Salty, Gail and Hobby respectively

Some music plays and Salty, Gail and Hobby enter, recline on the chairs and desks and look at the audience for a moment before speaking

Salty No more school for us so you can knackers!

Gail Salty, you nutter?

Salty What?

Gail Swearing.

Hobby Shurrup.

Salty So what?

Hobby You daft gett.

Salty It's true.

Gail Just get on with it.

Salty Nobody can do us.

Hobby We've not left yet.

Salty Knackers.

Gail Oh God he's craacked.

Hobby Shurrup.

Salty I've always wanted to be on this stage. I've always wanted to come up here and say, "knackers". I bet you all have. Whenever I see Mrs Hudson come up on this stage to talk about litter or being a good samaritan or corn dollies or sit down first year stand up second year I think about that word. 'Cos really Mrs Hudson would like to come up here and say, "knackers school". She would.

Gail Are we doing this play or what?

Salty It's like when she gets you in her office, all neat and smelling of perfume and she says, "You don't come to school to fool around, Ian, to waste your time. We treat you like young adults and we expect you to behave accordingly. I don't think that writing on a wall is a mature thing to do."

Hobby That's good that, Salty, just like her.

Salty Yeh, but really she wants to say, "Hey, Salty, pack all this graffiti in, it's getting on my knackers."

Gail Are we starting?

Salty Anyway why am I bothered. No more school, no more stick, no more teachers thinking that you're thick . . .

Tasks-Lesson 1

- 1. Describe what you would have before the dialogue starts?
- 2. As the characters enter what do you want them to wear?
- 3. "Some music plays" What would you choose and why...think era?
- 4. You can watch the professionals act this extract out.

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Tasks-Lesson 2

- 1. Read the extract below.
- 2. They are played by the same three actors but the audience needs to know that they are different characters
- 3. How do you want your actors to deliver the lines....Choose three lines that you could direct...Remember all the Morning lines may need to sound different.
- 4. What actions do you want them to use when using these lines?
- 5. You have choice for the final task. You can either design a costume for Mrs Parry or Mr Nixon. Remember you are setting the production in 2021.
- 6. The alternative task is to write the script for the scene between Mrs Parry and Mr Nixon. It is the first meeting between Mrs Parry and mr Nixon.

Salty Morning.

Gail Morning.

Hobby Morning.

Salty Morning.

Hobby Morning.

Gail Morning.

Parry Stop running Simon Patterson.

Teacher A Morning, Ted.

Parry Morning, Roy.

Teacher B Morning, Mr Basford.

All Morning, Mrs Parry ...

Parry Good-morning . . .

Witham You are chewing, girl, spit it out. Not into her hair, into a bin ...

Teacher B I don't call that a straight line, do you, Claire Dickinson? No? Neither do I.

Parry I know that was the bell, Simon Patterson. The bell is a signal for me to move and not for anyone else.

Music

Nixon I'm Jeff Nixon the new drama teacher. I'm looking for Mrs Parry's office

Hobby Up the steps in the nice part of the school, first left.

Salty exits

 $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{Gail} \\ \textbf{Hobby} \end{array} \} (together) \ \textbf{Mmmmmmmmm}.$

Gail He doesn't look much like a teacher, he looks like somebody who's come to mend the drains.

Salty enters as Nixon

Nixon I knew at my interview that Whitewall had a bad reputation and no drama facilities. But like a sheriff with my brand-new degree pinned to my chest I bounded up to Mrs Parry's office . . . She was busy . . . With Mr Basford the Deputy Head.