

Level 1 Acting: Grade 2 Solo

When This Is Over

by **Allegresse Kabuya**

with **Ned Glasier, Sadeysa Greenaway-Bailey** and **Company Three**

Robin Hood

by **Laura Dockrill**, adapted from the novel by **Howard Pyle**

Twitch

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The Wish Collector

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Through the Looking-Glass

by **Lewis Carroll**, adapted by LAMDA

A Husband for Mum

by **Trish Cooke**

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by **Douglas Maxwell**

King Henry V

by **William Shakespeare**, adapted by LAMDA

Come to Where I'm From

by **Sarah McDonald-Hughes**

When This Is Over

Allegresse Kabuya with Ned Glasier, Sadeysa Greenaway-Bailey and Company Three

A group of teenagers unite to tell their stories, from childhood to the present day. After experiencing the global Coronavirus pandemic, Allegresse reflects on her youth and the problems she sees in the world.

ALLEGRESSE: It felt like there were more problems than ever.

Problems on top of problems.

Covid, George Floyd, Donald Trump, cancel culture, burning the Amazon, Boris Johnson, Liz Truss, World War Three, heatwaves, food prices, rents, benefit cuts, Andrew Tate, heatwaves, fracking, old white men, monkeypox, gangs, Mahsa Amini, extinction, Sarah Everard, racism, that boy who got stabbed outside Highbury Fields, GCSEs, pressure, nuclear bombs, famine, parents, wildfires, Russia, Jeffrey Dahmer, teachers, floods, abortion, Chris Kaba, fossil fuels, mental health, dictatorships.

When they talked to their parents about how it felt like everything was in chaos they said:

Allegresse, be careful, the world is a wicked place, trust me I know how the world works – when you grow up you'll understand.

It was like they were being fed fairytales, stories of the world, placebos. Like they were hypnotised, that the world was gonna be okay but they realised, it wasn't okay.

It was like everyone was pretending even though they knew, even though they talked about it – trying to live in the moment but they couldn't because they had to keep accepting, keep it stepping, more stuff got added, choices got changed, another decision, another problem – all these problems and still no solution.

It felt like no one wanted to imagine how the future could be different.

But then they realised that it was just because they were young then. That all the problems had always been there, that it was scary then too, just no one had told them about it. Yet.

'Problems'

Robin Hood

Laura Dockrill, adapted from the novel by **Howard Pyle**

Robin returns home and finds that the Sheriff of Nottingham is starving the people of Sherwood Forest. The courageous Robin vows to stand up for the suffering people. In this speech, Robin speaks to the 'Merry Many', a group of outlaws who steal from rich people and give to the poor.

ROBIN: RIGHT! There appears to be some confusion in our camp. Let me clarify. As it appears some of us here need reminding... Our home has been confiscated by a tyrant. Since King Richard the Lionheart has left for his crusade we are under the thumb, lock and key of a merciless and barbaric man. The Sheriff has no empathy and there's no reasoning with him. Please do not EVER think for a second that living in the extremities of today's ruthless tax and penalty charges that there is wiggle room for selfishness. Forget what you had before. Because that is not life outside of these woods anymore.

We live for now! We are The Merry Many and we fight for now! We can help! We are young, fit and able. And wanted, yes. We are wanted but there is freedom in that too. I mean, we're already in deep trouble – how much deeper can we get? We can help those the same way we would like to help ourselves and each other. We take from those that have enough to spare, we share and we reward ourselves for our hard work with food and wine and the company of our friends. The things that money can't buy.

The forest pays us, richly, beautifully, with the golden warmth of the smiling orange sun every morning, the clean clear fresh spring of the stream that washes us, our skin, our clothes and quenches our thirst. The way the trees and bushes provide us with shelter, beds, places to hide, to keep safe. The fruits from branches that are sweet and ripe that you can pluck from your bedside. The ground gives us wheat. Corn. The air is ours, the harmony of birdsong that lullabies us to sleep, the pearl torch of a moon that protects us each and every night. That keeps us sound. Fearless. Brave. This forest gives us everything.

And if you don't like that, Will, you don't have to stick with us. You can go back to town where your hands will be tied and you'll be captured and strung up. Guted. Then, you'll see how much you think you deserve.

Twitch

Rosa Hesmondhalgh

Kai is on their way to a Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB) reserve with their Mum and Weird Wendy. They can't think of anything worse. But when Kai catches sight of a rare type of owl, their feelings change.

KAI: I'm in the car to an RSPB reserve in the furthest corner of absolute nowhere, on a Saturday, with my Mum and her friend Weird Wendy, to go and look at birds. When I should be at my best friend Sammy's water park party. My Mum's insistence on making me have a bad day is borderline *criminal*. I don't care about birds, I care about water slides.

What?

I'm not talking to anyone, Mum. I'm talking to... the universe. About how unfair this is. I'm telling the cars and the trees and the big sign just there that says 'RSPB: GIVING NATURE A HOME' – we're here, are we? Great.

Big forest. Big pond – no waterslides – some pigeons. *Great.*

If I wanted to see pigeons, I'd open my window at home and see that massive scary one that looks like an eagle and leaves its poo everywhere and coos so loudly it wakes me up before my alarm. Coooooooooooo. Like that. I hate pigeons.

So Mum, you've dragged me away from my best friend's party to my mortal enemy's dwelling place. What's first? Walk around the pond? Look through some binoculars? Fight a pigeon? An owl? There's a special, rare type of owl. It's apparently hiding in a tree, no one has ever seen it: you're hoping to see it today.

Let me say that again.

No one has ever seen it.

You're hoping to see it.

I don't mean to rain on your RSPB reserve, but, the odds of – where are you going? You and Weird Wendy can go to the cafe, I'll wait here. If they have cake, could you – Mum? Hello?

If I was at Jo's birthday party, I'd be having cake, post-waterslide. Jo's Mum is literally a professional baker.

That pigeon's watching me. I bet it's been sent to spy on me by the one on my windowsill. It's massive, and I can see its one gross eye, yellow. Yellow? Pigeons' eyes aren't yellow are they? Hang on. It just *hooted*. Not a weird coo – a hoot! I want a better look. It looks straight out of a David Attenborough documentary. Oh it's – *OH!*

MUM. Put that decaf Americano down and C'MERE. I've seen THE OWL!! And *bring your binoculars.*

See?

All the RSPB volunteers are running to have a look. They're patting me on the back, congratulating me for spotting it. They've brought me cake. This isn't so bad. Maybe they could put some waterslides in their lake – I might come back next week.

The Wish Collector
Oladipo Agboluaje

Sam is in his bedroom playing 'Lunar Wars', his favourite video game. In this speech, Sam demonstrates his skill for the game, but is meanwhile troubled by the reality of his home life. Sam wishes that his family could be happy once again.

SAM: Shoot-em-up, RPG

Upgrade weapon

Level three

Watch me race

Into battle

Power up

Win the game

Online fame

Restart game

I'm playing 'Lunar Wars'. Win a battle and your moon waxes brighter. I'm the best in my class. 'Lunar Wars 2' is just out. Mum's promised to get it for me if my grades improve. Dad promised he'd buy me a Game Player. Mum said he wouldn't because he's so stingy. Dad called Mum a nag. Then we all laughed. I wish no one gets them before I do. Got to keep my crown in the playground, you know. Now if I can just reach Level Ten one more time...

(Game over.)

(Jumps up in frustration.) Oh! Nearly, nearly.

(Restart game.)

What I like about 'Lunar Wars' is that you can start all over again. Fail and just press 'restart'. You're always in control even though you haven't got the latest Game Player and some nerd called Chris is stealing your crown!

(Sam continues playing.)

For days I'd get lost in a world of battles and heroes. That must have been when it started. We used to sit at the table for dinner. That was in the good old days before I reached Level Ten. Those were the good days. I wish they'd come back.

(Sam stops playing. Looks up at the sky.)

I'd give up all the moons I've won if Dad comes back home. We'll all be happy like before. I'll go and see a romantic movie with them and we'll cry into our hankies. Dad will say 'I didn't cry', and Mum will say 'Yes you did!' and she'll ask me 'was your Dad blubbering like a baby?' And Dad will say, 'He couldn't see me. He was crying more than you.'

This Massive Universe

Hannah Kennedy

When Juno is abducted by aliens and shown the wonders of the universe, their mind is blown. Back on Earth, Juno struggles to adjust to normal life. In this speech, Juno explains their feelings to their best friend, who is worried about their behaviour.

JUNO: I know I've been acting weird! I know! I'm not... I'm not stupid. Okay? I know sometimes I seem like I'm mentally on another planet. And I know you probably want to know why. You're my best friend. I get it. If you were acting like this, I would want to know why too. But... I don't think you would believe me if I did tell you.

And don't say you would! Because this is a big one, this is a massive one. This one is, honestly, genuinely off the scale. And I'm not just saying that, I promise. I'm not just being vague for the fun of it to create some sort of air of mystery around me because, truthfully, and I really, really mean this, if I thought you would believe me, I would tell you.

Come on. Don't look at me like that. Don't you roll your eyes at me! I have been friends with you since we were six years old, do you really think I'd be trying to pull the wool over your eyes?

Fine! Fine. Fine, I'll tell you. But you can't tell anyone.

Okay. So... You know how I disappeared for a couple of weeks over the summer? And everyone thought I'd been kidnapped. And then I turned up in the woods just a couple of miles outside of town? And I told everyone I couldn't remember where I went? Well, I do remember. And I was kidnapped. I was abducted. I was abducted by aliens.

And yeah, I know that sounds... well, it sounds... it sounds like I've completely let my imagination run away, but it's the truth. I was abducted by aliens, and the things I saw... They, these aliens, they showed me the universe. They showed me how amazing and different and scary and... massive this universe is. Things that I don't think I will ever truly understand.

And then they brought me home. Back here. To my normal life, with my normal family, where I go to my normal school, and I hang out with my normal friends.

And nobody understands, nobody gets it. I know so much, and I feel so, so alone. I look up at the night sky and see all those stars. And I feel so tiny.

So, I'm sorry if I seem a little out of sorts. I'm trying to... I don't know. I'm trying to find meaning again when I'm so insignificant, and this universe is so big.

Through the Looking-GlassLewis Carroll, adapted by LAMDA

As Alice shows her cat the Looking-Glass House, she is amazed when the glass they're looking through melts away. Alice finds herself in the Looking-Glass room and is excited to discover what lies within it.

ALICE: First, there's the room you can see through the glass – that's just the same as our drawing room, only things go the other way. And then there's the bit behind the fireplace – I do wish I could see *that* bit! I wonder whether they've a fire in the winter: you never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then the smoke comes up in that room too – but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. The books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way; I know that, because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

How would you like to live in the Looking-Glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they'd give you milk in there? But oh, Kitty! Now we come to the passage. You can just see a little *peep* of the passage in Looking-Glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it's very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond.

Oh, Kitty! How nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-Glass House! I'm sure it's got such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through.

(The glass begins to melt away.)

Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now! Wait... it should be easy enough to just... *(Alice starts to climb through the glass)* climb through... *(Alice jumps lightly down into the Looking-Glass room.)*

Wow.

(Alice looks around.)

Oh! The pictures – they're alive! And this clock has the face of a little old man. And here are the Red King and the Red Queen. And there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel – and here are two castles walking arm in arm.

(Alice peers at the two castles.)

I don't think they can hear me. I'm nearly sure they can't see me. I feel somehow as if I were invisible. I've got to see what the rest of the house is like!

A Husband for Mum

Trish Cooke

Eleven-year-old Callum wants to find a husband for his single mum, and he thinks he's the perfect person to find her match, as he knows her better than anyone.

CALLUM: Ever seen a beautiful woman and wonder why she's single? My Mum's single. Single yes, but I guess she's not really on her own, cos she's got me. Young, carefree, witty, charming, an ideal companion...

What I'm worried about is later, when all those girls won't be able to keep their hands off me. Don't want her crying in her coffee and pining for some male company then, cos then I'll be too busy being grown up!

The thing is Mum could have any man, but she doesn't want *any* man. Since she split up with Dad, she's convinced herself there's only one perfect match for everyone. She actually believes her soul mate's out there, somewhere. She believes in it so strongly, I think she's probably met him already, in a past life or something, but she let him pass her by.

Now me, I believe you've got to go after what you want in life. Things don't just fall on your lap out of the blue... Least that was what I thought before last week...

(Beat.)

We were coming home from shopping when I was quizzing Mum about stuff... you know personal stuff. I said to Mum –

'So, if you had a choice, of any man in the whole world, who would you choose?' And she just looks at me and laughs. 'Come on, your ideal man?' I say, and she says, 'OK, Brad Pitt'. I mean really? Brad Pitt's a Hollywood star and he's got millions of women after him. Dad's good looking and look where *that* got her!

So, I say, 'Maybe you should go for someone less good looking.' And before I can finish what I am saying it happens! This Beetle car, looks like Herbie from that old film, *Herbie Rides Again*, but it's red with a blue and white stripe on the bonnet, it comes speeding towards us and the driver slams on the breaks, just in time and the goofiest man I've ever seen comes out, and calls out Mum's name... And I think to myself... now this could be him.

At First I Was Afraid... (I Was Petrified!)

Douglas Maxwell

Libra is a Fairy Godcarer. In this speech, they appear before Cleo, who struggles with anxiety. Libra reassures Cleo that it's okay to be worried sometimes.

LIBRA: It's fine to be worried. Worrying means that you're imagining *consequences*, yeah? It means you have something at *stake* in your own life. People who don't worry don't care, and who cares about people who don't care? D'ye know what I mean?

You've just got to keep those worries in their place. They're not the main course... they're a spice. A little bit of zest to sprinkle over your life here and there for a bit of oomph. After all, you can't eat a great big bowl of paprika, can you now? No. So keep the worries in a tiny little jar at the back of your mind cupboard where they belong.

(Cleo is still petrified.)

But okay... I'm not gonna lie: sometimes things do go wrong. Accidents happen. Mistakes are made. Stuff doesn't always turn out the way you want it to. Sometimes you fail. Sometimes you get ill. It's a crazy world... it's a *maddening* world... but it is *no way* an awful world. Because for all the problems humankind has caused, humankind will find a solution. Trust me. Humankind is *astonishingly* good at finding solutions to things. In fact it's our most attractive trait. And yeah, it would be quite nice if humankind didn't cause all the problems in the first place, but what ye gonna do? And guess who's finding the solutions to all those problems?

(Cleo doesn't know.)

Worriers. But nothing'll get done if all the worriers stay in their bedrooms will it? Nah, we need the worriers out there on the street: putting their hands up... volunteering... making suggestions... starting clubs... taking risks... ignoring the haters... climbing that wall and screaming at the tops of their lungs.

(Seriously.) Do you believe me, Cleo? Can you feel... in your heart... that you... *you*... have the power to make this a better world? Can you be brave? Can you inspire?

(Cleo nods.)

Scene 3

King Henry V

William Shakespeare, adapted by LAMDA

King Henry V has ascended the English throne and is invading France. During the assault on Harfleur, Boy observes the criminal behaviour of Bardolph, Pistol and Nym. In this speech, Boy reflects on their pickpocketing schemes and decides to remove himself from their company.

BOY: As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me, for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man.

For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced, by the means whereof 'a faces it out but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the means whereof a breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase.

I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

Act 3, Scene 2

Come to Where I'm From

Sarah McDonald-Hughes

Ten-year-old Lily lives in Manchester. Her dad is a builder who recently lost his job. His final project was building a tower until it was the tallest building in Manchester. Every Saturday, Lily's dad picks her up and takes her for a day out. This week, Lily and her dad stop off at a canal where they reflect on the changes in their hometown.

LILY: By the Palace Theatre, me dad jumps up and rings the bell and we're getting off the bus. Dad takes us down some steps onto a canal. There's crisp bags and cans and that in the water, but there's some ducks an' all, and a shopping trolley sticking up which is pretty mint, really.

I follow me dad along the side of the canal. It's alright down here, nice really, quiet – apart from a few dogs and runners and bikes and that. Then me dad stops and he stares up at a building. It's a car park, I think, an underground one, with flats on the top.

'See this, Lil?' He seems a bit angry all of a sudden and I don't know what we're looking at. 'Probably the most important place this town has ever had. Tony Wilson'd be turning in his grave.' 'What is it, Dad?' 'The Hacienda, Lil. Where I met your mum. Best club in the world.' It's started raining. My dad starts walking up and down the canal, bouncing around on the side of the water. I don't know what he's talking about. 'Everywhere you look now it's flats and Tesco Metro and it's as if none of this ever happened. And I don't want no part of it. I don't want to build all these hard faced, heartless buildings in the place of things that were real and important and true.'

It's proper chucking it down now but me dad sits down, right there on the path. 'I just thought... that I could have one last stab at it. At being who I want to be and doing something big, and with a bit of meaning, d'you know what I mean?' Then the worst thing ever happens. My dad looks up at the sky and the rain's falling on him and I see that it's mixing with the wet that's already running out of his eyes.

Suddenly there's no bikes or dogs or runners and it's just me and my dad and the canal and the car park that used to be the best club in the world. I crawl onto my dad's knee. My dad wipes his face with the back of his hand.

'So what about you? Do you think I'm a loser an' all?'

'No,' I say, cos I don't. 'You built the tower dad. Look, Dad. There it is.'

I look into the black canal, all shiny like oil. And then – it's there. Stretching high above everything, reflected in the water all bright and shiny and special. And I know it'll always be there. Watching me.

