

Level 1 Acting: Grade 1 Solo

Titles in Level 1 Acting: Grade 1 Solo

Beauty and the Beast

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Beauty and the Beast

PINK is about to tell the story of Beauty and the Beast to friends and starts by introducing the orchestra who will accompany Pink with the tale. The orchestra is made up of insects.

PINK: My friends, tonight we are joined by some very special guests. Inside this small box, tuning up as we speak is an entire orchestra made up of the lightest, the smallest, the creepiest, crawliest musicians in the Empire.

We have fleas, we have flies, we have lice and louses,

The tiniest pests that you shoo from your houses,

Please welcome them warmly,

They've travelled so far,

Ladies and gentlemen,

The Insect Orchestra!

(PINK opens the lid. A blast of high pitched orchestral splendour. As PINK introduces each section, we hear a snatch of their solo)

We have the ants on strings.

The fleas, on flutes.

On horns, the aphids. They don't have a lot of puff, boys and girls, but they certainly know how to use it!

Madame Housefly, our oboe soloist. Wonderful, Zelda.

Monsieur Beetle, on the tuba.

And last, but not least, the fabulous mosquitoes on percussion.

(One of the musicians has made a bid for freedom!)

Oh dear.

It appears our clarinet player has escaped. Can anyone –

(The lead clarinet has landed on the head of a child in the audience. PINK'S eyes narrow on the child's head)

Ah! I've got him in my sights now.

(PINK removes a shoe and moves in for the kill, eyes fixed on the escapee)

Please, hold still. I assure you, this will hurt you far more than it hurts me –

SMACK.

GOTCHA.

(PINK examines the sole of the shoe, picks the dead insect off, and eats it, without a pause)

Ready, Cecile?

Ready in there? *(PINK raps the box. A sound of frightened assent within)*

Très bien.

And so it begins.

By Lucy Kirkwood

Adapted by Katie Mitchell

It's Here Somewhere

ABBI tries to find a letter from school that she needs to give her mum; however the letter is lost in the depths of her messy bedroom.

ABBI: I know it's here somewhere, I can remember putting it away in a safe place. I just can't remember which safe place.

What do you mean it's a mess? Mum I've told you I like to organise my room in a certain way.

This pile here is my dancing stuff, this here is school stuff, over here is weekend stuff, under there is a box of memories and in this corner is a neat pile of clothes that I've worn but haven't quite had time to transfer to the laundry basket. This over here is a pile of things I might need in an emergency and finally on top of this set of drawers is a pile I've labelled miscellaneous, yes that's right it's basically everything else I own.

Mum please don't nag I'll find it, why do schools send important letters out via the child anyway? I know the teachers are old but surely they've figured out how to use email. Maybe it's in my memory box.

Aww Mum look at this, my first ever painting, move over Picasso, and look at this valentine card, I know you and Dad sent it but made me feel like I was very popular at the time, which let's face it is important in nursery school.

Mum look do you remember when I sewed this teddy bear and gave you it for Christmas? One eye was a cool look for bears in those days.

Oh wow! Mum here is Gran's wedding ring, and you thought it was lost. You see I may not be able to locate a dumb letter from my form tutor but I bet you're glad I'm a hoarder now.

By Joanne Watkinson

Keeping Up Appearances Again

Preparing SIDNEY for his big fight with Jake after school, his mates talk to him about tactics, but Sidney wants to be left alone to gather his thoughts.

SIDNEY: *(To mates)* I'll be alright. Don't fuss. I know what I need to do. One strike at the head and it's goodnight Jake. But I've got to get my punch in first before he does.

Okay, on your way guys. Here he comes. *(Shaking hands with each of his friends)*...Thanks for coming. I'll bring you his tooth as a sign of my victory. See ya.

(His friends exit. Prepares to look mean as Jake approaches)

You've come on your own then Jake...

Have you brought the fake blood?

...Excellent *(Takes out packet from pocket)* I've got these stick on bruises from the joke shop. Do you mind having the blood? Only I promised Dave that I'd give you a bloody nose...

Thanks. I've got to keep up appearances with my posse, you know. Otherwise I'll never be able to hold my head up at school again. *(Sits down and relaxes)*

It's tiring being popular, isn't it?

How do you cope with it?

I know it's not easy. They keep pushing us for a fight. Let's hope this is the last one. I want to start hanging around nicer people for a change. And if it doesn't work we'll have to find other schools in the area. *(Pause)*

We might have to consider witness protection, but let's hope it doesn't come to that. *(Checks watch)* Right, you apply the fake blood while I cover myself with bruises *(Gets the stuff out of bag. Hands blood to Jake. Gets pocket mirror and starts to apply fake blood on to his face)*

I'll have to place them just right for maximum effect. *(Turns to Jake)* Ready?...

Good Luck. I'll see you tomorrow

(Exiting. Taking a piece of enamel out of pocket)...What's this?
Shark's tooth. Got Biology next.

(Makes hasty exit)

By Antony Wieland

Holka Polka (Good Deeds and Such)

Witches and wizards are gathered at a meeting. They are all talking and cackling loudly. BAILEY addresses them about a public relations (PR) problem that they are facing.

BAILEY: Hey, you witches and wizards. Quieten down. *(The witches and wizards continue to talk)* Everyone quiet before I turn you all into toads!

(Talking dies down except for one witch called Zoom who keeps talking about her new broom. BAILEY goes over to her and gives her the evil eye. Zoom flees)

All right you witches and wizards. We've got ourselves a PR problem here. We have got a seriously bad reputation here in Fairy Tale Land and it's only getting worse since the Hansel and Gretel incident. I mean, come on people; eating children. That's just low.

They're thinking of getting rid of all magic.

(An audience member queries if this is possible)

They can and they will unless we turn things around and prove we can handle having it. They gave it to Fairy Tale Land in the first place. And now they want it all back because they think we can't handle it.

(An audience member makes a joke)

This is no time for jokes. We have a crisis here. I mean, what's a witch or wizard without magic? We're nothing, I tell you. You'll just be a bunch of old ladies!

(A male wizard clears his throat)

And men with bad hair and skin. We have to do a major PR thing. Good deeds and stuff.

(Someone in the audience disagrees)

Then say 'poof' to your magic and learn to use chopsticks because that's all our wands will be good for. We need to do a good deed. Not just any good deed, but a whopper of a good one.

*(Good deed suggestions are made by the audience while
BAILEY listens)*

No, bigger. We're going to save the Prince.

*(The audience discuss the suggestion and are scared that others
in Fairy Tale Land won't like it)*

But think of the PR. Witches and wizards saving the Prince. And
before some bubble-headed princess manages to do it.

By D. M. Larson

Journey to the Science Museum

KAVITA is going on a school trip to the Science Museum. She is on a train with her own school class and other school groups. The train is packed, and she has lost her special experiment book.

KAVITA: If I were a book where would I be? If I were a book where would I be? (*Getting more frustrated*) If I were a very special science book filled with all the coolest experiments where would I be?

I would have stayed in my owner's bag, that's where!

(*She has ventured to the other side of the carriage, near some other school children called Mia and Elsie who are also going to the Science Museum*)

Excuse me, have either of you seen a loose book anywhere on this side of the carriage? Mine seems to have fallen out of my bag. Mr Cohen told us to be careful, but I was so distracted by looking at the wonderful sights out of the window that I... (*She notices what they are doing and stops*)

(*Excited*) Oh, are you doing a science experiment? Let's see!

(*Reacts to Elsie's experiment*) Are you sure you did that properly? I'm not sure that's how it's meant to turn out.

(*She sits down next to them*) I've tried some experiments at home and they've all worked for me! I learnt about them in the book I've lost... I hope I find it soon so I can do more, and write down everything I learn at the Science Museum! I can see from your badges you're going there too!

Do you want to know what experiments I can do? I can use lemon juice to make invisible ink. I can make homemade ice cream and I can grow a bean in a cup and watch the roots grow.

Have you tried out any other experiments at home? (*Making sure Mr Cohen can't hear her*) Have you ever tried the diet coke and mentos experiment? Well, if you do, let me give you a tip: STAND BACK! I mean, really far back! (*Giggles*)

Oh, I'm sorry, all that blabbing about experiments and I've forgotten to introduce myself... I'm Kavita. (*She looks at Mia and Elsie in turn*) What are your names...?

(She listens to their response) It's great to meet you!

(Mr Cohen calls KAVITA) Yes, Mr Cohen, I'm coming. What's that? You found my book? It was where? *(Surprised)* In my lunchbox? *(Embarrassed)* Oops, sorry Mr Cohen.

(To Mia and Elsie) It was lovely talking to you, maybe we'll bump into each other in the Wonderlab!

(She goes to leave, but returns to tell Elsie and Mia one final thing...)

Oh, just in case, here are some mentos for later. But remember what I said... stand... back!

By Louisa Worley

Goodnight Mister Tom

It is September 1939 and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain has just announced that Britain is at war. William Beech and Zacharias Wrench (ZACH) have both been evacuated to the same village.

ZACH: *(He runs on excitedly and flings his arms out wide)* We have no script. We have no music. We have no scenery. But is that going to stop us putting on a show?

(To Carrie) How about you, Carrie! It's for the War Effort you know. And it'll help to raise morale. A musical comedy.

(To George) You needn't act in it, George. You could help backstage.

(To Ginnie) And Ginnie, you could help sew the costumes. It'll be wizard! Give me a few more minutes of your time and I'll show you the sort of show I'd be producing. You won't regret it.

Well, what do you say, are you going to sign up or not? *(They run off)*

Oh.

(He notices William quietly drawing. He walks over to him) You're like me, Will. Always on the outside. You have a secret world. I can see it in your frown. What's that you're doing on that scrap of paper? Is it a drawing? I say, can I see it? *(He watches him run off)*

Come back! Drat!

(To himself) I'm determined this show will be a stupendous success. I've made up my mind. And with Mister Tom playing the piano – after I've told him of course – it will be absolutely wizard.

By Michelle Magorian

Adapted by David Wood

The Big Bad Wolf – The Three Little Pigs

THE BIG BAD WOLF is talking to the audience about becoming a vegetarian.

THE BIG BAD WOLF: Hey man! Don't look so worried. I ain't going to gobble up any little girls, little pigs, chickens, boys called Peter or anything else really meaty any more. Chill out. Don't look so scared. I've gone veggie.

Yeah, you heard me dude. No more meat. So if you're a bean, a carrot or a big green cabbage you better start quaking man. Ha ha ha, you ever seen a quaking cabbage? Well, that old Troll that lived under that bridge was the nearest I ever saw to that, especially when those prissy little goats kept trip trapping over him. That sure made him mad and boy did he go green and quake. But I always kept my cool. Sometimes difficult when you're heading straight for a pot of boiling water, but I had my reputation to think of. Yeah, I was a legend in stories. I know, I know.

'Oh Grandma what big teeth you've got.'

'All the better to gobble you up'. Smirk, grin, salivate.

Sure I was a good actor. 'Little Pig, Little Pig, may I come in?' Sweet simpering voice; appealing tilt of the head. Thought about trying to get on TV or Hollywood. But every time I bared these fangs everybody ran a mile. I was having a personality crisis man.

'You're a wolf so you gotta be mean and bad' they kept telling me. And then I got bad press. So now that's all changed. I'm into peace and love man, no growling, no howling, no lurking with intent and definitely no gobbling. Ban the bomb, save the whale, look at your carbon footprint and think about global warming and brotherly love. And eat lettuce. Lettuce... *(There is a telling grimace)* Yeah, I'm a reformed character kids – and you'd better believe that.

By Eleanor McLeod

Florence Nightingale

FLORENCE aged 10 is speaking to her older sister, *Parthe*, aged 11. The girls are in the nursery playing 'hospitals' with their dolls.

FLORENCE: *(Speaking to her doll, Mopsy)* You're very, very ill, and you must lie quiet. Yes, you must. If you're not good, I won't take your temperature. Then where would you be?

(She takes the doll's temperature) Goodness me! It's 200! Mopsy's temperature, it's 200 and she's very ill.

(Speaking to Parthe) Mopsy's more ill than you were – much more ill. They don't want to be in hospital. But when they're ill they have to be.

(Speaking to her doll, Mopsy) Now I'm going to cure you Mopsy. This is a good hospital. Now Mopsy, drink this and you'll be well. All of it and if you're good you shall have a little piece of sugar after it. Now, I'll take your temperature again. Open your mouth.
(She takes her temperature again)

Isn't that wonderful? You're cured! Now you can go back to your family, and tomorrow, if you're very good you can have scarlet fever and come back again.

(Speaking to Parthe) I can't help it if they enjoy bad health. Mother says that Mrs. Bramwell in the village enjoys bad health. So does Mopsy.

(Looking at Parthe's doll) What's the matter with her? When people's heads come off we tie them up with a bandage and camomile tea! To make the join good! Oh yes, she is bad. I'll turn Mopsy out.

(Taking Parthe's doll) Come on Clarissa don't be frightened. Here's a nice, nice bandage. You hold her Parthe, and I'll tie her head on. How did it come off? I wouldn't like to be a doll belonging to you. I think she wants some glue really.

(Enters Father) Here's Father. Father, have you got any glue? It's Parthe's Clarissa, her head's come off. Clarissa's very rich, she says if you can cure her she'll give the hospital a thousand pounds! I like hospitals!

Sports Day

ANDREW and his mum have just walked into his living room, where his dad is watching TV. Andrew is annoyed and starts telling his dad about his school sports day, which they have just come from.

ANDREW: I can't even describe it. It was just horrible, like a nightmare. You know, like one of those really scary ones.

Yes Dad! I know that all nightmares are scary, but this one was really bad!

(Pacing) Everything about sports day was bad. It was badly planned, with bad events. I liked other sports days... I think. *(He absently scratches his elbow, while thinking)* ... But this was like one I'd never been to in my entire life.

And Mum, I hope I never have to go to another one like it again. We all agreed that we shouldn't have to go to the next one. I mean, Aaron says he won't sleep because he worries that he'll dream about it. You were there Mum, you saw what happened.

There was an egg and spoon race and Mr. Raj used real eggs, but he hadn't boiled the eggs enough. Some of them smashed on the ground with the yolk spilling everywhere *(Points at Mum)* and Mum got egg on her shoes. Stella slipped on someone else's egg and she fell *(Demonstrates the fall)* right on her face!

(Starts pacing again) And Dad...

(Stops and looks at his dad and realises that his father is not paying attention) Dad! DAD!

(Continues pacing) Dad, you know the wheelbarrow race is my favourite. Well, me and Aaron didn't hear the whistle because... because it wasn't loud enough, and – *(Looks at his dad again to make sure he's listening)* well everyone else started moving...but they were closer to Mr. Raj when he blew the whistle and anyway, we lost! We lost because the whistle wasn't loud enough!

(Looks determined) You know what Mum; I'm going to complain to school about sports day. I'm going to complain about the whole thing. We all hated it and I won't stay quiet about this!

Birthday Hijack

JO is 13 years old and has a birthday that falls on Christmas Day. Here Jo describes to a friend why it's not a good day to have a birthday.

JO: *(Slumped on the sofa)* I can't believe how unlucky I am that I was born on Christmas Day. Christmas Day! There are 364 other days in the year, and my parents choose to bring me into the world on that one. A day when everyone is so consumed with opening their own presents, stuffing their faces with turkey, pulling crackers and falling asleep in front of the TV. Why would anyone be interested in celebrating someone's birthday when there's so much else to do?

(Gets up and starts pacing)

Do you know how many times I have heard the phrase, 'I am so sorry, I forgot it was your birthday!'? Nobody remembers to buy me a card and if I do happen to get one or two, there's nowhere to put them because the house is stuffed full of Christmas cards. And what's the idea of getting a 'joint Christmas and birthday present'? I mean, what is that? Doesn't everyone else get separate Christmas and birthday gifts? Don't even get me started on the time my so-called best friend gave me a book wrapped half in Christmas paper and half in birthday paper!

(Getting worked up)

Do you know how many times my parents have forgotten to get me a birthday cake? Being given a lighted match stuck in a mince pie is not really the same thing is it? And I've never had a birthday party because all my friends are too busy celebrating Christmas with their families. The trouble with families is that they aren't used to being cooped up in the house with each other all day, so by Christmas Day evening, everyone is grumpy and bickering with one another. Not exactly the time to start a birthday bash.

(Sits)

I seriously think my mum should have realized what she was letting me in for, and just held me in for another few hours. Just until a minute after midnight would have been enough. Then I could have had the 26th December to myself. But no! Apparently I was '*the best Christmas present she ever had*'. I was cheated! Cheated!

By Caroline Petherbridge