

**Sample pieces
for sight reading based tasks
in Drama Diploma exams**

Covering the following tasks:

- **Unseen texts**
- **Lyrics as dramatic monologues**
- **Unseen scores**

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Unseen Texts

Exam title: ATCL Performing (Speech and Drama, Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)

Task: 1.2 – Viva voce

Requirement: The candidate works with the examiner on a previously unseen text, discussing its interpretation, their approach and possible rehearsal techniques.

Note: The examiner might invite the candidate to work on a monologue, regardless of the gender cited by the author – where appropriate. The candidate may only be invited to work on a small excerpt from the piece.

Sample piece 1

Poem - from *Brand New Ancients* by Kate Tempest

In the old days,
the myths were the stories we used to explain ourselves

but how can we explain
the way we hate ourselves?

The things we've made ourselves into,
the way we break ourselves in two,
the way we overcomplicate ourselves?

But we are still mythical.

We are still permanently trapped
somewhere between the heroic and the pitiful.

We are still Godly,
that's what's made us so monstrous.
It just feels like we've forgotten
that we're much more
than the sum of the things that belong to us.

Every single person has a purpose in them burning.
Look again.
Allow yourself to see them.

Millions of characters
Each with their own epic narratives
Singing, 'it's hard to be an angel
Until you've been a demon'.

We are perfect because of our imperfections,
We must stay hopeful,
We must be patient;

When they excavate the modern day
They'll find us,
The Brand New Ancients.

All that we have here
Is all that we've always had.

We have jealousy,
tenderness,
curses and gifts.

But the plight of a people who have forgotten their myths
and imagine that somehow
now is all that there is –
is a sorry plight

all isolation and worry
but the life in your veins
it is Godly, heroic.
You were born for greatness.
Believe it,
know it –
take it from the tears of the poets.

there's always been heroes,
there's always been villains,
the stakes may have changed
but really there's no difference.

there's always been greed
and heartbreak and ambition.
jealousy, love,
trespass and contrition,

we're the same beings that began,
still living,
in all of our fury and foulness and friction.
Everyday odysseys.
Dreams vs decisions.
The stories are there if you listen.

The stories are here.

The stories are you
and your fear and your hope is as old
as the language of smoke,
the language of blood,
the language of languishing love,

the Gods are all here.
Because the Gods are in us.

Sample piece 2

Poem - The Sailor Boy by Alfred Lord Tennyson

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, tho' thou are young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answer'd , "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay for shame;'
My father raves of death and wreck,-
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

Sample piece 3

Prose - From the play *Gideon in Table* by Tanya Ronder

Is that what you really think, that I do what I want? If I'd done what I wanted at the time our family separated, I'd have come back and killed you, Michelle, over and over again. Because that was what I passionately wanted.

I'm not saying it was right, I'm just telling you what I wanted to do, but didn't, and it wasn't what I wanted to be feeling either. When I did pick up a telephone, my heart was clenched so tightly with self-defence, because I knew you'd answer and I couldn't bear to hear you, so phoning became a problem. So if you honestly imagine I go around doing what I want to do, you couldn't be further from the truth. And I've learnt that what I really want is to be even a portion of the man I would die a tiny bit proud of being. At least not die ashamed.

Michelle I've not come here with expectations or demands ... All I've come back with is hope, that's it. I'm cradling a small piece of hope that there might be a place for me somewhere in the orbit of my once-upon-a-time family.

Sample piece 4

Play - Hippolito's monologue from the play *The Honest Whore* by Thomas Dekker

Hippolito:

Methinks a toad is happier than a whore.
That, with one poison, swells; with thousands more
The other stocks her veins. Harlot? Fie, fie!
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaves of nature. Mark me else.
You put on rich attires--others' eyes wear them;
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin.
And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves.
From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves.
Like bears and apes, y'are baited and show tricks
For money; but your bawd the sweetness licks.
Indeed, you are their journeywomen, and do
All base and damned works they list set you to,
So that you ne'er are rich; for do but show me,
In present memory or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous courtesan,
Whose flesh was dear'st; that raised the price of sin,
And held it up; to whose intemperate bosom,
Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,
The mean'st a gentleman, have offered up
Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rained in showers
Handfuls of gold; yet, for all this, at last
Diseases sucked her marrow, then grew so poor
That she has begged e'en at a beggar's door.
And (wherein heaven has a finger) when this idol,
From coast to coast, has leaped on foreign shores,
And had more worship than the outlandish whores;
When several nations have gone over her;
When, for each several city she has seen,
Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear;
Did live well there, and might have died unknown
And undefamed--back comes she to her own,
And there both miserably lives and dies,
Scorned even of those that once adored her eyes,
As if her fatal, circled life thus ran:
Her pride should end there where it first began.
What, do you weep to hear your story read?
Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.

Sample piece 5

Play - Debbie's monologue from the play *Love and Money*

by Dennis Kelly

Debbie:

Did I tell you this, last week I caught a mouse in my flat, I have mice, which is something I don't really, I don't really like that, I have mice and I caught this one on glue paper, you know, the glue traps, I've tried everything else and that's the only thing that works and the worst thing is that when you catch them they're still alive so you have to, you know, despatch them, so I put a cloth over it and I hit it over the head with a cup, a mug, but it took quite a few, you know, hits and it was screaming and I felt sick and I was crying and everything and then I peeled it off the paper, you have to be very careful because the body's quite delicate, and then I took a scalpel that I have for handicrafts and I slit its little belly open and I tugged out all its insides and I stuck them and the body onto this Christmas card, so that it splayed open with the guts out into this Christmas tree design, and I sent it to my boss with writing cut out from a newspaper saying "Thanks for all the hard work and good luck in the new job pig-face." And can you believe it, they called the police.

Sample piece 6

Play - Mrs Allonby's monologue from the play *A Woman of No Importance* by Oscar Wilde

Mrs Allonby:

The Ideal Man! Oh, the Ideal Man should talk to us as if we were goddesses, and treat us as if we were children. He should refuse all our serious requests, and gratify every one of our whims. He should encourage us to have caprices, and forbid us to have missions. He should always say much more than he means, and always mean much more than he says. He should never run down other pretty women. That would show he had no taste, or make one suspect that he had too much. No; he should be nice about them all, but say that somehow they don't attract him. If we ask him a question about anything, he should give us an answer all about ourselves. He should invariably praise us for whatever qualities he knows we haven't got. But he should be pitiless, quite pitiless, in reproaching us for the virtues that we have never dreamed of possessing. He should never believe that we know the use of useful things. That would be unforgivable. But he should shower on us everything we don't want. He should persistently compromise us in public, and treat us with absolute respect when we are alone. And yet he should be always ready to have a perfectly terrible scene, whenever we want one, and to become miserable, absolutely miserable, at a moment's notice, and to overwhelm us with just reproaches in less than twenty minutes, and to be positively violent at the end of half an hour, and to leave us for ever at a quarter to eight, when we have to go and dress for dinner. And when, after that, one has seen him for really the last time, and he has refused to take back the little things he has given one, and promised never to communicate with one again, or to write one any foolish letters, he should be perfectly broken-hearted, and telegraph to one all day long, and send one little notes every half-hour by a private hansom, and dine quite alone at the club, so that every one should know how unhappy he was. And after a whole dreadful week, during which one has gone about everywhere with one's husband, just to show how absolutely lonely one was, he may be given a third last parting, in the evening, and then, if his conduct has been quite irreproachable, and one has behaved really badly to him, he should be allowed to admit that he has been entirely in the wrong, and when he has admitted that, it becomes a woman's duty to forgive, and one can do it all over again from the beginning, with variations.

Sample piece 7

Prose – *The Yellow Wall-paper* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able, -- to dress and entertain, and order things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I CANNOT be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall-paper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall-paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good, " he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental. "

"Then do let us go downstairs, " I said, "there are such pretty rooms there. "

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down to the cellar, if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is an airy and comfortable room as any one need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep shaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well, John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it KNEW what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside down.

Sample piece 8

Prose – *Exit West* by Mohsin Hamid

In a city swollen by refugees but still mostly at peace, or at least not yet openly at war, a young man met a young woman in a classroom and did not speak to her. For many days. His name was Saeed and her name was Nadia and he had a beard, not a full beard, more a studiously maintained stubble, and she was always clad from the tips of her toes to the bottom of her jugular notch in a flowing black robe. Back then people continued to enjoy the luxury of wearing more or less what they wanted to wear, clothing and hair wise, within certain bounds of course, and so these choices meant something.

It might seem odd that in cities teetering at the edge of the abyss young people still go to class – in this case an evening class on corporate identity and product branding – but that is the way of things, with cities as with life, for one moment we are pottering about our errands as usual and the next we are dying, and our eternally impending ending does not put a stop to our transient beginnings and middles until the instant when it does.

Saeed noticed that Nadia had a beauty mark on her neck, a tawny oval that sometimes, rarely but not never, moved with her pulse.

Not long after noticing this, Saeed spoke to Nadia for the first time. Their city had yet to experience any major fighting, just some shootings and the odd car bombing, felt in one's chest cavity as a subsonic vibration like those emitted by large loudspeakers at music concerts, and Saeed and Nadia had packed up their books and were leaving class.

In the stairwell he turned to her and said, 'Lis- ten, would you like to have a coffee,' and after a brief pause added, to make it seem less forward, given her conservative attire, 'in the cafeteria?'

Nadia looked him in the eye. 'You don't say your evening prayers?' she asked.

Saeed conjured up his most endearing grin. 'Not always. Sadly.'

Her expression did not change.

So he persevered, clinging to his grin with the mounting desperation of a doomed rock climber:

'I think it's personal. Each of us has his own way. Or . . . her own way. Nobody's perfect. And, in any case –'

She interrupted him. 'I don't pray,' she said. She continued to gaze at him steadily.

Then she said, 'Maybe another time.'

He watched as she walked out to the student parking area and there, instead of covering her head with a black cloth, as he expected, she donned a black motorcycle helmet that had been locked to a scuffed-up hundred-ish cc trail bike, snapped down her visor, straddled her ride, and rode off, disappearing with a controlled rumble into the gathering dusk.

Exam title: LTCL Performing (Speech and Drama, Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)

Task: 3.2 – Viva voce

Requirement: The candidate will discuss or with work with the examiner a/on a previously unseen text.

Sample piece 1

Poem – *A Fever* by John Donne

Oh do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember, thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;
To leave this world behind, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
It stay, 'tis but thy carcass then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

Oh wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,
For much corruption needful is
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee is soon spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persevere.
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

Sample piece 2
Poem – *Medusa* by Louise Bogan

I had come to the house, in a cave of trees,
Facing a sheer sky.
Everything moved,—a bell hung ready to strike,
Sun and reflection wheeled by.

When the bare eyes were before me
And the hissing hair,
Held up at a window, seen through a door.
The stiff bald eyes, the serpents on the forehead
Formed in the air.

This is a dead scene forever now.
Nothing will ever stir.
The end will never brighten it more than this,
Nor the rain blur.

The water will always fall, and will not fall,
And the tipped bell make no sound.
The grass will always be growing for hay
Deep on the ground.

And I shall stand here like a shadow
Under the great balanced day,
My eyes on the yellow dust, that was lifting in the wind,
And does not drift away.

Sample piece 3

Play – *The Pride* by Alexi Kaye Campbell

Peter:

I'm not gonna deny to you, Oliver, that I've got a personal connection. I mean, to the whole gay thing. The gay cause, if you like. Had an uncle. Great bloke. Proper ace. My mother's brother. Uncle Harry. Lovely man. Heart of gold. Couldn't hurt a fly. Worked for the council. AIDS got him.

Seared on my memory. Like engraved. This one day. Last time I saw him. And he's dying. And I'm what? Twelve, thirteen. And my mum takes me and my little bro to the Royal Free hospital, coz that's where he is. Some special ward and they don't really know what it is, I mean they know its AIDS but his was the early days, I mean you didn't really know if you could catch it, how you could catch it, so my mum's like throwing the glasses away, you know the ones he's drunk out of after he's been to ours, not in front of him of course, but after he's gone, and it sounds really ignorant but you didn't really know what was going on back then. So we get to the Royal Free, this special ward, like, and Uncle Harry's under this sheet thing, like a special sheet with wires coming out of him and drips and stuff. Mad. And he's on a ventilator coz he can't even breathe and its making this noise, like the sound of death. Never seen anything like it. And its all a bit weird and I lean forward and I'm a bit freaked out by the whole thing and my mum's saying, 'Say hello to your Uncle Harry,' but what she really means is, 'Say goodbye to your Uncle Harry,' coz we all kind of know he's on his way out so I lean in and this sheet thing is between us, but I look down and I see and... His eyes. Like every other part of him is dying but his eyes. Windows of the soul. That kind of thing. Eyes full of love.

Breaks my heart.

Pause

So we're turning around to go and there's this guy sitting there, a few feet away from us and he sees me and smiles and I'm a bit like, 'who the hell are you?' coz I'm twelve or whatever and don't know any better and my mum kind of drags us out of the place and I'm asking her who that guy was and she's like, 'that's your Uncle Harry's friend.' And later I found out that they've lived together for twenty-five years. So I'm asking my mum why we've never met him, how come we've never met Uncle Harry's friend before and she doesn't really have an answer. 'We just haven't,' she says. People are weird.

Pause

So that's my own personal connection. I mean, to the gay thing. Uncle Harry, I want to honour that.

Sample piece 4

Play – *A Long Day's Journey into Night* by Eugene O'Neill

Edmund:

You've just told me some high spots in your memories. Want to hear mine? They're all connected with the sea. Here's one. When I was on the Squarehead square rigger, bound for Buenos Aires. Full moon in the Trades. The old hooker driving fourteen knots. I lay on the bowsprit, facing astern, with the water foaming into spume under me, the masts with every sail white in the moonlight, towering high above me. I became drunk with the beauty and singing rhythm of it, and for a moment I lost myself - actually lost my life. I was set free! I dissolved into the sea, became white sales and flying spray, became beauty and rhythm, became moonlight and the ship and the high dim-starred sky! I belonged, without past or future, within peace and unity and a wild joy, within something greater than my own life, or the life of Man, to Life itself! To God, if you want to put it that way. Then another time, on the American Line, when I was lookout on the crow's nest in the dawn watch. A calm sea, that time. Only a lazy ground swell and a slow drowsy roll of the ship. The passengers asleep and none of the crew in sight. No sound of man. Black smoke pouring from the funnels behind and beneath me. Dreaming, not keeping lookout, feeling alone, and above, and apart, watching the dawn creep like a painted dream over the sky and sea which slept together. Then the moment of ecstatic freedom came. The peace, the end of the quest, the last harbor, the joy of belonging to a fulfillment beyond men's lousy, pitiful, greedy fears and hopes and dreams! And several other times in my life, when I was swimming far out, or lying alone on a beach, I have had the same experience. Became the sun, the hot sand, green seaweed anchored to a rock, swaying in the tide. Like a saint's vision of beatitude. Like the veil of things as they seem drawn back by an unseen hand. For a second you see - and seeing the secret, are the secret. For a second there is meaning! Then the hand lets the veil fall and you are alone, lost in the fog again, and you stumble on toward nowhere, for no good reason! It was a great mistake, my being born a man, I would have been much more successful as a sea gull or a fish. As it is, I will always be a stranger who never feels at home, who does not really want and is not really wanted, who can never belong, who must always be a little in love with death!

Sample piece 5

Play – *Dido, Queen of Carthage* by Christopher Marlowe

Dido:

Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?
O blessed tempests that did drive him in!
O happy sand that made him run aground!
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods.
Ay, but it may be, he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land call'd Italy:
O that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail!
I must prevent him; wishing will not serve.--
Go bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house;
Æneas will not go without his son;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.
What if I sink his ships? O, he will frown!
Better he frown than I should die of grief.
I cannot see him frown; it may not be:
Armies of foes resolv'd to win this town,
Or impious traitors vow'd to have my life,
Affright me not; only Æneas frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart:
Not bloody spears, appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten Dido's death;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days.
If he forsake me not, I never die;
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Sample piece 6

Play – *Lungs* by Duncan Macmillan

W:

Look, alright, listen, you have to understand alright, I'm thinking out loud here so please just let me talk just let me think it through out loud please alright don't just jump in if I say something wrong or stupid just let me think okay because I've always wanted alright and I'm talking in the abstract I've always wanted I've always had a sense or an idea of myself always defined myself okay as a person who would, that my purpose in life that my function on this planet would be to and not that I ever thought about it like that it's only now because you're asking or not asking but mentioning, starting the conversation only because of that that I'm now even thinking about it but it's always sort of been a given for me an assumption ever since I was a little girl playing with dolls I mean long long long before I met you, it's never been what I guess it should be which is a a a an extension of an expression of you know, love or whatever, a coming together of two people it's always been this alright and this will sound stupid and naïve but it's always been an image, I guess, of myself with a bump and glowing in that motherly or pushing a pram or a cot with a mobile above it or singing to it reading Beatrix Potter or Dr. Seuss, I don't care, never cared about it being a boy or a girl just small and soft and adorable and with that milky head smell and the tiny socks and giggles and yes vomit, even that's all part of it, looking after it, caring for it that's I think that's the impulse and there's always been a father in the picture but sort of a blurry background generic man, I'm sorry, it's just this picture of my life I've always had since I was able to think and I've never questioned it. Never.

Sample piece 7
Prose – *Possession* by A. S. Byatt

The book was thick and black and covered with dust. Its boards were bowed and creaking; it had been maltreated in its own time. Its spine was missing, or rather protruded from amongst the leaves like a bulky marker. It was bandaged about and about with dirty white tape, tied in a neat bow. The librarian handed it to Roland Michell, who was sitting waiting for it in the Reading Room of the London Library. It had been exhumed from Locked Safe no. 5 where it usually stood between Pranks of Priapus and The Grecian Way of Love. It was ten in the morning, one day in September 1986. Roland had the small single table he liked best, behind a square pillar, with the clock over the fireplace nevertheless in full view. To his right was a high sunny window, through which you could see the high green leaves of St. James's Square.

The London Library was Roland's favourite place. It was shabby but civilised, alive with history but inhabited also by living poets and thinkers who could be found squatting on the slotted metal floors of the stacks, or arguing pleasantly at the turning of the stair. Here Carlyle had come, here George Eliot had progressed through the bookshelves. Roland saw her black silk skirts, her velvet trains, sweeping compressed between the Fathers of the Church, and heard her firm foot ring on metal among the German poets. Here Randolph Henry Ash had come, cramming his elastic mind and memory with unconsidered trifles from History and Topography, from the felicitous alphabetical conjunctions of Science and Miscellaneous--Dancing, Deaf and Dumb, Death, Dentistry, Devil and Demonology, Distribution, Dogs, Domestic Servants, Dreams. In his day, works on Evolution had been catalogued under Pre-Adamite Man. Roland had only recently discovered that the London Library possessed Ash's own copy of Vico's *Principj di Scienza Nuova*. Ash's books were most regrettably scattered across Europe and America. By far the largest single gathering was of course in the Stant Collection at Robert Dale Owen University in New Mexico, where Mortimer Cropper worked on his monumental edition of the Complete Correspondence of Randolph Henry Ash. That was no problem nowadays, books travelled the aether like light and sound. But it was just possible that Ash's own Vico had marginalia missed even by the indefatigable Cropper. And Roland was looking for sources for Ash's Garden of Proserpina. And there was a pleasure to be had from reading the sentences Ash had read, touched with his fingers, scanned with his eyes.

It was immediately clear that the book had been undisturbed for a very long time, perhaps even since it had been laid to rest. The librarian fetched a checked duster, and wiped away the dust, a black, thick, tenacious Victorian dust, a dust composed of smoke and fog particles accumulated before the Clean Air Acts. Roland undid the bindings. The book sprang apart, like a box, disgorging leaf after leaf of faded paper, blue, cream, grey, covered with rusty writing, the brown scratches of a steel nib. Roland recognised the handwriting with a shock of excitement. They appeared to be notes on Vico, written on the backs of book-bills and letters. The librarian observed that it didn't look as though they had been touched before. Their edges, beyond the pages, were dyed soot-black, giving the impression of the borders of mourning cards. They coincided precisely with their present positions, edge of page and edge of stain.

Roland asked if it was in order for him to study these jottings.

Sample piece 8

Prose – *Vanity Fair* by William Thackeray

While the present century was in its teens, and on one sun shiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coach man in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima.

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady; the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima; "we have made her a bow-pot."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 'tis more genteel."

"Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good -- ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything could console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

Exam title: ATCL Communication Skills (Public Speaking)

Task: 1.2 – Viva voce

Requirement: The candidate sight-reads part of a speech provided by the examiner and discusses content and purpose.

Sample piece 1

President Clinton's Inaugural Address January 1993

My fellow citizens:

Today we celebrate the mystery of American renewal.

This ceremony is held in the depth of winter. But, by the words we speak and the faces we show the world, we force the spring. A spring reborn in the world's oldest democracy, that brings forth the vision and courage to reinvent America.

When our founders boldly declared America's independence to the world and our purposes to the Almighty, they knew that America, to endure, would have to change. Not change for change's sake, but change to preserve America's ideals; life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness. Though we march to the music of our time, our mission is timeless. Each generation of Americans must define what it means to be an American.

On behalf of our nation, I salute my predecessor, President Bush, for his half-century of service to America. And I thank the millions of men and women whose steadfastness and sacrifice triumphed over Depression, fascism and Communism.

Today, a generation raised in the shadows of the Cold War assumes new responsibilities in a world warmed by the sunshine of freedom but threatened still by ancient hatreds and new plagues.

Raised in unrivaled prosperity, we inherit an economy that is still the world's strongest, but is weakened by business failures, stagnant wages, increasing inequality, and deep divisions among our people.

When George Washington first took the oath I have just sworn to uphold, news traveled slowly across the land by horseback and across the ocean by boat. Now, the sights and sounds of this ceremony are broadcast instantaneously to billions around the world.

Communications and commerce are global; investment is mobile; technology is almost magical; and ambition for a better life is now universal. We earn our livelihood in peaceful competition with people all across the earth.

Profound and powerful forces are shaking and remaking our world, and the urgent question of our time is whether we can make change our friend and not our enemy.

This new world has already enriched the lives of millions of Americans who are able to compete and win in it. But when most people are working harder for less; when others cannot work at all; when the cost of health care devastates families and threatens to bankrupt many of our enterprises, great and small; when fear of crime robs law-abiding citizens of their freedom; and when millions of poor children cannot even imagine the lives we are calling them to

lead, we have not made change our friend.

We know we have to face hard truths and take strong steps. But we have not done so. Instead, we have drifted, and that drifting has eroded our resources, fractured our economy, and shaken our confidence.

Though our challenges are fearsome, so are our strengths. And Americans have ever been a restless, questing, hopeful people. We must bring to our task today the vision and will of those who came before us.

From our revolution, the Civil War, to the Great Depression to the civil rights movement, our people have always mustered the determination to construct from these crises the pillars of our history.

Thomas Jefferson believed that to preserve the very foundations of our nation, we would need dramatic change from time to time. Well, my fellow citizens, this is our time. Let us embrace it.

Our democracy must be not only the envy of the world but the engine of our own renewal. There is nothing wrong with America that cannot be cured by what is right with America.

And so today, we pledge an end to the era of deadlock and drift; a new season of American renewal has begun. To renew America, we must be bold. We must do what no generation has had to do before. We must invest more in our own people, in their jobs, in their future, and at the same time cut our massive debt. And we must do so in a world in which we must compete for every opportunity. It will not be easy; it will require sacrifice. But it can be done, and done fairly, not choosing sacrifice for its own sake, but for our own sake. We must provide for our nation the way a family provides for its children.

Exam title: LTCL Communication Skills (Public Speaking)

Task: 3.2 – Viva voce

Requirement: The candidate discusses with the examiner part of an unseen text used in public speaking.

Sample piece 1

Amal Clooney's speech at the United Nations on Isis March

I thank the sponsors of this event for inviting me to address you once again at the United Nations.

Six months ago, I came here to discuss the need for accountability for crimes committed by ISIS. I spoke to you as the lawyer for a group of victims of ISIS' crimes, including Nadia Murad, who as a 21-year old girl was enslaved and raped by ISIS militants in Iraq. My message to you was that ISIS is a global threat, which requires a global response. And that the response should not be limited to the battlefield: the UN should also investigate ISIS' crimes and make sure that those responsible are brought to justice.

Since my last address I have supported the United Kingdom's initiative to have the Security Council set up an investigation into ISIS' crimes in Iraq. This would allow the UN to work alongside Iraqis to collect evidence of crimes on the ground and identify specific individuals who are responsible for them. Over the last few months, I have met with Iraqi, EU and UN officials and members of the Security Council, including the Russian and US Ambassadors, to discuss this initiative. All of them expressed support for the idea of a UN investigation to be established by the Security Council with Iraq's cooperation.

So the UK took an admirable leadership role, and drafted a short resolution to make this a reality. This draft was presented to Iraq many months ago and Iraq has since repeatedly and publicly expressed its support for the initiative. As recently as October Foreign Minister Jaafari confirmed Iraq's commitment to "a Campaign... led by the UN... [that would] include action to gather and preserve evidence of [ISIS'] crimes". The Iraqi government is aware that a one-page letter to the Security Council requesting the investigation would be sufficient to trigger a vote on the resolution.

But months have passed, deadlines set by the UK have come and gone, and the Iraqi government has declined to send the letter. So there has been no vote, no resolution, no investigation. The Council could of course act without this letter. It could establish the investigation without Iraq's consent, acting under Chapter VII of the UN Charter. It could refer the case to the International Criminal Court. The General Assembly could establish an accountability mechanism, as it did for Syria in December. Or the Secretary-General could launch an investigation. But none of this has happened yet. Instead, mass graves in Iraq still lie unprotected and unexhumed.

Witnesses are fleeing. And there is still not one ISIS militant who has faced trial for international crimes anywhere in the world. So I am speaking to you, the Iraqi government, and to you, UN member states, when I ask: Why? Why has nothing been done?

Could it be that these crimes are not serious enough to warrant an international investigation? NO – ISIS is today the most brutal terror group in the world, representing what the Security Council has called an "unprecedented threat" to international peace and security.

ISIS has carried out or inspired attacks in more than 31 countries that have killed over 2,000 people outside Syria and Iraq in the last 3 years alone. Inside Iraq, ISIS has attacked victims from every community including Shia Muslims, Sunni Muslims and Christians. And ISIS has made clear that it intends to destroy Yazidis, like Nadia, completely: through killings, forced conversions, and rape.

The UN has concluded that ISIS is committing genocide against this group, and there can be no more serious crime. The UN was created as the world's way of saying 'never again' to the genocide perpetrated by the Nazis. And yet here we are, 70 years later, discussing the UN's inaction in the face of a genocide that we all know about, and that is ongoing. So is it that the political interests of powerful states stand in the way of accountability? Is that why, over two years after the genocide began, not one ISIS member has been brought to trial for it? No – this is not it either.

As a human rights lawyer I am often told that my cause, while commendable, cannot succeed because of political realities. We have seen the Security Council paralysed over Syria, or the road to the International Criminal Court obstructed when powerful states block Council action. But here, ladies and gentlemen, we are dealing with ISIS. No one claims to respect or protect them. No veto-wielding member of the Council is on their side. And yet we are no closer to justice than when I addressed you last year.

Could it be, then, that crimes of this nature will be too difficult to prove? No – this is not a reason for inaction either. ISIS is a bureaucracy of evil leaving a trail of evidence behind it that no one is picking up. It has kicked bodies into uncovered mass graves. It set up a 'Committee for the Buying and Selling of Slaves' and courts to 'legalise' the purchase of women as property. It has kept detailed forms about its recruits, including their name, phone number, address and previous terror experience. ISIS militants have even sent messages to Nadia from their phones, taunting her that they still have her family members in captivity... They don't bother to hide their phone number when they do so: they know no one is looking for it.

Lyrics as Dramatic Monologue

- ATCL Performing (Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)

Exam title: ATCL Performing (Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)

Task: 1.2 – Viva voce

Requirement: The candidate delivers the words of a song as a dramatic monologue.

Sample piece 1

Closer Than Ever (M/F)

Moderately, in steady tempo (♩ = c. 92)

4 *mf* *mf*

No - bod - y thought we'd last. Good thing we nev - er

8 knew it. It's fun - ny how af - ter all these years We're clos - er than ev - er.

12 We had so much to learn. Some days I thought we blew it. But

17 *cresc.* strange as it seems, it took the pain to bind us to - geth - er, Clos - er than ev - er. And

21 *f* now, we're stead - i - er by half. Thank God, we learned to laugh. Thank

26 *ritard.* *a tempo* *mf* God, when you found your "new you," I loved (her) too. We still have our storm - y days. (him)

31 *cresc.* E - ven the worst can't shake us. If all we have come through could not break us,

35 *ff*

What's a-head can on-ly make us Strong-er than ev-er, _____

39 *dim.* *rall.*

Clear-er than ev-er, _____ I'm clos-er than ev-er _____

42 *a tempo* *mp* *rall.*

_____ to you. _____

19 **più mosso**

hear you. Go out and tell the sto - ry to your

22

daugh-ters and your sons. Make them hear you. Make them hear you. And

25

tell them, in our strug-gle, we were not the on - ly ones. Make them hear you. Make them

28

hear you. Your sword can be a ser-mon or the pow - er of the pen. Teach

31 **rall.**

ev - 'ry child to rase his voice and then, my bro-thers, then will

34 **a tempo Defiantly!**

jus - tice be de-man - ded by ten mil - lion righ - teous men. Make them

36

hear you. When they hear you. I'll be near you a -

39 **poco rall.**

- gain.

Unseen Scores

- LTCL Performing (Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)

Exam title: LTCL Performing (Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)

Task: 3.2 – Viva voce

Requirement: The candidate works with the examiner on a previously unseen musical score

Sample piece 1

A Bit of Earth (M/F)

Tentatively

A bit of earth... She wants a lit-tle bit of earth, she'll plant some seeds

The seeds will grow, the flow-ers bloom, but is their boun-ty what she

needs? How can she chance to love a lit-tle bit of earth; does she not

know the earth is old, and does-n't care if one small girl wants things to

grow. She needs a friend. She needs a fa-ther, broth-er, sis-ter, moth-er's

arms. She needs to laugh. She needs to dance and learn to work her girl-ish

23

52

lit-tle bit of earth, she'll plant some seeds_____ The seeds will grow, the flow-ers

56

bloom, their beau - ty just the thing she needs_____ She'll grow to

59

love_____ the ten-der ros-es, lil-ies fair, the i-ris tall_____ And then in

dim. e rit.

63

fall, her bit of earth will freeze and kill them all._____ A bit of

Slower **a tempo**

67

earth_____ A bit of earth_____ A bit of

71

earth_____ A bit of earth._____

rit. **Optional**

Sample piece 2

Everybody Says Don't (M)

Allegro moderato

Ev - 'ry - bod - y says don't, Ev - 'ry - bod - y says

3
don't, Ev - 'ry - bod - y says don't, it is - n't right. Don't! It is - n't nice!

6
Ev - 'ry - bod - y says don't, Ev - 'ry - bod - y says don't, Ev - 'ry - bod - y says: don't walk on the

8
grass, Don't dis - turb the peace, Don't skate on the ice. Well,

12
I say do! I say Walk on the grass, it was meant to feel!

16
I Say Sail! Tilt at the wind - mill And if you fail, you fail!

20
Ev - 'ry - bod - y says don't, Ev - 'ry - bod - y says don't, Ev - 'ry - bod - y says: don't get out of

