

Trinity Summer Classes

1. Monologue Preparation

All students must prepare the monologue “*All the world’s a stage*” from *As You Like It* by William Shakespeare.

You are expected to learn the piece by heart and fully inhabit the character, demonstrating a clear understanding of the context within the play and the moment from which the extract is taken. Your performance should include intentional blocking, as well as a range of vocal and physical techniques.

The monologue must be performed in a *naturalistic* style.

2. Research on the following practitioners:

- Konstantin Stanislavski
- Bertolt Brecht
- Antonin Artaud
- Steven Berkoff

Prepare a personal reflection on each practitioners purpose of theatre, including your thoughts on the acting styles and conventions.

For Non-GCSE Drama Students

Create a workshop plan based on the work of two contrasting practitioners listed above.

The plan should include at least **three distinct exercises** that effectively explore and communicate their theatrical style.

All: be prepared for a **test in the first term**, based on this material.

All the World's a Stage

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.