

CHOREOGRAPHY CHALLENGE!!!!!!

You will work in groups of 5 to choreograph, practice, and present a 1-2 minute dance piece. Your dance does not need to be complicated, but the steps should be varied, energetic, and reflect the mood of the music. Your group may choose its music (please be sure that any lyrics are appropriate for the classroom - no swearing, lyrics that are sexually explicit, potentially offensive, or that contain references to drugs or violence, etc.). You may choose your own groups, but I will need to approve them. If I feel any student would be more successful with another group, I will switch students around. You will create your dance, practice, and present as a group, but you will be graded **individually**.

10 pts. = dance is presented to class

20 pts. = each group member participates equally

10 pts. = variety of steps/ reflects mood of music

20 pts. = energy and enthusiasm

60 pts. total

Have fun!

3/23

Choral Reading

This is a choir that will *speak* a poem rather than sing it. This is a good way to practice good **diction** and **vocal variety**. Have your teacher, or one of your classmates, read a line and then repeat it after her. Have your voices make your audience see what the poet is writing about.

Choral Reading

**Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet:**

Dancing,

Flirting,

Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! It can do nothing wrong.

From "The Beautiful Snow" by John Whittaker Watson

MONOLOGUE (a speech or sketch during which one actor is speaking)

Each student will present a monologue of about 1-3 minutes to the class. You will begin presenting monologues **Friday, March 10.**

You will need to **memorize** your monologue and communicate through your vocal tone, facial expressions, and body language the character you are presenting. You may need to provide the audience with some brief background information about your character and the situation to make your monologue effective.

I have provided several monologues for you to choose from. Some are for male characters, some for female, but a male actor can present a female character, and vice versa. You are also welcome to choose a monologue from another source or write your own! I will need to know what you have chosen by **Monday, March 6.**

Grading:

monologue is presented to the class =	20 points
monologue is memorized =	20 points
staying in character =	10 points
energy and expression =	10 points

total = 60 points

Female characters:

Nuts

by Tom Topor

Background Info: Claudia has been arrested on manslaughter charges. But before her trial, the prosecuting attorney requires she undergo psychiatric examination to see if she is able to stand trial. Claudia and her lawyer counter sue, and in this scene, is grilled by the prosecuting attorney on whether or not she is "nuts". She does very well, and just previous to this monologue, the prosecutor has just asked Claudia if she loves her

mother.

When I was a little girl, I used to say to her, I love you to the moon and down again, and around the world and back again; and she used to say to me, I love you to the sun and down again, and around the stars and back again. Do you remember, Mama? And I used to think, wow, I love Mama and Mama loves me, and what can go wrong? What went wrong, Mama? I love you and you love me, and what went wrong? You see, I know she loves me, and I know I love her, and- so what? So what? She's over there, and I'm over here, and she hates me because of things I've done to her, and I hate her because of things she's done to me. You stand up there asking, do you love you daughter, and they say "yes", and you think you've asked something real, and they think they've said something real. You think because you throw the word love around like a frisbee that we're all going to get warm and runny. No. Something happens to some people. They love you so much, they stop noticing you're there, because they're so busy loving you. They love you so much, their love is a gun, and they fire it straight into your head. They love you so much you go right into the hospital. Yes, I know my mother loves me. Mama, I know you love me. And I know the one thing you learn when you grow up is that love is not enough. It's too much, and it's not enough.

Amy's View

By: David Hare

Amy: You never saw it. Dominic was funny and gentle. Ambition destroyed him, that's all. Because he thinks that the world of the media matters. he actually thinks that it's real. So it's been harder to talk to him... for years it's been harder to reach him. It's true. So he's gone off with someone who cares about photos in magazines and opinion columns, and all of those dud London things. But that doesn't mean the man was always contemptible. It doesn't mean I shouldn't have been with him at all. it just means... oh, look... the odds were against us. But I happen to think it was well worth a try. (*Her anger has turned to distress, the tears starting to run down her cheek.*) Of course I knew... do you think I'm an idiot? I always sensed: one day this man will trade up. He'll cash me in and he'll get a new model. I always felt it would come. these men, they wait. They wait till they're ready. You make them secure. Then, of course, when you've built the statue... that's when they kick the ladder away. But I did know it. I did it knowingly. It was my choice.

Brighton Beach Memoirs

by: Neil Simon

September 1937. Evening. A house in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn. BLANCHE (38), a nervy, asthmatic widow who lives with her sister, Kate and her family, has had to bear a long day of frustrations. The last strain of the day is her daughter, Nora, who wants to move out of the house and pursue a career on Broadway.

Blanche: My God, Nora... is that what you think of me?

[Nora: Is it any worse than what you think of me?]

Blanche: *(hesitates, trying to recover)*... I'm not going to let you hurt me, Nora. I'm not going to let you tell me that I don't love you or that I haven't tried to give you as much as I gave Laurie... God knows I'm not perfect because enough angry people in this house told me so tonight... but I am not going to be a doormat for all the frustration and unhappiness that you or Aunt Kate or anyone else wants to lay at my feet... I did not create this Universe. I do not decide who lives and dies, or who's rich or poor or who feels loved and who feels deprived. If you feel cheated that I had a husband who died at thirty-six. And if you keep on feeling that way, you'll end up like me... with something much worse than loneliness or helplessness and that's self-pity. Believe me, there is no leg that's twisted or bent that is more crippling than a human being who thrives on his own misfortunes... I am sorry, Nora, that you feel unloved and I will do everything I can to change it except apologize for it. I am tired of apologizing. After a while it becomes your life's work and it doesn't bring any money into the house... if it's taken you pain and Aunt Kate's anger to get me to start living again, then God will give me the strength to make it up to you, but I will not go back to being that frightened, helpless woman that I created!.. I've already buried someone I love. Now its time to bury someone I hate.

Oleana

By David Mamet

Background Info: Carol is speaking with her college professor. The setting is the professor's office. The two started the discussion about Carol's grades, but the discussion rapidly turned to a heated debate.

Why do you hate me? Because you think me wrong? No. Because I have, you think, power over you. Listen to me. Listen to me, Professor (pause) It is the power that you hate. So deeply that, that any atmosphere of free discussion is impossible. It s not unlikely. It's impossible. Isn't it? Now. The thing which you find so cruel is the selfsame process of selection I, and my group, go through every day of our lives. In admittance to school. In our tests, in our class rankings Is it unfair? I can't tell you. But, if it is fair. Or even if it is unfortunate but necessary for us, then, by God, so must it be for you. (pause)

You write of your responsibility to the young. Treat us with respect, and that will show you your responsibility. You write that education is just hazing. (pause) But we worked to get to this school. (pause) And some of

us. (pause) Overcame prejudices. Economic, sexual, you cannot begin to imagine. And endured humiliations I pray that you and those you love never will encounter. (pause) To gain admittance here. To pursue that same dream of security you pursue. We, who, who are, at any moment, in danger of being deprived of it. By the administration. By the teachers. By you. By, say, one low grade, that keeps us out of graduate school; by one, say, one capricious or inventive answer on our parts, which, perhaps, you don't find amusing. Now you know, do you see? What it is to be subject to that power. Who do you think I am? To come here and be taken in by a smile. You little yapping fool. You think I want revenge. I don't want revenge. I WANT UNDERSTANDING.

Marilyn and David

by Renee Taylor & Joseph Bologna

David, it can't work. I panicked when I met you. I thought you were my last chance so I got you under false pretenses. I pretended to be perfect because I thought you wanted that. David, I'm not perfect. When you were going through your difficulties in making a commitment to me, I know you thought I was "understanding," but, David, I'm not understanding. Everything you do bothers me. You want too much. I can't look pretty all the time. You know, I'm afraid to wash my makeup off at night, because I can't take the chance I won't get it on as good the next day. You're always watching me, expecting greatness. Let me put it this way, WHO ARE YOU!?! At least tell me, who am I? Where am I? It doesn't seem real! A honeymoon! It's barbaric. What's supposed to happen? Huh? You can't answer that, can you? David, I feel scared and doomed. The world is too crazy, and I'm too old anyway. I lied about my age. I'm twenty-five, no twenty-four. I forget. I lied when I said I believed in relationships. I'm really anti-relationship. Why should I surrender to you when I don't even know who it is I'm giving up? You really should've talked to me after we made love. "I love you" is not enough, David. David, do you know what I'm talking about? Alright, here's the bottom line. I lied when I said you're exciting. You're romantic. You're brilliant. You're handsome. Here's the truth that no one will ever tell you about yourself. You're just an ordinary guy. This is just a place. I'm just ordinary. It is enough. It's the best thing in the world to be a person. I have everything. I do deserve it, even though it's more than my mother had. I love you. I'm so lucky to have you to see me through my honeymoon. I'm so happy. Goodnight, David.

Plaza Suite

By: Neil Simon

A comedy play about a girl who is to be married at an expensive wedding in 1950s. the twist is that she locks herself in the bathroom in a panic for the wedding. This section is Norma the mother of the bride, on the phone, frantic that her daughter is locked in the bathroom.

Norma: [On the phone] Hello?... Hello, operator?... Can I have the Blue Room, please... The Blue Room... Is there a Pink Room?... I want the Hubley-Eisler wedding... The Green Room, that's it. Thank you... Could you please hurry, operator, it's an emergency... *[she looks over at the bathroom nervously. She paces back and forth]* Hello?... Who's this?... Mr. Eisler... It's Norma Hubley... No, everything's fine... Yes, we're coming right down... *[She is smiling and trying to act as pleasant and calm as possible.]* Yes, you're right, it certainly is the big day... Mr. Eisler, is my husband there? ... Would you please?... Oh! Well, I'd like to wish you the very best of luck, too... Borden's a wonderful boy... Well, they're both wonderful kids... No, no. She's as calm as a cucumber... That's the younger generation, I guess... Yes, everything seems to be going along beautifully... Absolutely beautifully ... Oh, thank you. *[Her husband has obviously just come on the phone because her expression on her face changes violently and she screams a rasping whisper filled with doom. Sitting on the bed]* Roy? You'd better get up here right away, we're in big trouble... Don't ask questions, just get up here... I hope you're not drunk because I can't handle this alone... Don't say anything. Just smile and walk leisurely out the door ... and then get the hell up here as fast as you can. *[she hangs up putting the phone back on the night table. She crosses to the bathroom and then puts her head up against the door. Aloud through the bathroom door]* All right, Mimsey, your father's on his way up. Now I want you to come out of that bathroom and get married. *[there is no answer]* Do you hear me?... I've had enough of this nonsense... Unlock that door! *[that's about the end of her authority, she wilts and almost pleads]* Mimsey, darling, please come downstairs and get married, you know your father's temper... I know what you're going through now, sweet heart, you're just nervous... Everyone goes through that on their wedding day... It's going to be all right, darling. you love Borden, and he loves you. You're both going to have a wonderful future. So please come out of the bathroom! *[she listens; there is no answer]* Mimsey, if you don't care about your life, think about mine. Your father'll kill me. *[The front doorbell rings. Norma looks off nervously and moves to the other side of the bed.]* Oh, God, he's here!... Mimsey! Mimsey, please spare me this... If you want I'll have it annulled next week, but please come out and get married! *[there is no answer from the bathroom door, but the front doorbell rings impatiently.]* All right, I'm letting your father in, and heaven help the three of us!

Male characters:

Anonymous

Kids are supposed to have a good time! I'm a kid! I'm not having any fun! No fun at all! (Turns away, turns back) Mom, Dad...I ...I tried. I really did. I did my best, but...Damn! Did it ever dawn on you two geniuses that I might not be the genius you thought I was! I am just an ordinary person. I am. And I'm okay with that. Are you? (Upset) Are you? (A pause) And that's all I want to be! Just me! Can I do that? Can I just come in this house and be with my family? Please! (A pause) I love you so much. I do. Could I just come in and...not be put under a microscope. Like...like a little specimen. Damn! Because I tell you what! I can't take it anymore. I can't! I am about to burst wide open. Blow up into a million little pieces! And just...just...disappear. (Turns and exits)

A Friend in LA

By: Les Marcott

You see I've got this friend in LA who owes me a favor. I took a bullet for him one time. These guys he owed some money to were chasing him down an alley. Hell, I was just tagging along, didn't know what was going down. They started shooting, missed my friend, but got me in the shoulder.

Look at the scar. It's a beaut, ain't it? I know all this time you were thinking it was a birthmark. He said if there was anything that he could ever do for me... to just ask. After all I kinda sorta saved the guy's life. Well guess what? This friend has an uncle in the movie business, a producer. I'm gonna run my screen play by him. I just know he'll love it. It's got everything Hollywood loves...car crashes, drugs, raw unbridled sex, with a heavy emphasis on unbridled.

And you, baby, are gonna be the femme fatale. All those years of acting classes are gonna pay off. I'm so excited, there's a million thoughts going through my head. But first, baby, we need to surround ourselves with all the accoutrements of major Hollywood players. Got to get us some clothes from Rodeo Drive or maybe the closest thrift store, shades, got to have the shades. Maybe a small dog and a cell phone. Cuz you ain't nothin without a cell phone. But who says it has to work? Just carry one. And we've got to ditch our car, baby. Who's gonna take us seriously if we're driving a 1990 Oldsmobile with Kentucky plates? Image is everything, baby. Everything. Got to have us an entourage, some hangers on.

My cousin Leon lives in LA. He's currently unemployed. We'll give him some beer and cigarette money to be a hanger on and a gopher. Just keep your eye on him. He's a little loopy, had a head injury a few years back. Speaking of money...how much do you have, baby? Five dollars? (disbelief) Well, that might be a problem.

Living at Home

By: Anthony Giardina

You want to know why I left? Okay, you got it. One night last January, I'm sitting in this bar in Amherst, talking to some girl. I started telling her this story. When my brother and I were little, we used to play this game: Robert the Robot. One of us had to be Robert the Robot, and Robert, see, Robert had to climb down the steps leading to the basement and catch the other one. You had to walk like a robot. You had to be -- very mechanical. Mostly I had to be Robert because David was better at hiding. So I'd hunch my shoulders up and climb down the stairs, chasing David. Only he was nowhere to be found. I'd do my mechanical walk pretending to look for him, but, see, I had no idea. And pretty soon I'd scare myself. Being Robert the Robot, having to go through the motions, scared me. So I'd sit down, I'd stop being Robert, and David would come out all pissed off and say What's the matter? The only thing I could ever say was, I don't like being Robert. I don't want to be Robert anymore.

A hush falls over the bar. I realize everybody's been listening. I looked around, saw all these college heads nodding sagely at the profoundness of my Robert story, and had a revelation. I realized that in all this time, I hadn't succeeded in shaking myself free of this family, but only tied myself tighter, that my friends were not gods, not the golden generation that was going to change the world, but simply the sons of the lower middle class, playing at getting an education, that we would take our lower-middle-class attitudes with us wherever we went because you can't shake loose of them, you can't just say, I don't want to be Robert anymore and make it work. You've got your roots in a bowling alley and in the streets of some town like Watertown. You are Eddie Bogle's son, and you carry him inside you, and try as you might to suppress that part to be something else, sooner or later you find yourself in a bar telling a story you thought happened in another life, and suddenly the jig is up. You can't fool yourself any longer.

—
—

We've caught up w/
Olympics Gold Medalist

Woman's half pipe

How does it feel?

- what do you think of the chase?

How hard have you been working for this?

Do you think your family + teammates are proud of you?

What are your future plans?

Will we be seeing you in any other events?

Stereotypical Oscar Winner

1. I feel great, excited! There are just so many people who helped me along the way.
I'm just so happy

Chlorine (Cl₂)

ventral half eye

How does it work?

the eye has a lens that focuses the light

to the back of the eye, where the retina is

retina is a layer of cells

will be the same as the eye

stretches out (flat) in front

I feel great when I see the light

light is the same as the eye

The Ketchup Bottle

by Tony Devaney Morinelli

CAST 2

Props: A TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS. TWO PLACE SETTINGS WITH FOOD. A KETCHUP BOTTLE.

Setting: TWO PEOPLE SITTING AT A TABLE: ONE IS TRYING TO EAT, THE OTHER IS SLOWLY TEARING THE LABEL FROM A KETCHUP BOTTLE.

As 1 eats with knife and fork, 1 sees 2.

There are a series of attempts to continue eating, each interrupted by 2 tearing the label from the bottle.

This interaction may go on as long as it can be effectively sustained

Finally, 1 has had enough.

1. Do you have to do that? *(This line may be attacked either "through the teeth" or with a wild outburst. Try different ways to see which suits the actor.)*

2. Do what?

1. What you're doing.

2. What am I doing?

1. THAT!

2. What "THAT"?

1. THAT! *(Points to the bottle and label)*

Do you have to scrape the label off the ketchup bottle?

2. Why?

1. Because it's annoying that's why?

2. It's only a label.

1. That's not the point. It's annoying?

2. What's annoying about it?

1. Your fingers, like this *(imitates "2's" scratching)* — And the way you stare!

2. Whadda you mean?

#2

knife + fork
need ketchup bottle
straw w/ paper wrapper
Coke

tear label + occ. stare

don't react to one's stare

Stare

1. You go like this (*demonstrates*) and your eyes glaze over like you're on drugs or something.

2. You're nuts you know that.

1. I'm nuts? I'm nuts? You sit there scraping the glue off a ketchup bottle label like you were prying into the secrets of your navel and I'm the one whose nuts!

2. The secrets of my navel? *throw down bottle* The secrets of my navel! How would such an idea enter any normal person's head. You are completely warped.

1. You do it to annoy me don't you? You know I like to keep things nice and you just make a mess of them to annoy me.

2. Why is it that everything I do bugs you?

1. That's not true.

2. Yes, it is. You always have something to say about everything I do. *cremate napkin*

The way I fold my napkin. *←*

1. The way you don't fold your napkin!

2. My sniffles. *shiffle!*

1. Your snorting!

2. There's always something you're complaining about.

1. That's not true.

2. Everything I do bugs you.

1. Don't be ridiculous.

2. Remember last week?

1. What last week?

2. The straw.

1. (Flatly) The straw?

2. Yeh, when I showed you that neat trick with the straw.

(2 demonstrates the trick. See note)

You know. You pull off the wrapper so it stays all scrunched up and then put tiny....

~~1 tiny drops of coke on it.~~

2. Yeh, and it squiggles like a snake.

1. And makes a mess all over the table!

2. But it's kind of neat, you gotta admit.

1. It's a mess. Coke all over, wet paper stuck to the table.

2. Why can't you just accept me for me, the way I am.

1. We are what we do. You can control those things. You don't have to be a pig.

1Note: If you are not familiar with this trick. Take a straw and pull the wrapper all the way down to its base without tearing the paper. The wrapper will form an accordion shaped stub. Remove the stub and place it on the table. Dip the tip of the straw in the coke and syphon up just a drop or two. Hold your finger on the upper end (to lock the air) then release a drop on the curled up wrapper. The wrapper will slowly unfold and expand like a crawling worm.

2. Now I'm a pig!

1. I didn't say you are one, all I said was you don't have to be one.

2. Are you so perfect? All you ever do is complain.

1. It's not complaining. It's constructive criticism.

2. Constructive?

1. I'm looking out for your welfare.

2. I think I'm old enough to take care of myseW thank you very much!

1. Well, you're not old enough to sit still at the table.

2. I was perfectly fine at the table. You're the one who started the fuss. I was minding my own business

1. Tearing off ketchup bottle labels. How infantile!

2. "Unless you become as little children".... - Scholar

1. Don't quote the bible to me, and anyhow, that's not what it means.

2. How do you know what it means. Are you a priest or something?

1. You don't have to be a priest to know that that's not what it means.

2. Oh, pardon me Mr Biblical Scholar.

1. Listen to yourself How childish.

2. Look. I was just sitting here, minding my own business, not bothering anyone.

(Each trying to outdo the other)

1. Tearing off labels from ketchup bottles...

2 perfectly content minding my own business

1. sitting right there in my face and making a mess all over the table with all those little bits of paper.

2. Get over it! slap hand

1. I won't get over it! There's no need to

2. No need to what? - Complain about every little thing.

1. I'm not complaining. I'm trying to lead a decent life.

2. What's life got to do with a ketchup bottle?

1. Nothing. It's not the bottle it's the label.

2. The label!?

1. You know what I mean.

2. No I don't know what you mean. I don't think you do either.

1. It's the principle of the thing. Look what you've done.

2. What have I done?

1. Look at the bottle.

2. So?

1. It has no label. How are you supposed to know what's in there?

2. Whadda ya mean what's in there. It's ketchup!

1. But you took the label off

2. So what. It's still ketchup.

1. How am I supposed to know that?

2. Any moron can see that it's ketchup.

1. So I'm a moron!

2. I didn't say you were a moron. I said you can see that it's ketchup!

1. It could be anything in that bottle - hot Tabasco sauce!

2. It's ketchup! You can see it's ketchup! You can tell it's ketchup! It looks like ketchup and it smells like ketchup!

(2 grabs 1's hand and pushes 1's index finger into the bottle.)

2. Here, stick your finger in it! It tastes like ketchup! *← doing*

(1 puts finger into the bottle. Brings finger to the mouth and tastes it. Then, enjoying the taste, moves to put the finger back in the bottle for another lick. There is a long pause of disbelief in the part of 2. Then:)

2. Do you have to do that!

1. Do what:?

2. What you're doing.

1. What am I doing?

2. That!

1. That?

2. Your finger!

(1 looks at finger.)

1. I just want to be sure.

(Lights begin to dim)

2. Sure of what!?

1. Sure of ketchup.

2. Ketchup!? With your finger? You're gonna put your finger back in the bottle after you put it in your mouth?

1. I just wanted to see

2. You're gonna put your germy fingers back in that bottle after they were in your mouth? ~~It won't kill anyone.~~ I'm not sick.

2. How can you do a thing like that. It's revolting. (Lights out.)

going to
get

Dear Advice Columnist

I am having this problem. My dog keeps jumping on me in the middle of the night. I don't know what to do. I have tried closing the door, but he still gets in.

Dear ~~Reader~~, Sleep lover,

Your dog loves you, but if it really bothers you spray your door way with some sort of dog spray that they don't like. If ~~that~~ you can't get that spray it with vinegar.

Yea, bai

1667 p. 101

Light blue paper with faint markings.

Handwritten notes in blue ink, including the words "light blue" and "paper".

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Advice Column

going to the mall but there is no gas in the car. I can't miss the bargains!

Dear Mall shopper,

You will not get very far w/o gas in the car. You might want to consider public transit or ask one of your friends to bring you enough gas, so you can drive to the gas station to fill up your tank. Have fun at the mall - P/12

Algebra Column

... ..

Dear ...

You will not get
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

Michael Plasmeier

Person Survey

1/30/06

- person who lived in Havertown entire life - Kelly K.
- person who is new to school - Maria
- person who is only child - Jeff Hall
- person who hates sports - Plaz
- " " plays a musical instrument - Zach D'Anzo
- " " is oldest in family - Plaz
- " " hates beach - Carchedic - Plaz
- " " in Spring Musical - Eric Carchedic
- has hosted a radio show - Matt Walsh
- has had Ms. Wolf before - Candace

Personnel

Personnel who have been assigned to the project

Personnel who have been assigned to the project

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