

Performing Arts Scholarship Information

The school is looking for candidates of exceptional performance ability who will be expected to make an outstanding contribution to the performing arts within the school. Performance and progress will be reviewed regularly with the performing arts teachers.

This award is made without regard to parental income and is worth up to 20% of the fees. The award does not cover the cost of extra-curricular one to one drama lessons.

All Performing Arts Scholars are expected to:

- Play a full part in the performing arts and general life of the school.
- Participate in extra-curricular drama and/or dance as well as pursue the academic study of Drama through taking the GCSE qualification.
- Play a full part in concerts and performing arts events.
- Audition for lead roles in the school musical.
- Set an example of good behaviour and positive attitudes by attending rehearsals regularly and on time.
- Show leadership ability and assist in the setting up of new performing arts initiatives as appropriate.

If the candidate's strength is acting, they will be encouraged to study for the extra-curricular LAMDA graded acting exams. Retention of the award will be dependent on consistently excellent performance levels, exemplary conduct during rehearsals and continual application to the subject. Acceptance of a scholarship implies acceptance of these terms.

Standard required:

Scholarship assessment is based on acting and/or dance ability as well as whether the candidate demonstrates appropriate character, intelligence and community-mindedness.

The Application Process:

Candidates should provide references from relevant school teachers or performing arts teachers giving an accurate assessment of performance and potential in support of their application. The application form and testimonial should be received by the school by **Friday 24 November 2023**. Candidates must then attend an Assessment session during which the candidate will be auditioned and interviewed.

Assessment:

Applicants will be invited to an audition during the week beginning **Monday 15 January 2024**.

- Candidates will participate in a group workshop to assess their ability to collaborate with others, suggest creative ideas and develop the ideas of others.
- Candidates should learn by heart and perform one of the enclosed audition pieces.
- If also being assessed in dance, please bring the relevant backing track.
- Performing in costume is not required, however if you do wish to perform in costume, please supply your own.
- Candidates will have a short interview with the Performing Arts teachers in which they will be asked about their performance experience and enthusiasms.

Audition Piece No 1:

Macavity: The Mystery Cat by T.S. Eliot

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw—
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime—Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime—Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air—
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square—
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair—
But it's useless to investigate—Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
It must have been Macavity!"—but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumb;
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

Audition Piece No 2:

'I wish I was our Sammy' from Blood Brothers by Willy Russell

I wish I was our Sammy,
Our Sammy's nearly ten
He's got two worms and a catapult
An' he's built an underground den.
But I'm not allowed to go in there,
I have to stay near the gate,
'Cos me Mam says I'm only seven,
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight!

I sometimes hate our Sammy,
He robbed me toy car y'know,
Now the wheels are missin' an' the top's broke off,
An' the bleedin' thing won't go.
An' he said that when he took it, it was just like that,
But it wasn't, it was dead straight.
But y' can't say nott'n when they think y' seven,
An y' not, y' nearly eight.

I wish I was our Sammy,
Y' wanna see him spit,
Straight in the eye from twenty yards
An' every time a hit.
He's allowed to play with matches,
And he goes to bed dead late,
And I have to go at seven,
Even though I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy
He draws nudey women,
Without arms, or legs, or even heads
In the baths, when he goes swimmin'.
But I'm not allowed to go to the baths,
Me Mam says I have to wait,
'Cos I might get drowned, 'cos I'm only seven,
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy,
Y' know what he sometimes does?
He wees straight through the letterbox
Of the house next door to us.
I tried to do it one night,
But I had to stand on a crate,
'Cos I couldn't reach the letter box,
But I will by the time I'm eight.

Audition Piece No 3:

The Stepsister Speaks Out by P Kehret

It isn't easy being the ugly stepsister. Everybody always feels so sorry for poor little Cinderella, but what about me? I deserve a little sympathy too. Does my fairy godmother ever turn up with a magic wand? Does the prince ever dance with me at the ball? Not on your life. The best I can ever hope for with my pumpkins is a decent piece of pie. And as for the rats, well, rats are rats, with their sneaky eyes and skinny tails, nibbling and gnawing at the garbage. I never saw one yet who turned into a coachman.

If you ask me, that Cinderella is weird. Certainly, she isn't normal. Besides the fact that she has naturally curly hair and wears size 4 ½ shoes, she is so good-natured that it's downright sickening. If you had to dust and sweep and clean all day long, would you go around singing to the birds? Of course you wouldn't. No sensible person would.

A lot of people think I'm jealous of her. Maybe I am. And with good reason. I subsisted on seven hundred calories a day for three whole weeks before the ball. I did my leg-lift exercises faithfully. I got a perm and a facial and a manicure. I even bought a new gown. Blue velvet. Designer label. I mean, I was ready. Princey, I thought to myself, here I come! And what happened? Little Cindy, who has never seen the inside of a health club in her life and who doesn't know the caloric difference between a carrot stick and a chocolate éclair, whips together a dress out of some old curtains from K-Mart, waltzes off to the ball and snags the prince.

It isn't fair!

It really isn't fair!

Audition Piece No 4:

Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll

ALICE: I am so very bored, how can there be a book with no pictures, what is the point? Wow what pretty daisies. It is so warm this afternoon; it's making me so sleepy. Oh what a cute rabbit.....Rabbit!? Oh how remarkable, I have never seen a talking rabbit before. Mr. Rabbit, oh Mr. Rabbit where are you going? Why, how impolite of him. (*Angrily*) I asked him a civil question, and he pretended not to hear me.

That's not at all nice. I say, Mr. White Rabbit, where are you going? (*Calling after him*) Hmmm. He won't answer me. And I do so want to know what he is late for. I wonder if I should follow him. Why not? There's no rule that says I cannot go where I please. ----- I will follow him. No, for even though he was impolite to me, it would be very rude of me to follow him, very rude indeed. But I do so want to know what he is late for. Well, I suppose a simple question never hurt anyone.

Wait, Mr. White Rabbit. I'm coming tooooooooooo! [*Falling*] How curious. I never realized that rabbit holes were so dark . . . and so long and, Oh this is very peculiar....floating book shelves...clocks...cupboards...pictures...I must be dreaming. I believe I have been falling for five minutes, and I still can't see the bottom! Hmph! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. How brave they'll all think me at home. Why, I wouldn't say anything about it even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time. I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny that would be. Oh, I think I see the bottom. Yes, I'm sure I see the bottom. I shall hit the bottom, hit it very hard, and oh, how it will hurt! OUCH!!

Audition Piece No 5:

Opening Night by Caroline Petherbridge

Dylan is about to make a stage debut and is standing in the wings of the stage waiting.

DYLAN: This is it! The moment I have been waiting for. The moment I have been working towards for months. My debut as a performer. I'm about to tread the boards! To become a thespian. It may only be a small role, but I'm beginning the journey of my dreams. And one day, who knows? I could be playing the lead!

Any minute now ... wait for my cue line ... wait for it ... oh! I need the toilet. Is there time? No, of course there isn't. Just ignore it - it's only first night nerves. Okay, here it comes ... cue line ... entrance!

(Walks out onto the stage with a flourish. There is a pause. Opens mouth and then closes it again.)

Oh no. I've gone blank. What's my first line? My first line! Oh come on! ... I know it, for goodness sake, I've been rehearsing it for long enough! It's ... it's *(holds head and starts to panic)* nothing! Nothing! I can't remember a thing! Oh no, this can't be happening. Okay, just say something - anything - *(getting cross)* anything at all from this scene! As long as I say something it will be alright - get things moving - give the other actors something to work with.

(Looks around the stage fearfully) They're all staring at me! Do they think that's going to help? Don't they realise that's just going to make it worse? Ooh, my head is starting to swim. Oh no, I might faint. No! I've got to hold it together! Breathe ... Something will come to me in a minute. Just give it time ...

Hey, what's happening? They're carrying on without me! They've skipped my lines and they're carrying on ... as if I'm not even here. How dare they! They didn't even give me a chance! Don't they realise this is my big moment?

I have to take back control of this situation. It's not too late. I'll just have a quick look at my script - I lift it just over there in the wings. All I have to do is casually move - over - to ... *(Starts edging slowly sideways)* Hey! Who turned the lights out? Blackout? You mean it's all over? But I didn't even ...

Wait a minute - the audience is clapping. They want to show their appreciation. Well, I'd better give them what they want. After all, it would be rude not to!

(Bows lavishly)