

Example stimulus material for Drama Digital Grades

The exemplar material in this document is intended to support candidates in their preparation for the supporting tasks in the Drama Digital Grades. These materials are for practice only and should not be used for the recording of the actual exam.

Stimulus material for the Supporting Tasks is published every two weeks on a Thursday at trinitycollege.com/digital-drama-grades-supporting-tasks and trinitycollege.com/digital-drama-diplomas-supporting-tasks. All stimulus material is available for two weeks and candidates must record and upload their tasks during that week. For example, if candidates use stimulus material featured online during the period of 8th – 21st April, their recorded material must be submitted for assessment during that same period. Any material submitted without the correct period's stimulus material will be referred.

The materials should be used with the information published in the [Support Guide](#) for Digital Drama Grades and Diplomas.

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Storytelling tasks

Grade 2 Speech and Drama



Grade 3 Speech and Drama



Grade 4 Speech and Drama

AIRPORT

WET

YELLOW

WEIRD

Grade 5 Speech and Drama

EXPLORE

TOWEL

STRONG

SHIP

SNOW

Grade 6 Speech and Drama

UNIQUE

SHOPPING

DETESTED

WARMED

RADIANT

HEART

Sight Reading

Initial Performing Text

(Joha and his Ten Donkeys by Susannah Pickering-Saqqqa)

One day Joha bought ten donkeys from the market. He felt very pleased with himself and started to drive them towards his home. As he was on his way home he jumped up and rode on one of the donkeys. After a while, as he was going along the road, he counted the donkeys and found that there were only nine. So he got off the donkey he was riding and counted again. This time he found that there were ten! So he said to himself 'That's strange, if I walk I will gain a donkey and if I ride I will lose one!'

SAMPLE

Grade 2 Speech and Drama/Performing Text

(Little Red Riding Hood by Charles Perrault)

There was once a little girl and her mother loved her very much. Her Grandmother was also very fond of her and had made a little red hood for her that suited her so well that everyone called her 'Little Red Riding Hood'

One day her mother baked some cakes and said to her: 'Go and see how your Grandmother is, because I hear that she is ill. Take her a cake and this small pot of butter.'

Little Red Riding Hood set off at once. Her Grandmother lived in another village on the far side of the wood and, as she was going through the wood, she met Master Wolf. The Wolf wanted to eat her but did not dare because some woodcutters were working nearby; so he asked her where she was going.

The little girl did not know that it was dangerous to stop and talk to a wolf so she said: 'I am going to see my Grandmother'

'Does she live far from here?' asked the wolf.

'Oh yes,' said Little Red Riding Hood, 'it's beyond that mill you can see over there, in the first house in the village.'

'I see.' Said the wolf, and ran off at top speed.

Grade 3 Speech and Drama/Performing Text

(The Frog who became an Emperor)

The Emperor had not the slightest intention of letting his daughter marry a frog.

"Of course I cannot do such a thing!" he said to himself. She must marry someone else, but whom? He did not know what to do. Anyone but a frog! Finally he ordained that her marriage should be decided by casting the Embroidered Ball.

The news spread immediately throughout the whole country and within a few days the city was in a turmoil. Men from far and wide came to try their luck, and all manner of people flocked to the capital. The day came. The frog was present. He did not push his way into the mob but stood at the very edge of the crowded square.

A gaily festooned pavilion of a great height had been built. The Emperor led the princess and her train of maids to their seats high up on the stand.

The moment arrived. The princess tossed the Embroidered Ball into the air, and down it gently floated. As one and all stretched eager hands to clutch the ball, the frog drew in a mighty breath and, like a whirling tornado, sucked the ball straight to him.

Now, surely, the princess will have to marry the frog! But the Emperor was still unwilling to let this happen.

"An Embroidered Ball cast by a princess," he declared, "can only be seized by a human hand. No beast may do so."

He told the princess to throw down a second ball.

This time a young, stalwart fellow caught the ball.

"This is the man!" cried the happy Emperor. "Here is the person fit to be my imperial son-in-law."

Can you guess who that young, stalwart fellow was? Of course it was the frog, now in the guise of a man.

Grade 4 Speech and Drama/Performing Text

(The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain)

Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we set down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee-deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywheres – perfectly still – just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-clattering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line – that was the woods on t’other side – you couldn’t make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness, spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and warn’t black any more, but grey; you could see little dark spots drifting along, ever so far away – trading-scows, and such things and long black streaks – rafts sometimes you could hear a sweep screaming; or jumbled – up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by-and-by you could see a streak that there’s a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make outta log cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t’other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there so cool and fresh, and sweet to smell, on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way, because they’ve left dead fish laying around, gars, and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you’ve got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it!

Grade 5 Speech and Drama/Performing Text

(The Hobbit by JRR Tolkien)

‘What I say,’ said Bilbo gasping. ‘And please don’t cook me, kind sirs! I am a good cook myself, and cook better than I cook, if you see what I mean. I’ll cook beautifully for you, a perfectly beautiful breakfast for you, if only you won’t have me for supper.’

‘Poor little blighter,’ said William. He had already had as much supper as he could hold; also he had had lots of beer. ‘Poor little blighter! Let him go!’

‘Not till he says what he means by lots and none at all,’ said Bert. ‘I don’t want to have me throat cut in me sleep! Hold his toes in the fire, till he talks!’

‘I won’t have it,’ said William. ‘I caught him anyway.’ ‘You’re a fat fool, William,’ said Bert, ‘as I’ve said afore this evening.’

‘And you’re a lout!’

‘And I won’t take that from you, Bill Huggins,’ says Bert, and puts his fist in William’s eye.

Then there was a gorgeous row. Bilbo had just enough wits left, when Bert dropped him on the ground, to scramble out of the way of their feet, before they were fighting like dogs, and calling one another all sorts of perfectly true and applicable names in very loud voices. Soon they were locked in one another’s arms, and rolling nearly into the fire kicking and thumping, while Tom whacked at them both with a branch to bring them to their senses — and that of course only made them madder than ever.

That would have been the time for Bilbo to have left. But his poor little feet had been very squashed in Bert’s big paw, and he had no breath in his body, and his head was going round; so there he lay for a while panting, just outside the circle of firelight.

(Grubs by Olga Colman)

Grubs! grubs! grubs! grubs!

What a maddening plague we have of grubs!

Our beautiful Poinciana tree

Was ever so lovely — a joy to see!

But to our surprise, in a matter of hours,

They'd gobbled the leaves and even the flowers!

These greedy grubs weren't content with that,

They arched, flipped and wriggled across the mat,

Waved themselves up all the bricks,

So we finally had to get some sticks.

We used our brooms, plus two dustpans,

And filled buckets with water too hot for our hands.

With anger and pleasure we shovelled these grubs,

And rapidly gave them a bath without suds!

They didn't think this a good idea,

So didn't enjoy what we did, I fear.

I've read of battles and many attacks,

But these thousands of grubs can attack down our backs!

This grub has a golden-brown head like a knob,

And he uses it to sway and bob.

If he has any eyes they are so small,

I've looked, but I can't see them at all.

He has two whiskers which move about,

His mouth seems white, but his nose I doubt.

He spits a juice of golden-brown

When I prod and turn him upside down.

His body is colourfully striped

With lines of gold and black and white.

Down both sides there's a dainty design

Of scallops which appear very fine.

His final-rear legs, as he rests on the rail,

Seem a golden-brown horseshoe, and look like a tail.

He has two other sets of legs at the rear,

He grips with these and senses no fear

As he rapidly swings from left to right —

He does many contortions, for he's very bright.

I wonder if you've really looked at a grub?

Or, as you've passed by just given him a stub?

I stared through a magnifier to see

Just how this grub appears to me.

He's beautiful, I must confess —

What a pity he likes to make such a mess!

Grade 6 Speech and Drama/Performing Text

(Robinson Crusoe by Robert Louis Stevenson)

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear; but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it.

Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it – this was an amazement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the simple print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

(Sonnet 12 by William Shakespeare)

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.

SAMPLE

Unseen text

Please consult the [Support Guide](#) for the instructions for the Unseen text tasks.

Grade 7 Speech and Drama

(Wuthering Heights by Emily Brontë)

We crowded round, and over Miss Cathy's head I had a peep at a dirty, ragged, black-haired child; big enough both to walk and talk: indeed, its face looked older than Catherine's – yet, when it was set on its feet, it only stared round, and repeated over and over again some gibberish that nobody could understand. I was frightened, and Mrs. Earnshaw was ready to fling it out of doors: she did fly up, asking how he could fashion to bring that gipsy brat into the house, when they had their own bairns to feed and fend for? What he meant to do with it, and whether he were mad?

The master tried to explain the matter; but he was really half dead with fatigue, and all that I could make out, amongst her scolding, was a tale of his seeing it starving, and houseless, and as good as dumb, in the streets of Liverpool, where he picked it up and inquired for its owner - Not a soul knew to whom it belonged, he said; and his money and time being both limited, he thought it better to take it home with him at once, than run into vain expenses there: because he was determined he would not leave it as he found it.

This was Heathcliff's first introduction to the family: on coming back a few days afterwards, I found they had christened him 'Heathcliff'; it was the name of a son who died in childhood, and it has served him ever since, both for Christian and surname.

So, from the very beginning, he bred bad feeling in the house; and at Mrs. Earnshaw's death, which happened in less than two years after, the young master had learned to regard his father as an oppressor rather than a friend, and Heathcliff as a usurper of his parent's affections and his privileges, and he grew bitter with brooding over these injuries.

As an instance, I remember Mr. Earnshaw once bought a couple of colts at the parish fair, and gave the lads each one. Heathcliff took the handsomest, but it soon fell lame, and when he discovered it, he said to Hindley,

'You must exchange horses with me; I don't like mine, and if you won't I shall tell your father of the three thrashings you've given me this week, and show him my arm, which is black to the shoulder.'

(If by Rudyard Kipling)

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

Grade 8 Speech and Drama

(Dubliners by James Joyce)

A very sullen-faced man stood at the corner of O'Connell Bridge waiting for the little Sandymount tram to take him home. He was full of smouldering anger and revengefulness. He felt humiliated and discontented; he did not even feel drunk; and he had only twopence in his pocket. He cursed everything. He had done for himself in the office, pawned his watch, spent all his money; and he had not even got drunk. He began to feel thirsty again and he longed to be back again in the hot, reeking public-house. He had lost his reputation as a strong man, having been defeated twice by a mere boy. His heart swelled with fury and, when he thought of the woman in the big hat who had brushed against him and said Pardon! his fury nearly choked him.

His tram let him down at Shelbourne Road and he steered his great body along in the shadow of the wall of the barracks. He loathed returning to his home. When he went in by the side-door he found the kitchen empty and the kitchen fire nearly out. He bawled upstairs:

'Ada! Ada!'

His wife was a little sharp-faced woman who bullied her husband when he was sober and was bullied by him when he was drunk. They had five children. A little boy came running down the stairs.

`Who is that?' said the man, peering through the darkness.

`Me, pa.'

`Who are you? Charlie?'

`No, pa. Tom.'

`Where's your mother?'

`She's out at the chapel.'

'That's right...Did she think of leaving any dinner for me?'

'Yes, pa. I -'

`Light the lamp. What do you mean by having the place in darkness? Are the other children in bed?'

The man sat down heavily on one of the chairs while the little boy lit the lamp. He began to mimic his son's fiat accent, saying half to himself: `At the chapel. At the chapel, if you please!' When the lamp was lit he banged his fist on the table and shouted:

'What's for my dinner?'

`I'm going...to cook it, pa,' said the little boy. The man jumped up furiously and pointed to the fire. 'On that fire! You let the fire out! By God, I'll teach you to do that again!' He took a step to the door and seized the walking-stick which was standing behind it.

'I'll teach you to let the fire out!' he said, rolling up his sleeve in order to give his arm free play.

The little boy cried 'O, pa!' and ran whimpering round the table, but the man followed him and caught him by the coat. The little boy looked about him wildly but, seeing no way of escape, fell upon his knees.

SAMPLE

(Endymion by John Keats)

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways:
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.
Nor do we merely feel these essences

For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast;
They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;

Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now, at once adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

(Two Noble Kinsman by William Shakespeare)

Before the prison. Enter JAILER'S DAUGHTER alone.

DAUGHTER:

Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I have ventur'd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook, and there he shall keep close
Till I provide him files and food, for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety. I have made him know it.
I care not, I am desperate. If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes
I purpose is my way too. Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again. And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him. Let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me. By him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison. I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father;
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him!

Improvisation – solo exams

Musical Theatre solo Grade 1 (2010 + 2020 syllabus)

One of your characters is taking a dog for a walk, but the dog is very naughty.

Acting/Musical Theatre solo Grade 2 (2010, 2017 + 2020 syllabus)

How does your character react if they wake up and discover they are on a desert island?

Acting solo Grade 3 (2017 + 2020 syllabus)

Show your character getting ready to meet someone they really admire and want to impress. It could be an evening out, or a daytime meeting

Acting solo Grade 4 (2017 + 2020 syllabus)

How does your character react when opening their results from either an exam or an assessment? What sort of results have they received? Are they what your character expected?

Acting solo Grade 5

Imagine you are a trusted friend of one of the characters and have been given the opportunity to meet them before the scene or monologue – what advice would the friend give them?

Acting solo Grade 6

Your character is being interviewed for either radio or television and has been asked to talk about a favourite activity from childhood – what does he/she choose to talk about and what details do they share with the interviewer?

Acting solo Grade 7

Your character needs to explain why they took the actions they talked about or showed in their monologue to someone who wants to help them but has very limited understanding of English. How do they make sure that all the important information is shared?

Modification - solo exams

Acting/Musical Theatre solo Grade 8 (2020 syllabus)

Perform the monologue/song as though the character you were addressing was on the back row of the auditorium.

Connection to the Lyrics – solo exams

Musical Theatre solo Grade 6 (2020 syllabus)

Perform the lyrics as if your character was in a small confined space, which is hot and stuffy.

Improvisation – pair exams

Musical Theatre Pairs Grade 5 (2010 syllabus)

Sharing – Both characters are friends and usually eat their lunch together. One of them has forgotten to bring anything, but is too polite to mention it.

Acting Pairs Grade 6 (2017 + 2020 syllabus)

Two people sitting on some rocks by the sea are surprised by a big wave.

Acting Pairs Grade 7 (2017 + 2020 syllabus)

A and B are both competitive dog-breeders about to show their animals at a prestigious show. They are in the waiting area, about to be called into the show arena. A has won many major prizes but this is B's first show.

Acting Pairs Grade 8 (2017 syllabus)

The ceremony of the rings.

Modification - pair exams

Acting Pairs Grade 8 (2020 syllabus)

One character has just returned from the dentist and has a frozen jaw following an extraction which will affect pacing and/or clarity of speech. Perform the scene again maintaining the original lines but with both characters responding to the change in context.

Musical Theatre Pairs Grade 8 (2020 syllabus)

One character has a visual impairment and the other character needs to guide them around the space. Perform the scene or song again maintaining the original lines/lyrics but responding to the modification.

Connection to the Lyrics – pair exams

Musical Theatre Grade 6 (2020 syllabus)

Imagine you are in the examination hall at school.