

# APPROACHES TO PERFORMANCE MATERIAL

ATCL Performing (Speech and Drama,  
Musical Theatre and Performance Arts)  
and ATCL Communication Skills  
(Public Speaking)

**ATCL DIPLOMAS**



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Musical Theatre and Performance Arts) and  
ATCL Communication Skills (Public Speaking)

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This document contains details of extracts for use in the Approaches to Performance tasks for ATCL Diploma in Performing (Speech and Drama, Musical Theatre, Performance Arts) and ATCL Communication Skills (Public Speaking).

The material in this document should be used alongside the 2023 syllabus requirements and guidance.

## **ATCL Performing (Speech and Drama, Musical Theatre, Performance Arts)**

**Task 1.2 Viva Voce** – Approaches to Performance: the candidate gives a prepared talk on their approaches to an expressive reading of a set passage of prose, a poem or a monologue from a play. This should include a demonstration of a few short extracts from the text to illustrate their points.

Refer to pages 52-55 of the syllabus for detailed task guidance.

Choose a passage of prose, a poem or a monologue from the following list.

### **1. *Tears, Idle Tears* by Alfred Lord Tennyson**

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

## 2. *The Palette of Love* by Francesca Weekes

You said you hated pink.  
Up until the age of nine and four months,  
pink – pretty, pearly, rosy pink – was utterly acceptable.  
But now you're nine, nine and four months,  
and the only colour for you is blue,  
cool blue, like an ocean in your room.  
I wait a little, for you to change your mind.  
But every time I look, I see smooth blue walls  
reflected in the sunscape of your hazel eyes.  
I give in.

We buy a pot of blue. It's called Blue Lagoon  
and makes me think of mists sweeping back  
across an almost-grey lake.  
You say it's like my eyes, but I know  
they were never that forgetful.

We paint your room in broad swathes of blue.  
I hold the roller; you do the fiddly brushwork.  
Your hand is remarkably steady.  
The smell rises like the sky, or bread.  
We have to stick our heads out of the window  
and pull funny faces.

You get paint on your nose,  
and fling some at me.  
We throw colour like warriors.  
By the end of the day, we are spattered  
like robins' eggs.  
I make lunch in cans like builders would have:  
egg sandwiches, red apples and coffee cake.  
We eat, sitting in a room with walls  
as blue as the Pacific.  
It's as perfect a day as any.

When you come to me a few months later,  
frown pasted firmly on, telling me about  
your friend whose room has white walls,  
I am happy that I can wrap my arms around you  
and rest my chin on top of your head,

That I can say, *It doesn't matter what colour  
surrounds us, as long as it's a happy one.*  
*The walls of our lives don't matter  
once we've torn them down,  
as we always do by living.*  
*The castle of our hearts will always remain standing.*  
*Paint your walls whatever colour you'd like, love,  
as long as your heart's in it.*

*But I quite like the blue.*  
*Perhaps we could stick with it for a little while longer.*

### 3. *Adlestrop* by Edward Thomas

Yes, I remember Adlestrop –  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop – only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

#### 4. *The Seagull* by Anton Chekhov

TREPLEV: She loves me – she loves me not... She loves me – she loves me not... Loves me, loves me not. (*laughs*) There you are – she doesn't love me.

Well, of course she doesn't. She wants to live and love and dress in light colours, and there am I, twenty-five years old, perpetually reminding her that she's stopped being young. When I'm not there she's thirty-two – when I am she's forty-three; and that's why she hates me.

Then again I don't acknowledge the theatre. She loves the theatre – she thinks she's serving humanity and the sacred cause of art, whereas in my view the modern theatre is an anthology of stereotypes and received ideas. When the curtain goes up, and there, in a room with three walls lit by artificial lighting because it's always evening, these great artists, these high priests in the temple of art, demonstrate how people eat and drink, how they love and walk about and wear their suits; when out of these banal scenes and trite words they attempt to extract a moral – some small and simple moral with a hundred household uses; when under a thousand different disguises they keep serving me up the same old thing, the same old thing, the same old thing – then I run and don't stop running, just as Maupassant ran from the sight of the Eiffel Tower, that weighed on his brain with its sheer vulgarity. What we need are new artistic forms. And if we don't get new forms it would be better if we had nothing at all.

### 5. *Neurotics Anonymous* by Ben Crompton

IAIN: And I've been doing a lot of thinking and I might have misread things between us, but I don't think I have and I'm sorry I wasn't there last night, but I had an argument with my mum and I wish I hadn't said that out loud 'cos it makes me sound about 12, but never mind because what I'm saying is, is that it wouldn't be fair of me if I didn't put you in the picture.

So, you need to know.

That it takes me some time to leave the house.

Like 5, 10 minutes. 20 on a bad day. I have to check both the oven hobs, the four hob knobs – the knobs on the hobs, that is, not the biscuits. They're fine. I hope. I have to switch the kettle, toaster, microwave off at the mains. That's three separate items. It's not a kettle-toaster-microwave combo. That would be ridiculous. The potential hazards of such an appliance just simply don't bear... oh, mental. Got to double check the windows, the back door, the taps must be firmly off, and the plugholes clear, no plugs, or bottle tops or anything in the sink, anything that could block the hole in a water burst – you know, if all the water (*water bursting noise*) started coming out. Check the stop cock to be sure. Toilet seat down 'cos I heard that if rats get lost then they are prone to escaping via toilets where the seats have been left up. It's because of the light... The light guides them to freedom. And if anyone rings in the middle of my checks (*raspberry noise*) just messes everything up and I have to start again. And I do talk quite a lot when I get nervous. So, you can leave now if you want.

## 6. *Strawberries in January* by Evelyne de la Chenelière

SOPHIE: I know this isn't the way you're supposed to do it and that is a bit of a worry but I said to myself life's short and if everyone always waits for everyone else to make the first move you can waste an awful lot of time and I know you sometimes watch me sleeping I know because I'm not actually sleeping and I know when we're drinking and talking in the living room together until two in the morning it's just agony for both of us to go to our separate beds and even if every couple tears each other apart and we've both made fun of all those couples that tear each other apart I think we owe it to ourselves to try and grab something that might tear us apart. And I don't see why if we like shopping together, doing the housework together, eating breakfast together, watching old films together, I don't really see why we wouldn't like making love together, because that's something a lot more exciting, it seems to me, than shopping, housework, and old films so I'm asking you to marry me in the spring. I know, conventionally I'm not supposed to be the one who asks but you prefer the unconventional so I'm asking you to marry me in the spring. Or outside, next winter, because it's conventional to get married in spring.

## 7. *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

“I don’t know what to do!”, cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. “I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!”

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded.

“There’s the saucepan that the gruel was in!”, cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. “There’s the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There’s the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There’s the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It’s all right, it’s all true, it all happened. Ha ha ha!”

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

“I don’t know what day of the month it is!”, said Scrooge. “I don’t know how long I’ve been among the Spirits. I don’t know anything. I’m quite a baby. Never mind. I don’t care. I’d rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!”

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!

### 8. *The Adventure of the Speckled Band* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil? I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed, within a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night-bird, and once at our very window a long drawn, cat-like whine, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. How long they seemed, those quarters! Twelve o'clock, and one, and two and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall. Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of a light up in the direction of the ventilator, which vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Someone in the next room had lit a dark lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the smell grew stronger. For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly another sound became audible – a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell-pull. 'You see it, Watson?' he yelled. 'You see it?'

### 9. *Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms* by Jonathan Swift

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times; and altho' it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet while the two Horses were busy in Conversation, I endeavoured to practice this Word upon my Tongue; and as soon as they were silent I boldly pronounced *Yahoo* in a loud Voice, imitating, at the same time, as near as I could, the Neighing of a Horse; at which they were both visibly surprised, and the Grey repeated the same Word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right Accent, wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any Degree of Perfection. The Bay tried me with a second Word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the *English Orthography*, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as the former, but after two or three farther Trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my Capacity.

After some farther Discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two Friends took their leaves, with the same Compliment of striking each other's Hoof; and the Gray made me some signs that I should walk before him, wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better Director. When I offered to slacken my Pace, he would cry Hhuun, Hhuun; I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary and not able to walk faster; upon which he would stand a while and let me rest.

The following is a list of contemporary pieces that are also approved for use in this task. The publications are widely available from retailers.

Book or Poem/Author	Publication details	Extract	Page
<i>Angola</i> by Amelia Veiga	2007 From <i>The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry (Fourth Edition)</i> Penguin Classics ISBN: 978-0140424720	Whole poem <b>First line:</b> I was not born from your womb <b>Last line:</b> But you are the land of my womb.	p15
<i>Jerusalem</i> by Jez Butterworth	2009 Nick Hern Books ISBN: 978-1848420502	<b>First line:</b> I've seen a lot of strange things in this wood. <b>Last line:</b> Elves and fairies, you say. ( <i>Beat</i> ) Elves and fairies.	pp227-228
<i>Enduring Love</i> by Ian McEwan	1998 Vintage ISBN: 978-0099276586	<b>First line:</b> When four of us let go, the balloon, with six hundred pounds shed, must have surged upwards. <b>Last line:</b> He fell as he had hung, a stiff little black stick. I've never seen such a terrible thing as that falling man.	pp15-16

## ATCL Communication Skills (Public Speaking)

**Task 1.2 – Viva Voce – Approaches to Performance:** The candidate presents their ideas about a set text, talking about their interpretation and approach to rehearsal, and performing some extracts to illustrate their ideas.

Refer to page 73-76 of the syllabus for detailed task guidance.

### 1. *Speech to the Troops at Tilbury, 9 August 1588 – Queen Elizabeth I*

My loving people. We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit our selves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live and die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.

I know already, for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and We do assure you on a word of a prince, they shall be duly paid. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

## 2. *Spoken at the consecration of the military cemetery in Gettysburg, 19 November 1863 – Abraham Lincoln*

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

### 3. *Retirement speech after being diagnosed with ALS, 4 July 1939 – Baseball player Lou Gehrig*

For the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break. Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth. I have been in ballparks for seventeen years and have never received anything but kindness and encouragement from you fans.

When you look around, wouldn't you consider it a privilege to associate yourself with such a fine looking men as they're standing in uniform in this ballpark today? Sure, I'm lucky. Who wouldn't consider it an honor to have known Jacob Ruppert? Also, the builder of baseball's greatest empire, Ed Barrow? To have spent six years with that wonderful little fellow, Miller Huggins? Then to have spent the next nine years with that outstanding leader, that smart student of psychology, the best manager in baseball today, Joe McCarthy? Sure, I'm lucky.

When the New York Giants, a team you would give your right arm to beat, and vice versa, sends you a gift – that's something. When everybody down to the groundskeepers and those boys in white coats remember you with trophies – that's something. When you have a wonderful mother-in-law who takes sides with you in squabbles with her own daughter – that's something. When you have a father and a mother who work all their lives so you can have an education and build your body – it's a blessing. When you have a wife who has been a tower of strength and shown more courage than you dreamed existed – that's the finest I know.

So I close in saying that I might have been given a bad break, but I've got an awful lot to live for.

Thank you.

#### 4. *Speech on women's suffrage, November 1913* – Emmeline Pankhurst

I do not come here as an advocate, because whatever position the suffrage movement may occupy in the United States of America, in England it has passed beyond the realm of advocacy and it has entered into the sphere of practical politics. It has become the subject of revolution and civil war, and so tonight I am not here to advocate woman suffrage. American suffragists can do that very well for themselves. I am here as a soldier who has temporarily left the field of battle in order to explain – it seems strange it should have to be explained – what civil war is like when civil war is waged by women. I am not only here as a soldier temporarily absent from the field of battle; I am here – and that, I think, is the strangest part of my coming – I am here as a person who, according to the law courts of my country, it has been decided, is of no value to the community at all; and I am adjudged because of my life to be a dangerous person, under sentence of penal servitude in a convict prison. So you see there is some special interest in hearing so unusual a person address you. I dare say, in the minds of many of you – you will perhaps forgive me this personal touch – that I do not look either very like a soldier or very like a convict, and yet I am both.

Now, I want to say to you who think women cannot succeed, we have brought the government of England to this position, that it has to face this alternative; either women are to be killed or women are to have the vote. I ask American men in this meeting, what would you say if in your State you were faced with that alternative, that you must either kill them or give them their citizenship, – women, many of whom you respect, women whom you know have lived useful lives, women whom you know, even if you do not know them personally, are animated with the highest motives, women who are in pursuit of liberty and the power to do useful public service? Well, there is only one answer to that alternative; there is only one way out of it, unless you are prepared to put back civilization two or three generations; you must give those women the vote. Now that is the outcome of our civil war.

The following is a list of contemporary pieces that are also approved for use in this task.

### Book or Poem/Author

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*What I've learned from my Autistic brothers*  
Faith Jegede Cole  
Ted Talks 2012

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World Health Organisation (WHO) Director  
General: Media Briefing  
March 2020

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*Speech to the United Nations, 12 July 2013* –  
Malala Yousafzai

### Extract

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**First line:** Today I just have one request. Please don't tell me I'm normal.

**Last line:** Yet beyond the tantrums and the frustration and the never-ending hyperactivity was something really unique: a pure and innocent nature, a boy who saw the world without prejudice, a human who had never lied. Extraordinary.

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**First line:** We have today made the assessment that COVID-19 can be characterized as a pandemic.

**Last line:** This is not just a public health crisis, it is a crisis that will touch every sector – so every sector and every individual must be involved in the fight.

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**First line:** Dear brothers and sisters, do remember one thing. Malala day is not my day.

**Last line:** My hopes are the same. My dreams are the same.

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