

Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> March 2021



<i>Learning Objective</i> <i>To write a scene of a play script from Cogheart.</i>	
<i>Success Criteria</i>	<i>Self-Assessment</i>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Identify the stage directions and spoken parts in a text.</i></li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Set the scene.</i></li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>Write the names of the characters down the left hand side of the page (with a colon).</i></li> <li>• <i>Include stage directions in brackets.</i></li> <li>• <i>Write character dialogue.</i></li> <li>• <i>Start a new line for the next speaker.</i></li> <li>• <i>Use adverbs in my stage directions to help the character know how to say things or what facial expression to show e.g. angrily, loudly, calmly.</i></li> </ul>	

<i>Pre Learning Task</i>	<i>Post Learning Task</i>
<p><i>Underline the stage directions in purple pen and the spoken parts in blue pen in the following text.</i></p> <p><i>Jenni fell to the floor with a bump, "What on earth just happened?" she mumbled as she struggled to her feet and brushed the earth off her jeans. "Jenni, what are you doing down there?" called David.</i></p>	<p><i>Underline the stage directions in purple pen and the spoken parts in blue pen in the following text.</i></p> <p><i>Jenni fell to the floor with a bump, "What on earth just happened?" she mumbled as she struggled to her feet and brushed the earth off her jeans. "Jenni, what are you doing down there?" called David.</i></p>

*Read through the next few pages from Cogheart and highlight the spoken parts. Next identify any stage directions. Use your scene from yesterday to set the scene. Finally, begin to write your play script. Remember to use your success criteria to help you.*

A lump welled in Lily's throat and she stopped reading. It was all true then: written there in black and white. She glanced at the thin man; his head lolled against the headrest, his chin tipped back. Was he watching her or sleeping? So hard to tell behind those lidless mirrored eyes.

She gave a cough, but he didn't move. Perhaps he really *was* asleep? He wasn't reading the paper any more - it drooped now in his hands. She stuck her tongue out at him and he flashed her a smile, sharp as a shark's.

"I must apologize again," he said, folding *The Daily Cog* and setting it aside. "I know how frustrating a stranger in one's cabin can be on long journeys."

Lily gave a timid nod, which he seemed to take as an invitation to continue.

"Odd they put us together, when the zep's so empty. Must be a mechanical error."

Madame Verdigris set aside her embroidery. "Was it the same mechanical porter who showed you aboard? I find these primitive mechanicals, with their synthesized emotions, most disagreeable, don't you? They make so many clerical mistakes. And with the back talk they give you, and all the winding... I'm often surprised they function at all."

"Quite true, Madame. You've hit the nail squarely on

the head there." The thin man smiled. "Or should I say, got to the heart of the matter?"

Madame Verdigris gave her tinkling cut-glass laugh - though Lily saw nothing funny about either of their remarks. It occurred to her that the thin man had twice addressed the housekeeper as Madame, not Madam, and she wondered how he knew the woman's preferred title.

The thin man leaned forward, his silver eyes flashing in the light. "Ladies, please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Mr Roach."

Madame Verdigris nodded to him. "*Bonsoir*, Mr Roach, I'm Madame Verdigris and this is my charge Miss Hartman."

"Ah, like the article?" Mr Roach asked, tapping the newspaper.

Madame Verdigris sombrely inclined her head in the affirmative.

Lily ground her teeth - hadn't the housekeeper just told her not to let people know who she was?

"You look upset, young lady," Mr Roach said, "and no wonder."

"I'm fine," she said.

"I've something here might cheer you up." Mr Roach put a hand in his pocket and pulled out a paper bag,

which he held out to Lily. She peered inside. Striped gooey sweets were fused to the paper; they must've been in his pocket for weeks.

"No thank you, Sir."

"Go on, they're humbugs." He thrust the paper bag at her, but she shook her head. "What's the matter? You don't like humbugs? If I wasn't such a mild-mannered fellow, I might be offended. Perhaps you think I'd be better off eating carrots. Good for the old eyesight." He laughed and tapped the centre of one mirrored eye with a finger.

Lily felt a shiver rise up her back. "No," she said. "It's not that, only..." She studied his unreadable expression. She didn't even know how to put it politely; but she needn't have worried, Madame Verdigris stepped in on her behalf.

"I'm afraid, Sir, one rule of Miss Scrimshaw's Academy, where Miss Hartman is a pupil, is never to accept sweets from strangers."

"Sorry," Lily added.

Mr Roach frowned, the silver orbs of his eyes narrowing; he clutched the paper bag in a gaunt hand. "You could hardly call me a stranger, Miss Hartman - we've just introduced ourselves. I must say, I don't believe your rules apply in these circumstances. And one should

never be without a humbug when one takes a long journey. I find they help with travel sickness on these commuter zeps."

Lily relented and took one, and Mr Roach gave a small victorious grin.

The humbug tasted delicious, but after a while her eyelids drooped and she felt rather tired.

She put her head against the frosty window, which thrummed and rattled with the zeppelin's engines, and watched her breath cloud the glass. Before she drifted off, she heard Madame Verdigris say: "I don't know why these zeps are so loud always. Where is the refinement one gets with an old-fashioned horse and carriage or a hot-air balloon?"

"Change is always monstrous at first," Mr Roach replied, "but people soon get used to it. You know I've the strongest feeling, Madame Hortense, there will be a lot of changes in your life these coming months, for better or worse, depending how you play your hand. I'll be watching closely to see how you handle things."

Lily tried to fathom the meaning of his words, but found them slippery and ungraspable, and they swam away from her like a shoal of silver fish, pulling her along into a fog of sleep.



When she came to, the zep was approaching a local airstation and Mr Roach was gone. She suddenly remembered he'd been far too familiar with Madame, his last words tinged with a threat of some kind.

"What happened to the fellow sitting opposite?" Lily asked, stifling a yawn.

"He left a few minutes ago to prepare for landing," Madame said. "He had an urgent appointment and wanted to disembark first."

"But how did he know your first name?"

"Pardon?" Madame seemed somewhat flustered. She tucked her needle into the edge of her embroidery and Lily noticed she'd filled in the cherub's eyes with silver circles of thread.

"I heard him use your first name," Lily repeated. "And he knew you were called Madame before you even gave your title."

"What an odd thing to say." The housekeeper let out a peal of laughter. "You must have dreamed it." She gathered her spools of threads and tucked them into her bag next to her needlework. "You were asleep for so long, Lily. In fact, you've tousled your hair. Perhaps you'd better tidy yourself before we arrive?"

Lily was tempted to pursue the subject further, but the airship had begun its descent towards the landing