

## СЦЕНАРИЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ ИГРЫ

Игра проводилась в восьмых классах. При изучении английского языка на базовом уровне возможно ее проведение в десятых классах в качестве мероприятия на параллель.

Домашнее задание командам:

1. Выбрать название и девиз команды;
2. Подготовить монологи литературных героев;
3. Подготовить песню для исполнения караоке.

### Ход игры

1. Команды приветствуют друг друга, называя свое название и представляя свой девиз. (5 минут)
2. Домашнее задание: монологи литературных героев. (15 минуи)
- A. Команды получают задание для творческих конкурсов : - прочитать отрывок и нарисовать сцену по описанию и
- B. - прочитать диалог и разыграть его на сцене.
3. Конкурс «Счастливая дюжина» (15 минут)
4. Конкурс песни . (10 минут)
5. Команды показывают «театральное» задание ( разыграть диалог). (10 минут)
6. Команды представляют жюри рисунки .
7. Подведение итогов (5 минут).

Оценивание конкурсов:

1. Представление команд: наличие названия и девиза – 1 балл..
2. Монологи литературных героев: артистизм максимум 3 балла, языковое оформление максимум 3 балла, наличие костюмов 1 балл. Максимум за конкурс 7 баллов.
3. «Счастливая дюжина»: максимум 16 баллов.
4. Конкурс песни: 3 балла за музыкальное оформление, 2 балла за правильное произношение слов, максимум 5 баллов.
5. «Театральное задание»: артистизм максимум 3 балла, языковое оформление максимум 3 балла, итого 6 баллов.
6. Конкурс художников: соответствие описанию максимум 3 балла, исполнение максимум 2 балла, итого 5 баллов.

7. Максимальное количество баллов: 40 баллов.

## **ARTISTS' CONTEST**

1. Harry had never even imagined such a strange and splendid place. It was lit by thousands and thousands of candles that were floating in midair over four long tables, where the rest of the students were sitting. These tables were laid with glittering golden plates and goblets. At the top of the hall was another long table where the teachers were sitting. Professor McGonagall led the first years up here, so that they came to a halt in a line facing the other students, with the teachers behind them. The hundreds of faces staring at them looked like pale lanterns in the flickering candlelight. Dotted here and there among the students, the ghosts shone misty silver. Mainly to avoid all the staring eyes, Harry looked upward and saw a velvety black ceiling dotted with stars.

2. There were a hundred and forty-two staircases at Hogwarts: wide, sweeping ones; narrow, rickety ones; some that led somewhere different on a Friday; some with a vanishing step halfway up that you had to remember to jump. Then there were doors that wouldn't open unless you asked politely, or tickled them in exactly the right place, and doors that weren't really doors at all, but solid walls just pretending. It was also very hard to remember where anything was, because it all seemed to move around a lot. The people in the portraits kept going to visit each other, and Harry was sure the coats of armor could walk.

3. In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort. It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats - the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill - The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it - and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

4. And a really fine day it certainly was. The tall striped tulips stood straight up upon their stalks, like long rows of soldiers, and looked defiantly across the grass at the roses, and said: We are quite as splendid as you are now. The purple butterflies fluttered about with gold dust on their wings, visiting each flower in turn; the little lizards crept out of the crevices of the wall, and lay basking in the white glare; and the pomegranates split and cracked with the heat, and showed their bleeding red hearts. Even the pale yellow lemons, that hung in such profusion from the

mouldering trellis and along the dim arcades, seemed to have caught a richer colour from the wonderful sunlight, and the magnolia trees opened their great globe-like blossoms of folded ivory, and filled the air with a sweet heavy perfume.

## **DIALOGUES TO ACT OUT**

"GOOD EVENING," said Lucy. But the Faun was so busy picking up its parcels that at first it did not reply.

"Good evening, good evening," said the Faun. "Excuse me - I don't want to be inquisitive - but should I be right in thinking that you are a Daughter of Eve?"

"My name's Lucy," said she, not quite understanding him.

"But you are - forgive me - you are what they call a girl?" said the Faun.

"Of course I'm a girl," said Lucy.

"You are in fact Human?"

"Of course I'm human," said Lucy, still a little puzzled.

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Faun. "How stupid of me! But I've never seen a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve before. I am delighted. That is to say - Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus."

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr Tumnus," said Lucy.

"And may I ask, O Lucy Daughter of Eve," said Mr Tumnus, "how you have come into Narnia?"

"Narnia? What's that?" said Lucy.

"This is the land of Narnia," said the Faun, "where we are now; all that lies between the lamp-post and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you - you have come from the wild woods of the west?"

"I - I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room," said Lucy.

"Meanwhile," said Mr Tumnus, "it is winter in Narnia, and has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch cold if we stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far land of Spare Oom where eternal summer reigns around the bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came and had tea with me?"

"Thank you very much, Mr Tumnus," said Lucy. "But I was wondering whether I ought to be getting back."

"It's only just round the corner," said the Faun, "and there'll be a roaring fire - and toast - and sardines - and cake. If you will take my arm, Daughter of Eve, I shall be able to hold the umbrella over both of us. That's the way. Now - off we go."

## **СЦЕНАРИЙ ДЛЯ ВЫПОЛНЕНИЯ ДОМАШНЕГО ЗАДАНИЯ (МОНОЛОГИ ПЕРСОНАЖЕЙ).**

В качестве примера домашнего задания мы предлагаем данный сценарий.

### **PRIDE AND PREJUDICE**

*Music. A pride of male ACTORS dances a slow dance and swagger – gorgeous, and don't they know it.*

**MRS BENNET:** It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

Shrieking, breathless ACTRESSES rush forward and whisk all the men away in laughter.  
Hertfordshire: Longbourn: The Bennets' home. Inside the 'drawing room.

*MARY tinkles poorly at a musical instrument, straining to read the music through her thick glasses. LYDIA struggles with a bonnet.*

**LYDIA:** Oh! It is so fidgety!

*KITTY is eating cream buns, bored.*

Kitty!

**KITTY:** Please allow me to assist you, Lydia.

**LYDIA:** Shan't.

*JANE smiles serenely at their bickering. MR BENNET is hidden behind his newspaper. MRS BENNET bursts in, excited, a whirlwind of hat and shawl.*

**MRS BENNET:** My dear, have you heard?

*Kitty stops eating. MR BENNET gives no response.*

Netherfield Park is let at last!

*KITTY chokes on her cream bun.*

**LYDIA:** (Excited.) It isn't!

**MRS BENNET:** But it is.

*MR BENNET, reading his paper, hmphs.*

Do you not want to know who has taken it?

*The GIRLS do. MR BENNET does not.*

**KITTY:** Do tell, Mama.

**MRS BENNET:** Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune.

**JANE:** What is his name?

**MRS BENNET:** Bingley.

**LYDIA:** Married or single?

**MRS BENNET:** Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure: a single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for all you girls! Kitty, what have I told you about listening at the door?

**Elizabeth:** How can it affect us?

**MRS BENNET:** You can be so tiresome! One of you must be married soon.

**Elizabeth:** Is that Mr Bingley's plan?

**MRS BENNET:** How you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of you. If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield and all the others equally wellmarried, I shall have nothing else to wish for.

**LYDIA:** Is he amiable?

**KITTY:** Is he handsome?

**LYDIA:** He's sure to be handsome.

**ELIZABETH:** With five thousand a year, it would not matter if he had a big pink face.

**MRS BENNET:** I will give my hearty consent to his marrying whichever of the girls he chooses.

**LYDIA**

So will he come to the ball tomorrow?

**MRS BENNET** I believe so.

*Lydia and Kitty shriek with excitement.*

**ELIZABETH**

There are few people whom I really love, and still fewer of whom I think well. The more I see of the world, the more am I dissatisfied with it. There is a stubbornness about me that never can be frightened at the will of others. My courage always rises at every attempt to intimidate me."

It was his pride

Not his vanity

For the two are not one in the same

A dance, a meeting, words exchanged

It was his pride I suppose, that got in the way

We moved, we spoke

We were introduced again and again

Lord, how I detested him the most

It was his pride I suppose, that got in the way

His pride, his pride that mortified my own.

The music, the couples,

The words unfortunately spoken aloud by an overbearing mother...

We moved on, through dances, through seasons,

Through dinners and card games.

And I suppose it was my own pride that got in the way

His love chose me, but my pride was too strong

It was a blinding light, my pride was

A light that broke the darkest corners

And with my pride I assumed his nature,

But I was wrong

I was many a time wrong.  
If only my pride had not been too strong!  
    So I suppose in the end it was not pride at all  
It was loyalty that got in the way  
    Now I suppose it was not pride,  
Not pride at all that pierced me in the side  
It was love I suppose,  
Not pride at all.

**JANE**

"Pride is a very common failing, I believe. By all that I have ever read, I am convinced that it is very common indeed; that human nature is particularly prone to it, and that there are very few of us who do not cherish this feeling, real or imaginary. Vanity and pride are different things, though the words are often used synonymously. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves, vanity to what we would have others think of us. As for me, only the deepest love will induce me into marriage"

**KITTY:** Love! Oh, love!

**LYDIA:** Love?

**Mrs BENNET:** Not love! Marriage!

**ВОПРОСЫ ДЛЯ КОНКУРСА КАПИТАНОВ**

1. Name the book and its author.



2. Alice, White Rabbit, Caterpillar, Cheshire Cat, Wasp in a Wig, Humpty-Dumpty, Mad Hatter, Dormouse – which of them ISN'T from "Alice in Wonderland"?
3. What is the best-selling nonfiction book of all time?
4. This author used his son as inspiration for the character Christopher Robin. His son, also named Christopher Robin, grew up hating the stories because his schoolmates teased him about his imaginary friends.  
Name the author and the book.
5. She's Great Britain's richest woman in the entertainment industry. In 1999, she sold 23 million books, more than any other author ever.  
What's her name?

6. She wrote 78 crime novels that sold more than 2 billion copies.

What's her name?

7. He invented movable type in 1440 and printed his first book, a Latin Bible, in 1455.

What's his name?

8. Early in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland", Alice shrinks and then has to swim through a huge body of water.

What kind of liquid is it?

9. What book is about a little girl from Kansas?

10. He is a mischievous boy who lives in a small American town on the banks of the Mississippi river in the house of his old aunt. Name the character, the author and the book.

11. "All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;

They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages".

Who wrote these words?

12. A ... is a form of poetry in five-line, with a strict rhyme scheme (AABBA), which is always humorous. The third and fourth lines are usually shorter than the other three.