六一排练日记：从周一到周五的大课间

五月二十五日 星期一 阴

从今天起，我们班的课本剧进入倒计时。老师把排练定在每天大课间，地点是教学楼后面的小广场。我们的剧演《晏子使楚》，我演楚王的手下，台词一共三句。走廊尽头风大，念台词得提着嗓子。第一遍排下来，扮演晏子的周阳把那句你是谁派来的念成了你派谁来的，全班笑倒，导演刘冉喊重来。风把剧本纸吹跑了一张，我追出去二十米才捡回来。

五月二十七日 星期三 晴

今天大课间排第二场。我三句台词已经背熟了，闭着眼都能说。出问题的是演门客的李多，他一上场就顺拐，同手同脚走了半个广场，自己先红了脸。刘冉没骂他，让他靠墙练二十遍走路。练完李多的顺拐好了，可他一上台又开始摸鼻子。我们在旁边给他数拍子，一二一，一二一，他踩着我们的声音走，终于顺了。

五月二十九日 星期五 小雨

昨天在礼堂彩排，出大事了。最后一幕要全体上前鞠躬，结果音乐提前十秒停了，我们后排三个人还在道具树后面，慌慌张张跑出来，队形全乱。回教室的路上没人说话。刘冉在黑板上写：把跑位再走三十遍。今天大课间我们就真走了三十遍，从道具树后面进，退，再进。走到第十五遍的时候，连最调皮的赵天野都没笑。

六月一日 星期四 晴

正式演出在晚上。候场的时候我手心全是汗，三句台词在心里过了四遍。幕布拉开，灯光打过来，我看不见台下，只看见一片黑。轮到那句楚王赐座，我声音又稳又亮，连我自己都吓了一跳。最后一幕，音乐响完，我们按三十遍的路径上前鞠躬，一步没乱。台下掌声响起来的时候，我忽然想起追那页被风吹跑的剧本的那个下午。

回教室拆妆，李多说他们组下周也排，问经验。我说不出什么大道理，只说了一句话：把跑位走三十遍。他愣了愣，笑了。这一周累是真的，可幕布拉开那一下，什么都值了。

Children's Day Rehearsal Diary: Break Times from Monday to Friday

May 25th. Monday. Overcast.

From today our class's textbook play enters the countdown. The teacher fixed rehearsals at every long break, at the small plaza behind the teaching building. We are performing Yan Zi's Envoy to Chu; I play a retainer of the King of Chu, with three lines in total. The wind is strong at the end of the corridor, so the lines have to be thrown from the diaphragm. In the first run-through, Zhou Yang, who plays Yan Zi, flipped his line Who sent you into Who did you send, the whole class

collapsed laughing, and director Liu Ran shouted again from the top. The wind snatched one page of the script and I chased it twenty meters to get it back.

May 27th. Wednesday. Sunny.

Today's break rehearsed scene two. My three lines are so familiar I could say them with my eyes shut. The trouble was Li Duo, who plays a court guest: the moment he entered he went same-side-same-foot, arms and legs on the same side across half the plaza, his face red before his lines. Liu Ran did not scold him; she had him practice walking against the wall twenty times. After that his walk was fixed, but once back on stage he started touching his nose. We counted beats for him from the side, one-two-one, one-two-one; he walked on our counting and finally got it right.

May 29th. Friday. Light rain.

Yesterday's dress rehearsal in the auditorium was a disaster. In the final scene everyone was supposed to step forward and bow, but the music stopped ten seconds early, and the three of us in the back row were still behind the prop trees, scrambling out in a mess, the formation ruined. Nobody spoke on the way back to the classroom. Liu Ran wrote on the blackboard: walk the blocking thirty more times. And today at the break we really walked it thirty times — in from behind the prop trees, back, then in again. By the fifteenth round, even the mischief-maker Zhao Tianye had stopped laughing.

June 1st. Thursday. Sunny.

The show was at night. While waiting backstage my palms were soaked, and my three lines ran through my head four times. The curtain opened, the lights hit me, and I could not see the audience — only a wall of darkness. When my line Bestow a seat for the King of Chu came out, my voice was steady and bright, startling even me. In the final scene, when the music finished, we stepped forward and bowed along the path we had walked thirty times, not one step wrong. When the applause rose from the dark, I suddenly thought of that afternoon chasing the page of script the wind had stolen.

Afterward in the classroom, wiping off makeup, Li Duo said his group rehearses next week and asked for advice. I had no grand wisdom, only one sentence: walk the blocking thirty times. He paused, then laughed. This week was truly exhausting, but the moment the curtain rose, it all paid for itself.

www.vv99.net