

Edexcel GCE

Drama and Theatre Studies

Advanced

Unit 4: Theatre Text in Context

Wednesday 9 June 2010 – Morning

Paper Reference

6DR04/01

Source booklet for use with Section A.

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FOR USE WITH QUESTION 1

EXTRACT: LYSISTRATA

CALONICE [*interposing*]:

Not all of it, my friend - let's share it, as friends should.

[Before LYSISTRATA can drink from the cup and pass it round, a shout of triumph is heard backstage.]

LAMPITO:

What was that?

LYSISTRATA:

What I said we were going to do. The Citadel of Athena is now in the women's hands. Well then, Lampito, you'd better go and see to your side of the business at home, but your friends will have to stay here with us as hostages. *[LAMPITO departs; ISMENIA, the CORINTHIAN and the other SPARTAN WOMEN remain.]* Now we'll go up on to the Acropolis, join the others, and make sure the doors are barred.

MYRRHINE:

Won't the men be coming soon to try and take the place back?

LYSISTRATA:

Let them; they won't bother me. They can threaten what they like - even try to set fire to the place - they won't make us open the gates except on our own terms.

MYRRHINE:

No, by Aphrodite, they won't. We must show that it's not for nothing that people say 'Damn and blast, but there's no getting the better of a woman!'

[All the WOMEN retire into the Acropolis, and the doors are closed. After a short interval there appear, from the wings, the CHORUS OF OLD MEN. They are advancing slowly and with difficulty, each carrying two olive-wood logs, a vine-torch and a pot containing live coals.]

MEN'S LEADER:

Keep moving, Draces, even if your shoulder
Aches with the weight of that green olive-wood!

MEN:

Incredible! Impossible!
Our women, if you please!
We've kept and fed within our homes
A pestilent disease!

They've seized our own Acropolis,
With bars they've shut the gate!
They hold the image of the Maid,
Protectress of our state!

Come on and let us hurry there,
Set down these logs around,
Burn out the whole conspiracy
From Pallas' holy ground!

With one accord we vote that all
Have forfeited their life,
And first in the indictment-roll
Stands Lycon's wicked wife!

MEN'S LEADER:

What, shall they mock us from the sacred height
Whence we dislodged the great Cleomenes?

MEN:

He seized our citadel,
 But didn't go scot-free;
He left with just a cloak, for he'd
 Giv'n up his arms to me.

He'd gone in breathing fire,
 But when he left the place
He hadn't washed for six whole years
 And had hair all over his face.

We slept before the gates,
 A doughty war machine;
We all of us laid siege to him
 In ranks of seventeen.

Now the enemies of the gods
 And of Euripides
Have seized the Acropolis and think
 They can beat us to our knees.

They never will succeed,
 For we will take them on,
And beat them, or our trophy should
 Not stand at Marathon.

[As they struggle to cover the last few yards to their final position in front of the gates]

MEN:

I doubt if I have any hope
Of humping these logs up the slope.
I'm feeling all wonky,
I haven't a donkey,
But somehow I've still got to cope.
And I'd better make sure that I've got
Some fire still alive in my pot -
It would really be sad
If I thought that I had
And then found in the end that I'd not.

[They blow on the coals, which flare up, sending smoke into their faces]

Phew,
This smoke is so stinging and hot!

I think a mad dog in disguise
Has jumped up and bitten my eyes!
It's a villainous flame
Which I'm tempted to name
'The pig that's been biting the styes'.
But come, let's go up to give aid
To our Goddess, the glorious Maid;
For now is the hour
To do all in our power -
Help's useless if help is delayed.

[They blow on the coals, as before, with the same result]

Phew,
This smoke fairly has me dismayed!

MEN'S LEADER:

Ah, that's woken the old flame up all right, the gods be praised! Now, suppose we put the logs down here, put the vine-torch into the pot, set it alight, and then go for the door like a battering-ram? We'll call on them to let the bars down, and if they refuse, then we'll set fire to the doors and smoke them out. *[All indicate agreement.]* Right, let's put this stuff down first. *[They bend to set down the logs, only to get the smoke from the pots in their faces again.]* Ugh, this smoke! Can any of the generals in Samos come and help? *[Eventually he and the others manage to lay down the logs and stand upright.]* Well, at least these things aren't crushing my backbone any longer. It's up to you now, pot; get your coal aflame, so that I can at least have a lighted torch to use. *[Facing left, in what would be the direction of the temple of Athena Nike, goddess of Victory]* Our Lady of Victory, be with us now, and may we set up a trophy to thee when we have defeated the audacious action that these women have taken in thy holy Acropolis.

[The MEN crouch over their pots, trying, without much immediate success, to get their torches lit. Meanwhile the CHORUS OF OLD WOMEN, led by STRATYLLIS, are heard approaching from the opposite direction.]

STRATYLLIS [off]:

I think I see a smoky shimmer rising.

They've lit a fire, my friends; we've got to hurry!

WOMEN [off, approaching]:

Come swiftly, fly, before
Our comrades burn to ash
In wind-fanned flames stirred up
By old men foul and rash!

But have we come too late?
It's early in the day,
But at the fountain-house
We suffered great delay.

The crowd, the jostling crush,
As slaves with bold tattoos
Knock pitchers right and left
To reach the front of queues -

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 2

EXTRACT: DR FAUSTUS

FIRST SCHOLAR

O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

SECOND SCHOLAR

Yet let us try what we can do.

Exeunt.

[Act 1 Scene 3]

Enter FAUSTUS [preparing] to conjure.

FAUSTUS

Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th'Antarctic world unto the sky
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.

[Draws a circle.]

Within this circle is Jehovah's name
Forward and backward anagrammatized.
The 'breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute
And try the uttermost magic can perform.
*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici, spiritus, salvete! Orientis
princeps Beelzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et
Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat
Mephistopheles! Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam,
et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis
quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis
dicatus Mephistopheles!*

Enter [MEPHISTOPHELES dressed as] a Devil.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. *Exit [MEPHISTOPHELES].*

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistopheles,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate
That canst command great Mephistopheles.
Quin redis, Mephistopheles, fratris imagine?

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES [dressed as a friar].

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUSTUS

I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I am a servant to great Lucifer
And may not follow thee without his leave.
No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS

Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No, I came not hither of mine own accord.

FAUSTUS

Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Savior Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUSTUS

So Faustus hath already done and holds this principle:
There is no chief but only Beelzebub
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word “damnation” terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium.
His ghost be with the old philosophers.
But, leaving these vain trifles of men’s souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS

Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUSTUS

How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPHISTOPHELES

O, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUSTUS

And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS

Where are you damned?

MEPHISTOPHELES

In hell.

FAUSTUS

How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUSTUS

What, is great Mephistopheles so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear those tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness,
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will, Faustus.

Exit.

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 3

EXTRACT: WOYZECK

SCENE TWENTY ONE

The woods. WOYZECK and MARIE come through them slowly.

MARIE:

The town's that way. It's dark.

WOYZECK:

Stay a bit. Here, sit down.

MARIE:

I've got to get back.

WOYZECK:

You won't get sore feet from walking. I'll save you that.

MARIE:

What're you on about?

WOYZECK:

D'you know how long it's been, Marie?

MARIE:

Two years this Whitsun.

WOYZECK:

D'you know how long it's going to be?

MARIE:

I've got to go, there's supper to get.

WOYZECK:

Are you cold, Marie?

'Nd yet you're warm! - And you've got hot lips, hot breath, Hot, hot whore's
breath! I'd give heav'n to kiss them again though.

When we're really cold, then we don't feel the weather any more. You won't feel
the damp in the morning.

MARIE:

What's that you say?

WOYZECK:

Nothing.

A silence.

MARIE:

The moon's up. 'All red.

WOYZECK:

Like blood on iron.

MARIE:

What d'you mean? - Franz, you're so pale.

He draws the knife.

No, Franz!
Merciful God. Help! Help!

He stabs her.

WOYZECK:

There! There! There!
Why don't you die? - Die, die!!
- Ha, still moving? Even now; even now?

He holds the head back and cuts her throat.

Still moving?

Lets the body fall.

Now are you dead? Now?
Dead. Dead. Dead.

He moves away backwards from the body, then turns and runs.

SCENE TWENTY TWO

The tavern. The same people, dancing. WOYZECK bursts in.

WOYZECK:

Dance! Dance! Everyone dance! - Sweat, stink, round and round!
He'll come for you all in the end.

He joins in the dance and sings.

My daughter, oh my daughter,
What were you thinking of -
Hanging round grooms and coachmen
And giving them your love?

- So, Margaret, sit down. - I'm hot, hot!
That's the way it is, the devil takes one and lets the other go. You're hot,
Margaret. Why's that? You'll be cold, too. Yes, cold.
You want to be careful!
- Why don't you sing something?

MARGARET (sings):

To the South Land I'll not go,
I will not wear long dresses, no;
For dresses long and pointed shoes
A serving-girl must never choose.

WOYZECK:

No. No shoes. You c'n get to hell without shoes.

MARGARET (sings):

Oh no, my love, the girl made moan -
Keep your money and sleep alone.

WOYZECK:

That's right. I wouldn't want to get myself all bloody.

MARGARET:

What's that then? On your hand!

WOYZECK:

Where?

MARGARET (*backs away*):

You're all red! - With blood!

WOYZECK:

With blood?

With blood?

The crowd has gathered.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Ai - blood!

WOYZECK:

'Must have cut myself, cut my hand.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

How'd it get on your elbow then?

WOYZECK:

When I wiped it off.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

Wipe that hand on that elbow? You'd have t'be a genius.

GRANDMOTHER:

Fee fie fo fum. I smell the blood of a dead wo-man.

WOYZECK:

What d'you want, dammit? What's going on? Give me some room, or else -
Hell, d'you think I've done someone in? 'Think I'm a murderer? What're you staring
at? Take a look at yourselves!

Rushes through them.

Give me room! Room!

He runs away.

END OF EXTRACT

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