

AS and A level Drama and Theatre

This notice is for those centres who are have chosen *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* for their set text for AS or A level Drama and Theatre.

The version of the text we are using is:

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo (adapted by Gavin Richards)

Methuen Drama ISBN 9780413156105

This is the version listed in our specification.

The extracts that are currently in our SAMs documents are from the Simon Nye version and these will be replaced with extracts from the version listed in our specification.

The replacement extracts for the SAMs can be found on the next pages.

A revised version of the SAMs booklet containing the correct extracts will be placed on the website in due course.

AS Level extract replacement text

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo

CONSTABLE moves towards MANIAC *with handcuffs at the ready.*

MANIAC: Hands off or I'll bite!

CONSTABLE: What?

MANIAC: In the arse. Can't control it. GRrrrrr!

MANIAC *chases* CONSTABLE *round the room.*

CONSTABLE: I warned you, sir. He's crazy.

BERTOZZO: Grab him, Constable.

CONSTABLE: But he bites.

MANIAC: And I've got rabies. Caught it off a dog. Rabid bastard, took a lump out me right here...

CONSTABLE: (*Indicating right ear*) Right ear?

MANIAC: No. Right here.

Grabs at CONSTABLE.

MANIAC: Well he's dead and I'm cured ... Cured but still contagious. Grrrr!

BERTOZZO: What are you, a lump of lard? Cuff him one.

CONSTABLE: (*Terrified*) He's bonkers I tell you.

BERTOZZO: Nonsense.

CONSTABLE: He's bananas.

MANIAC *is sniffing the floor like a dog. They creep up on him.*

BERTOZZO: Go for him!

They rush at MANIAC and hit each other. MANIAC escapes to the window and opens it. Sits on the ledge.

MANIAC: I'll throw myself out! How high are we? I will.

BERTOZZO: Bugger him! I'll give him a hand.

CONSTABLE: This place has got a bad enough record as it is.
We can't afford another one.

BERTOZZO: You're right, Constable.

CONSTABLE: I know I'm right.

MANIAC: And when I'm down there all sludgy on the pavement and doing the death rattle - and be warned I shall take a long time to die and I'll be rattling a lot - the journalists will be flocking round and I'll tell them, rattling away, that you pushed me!! (*He makes to jump*)

BERTOZZO: Please stop it! Come down. We shan't harm you.

MANIAC: You won't rough me up?

BERTOZZO: I promise.

MANIAC: Remember the codicil to article 122 'Provocation and violence towards those of unsound mind ...

ALL: ...six to nine years and loss of rank.'

MANIAC: You remembered.

CONSTABLE: Please.

CONSTABLE helps MANIAC from the window.

BERTOZZO: Lock the window.

As the CONSTABLE goes to shut the window, the MANIAC makes a bolt for the door.

MANIAC: I could always throw myself down the stairs!

BERTOZZO: Lock that bloody door.

MANIAC: Bumpety, bumpety, crack, splat, over the banisters.

*BERTOZZO throws CONSTABLE the key.
CONSTABLE locks the door.*

BERTOZZO: And then throw the key ...

MANIAC: Out of the window.

BERTOZZO: Yes.

CONSTABLE *heads for the window.*

BERTOZZO: No! Put it in the drawer. Open the drawer and put the key in the drawer...

CONSTABLE *puts the key in the drawer.*

BERTOZZO: And lock the drawer and...

MANIAC: Put the key in your mouth and swallow it.

BERTOZZO: Yes... !

CONSTABLE *goes to swallow key.*

BERTOZZO: No! That's it! I've had it! *I'm raving now. I've gone blinding crazy now! Nobody has ever done this to me! Nobody!*

He grabs the MANIAC.

BERTOZZO: You think you're potty?

MANIAC: Yes indeed!

BERTOZZO: I am much pottier!

MANIAC: Join the club.

BERTOZZO: (*To CONSTABLE*) OPEN THE DOOR!

CONSTABLE *unlocks drawer, takes out key and re-opens door.*

MANIAC: Let me stay.

BERTOZZO: Out!

MANIAC: I can help you.

BERTOZZO: Throw yourself down the stairs you fruitcake!

MANIAC: No need to be so rough.

MANIAC struggles to gain possession of his plastic carrier bags lying in a heap by his chair.

A Level extract replacement text

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo

Scene Two

Lights up on an office much the same as the first. On the wall a portrait of the President. Window open. The MANIAC, now disguised as magistrate, puts carrier bag containing a hidden tape recorder under desk and stands by the window. Voices off of INSPECTOR PISSANI and SECOND CONSTABLE.

The SECOND CONSTABLE is the same actor only with a moustache.

CONSTABLE: He stalked in with his nose in the air as if he was the Heavenly Father and says he wants to talk to you and the Superintendent, sir.

PISSANI: I see. Official looking, isn't he?

CONSTABLE: Very.

They enter. PISSANI is rubbing his hand.

PISSANI: Good morning. Good morning. What can we do for you?

MANIAC *turns*.

MANIAC: Hurt your hand?

PISSANI: It's nothing.

MANIAC: Why are you rubbing it then? Give yourself a bit of confidence?

PISSANI: To whom do I have the pleasure...

MANIAC *sees* CONSTABLE.

MANIAC: Do I know you?

CONSTABLE: I don't believe so.

MANIAC: (*To PISSANI*) I knew a bishop once, rubbed himself like that. He was a Jesuit of course.

PISSANI: I may be mistaken, but...

MANIAC: You are most certainly mistaken if you assume I am making any kind of allusion to the proverbial hypocrisy of the Jesuits. It may not be relevant at this precise moment but I studied with them, you know. I take it you have no objections.

PISSANI: Er...

MANIAC: Terrific, because you see this bishop to whom I was referring was an inveterate hypocrite. A liar, a cheat and a disgusting lech - always stroking himself, just like you.

PISSANI: Listen!

MANIAC: (*To CONSTABLE again*) You got a brother who works here?

CONSTABLE: No.

MANIAC: (*to STAGE MANAGER*) Remind me not to appear in these cheap touring productions again. Can't even afford a decent-sized cast.

VOICE OFF: Sorry (*name of actor*) ...

PISSANI: For Christ's sake. Do you mind?

MANIAC: Sorry, it's the touring.

PISSANI: The greasy breakfasts.

MANIAC: The nylon sheets. Where were we? This continuous massaging, yes, undoubtedly a symptom of insecurity, problems with mater in your formative years I expect. You should screw more. Unleash yourself,

PISSANI: Will you tell me once and for all to whom I have the dubious pleasure of speaking.

MANIAC: I am Professor Marco Maria Malipiero, first councillor to the High Court.

CONSTABLE gets hand caught in filing cabinet.

PISSANI: (*Heart attack coming on*) My God, the judge.

CONSTABLE: AAH!

MANIAC: 'Formerly' lecturer at the University of Rome, with two commas and a full stop in the normal way.

PISSANI: We didn't expect you so soon.

MANIAC: Precisely. We decided to catch you on the hop.
Does that put you out? ·

PISSANI: (*struggling to regain his composure*) Not at all.

CONSTABLE: Please sit down, let me take your coat.

MANIAC: You might as well, it's not mine anyway. Please
call the Superintendent. I'd like to begin right away.

CONSTABLE *hangs coat and hat on coat stand.*

PISSANI: Perhaps we should go to his office. It's more
comfortable.

MANIAC: But isn't this the room where the dirty business
with the anarchist took place?

PISSANI: Yes. In here.

MANIAC: (*Spreads his arms and sits*) Well then...

PISSANI: Ask the Superintendent to step in here as quickly as
possible if he can...

MANIAC: Even if he can't.

PISSANI: Yes. Even if he can't.

CONSTABLE: Yessir!

Exit CONSTABLE.

PISSANI: I'll just give that bastard Bertozzo a call to bring up
the files. No doubt you'll want a transcript of the
interrogation.

MANIAC: No, that won't be necessary. I've got everything
right here.

PISSANI: Oh.

MANIAC *gets documents out of bags.*