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**Pearson Edexcel**  
**Level 3 GCE**

Centre Number

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# Drama and Theatre

**Advanced Subsidiary**

**Component 2: Theatre Makers in Practice**

Monday 15 May 2017 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 45 minutes**

Paper Reference

**8DR0/02**

**You must have:**

Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

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## Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- For Section A answer **one** question and for Section B answer **both** questions related to the performance text you have studied for examination purposes.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

## Information

- The total mark for this paper is 48.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- You are allowed to take your theatre evaluation notes into the examination.
- You are **not** allowed to take any performance texts into the examination.

## Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.
- It is recommended that you spend 45 minutes on Section A and 1 hour on Section B.

Turn over ►

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## SECTION A: LIVE THEATRE EVALUATION

Answer ONE of the following questions in this section with reference to a theatre performance you have seen. Write your answer in the space provided.

Write the title, venue and date of the performance you have seen in the space provided.

### EITHER

- 1 Analyse and evaluate the contribution of the **lighting designer** and their use of **lighting states** in the performance you have seen.

In your answer you should consider:

- key moments in the production
- your response as an informed member of the audience.

Your answer must give **balanced consideration** between your analysis **and** your evaluation.

(Total for Question 1 = 16 marks)

### OR

- 2 Analyse and evaluate how **vocal skills** were used to create **characterisation** in the performance you have seen.

In your answer you should consider:

- key moments in the production
- your response as an informed member of the audience.

Your answer must give **balanced consideration** between your analysis **and** your evaluation.

(Total for Question 2 = 16 marks)

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**Performance details**

Title:

.....

Venue:

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Date seen:

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**Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.**

Chosen question number: **Question 1**       **Question 2**

Write your answer here:

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 16 MARKS**





**SECTION B: PAGE TO STAGE: REALISING A PERFORMANCE TEXT**

**Answer BOTH of the questions in this section with reference to the performance text you have studied.**

**You need to read and refer to the extract in the Source booklet from the text you have studied.**

Performance texts:

*Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, Dario Fo

*Colder Than Here*, Laura Wade

*Equus*, Peter Shaffer

*Fences*, August Wilson

*Machinal*, Sophie Treadwell

*That Face*, Polly Stenham

**3** As a **performer**, discuss how you might interpret and portray **one** of the **key roles** in the extract.

You should use examples from the extract to support your ideas and your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

(16)

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(Total for Question 3 = 16 marks)



4 As a **designer**, discuss how you would use **theatrical elements** to communicate **changes in time and/or place** in the extract.

You should use examples from the extract to support your ideas and your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

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**(Total for Question 4 = 16 marks)**

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 32 MARKS**

**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 48 MARKS**



**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

# **Drama and Theatre**

**Advanced Subsidiary**

**Component 2: Theatre Makers in Practice**

Monday 15 May 2017 – Morning

**Source Booklet**

Paper Reference

**8DR0/02**

**Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.**

*Turn over* ►

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***Accidental Death of an Anarchist***

**Dario Fo**

**MANIAC:** To work, at last, a judge. 'Your Honour'. Thank you. Oh the responsibility. I'm feeling emotional. My day has come. If I can really convince them that I am the examining magistrate... must be careful not to make a balls up of this one. Versatility...! (*Looks in mirror*)...Yes I see what you mean...

*Tries on a mad disguise. New voice.*

**MANIAC:** 'Ah my dear Inspector, you're not with your old Nazi pals in the days before the liberation now...!' (*To audience*) No? All right, forget it. (*Tries second disguise*) 'What about the vaudeville dancers from the anarchist group in Rome...!' (*To Audience*) No...? (*Sees clothing in auditorium. Tries it*) No...? (*Sees coat and hat on coat stand*) Ah! Oh yes. Yes. (*Puts on hat and coat*) Arthritic... but dignified ... No, that's no good, that's a registrar... Thirty years for you. (*Starts to walk*) Thirty years for you, forty for you, forty for you etc... fought in the war (*Limps*)...shell-shock ... (*Limps and twitches*) ...what does he do at the weekends? (*Limps, twitches, shoots grouse, twice, third time, limps, shoots and twitches simultaneously*) ...that's how he got his bad eyesight! Ha. (*Tries on monocle*) I'll busk the rest.

*Voice off of BERTOZZO.*

**BERTOZZO:** (*Off*) Ah? Constable. I'll just go into my office and use the phone. You bring the files. And while you're at it... etc... etc...

*MANIAC having completed his disguise, replaces beard, enter BERTOZZO.*

**BERTOZZO:** Hello. Can I... you.

**MANIAC:** Now don't get neurotic. I just came back for my papers.

**BERTOZZO:** Out!

**MANIAC:** Don't take it out on me. I have valuable information. There's this fellow running around says he's going to smash your face in.

**BERTOZZO:** What?

**MANIAC:** He hasn't got to you yet? Thank God I've warned you in time. He's fuming. Says he does a nice line in instant plastic surgery.

**BERTOZZO:** Who?

**MANIAC:** Your colleague. Who is the one with the fascist boss?

**BERTOZZO:** Inspector Pissani?

**MANIAC:** I've struck oil. The very man. He's after you and no mistake.

**BERTOZZO:** Get out. This is all blather.

*He starts to hustle him out.*

**MANIAC:** Take my advice. If you come across him – duck. It's your only hope.

**BERTOZZO:** OUT!

*Exit MANIAC. BERTOZZO heaves a sigh of relief.*

**BERTOZZO:** Bloody nutter!



*He sees his coat is missing from the coat stand.*

**BERTOZZO:** The shit! He's nicked my coat.

*Goes to door. Shouts off.*

**BERTOZZO:** Sergeant!

**VOICE OFF:** Sir!

**BERTOZZO:** That man who just left. Get after him!

**VOICE OFF:** Right away sir!

*BERTOZZO comes back.*

**BERTOZZO:** What the hell's been going on? *(He looks at his desk)* The charge sheets! Where are they?

*Enter CONSTABLE in the other doorway.*

**CONSTABLE:** Sir, the Inspector from the political branch is asking for you.

*Enter INSPECTOR PISSANI.*

**BERTOZZO:** My dear chap! I was just talking about you, some bloody loony was just telling me that if we ran into each other you were going to... hit me?

*INSPECTOR PISSANI smacks his fist into BERTOZZO's face. BERTOZZO collapses: Music. Lights.*

## **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!

***Colder Than Here***

**Laura Wade**

**MYRA:** They come flatpack – we could order it ahead of time. You can paint them. I'd like to paint it.

*ALEC goes to speak, but can't.*

Jenna.

*JENNA hits return. The caption 'I will paint. Pillows & plastic liner.' slides down from the top of the screen.*

OK, we've talked about that already. Next one, Jen. I haven't put noises on this bit yet...

*JENNA hits return. 'Bury me in warm clothes.' appears, sliding down from the top again, followed by 'Velvet scarf. My big red shawl.'*

I'm thinking it might be cold down there. Jenna.

*JENNA hits return. 'Coffin to be carried by family.' appears from the lower part of the screen.*

Perhaps not you, Alec, not with your back.

*ALEC takes his glasses off and puts them on the table. He leans back. HARRIET drinks her wine.*

It's all a bit sketchy here – just ideas I threw down. Jenna, just page through them.

*JENNA hits return at short intervals and we see the following appear: 'Springtime flowers – depends on how long I last.'*

So I guess we won't know about that for a while...

*The next caption: 'No throwing flowers.'*

Looks a bit shoddy, doesn't it? Sounds funny, flowers thudding on the...

*Then, next to 'no throwing flowers' appears ' – throw something else,' then, a moment later 'Glitter?'*

OK, so that's a bit silly. There should be something like confetti we could use.

*ALEC shifts in his seat.*

*The next caption: 'No Astroturf.' followed shortly by 'For god's sake.'*

**HARRIET:** Astroturf?

**MYRA:** You know at funerals when they cover up the earth by the side of the grave with fake grass? Like being buried in a greengrocer's.

Jenna, next one?

*JENNA hits return. The caption 'Watch grave being filled.' appears.*

**ALEC:** What the –

**MYRA:** I think you should all stay there and watch while they fill it up.

**ALEC:** Oh, this is – No, excuse me.

*ALEC stands up, moves away from the sofa.*

**MYRA:** I don't want everybody strolling away, leaving me...

**JENNA:** I feel sick. Feel a bit sick.

**HARRIET:** You knew about this?

**JENNA:** Not all of it.

**ALEC:** We're not going to – This is too –

**MYRA:** What, love, what?

**ALEC:** We're not –

**MYRA:** It's my funeral.

**ALEC:** Funny.

**MYRA:** Why can't I make jokes about it, isn't that how we –

*Pause*

Please, Alec, we have to –

**ALEC:** We're not. We're not burying you in a. Cardboard box.

*ALEC leaves.*

**MYRA:** Alec. It doesn't go away if we don't –

*The others are silent for a moment.*

**JENNA:** Left his glasses. Have to come back down.

*They look at the glasses.*

**HARRIET:** Could take them up. I can't believe you knew about this, why didn't you –

**JENNA:** I don't know, I –

**HARRIET:** You just don't *think*, do you?

*HARRIET picks up ALEC's glasses and follows him out. MYRA stares at the coffee table. JENNA looks after HARRIET and ALEC.*

**MYRA:** I want it decorated with the sky and the stars.

*Fade.*

### **SCENE 3**

*Another burial ground near Leamington. This is a level meadow with wild flowers and long grasses during the summer, but now, on a wintry Saturday in mid-November, looks a little bleak.*

*HARRIET and JENNA stand facing each other by a wooden stile. HARRIET holds her lunch – couscous salad in a Tupperware box – which she will continue to eat in a moment.*

**HARRIET:** What, she didn't tell you?

**JENNA:** What?

**HARRIET:** She's feeling a bit – Um, yeah.

**JENNA:** Bit what?

**HARRIET:** Bit cancerous. Asked if I'd come instead.

**JENNA:** She was fine when I left this morning.

**HARRIET:** Maybe she –

**JENNA:** Well that's a fat lot of bloody good, isn't it, we're not burying you.

**HARRIET:** She didn't want to leave you stranded. And your mobile's switched off.

*JENNA forages for her phone in her handbag, and eventually pulls it out.*

**JENNA:** Fuck. Always forget to frigging – Forget to fucking lock it...

**HARRIET:** Anyway, nice to see you, thanks for coming.

**JENNA:** Thanks.

*They look out across the field.*

**HARRIET:** Not up to much, is it?

**JENNA:** No.

**HARRIET:** D'you pick this?

**JENNA:** It's in the book.

**HARRIET:** Hmm.

*HARRIET eats.*

God, my boyfriend's a good cook. We were just having lunch, put some in a box for me, bless him. D'you want some?

**JENNA:** No thanks.

**HARRIET:** 'S really good.

*Equus*  
**Peter Shaffer**

**DYSART:** What is your first memory of a horse?

**ALAN:** What d'you mean?

**DYSART:** The first time one entered your life, in any way.

**ALAN:** Can't remember.

**DYSART:** Are you sure?

**ALAN:** Yes.

**DYSART:** You have no recollection of the first time you noticed a horse?

**ALAN:** I told you. Now it's my turn. Are you married?

**DYSART** [*controlling himself*]: I am.

**ALAN:** Is she a doctor too?

**DYSART:** It's my turn.

**ALAN:** Yes, well what?

**DYSART:** What is Ek?

[*Pause.*]

You shouted it out last night in your sleep. I thought you might like to talk about it.

**ALAN** [*singing*]: Double Diamond works wonders, Works wonders, works wonders!

**DYSART:** Come on, now. You can do better than that.

**ALAN** [*singing louder*]: Double Diamond works wonders, Works wonders For you!

**DYSART:** All right. Good morning.

**ALAN:** What d'you mean?

**DYSART:** We're finished for today.

**ALAN:** But I've only had ten minutes.

**DYSART:** Too bad.

[*He picks up a file and studies it. ALAN lingers.*]

Didn't you hear me? I said, Good morning.

**ALAN:** That's not fair!

**DYSART:** No?

**ALAN** [*savagely*]: The Government pays you twenty quid an hour to see me. I know. I heard downstairs.

**DYSART:** Well, go back there and hear some more.

**ALAN:** That's not fair!



*[He springs up, clenching his fists in a sudden violent rage.]*

You're a – you're a – You're a swiz! ... Bloody swiz! ... Fucking swiz!

**DYSART:** Do I have to call Nurse?

**ALAN:** She puts a finger on me, I'll bash her!

**DYSART:** She'll bash you much harder, I can assure you. Now go away.

*[He reads his file. ALAN stays where he is, emptily clenching his hands. He turns away. A pause. A faint hum starts from the CHORUS.]*

**ALAN** *[sullenly]*: On a beach ...

*[He steps out of the square, upstage, and begins to walk round the circle. Warm light glows on it.]*

**DYSART:** What?

**ALAN:** Where I saw a horse. Swizzy.

*[Lazily he kicks at the sand, and throws stones at the sea.]*

**DYSART:** How old were you?

**ALAN:** How should I know?... Six.

**DYSART:** Well, go on. What were you doing there?

**ALAN:** Digging.

*[He throws himself on the ground, downstage centre of the circle, and starts scuffing with his hands.]*

**DYSART:** A sandcastle?

**ALAN:** Well, what else?

**DYSART** *[warningly]*: And?

**ALAN:** Suddenly I heard this noise. Coming up behind me.

*[A young HORSEMAN issues in slow motion out of the tunnel. He carries a riding crop with which he is urging on his invisible horse, down the right side of the circle. The hum increases.]*

**DYSART:** What noise?

**ALAN:** Hooves. Splashing.

**DYSART:** Splashing?

**ALAN:** The tide was out and he was galloping.

**DYSART:** Who was?

**ALAN:** This fellow. Like a college chap. He was on a big horse – urging him on. I thought he hadn't seen me. I called out: Hey!

*[The HORSEMAN goes into natural time, charging fast round the downstage corner of the*

*square straight at ALAN.] and they just swerved in time!*

**HORSEMAN:** [*reigning back*]: Woah! ... Whoa there! *Whoa!* ... Sorry I didn't see you! ... Did I scare you?

**ALAN:** No!

**HORSEMAN:** [*looking down on him*]: That's a terrific castle!

**ALAN:** What's his name?

**HORSEMAN:** Trojan. You can stoke him, if you like. He won't mind.

[*Shyly ALAN stretches up on tip-toe, and pats an invisible shoulder.*]

[*Amused.*]

You can hardly reach down there. Would you like to come up?

[*ALAN nods, eyes wide.*]

All right. Come round this side. You always mount a horse from the left. I'll give you a lift. O.K.?

[*ALAN goes round on the other side.*]

Here we go, now. Just do nothing. Upsadaisy!

[*ALAN sets his foot on the HORSEMAN's thigh, and is lifted by him up on to his shoulders. The hum from the CHORUS becomes exultant. Then stops.*]

All right?

[*ALAN nods.*]

Good. Now all you do is hold onto his mane.

[*He holds up the crop, and ALAN grips on to it.*]

Tight now. And grip with your knees. All right? All set? ... Come on, then, Trojan. Let's go!

[*The HORSEMAN walks slowly upstage round the circle, with ALAN's legs tight round his neck.*]

**DYSART:** How was it? Was it wonderful?

[*ALAN rides in silence.*]

Can't you remember?

**HORSEMAN:** Do you want to go faster?

**ALAN:** Yes!

**HORSEMAN:** O.K. All you have to do is say 'Come on, Trojan – bear me away!' ... Say it, then!

*Fences*  
**August Wilson**

**TROY:** Rose...I got to go see her now. That's only right...what's the matter...the baby's all right, ain't it?

**ROSE:** Alberta died having the baby.

**TROY:** Died...you say she's dead? Alberta's dead?

**ROSE:** They said they done all they could. They couldn't do nothing for her.

**TROY:** The baby? How's the baby?

**ROSE:** They say it's healthy. I wonder who's gonna bury her.

**TROY:** She had family, Rose. She wasn't living in the world by herself.

**ROSE:** I know she wasn't living in the world by herself.

**TROY:** Next thing you gonna want to know if she had any insurance.

**ROSE:** Troy, you ain't got to talk like that.

**TROY:** That's the first thing that jumped out your mouth. "Who's gonna bury her?" Like I'm fixing to take on that task for myself.

**ROSE:** I am your wife. Don't push me away.

**TROY:** I ain't pushing nobody away. Just give me some space. That's all. Just give me some room to breathe. *(ROSE exits into the house. TROY walks about the yard.)*

**TROY:** *(with a quiet rage that threatens to consume him)* All right... Mr. Death. See now... I'm gonna tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna take and build me a fence around this yard. See? I'm gonna build me a fence around what belongs to me. And then I want you to stay on the other side. See? You stay over there until you're ready for me. Then you come on. Bring your army. Bring your sickle. Bring your wrestling clothes. I ain't gonna fall down on my vigilance this time. You ain't gonna sneak up on me no more. When you ready for me...when the top of your list say Troy Maxson...that's when you come around here. You come up and knock on the front door. Ain't nobody else got nothing to do with this. This is between you and me. Man to man. You stay on the other side of that fence until you ready for me. Then you come up and knock on the front door. Anytime you want. I'll be ready for you.

*(The lights go down to black).*

### SCENE THREE:

*The lights come up on the porch. It is late evening three days later. ROSE sits listening to the ball game waiting for TROY. The final out of the game is made and ROSE switches off the radio. TROY enters the yard carrying an infant wrapped in blankets. He stands back from the house and calls.*

*(ROSE enters and stands on the porch. There is a long, awkward silence, the weight of which grows heavier with each passing second.)*

**TROY:** Rose...I'm standing here with my daughter in my arms. She ain't but a wee bittie little old thing. She don't know nothing about grownups' business. She innocent...and she ain't got no mama.

**ROSE:** What you telling me for, Troy? *(She turns and exits into the house.)*

**TROY:** Well...I guess we'll just sit out here on the porch. *(He sits down on the porch. There is an awkward indelicateness about the way he handles the baby. His largeness engulfs and seems to swallow it. He speaks loud enough for ROSE to hear.)*

A man's got to do what's right for him. I ain't sorry for nothing I done. It felt right in my heart. *(To the baby.)* What you smiling at? Your daddy's a big man. Got these great big old hands. But sometimes he's scared. And right now your daddy's scared cause we sitting out here and ain't got no home. Oh, I been homeless before. I ain't had no little baby with me. But I been homeless. You just be out on the road by your lonesome and you see one of them trains coming and you just kinda go like this...

*(He sings as a lullaby.)*

Please, Mr. Engineer let a man ride the line  
Please, Mr. Engineer let a man ride the line  
I ain't got no ticket please let me ride the blinds

*(ROSE enters from the house. TROY hearing her steps behind him, stands and faces her.)*

She's my daughter, Rose. My own flesh and blood. I can't deny her no more than I can deny them boys. *(Pause.)* You and them boys is my family. You and them and this child is all I got in the world. So I guess what I'm saying is...I'd appreciate it if you'd help me take care of her.

**ROSE:** Okay, Troy...you're right. I'll take care of your baby for you...cause...like you say... she's innocent...and you can't visit the sins of the father upon the child. A motherless child has got a hard time. *(She takes the baby from him.)* From right now...this child got a mother. But you a womanless man.

*(ROSE turns and exits into the house with the baby. Lights go down to black.)*

*Machinal*  
**Sophie Treadwell**

*She goes to the mirror of the dresser, to finish dressing. She has only a dress to put on that is in one piece - with one fastening on the side. Before slipping it on, she stands before the mirror and stretches. Appreciatively but indifferently....*

You look in good shape, kid. A couple of months riding over the mountains with me, you'd be great.

**WOMAN:** Can I?

**MAN:** What?

**WOMAN:** Some day – ride mountains with you?

**MAN:** Ride mountains? Ride donkeys!

**WOMAN:** It's the same thing! – with you! – Can I – some day? The high dark mountains?

**MAN:** Who knows?

**WOMAN:** It must be great!

**MAN:** You ever been off like that, kid? – high up? On top of the world?

**WOMAN:** Yes.

**MAN:** When?

**WOMAN:** Today.

**MAN:** You're pretty sweet.

**WOMAN:** I never knew anything like this way! I never knew that I could feel like this! So, so purified! Don't laugh at me!

**MAN:** I ain't laughing, honey.

**WOMAN:** Purified.

**MAN:** It's a hell of a word – but I know what you mean. That's the way it is - sometimes.

**WOMAN:** *(she puts on a little hat, then turns to him).* Well – goodbye.

**MAN:** Aren't you forgetting something? *(Rises.)*

*She looks toward him, then throws her head slowly back, lifts her right arm – this gesture that is in so many statues of women – Volupte. He comes out of the shadow, puts his arm around her, kisses her. Her head and arm go further back then she brings her arm around with a wide encircling gesture, her hand closes over his head, her fingers spread. Her fingers are protective, clutching. When he releases her, her eyes are shining with tears. She turns away. She looks back at him – and the room – and her eyes fasten on the lily.*

**WOMAN:** Can I have that?

**MAN:** Sure – why not?

*She takes it – goes. As she opens the door, the music is louder. The scene blacks out.*

**WOMAN:** Goodbye. And – *(Hesitates.)* And – thank you.

*Curtain*

*The music continues until the curtain goes up for Episode Seven. It goes up on silence.*

## **EPISODE SEVEN**

### **Domestic**

Scene: a sitting room: a divan, a telephone, a window.

*Characters*

HUSBAND

YOUNG WOMAN

*They are seated on opposite ends of the divan. They are both reading papers – to themselves.*

**HUSBAND:** Record production.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Girl turns on gas.

**HUSBAND:** Sale hits a million –

**YOUNG WOMAN:** WOMAN leaves all for love –

**HUSBAND:** Market trend steady –

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Young wife disappears –

**HUSBAND:** Owns a life interest –

*Phone rings. YOUNG WOMAN looks toward it.*

That's for me. *(In phone.)* Hello – oh hello, A.B. It's all settled? – Everything signed? Good. Good! Tell R.A. to call me up. *(Hangs up phone – to YOUNG WOMAN.)* Well, it's all settled. They signed! – aren't you interested? Aren't you going to ask me?

**YOUNG WOMAN:** *(by rote)*. Did you put it over?

**HUSBAND:** Sure I put it over.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Did you swing it?

**HUSBAND:** Sure I swung it.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Did they come through?

**HUSBAND:** Sure they came through.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Did they sign?

**HUSBAND:** I'll say they signed.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** On the dotted line?

**HUSBAND:** On the dotted line.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** The property's yours?



**HUSBAND:** The property's mine. I'll put a first mortgage. I'll put a second mortgage and the property's mine. Happy?

**YOUNG WOMAN:** *(by rote)*. Happy.

**HUSBAND:** *(going to her)*. The property's mine! It's not all that's mine! *(Pinching her cheek – happy and playful.)* I got a first mortgage on her – I got a second mortgage on her – and she's mine!

**YOUNG WOMAN** *pulls away swiftly*.

What's the matter?

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Nothing – what?

**HUSBAND:** You flinched when I touched you.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** No.

**HUSBAND:** You haven't done that in a long time.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Haven't I?

**HUSBAND:** You used to do it every time I touched you.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Did I?

**HUSBAND:** Didn't know that, did you?

**YOUNG WOMAN** *(unexpectedly)*: Yes. Yes, I know it.

**HUSBAND:** Just purity.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** No.

**HUSBAND:** Oh, I liked it. Purity.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** No.

**HUSBAND:** You're one of the purest women that ever lived.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** I'm just like anybody else only – *(Stops.)*

**HUSBAND:** Only what?

**YOUNG WOMAN:** *(pause)*. Nothing.

**HUSBAND:** It must be something.

*Phone rings. She gets up and goes to window.*

*That Face*  
**Polly Stenham**

**IZZY:** How, Mia, how did you think poisoning a thirteen-year-old girl would help? How? I'm dying to know.

**MIA:** It's not poison. It's a mild tranquilliser... stops panic. Takes the edge off things. You can be nasty, when you get ... you know, excited, and I wanted the initiation thing to go smoothly. I thought she'd be quieter. I thought you'd like that. You could do more to her.

**IZZY:** Gee. What a gesture. How fucking considerate of you.

*Beat.*

Look at her.

*Izzy tries to wake her. No response.*

She's un-fucking-conscious.

**MIA:** She's not unconscious, just super relaxed.

**IZZY:** *(near tears)* This is it. We're screwed. I won't be a prefect, which will fuck up my UCAS, my mum... oh God.

*Mia snorts with laughter. Izzy spins around to face her.*

**MIA:** Sorry. It's just ... the prefect thing.

**IZZY:** Watch it.

**MIA:** You're scared, aren't you?

**IZZY:** No, I'm not. I'm realistic.

**MIA:** God for the night, trembling in her pyjamas.

**IZZY:** I am not scared.

**MIA:** You're shaking. It's too much, isn't it? You only like good clean torture.

**IZZY:** Fuck you.

**MIA:** In your big wet dreams, scaredy-cat.

**IZZY:** You little –

**MIA:** What, little what?

**IZZY:** Shit.

**MIA:** Ooo... terrifying.

**IZZY:** Shut up.

**MIA:** I might collapse in fear.

*Beat.*

You're soft as a kitten, really. Aren't you?

**IZZY:** Fuck you –

**MIA:** As a baby's bottom. You just pretend –

**IZZY:** SHUT UP.

**MIA:** You just pretend, Really you have a heart of marshmallow –

**IZZY:** Cocky –

**MIA:** All gooey and sweet –

**IZZY:** Cocky little –

**MIA:** What? Cocky little what?

*Beat.*

**IZZY:** *(snarls)* Shit.

*She turns to Alice and yanks her head up.*

*(Snarls.)* Cocky little shit.

*She starts to circle Alice.*

**MIA:** Ooo, nasty.

**IZZY:** Hold her up.

**MIA:** Ooo, scary.

**IZZY:** HOLD HER UP.

*Beat.*

This isn't over yet.

**MIA:** Yes, sir.

*She mock-salutes.*

## SCENE TWO

*Monday morning. Flat in London.*

*Henry's bedroom. Neat, tidy, boyish. His photographs and drawings are pinned to the walls; some have been ripped down and torn as part of a struggle the night before. The ripped pictures contrast strongly with the order of the room.*

*Henry is asleep at the end of the bed, on top of the covers. He is wearing pyjamas. Martha is asleep inside the bed. She is wearing a nightdress.*

*Martha wakes up. She groans. She sits up, and then flops down again. She lies still, as if trying to get back to sleep. She then wriggles into a sitting position and lights a cigarette. She seems to be trying to remember the night before.*

*She watches the sleeping Henry. She leans forward and strokes his hair. She tries to arrange the duvet so it covers him.*

*She walks around the bed and regards Henry at all angles. She notices he still has his socks on. She slides them off.*

*She covers him more with the duvet.*

*She touches his hair. She strokes his face.*

*She leaves the room. Sounds of her banging around in the kitchen.*

*Henry stirs. He wriggles deeper into bed.*

*Martha returns. She has washed her face and done up her nightdress. She is holding two mugs of coffee and a book.*

*She puts the coffee and the book down and sits next to Henry. She begins to stroke his back in long, slow, luxurious motions over his pyjama top.*

*Henry stirs and wriggles closer to her. Nestling into her warmth.*

**MARTHA:** Baby boy... So good.

*Regards him. Continues stroking in silence.*

Sorry.

*Beat.*

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

*Beat.*

**MARTHA:** You look so handsome. Like a Russian soldier.

*She starts to scratch his back, gently, in long strokes. Henry stretches out, still seemingly asleep, and makes a satisfied sound.*

Soldier boy. So good. Forgive me and I will be good. I promise. Never again. Henry...?

*Henry stirs. Beat.*

Can we forget about it? Please. I'll make it up to you.

*He nods sleepily.*

Was that a yes...?

*He nods again and stretches out to be scratched more.*

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