

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

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Morning (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes)

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Drama and Theatre

Advanced

Component 3: Theatre Makers in Practice

Source booklet for use with Section B questions only.

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Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Dario Fo

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo

MANIAC: This explains why so many perfectly ordinary, bored people suddenly dress themselves up as anarchists and revolutionaries – they are completely innocent, they just want to get themselves arrested so they can have a fucking good laugh for once in their lives. Our cunning anarchist is obviously in his grave right now, pissing himself!

Pause. The irony has got through.

PISSANI: I don't understand. You said you were going to help us and all you do is pour scorn and derision on our heads. We sang. We showed you how warm and human we are.

MANIAC: I promise not to make fun of you any more. Absolute seriousness from now on. Let us get down to the true and proper point, the suspect's leap.

PISSANI: Right.

MANIAC: Even though we can't seem to find a credible motive for the idiotic act at the moment. Never mind. Our anarchist, seized by a psychological crisis of some kind suddenly jumps up, takes a short run and... just a sec... who gave him a leg up?

SUPERINTENDENT: What do you mean?

MANIAC: You know...

Goes to window and demonstrates with fingers interlocked.

MANIAC: ...over the sill and into the void... bit of a jump that, isn't it? You'd need a good run at that.

SUPERINTENDENT: Your Honour is surely not suggesting that...

MANIAC: Springboard handy, was there? A little baby trampoline, something of that ilk?

SUPERINTENDENT: You're at it again!

MANIAC: Just sifting the evidence. Maybe he had springs in his heels like Beau Brummel.

PISSANI: He had no ruddy springs in his bloody heels!

MANIAC: Fine. All right. *But* here was a man of 5 foot 4, give or take an inch, on his own, without stepladder, spring, accomplice, trampoline, bri-nylon rope with crampons attached or any other device and he manages to get from there... (*Indicates chair, indicates window*) ...to here and within three seconds he becomes a jam sponge and there's four highly-trained policemen just standing there. Look at

the room, gentlemen. Surely one of you must have been in the vicinity of the window.

PISSANI: It all happened very quickly.

CONSTABLE: He was very athletic. Very fast.

MANIAC: I see.

CONSTABLE: I only just managed to grab him by the foot.

MANIAC: Ah ha! My tenacity pays off, you see. You grabbed him by the foot?

CONSTABLE: Yes, but his shoe just came off in my hand.

MANIAC: That's it! Brilliant! Why didn't I see it before? The vital thing was you had the shoe in your hand. Incontrovertible proof of your efforts to save the suspect. You've done it, gentlemen. Well done, Constable. *They slowly twig they are in the clear.*

PISSANI: Of course! It works.

SUPERINTENDENT: Well done, Constable!
PISSANI and SUPERINTENDENT take drinks from filing cabinet, applaud and shake the CONSTABLE's hand.

CONSTABLE: Thank you, Super, thank you, sir.

MANIAC: Just a minute. Sorry.
Everyone freezes.

MANIAC: There's one little detail doesn't quite fit here. *(Looking at papers)* Was the suspect a triped, Superintendent?

SUPERINTENDENT: *(Relief turning to boiling rage)* I beg your pardon?

MANIAC: This suicidal railwayman. If by chance the bugger's got three fee', we're home and dry.
SUPERINTENDENT nearly explodes

MANIAC: Temper! Temper! It'll end in tears. You see according to page 5 of the judge's evidence the Constable states, as he has just done, that he had the anarchist's shoe in his hand... But according to this addendum on page 16, four witnesses in the courtyard below, including a reporter from *Corriere della Sera*, swear the jam sponge was accoutred with a pair of shoes consistent with the average biped.

SUPERINTENDENT: Well that's a funny business.

MANIAC: To be sure.

PISSANI: Don't know how that's happened.

MANIAC: Unless the Constable here, moving like the clappers, had time to belt down to the balcony a few floors below, lean out and slip the suspect's shoe back on as he came sailing by.

PISSANI: Jesus!!

MANIAC: Well you find a plausible explanation!

PISSANI: *(Beside himself with panic)* Very well. Obviously one of the suspect's shoes must have been too big for him — so, not having an insole to hand, he had previously put a smaller shoe on inside the bigger one which came off in the Constable's hand! Or one foot was considerably smaller than the other and the same means was employed to even-up the feet for cosmetic reasons!
Pause. PISSANI looks manically triumphant. MANIAC sits back to enjoy the scene.

SUPERINTENDENT: Two shoes on one foot?

PISSANI: Precisely.

CONSTABLE: It's not as mad as it sounds. sir.

SUPERINTENDENT: It's fucking deranged! There's no mention in the autopsy of abnormally disproportioned feet.

CONSTABLE: That's not the point I'm pursuing. I'm saying that what I held in my hand may, in fact, have been a galosh.

Colder Than Here

Laura Wade

Colder Than Here, Laura Wade

A civil cemetery in Coventry, a dry but cold day in early December.

The cemetery has cordoned off a small corner of its land as a vague gesture to the natural burial movement. No-one has yet been buried here and it's not difficult to see why – the cemetery is run-down and grim, surrounded by industrial buildings. The natural burial site is little more than a patch of earth.

ALEC sits on a park bench, the Independent crossword on his lap. JENNA stands facing him, a tissue in her hand.

ALEC: Didn't you get the message?

JENNA: What message?

ALEC: Sorry, I left a message on your mobile phone.

JENNA rummages in her handbag and pulls out her mobile.

JENNA: God. Sorry. Don't always hear it in here.

She sees a message on the phone.

Um.

What did it say?

ALEC: That it'd be me and not your mother.

ALEC rubs his eyes under his glasses.

She's not brilliant today.

JENNA twists the tissue in her hands.

JENNA: Worse than this morning?

ALEC: Went back to bed about ten.

Shouldn't stay out too long.

JENNA sits down at the other end of the bench from ALEC.

JENNA: Hello Dad.

ALEC: Hello.

ALEC stands up to take off his coat. He folds it and carefully places it beside him on the bench.

JENNA: You hot?

ALEC: No, just a bit—

JENNA: Could they do better for her in hospital? Maybe if we bullied her together ...

ALEC: I don't know, love. It's up to her, isn't it?

JENNA looks around her.

JENNA: This is horrible. This is the worst—

ALEC: Why are we looking at it?

JENNA: It's the closest. On the map – my flat, your house, Harri's house. Nearest there is to equidistant.

Mum thinks we'll visit more if we're close by.

ALEC: Shall we go, then?

JENNA: Can we just—I promised we'd give each place a chance, give it a few minutes at least, not dismiss anything. Out of hand. She said you can't always tell just by looking.

ALEC: Well it's warmer than the house. Everywhere's warmer than the house.

ALEC goes back to his crossword. JENNA looks around at the burial ground.

JENNA: Is it funereal or funereal? [*fun-er-real or funereal*]

ALEC: (*Without looking up.*) Funereal. [*Funereal*]

JENNA: Always say that wrong. Like ethereal. [*eth-er-real*]

ALEC: Ethereal. [*Ethereal*]

JENNA: Yeah.

Beat.

We'll go in a minute.

ALEC: Alright.

Pause. ALEC looks up from his paper, has a vague idea he should say something.

JENNA: I saw five separate people fall over in the street today.

ALEC: Did you?

JENNA: Three of them just walking down the street, not massive arse over whatsit falling, just like when your ankle turns and you feel really stupid and you have to do a face ... Then another two on the bus. I was on the bus, they were on the pavement. Started to wonder if it was me making them fall down just by looking at them, like the tree falling down in a wood thing, but I tried it on lots of other people and they didn't fall over and then I got here.

Do you miss her?

ALEC: Miss her?

JENNA: Like when people say 'missing you already'. I miss her already sometimes.

It—

ALEC frowns.

Have you got anything to eat?

ALEC: No.

JENNA: Haven't had any lunch.

ALEC: Oh, hang on.

ALEC feels in his pocket and pulls out a Fry's Peppermint Cream chocolate bar. He hands it to JENNA.

JENNA: Ooh, your favourite!

ALEC: Don't tell your mother.

JENNA: I hide chocolate too.

JENNA opens the packet. She takes a piece and eats it.

Had these when you were little, didn't you? What was the other one?

ALEC: Five boys. Fry's Five Boys chocolate.

JENNA: What was that like?

ALEC: Chocolate with a picture of five boys on the top.

JENNA eats another piece of chocolate.

JENNA: D'you want some?

ALEC: No thanks love, you have it.

JENNA: Got some more in the car?

ALEC: No.

ALEC goes back to his crossword. JENNA finishes the bar of chocolate in silence.

JENNA: Can I put your coat on?

ALEC: If you want.

JENNA stands up and puts the coat on over the top of her jacket. She sits down, her arms hugging the coat around her.

JENNA: It's really cold here.

ALEC: We can go.

JENNA: In a minute.

Equus
Peter Shaffer

Equus, Peter Shaffer

[Hesther comes in simultaneously from the other side.]

DYSART [*agitated*]: He actually thinks they exist! And of course he wants one.

HESTHER: It doesn't sound like that to me.

DYSART: Of course he does. Why mention them otherwise? He wants a way to speak. To finally tell me what happened in that stable. Tape's too isolated, and hypnosis is a trick. At least that's the pretence.

HESTHER: Does he still say that today?

DYSART: I haven't seen him. I cancelled his appointment this morning, and let him stew in his own anxiety. Now I am almost tempted to play a real trick on him.

HESTHER [*sitting*]: Like what?

DYSART: The old placebo.

HESTHER: You mean a harmless pill?

DYSART: Full of *alleged* Truth Drug. Probably an aspirin.

HESTHER: But he'd deny it afterwards. Same thing all over.

DYSART: No. Because he's ready to abreact.

HESTHER: Abreact?

DYSART: Live it all again. He won't be able to deny it after that, because he'll have shown me. Not just told me – but acted it out in front of me.

HESTHER: Can you get him to do that?

DYSART: I think so. He's nearly done it already. Under all that glowering, he trusts me. Do you realize that?

HESTHER [*warmly*]: I'm sure he does.

DYSART: Poor bloody fool.

HESTHER: Don't start that again.

[*Pause.*]

DYSART [*quietly*]: Can you think of anything worse one can do to anybody than take away their worship?

HESTHER: Worship?

DYSART: Yes, that word again!

HESTHER: Aren't you being a little extreme?

DYSART: Extremity's the point.

HESTHER: Worship isn't destructive, Martin. I know that.

DYSART: I don't. I only know it's the core of his life. What else has he got? Think about him. He can hardly read. He knows no physics or engineering to make the world real for him. No paintings to show him how others have enjoyed it. No music except television jingles. No history except tales from a desperate mother. No friends. Not one kid to give him a joke, or make him know himself more moderately. He's a modern citizen from whom society doesn't exist. He lives *one hour* every three weeks – howling in a mist. And after the service kneels to a slave who stands over him obviously and unthrowably and his master. With my body I thee worship!... Many men have less vital with their wives.

[*Pause.*]

HESTHER: All the same, they don't usually blind their wives, do they?

DYSART: Oh, come on!

HESTHER: Well, do they?

DYSART [*sarcastically*]: You mean he's dangerous? A violent, dangerous madman who's going to run round the country doing it again and again?

HESTHER: I mean, he's in pain Martin. He's been in pain for most of his life. That much, at least, you *know*.

DYSTART: possibly

HESTHER: *Possibly?!...* That cut-off little figure you just described must have been in pain for years.

DYSART: [*doggedly*]: Possibly.

HESTHER: And you can take it away.

DYSTART: Still – possibly.

HESTHER: Then that's enough. That simply has to be enough for you, surely?

DYSTART: No!

HESTHER: Why not?

DYSTART: Because it's his.

HESTHER: I don't understand.

DYSTART: His pain. His own. He made it.

[*Pause.*]

[*Earnestly.*] Look ... to go through life and call it yours – *your life* – you first have to get your own pain. Pain that's unique to you. You can't just dip into the common bin and say 'That's enough!' ... He's done that. All right, he's sick. He's full of misery and fear. He was dangerous, and could be again, though I doubt it. But that boy has known a passion more ferocious than I have felt in any second of my life. And let me tell you something: I envy it.

HESTHER: You can't.

DYSTART: [*vehemently*]: Don't you see? That's the Accusation! That's what his stare has been saying to me all this time. '*At least I galloped! When did you?*'... [*Simply.*] I'm jealous, Hesther. Jealous of Alan Strang.

HESTHER: That's absurd.

DYSTART: Is it? ... I go on about my wife. That smug woman by the fire. Have you thought of the fellow on the other side of it? The finicky, critical husband looking through his art books on mythical Greece. What worship has *he* ever known? Real worship! Without worship you shrink, it's as brutal as that ... I shrank my *own* life. No one can do it for you. I settled for being pallid and provincial, out of my own eternal timidity. The old story of bluster, and do bugger-all ... I imply that we can't have children; but actually, it's only me. I had myself tested behind her back. The lowest sperm count you could find. And I never told her. That's all I need – her sympathy mixed with resentment ... I tell everyone Margaret's the puritan, I'm the pagan. Some pagan! Such wild returns I make to the womb of civilization. Three weeks a year in the Peleponnese, every bed booked in advance, every meal paid for by vouchers, cautious jaunts in hired Fiats, suitcase crammed with Kao-Pectate! Such a fantastic surrender to the primitive. And I use that word endlessly: 'primitive.' 'Oh, the primitive world,' I say. 'What instinctual truths were lost with it!' And while I sit there, baiting a poor unimaginative woman with the word, that freaky boy tries to conjure up reality!

Fences
August Wilson

Fences, August Wilson

ROSE: Why, Troy? Why? After all these years to come dragging this in to me now. It don't make no sense at your age. I could have expected this ten or fifteen years ago, but not now.

TROY: Age ain't got nothing to do with it, Rose.

ROSE: I done tried to be everything a wife should be. Everything a wife could be. Been married eighteen years and I got to live to see the day you tell me you been seeing another woman and done fathered a child by her. And you know I ain't never wanted no half nothing in my family. My whole family is half. Everybody got different fathers and mothers ... my two sisters and my brother. Can't hardly tell who's who. Can't never sit down and talk about Papa and Mama. It's your papa and your mama and my papa and my mama ...

TROY: Rose ... stop it now.

ROSE: I ain't never wanted that for none of my children. And now you wanna drag your behind in here and tell me something like this.

TROY: You ought to know. It's time for you to know.

ROSE: Well, I don't want to know, goddamn it!

TROY: I can't just make it go away. It's done now. I can't wish the circumstance of the thing away.

ROSE: And you don't want to either. Maybe you want to wish me and my boy away. Maybe that's what you want? Well, you can't wish us away. I've got eighteen years of my life invested in you. You ought to have stayed upstairs in my bed where you belong.

TROY: Rose ... now listen to me ... we can get a handle on this thing. We can talk this out ... come to an understanding.

ROSE: All of a sudden it's "we." Where was "we" at when you was down there rolling around with some god-forsaken woman? "We" should have come to an understanding before you started making a damn fool of yourself. You're a day late and a dollar short when it comes to an understanding with me.

TROY: It's just ... She gives me a different idea ... a different understanding about myself. I can step out of this house and get away from the pressures and problems ... be a different man. I ain't got to wonder how I'm gonna pay the bills or get the roof fixed. I can just be a part of myself that I ain't never been.

ROSE: What I want to know ... is do you plan to continue seeing her. That's all you can say to me.

TROY: I can sit up in her house and laugh. Do you understand what I'm saying. I can laugh out loud ... and it feels good. It reaches all the way down to the bottom of my shoes.

(Pause.)

Rose, I can't give that up.

ROSE: Maybe you ought to go on and stay down there with her ... if she a better woman than me.

TROY: It ain't about nobody being a better woman or nothing. Rose, you ain't the blame. A man couldn't ask for no woman to be a better wife than you've been. I'm responsible for it. I done locked myself into a pattern trying to take care of you all that I forgot about myself.

ROSE: What the hell was I there for? That was my job, not somebody else's.

TROY: Rose, I done tried all my life to live decent ... to live a clean ... hard ... useful life. I tried to be a good husband to you. In every way I knew how. Maybe I come into the world backwards, I don't know. But... you born with two strikes on you before you come to the plate. You got to guard it closely ... always looking for the curve-ball on the inside corner. You can't afford to let none get past you. You can't afford a call strike. If you going down ... you going down swinging. Everything lined up against you. What you gonna do. I fooled them, Rose. I bunted. When I found you and Cory and a halfway decent job ... I was safe. Couldn't nothing touch me. I wasn't gonna strike out no more. I wasn't going back to the penitentiary. I wasn't gonna lay in the streets with a bottle of wine. I was safe. I had me a family. A job. I wasn't gonna get that last strike. I was on first looking for one of them boys to knock me in. To get me home.

ROSE: You should have stayed in my bed, Troy.

TROY: Then when I saw that gal ... she firmed up my backbone. And I got to thinking that if I tried ... I just might be able to steal second. Do you understand after eighteen years I wanted to steal second.

ROSE: You should have held me tight. You should have grabbed me and held on.

TROY: I stood on first base for eighteen years and I thought ... well, goddamn it ... go on for it!

ROSE: We're not talking about baseball! We're talking about you going off to lay in bed with another woman ... and then bring it home to me. That's what we're talking about. We ain't talking about no baseball.

TROY: Rose, you're not listening to me. I'm trying the best I can to explain it to you. It's not easy for me to admit that I been standing in the same place for eighteen years.

ROSE: I been standing with you! I been right here with you, Troy. I got a life too. I gave eighteen years of my life to stand in the same spot with you. Don't you think I ever wanted other things? Don't you think I had dreams and hopes? What about my life? What about me. Don't you think it ever crossed my mind to want to know other men? That I wanted to lay up somewhere and forget about my responsibilities?

Machinal
Sophie Treadwell

EPISODE SIX

Intimate

Scene: a dark room.

Sounds: a hand organ; footbeats, of passing feet.

Characters

MAN

YOUNG WOMAN

At rise: darkness. Nothing can be discerned. From the outside comes the sound of a hand organ, very faint, and the irregular rhythm of passing feet. The hand organ is playing Cielito Lindo, that Spanish song that has been on every hand organ lately.

MAN. You're awful still, honey. What you thinking about?

WOMAN. About sea shells. *(The sound of her voice is beautiful.)*

MAN. Seashells? Gee! I can't say it!

WOMAN. When I was little my grandmother used to have a big pink sea shell on the mantle behind the stove. When we'd go to visit her they'd let me hold it, and listen. That's what I was thinking about now.

MAN. Yeah?

WOMAN. You can hear the sea in 'em, you know.

MAN. Yeah I know.

WOMAN. I wonder why that is?

MAN. Search me. *(Pause.)*

WOMAN. You going? *(He has moved.)*

MAN. No I just want a cigarette.

WOMAN: *(glad, relieved.)* Oh.

MAN. Want one?

WOMAN. No. *(Taking the match.)* Let me light it for you.

MAN. You got mighty pretty hands, honey. *(That match is out.)* This little pig went to the market. This little pig stayed home. This little pig went –

WOMAN. *(laughs).* Diddle diddle dee. *(Laughs again.)*

MAN. You got awful pretty hands.

WOMAN. I used to have. But I haven't taken much care of them lately. I will now – *(Pause. The music gets clearer.)* What's that?

MAN. What?

WOMAN. That music?

MAN. A dago hand organ. I gave him two bits the first day I got here – so he comes every day.

WOMAN. I mean – what's that he's playing?

MAN. *Ceilito Lindo.*

WOMAN. What does that mean?

MAN. Little heaven.

WOMAN. Little heaven?

MAN. That's what lovers call each other in Spain.

WOMAN. Spain's where all the castles are, ain't it?

MAN. Yeah.

WOMAN. Little Heaven – sing it!

MAN. *(singing to the music of the hand organ.)* Da la sierra morena viene, bajando viene, bajando; un par de ojitos negros – cielito lindo – da contrabando.

WOMAN. What does that mean?

MAN. From the high dark mountains.

WOMAN. From the high dark mountains – ?

MAN. Oh it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't make sense. It's love. *(Taking up the song.)* Ay-ay-ay-ay.

WOMAN. I know what that means.

MAN. What?

WOMAN. Ay-ay-ay-ay. *(They laugh.)*

MAN *(taking up the song)*. Canta non llores – Sing don't cry –

WOMAN *(taking up song)*. La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la – Little Heaven!

MAN. You got a nice voice, honey.

WOMAN. Have I? (*Laughs – tickles him.*)

MAN. You bet you have – hey!

WOMAN (*laughing.*) You ticklish?

MAN. Sure I am! Hey! (*They laugh.*) Go on, honey, sing something.

WOMAN. I couldn't.

MAN. Go on – you got a fine voice.

WOMAN. (*laughs and sings.*) Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the moon, The little dog laughed to see the sport, And the dish ran away with the spoon –

Both laugh.

I never thought that had any sense before – now I get it.

MAN. You got me beat.

WOMAN. It's you and me – La-lalalalalala – lalalalalalala – Little Heaven. You're the dish and I'm the spoon.

MAN. You're a little spoon all right.

WOMAN. And I guess I'm the little cow that jumped over the moon. (*A pause.*) Do you believe in sorta guardian angels?

MAN. What?

WOMAN. Guardian angels?

MAN. I don't know. Maybe.

WOMAN. I do. (*Taking up the song again.*) Lalalalala – lalalalala – lalalala – Little heaven. (*Talking.*) There must be something that looks out for you and brings you your happiness, at last – look at us! How did we both happen to go to that place today if there wasn't something!

MAN. Maybe you're right.

WOMAN. Look at us!

MAN. Everything's us to you, kid – ain't it?

WOMAN. Ain't it?

MAN. All right with me.

WOMAN. We belong together! We belong together! And we're going to stick together, ain't we?

MAN. Sing something else.

WOMAN. I tell you I can't sing!

MAN. Sure you can!

WOMAN. I tell you I hadn't thought of singing since I was a little bit of a girl.

MAN. Well sing anyway.

That Face
Polly Stenham

That Face, Polly Stenham

Late that evening. A restaurant. Mia and Hugh are sitting together. There are a bottle of wine and a bottle of water on the table and two menus.

Mia is fiddling with her napkin. They sit in silence for some moments.

Hugh clears his throat. Mia looks up. He says nothing. She looks back down at her napkin.

Hugh It's a nice –

Mia Restaurant.

Hugh Yes. Nice place. Good steak. Can't get a good steak in Hong Kong.

Mia Really?

Hugh Well. Some of the grander hotels. But it's very expensive. So. Not really. No.

Mia Oh.

Hugh Are you hungry?

Mia Yeah.

Hugh What's the school food like?

Mia Terrible.

Hugh Mine was awful. Blood sausage, suet pudding.

Mia Ugh.

Silence.

Hugh Do you want a glass of wine?

Mia No.

Hugh A beer?

Mia Water is fine.

Hugh OK. Sure.

Silence. He pours her a glass of water.

Well. I thought that went well. Considering.

Pause.

They'll take you back. That's the main thing. A few new digital cameras ... Couldn't have managed a whole wing now, could we?

Mia nods.

I didn't like my boarding school much. You're not meant to like it much. It's a passport really. For your future –

Mia For my future.

Hugh You understand.

Beat.

So. Tomorrow –

Mia I think I will have some wine, actually.

Hugh OK.

He pours her a glass.

We'll go round there. Early. Henry will be at school, you can get your things. I can –

She is fiddling with her fork.

Mia Is this real silver?

Hugh examines it.

Hugh No. Heavy though. Listen, I –

Mia You look tanned.

Hugh Do I?

Mia Yeah.

Hugh You should come out and visit. See your baby sister.

Mia Are there beaches?

Hugh Some. I live on a hill.

Mia I thought –

Hugh We moved. Needed more room. For the baby.

Mia Oh.

Pause.

Is it hot there all the time?

Hugh More muggy, really. Sweaty weather.

Mia They say it's going to be a hot summer here.

Hugh That will be nice.

Mia Global warming.

Hugh At least you'll get tanned.

Mia Like you?

Hugh You could come out, you know. I'd like you to come out. We all would.

Mia Henry too?

Hugh Henry too.

Pause. Hugh examines the menu.

This place has changed. More expensive. Are you starving?

Mia It's only been a minute.

Hugh I'm starving.

Mia You asked me that.

Hugh I did.

Beat

Listen, Mia –

Mia I think these *are* real silver, you know. They have a mark and everything.

Hugh Tomorrow. I want to avoid a scene.

Mia A tiny mark, look.

She hands the fork to him. He takes her hand in his and puts it down on the table.

Hugh Mia –

Mia You're sweating. Brought the sweaty weather with you?

He wipes his palm on his trousers.

Hugh Mia –

Mia What?

Hugh I need you to fill me in.

Mia Thought the school filled you in.

Hugh They told me what they thought.

Mia Super.

Hugh I need you to tell me about Martha.

Mia She was your wife. You know her better than I do.

Hugh Don't.

Mia Don't what?

Hugh Just co-operate. OK?

Mia OK.

Hugh You're not getting on. Is that it?

Mia You could say that.

Hugh She's drinking again.

Mia nods.

Source Information

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an Anarchist*

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Equus

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Fences

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