

**Paper Reference(s) 9DR0/03**  
**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

## **Drama and Theatre**

**Advanced**

**COMPONENT 3: Theatre Makers in Practice**

**Source booklet for use with Section B  
questions only**

**DO NOT RETURN THIS  
SOURCE BOOKLET WITH THE  
QUESTION PAPER.**

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## **Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo**

### **Act Two**

#### **Scene One**

**Scene: the same.**

**The four take up their singing where they left off at the end of Act One, finishing as the lights come up to full.** 5

**They applaud each other, hug, kiss hands etc.**

**ALL: Bravo! Well done! Magnificent!**

**Knock on door right. STAGE MANAGER with tray and coffee, handed to CONSTABLE.** 10

**MANIAC: Excellent! So here we are, and our suspect is in the best of moods.**

**PISSANI: He's never been happier.**

**SUPERINTENDENT: He's ecstatic.** 15

**CONSTABLE: Coffee, gentlemen.**

**(continued on the next page)**

**ALL:** Ah coffee.

**CONSTABLE:** The suspect was serene.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** Ha, ha, yes serene.

**ALL:** **(Singing)** He was serene. 20

**PISSANI:** Exactly.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** The crossfire of false accusations  
hasn't in the least upset his mental state.

**MANIAC:** No raptus?

**SUPERINTENDENT:** Not a whisper of stress. 25

**PISSANI:** All that is much later.

**CONSTABLE:** At midnight.

**MANIAC:** Fine. And now it's midnight.

**THREE POLICEMEN:** **(Suddenly deflated)** Oh!

**MANIAC:** Constable? 30

**CONSTABLE:** Your Honour?

**(continued on the next page)**

**MANIAC: Set the scene.**

**CONSTABLE: (Hesitant) Er... it's midnight...**

**MANIAC makes an owl noise. Others help  
create midnight atmosphere. 35**

**CONSTABLE: ...there are five of us in this room... the  
suspect, myself, and another constable and...**

**SUPERINTENDENT: ...I'd just stepped out...**

**MANIAC: Sssh!**

**CONSTABLE: And... er... 40**

**MANIAC: Those two?**

**CONSTABLE: Yes.**

**PISSANI glares at CONSTABLE.**

**MANIAC: What are they doing?**

**CONSTABLE: Interrogating the suspect. 45**

**(continued on the next page)**

**MANIAC:** Still? After all these hours? Must be knackered! 'Where were you on the night of... ?' 'Don't play dumb with me' and on and on, dear God but you must be exasperated.

**PISSANI:** Just a bit.

50

**MANIAC:** I expect you fancy roughing him up a bit?

**PISSANI:** Never touched the bastard.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** Very even tempered. The whole proceedings.

**MANIAC:** Don't get me wrong. Just a little slap, pchew!, across the chops? 55

**PISSANI:** Never got near him.

**MANIAC:** Bit of a massage, to relieve his tensions...

**MANIAC starts to massage CONSTABLE.**

**MANIAC:** ...shoulders full of cramps... yes... 60

**CONSTABLE:** Left a bit.

**MANIAC:** Left a bit. There.

(continued on the next page)

**CONSTABLE: Lovely.**

**MANIAC: ...After all those hours... and then...**

**Sudden karate chop. 65**

**MANIAC: ...Ka...**

**Karate act.**

**MANIAC: ...Ka! Ya! Eeeeeaaah!**

**PISSANI: (Very indignant) There was no violence,  
no massage, no karate, nothing like that. It 70  
was all above board according to regulations.  
We were conducting our enquiries in a very  
lighthearted manner.**

**MANIAC: You were interrogating him?**

**PISSANI: Lightheartedly. 75**

**SUPERINTENDENT: We were having a bit of a  
laugh with him.**

**MANIAC: Playing 'Grandmother's footsteps' were  
you? Paper hats? Stick the tail on the donkey?**

**(continued on the next page)**

**CONSTABLE:** It was just the odd joke, your Honour, 80  
you should see the Inspector when he's on form.  
Keeps us all in stitches. Ha ha.

**MANIAC:** Especially when interrogating  
mass-murder suspects.

**CONSTABLE:** Especially then. Ha. Er... 85

**MANIAC:** So you're a bit of a wag, Inspector.

**PISSANI:** Well...

**MANIAC:** Don't be modest. Take the stage. Give us  
a quick dose.

**CONSTABLE:** Go on sir. 90

**PISSANI tells jokes. Takes applause.**

**MANIAC:** Did you tell the suspect that one?

**PISSANI:** Yes.

**(continued on the next page)**



**MANIAC:** No wonder he jumped. No seriously,  
 Inspector, seriously. You see all this jocular banter 95  
 explains a great deal that has often worried me.  
 For instance, I was holidaying in Bergamo a couple  
 of summers back during the time of the notorious  
 ‘Monday Gang’ affair, if you recall? Practically  
 everyone in the village was under arrest, the 100  
 café proprietor, the doctor, even the priest; (in  
 nomine, spiritu sancti, you’re nicked); of course  
 in the end they all turned out to be innocent. Still,  
 my hotel, you see, was right next to the police  
 station and I simply could not get a wink of sleep 105  
 the whole time I was there for the shrieks and  
 screams and slappings and loud thuds. Naturally, I  
 assumed as any citizen who reads the papers and  
 watches TV would, that these were the sounds of  
 suspects being beaten under interrogation by brutal 110  
 country coppers. All too clearly now I can see how  
 mistaken my impressions were. Those shrieks I  
 heard were shrieks of laughter, the screams were  
 screams of merriment and mirth accompanied by  
 thigh slapping convulsions of humorous hysteria: 115

**Thrashes about laughing and miming  
 being beaten.**

## Colder Than Here, Laura Wade

### SCENE 7

A burial ground in Coventry. Wednesday afternoon, the kind of surprisingly warm mid-March day that provokes premature summer behaviour. This is a mature woodland which has only recently been converted into a burial site. Graves are placed between the trees, with no markers except for a small plaque on a tree close to each grave. The ground under the trees is carpeted with moss and there are daffodils and crocuses. 5 10

JENNA sits under a tree, looking around her, smoking.

HARRIET enters, a little dishevelled. JENNA looks up and sees her. 15

JENNA: Oh, for fuck's sake.

HARRIET: What?

(continued on the next page)

**JENNA:** It's supposed to be mum. Does she have to keep sending proxies? I know what she's doing. I'm not a fucking social cripple and my phone's been on all morning 'cause I checked it, before you start. 20

**HARRIET** looks at the back of her hands.

**HARRIET:** Said she's fed up of us coming home saying they're not right. Says she doesn't need to see them if they're all going to be not right. 25

**JENNA:** But I think this one might be.

**HARRIET:** Really?

**JENNA:** Yeah.

**HARRIET** looks around her.

**HARRIET:** Yeah. Proper wood. 30

**JENNA:** Be gorgeous in summer. The crocuses are nice.

**HARRIET:** Croci. [Croaky]

**JENNA:** (In a croaky voice.) The crocuses are nice.

**HARRIET:** Oh, funny. 35

(continued on the next page)

**JENNA has to cough to clear her throat.**

**JENNA: 'Scuse me. I bet there's bluebells. I bet it's all covered in bluebells in the summer.**

**Beat.**

**HARRIET: I don't want it to be summer.**

**40**

**JENNA: How d'you mean?**

**HARRIET: When she dies. Winter's easier, everyone's all bundled up, rushing around busy and no one has to ask you, you don't get asked...**

**Summer you're supposed to be happy, aren't you?**

**45**

**People being happy all over the place, it's all warm, you. Can't wear your scarf anymore. Couples all over the place, all being new with each other, all happy and new...**

**JENNA: You alright?**

**50**

**HARRIET looks at JENNA, then away.**

**HARRIET: No. No, I'm losing it. Quite successfully.**

**HARRIET looks at JENNA, smiles weakly.**

**Doesn't matter. It's not about me.**

**(continued on the next page)**

**JENNA: How losing it? 55**

**HARRIET scratches the backs of her hands  
as she speaks.**

**HARRIET: Just– Not being able to– Feels like– I  
don't know, you know how sometimes you're  
doing laundry and you'll– You take it all out the 60  
machine and for some reason you've left the basket  
somewhere else so you have to carry it all up the  
stairs in your arms and–**

**JENNA: I haven't got stairs.**

**HARRIET: What? 65**

**JENNA: Moved out of mum's yesterday.**

**HARRIET: Oh. Really? Wow. Really?**

**JENNA: Back in my flat now.**

**HARRIET: OK.**

**JENNA: Laundry. 70**

**(continued on the next page)**

**HARRIET:** Yeah. So I'm trying to carry it all up the stairs. And. And it's quite a big pile and I can't see where my feet are on the steps 'cause it's so big so I'm slow... But then one sock falls off the top of the pile and I bend down to pick it up but while I'm doing that something else falls and I can't pick each thing up without dropping something else and then. Before I know it I've tripped up a step and there's washing all over the floor. 75  
80

Except it's not washing, it's me all over the floor.

But hey ho. 85

**HARRIET** smiles sadly and shakes her head.

And I've got this stupid eczema or something— never had eczema— backs of my hands keep itching all the time...

Are the graves under the trees? 90

**JENNA:** Spaces between. Trees are too old, aren't they?

**HARRIET:** Oh yeah.

(continued on the next page)

**JENNA:** Little marker on each one to say who's there, look. (She twists round to look at the tree behind her.) ...Dorothy Hutchins. Must have been old, don't get kids called Dorothy, do you? Hope there's no babies... 95

**E45 cream. Stop it itching.**

**HARRIET** paces, animated, slightly off-balance. 100

**HARRIET:** You know, I went to mum's the other day, just to check up on her and stuff. Walked in and she's sat in the coffin. Middle of the living room floor and she's— She's watching 'Have I Got News For You' and she's laughing. Sitting in it, laughing. And I just thought God, I can't cope with this I can't do this. I was looking at her and I missed her. 105

Don't know what I'm going to do. It hurts behind my eyes. Got this stupid eczema. My mouth keeps tasting of blood and it's not bleeding gums 'cause I thought it must be and I went to the dentist. 110

**HARRIET** stares into the distance, her hand to her mouth.

**JENNA:** I've got Tic-Tacs. 115

(continued on the next page)

**HARRIET: Yeah?**

**JENNA: Want one?**

**HARRIET: Please.**

**JENNA pulls a box of Tic-Tacs out of her bag  
and holds them out. 120**

**HARRIET goes to her and takes the box.**

**JENNA: Have two if you like. Should carry Tic-Tacs. Or  
gum. Minty stuff's good, it makes you concentrate  
on it, you stop thinking about whatever you're  
thinking about and start thinking of. Mint. 125**

**HARRIET takes two and hands the box back.**



**Equus, Peter Shaffer**

**[ALAN rises and enters the square. He is subdued.]**

**DYSART: Good afternoon.**

**ALAN: Afternoon.**

**DYSART: I'm sorry about our row yesterday.**

5

**ALAN: It was stupid.**

**DYSART: It was.**

**ALAN: What I said, I mean.**

**DYSART: How are you sleeping?**

**[ALAN shrugs.]**

10

**You're not feeling well, are you?**

**ALAN: All right.**

**DYSART: Would you like to play a game? It could make you feel better.**

**ALAN: What kind?**

15

**DYSART: It's called **Blink**. You have to fix your eyes on something: say, that little stain over there on the wall — and I tap this pen on the desk. The first time I tap it, you close your eyes. The next time you open them. And so on. Close, open, close, open, till I say stop.**

20

**ALAN: How can that make you feel better?**

**DYSART: It relaxes you. You'll feel as though you're talking to me in your sleep.**

**ALAN: It's stupid.**

25

**DYSART: You don't have to do it, if you don't want to.**

**ALAN: I didn't say I didn't want to.**

**DYSART: Well?**

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**ALAN:** I don't mind.

**DYSART:** Good. Sit down and start watching that 30  
stain. Put your hands by your sides, and open the  
fingers wide.

**[He opens the left bench and ALAN sits on  
the end of it.]**

The thing is to feel comfortable, and relax absolutely 35  
. . . Are you looking at the stain?

**ALAN:** Yes.

**DYSART:** Right. Now try and keep your mind as blank  
as possible.

**ALAN:** That's not difficult. 40

**DYSART:** Ssh. Stop talking . . . On the first tap, close.

On the second, open. Are you ready?

**[ALAN nods. DYSART taps his pen on the  
wooden rail. ALAN shuts his eyes. DYSART  
taps again. ALAN opens them. The taps are 45  
evenly spaced. After four of them the sound  
cuts out, and is replaced by a louder, metallic  
sound, on tape. DYSART talks through this, to  
the audience — the light changes to cold —  
while the boy sits in front of him, staring at 50  
the wall, opening and shutting his eyes.]**

The Normal is the good smile in a child's eyes — all  
right. It is also the dead stare in a million adults.

It both sustains and kills — like a God. It is the  
Ordinary made beautiful; it is also the Average made 55  
lethal. The Normal is the indispensable, murderous  
God of Health, and I am his Priest. My tools are very

(continued on the next page)

delicate. My compassion is honest. I have honestly  
 assisted children in this room. I have talked away  
 terrors and relieved many agonies. But also — 60  
 beyond question — I have cut from them parts of  
 individuality repugnant to this God, in both his  
 aspects. Parts sacred to rarer and more wonderful  
 Gods. And at what length . . . Sacrifices to Zeus took  
 at the most, surely, sixty seconds each. Sacrifices to 65  
 the Normal can take as long as sixty months.

**[The natural sound of the pencil resumes.  
 Light changes back.]**

**[To ALAN.]** Now your eyes are feeling heavy. You  
 want to sleep, don't you? You want a long, deep 70  
 sleep. Have it. Your head is heavy. Very heavy. Your  
 shoulders are heavy. Sleep.

**[The pencil stops. ALAN's eyes remain shut  
 and his head has sunk on his chest.]**

Can you hear me? 75

ALAN: Mmm.

DYSART: You can speak normally. Say Yes, if you can.

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: Good boy. Now raise your head, and open  
 your eyes. 80

**[He does so.]**

Now, Alan, you're going to answer questions I'm  
 going to ask you. Do you understand?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: And when you wake up, you are going to 85  
 remember everything you tell me. All right?

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**ALAN: Yes.**

**DYSART: Good. Now I want you to think back in time.**

**You are on that beach you told me about. The tide  
has gone out, and you're making sandcastles.**

90

**Above you, staring down at you, is that great  
horse's head, and the cream is dropping from it.**

**Can you see that?**

**ALAN: Yes.**

**DYSART: You ask him a question. 'Does the  
chain hurt?'**

95

**ALAN: Yes.**

**DYSART: Do you ask him aloud?**

**ALAN: No.**

**DYSART: And what does the horse say back?**

100

**ALAN: 'Yes.'**

**DYSART: Then what do you say?**

**ALAN: 'I'll take it out for you.'**

**DYSART: And he says?**

**ALAN: 'It never comes out. They have me in chains.**

105

**DYSART: Like Jesus?**

**ALAN: Yes!**

**DYSART: Only his name isn't Jesus, is it?**

**ALAN: No.**

**DYSART: What is it?**

110

**ALAN: No one knows but him and me.**

**DYSART: You can tell me, Alan. Name him.**

**ALAN: Equus.**

**DYSART: Thank you. Does he live in all horses or  
just some?**

115

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**ALAN: All.**

**DYSART: Good boy. Now: you leave the beach. You're in your bedroom at home. You're twelve years old. You're in front of the picture. You're looking at Equus from the foot of your bed. Would you like to kneel down?**

120

**ALAN: Yes.**

**DYSART [encouragingly]: Go on, then.  
[ALAN kneels.]**

# Fences, August Wilson

## Act Two

### SCENE ONE

The following morning. CORY is at the tree hitting the ball with the bat. He tries to mimic TROY, but his swing is awkward, less sure. ROSE enters from the house.

ROSE: Cory, I want you to help me with  
this cupboard.

5

CORY: I ain't quitting the team. I don't care what  
Poppa say.

ROSE: I'll talk to him when he gets back. He had to  
go see about your Uncle Gabe. The police done  
arrested him. Say he was disturbing the peace. He'll  
be back directly. Come on in here and help me clean  
out the top of this cupboard.

10

(CORY exits into the house. ROSE sees  
TROY and BONO coming down the alley.)

15

Troy . . . what they say down there?

TROY: Ain't said nothing. I give them fifty dollars  
and they let him go. I'll talk to you about it.  
Where's Cory?

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**ROSE:** He's in there helping me clean out these cupboards. 20

**TROY:** Tell him to get his butt out here.

**(TROY and BONO go over to the pile of wood. BONO picks up the saw and begins sawing.)** 25

**TROY:** (To BONO.) All they want is the money. That makes six or seven times I done went down there and got him. See me coming they stick out their hands.

**BONO:** Yeah, I know what you mean. That's all they care about . . . that money. They don't care about what's right. (Pause.) Nigger, why you got to go and get some hard wood? You ain't doing nothing but building a little old fence. Get you some soft pine wood. That's all you need. 30

**TROY:** I know what I'm doing. This is outside wood. You put pine wood inside the house. Pine wood is inside wood. This here is outside wood. Now you tell me where this fence is gonna be? 35

**BONO:** You don't need this wood. You can put it up with pine wood and it'll stand as long as you gonna be here looking at it. 40

(continued on the next page)

**TROY:** How you know how long I'm gonna be here, nigger? Hell, I might just live forever. Live longer than old man Horsely.

**BONO:** That's what Magee used to say.

45

**TROY:** Magee's a damn fool. Now you tell me who you ever heard of gonna pull their own teeth with a pair of rusty pliers.

**BONO:** The old folks . . . my granddaddy used to pull his teeth with pliers. They ain't had no dentists for the colored folks back then.

50

**TROY:** Get clean pliers! You understand? Clean pliers! Sterilize them! Besides we ain't living back then. All Magee had to do was walk over to Doc Goldblums.

55

**BONO:** I see where you and that Tallahassee gal . . . that Alberta . . . I see where you all done got tight.

**TROY:** What you mean "got tight"?

**BONO:** I see where you be laughing and joking with her all the time.

60

**TROY:** I laughs and jokes with all of them, Bono. You know me.

(continued on the next page)



**BONO:** That ain't the kind of laughing and joking I'm talking about.

**(CORY enters from the house.)** 65

**CORY:** How you doing, Mr. Bono?

**TROY:** Cory? Get that saw from Bono and cut some wood. He talking about the wood's too hard to cut. Stand back there, Jim, and let that young boy show you how it's done. 70

**BONO:** He's sure welcome to it.

**(CORY takes the saw and begins to cut the wood.)**

Whew-e-e! Look at that. Big old strong boy. Look like Joe Louis. Hell, must be getting old the way I'm watching that boy whip through that wood. 75

**CORY:** I don't see why Mama want a fence around the yard nowadays.

**TROY:** Damn if I know either. What the hell she keeping out with it? She ain't got nothing nobody want. 80

**BONO:** Some people build fences to keep people out . . . and other people build fences to keep people in. Rose wants to hold on to you all. She loves you.

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

**TROY:** Hell, nigger, I don't need nobody to tell me my wife loves me, Cory . . . go on in the house and see if you can find that other saw. 85

**CORY:** Where's it at?

**TROY:** I said find it! Look for it till you find it!  
**(CORY exits into the house.)** 90  
 What's that supposed to mean? Wanna keep us in?

**BONO:** Troy . . . I done known you seem like damn near my whole life. You and Rose both. I done know both of you all for a long time. I remember when you met Rose. When you was hitting them baseball out the park. A lot of them old gals was after you then. You had the pick of the litter. When you picked Rose, I was happy for you. That was the first time I knew you had any sense. I said . . . My man Troy knows what he's doing . . . I'm gonna follow this nigger . . . he might take me somewhere. I been following you too. I done learned a whole heap of things about life watching you. I done learned how to tell where the shit lies. How to tell it from the alfalfa. You done learned me a lot of things. You showed me how to not make the same mistakes . . . to take life as it comes along and keep putting one foot in front of the other. 95 100 105

**(Pause.)**  
 Rose a good woman, Troy. 120

# Machinal, Sophie Treadwell

## EPIISODE SEVEN

### Domestic

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

### Characters

5

HUSBAND

YOUNG WOMAN

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

10

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 –

15

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**

20

**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?**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

HUSBAND. Sure I put it over. 25

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? 30

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 35  
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 – 40  
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? 45

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. 50

YOUNG WOMAN. Did I?

HUSBAND. Didn't know that, did you?

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

HUSBAND. Just purity.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

55

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.)

60

HUSBAND. Only what?

YOUNG WOMAN. (pause). Nothing.

HUSBAND. It must be something.

Phone rings. She gets up and goes  
to window.

65

HUSBAND (in phone). Hello — hello, R.A. — well,  
I put it over — yeah, I swung it — sure they came  
through — did they sign? On the dotted line! The  
property's mine. I made the proposition. I sold  
them the idea. Now watch me. Tell D.D. to call  
me up. (Hangs up.) That was R.A. What are you  
looking at?

70

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. You must be looking at something.

75

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing — the moon.

HUSBAND. The moon's something, isn't it?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND. What's it doing?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

80

HUSBAND. It must be doing something.

(continued on the next page)

**YOUNG WOMAN.** It's moving — moving — (She comes down restlessly.)

**HUSBAND.** Pull down the shade, my dear.

**YOUNG WOMAN.** Why?

85

**HUSBAND.** People can look in.

**Phone rings.**

Hello — hello D.D. — Yes — I put it over — they came across — I put it over on them — yep — yep — yep — I'll say I am — yep — on the dotted line

90

— Now you watch me — yep. Yep yep. Tell B.M. to phone me. (Hangs up.) That was D.D. (To **YOUNG WOMAN** who has come down to davenport and picked up a paper.) Aren't you listening?

**YOUNG WOMAN.** I'm reading.

95

**HUSBAND.** What you reading?

**YOUNG WOMAN.** Nothing.

**HUSBAND.** Must be something. (He sits and picks up his paper.)

**YOUNG WOMAN** (reading). Prisoner escapes — lifer breaks jail — shoots way to freedom —

100

**HUSBAND.** Don't read that stuff — listen — here's a first rate editorial. I agree with this. I agree absolutely. Are you listening?

**YOUNG WOMAN.** I'm listening.

105

**HUSBAND.** (importantly). All men are born free and entitled to the pursuit of happiness. (**YOUNG WOMAN** gets up.) My, you're nervous tonight.

**YOUNG WOMAN.** I try not to be.

(continued on the next page)

**HUSBAND.** You inherit that from your mother. She was 110  
in the office today.

**YOUNG WOMAN.** Was she?

**HUSBAND.** To get her allowance.

**YOUNG WOMAN.** Oh —

**HUSBAND.** Don't you know it's the **first**. 115

**YOUNG WOMAN.** Poor Ma.

**HUSBAND.** What would she do without me?

**YOUNG WOMAN.** I know. You're very good.

**HUSBAND.** One thing — she's grateful.

**YOUNG WOMAN.** Poor Ma — poor Ma. 120

## That Face, Polly Stenham

### 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. 5

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. 10

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. 15

She watches the sleeping Henry. She leans forward and strokes his hair. She tries to arrange the duvet so it covers him. 20

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. 25

(continued on the next page)



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

**Henry stirs. He wriggles deeper into the bed.**

**Martha returns. She has washed her face and done up her nightdress. She is holding two mugs of coffee and a book.** 30

**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.** 35

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

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

**Regards him. Continues stroking in silence.**

**Sorry.** 40

**Beat.**

**Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.**

**Beat.**

**MARTHA You look so handsome. Like a Russian soldier.** 45

**(continued on the next page)**

**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 . . . ?**

**50**

**Henry stirs. Beat.**

**Can we forget about it? Please.**

**I'll make it up to you.**

**He nods sleepily.**

**55**

**Was that a yes . . . ?**

**He nods again and stretches out to be scratched more. He wakes up properly. At first he is sleepy and disorientated. Then it dawns on him.**

**60**

**HENRY Hungover.**

**MARTHA What?**

**HENRY Are you hungover?**

**(continued on the next page)**

**MARTHA** I'm fine.

**Beat.**

65

I brought you some coffee. I thought we could go out and get some breakfast.

**HENRY** I'm not hungry —

**MARTHA** A big fry-up. Anything you want.

**HENRY** Surprise, surprise. No food in the house.

70

**MARTHA** I could go and get some.

**HENRY** Do you even know where Waitrose is?

**MARTHA** You could have it in bed.

**HENRY** I'm not hungry, and I bet you're feeling sick.

**MARTHA** I feel fine.

75

**HENRY** You feel guilty.

**MARTHA** Please, Hen. I said I was sorry. I mean it.

I really mean it. It won't happen again. I promise.

What can I do to prove it to you? Well, just you see.

I will. It might take time, but I will.

80

(continued on the next page)

**She starts to stroke his back again.**

**Let's have a nice day together. We can do anything you want.**

**He flinches away from her stroking.**

**HENRY** Stop touching me like that. It's perverse. You don't remember much, do you? **85**

**MARTHA** I —

**HENRY** I find that a sick justice. Whenever this happens, I wake up remembering it. Remembering everything you said, and you wake up weird and optimistic. **90**

**MARTHA** Please —

**HENRY** You can't really be sorry. Not if you don't properly remember.

**MARTHA** Don't be nasty to me, I beg you. Don't, Henry. Don't. I'm just trying to make it. Up. I won't do it again. We can clean the flat together. I wish I could take it — **(Gulp.)** — back. I don't think you understand — when you are older you'll understand. **(Gulp.)** Don't be cruel. I mean it. **(Sobs.)** **95**  
**100**

**(continued on the next page)**

**He watches her cry.**

**She cries harder. He watches in silence.**

**She starts to gasp. She starts to  
hyperventilate.**

**He doesn't budge.**

105

**What if you don't? If you don't, what will I do? You're  
all I have. What will I do? I love you. I'm not perfect, I  
love you. I will get better. Please, Hen, you're scaring  
me, you're frightening me, please. What will I do if you  
don't — You're all I have. My baby boy, my baby boy.  
(Gasp.) Scaring me.**

110

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