

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**

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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
was all above board according to regulations.
We were conducting our enquiries in a very
lighthearted manner.**

70

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 café 100
 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 the whole 105
 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 country 110
 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)

Turn over

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 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–

60

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

Except it's not washing, it's me all over the floor. 80

But hey ho.

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... 85

Are the graves under the trees?

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, 90
 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...

E45 cream. Stop it itching. 95

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

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 100
 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.

**Don't know what I'm going to do. It hurts behind 105
 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.**

**HARRIET stares into the distance, her hand 110
 to her mouth.**

JENNA: I've got Tic-Tacs.

(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. 115

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. 120

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)

Turn over

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 95
chain hurt?'**

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. 110

Machinal, Sophie Treadwell

EPISODE 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. 50

Henry . . . ?

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)

Turn over

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, **95**
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.)** **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

SOURCE INFORMATION

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