

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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SOURCE BOOKLET WITH THE
QUESTION PAPER.**

Y67625RA

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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! 10

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

**MANIAC: Excellent! So here we are, and
our suspect is in the best of moods.** 15

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

PISSANI: He's never been happier.

SUPERINTENDENT: He's ecstatic.

CONSTABLE: Coffee, gentlemen.

ALL: Ah coffee.

CONSTABLE: The suspect was serene. 20

SUPERINTENDENT: Ha, ha, yes serene.

ALL: (Singing) He was serene.

PISSANI: Exactly.

**SUPERINTENDENT: The crossfire of
false accusations hasn't in the least 25
upset his mental state.**

MANIAC: No raptus?

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

PISSANI: All that is much later. 30

CONSTABLE: At midnight.

MANIAC: Fine. And now it's midnight.

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

MANIAC: Constable? 35

CONSTABLE: Your Honour?

MANIAC: Set the scene.

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

**MANIAC makes an owl noise. 40
Others help create midnight
atmosphere.**

(continued on the next page)

CONSTABLE: ...there are five of us in
this room... the suspect, myself, and
another constable and... 45

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

MANIAC: Sssh!

CONSTABLE: And... er...

MANIAC: Those two? 50

CONSTABLE: Yes.

PISSANI glares at CONSTABLE.

MANIAC: What are they doing?

CONSTABLE: Interrogating the suspect.

(continued on the next page)

MANIAC: Still? After all these hours? 55
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. 60

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

PISSANI: Never touched the bastard.

SUPERINTENDENT: Very even tempered. 65
The whole proceedings.

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

PISSANI: Never got near him.

MANIAC: Bit of a massage, to relieve his tensions... 70

(continued on the next page)

**MANIAC starts to
massage CONSTABLE.**

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

CONSTABLE: Left a bit. 75

MANIAC: Left a bit. There.

CONSTABLE: Lovely.

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

Sudden karate chop. 80

MANIAC: ...Ka...

Karate act.

MANIAC: ...Ka! Ya! Eeeeeaaah!

(continued on the next page)

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. 85

MANIAC: You were interrogating him? 90

PISSANI: Lightheartedly.

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? 95

CONSTABLE: It was just the odd joke, your Honour, you should see the Inspector when he's on form. Keeps us all in stitches. Ha ha. 100

(continued on the next page)

MANIAC: Especially when interrogating
mass-murder suspects.

CONSTABLE: Especially then. Ha. Er...

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

105

PISSANI: Well...

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

CONSTABLE: Go on sir.

PISSANI tells jokes.
Takes applause.

110

MANIAC: Did you tell the suspect
that one?

PISSANI: Yes.

(continued on the next page)

MANIAC: No wonder he jumped. No 115
seriously, Inspector, seriously. You
see all this jocular banter explains
a great deal that has often worried
me. For instance, I was holidaying
in Bergamo a couple of summers 120
back during the time of the notorious
‘Monday Gang’ affair, if you recall?
Practically everyone in the village
was under arrest, the café proprietor,
the doctor, even the priest; (in 125
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 130
not get a wink of sleep 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 135
watches TV would, that these were
the sounds of suspects being beaten
under interrogation by brutal country

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**coppers. All too clearly now I can see
how mistaken my impressions were. 140
Those shrieks I heard were shrieks of
laughter, the screams were screams
of merriment and mirth accompanied
by thigh slapping convulsions
of humorous hysteria: 145**

**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

15

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

(continued on the next page)

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

20

JENNA: Oh, for fuck's sake.

HARRIET: What?

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.

25

HARRIET looks at the back of her hands.

30

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.

35

(continued on the next page)

JENNA: But I think this one might be.

HARRIET: Really?

JENNA: Yeah.

HARRIET looks around her.

HARRIET: Yeah. Proper wood. 40

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

HARRIET: Croci. [Croaky]

JENNA: (In a croaky voice.) The
crocuses are nice. 45

HARRIET: Oh, funny.

JENNA has to cough to clear
her throat.

(continued on the next page)

**JENNA: 'Scuse me. I bet there's
bluebells. I bet it's all covered in
bluebells in the summer.** 50

Beat.

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

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...** 55

**Summer you're supposed to be happy,
aren't you? 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...** 60
65

(continued on the next page)

JENNA: You alright?

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

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

70

**HARRIET looks at JENNA,
smiles weakly.
Doesn't matter. It's not about me.**

JENNA: How losing it?

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

75

**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—**

80

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

JENNA: I haven't got stairs. 85

HARRIET: What?

JENNA: Moved out of mum's yesterday.

HARRIET: Oh. Really? Wow. Really?

JENNA: Back in my flat now.

HARRIET: OK. 90

JENNA: Laundry.

**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 95**

**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 100
something else and then. Before I**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

know it I've tripped up a step and
there's washing all over the floor.

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

105

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...

110

Are the graves under the trees?

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

115

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...
E45 cream. Stop it itching. 120

HARRIET paces, animated, slightly off-balance. 125

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 130

(continued on the next page)

this I can't do this. I was looking at 135
her and I missed her.

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 140
gums 'cause I thought it must be and
I went to the dentist.

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

JENNA: I've got Tic-Tacs. 145

HARRIET: Yeah?

JENNA: Want one?

HARRIET: Please.

(continued on the next page)

JENNA pulls a box of Tic-Tacs out of her bag and holds them out. 150

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. 155

HARRIET takes two and hands the box back. 160

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? 10

[ALAN shrugs.]

You're not feeling well, are you?

ALAN: All right.

**DYSART: Would you like to play a
game? It could make you feel better. 15**

ALAN: What kind?

**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 20
first time I tap it, you close your eyes.
The next time you open them. And**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

so on. Close, open, close, open, till I say stop.

ALAN: How can that make you feel better? 25

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

ALAN: It's stupid. 30

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?

ALAN: I don't mind. 35

DYSART: Good. Sit down and start watching that 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.] 40

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

ALAN: Yes. 45

(continued on the next page)

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

ALAN: That's not difficult.

DYSART: Ssh. Stop talking . . . On the first tap, close. On the second, open. 50
Are you ready?

[ALAN nods. DYSART taps his pen on the wooden rail. ALAN shuts his eyes. DYSART taps again. ALAN opens them. The 55
taps are 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 60
audience — the light changes to cold — while the boy sits in front of him, staring at the wall, opening and shutting his eyes.]

The Normal is the good smile in a 65
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;

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

it is also the Average made lethal. 70
 The Normal is the indispensable,
 murderous God of Health, and I am
 his Priest. My tools are very delicate.
 My compassion is honest. I have
 honestly assisted children in this 75
 room. I have talked away terrors
 and relieved many agonies. But
 also — beyond question — I have
 cut from them parts of individuality
 repugnant to this God, in both his 80
 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 the Normal can take as 85
 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? 90
 You want a long, deep sleep. Have it.
 Your head is heavy. Very heavy. Your
 shoulders are heavy. Sleep.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

[The pencil stops. ALAN's eyes remain shut and his head has sunk on his chest.] 95

Can you hear me?

ALAN: Mmm.

DYSART: You can speak normally. Say Yes, if you can. 100

ALAN: Yes.

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

[He does so.]
Now, Alan, you're going to answer questions I'm going to ask you. Do you understand? 105

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: And when you wake up, you are going to remember everything you tell me. All right? 110

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. Above you, staring down at you, 115

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

is that great horse's head, and the cream is dropping from it. Can you see that?

120

ALAN: Yes.

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

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART: Do you ask him aloud?

125

ALAN: No.

DYSART: And what does the horse say back?

ALAN: 'Yes.'

DYSART: Then what do you say?

130

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

DYSART: And he says?

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

DYSART: Like Jesus?

135

ALAN: Yes!

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

ALAN: No.

DYSART: What is it?

140

ALAN: No one knows but him and me.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

DYSART: You can tell me, Alan.

Name him.

ALAN: Equus.

DYSART: Thank you. Does he live in all horses or just some? 145

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?

ALAN: Yes.

DYSART [encouragingly]: Go on, then. **155**

[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.

5

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

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

10

15

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

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

Troy . . . what they say down there? 20

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?

ROSE: He's in there helping me clean out these cupboards. 25

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.)

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. 30

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

BONO: Yeah, I know what you mean. 35
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 40
old fence. Get you some soft pine
wood. That's all you need.

TROY: I know what I'm doing. This is
outside wood. You put pine wood
inside the house. Pine wood is inside 45
wood. This here is outside wood.
Now you tell me where this fence is
gonna be?

BONO: You don't need this wood. You
can put it up with pine wood and it'll 50
stand as long as you gonna be here
looking at it.

(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. 55

BONO: That's what Magee used to say.

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. 60

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. 65

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. 70

(continued on the next page)

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 75
joking with her all the time.

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

BONO: That ain’t the kind of laughing 80
and joking I’m talking about.

(CORY enters from the house.)

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 85
back there, Jim, and let that young
boy show you how it’s done.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

BONO: He's sure welcome to it.
(CORY takes the saw and begins to cut the wood.)

90

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.

95

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.

100

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.

105

(continued on the next page)

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.

CORY: Where's it at? 110

TROY: I said find it! Look for it till you find it!

(CORY exits into the house.)

What's that supposed to mean? Wanna keep us in? 115

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 120 125

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

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.

130

135

(Pause.)

Rose a good woman, Troy.

140

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 –

15

HUSBAND. Market trend steady –

YOUNG WOMAN. Young wife disappears–

HUSBAND. Owns a life interest –

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Phone rings. YOUNG WOMAN looks toward it. 20

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? 25

YOUNG WOMAN. (by rote). Did you put it over? 30

HUSBAND. Sure I put it over.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did you swing it?

HUSBAND. Sure I swung it.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did they come through? 35

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. 40

YOUNG WOMAN. The property's yours?

HUSBAND. The property's mine. I'll put a first mortgage. I'll put a second

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

mortgage and the property's
mine. Happy?

45

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!

50

YOUNG WOMAN pulls away swiftly.
What's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing – what?

55

HUSBAND. You flinched when I
touched you.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

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

60

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?

65

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

HUSBAND. Just purity.

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

HUSBAND. Oh, I liked it. Purity. 70

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

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

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm just like anybody else only – (Stops.) 75

HUSBAND. Only what?

YOUNG WOMAN. (pause). Nothing.

HUSBAND. It must be something.

Phone rings. She gets up and goes to window. 80

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 85

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?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing. 90

(continued on the next page)

HUSBAND. You must be looking
at something.

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing — the moon.

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

95

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

HUSBAND. What's it doing?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. It must be doing something.

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

100

HUSBAND. Pull down the shade,
my dear.

YOUNG WOMAN. Why?

HUSBAND. People can look in.

105

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 — 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

110

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

to davenport and picked up a paper.) Aren't you listening? 115

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm reading.

HUSBAND. What you reading?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.

HUSBAND. Must be something. (He sits and picks up his paper.) 120

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

HUSBAND. Don't read that stuff — 125

listen — here's a first rate editorial. I agree with this. I agree absolutely. Are you listening?

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm listening.

HUSBAND. (importantly). All men are 130

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.

HUSBAND. You inherit that from your 135

mother. She was in the office today.

YOUNG WOMAN. Was she?

HUSBAND. To get her allowance.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh —

HUSBAND. Don't you know it's the first. 140

YOUNG WOMAN. Poor Ma.

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

**YOUNG WOMAN. I know. You're
very good. 145**

HUSBAND. One thing — she's grateful.

YOUNG WOMAN. Poor Ma — poor Ma.

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

15

20

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

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. 25

She walks around the bed and regards Henry at all angles. She notices he still has his socks on. She slides them off. 30
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 the bed. 35

Martha returns. She has washed her face and done up her nightdress. She is holding two mugs of coffee and a book. 40

She puts the coffee and the book down and sits next to Henry. She

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

begins to stroke his back in long, 45
slow, luxurious motions over his
pyjama top.

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

MARTHA Baby boy . . . So good. 50
Regards him. Continues stroking
in silence.

Sorry.

Beat.

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. 55

Beat.

MARTHA You look so handsome. Like
a Russian soldier.

She starts to scratch his back,
gently, in long strokes. Henry 60
stretches out, still seemingly

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**asleep, and makes a
satisfied sound.**

Soldier boy. So good.

**Forgive me and I will be good. I
promise. Never again.**

65

Henry . . . ?

Henry stirs. Beat.

Can we forget about it? Please.

I'll make it up to you.

70

He nods sleepily.

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.**

75

(continued on the next page)

HENRY Hungover.

MARTHA What?

HENRY Are you hungover? 80

MARTHA I'm fine.

Beat.

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

HENRY I'm not hungry — 85

MARTHA A big fry-up. Anything you want.

HENRY Surprise, surprise. No food in the house.

MARTHA I could go and get some. 90

(continued on the next page)

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.

95

MARTHA I feel fine.

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.

100

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

105

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

**He flinches away from
her stroking.**

HENRY Stop touching me like that. It's 110
perverse. You don't remember much,
do you?

MARTHA I —

HENRY I find that a sick justice. 115
Whenever this happens, I wake
up remembering it. Remembering
everything you said, and you wake up
weird and optimistic.

MARTHA Please —

HENRY You can't really be sorry. Not if 120
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 125

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

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.)**

He watches her cry. 130

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

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

He doesn't budge. 135

**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, 140
 please. What will I do if you don't —
 You're all I have. My baby boy, my baby
 boy. **(Gasp.)** Scaring me.**

SOURCE INFORMATION

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