

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname					Other names				
Centre Number					Candidate Number				

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Time 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper reference **9DR0/03**

Drama and Theatre

Advanced

COMPONENT 3: Theatre Makers in Practice

You must have: Source booklet (enclosed)
One performance text (clean copy for use in Section C only)
 Theatre evaluation notes.

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- In Section A choose **one** question.
- In Section B answer **both** questions.
- In Section C choose **one** question.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
 – *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 80.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
 – *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- You are allowed to have your theatre evaluation notes and a clean copy of your performance text (for Section C only).
 – *do not return your live theatre evaluation notes with the question paper.*
- The copy of the performance text must be checked before the examination to ensure it is a clean copy.

Advice

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

Turn over ►

R67625RA

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Q:1/1/1/1/1

SECTION A: LIVE THEATRE EVALUATION

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

EITHER

- 1 Analyse and evaluate the live performance you have seen in light of the following statement:

‘Live theatre is one of the most powerful ways of communicating to an audience in 2022.’

Your answer should:

- include analysis and evaluation of key moments from the performance you have seen and the contribution made by different theatre makers
- offer **balanced consideration** between your analysis and evaluation of the performance and your response to the statement.

(20)

OR

- 2 Analyse and evaluate the live performance you have seen in light of the following statement:

‘Live theatre has not kept up with advances in technology.’

Your answer should:

- include analysis and evaluation of key moments from the performance you have seen and the contribution made by different theatre makers
- offer **balanced consideration** between your analysis and evaluation of the performance and your response to the statement.

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Performance details

Title:

Venue:

Date seen:

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

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

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

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Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Dario Fo

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.

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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.

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

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PISSANI: He's never been happier.

SUPERINTENDENT: He's ecstatic.

CONSTABLE: Coffee, gentlemen.

ALL: Ah coffee.

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CONSTABLE: The suspect was serene.

SUPERINTENDENT: Ha, ha, yes serene.

ALL: *(Singing)* He was serene.

PISSANI: Exactly.

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

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MANIAC: No raptus?

SUPERINTENDENT: Not a whisper of stress.

PISSANI: All that is much later.

CONSTABLE: At midnight.

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MANIAC: Fine. And now it's midnight.

THREE POLICEMEN: *(Suddenly deflated)* Oh!

MANIAC: Constable?

CONSTABLE: Your Honour?

MANIAC: Set the scene.

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

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

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

35

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

MANIAC: Sssh!

CONSTABLE: And... er...

MANIAC: Those two?

CONSTABLE: Yes.

40

PISSANI glares at CONSTABLE.

MANIAC: What are they doing?

CONSTABLE: Interrogating the suspect.

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.

45

PISSANI: Just a bit.

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

PISSANI: Never touched the bastard.

50

SUPERINTENDENT: Very even tempered. The whole proceedings.

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

PISSANI: Never got near him.

55

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

MANIAC starts to massage CONSTABLE.

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

CONSTABLE: Left a bit.

MANIAC: Left a bit. There.

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CONSTABLE: Lovely.

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

Sudden karate chop.

MANIAC: ...Ka...

Karate act.

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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.

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MANIAC: You *were* interrogating him?

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?

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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.

MANIAC: Especially when interrogating mass-murder suspects.

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CONSTABLE: Especially then. Ha. Er...

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.	85
CONSTABLE: Go on sir.	
PISSANI <i>tells jokes. Takes applause.</i>	
MANIAC: Did you tell the suspect that one?	
PISSANI: Yes.	90
MANIAC: No wonder he jumped. No 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 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; (<i>in nomine, spiritu sancti</i> , 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 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 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:	95 100 105 110
<i>Thrashes about laughing and miming being beaten.</i>	

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Colder Than Here

Laura Wade



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.

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

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

JENNA: Oh, for fuck's sake.

10

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.

15

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.

JENNA: But I think this one might be.

20

HARRIET: Really?

JENNA: Yeah.

HARRIET looks around her.

HARRIET: Yeah. Proper wood.

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

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HARRIET: Croci. [*Croaky*]

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

HARRIET: Oh, funny.

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.

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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*... 35

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*... 40

JENNA: You alright?

HARRIET looks at JENNA, then away.

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

HARRIET looks at JENNA, smiles weakly. 45
Doesn't matter. It's not about me.

JENNA: How losing it?

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– 50

JENNA: I haven't got stairs.

HARRIET: What? 55

JENNA: Moved out of mum's yesterday.

HARRIET: Oh. Really? Wow. Really?

JENNA: Back in my flat now.

HARRIET: OK.

JENNA: Laundry.

60

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.

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

But hey ho.

70

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?

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

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HARRIET: Oh yeah.

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...

80

E45 cream. Stop it itching.

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 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.

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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.

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

JENNA: I've got Tic-Tacs.

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HARRIET: Yeah?

JENNA: Want one?

HARRIET: Please.

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

HARRIET goes to her and takes the box.

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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.

HARRIET takes two and hands the box back.

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Equus
Peter Shaffer

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.	
ALAN: It was stupid.	5
DYSART: It was.	
ALAN: What I said, I mean.	
DYSART: How are you sleeping?	
[ALAN shrugs.]	
You're not feeling well, are you?	10
ALAN: All right.	
DYSART: Would you like to play a game? It could make you feel better.	
ALAN: What kind?	
DYSART: It's called <i>Blink</i> . 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.	15
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.	20
ALAN: It's stupid.	
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?	25
ALAN: I don't mind.	
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.]	
The thing is to feel comfortable, and relax absolutely . . . Are you looking at the stain?	30
ALAN: Yes.	
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. Are you ready?	35
[ALAN nods. DYSART taps his pen on the wooden rail. ALAN shuts his eyes. DYSART taps again. ALAN opens them. The 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 audience — the light changes to cold — while the boy sits in front of him, staring at the wall, opening and shutting his eyes.]	40

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 lethal. 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 room. I have talked away terrors and relieved many agonies. But also — beyond	45
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 the Normal can take as long as sixty months.	50
<i>[The natural sound of the pencil resumes.</i>	55
<i>Light changes back.]</i>	
<i>[To ALAN.]</i> Now your eyes are feeling heavy. You want to sleep, don't you? You want a long, deep sleep. Have it. Your head is heavy. Very heavy. Your shoulders are heavy. Sleep.	
<i>[The pencil stops. ALAN's eyes remain shut and his head has sunk on his chest.]</i>	60
Can you hear me?	
ALAN: Mmm.	
DYSART: You can speak normally. Say Yes, if you can.	
ALAN: Yes.	65
DYSART: Good boy. Now raise your head, and open your eyes.	
<i>[He does so.]</i>	
Now, Alan, you're going to answer questions I'm going to ask you. Do you understand?	
ALAN: Yes.	70
DYSART: And when you wake up, you are going to remember everything you tell me. All right?	
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, is that great horse's head, and the cream is dropping from it. Can you see that?	75
ALAN: Yes.	
DYSART: You ask him a question. 'Does the chain hurt?'	
ALAN: Yes.	80
DYSART: Do you ask him aloud?	
ALAN: No.	
DYSART: And what does the horse say back?	
ALAN: 'Yes.'	
DYSART: Then what do you say?	85
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?	
ALAN: Yes!	90
DYSART: Only his name isn't Jesus, is it?	
ALAN: No.	
DYSART: What is it?	

ALAN: No one knows but him and me.

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

95

ALAN: Equus.

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

ALAN: All.

DYSART: Good boy. Now: you leave the beach. You're in your bed-

room at home. You're twelve years old. You're in front of the

100

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.

[ALAN *kneels*.]

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Fences
August Wilson

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.

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

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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.)

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?

15

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

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.)

20

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.

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(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.

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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?

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.

35

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

40

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.

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.

45

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.

50

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.

55

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

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

(CORY enters from the house.)

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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.

65

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 watch-
ing that boy whip through that wood.

70

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

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

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.

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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.

80

CORY: Where's it at?

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?

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

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Machinal
Sophie Treadwell

Machinal, Sophie Treadwell

EPISODE SEVEN

Domestic

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

Characters

HUSBAND

YOUNG WOMAN

5

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

HUSBAND. Record production.

YOUNG WOMAN. Girl turns on gas.

10

HUSBAND. Sale hits a million –

YOUNG WOMAN. WOMAN leaves all for love –

HUSBAND. Market trend steady –

YOUNG WOMAN. Young wife disappears –

HUSBAND. Owns a life interest –

15

Phone rings. YOUNG WOMAN looks toward it.

That's for me. *(In phone.)* Hello – oh hello, A.B. It's all

settled? – Everything signed? Good. Good! Tell R.A. to call

me up. *(Hangs up phone – to YOUNG WOMAN.)* Well, it's all

settled. They signed! – aren't you interested? Aren't you going to ask me?

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

HUSBAND. Sure I put it over.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did you swing it?

HUSBAND. Sure I swung it.

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YOUNG WOMAN. Did they come through?

HUSBAND. Sure they came through.

YOUNG WOMAN. Did they sign?

HUSBAND. I'll say they signed.

YOUNG WOMAN. On the dotted line?

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HUSBAND. On the dotted line.

YOUNG WOMAN. The property's yours?

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

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

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HUSBAND. *(going to her.)* The property's mine! It's not all that's

mine! *(Pinching her cheek – happy and playful.)* I got a first

mortgage on her – I got a second mortgage on her – and she's mine!

YOUNG WOMAN *pulls away swiftly.*

40

What's the matter?

YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing – what?

HUSBAND. You flinched when I touched you.	
YOUNG WOMAN. No.	
HUSBAND. You haven't done that in a long time.	45
YOUNG WOMAN. Haven't I?	
HUSBAND. You used to do it every time I touched you.	
YOUNG WOMAN. Did I?	
HUSBAND. Didn't know that, did you?	
YOUNG WOMAN (<i>unexpectedly</i>). Yes. Yes, I know it.	50
HUSBAND. Just purity.	
YOUNG WOMAN. No.	
HUSBAND. Oh, I liked it. Purity.	
YOUNG WOMAN. No.	
HUSBAND. You're one of the purest women that ever lived.	55
YOUNG WOMAN. I'm just like anybody else only – (<i>Stops.</i>)	
HUSBAND. Only what?	
YOUNG WOMAN. (<i>pause</i>). Nothing.	
HUSBAND. It must be something.	
<i>Phone rings. She gets up and goes to window.</i>	60
HUSBAND (<i>in phone</i>). 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.	
(<i>Hangs up.</i>) That was R.A. What are you looking at?	65
YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.	
HUSBAND. You must be looking at something.	
YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing — the moon.	
HUSBAND. The moon's something, isn't it?	
YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.	70
HUSBAND. What's it doing?	
YOUNG WOMAN. Nothing.	
HUSBAND. It must be doing something.	
YOUNG WOMAN. It's moving — moving — (<i>She comes down</i>	
<i>restlessly.</i>)	75
HUSBAND. Pull down the shade, my dear.	
YOUNG WOMAN. Why?	
HUSBAND. People can look in.	
<i>Phone rings.</i>	
Hello — hello D.D. — Yes — I put it over — they came across —	80
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. (<i>Hangs up.</i>) That was D.D. (<i>To YOUNG</i>	
WOMAN <i>who has come down to davenport and picked up a</i>	
<i>paper.</i>) Aren't you listening?	85

YOUNG WOMAN. I'm reading.

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 —

90

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.

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

95

YOUNG WOMAN. I try not to be.

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

100

YOUNG WOMAN. Was she?

HUSBAND. To get her allowance.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh —

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

YOUNG WOMAN. Poor Ma.

105

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.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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That Face
Polly Stenham

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.

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.

10

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

15

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

20

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.

25

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

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

30

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

Martha Baby boy . . . So good. <i>Regards him. Continues stroking in silence.</i>	35
Sorry. <i>Beat.</i>	
Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. <i>Beat.</i>	
Martha You look so handsome. Like a Russian soldier. <i>She starts to scratch his back, gently, in long strokes. Henry stretches out, still seemingly asleep, and makes a satisfied sound.</i>	40
Soldier boy. So good. Forgive me and I will be good. I promise. Never again. Henry . . . ? <i>Henry stirs. Beat.</i>	45
Can we forget about it? Please. I'll make it up to you. <i>He nods sleepily.</i>	50
Was that a yes . . . ? <i>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.</i>	

Henry Hungover.

55

Martha What?

Henry Are you hungover?

Martha I'm fine.

Beat.

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

60

Henry I'm not hungry —

Martha A big fry-up. Anything you want.

Henry Surprise, surprise. No food in the house.

Martha I could go and get some.

65

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.

Henry You feel guilty.

70

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.

She starts to stroke his back again.

75

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?

80

Martha | —

85

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.

Martha Please —

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

90

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

He watches her cry.

She cries harder. He watches in silence.

She starts to gasp. She starts to hyperventilate.

He doesn't budge.

100

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.

105

SECTION B: PAGE TO STAGE: REALISING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

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

You need to read and refer to the extract from the text you have studied.

Indicate which text you have studied by marking a cross in the box ☒.

Performance texts:	
<i>Accidental Death of an Anarchist</i> , Dario Fo	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Colder Than Here</i> , Laura Wade	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Equus</i> , Peter Shaffer	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Fences</i> , August Wilson	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Machinal</i> , Sophie Treadwell	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>That Face</i> , Polly Stenham	<input type="checkbox"/>

- 3** As a **performer** playing **one** character, outline how you would use **voice** and **non-verbal communication** to show the audience your relationship with **one other** character in this extract.

Your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

(18)

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(Total for Question 3 = 18 marks)

- 4 As a **designer**, outline how **one** theatrical element could be developed to convey or support meaning in this extract.

Your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

(18)

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(Total for Question 4 = 18 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 36 MARKS



SECTION C: INTERPRETING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

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

There is no source booklet provided for Section C. Please refer to your clean copy of the text to read the named section.

Performance text		Named Section
<i>Antigone</i> , Sophocles (adapted by Don Taylor)	from	p.38 CHORUS. To pay respect to the dead.
	to	p.40 ANTIGONE <i>is led away by the guards</i> . CREON <i>remains on stage</i> .
<i>Doctor Faustus</i> (Text A), Christopher Marlowe (Norton Critical Edition)	from	p.13 (Act 1 Scene 2) <i>Enter two SCHOLARS</i> .
	to	p.16 MEPHISTOPHELES..And are for ever damned with Lucifer.
<i>Doctor Faustus</i> (Text A), Christopher Marlowe (Download Edition)	from	p.15 [Act 1 Scene 2] <i>Enter two SCHOLARS</i>
	to	p.25 MEPHISTOPHELES..And are for ever damned with Lucifer.
<i>Hedda Gabler</i> , Henrik Ibsen (adapted by Richard Eyre)	from	p.31 BERTHE. His Honour Judge Brack's here.
	to	p.34 BRACK. Impossible but probable.
<i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes (Penguin Classics Edition)	from	p.166 WOMEN [<i>addressing the audience</i>]:
	to	p.170 LYSISTRATA ... bed, and you're not going anywhere.
<i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes (Download Edition)	from	p.79 WOMEN [<i>addressing the audience</i>]
	to	p.87 LYSISTRATA ... bed, and you're not going anywhere.
<i>The Maids</i> , Jean Genet	from	p.17 SOLANGE: Who's going to get the better of who?
	to	p.20 ... <i>and she lays the receiver on the table.</i>)
<i>The School for Scandal</i> , Richard Brinsley Sheridan	from	p.59 Act V Scene I. – The Library
	to	p.61 SIR OLIVER. Charles, you are my heir! [<i>Aside. Exit.</i>
<i>The Tempest</i> , William Shakespeare	from	p.81 (last four words from p.80) PROSPERO ...Not one of them That yet looks on me,
	to	p.84 <i>Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess</i>
<i>Waiting for Godot</i> , Samuel Beckett	from	p.31 POZZO That's how it is on this bitch of an earth.
	to	p.34 POZZO: Wait!
<i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner (Methuen Edition)	from	p.13 SCENE SIX <i>The street</i> .
	to	p.17 WOYZECK. You're frightening it. (<i>Takes the cat out.</i>)
<i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner (Download Edition)	from	p.29 SCENE SIX <i>The street</i> .
	to	p.41 WOYZECK: You're frightening it. (<i>Takes the cat out.</i>)

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Indicate which text you are using in your answer by marking a cross in the box.

<i>Antigone</i> , Sophocles (adapted by Don Taylor)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The School for Scandal</i> , Richard Brinsley Sheridan	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Doctor Faustus (Text A)</i> , Christopher Marlowe	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The Tempest</i> , William Shakespeare	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Hedda Gabler</i> , Henrik Ibsen (adapted by Richard Eyre)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Waiting for Godot</i> , Samuel Beckett	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>The Maids</i> , Jean Genet	<input type="checkbox"/>		

You are the director of a new production concept of the performance text you have studied.

EITHER

- 5 As a director, discuss how you would apply the methodologies of your chosen theatre practitioner to highlight **one** key character in your production concept.

Your answer must focus on the named section listed above for your chosen performance text.

Your answer must make reference to:

- the overall aims of your production concept in response to the play as a whole
- how your practical ideas will work in performance
- the original performance conditions of your chosen performance text.

(24)

OR

- 6 As a director, discuss how you would apply the methodologies of your chosen theatre practitioner to support the use of design elements in your production concept.

Your answer must focus on the named section listed above for your chosen performance text.

Your answer must make reference to:

- the overall aims of your production concept in response to the play as a whole
- how your practical ideas will work in performance
- the original performance conditions of your chosen performance text.

(24)

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

Chosen question number: **Question 5** ☒ **Question 6** ☐

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[Link to SECTION C
Performance texts](#)

[Link to SECTION C
Questions](#)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 24 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS

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