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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Drama and Theatre

Advanced

COMPONENT 3: Theatre Makers in Practice

Wednesday 7 June 2023 – Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 30 minutes

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

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

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Accidental Death of an Anarchist, DARIO FO

FELETTI: It would establish whether or not the anarchist was still alive when he went through the window; i.e. did he go through it with a slight jerk indicating a voluntary movement which would clear the side of the building, or did he, as appears, slide down the wall sustaining fractures and lesions consistent with an inanimate object? Were the suicide's hands injured in such a way as to indicate he put them out to protect himself instinctively at the moment of impact? This would indicate whether he was conscious or not.

5

10

MANIAC: I think I ought to point out that we're dealing with a case of suicide. The bastard wanted to die so why the hell would he put his bloody hands out?

SUPERINTENDENT: Splendidly answered.

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

Slaps MANIAC's back.

15

MANIAC: The eye. Mind the eye, can't you?

FELETTI: Perhaps you can explain the bruises seen on the young man's neck. It's not at all clear what caused those.

SUPERINTENDENT: I advise you against careless talk, young lady.

20

FELETTI: Is that a threat?

MANIAC: Not at all. Not at all, no. You see there were indeed bruises on the anarchist's neck. These were caused during the final interrogation just before midnight. One of the policemen became slightly impatient and struck the suspect a hard blow on the nape of the neck.

25

FELETTI: Ah!

SUPERINTENDENT: What?!

30

MANIAC: Regrettable, but true.

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

PISSANI: Have you gone mad?

MANIAC: Sixteen times precisely. The suspect was partially paralysed by the blow and had momentary difficulty breathing. An ambulance was called immediately. At the same time two officers assisted the anarchist to the openwindow, supporting him as he leant out to take in a few reviving gulps of cold night air. Now, as is often the case in such events, each of the officers thought the other had the stronger hold, you know the sort of thing — ‘To me Giacomo’ — ‘OK Batista!’ and whoops, out he goes! What more can you say? 35
40

The simple explanation floors FELETTI who slumps back in her chair. 45

SUPERINTENDENT: Brilliant!

PISSANI: Superb!

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

SUPERINTENDENT: So simple!

PISSANI: Classic!

SUPERINTENDENT: Well done, Captain!

50

Slaps his back. A loud plop.

MANIAC: That's it!

SUPERINTENDENT: Fuck me!

MANIAC: What did I tell you? It's gone.

PISSANI: What?

55

SUPERINTENDENT: Oh good heavens!

MANIAC: The eye's out! Everybody down!

**CONSTABLE, SUPERINTENDENT and PISSANI crawl
around looking for the eye.**

FELETTI: A very clever explanation, Captain.

60

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

MANIAC: Not bad. But the brain-work gives you a headache, what!

FELETTI: I have to admit that this version clarifies several points.

MANIAC: Why the ambulance was called in advance; 65
the inanimate fall of the body...

FELETTI: ...and the strange terminology employed by the judge in his summing up.

SUPERINTENDENT: What strange terminology?

MANIAC: Yes, try to be more precise, madam. (To 70
PISSANI) Have you found it yet?

PISSANI: What colour is it?

SUPERINTENDENT: It's see-through, you dumbo. It's an eye.

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

FELETTI: What I am saying is the verdict of the enquiry was that the anarchist's death was 'accidental' as opposed to the police claim of 'suicide'. 75

Knock at the door stage right. CONSTABLE is crawling by the door. PISSANI on the other side of the desk. 80

PISSANI: Come in!

Door bursts open, sending CONSTABLE flying. It is BERTOZZO. He holds a metallic package. Also wears an eye patch.

SUPERINTENDENT: Ah Bertozzo! 85

BERTOZZO: Oh, sorry. Am I interrupting? I just came to deliver this.

SUPERINTENDENT: What is it?

CONSTABLE: My nose!

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

BERTOZZO: It's a reproduction of the bomb that went off in the Agricultural Bank.

SUPERINTENDENT: Splendid. Stick it on the desk, there, would you.

PISSANI: Found it!

MANIAC: Where? 95

It is too late to retrieve the eye before it is stepped on by BERTOZZO, on his way to the desk. It sends him flying. As his legs go from under him the bomb flies up in the air.

SUPERINTENDENT: The bomb!! 100

FELETTI screams. CONSTABLE hits the deck.

MANIAC catches the bomb. PISSANI grabs the eye.

MANIAC: Owzat!

Colder Than Here, LAURA WADE

SCENE 6

**The living room, Friday evening,
late January.**

**JENNA and HARRIET sit on the sofa, their
hands on their laps, silent,preoccupied, their
faces disordered. Both have the slightly
inflated look of wearing several layers of
clothing and each has more than one scarf
around her neck.**

5

**They are both staring at a white cardboard
coffin, on the carpet in front of them.**

10

Long pause.

JENNA: So that's it, then.

HARRIET: Yes.

Pause.

JENNA: That's it.

15

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

HARRIET: Yes.

Pause.

20

JENNA: That's what it looks like.

HARRIET: Yes.

Pause.

JENNA: Looks big.

HARRIET: Sometimes fat people die.

JENNA laughs, then stops herself.

JENNA: Wasn't very hard, was it?

HARRIET: Like IKEA.

25

**JENNA: Funny they haven't changed the shape.
Hundreds of years and they still look like that. Still
looks like a coffin.**

**JENNA stands up and goes to the coffin.
She takes the lid off.**

30

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

Need some cushions, make it nice in there.

**She touches the plastic lining of the coffin.
It crackles.**

Know what this is?

HARRIET: What?

35

JENNA: Cremfilm.

HARRIET: Nice.

JENNA: Fluids.

HARRIET: Yeah.

She crackles it again.

40

**JENNA: Think we'll get something else. Feels a bit
freezer bag.**

**JENNA runs her fingers along the side of
the coffin.**

45

HARRIET: Does it feel strong?

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

JENNA: Yeah.

We should start painting.

HARRIET: Should draw it on first. With pencil.

JENNA: Shall I fetch her, show it to her?

50

HARRIET: D'you want to?

They consider it.

Show her later. Once we've done some drawing.

JENNA: OK.

HARRIET: Sky and stars.

55

JENNA: I'm shit at art.

HARRIET: Me too.

JENNA: You're not shit at anything.

HARRIET: I'll get pencils.

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

HARRIET goes to the kitchen. JENNA looks at the coffin, biting her thumb nail. 60

ALEC enters, holding a telephone and a piece of paper. He stops and looks at the coffin.

JENNA holds her hands out towards it, presenting it, an awkward magician. 65

JENNA: Ta-dah!

Pause.

ALEC: That's it then.

JENNA: Yeah.

Pause. 70

ALEC: Good. Good Lord.

ALEC looks around the room, anywhere but the coffin.

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

I'm looking for my— Ah.

He sees his pullover on his armchair. 75

There we are.

He picks up the pullover to wear over the top of the one he's wearing already. He pulls it on sleeves first, then head.

He looks at the phone. 80

Right.

He starts to tap in a number, from the piece of paper in his hand.

JENNA: Who you ringing?

ALEC: Boiler people. Give them a piece of my mind. 85

JENNA: Good luck.

ALEC finishes tapping in the number and listens to it ringing.

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

HARRIET returns with two pencils.

HARRIET: Sorry, lots of crap in the pencil drawer. 90

She hands one to JENNA and looks enquiringly at ALEC.

ALEC: On hold.

JENNA: Boiler firm.

ALEC: Vivaldi. Spring. 95

HARRIET: Brilliant.

ALEC tries to stay turned away from the coffin but keeps catching it out of the corner of his eye. JENNA watches him.

So, what we doing? 100

JENNA: (Points to the feet end of the coffin.) Sky. (And to the head end.) Stars.

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

HARRIET: That way round?

JENNA: Don't want stars round her feet, do we?

HARRIET: So she's what, standing on a cloud? Just get her aharp and be done with it...

JENNA: What she asked for.

HARRIET: So clouds down here, stars up here...

ALEC: Is that what she wants on it, clouds and stars?

JENNA: Something like that. **110**

ALEC stares at the coffin. He starts as someone answers the phone.

Equus, PETER SHAFFER

Act Two

27

[He stands in the doorway, depressed.]

DYSART: Hallo.

ALAN: Hallo.

DYSART: I got your letter. Thank you. [Pause.] Also the Post Scriptum.

5

ALAN [defensively]: That's the right word. My mum told me. It's Latin for 'After-writing'.

DYSART: How are you feeling?

ALAN: All right.

DYSART: I'm sorry I didn't see you today.

10

ALAN: You were fed up with me.

DYSART: Yes. [Pause.] Can I make it up to you now?

ALAN: What d'you mean?

DYSART: I thought we'd have a session.

ALAN [startled]: Now?

15

DYSART: Yes! At dead of night! . . . Better than going to sleep, isn't it?

[The boy flinches.]

Alan — look. Everything I say has a trick or a catch. Everything I do

(continued on the next page)

Equus continued.

is a trick or a catch. That's all I know to do. But they work — and you know that. Trust me. 20

[Pause.]

ALAN: You got another trick, then?

DYSART: Yes.

ALAN: A truth drug? 25

DYSART: If you like.

ALAN: What's it do?

DYSART: Makes it easier for you to talk.

ALAN: Like you can't help yourself?

DYSART: That's right. Like you have to speak the truth at all costs. And all of it. 30

[Pause.]

ALAN [slyly]: Comes in a needle, doesn't it?

DYSART: No.

ALAN: Where is it? 35

DYSART [indicating his pocket]: In here.

ALAN: Let's see.

[DYSART solemnly takes a bottle of pills out of his pocket.]

DYSART: There.

ALAN [suspicious]: That really it? 40

DYSART: It is . . . Do you want to try it?

ALAN: No.

DYSART: I think you do.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

ALAN: I don't. Not at all. **45**

DYSART: Afterwards you'd sleep. You'd have no bad dreams all night. Probably many nights, from then on .

. .

[Pause.]

ALAN: How long's it take to work? **50**

DYSART: It's instant. Like coffee.

ALAN [half believing]: It isn't!

DYSART: I promise you . . . Well?

ALAN: Can I have a fag?

DYSART: Pill first. Do you want some water? **55**

ALAN: No.

[DYSART shakes one out on to his palm. ALAN hesitates for a second —then takes it and swallows it.]

DYSART: Then you can chase it down with this. **60**

Sit down.

[He offers him a cigarette, and lights it for him.]

ALAN [nervous]: What happens now?

DYSART: We wait for it to work. **65**

ALAN: What'll I feel first?

DYSART: Nothing much. After a minute, about a hundred greensnakes should come out of that cupboard singing the Hallelujah Chorus.

ALAN [annoyed]: I'm serious! **70**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

DYSART [earnestly]: You'll feel nothing. Nothing's going to happen now but what you want to happen. You're not going to say anything to me but what you want to say. Just relax. Lie back and finish your fag.

[ALAN stares at him. Then accepts the situation, and lies back.]

75

DYSART: Good boy.

ALAN: I bet this room's heard some funny things.

DYSART: It certainly has.

ALAN: I like it.

80

DYSART: This room?

ALAN: Don't you?

DYSART: Well, there's not much to like, is there?

ALAN: How long am I going to be in here?

DYSART: It's hard to say. I quite see you want to leave.

85

ALAN: No.

DYSART: You don't?

ALAN: Where would I go?

DYSART: Home . . .

[The boy looks at him. DYSART crosses and sits on the rail upstage, his feet on the bench. A pause.]

90

Actually, I'd like to leave this room and never see it again in my life.

(continued on the next page)

Equus continued.

ALAN [surprise]: Why?	95
DYSART: I've been in it too long.	
ALAN: Where would you go?	
DYSART: Somewhere.	
ALAN: Secret?	
DYSART: Yes. There's a sea — a great sea — I love . . .	100
It's where the Gods used to go to bathe.	
ALAN: What Gods?	
DYSART: The old ones. Before they died.	
ALAN: Gods don't die.	
DYSART: Yes, they do.	105
[Pause.]	
There's a village I spent one night in, where I'd like to live. It's all white.	
ALAN: How would you Nosey Parker, though? You wouldn't have a room for it any more.	110
DYSART: I wouldn't mind. I don't actually enjoy being a Nosey Parker, you know.	
ALAN: Then why do it?	
DYSART: Because you're unhappy.	
ALAN: So are you.	115
[DYSART looks at him sharply. ALAN sits up in alarm.]	
Oooh, I didn't mean that!	

Fences, August Wilson**ACT TWO****SCENE TWO**

It is six months later, early afternoon. TROY enters from the house and starts to exit the yard. ROSE enters from the house.

ROSE: Troy, I want to talk to you.

TROY: All of a sudden, after all this time, you want to talk to me, huh? You ain't wanted to talk to me for months. You ain't wanted to talk to me last night. You ain't wanted no part of me then. What you wanna talk to me about now?

5

ROSE: Tomorrow's Friday.

10

TROY: I know what day tomorrow is. You think I don't know tomorrow's Friday? My whole life I ain't done nothing but look to see Friday coming and you got to tell me it's Friday.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

ROSE: I want to know if you're coming home. 15

TROY: I always come home, Rose. You know that.
There ain't never been a night I ain't come home.

ROSE: That ain't what I mean . . . and you know
it. I want to know if you're coming straight home
after work. 20

TROY: I figure I'd cash my check . . . hang out at
Taylors' with the boys . . . maybe play a game of
checkers . . .

ROSE: Troy, I can't live like this. I won't live like this.
You livin' on borrowed time with me. It's been going
on six months now you ain't been coming home. 25

TROY: I be here every night. Every night of the year.
That's 365 days.

ROSE: I want you to come home tomorrow after work.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

TROY: Rose . . . I don't mess up my pay. You know 30
that now. I take my pay and I give it to you. I don't
have no money but what you give me back. I just
want to have a little time to myself . . . a little time to
enjoy life.

ROSE: What about me? When's my time to enjoy life?

TROY: I don't know what to tell you, Rose. I'm doing 35
the best I can.

ROSE: You ain't been home from work but time
enough to change your clothes and run out . . . and
you wanna call that the best you can do?

TROY: I'm going over to the hospital to see Alberta. 40
She went into the hospital this afternoon. Look like
she might have the baby early. I won't be gone long.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

ROSE: Well, you ought to know. They went over to Miss Pearl's and got Gabe today. She said you told them to go ahead and lock him up.

45

TROY: I ain't said no such thing. Whoever told you that is telling a lie. Pearl ain't doing nothing but telling a big fat lie.

ROSE: She ain't had to tell me. I read it on the papers.

TROY: I ain't told them nothing of the kind.

50

ROSE: I saw it right there on the papers.

TROY: What it say, huh?

ROSE: It said you told them to take him.

TROY: Then they screwed that up, just the way they screw up everything. I ain't worried about what they got on the paper.

55

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

ROSE: Say the government send part of his check to the hospital and the other part to you.

TROY: I ain't got nothing to do with that if that's the way it works. I ain't made up the rules about how it work. 60

ROSE: You did Gabe just like you did Cory. You wouldn't sign the paper for Cory . . . but you signed for Gabe. You signed that paper.

(The telephone is heard ringing inside the house.) 65

TROY: I told you I ain't signed nothing, woman! The only thing I signed was the release form. Hell, I can't read, I don't know what they had on that paper! I ain't signed nothing about sending Gabe away.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

ROSE: I said send him to the hospital . . . you said 70
let him be free . . . now you done went down there
and signed him to the hospital for half his money.
You went back on yourself, Troy. You gonna have to
answer for that.

TROY: See now . . . you been over there talking to 75
Miss Pearl. She done got mad cause she ain't getting
Gabe's rent money. That's all it is. She's liable to
say anything.

ROSE: Troy, I seen where you signed the paper.

TROY: You ain't seen nothing I signed. What she doing 80
got papers on my brother anyway? Miss Pearl telling a
big fat lie. And I'm gonna tell her about it too! You ain't
seen nothing I signed. Say . . . you ain't seen nothing I
signed.

(ROSE exits into the house to answer the 85
telephone. Presently she returns).

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

ROSE: Troy . . . that was the hospital. Alberta had the baby.

TROY: What she have? What is it?

ROSE: It's a girl.

TROY: I better get on down to the hospital to see her. 90

ROSE: Troy . . .

TROY: Rose . . . I got to go see her now. That's only right . . . what's the matter . . . the baby's alright, ain't it?

ROSE: Alberta died having the baby.

TROY: Died . . . you say she's dead? Alberta's dead? 95

ROSE: They said they done all they could. They couldn't do nothing for her.

TROY: The baby? How's the baby?

ROSE: They say it's healthy. I wonder who's gonna bury her. 100

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

TROY: She had family, Rose. She wasn't living in the world by herself.

ROSE: I know she wasn't living in the world by herself.

TROY: Next thing you gonna want to know if she had any insurance.

105

ROSE: Troy, you ain't got to talk like that.

TROY: That's the first thing that jumped out your mouth.

Machinal, SOPHIE TREADWELL

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Mrs. Jones, you are the widow of the late George H. Jones, are you not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. How long were you married to the late George H. Jones before his demise? 5

YOUNG WOMAN. Six years.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Six years! And it was a happy marriage, was it not? (**YOUNG WOMAN hesitates.**) Did you quarrel? 10

YOUNG WOMAN. No, Sir.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Then it was a happy marriage, wasn't it?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. In those six years of married life with your late husband, the late George H. Jones, did you EVER have a quarrel? 15

YOUNG WOMAN. No, Sir.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Never one quarrel?

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. The witness has said —

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Six years without one 20
quarrel! Six years! Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you to
consider this fact!

Six years of married life without a quarrel. (The 25
JURY grins.) I ask you to consider it seriously! Very
seriously! Who of us — and this is not intended as
any reflection on the sacred institution of marriage —
no — but!

JUDGE. Proceed with your witness.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You have one child — have
you not, Mrs. Jones?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir. 30

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. A little girl, is it not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. How old is she?

YOUNG WOMAN. She's five — past five.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. A little girl of past five. Since
the demise of the late Mr. Jones you are the only 35
parent she has living, are you not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir.

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Before your marriage to the late Mr. Jones, you worked and supported your mother, did you not?

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. I object, your honor! 40

Irrelevant — immaterial — and —

JUDGE. Objection sustained!

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. In order to support your mother and yourself as a girl, you worked, did you not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir. 45

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. What did you do?

YOUNG WOMAN. I was a stenographer.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. And since your marriage you have continued as her sole support, have you not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir. 50

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. A devoted daughter, gentlemen of the jury! As well as a devoted wife and a devoted mother!

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. Your Honor!

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. (quickly). And now, Mrs. 55

Jones, I will ask you — the law expects me to ask you — it demands that I ask

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

**you — did you — or did you not — on the night of
June 2nd last or the morning of June 3rd last — kill
your husband, the late George H. Jones — did you, or
did you not?**

YOUNG WOMAN. I did not.

60

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You did not?

YOUNG WOMAN. I did not.

**LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Now, Mrs. Jones, you have
heard the witnesses for the State — They were not
many — and they did not have much to say —**

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. I object.

JUDGE. Sustained.

65

**LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You have heard some police
and you have heard some doctors. None of whom
was present! The prosecution could not furnish any
witness to the crime — not one witness!**

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. Your Honor!

70

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Nor one motive.

**LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. Your Honor — I protest!
I —**

JUDGE. Sustained.

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. But such as these witnesses 75
 were, you have heard them try to accuse you of
 deliberately murdering your own husband, this
 husband with whom, by your own statement, you had
 never had a quarrel — not one quarrel in six years of
 married life, murdering him, I say, or rather — they 80
 say, while he slept, by brutally hitting him over the
 head with a bottle — a bottle filled with small stones
 — Did you, I repeat this, or did you not?

YOUNG WOMAN. I did not.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You did not! Of course you
 did not! (**Quickly.**) Now, Mrs, Jones, will you tell the
 jury in your own words exactly what happened on the
 night of June 2nd or the morning of June 3rd last, at
 the time your husband was killed.

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

YOUNG WOMAN. I was awakened by hearing somebody — something — in the room, and I saw two men standing by my husband's bed. 85

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Your husband's bed — that was also your bed, was it not, Mrs. Jones?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You hadn't the modern idea of separate beds, had you, Mrs. Jones? 90

YOUNG WOMAN. Mr. Jones objected.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. I mean you slept in the same bed, did you not?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Then explain just what you meant by saying 'my husband's bed'. 95

YOUNG WOMAN. Well — I —

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You meant his side of the bed, didn't you?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes. His side. 100

That Face, POLLY STENHAM

SCENE EIGHT

Around nine in the morning. Henry's room. Henry and Martha have been up all night. Henry has been drinking with Martha, trying to convince her to go. She has been playing games with him and seems to be ignoring his plans for departure. She has dressed him up in her nightdress and dressed herself in an evening gown. Henry is urgently trying to dress Martha more sensibly in preparation to leave.

5

10

MARTHA Jewels, I must have jewels. Where are my jewels?

She swigs from her nearly empty glass.

Under the bed. I hid them there. I hid them from thieves. Who wants my jewels? Everybody wants my jewels. That, what's her name, Sonia. She wanted my jewels.

15

Henry takes the glass from her.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

Oh don't be a bore.

Henry tries to put a cardigan on her. She shrugs it off.

20

Fetch my jewels, soldier.

HENRY You need to change. Put this on.

MARTHA Fine. I'll fetch them.

Martha reaches under the bed and pulls out a large jewellery box.

25

Look at you. God. You should have been a girl. You would have been a beautiful girl. Look at you.

She starts rummaging around in the jewellery box, plucking out items and holding them against Henry's face. She starts trying to put a necklace on him.

30

HENRY Don't. We need to leave.

MARTHA Just let me see.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

She adjusts it around his neck.

So pretty. I'll wear matching.

35

She starts putting more jewellery on herself and Henry.

HENRY Get dressed.

Henry tries to put shoes on her. She kicks him away playfully and giggles.

40

MARTHA Only a glass slipper will fit . . .

Henry keeps trying to put the shoes on her feet. While his head is at her waist level she hoops more necklaces over his neck.

War spoils for my soldier. He glitters. Look how he glitters.

45

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

She kisses his face.

He has managed to get the shoes on. He stands, finds the cardigan and holds it for her to put on.

50

HENRY Put it on.

MARTHA You haven't touched your drink.

HENRY I don't want it.

MARTHA Let's have a toast.

She raises her glass.

55

HENRY Now. We need to leave now.

MARTHA A toast to. A toast to —

Henry tries to put the cardigan on her again. Sheshrugs him off and stands.

Let's have a toast. Come on.

60

HENRY Just let me —

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

MARTHA With your old mum. Come on.

She kicks off the shoes.

HENRY Jesus . . .

MARTHA A toast, to my son, so good . . .

65

Martha drains the glass and hands it to him.

HENRY Now, you promised. Let's go.

MARTHA Finish yours. It's rude — there was a toast to you and you didn't drink.

HENRY Then we'll go?

70

MARTHA These are ugly shoes. You can always tell the quality of a person by their shoes. Their shoes and their haircut . . . and perhaps their jewellery. I have nice jewels, don't I . . . Pretty things.

Beat.

75

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

Finish it.

He sits down on the edge of the bed and takes his glass. It is obvious he really doesn't want it, but he downs it. Martha giggles in delight. She kisses his face. While she's doing this he slings the cardigan round her shoulders. He tries unsuccessfully to pull her up.

80

HENRY We'll get a taxi.

85

MARTHA (giggling) Look at you.

HENRY I'll change on the way.

The door buzzes.

Martha continues kissing Henry's face.

Who is that?

MARTHA Sonia.

90

HENRY It's not —

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

MARTHA Too early. Must be Sonia. Come to help you clean up.

Door buzzes again.

Hide the jewels. She always tries to steal from me. 95
Hide them.

Martha heads to the exit to answer the door.

She exits.

Panicked, Henry clumsily picks up the 100
jewellery box and shoves it under the bed.
Some of the contents have spilled out onto
the floor. He shovels them under the bed.
It is in this position, on his hands and
knees that Hugh and Mia first see him, as
they enter with Martha behind them.Silence. 105
Henry stands up.

MARTHA Daddy's here.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

HENRY You're early.

Hugh takes in the room.

HUGH Pyjamas in the wash?

110

HENRY You're too early.

SOURCE INFORMATION

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