

Paper Reference(s) 9DR0/03
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.**

Y72921RA

CONTENTS

SECTION B: PAGE TO STAGE: REALISING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

Page

**3–11 Accidental Death of
 an Anarchist**

12–20 Colder Than Here

21–27 Equus

28–37 Fences

38–45 Machinal

46–54 That Face

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

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

MANIAC: I think I ought to point out that 15
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 20
answered.

Slaps MANIAC's back.

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

FELETTI: Perhaps you can explain the 25
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.

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

FELETTI: Is that a threat?

MANIAC: Not at all. Not at all, no. You 30
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 35
a hard blow on the nape of the neck.

FELETTI: Ah!

SUPERINTENDENT: What?!

MANIAC: Regrettable, but true.

PISSANI: Have you gone mad? 40

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

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? 45 50

The simple explanation floors FELETTI who slumps back in her chair. 55

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

SUPERINTENDENT: Brilliant!

PISSANI: Superb!

SUPERINTENDENT: So simple! 60

PISSANI: Classic!

SUPERINTENDENT: Well done, Captain!

Slaps his back. A loud plop.

MANIAC: That's it!

SUPERINTENDENT: Fuck me! 65

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

PISSANI: What?

SUPERINTENDENT: Oh good heavens!

**MANIAC: The eye's out!
Everybody down! 70**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

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

**FELETTI: A very clever
explanation, Captain. 75**

**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 80
called in advance; the inanimate fall of
the body...**

**FELETTI: ...and the strange terminology
employed by the judge in his
summing up. 85**

**SUPERINTENDENT: What
strange terminology?**

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

MANIAC: Yes, try to be more precise, madam. (To PISSANI) Have you found it yet? 90

PISSANI: What colour is it?

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

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'. 95

Knock at the door stage right.
CONSTABLE is crawling by the door. **PISSANI** on the other side of the desk. 100

PISSANI: Come in!

(continued on the next page)

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

**Door bursts open, sending
CONSTABLE flying. It is**

**BERTOZZO. He holds a metallic
package. Also wears an eye patch.** 105

SUPERINTENDENT: Ah Bertozzo!

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

SUPERINTENDENT: What is it? 110

CONSTABLE: My nose!

**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.** 115

PISSANI: Found it!

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Accidental Death of an Anarchist continued.

MANIAC: Where?

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. 120

SUPERINTENDENT: The bomb!!

FELETTI screams. CONSTABLE hits the deck. 125

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

10

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

Long pause.

JENNA: So that's it, then.

15

HARRIET: Yes.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Colder Than Here continued.

Pause.

JENNA: That's it.

HARRIET: Yes.

Pause.

20

JENNA: That's what it looks like.

HARRIET: Yes.

Pause.

JENNA: Looks big.

HARRIET: Sometimes fat people die.

25

JENNA laughs, then stops herself.

JENNA: Wasn't very hard, was it?

HARRIET: Like IKEA.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Colder Than Here continued.

JENNA: Funny they haven't changed the shape. Hundreds of years and they still look like that. Still looks like a coffin. **30**

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

Need some cushions, make it nice in there. **35**

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

Know what this is?

HARRIET: What?

JENNA: Cremfilm. **40**

HARRIET: Nice.

JENNA: Fluids.

HARRIET: Yeah.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Colder Than Here continued.

She crackles it again.

JENNA: Think we'll get something else. 45
Feels a bit freezer bag.

JENNA runs her fingers along the side of the coffin.

HARRIET: Does it feel strong?

JENNA: Yeah. **50**

We should start painting.

**HARRIET: Should draw it on first.
With pencil.**

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

HARRIET: D'you want to? **55**

They consider it.

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Colder Than Here continued.

JENNA: OK.

HARRIET: Sky and stars. 60

JENNA: I'm shit at art.

HARRIET: Me too.

JENNA: You're not shit at anything.

HARRIET: I'll get pencils.

HARRIET goes to the kitchen. 65

**JENNA looks at the coffin,
biting her thumbnail.**

**ALEC enters, holding a telephone
and a piece of paper. He stops and
looks at the coffin.** 70

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

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Colder Than Here continued.

JENNA: Ta-dah!

Pause. 75

ALEC: That's it then.

JENNA: Yeah.

Pause.

ALEC: Good. Good Lord.

**ALEC looks around the room,
anywhere but the coffin.** 80

I'm looking for my— Ah.

**He sees his pullover on
his armchair.**

There we are. 85

(continued on the next page)

Colder Than Here continued.

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. 90

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. 95

JENNA: Good luck.

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

HARRIET returns with two pencils. 100

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Colder Than Here continued.

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

She hands one to JENNA and looks enquiringly at ALEC.

ALEC: On hold. 105

JENNA: Boiler firm.

ALEC: Vivaldi. Spring.

HARRIET: Brilliant.

ALEC tries to stay turned away from the coffin but keeps catching it out of the corner of his eye. 110
JENNA watches him.

So, what we doing?

JENNA: (Points to the feet end of the coffin.) Sky. (And to the head end.) Stars. 115

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

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 a harp 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.

**ALEC stares at the coffin. He starts
as someone answers the phone. 130**

Equus, PETER SHAFFER

ACT TWO

27

[He stands in the doorway,
depressed.]

DYSART: Hallo.

ALAN: Hallo.

DYSART: I got your letter. Thank you. 5

[Pause.] Also the Post Scriptum.

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

DYSART: How are you feeling? 10

ALAN: All right.

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

ALAN: You were fed up with me.

DYSART: Yes. [Pause.] Can I make it up
to you now? 15

ALAN: What d'you mean?

DYSART: I thought we'd have a session.

ALAN [startled]: Now?

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

DYSART: Yes! At dead of night! . . . Better than going to sleep, isn't it? 20

[The boy flinches.]

Alan — look. Everything I say has a trick or a catch. Everything I do is a trick or a catch. That's all I know to do. But they work — and you know that. Trust me. 25

[Pause.]

ALAN: You got another trick, then?

DYSART: Yes.

ALAN: A truth drug?

DYSART: If you like. 30

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. 35

And all of it.

[Pause.]

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

(continued on the next page)

Equus continued.

DYSART: No. 40

ALAN: Where is it?

DYSART [indicating his pocket]:
In here.

ALAN: Let's see.

[DYSART solemnly takes a bottle of pills out of his pocket.] 45

DYSART: There.

ALAN [suspicious]: That really it?

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

ALAN: No. 50

DYSART: I think you do.

ALAN: I don't. Not at all.

DYSART: Afterwards you'd sleep. You'd have no bad dreams all night. Probably many nights, from then on . . . 55

[Pause.]

ALAN: How long's it take to work?

DYSART: It's instant. Like coffee.

ALAN [half believing]: It isn't! 60

DYSART: I promise you . . . Well?

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

ALAN: Can I have a fag?

DYSART: Pill first. Do you want some water?

ALAN: No.

65

[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. Sit down.

70

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

ALAN [nervous]: What happens now?

DYSART: We wait for it to work.

ALAN: What'll I feel first?

75

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

ALAN [annoyed]: I'm serious!

80

(continued on the next page)

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. 85

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

DYSART: Good boy.

ALAN: I bet this room's heard some funny things. 90

DYSART: It certainly has.

ALAN: I like it.

DYSART: This room?

ALAN: Don't you? 95

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. 100

ALAN: No.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

DYSART: You don't?

ALAN: Where would I go?

DYSART: Home . . . 105

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

Actually, I'd like to leave this room and never see it again in my life. 110

ALAN [surprise]: Why?

DYSART: I've been in it too long.

ALAN: Where would you go?

DYSART: Somewhere. 115

ALAN: Secret?

DYSART: Yes. There's a sea — a great sea — I love . . . It's where the Gods used to go to bathe.

ALAN: What Gods? 120

DYSART: The old ones. Before they died.

ALAN: Gods don't die.

(continued on the next page)

Equus continued.

DYSART: Yes, they do.

[Pause.]

There's a village I spent one night in, 125
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.

DYSART: I wouldn't mind. I don't actually 130
enjoy being a Nosey Parker, you know.

ALAN: Then why do it?

DYSART: Because you're unhappy.

ALAN: So are you.

[DYSART looks at him sharply. ALAN 135
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. 5

**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 10
wanna talk to me about now?**

ROSE: Tomorrow's Friday.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

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. 15

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

TROY: I always come home, Rose. You know that. There ain't never been a night I ain't come home. 20

ROSE: That ain't what I mean . . . and you know it. I want to know if you're coming straight home after work. 25

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

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

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. 30

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. 35

TROY: Rose . . . I don't mess up my pay. You know 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. 40

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

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

TROY: I don't know what to tell you, 45
Rose. I'm doing 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 50
the best you can do?

TROY: I'm going over to the hospital to
see Alberta. 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 55
went over to Miss Pearl's and got Gabe
today. She said you told them to go
ahead and lock him up.

TROY: I ain't said no such thing. Whoever 60
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 65
the kind.

ROSE: I saw it right there on the papers.

TROY: What it say, huh?

ROSE: It said you told them to take him.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

TROY: Then they screwed that up, just the way they screw up everything. I ain't worried about what they got on the paper. 70

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. 75

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. 80

(The telephone is heard ringing inside the house.)

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

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. 85

ROSE: I said send him to the hospital . . . you said 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. 90 95

TROY: See now . . . you been over there talking to 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. 100

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

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

TROY: You ain't seen nothing I signed. What she doing got papers on my brother 105 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 110 answer the telephone. Presently she returns).

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

TROY: What she have? What is it? 115

ROSE: It's a girl.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

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

ROSE: Troy . . .

TROY: Rose . . . I got to go see her now.
That's only right . . . what's the matter . . . 120
the baby's alright, ain't it?

ROSE: Alberta died having the baby.

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

ROSE: They said they done all they 125
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.

(continued on the next page)

Fences continued.

TROY: She had family, Rose. She wasn't 130
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. 135

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.)

10

Did you quarrel?

YOUNG WOMAN. No, Sir.

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

15

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?

20

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

YOUNG WOMAN. No, Sir.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Never
one quarrel?

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. The
witness has said —

25

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Six years
without one quarrel! Six years!

Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you to
consider this fact! Six years of married
life without a quarrel. (The JURY grins.)

30

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.

35

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

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir.

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

40

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

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. 45
Jones you are the only parent she has
living, are you not?**

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir.

**LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Before your
marriage to the late Mr. Jones, you 50
worked and supported your mother, did
you not?**

**LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. I object,
your honor! Irrelevant — immaterial —
and — 55**

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. 60

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

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? 65

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes, Sir.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. A devoted daughter, gentlemen of the jury! As well as a devoted wife and a devoted mother! 70

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. Your Honor!

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. (quickly). And now, Mrs. Jones, I will ask you — the law expects me to ask you — it demands that I ask 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? 75 80

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Machinal continued.

YOUNG WOMAN. I did not.

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 — 85

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. I object.

JUDGE. Sustained.

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! 90

LAWYER FOR PROSECUTION. Your Honor! 95

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Nor one motive.

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

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

JUDGE. Sustained. 100

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. But such as these witnesses 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 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? 105 110

YOUNG WOMAN. I did not.

(continued on the next page)

Machinal continued.

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You did not!
Of course you did not! (**Quickly.**) Now, 115
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. 120

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

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. Your husband's 125
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, 130
Mrs. Jones?

YOUNG WOMAN. Mr. Jones objected.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Machinal continued.

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

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes. 135

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

YOUNG WOMAN. Well — I —

LAWYER FOR DEFENSE. You meant his side of the bed, didn't you? 140

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes. His side.

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?

15

She swigs from her nearly empty glass.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

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. 20

Henry takes the glass from her.

Oh don't be a bore.

Henry tries to put a cardigan on her. She shrugs it off. 25

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. 30

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

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. 35

HENRY Don't. We need to leave. 40

MARTHA Just let me see.

She adjusts it around his neck.

So pretty. I'll wear matching.

She starts putting more jewellery on herself and Henry. 45

HENRY Get dressed.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

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

MARTHA Only a glass slipper will fit . . . 50

**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. 55
Look how he glitters.**

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. 60**

HENRY Put it on.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

MARTHA You haven't touched your drink.

HENRY I don't want it.

MARTHA Let's have a toast.

She raises her glass. 65

HENRY Now. We need to leave now.

MARTHA A toast to. A toast to —

**Henry tries to put the cardigan
on her again. She shrugs him off
and stands. 70**

Let's have a toast. Come on.

HENRY Just let me —

MARTHA With your old mum. Come on.

She kicks off the shoes.

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

HENRY Jesus . . .

75

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

**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.**

80

HENRY Then we'll go?

**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.**

85

Beat.

Finish it.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

That Face continued.

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.

90

95

HENRY We'll get a taxi.

MARTHA (giggling) Look at you.

HENRY I'll change on the way.

100

The door buzzes.

Martha continues kissing Henry's face.

Who is that?

(continued on the next page)

That Face continued.

MARTHA Sonia. 105

HENRY It's not —

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. Hide them. 110

Martha heads to the exit to answer the door.

She exits.

Panicked, Henry clumsily picks up the jewellery box and shoves it under the bed. Some of the contents have spilled out onto the floor. He shovels them under the bed. 115

120

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

That Face continued.

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. Henry stands up.

125

MARTHA Daddy's here.

HENRY You're early.

Hugh takes in the room.

HUGH Pyjamas in the wash?

HENRY You're too early.

130

SOURCE INFORMATION

Accidental Death of an Anarchist

© Dario Fo, 1987, 'Accidental Death of an Anarchist', Bloomsbury Methuen Drama, an imprint of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Colder Than Here

© Colder Than Here, Laura Wade, by kind permission of Oberon Books Ltd

Equus

from: Equus, Peter Shaffer, Penguin Classics

Fences

© 1986 by August Wilson. Used by permission of New American Library, an imprint of Penguin Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC

Machinal

© Reprinted with permission of Nick Hern Books; www.nickhern.co.uk

That Face

from: That Face, Polly Stenham, Faber & Faber 2008

Turn over

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.