

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname		Other names	
Centre Number		Candidate Number	

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Wednesday 21 May 2025

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes) **Paper reference** **9EL0/01**

English Language and Literature

Advanced

PAPER 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

You must have:
Prescribed text (clean copy) and
Source Booklet (enclosed)

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.
- Answer the question in **Section A** and **one** question in **Section B**.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*
- In your answers, you must **not** use texts that you have studied for coursework.

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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SECTION A

Voices in 20th and 21st century texts

Read Text A on pages 4–5 and Text B on pages 6–7 of the source booklet before answering Question 1 in the space provided.

- 1** Compare the ways in which the writers create a sense of voice as they present their reflections on a significant year in their lives.

In your answer, you must consider linguistic and literary features, drawing on your knowledge of genre conventions and context.

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(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



SECTION B**Drama Texts**

Answer ONE question on your chosen text.

Questions relate to the play you have studied and to the relevant extract from that play in the source booklet. Begin your answer on page 13.

EITHER

All My Sons, Arthur Miller

Read the extract on pages 8–9 of the source booklet.

- 2** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Miller presents the conflict between loyalty to family and wider moral responsibility.

In your answer, you must consider Miller's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

OR

A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams

Read the extract on pages 10–11 of the source booklet.

- 3** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Williams develops the dramatic significance of the Kowalski apartment in Elysian Fields.

In your answer, you must consider Williams' use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

Elmina's Kitchen, Kwame Kwei-Armah

Read the extract on pages 12–13 of the source booklet.

- 4** Using this extract as a starting point and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Kwei-Armah develops the character of Anastasia to comment on the role of women in Black British society.

In your answer, you must consider use of Kwei-Armah's linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)



OR***Equus, Peter Shaffer***

Read the extract on pages 14–15 of the source booklet.

- 5** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Shaffer explores the influences that have shaped Alan's 'worship'.

In your answer, you must consider Shaffer's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR***The History Boys, Alan Bennett***

Read the extract on pages 16–17 of the source booklet.

- 6** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Bennett develops contrasting views on the purpose of education.

In your answer, you must consider Bennett's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

OR***Top Girls, Caryl Churchill***

Read the extract on pages 18–20 of the source booklet.

- 7** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Churchill develops the dramatic significance of Angie.

In your answer, you must consider Churchill's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

Translations, Brian Friel

Read the extract on pages 21–22 of the source booklet.

- 8** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Friel develops the character of Hugh to comment on the changing linguistic landscape of Ireland.

In your answer, you must consider Friel's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

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Chosen question number: **Question 2** ☐ **Question 3** ☐ **Question 4** ☐
Question 5 ☐ **Question 6** ☐ **Question 7** ☐
Question 8 ☐

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



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Source Booklet

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CONTENTS

SECTION A: Voices in 20th and 21st century texts

	Page
Text A – blog post (Unseen text)	4–5
Text B – diary entry (Anthology text)	6–7

SECTION B: Drama Texts

<i>All My Sons</i>	8–9
<i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>	10–11
<i>Elmina's Kitchen</i>	12–13
<i>Equus</i>	14–15
<i>The History Boys</i>	16–17
<i>Top Girls</i>	18–20
<i>Translations</i>	21–22

SECTION A

Voices in 20th and 21st century texts

Text A

This is an extract from *Little Miss ME*, a regular blog post which recounts the experiences of a woman suffering from Myalgic Encephalomyelitis, a long-term illness that affects many body systems and which is commonly referred to as 'ME'. Here the blogger looks back at 2020 and the effect that the Covid-19 pandemic had on her life and her condition.

My Life with ME

1st January 2021

So long, farewell Auf Wiederzahn 2020!

I'm sure that I'm not the only person who is glad to say goodbye to the year that was and is looking forward to seeing what 2021 has in store for us.

Let's be honest, 2020 was an awful year. There are some people out there who had their lives completely ripped apart.

So what did 2020 do for me?

My health

When the year started, I wasn't well enough to work. Thanks to my ME, both my body and mind were saying no. I was sleeping a lot, in a lot of pain and walking with my stick more than I'd like to admit.

As the months went by, I noticed that my walking was improving. I noticed I needed my stick less and less. I still tire after a wander around the supermarket or a walk up the lane but no stick!

I could feel that my body wanted to move this year. So I was getting out into fresh air more. Even bought myself an electric scooter so I could meet my body's demand without over doing it. It was great. I was doing more at the weekends than I had for a long time. Working from home was certainly agreeing with me.

Then winter hit! My body wanted desperately to hibernate. If I sat still long enough, I'd be asleep. But I managed to hold on as best I could this year and for the first time since 2017, I managed to work during December. This to me was a huge win. I wasn't at my best, but I did it and I'm proud of that.

What about you? How are you feeling? Better? Worse? Just the same?

Working from home

When we went into the full lockdown back in March, I didn't really know how I'd be. I've lived on my own for a very long time, but I'm used to seeing people in the flesh most days. Now, I wouldn't see anyone I knew for a long time.

But I'm lucky. I've got people in my life who I can call on for a chat, zoom call or even picnic in a park at a distance in October! When I'm working, I spend time chatting away to colleagues. So I haven't felt lonely... I chat to my neighbours and of course, I chat away to my cat (who occasionally replies!).

Have you had the same opportunity? How do you feel about you now?

Zoom time

If you didn't use Zoom or Teams in 2020 what were you doing?! It really wouldn't be right to talk about 2020 without mentioning video calling!

I have to say, living on my own it's been extremely useful using this technology. Getting groups of friends together for a quiz, Midsummer party or just a catch up one to one has been great.

Reflecting back lets me see that whilst the year was far from great, there have been some good things to come out of it; something I'm keen to keep going.

Now to 2021

So whilst 2020 was rubbish and not quite the year we were all hoping for, there are moments to treasure. But now it's time to move on and see what 2021 has in store. I'm not going to say that it's going to be my year because I said that last year! I'm just hoping it's going to be a happier year with more fun, laughter and adventures as well as spending more time with loved ones in person. Let's make the most of it!

My heart goes out to those whose lives were directly affected by the pandemic.

Text B

This is an extract from the 2013 diary of Alan Bennett, the English playwright, screenwriter, actor and author.

3 January, Yorkshire

The year kicks off with a small trespass when we drive over from Ramsgill via Ripon and Thirsk to Rievaulx. However the abbey is closed, seemingly until the middle of February, which infuriates us both, and though at 78 and with an artificial hip it's not something I feel I should be doing, we scale the five-bar gate and break in. The place is of course empty and though it's quite muddy underfoot, an illicit delight. It's warm and windless, the stones of the abbey sodden and brown from the amount of moisture they've absorbed. Spectacular here are the toilet arrangements, the reredorter set above a narrow chasm with a stream still running along the bottom. Unique, though (or at least I haven't seen another), is the tannery complete with its various vats, a small factory in the heart of the abbey and which must have stunk as tanneries always did. I remember the tannery down Stanningley Road opposite Armley Park School in Leeds which my brother and I (en route for the Western cinema) always ran past holding our noses. The site at Rievaulx is just over the wall from the abbot's lodgings, which smelly though medieval abbeys were, must have been hard to take. Coming away we scale the gate again, happy to have outwitted authority, but since all that stands between Open and Closed is a five-bar gate it's maybe English Heritage's way of turning a blind eye.

4 February

I don't imagine that my old Oxford supervisor, the medieval historian Bruce McFarlane, would be much exercised by the discovery of the body of Richard III, though there would be some mild satisfaction in finding the king exactly where the sources said he was. McFarlane wouldn't have thought the body particularly informative as compared with the real stuff of history, some of the ex-duke of York's receiver's accounts, say, or records of Yorkist estate management.

The TV programme on Channel 4 was a lengthy and slightly spurious cliffhanger, culminating in the always conjectural reconstruction of what the famous corpse looked like. No different from the fanciful portrait, it turns out, but with enough humanity to satisfy the convictions of the Richard III Society, who were stumping up for the whole exercise. Bracketed in my mind with the 'Bacon is Shakespeare' lot, the Richard III fans seem not without a bob or two and with some of their barmier members on parade in the programme. ...

5 March

So cold this week that I do what I haven't done since I was in the army in Bodmin in 1954, get up and put my clothes on top of my pyjamas.

29 March

Richard Griffiths dies. We've been away for a couple of days so are spared the unctuous telephone calls that always come from the tabloids on such occasions, 'We're sorry to be the bearer of bad tidings' or 'We hope we're not intruding on your grief.' Outside his family the person who would have known him best as an actor at the National and who would have been most acquainted with the logistic difficulties caused by his bulk was his dresser. No one will think to ask him, and I've never known him gossip about the actors he's dressed (myself included), but he would have an angle on Richard and how he coped with his life that is unshared by any of the obituary writers. Richard had an unending repertoire of anecdotes and an enviable spontaneous wit besides. I was working with him at the time when Henry VIII's flagship the Mary Rose was being laboriously raised from the depths of the Solent. This was being done by means of a cradle when suddenly a cable snapped and the wreck slipped back into the water. 'Ah,' said Richard. 'A slight hiccup on the atypical journey from grave to cradle.'

SECTION B

Drama Texts

All My Sons, Arthur Miller

MOTHER: I think if you sit him down and you . . . explain yourself. I mean you ought to make it clear to him that you know you did a terrible thing. [*Not looking into his eyes*] I mean if he saw that you realize what you did. You see?

KELLER: What ice does that cut?

MOTHER [*a little fearfully*]: I mean if you told him that you want to pay for what you did.

KELLER [*sensing . . . quietly*]: How can I pay?

MOTHER: Tell him . . . you're willing to go to prison. [*Pause.*]

KELLER [*struck, amazed*]: I'm willing to . . . ?

MOTHER [*quickly*]: You wouldn't go, he wouldn't ask you to go. But if you told him you wanted to, if he could feel that you wanted to pay, maybe he would forgive you.

KELLER: He would forgive me! For what?

MOTHER: Joe, you know what I mean.

KELLER: I don't know what you mean! You wanted money, so I made money. What must I be forgiven? You wanted money, didn't you?

MOTHER: I didn't want it that way.

KELLER: I didn't want it that way, either! What difference is it what you want? I spoiled the both of you. I should've put him out when he was ten like I was put out, and make him earn his keep. Then he'd know how a buck is made in this world. Forgiven! I should live on a quarter a day myself, but I got a family so I . . .

MOTHER: Joe, Joe . . . it don't excuse it that you did it for the family.

KELLER: It's got to excuse it!

MOTHER: There's something bigger than the family to him.

KELLER: Nothin' is bigger!

MOTHER: There is to him.

KELLER: There's nothin' he could do that I couldn't forgive. Because he's my son. Because I'm his father and he's my son.

MOTHER: Joe, I tell you . . .

KELLER: Nothin's bigger than that. And you're goin' to tell him, you understand? I'm his father and he's my son, and if there's something bigger than that I'll put a bullet in my head!

MOTHER: You stop that!

KELLER: You heard me. Now you know what to tell him. [*Pause. He moves from her—halts.*] But he wouldn't put me away though . . . He wouldn't do that . . . Would he?

MOTHER: He loved you, Joe, you broke his heart.

KELLER: But to put me away . . .



MOTHER: I don't know. I'm beginning to think we don't really know him. They say in the war he was such a killer. Here he was always afraid of mice. I don't know him. I don't know what he'll do.

KELLER: Goddam, if Larry was alive he wouldn't act like this. He understood the way the world is made. He listened to me. To him the world had a forty-foot front, it ended at the building line. This one, everything bothers him. You make a deal, overcharge two cents, and his hair falls out. He don't understand money. Too easy, it came too easy. Yes sir. Larry. That was a boy we lost. Larry. Larry. [*He slumps on chair in front of her.*] What am I gonna do, Kate . . .

MOTHER: Joe, Joe, please . . . you'll be all right, nothing is going to happen . . .

KELLER [*desperately, lost*]: For you, Kate, for both of you, that's all I ever lived for . . .

MOTHER: I know, darling, I know . . .

From Act Three, pp 76–78

A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams

... BLANCHE *comes around the corner, carrying a valise. She looks at a slip of paper, then at the building, then again at the slip and again at the building. Her expression is one of shocked disbelief. Her appearance is incongruous to this setting. She is daintily dressed in a white suit with a fluffy bodice, necklace and ear-rings of pearl, white gloves and hat, looking as if she were arriving at a summer tea or cocktail party in the garden district. She is about five years older than STELLA. Her delicate beauty must avoid a strong light. There is something about her uncertain manner, as well as her white clothes, that suggests a moth.*

EUNICE [*finally*]: What's the matter, honey? Are you lost?

BLANCHE [*with faintly hysterical humour*]: They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, and then transfer to one called Cemeteries and ride six blocks and get off at – Elysian Fields!

EUNICE: That's where you are now.

BLANCHE: At Elysian Fields?

EUNICE: This here is Elysian Fields.

BLANCHE: They mustn't have–understood–what number I wanted . . .

EUNICE: What number you lookin' for?

BLANCHE *wearily refers to the slip of paper.*

BLANCHE: Six thirty-two.

EUNICE: You don't have to look no further.

BLANCHE [*uncomprehendingly*]: I'm looking for my sister, Stella DuBois. I mean – Mrs Stanley Kowalski.

EUNICE: That's the party. – You just did miss her, though.

BLANCHE: This – can this be – her home?

EUNICE: She's got the downstairs here and I got the up.

BLANCHE: Oh. She's – out?

EUNICE: You noticed that bowling alley around the corner?

BLANCHE: I'm – not sure I did.

EUNICE: Well, that's where she's at, watchin' her husband bowl.
[*There is a pause.*] You want to leave your suitcase here an' go find her?

BLANCHE: No.

NEGRO WOMAN: I'll go tell her you come.

BLANCHE: Thanks.

NEGRO WOMAN: You welcome. [*She goes out.*]

EUNICE: She wasn't expecting you?

BLANCHE: No. No, not tonight.

EUNICE: Well, why don't you just go in and make yourself at home till they get back.

BLANCHE: How could I – do that?

EUNICE: We own this place so I can let you in.



She gets up and opens the downstairs door. A light goes on behind the blind, turning it light blue. BLANCHE slowly follows her into the downstairs flat. The surrounding areas dim out as the interior is lighted. Two rooms can be seen, not too clearly defined. The one first entered is primarily a kitchen but contains a folding bed to be used by BLANCHE. The room beyond this is a bedroom. Off this room is a narrow door to a bathroom.

EUNICE [*defensively, noticing BLANCHE'S look*]: It's sort of messed up right now but when it's clean it's real sweet.

BLANCHE: Is it?

EUNICE: Uh-huh, I think so. So you're Stella's sister?

BLANCHE: Yes. [*Wanting to get rid of her.*] Thanks for letting me in.

EUNICE: *Por nada*, as the Mexicans say, *por nada*! Stella spoke of you.

BLANCHE: Yes?

EUNICE: I think she said you taught school.

BLANCHE: Yes.

EUNICE: And you're from Mississippi, huh?

BLANCHE: Yes.

EUNICE: She showed me a picture of your home-place, the plantation.

BLANCHE: Belle Reve?

EUNICE: A great big place with white columns.

From Scene One, pp 3–5

Elmina's Kitchen, Kwame Kwei-Armah

Anastasia Cos I don't know what kind of women you are use' to but, baby, I don't let men speak to me like that?

Awkward silence.

Deli Sorry.

Anastasia Apology accepted.

Beat.

Anastasia *runs over to her bag and gets out her Acts of Faith. She rips out a page.*

Deli What you doing?

She sticks it to the counter.

You don't find there's enough posters on the wall? What's that, Anastasia?

Anastasia It's a page I don't need any more.

She enters into the kitchen through the swing doors, whistling. Deli, intrigued, gets up and reads the page. Shaking his head, he laughs while reading it.

Deli *(kissing his teeth)* What rubbish . . . rubbish.

Anastasia *pops her head over the swing doors. The dialogue tumbles over each other.*

Anastasia *(surprised)* Why's it rubbish?

Deli *walks away.*

Deli *(taking the piss)* 'In every disaster lies a lesson' . . .

Anastasia It's true . . .

Deli . . . 'If you can truly learn that lesson' . . .

Anastasia *(increasingly frustrated)* . . . I know it in my own life . . .

Deli . . . blah blah blah . . .

Anastasia (*vexed now*) ... It ain't no blah blah blah, this is, this is, life-healing stuff ...

Deli ... Healing? What you healing for? ...

Anastasia (*firm and straight*) ... So when the good tings come along you're ready?

Deli (*vexed*) Good tings don't happen to me, Anastasia ...

Anastasia What stupidity ...

Deli ... Ah my life me ah talk 'bout you na! And you know what me discover? Man is not suppose to want. I wanted, I could have been da don, and what happen? Bam, it get mash. I wanted to, I fucking worked hard to be there with Ashley and his mum! Bam, it get mash. I wanted my brother home, here with me and what happen? One step from the fucking gate, bam, he get mash. Don't tell me about my life.

Anastasia (*bitter*) Oh you's one feeling sorrow for yourself, motherfucker?

Deli What? ...

Anastasia You have things others dream of. This place ...

Deli ... This place! Tell me what's so great about this place? I have a handful of customers who spend five pound a shot and talk nonsense all day! What did you say I have again?

Anastasia You have you child. 'Anything better than having you child -' How could anything good happen to you when you don't look after the shit you have.

Beat.

Deli (*angry*) And how am I suppose to do that?

Anastasia (*growls with passion, close up to his face*) You supposed to clean up your environment, Deli. This restaurant stinks. People walk in here, they smell Digger and walk straight back out. I've seen it. But you, my friend, you're comfortable with the stench of death around you?

From Act One, Scene Three, pp 41–43

Equus, Peter Shaffer

FRANK It was late. I'd gone upstairs to fetch something. The boy had been in bed hours, or so I thought.

DYSART Go on.

FRANK As I came along the passage I saw the door of his bedroom was ajar. I'm sure he didn't know it was. From inside I heard the sound of this chanting.

DYSART Chanting?

FRANK Like the Bible. One of those lists his mother's always reading to him.

DYSART What kind of list?

FRANK Those Begats. So-and-so begat, you know. Genealogy.

DYSART Can you remember what Alan's list sounded like?

FRANK Well, the sort of thing. I stood there absolutely astonished. The first word I heard was . . .

ALAN *(rising and chanting)* Prince!

DYSART Prince?

FRANK Prince begat Prance. That sort of nonsense.

Alan moves slowly to the centre of the circle, downstage.

ALAN And Prance begat Prankus! And Prankus begat Flankus!

FRANK I looked through the door, and he was standing in the moonlight in his pyjamas, right in front of that big photograph.

DYSART The horse with the huge eyes?

FRANK Right.

ALAN Flankus begat Spankus. And Spankus begat Spunkus the Great, who lived three score years!

FRANK It was all like that. I can't remember the exact names, of course. Then suddenly he knelt down.

DYSART In front of the photograph?

FRANK Yes. Right there at the foot of his bed.

ALAN *(kneeling)* And Legwus begat Neckwus. And Neckwus begat Fleckwus, the King of Spit. And Fleckwus spoke out of his chinkle-chankle!

He bows himself to the ground.

DYSART What?

FRANK I'm sure that was the word. I've never forgotten it. Chinkle-chankle.

Alan raises his head and extends his hands up in glory.

ALAN And he said 'Behold – I give you Equus, my only begotten son!'

DYSART Equus?

FRANK Yes. No doubt of that. He repeated the word several times. 'Equus my only begotten son.'

ALAN *(reverently)* Ek wus!

DYSART *(suddenly understanding, almost 'aside')* Ek Ek . . .

FRANK *(embarrassed)* And then. . .

DYSART Yes: what?

FRANK He took a piece of string out of his pocket. Made up into a noose. And put it in his mouth.

Alan bridles himself with invisible string, and pulls it back.

And then with his other hand he picked up a coat hanger. A wooden coat hanger, and – and–

DYSART Began to beat himself?

Alan, in mime, begins to thrash himself, increasing the strokes in speed and viciousness.

Pause.

FRANK You see why I couldn't tell his mother. . . . Religion.

Religion's at the bottom of all this!

DYSART What did you do?

FRANK Nothing. I coughed – and went back downstairs.

The boy starts guiltily – tears the string from his mouth – and scrambles back to bed.

DYSART Did you ever speak to him about it later? Even obliquely?

FRANK (*unhappily*) I can't speak of things like that, Doctor. It's not in my nature.

DYSART (*kindly*) No. I see that.

From Act One Scene Fourteen, pp 34–36

The History Boys, Alan Bennett

Irwin It's just that the boys seem to know more than they're telling.

Hector Don't most boys?
Diffidence is surely to be encouraged.

Irwin In an examination?
They seem to have got hold of the notion that the stuff they do with you is off-limits so far as the examination is concerned.

Hector That's hardly surprising. I count examinations, even for Oxford and Cambridge, as the enemy of education. Which is not to say that I don't regard education as the enemy of education, too.
However, if you think it will help, I will speak to them.

Irwin I'd appreciate it.
For what it's worth, I sympathise with your feelings about examinations, but they are a fact of life. I'm sure you want them to do well and the gobbets you have taught them might just tip the balance.

Hector What did you call them?
Gobbets? Is that what you think they are, gobbets?
Handy little quotes that can be trotted out to make a point?
Gobbets?
Codes, spells, runes – call them what you like, but do not call them *gobbets*.

Irwin I just thought it would be useful . . .

Hector Oh, it would be useful . . . every answer a Christmas tree hung with the appropriate gobbets. Except that they're learned *by heart*. And that is where they belong and like the other components of the heart not to be defiled by being trotted out to order.

Irwin So what are they meant to be storing them up for, these boys? Education isn't something for when they're old and grey and sitting by the fire. It's for now. The exam is next month.

Hector And what happens after the exam? Life goes on. Gobbets!

Headmaster and Irwin.

Headmaster How are our young men doing?
Are they 'on stream'?

Irwin I think so.

Headmaster You think so? Are they or aren't they?

Irwin It must always be a bit of a lottery.

Headmaster A lottery? I don't like the sound of that, Irwin. I don't want you to fuck up. We have been down that road too many times before.

Irwin I'm not sure the boys are bringing as much from Mr Hector's classes as they might.

Headmaster You're lucky if they bring anything at all, but I don't know that it matters. Mr Hector has an old-fashioned faith in the redemptive power of words. In my experience, Oxbridge examiners are on the lookout for something altogether snappier.

After all, it's not how much literature that they know. What matters is how much they know *about* literature.

Chant the stuff till they're blue in the face, what good does it do?

From Act One, pp 48–49

Top Girls, Caryl Churchill

Angie Oh look, Mum, isn't it lovely?

Marlene I don't know if it's the right size. She's grown up since I saw her. / I knew she was always tall for her age.

Angie Isn't it lovely?

Joyce She's a big lump.

Marlene Hold it up, Angie, let's see.

Angie I'll put it on, shall I?

Marlene Yes, try it on.

Joyce Go on to your room then, we don't want / a strip show thank you.

Angie Of course I'm going to my room, what do you think? Look Mum, here's something for you. Open it, go on. What is it? Can I open it for you?

Joyce Yes, you open it, pet.

Angie Don't you want to open it yourself / Go on.

Joyce I don't mind, you can do it.

Angie It's something hard. It's – what is it? A bottle. Drink is it? No, it's what? Perfume, look. What a lot. Open it, look, let's smell it. Oh it's strong. It's lovely. Put it on me. How do you do it? Put it on me.

Joyce You're too young.

Angie I can play wearing it like dressing up.

Joyce And you're too old for that. Here, give it here. I'll do it, you'll tip the whole bottle over yourself / and we'll have you smelling all summer.

Angie Put it on you. Do I smell? Put it on Aunty too. Put it on Aunty too. Let's all smell.

Marlene I didn't know what you'd like.

Joyce There's no danger I'd have it already, / that's one thing.

Angie Now we all smell the same.

Marlene It's all a bit of nonsense.

Joyce It's very kind of you Marlene, you shouldn't.

Angie Now. I'll put on the dress and then we'll see.

Angie *goes.*

Joyce You've caught me on the hop with the place in a mess.
/ If you'd let me know you was coming I'd have got

Marlene That doesn't matter.

Joyce something in to eat. We had our dinner dinnertime.
We're just going to have a cup of tea. You could have an egg.

Marlene No, I'm not hungry. Tea's fine.

Joyce I don't expect you take sugar.

Marlene Why not?

Joyce You take care of yourself.

Marlene How do you mean you didn't know I was coming?

Joyce You could have written. I know we're not on the
phone but we're not completely in the dark ages, / we do have
a postman.

Marlene But you asked me to come.

Joyce How did I ask you to come?

Marlene Angie said when she phoned up.

Joyce Angie phoned up, did she?

Marlene Was it just Angie's idea?

Joyce What did she say?

Marlene She said she wanted me to come and see you. / It
was a couple of weeks ago now. How was I to know that's a

Joyce Ha.

Marlene ridiculous idea? My diary's always full a couple of weeks ahead so we fixed it for this weekend. I was meant to get here earlier but I was held up. She gave me messages from you.

Joyce Didn't you wonder why I didn't phone you myself?

From Act Three, pp 74–76

Translations, Brian Friel

As Jimmy says those last lines he is crying, shaking his head, trying to keep his balance, and holding a finger up to his lips in absurd gestures of secrecy and intimacy. Now he staggers away, tries to sit on a stool, misses it, slides to the floor, his feet in front of him, his back against the broken cart. Almost at once he is asleep.

Hugh watches all of this. Then he produces his flask and is about to pour a drink when he sees the Name-Book on the floor. He picks it up and leafs through it, pronouncing the strange names as he does. Just as he begins, Owen emerges and descends with two bowls of tea.

Hugh Ballybeg. Burnfoot. Kings Head. Whiteplains. Fair Hill. Dunboy. Green Bank.

Owen snatches the book from Hugh.

Owen I'll take that. (*in apology*) It's only a catalogue of names.

Hugh I know what it is.

Owen A mistake – my mistake – nothing to do with us. I hope that's (*tea*) strong enough. (*He throws the book on the table and crosses over to Jimmy.*) Jimmy. Wake up, Jimmy. Wake up, man.

Jimmy What – what-what?

Owen Here. Drink this. Then go on away home. There may be trouble. Do you hear me, Jimmy? There may be trouble.

Hugh (*indicating Name-Book*) We must learn those new names.

Owen (*searching around*) Did you see a sack lying about?

Hugh We must learn where we live. We must learn to make them our own. We must make them our new home.

Owen finds a sack and throws it across his shoulders.

Owen I know where I live.

Hugh James thinks he knows, too. I look at James and three thoughts occur to me: A – that it is not the literal past, the 'facts' of history, that shape us, but images of the past embodied in language. James has ceased to make that discrimination.

Owen Don't lecture me, Father.

Hugh B – we must never cease renewing those images; because once we do, we fossilise. Is there no soda bread?

Owen And C, Father – one single, unalterable 'fact': if Yolland is not found, we are all going to be evicted. Lancey has issued the order.

Hugh Ah. *Edictum imperatoris.*

Owen You should change out of those wet clothes. I've got to go. I've got to see Doalty Dan Doalty.

Hugh What about?

Owen I'll be back soon.

As Owen exits:

Hugh Take care, Owen. To remember everything is a form of madness. *(He looks around the room, carefully, as if he were about to leave it for ever. Then he looks at Jimmy, asleep again.)*

From Act Three, pp 87–89

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Source information:

SECTION A

Text A: taken from <https://little-miss-me.com/2021/01/01/so-long-farewell/>

Text B: taken from *Alan Bennett Diaries* by Alan Bennett, Vol 36, No. 1, London Review of Books, pp.34–35.
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SECTION B: extracts from prescribed editions

All My Sons Arthur Miller, Penguin Classics, 2000

A Streetcar Named Desire Tennessee Williams, Penguin Classics, 2009

Elmina's Kitchen Kwame Kwei-Armah, Methuen Drama, 2003

Equus Peter Shaffer, Longman, 1993

The History Boys Alan Bennett, Faber & Faber, 2004

Top Girls Caryl Churchill, Methuen Drama, 2008

Translations Brian Friel, Faber & Faber, 1981

