

Paper Reference(s) 9EL0/01

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

**English Language and Literature
Advanced**

Paper 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Wednesday 14 June 2017 – Morning

SOURCE BOOKLET

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QUESTION PAPER.**

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SECTION A: VOICES IN 20th- AND 21st CENTURY TEXTS**TEXT A**

This is an edited extract from an article published in 'The Irish Times' in July 2013. It is written by John Calder, publisher and close friend of the Irish writer Samuel Beckett. Here Calder reflects on the times he spent with Beckett in Paris.

PARIS, BECKETT AND ME

I have spent a lot of time in Paris, first as a young publisher looking for authors, later as a resident, but I always made a point of becoming a friend of the writers I took on, and spending time with them in cafés and over meals. Some I came to translate from other languages, primarily French, but some were exiles writing in English. One such writer, who became a very close friend from the time I met him in 1955 up to his death in 1989, was Samuel Beckett.

Beckett first went to Paris to teach in 1928, where he fell in with the Joyce Irish circle, and where he returned frequently to try to write, much to the despair of his well-to-do Protestant business family in Dublin, who could not understand why their academically brilliant son would not settle down to a conventional job, but preferred to be penniless in bohemian Paris, writing novels that no one was interested in reading.

Beckett preferred to spend the second World War with his friends in wartime Paris rather than in neutral Ireland, and

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(Turn over)

there he took part in the underground resistance, was wanted by the Gestapo, which had arrested most of his friends, and spent most of the war hiding in the Vaucluse mountains in the south, working on his third book. It was not published until well after the war, after his later novels, written in French, had given him a small, but limited recognition. It was only after the worldwide success of his play 'Waiting for Godot', first performed in 1953, that he was able to make a living, and by that time his long-suffering parents were both dead.

A total pessimist, obsessed by the many horrors of world events and especially by man's cruelty to man and even to animals, Beckett had a negative attitude to our short lives on this planet and our attraction to wars, killing and cruelty and tendency to dominate others. He once said that he had nothing against happiness, but personally had no talent for it.

Walking along the Boulevard du Montparnasse one day, I commented that it was a fine day. He looked at the sky and replied, "So far." When at a cricket match with Harold Hobson, the theatre critic, who had observed, "On a day like this, it makes you glad to be alive," his reply was, "I wouldn't go so far as that."

When I first knew Beckett, and some years before I published his non-dramatic work, I would often spend whole nights with him in cafés, playing chess and sipping beer. He would talk about Joyce and other favourite authors and other subjects that interested us both, but never about his own work, which he handed over without comment, often expecting me not to like it, but I always did.

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(Turn over)

We would walk around Paris and eat at his favourite haunts, some of them now gone or changed in character. The Coupole stayed open most of the night then and many large groups of friends would meet there, talking almost to breakfast time. But things are different now and the Coupole has become mainly a tourist trap that closes comparatively early. Situated on the main street of Montparnasse, it is surrounded by every variety of eating place, small theatres and boutiques.

Beckett lived not far away, in later years preferring to meet visitors in a conventional hotel across the Boulevard St Jacques, the PLM, rather than inviting them to his sixth-floor apartment. He would arrive punctually at his appointed time and leave exactly when he had decided to leave.

Beckett is claimed by both France and Ireland, to such an extent that when Irish president Mary Robinson was invited to lunch by the French president, they argued over his nationality and had to send for an academic to solve the problem.

GLOSSARY

Joyce – James Joyce, Irish novelist and poet

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TEXT B

This is an extract from the travelogue ‘Riding the Iron Rooster: By Train Through China’ by the American travel writer and novelist, Paul Theroux, who took eight trains across Europe, Eastern Europe, the USSR and Mongolia on his way to reaching the Chinese border. Here he reflects on his journey through Paris.

We came to Paris and were met by a bus and brought to a hotel. This was in the fourteenth arrondissement near the end of the Metro line, in a district that was indistinguishable from the outskirts of Chicago, or South Boston. It was mainly post-war blocks of flats that had once been light stucco and were now grey. There were too many of them, and they were too close together, and people said: ‘Is this Paris? Is this France? Where’s the Eiffel Tower?’

The centre of Paris is a masterpiece of preservation, but the suburbs such as this one are simple and awful. The brutal pavements and high windows of Saint-Jacques seemed designed to encourage suicide. Then I was told (‘funnily enough’) that Samuel Beckett lived in one of those blocks of flats and indeed had been in it for years. That was where he wrote his stories and plays about the sheer pointlessness and utter misery of human existence. I thought: No wonder! I was told that he often came over to our hotel, the Hotel Saint-Jacques, to have a morning coffee. The hotel was a newish, spick and span place that resembled the lonely hotels that are found just outside American airports, where people stay

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because there is nowhere else. Beckett came here for pleasure? I walked the streets, I lurked in the coffee shop, I prayed for him to appear; but, nothing. It was a lesson, though.

When people read ‘Samuel Beckett lives in exile in Paris’, they did not know that it meant a poky little flat on the fifth floor of number thirty-two – a tall grey building in which residents waited for Godot by watching television. And it was seventeen stops on the Metro from the centre of Paris, the Left Bank, the museums.

... It was a wet black morning in Paris, the street-sweepers and milkmen doing their solitary rounds by the light of street-lamps, and just as dawn broke over the eaves and chimney pots we plodded out of the Gare de l’Est. I thought we had left the suburbs behind in the rue Saint-Jacques, but there were more, and they were deeper and grimmer. The people in the group, with their faces at the windows of the train, were shocked and disillusioned. It wasn’t gay Paree, it wasn’t even Cleveland. The Americans looked very closely. We were unused to this. We put up suburbs too quickly and cheaply for them to wear well. We expected them to decline and collapse and be replaced; they weren’t built to last, and they look temporary because they are temporary. But French suburbs – villas, terraced houses and blocks of flats – are solid and fairly ugly and their most horrific aspect is that they look as though they will last for ever. It had been the same in outer London: how could houses so old look so awful?

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

SECTION B: DRAMA TEXTS**ALL MY SONS, ARTHUR MILLER**

Chris Can I get you an aspirin?

Mother puts her hand to her head. She gets up and goes aimlessly to the trees on rising

Mother It's not like a headache.

Keller You don't sleep, that's why. She's wearing out more bedroom slippers than shoes.

Mother I had a terrible night. (She stops moving.)
I never had a night like that.

Chris (looks at Keller): What was it, Mom? Did you dream?

Mother More, more than a dream.

Chris (hesitantly): About Larry?

Mother I was fast asleep, and ... (Raising her arm over the audience) Remember the way he used to fly low past the house when he was in training? When we used to see his face in the cockpit going by? That's the way I saw him. Only high up. Way, way up, where the clouds are. He was so real I could reach out and touch him. And suddenly he started to fall. And crying, crying to me ... Mom, Mom! I could hear him like he was in the room. Mom! ... it was his voice! If I could

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(Turn over)

touch him I knew I could stop him, if I could only ... (Breaks off, allowing her outstretched hand to fall) I woke up and it was so funny ... The wind ... it was like the roaring of his engine. I came out here ... I must've still been half asleep. I could hear that roaring like he was going by. The tree snapped right in front of me ... and I like ... came awake. (She is looking at tree. She suddenly realizes something, turns with a reprimanding finger shaking slightly at Keller) See? We should never have planted that tree. I said so in the first place; It was too soon to plant a tree for him.

Chris (alarmed): Too soon!

Mother (angering): We rushed into it. Everybody was in such a hurry to bury him. I said not to plant it yet. (To Keller.) I told you to ... !

Chris Mother, Mother! (She looks into his face.) The wind blew it down. What significance has that got? What are you talking about? Mother, please ... Don't go through it all again, will you? It's no good, it doesn't accomplish anything. I've been thinking, y'know? – maybe we ought to put our minds to forgetting him?

Mother That's the third time you've said that this week.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Chris **Because it's not right; we never took up our lives again. We're like at a railroad station waiting for a train that never comes in.**

Mother **(presses top of her head): Get me an aspirin, heh?**

Chris **Sure, Let's have some fun. (To Mother) You'll start with this aspirin. (He goes up and into the house with new spirit. Her smile vanishes.)**

Mother **(With an accusing undertone): Why did he invite her here?**

From Act One, pp. 20–21

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Blanche How about taking a swim, a moonlight swim at the old rock-quarry? If anyone's sober enough to drive a car! Ha-Ha! Best way in the world to stop your head buzzing! Only you've got to be careful to dive where the deep pool is – if you hit a rock you don't come up till tomorrow ...

Tremblingly she lifts the hand mirror for a closer inspection. She catches her breath and slams the mirror face down with such violence that the glass cracks. She moans a little and attempts to rise.

Stanley appears around the corner of the building. He still has on the vivid green silk bowling shirt. As he rounds the corner the honky-tonk music is heard. It continues softly throughout the scene.

He enters the kitchen, slamming the door. As he peers in at Blanche, he gives a low whistle. He has had a few drinks on the way and has brought some quart beer bottles home with him.

Blanche How is my sister?

Stanley She is doing okay.

Blanche And how is the baby?

Stanley (grinning amiably) The baby won't come before morning so they told me to go home and get a little shut-eye.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Blanche Does that mean we are to be alone in here?

Stanley Yep. Just me and you, Blanche. Unless you got somebody hid under the bed. What've you got on those fine feathers for?

Blanche Oh, that's right. You left before my wire came.

Stanley You got a wire?

Blanche I received a telegram from an old admirer of mine.

Stanley Anything good?

Blanche I think so. An invitation.

Stanley What to? A fireman's ball?

Blanche (throwing back her head): A cruise of the Caribbean on a yacht!

Stanley Well, well. What do you know?

Blanche I have never been so surprised in my life.

Stanley I guess not.

Blanche It came like a bolt from the blue!

Stanley Who did you say it was from?

Blanche An old beau of mine.

Stanley The one that give you the white fox-pieces!

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Blanche Mr Shep Huntleigh. I wore his ATO pin my last year at college. I hadn't seen him again until last Christmas. I ran in to him on Biscayne Boulevard. Then – just now – this wire – inviting me on a cruise of the Caribbean! The problem is clothes. I tore into my trunk to see what I have that's suitable for the tropics!

Stanley And come up with that – gorgeous – diamond – tiara?

Blanche This old relic! Ha-ha! It's only rhinestones.

Stanley Gosh. I thought it was Tiffany diamonds. (He unbuttons his shirt.)

Blanche Well, anyhow, I shall be entertained in style.

Stanley Uh-huh. It goes to show, you never know what is coming.

Blanche Just when I thought my luck had begun to fail me –

Stanley Into the picture pops this Miami millionaire.

Blanche This man is not from Miami. This man is from Dallas.

Stanley This man is from Dallas?

Blanche Yes, this man is from Dallas where gold spouts out of the ground!

Stanley Well, just so he's from somewhere!

From Scene Ten, pp. 90–92

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

ELMINA'S KITCHEN, KWAME KWEI-ARMAH

Deli (entering, genuine question) Hey, Ashley, do you read? You know, like for fun?

Ashley Why am I going to that?

Deli Feed your mind maybe?

Ashley They make all the good books into films, innit?!

Deli Seen!

Ashley (laughing) I ain't never seen you pick up a book. Oh, except now, yeah, you reading all bred of self-help manuals like you's a blasted white man!

Deli Reading's for whites? I'm trying to open up my mind to different tings, what's wrong with that?

Ashley If that's your ting, nothing, man.

The bell on the microwave indicates the chicken is heated. Ashley makes to get up, but Deli moves off first.

Deli (exiting) I'll get it.

Ashley (doesn't quite get why he's being served in this way.)

Deli (entering) So where was I? Oh yeah, you said there was nothing wrong with education.

He gives Ashley the food.

Ashley Happy birthday, old man.

Deli Thank you.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

He pulls out the dirty carrier bag from beneath the counter.

Then why did I find all your college books in the rubbish?

Deli puts the bag next to Ashley. Ashley stops eating.

Beat.

Deli won't say another word.

Ashley Char! I ain't got it for this.

He gets up to leave. Deli instinctively pushes him back into the chair. He backs off, but only a little.

Deli Why are your college books in the bin, Ashley?

Ashley You know what? They're there, cos I put em there!

Deli (calm) Don't be rude.

Ashley (shouts) I ain't got time for college!

Deli You don't have time? What do you have time for? Fucking Machino and garage raves?

Ashley Don't come doing this whole good caring dad number right now! ...

Deli ... I've never asked you about college before now? ...

Ashley ... I stand corrected, you did ask me about college, when you wanted me to take a day off to run fucking food errands ...

Deli (vexed) ... Who you swearing at, boy ... ?

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Ashley ... Forget this. College does not fit into the plan I have for my life. You want to keep selling your little plantain burgers, good luck to you, may you always be happy. Me, I'm a man.

Deli loses it. He raises his hand to hit him but pulls back at the last moment.

Ashley Go on na!

Deli You'd like that, wouldn't you? Yes, you'd like me to punch your lights out, so you could walk street and say, 'See, see, I told you man dad weren't no punk.'

Ashley Why would I say that? You are a punk.

Deli Don't you push me!

Ashley And what? ...

Deli ... And what? ...

Ashley ... Yeah, what you gonna do, with your old self?

Deli ... Take you the hell out ... (He pulls back.)

Ashley (laughs) ... You're joking bredren. You can't touch me! ... I'll deck you before you can raise your hand star.

Beat.

From Act Two, Scene One, pp 62–64

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

EQUUS, PETER SHAFFER

Dysart Your wife is religious?

Frank Some might say excessively so. Mind you, that's her business. But when it comes to dosing it down the boy's throat – well, frankly, he's my son as well as hers. She doesn't see that. Of course that's the funny thing about religious people. They think their susceptibilities are more important than non-religious.

Dysart And you're non-religious, I take it?

Frank I'm an atheist, and I don't mind admitting it. If you want my opinion, it's the Bible that's responsible for all of this.

Dysart Why?

Frank Well, look at it yourself. A boy spends night after night having this stuff read into him: an innocent man tortured to death – thorns driven into his head – nails into his hands – a spear jammed through his ribs. It can mark anyone for life, that kind of thing. I'm not joking. The boy was absolutely fascinated by all that. He was always mooning over religious pictures. I mean real kinky ones, if you receive my meaning. I had to put a stop to it once or twice! ... (pause) Bloody religion – it's our only real problem in this house, but it's insuperable: I don't mind admitting it.

Unable to stand any more, Dora comes in again.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Dora (pleasantly) You must excuse my husband, Doctor. This one subject is something of an obsession with him, isn't it, dear? You must admit.

Frank Call it what you like. All that stuff to me is just bad sex.

Dora And what has that got to do with Alan?

Frank Everything! ... (seriously) Everything, Dora!

Dora I don't understand. What are you saying?

He turns away from her.

Dysart (calmly) Mr Strang, exactly how informed do you judge your son to be about sex?

Frank (tight) I don't know.

Dysart You didn't actually instruct him yourself?

Frank Not in so many words, no.

Dysart Did you, Mrs Strang?

Dora Well, I spoke a little, yes. I had to. I've been a teacher, Doctor, and I know what happens if you don't. They find out through magazines and dirty books.

Dysart What sort of thing did you tell him? I'm sorry if this is embarrassing.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Dora I told him the biological facts. But I also told him what I believed. That sex is not just a biological matter, but spiritual as well. That if God willed, he would fall in love one day. That his task was to prepare himself for the most important happening of his life. And after that, if he was lucky, he might come to know a higher love still ... I simply ... don't understand ... Alan! ...

She breaks down in sobs. Her husband gets up and goes to her.

Frank (embarrassed) There now. There now, Dora. Come on!

Dora (with sudden desperation) Alright – laugh! Laugh, as usual!

Frank (kindly) No one's laughing, Dora.

She glares at him. He puts his arms around her shoulders.

No one's laughing, are they Doctor?

Tenderly, he leads his wife out of the square, and they resume their places on the bench.

Lights grow much dimmer.

From Act One, Scene Seven, pp. 17–19

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

THE HISTORY BOYS, ALAN BENNETT

Mrs Lintott I hesitate to mention this, lest it occasion a sophisticated groan, but it may not have crossed your minds that one of the dons who interviews you may be a woman. I'm reluctant at this stage in the game to expose you to new ideas, but having taught you all history on a strictly non-gender-orientated basis I just wonder whether it occurs to any of you how dispiriting this can be? It's obviously dispiriting to you, Dakin, or you wouldn't be yawning.

Dakin Sorry, miss.

Mrs Lintott Women so seldom get a turn for a start, Elizabeth I less remarkable for her abilities than that, unlike most of her sisters, she did get a chance to exercise them. Am I embarrassing you?

Timms A bit, miss.

Mrs Lintott Why?

Timms It's not our fault, miss. It's just the way it is.

Lockwood 'The world is everything that is the case,' miss. Wittgenstein, miss.

Mrs Lintott I know it's Wittgenstein, thank you. Tell me, just out of interest, did he travel on the other bus?

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Hector Bus? Bus? What bus?

**Irwin On the few occasions he went anywhere, yes,
I believe he did.**

**Mrs Lintott You can tell.
Because ‘The world is everything that is
the case’ seems actually rather a feminine
approach to things: rueful, accepting, taking
things as you find them.
A real man would be trickier: ‘The world is
everything that can be made to seem the case.’
However, je divague.
Can you, for a moment, imagine how
dispiriting it is to teach five centuries of
masculine ineptitude?
Why do you think there are no women
historians on TV?**

Timms No tits?

Hector Hit that boy. Hit him.

Timms Sir! You can’t, sir.

**Hector I’m not hitting you. He is. And besides, you’re
not supposed to say tits.
Hit him again!**

(Continues on next page)

Mrs Lintott I'll tell you why there are no women historians on TV, it's because they don't get carried away for a start, and they don't come bouncing up to you with every new historical notion they've come up with ... the bow-wow school of history.

History's not such a frolic for women as it is for men. Why should it be? They never get round the conference table. In 1919, for instance, they just arranged the flowers then gracefully retired.

History is a commentary on the various and continuing incapacilities of men.

What is History? History is women following behind with the bucket.

From Act Two, pp. 83–85

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

TOP GIRLS, CARYL CHURCHILL

Marlene Have you got someone else?

Joyce There's not a lot round here. Mind you, the minute you're on your own, you'd be amazed how many of your friends' husbands drop by. I'd sooner do without.

Marlene I don't see why you couldn't take my money.

Joyce I do, so don't bother about it.

Marlene Only got to ask.

Joyce So what about you? Good job?

Marlene Good for a laugh. / Got back from the US of A a bit

Joyce Good for more than a laugh I should think

Marlene wiped out and slotted into this speedy employment agency and still there.

Joyce You can always find yourself work then.

Marlene That's right.

Joyce And men?

Marlene Oh, there's always men.

Joyce No one special?

(Continues on next page)

Marlene There's fellas who like to be seen with a high-flying lady. Shows they've got something really good in their pants. But they can't take the day to day. They're waiting for me to turn into the little woman. Or maybe I'm just horrible of course.

Joyce Who needs them?

Marlene Who needs them? Well I do. But I need adventures more. So on on into the sunset. I think the eighties are going to be stupendous.

Joyce Who for?

Marlene For me. / I think I'm going up up up.

Joyce Oh for you. Yes, I'm sure they will.

Marlene And for the country, come to that. Get the economy back on its feet and whoosh. She's a tough lady, Maggie. I'd give her a job. / She just needs to hang in there. This country

Joyce You voted for them did you

Marlene needs to stop whining. / Monetarism is not stupid.

Joyce Drink your tea and shut up, pet.

Marlene It takes time, determination. No more slop. / And

Joyce Well I think they're filthy bastards.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Marlene who's got to drive it on? First woman prime minister. Terrifico. Aces. Right on. / You must admit. Certainly gets my vote.

Joyce What good's first woman if it's her? I suppose you'd have liked Hitler if he was a woman. Ms Hitler. Got a lot done, Hitlerina. / Great adventures.

Marlene Bosses still walking on the workers' faces? Still Dadda's little parrot? Haven't you learned to think for yourself? I believe in the individual. Look at me.

Joyce I am looking at you.

Marlene Come on, Joyce, we're not going to quarrel over politics.

Joyce We are though.

Marlene Forget I mentioned it. Not a word about the slimy unions will cross my lips.

From Act Three, pp. 92–94

(Texts continue on next page)

(Turn over)

TRANSLATIONS, BRIAN FRIEL

Yolland Some years ago we lived fairly close to a poet – well, about three miles away.

Hugh His name?

Yolland Wordsworth – William Wordsworth.

Hugh Did he speak of me to you?

Yolland I never actually spoke to him. I just saw him out walking – in the distance.

Hugh Wordsworth?...no. I'm afraid we're not familiar with your literature, Lieutenant. We feel closer to the warm Mediterranean. We tend to overlook your island.

Yolland I'm learning to speak Irish, sir.

Hugh Good.

Yolland Roland's teaching me.

Hugh Splendid.

Yolland I mean – I feel so cut off from the people here. And I was trying to explain a few minutes ago how remarkable a community this is. To meet people like yourself and Jimmy Jack who actually converse in Greek and Latin. And your place names – what was the one we came across this morning? – Termon, from Terminus, the god of boundaries. It – it – it's really astonishing.

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

- Hugh** **We like to think we endure around truths immemorially posited.**
- Yolland** **And your Gaelic literature – you’re a poet yourself –**
- Hugh** **Only in Latin, I’m afraid.**
- Yolland** **I understand it’s enormously rich and ornate.**
- Hugh** **Indeed, Lieutenant. A rich language. A rich literature. You’ll find, sir, that certain cultures expend on their vocabularies and syntax acquisitive energies and ostentations entirely lacking in their material lives. I suppose you could call us a spiritual people.**
- Owen** **(not unkindly; more out of embarrassment before Yolland) Will you stop that nonsense, Father.**
- Hugh** **Nonsense? What nonsense?**
- Owen** **Do you know where the priest lives?**
- Hugh** **At Lis na Muc, over near ...**
- Owen** **No, he doesn’t. Lis na Muc, the Fort of the Pigs, has become Swinefort. (Now turning the pages of the Name-Book – a page per name.) And to get to Swinefort you pass through Greencastle and Fair Head and Strandhill and Gort and Whiteplains. And the new school isn’t at Poll na gCaorach – it’s at Sheepsrock. Will you be able to find your way?**

(Continues on next page)

(Turn over)

Hugh pours himself another drink. Then:

Hugh Yes, it is a rich language, Lieutenant, full of the mythologies of fantasy and hope and self-deception – a syntax opulent with tomorrows. It is our response to mud cabins and a diet of potatoes; our only method of replying to ... inevitabilities. (to Owen) Can you give me the loan of half-a-crown? I'll repay you out of the subscriptions I'm collecting for the publication of my new book. (to Yolland) It is entitled: 'The Pentaglot Preceptor or Elementary Institute of the English, Greek, Hebrew, Latin and Irish Languages; Particularly Calculated for the Instruction of Such Ladies and Gentlemen as may Wish to Learn without the Help of a Master'.

Yolland (laughs) That's a wonderful title!

From Act Two, Scene 1, pp. 50–51

SOURCE INFORMATION

SECTION A

Text A: taken from The Irish Times, July 2013

**Text B: taken from Voices in Speech and Writing:
An Anthology, Pearson Education Ltd 2014**

SECTION B: extracts from prescribed editions

All My Sons	Arthur Miller, Penguin Classics, 2009
A Streetcar Named Desire	Tennessee Williams, Penguin Modern 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

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