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THE QUESTION PAPER.**

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SECTION A

Voices in 20th and 21st century texts

Text A

This is an extract from a written version of a TED Talk delivered in Reykjavik, Iceland in 2019. The speaker is Michelle Spinei, a Reykjavik-based writer and tourism researcher. The talk was subsequently published on the TED talk website and on YouTube.

**Can adventure travel change you? | Michelle Spinei
| TEDxReykjavik**

I was in the highlands of Iceland doing research interviewing hikers. Imagine hiking past endless waterfalls and three glaciers, through an active volcanic area, past two craters that were formed during a 2010 eruption. The trail is dramatic and difficult and incredibly popular. So popular in fact, that every year search-and-rescue volunteers are called to save hikers who underestimate it.

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Text A continued.

For some of us vacations are full of beach activities but for an increasing amount of people vacations are filled with adventure activities that test their strength and endurance. There's a change in the traditional model. Adventure activities bring up feelings of discomfort and risk and the new perspectives gained can be taken back and applied to daily lives.

I was doing research the summer of 2017. It was a record year for tourism here in Iceland. Adventure activities were available to people of all ages and abilities. Everybody who was there had a story to share about why they wanted to hike the trail.

The number one reason? To see Icelandic nature. They would gesture to the landscape and tell me that nowhere else in Europe could you see something like this; that it was like hiking on the moon. But that wasn't all. Because as we started talking, they started bringing up challenges. Physical complaints or complaints about conditions. But the longer we would talk deeper challenges would appear. Things like they were unhappy at their job or that they were trying to get over a recent breakup. Perhaps the landscape allows us to face our internal conflicts.

(continued on the next page)

Text A continued.

And what about risk? When I was on the trail I met a hiker who was brand new to hiking. She was travelling by herself. She told me at first she was a bit afraid of hiking alone. But she got to this section of the trail that was just covered in snow. It was so quiet and still. There was nobody else around her. She was so overwhelmed with the sense of peace that she laid down in the snow and for a minute she just felt grateful to be there. She could have let her fear stop her but she took a risk and she was changed because of it.

We live in a risk-averse society. From a very young age we're told to avoid dangerous situations. But when we're traveling we're able to take risks. Adventure travel might be one of the last socially acceptable forms of risk we have available to us. When we take on these physical adventure activities and we push our psychological boundaries we can have transformational experiences.

A hiker was with his 13-year-old daughter. He brought her on the hike because he wanted her to experience a real challenge. If we take a risk, despite the fear and physical exhaustion and bad weather, if we can take on that challenge what challenges can we face in our daily lives?

(continued on the next page)

Text A continued.

I think discomfort is one of the true gifts of adventure travel. When we push through these challenges we build resilience over time. The external changes turn into internal ones.

There's nothing wrong with a beach vacation but travel can bring us so much more than just a relaxing time away. Adventure travel can frustrate us. It can delight us. It can inspire us. And if we let it, it can change us.

Okay?

Text B

This is a blog by George Scott, the assistant editor of RoadCyclingUK, a magazine providing the latest news, reviews and advice for those involved with performance road cycling. The blog was published on the magazine's website.

A ride of two halves ...

Day two's mountain ride left most of the group with sore legs ahead of the third day of training camp so we set out for a four-hour loop on the flat coastal roads north of Mojacar.

Trouble is, we now had a headwind worthy of the Northern Classics to contend with and there was still plenty of opportunity to hurt the legs when sitting on the front of the bunch, but after an early cafe stop on the beach front, and a chance to work on tan lines in the sun, we ventured inland and continued on the planned route.

Andalucia is both beautiful and barren in equal measure – Mojacar receives just 200mm of rain per year – and yesterday's mountain peaks had by now been replaced by arid coastal plains, with little to take the mind off the strengthening wind. Give me hills and a view to work for over a death march into a block headwind.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Text B continued.

So, with 35 miles on the clock we stopped for a comfort break and split the group into two, with the majority of riders opting to stay with the lead car and continuing on the original route back to Bedar, while our ride guide, James, and I, turned right into the hills for a lumpier loop to base.

We waved our goodbyes and immediately turned off the main road to Los Gallardos and into the orange groves to begin a steady drag to the foot of a snaking, two-mile, car-free climb, with the ridge above us by now offering protection from the wind and beautiful views back over the valley for company.

After a short descent we took a de-tour off our de-tour, with James, who had previously visited the area on a training camp of his own in December before returning at the start of March as a ride guide for Wheels in Wheels, keen to explore a back road over the ridge which took us back to Bedar.

(continued on the next page)

Text B continued.

We now had the wind on our back and clipped along comfortably at 55kph on a rolling road with a gradual downhill gradient which felt like heaven after the wind-restricted progress of the morning. By now we were in the middle of nowhere, not entirely sure of the route and with only a farmer and his herd of goats for company, but this is what cycling is about – exploring uncharted territory with the wind and sun on your back, and the traffic-free road rising before you.

After one wrong turn, and then another, we took a dirt road and descended into the valley, crossing the bone-dry river bed and picking our way up the track on the opposite side of the mountainside, before the tarmac returned.

James was now back on familiar territory and we climbed up the hillside on a series of steep ramps with a beautifully smooth, freshly laid road surface. With Bedar in sight we skipped past the turning for our villa and joined the rest of the group in the village for a cold drink after 90 minutes of some of the best riding of the camp so far.

SECTION B

Drama Texts

ALL MY SONS, Arthur Miller

KELLER: You want her to go on like this? **[To ANN]**

Those cylinder heads went into P-40's only. What's the matter with you? You know Larry never flew a P-40.

CHRIS: So who flew those P-40's, pigs?

KELLER: The man was a fool, but don't make a murderer out of him. You got no sense? Look what it does to her! **[To ANN]** Listen, you gotta appreciate what was doin' in that shop in the war. The both of you! It was a madhouse. Every half hour the Major callin' for cylinder heads, they were whippin' us with the telephone. The trucks were hauling them away hot, damn near. I mean just try to see it human, see it human. All of a sudden a batch comes out with a crack. That happens, that's the business. A fine, hairline crack. All right, so . . . so he's a little man, your father, always scared of loud voices. What'll the Major say?—Half a day's production shot. . . . What'll I say? You know what I mean? Human. **[He pauses.]** So he takes out his tools and he . . . covers over the cracks. All right . . . that's bad, it's wrong, but that's what a little man does. If I could have gone in that

All My Sons continued.

KELLER:

day I'd a told him—junk 'em, Steve, we can afford it. But alone he was afraid. But I know he meant no harm. He believed they'd hold up a hundred percent. That's a mistake, but it ain't murder. You mustn't feel that way about him. You understand me? It ain't right.

ANN [she regards him a moment]: Joe, let's forget it.

KELLER: Annie, the day the news came about Larry he was in the next cell to mine . . . Dad. And he cried, Annie . . . he cried half the night.

ANN [touched]: He shoulda cried all night.
[Slight pause.]

KELLER [almost angered]: Annie, I do not understand why you . . . !

CHRIS [breaking in —with nervous urgency]:
Are you going to stop it?!

ANN: Don't yell at him. He just wants everybody happy.

KELLER [clasps her around waist, smiling]:
That's my sentiments. Can you stand steak?

All My Sons continued.

CHRIS: And champagne!

KELLER: Now you're operatin'! I'll call Swanson's for a table! Big time tonight, Annie!

ANN: Can't scare me.

KELLER: [to CHRIS, pointing at ANN]: I like that girl. Wrap her up. [They laugh. Goes up porch.] You got nice legs, Annie! . . . I want to see everybody drunk tonight. [Pointing to CHRIS] Look at him, he's blushin'! [He exits, laughing, into house.]

CHRIS [calling after him]: Drink your tea, Casanova. [He turns to ANN.] Isn't he a great guy?

ANN: You're the only one I know who loves his parents!

CHRIS: I know. It went out of style, didn't it?

ANN [with a sudden touch of sadness]: It's all right. It's a good thing. [She looks about.] You know? It's lovely here. The air is sweet.

CHRIS [hopefully]: You're not sorry you came?

From Act One, pp. 32–33

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, Tennessee Williams

STELLA: No. Stanley's the only one of his crowd that's likely to get anywhere.

BLANCHE: What makes you think Stanley will?

STELLA: Look at him.

BLANCHE: I've looked at him.

STELLA: Then you should know.

BLANCHE: I'm sorry, but I haven't noticed the stamp of genius even on Stanley's forehead.

[She takes off the blouse and stands in her pink silk brassiere and white skirt in the light through the portières. The game has continued in undertones.]

STELLA: It isn't on his forehead and it isn't genius.

BLANCHE: Oh. Well, what is it, and where? I would like to know.

STELLA: It's a drive that he has. You're standing in the light, Blanche!

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

BLANCHE: Oh, am I!

[She moves out of the yellow streak of light. STELLA has removed her dress and put on a light blue satin kimono.]

STELLA [with girlish laughter]: You ought to see their wives.

BLANCHE [laughingly]: I can imagine. Big, beefy things, I suppose.

STELLA: You know that one upstairs? **[More laughter.]**
One time **[laughing]** the plaster –
[laughing] cracked –

STANLEY: You hens cut out that conversation in there!

STELLA: You can't hear us.

STANLEY: Well, you can hear me and I said to hush up!

STELLA: This is my house and I'll talk as much as I want to!

BLANCHE: Stella, don't start a row.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

STELLA: He's half drunk! – I'll be out in a minute.

[She goes into the bathroom. BLANCHE rises and crosses leisurely to a small white radio and turns it on.]

STANLEY: Awright, Mitch, you in?

MITCH: What? Oh! – No, I'm out!

[BLANCHE moves back into the streak of light. She raises her arms and stretches, as she moves indolently back to the chair. Rhumba music comes over the radio. MITCH rises at the table.]

STANLEY: Who turned that on in there?

BLANCHE: I did. Do you mind?

STANLEY: Turn it off!

STEVE: Aw, let the girls have their music.

PABLO: Sure, that's good, leave it on!

(continued on the next page)

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

STEVE: Sounds like Xavier Cugat!

[STANLEY jumps up and, crossing to the radio, turns it off. He stops short at sight of BLANCHE in the chair. She returns his look without flinching. Then he sits again at the poker table.

Two of the men have started arguing hotly.]

STEVE: I didn't hear you name it.

PABLO: Didn't I name it, Mitch?

MITCH: I wasn't listenin'.

PABLO: What were you doing, then?

STANLEY: He was looking through them drapes.

[He jumps up and jerks roughly at curtains to close them.] Now deal the hand over again and let's play cards or quit. Some people get ants when they win.

[MITCH rises as STANLEY returns to his seat.]

(continued on the next page)

A Streetcar Named Desire continued.

STANLEY [yelling]: Sit down!

MITCH: I'm going to the 'head'. Deal me out.

PABLO: Sure he's got ants now. Seven five-dollar bills in his pants pocket folded up tight as spitballs.

STEVE: Tomorrow you'll see him at the cashier's window getting them changed into quarters.

STANLEY: And when he goes home he'll deposit them one by one in a piggy bank his mother give him for Christmas. **[Dealing.]** This game is Spit in the Ocean.

From Scene Three, pp 30–32

ELMINA'S KITCHEN, Kwame Kwei-Armah

DELI: (trying to defuse) And how you gonna put your hand on your father and think that you gonna live good?

ASHLEY: Man lives how he can.

DELI: Ah so?

Suddenly he springs forward and grabs ASHLEY's arm before he can move. He twists it behind ASHLEY's back.

Do it then! If your name is man, put your hand on me!...

ASHLEY: . . . Ahhhhhhhh . . .

DELI: . . . No, not ahhhhhhh, put your hand on me!

ASHLEY: . . . Get off . . .

DELI: (firm) You know what I read on one of those 'white' books the other day? The true sign of intelligence is how man deals with the problems of his environment . . . **(Shouts.)** . . . I don't want to live like this, Ashley, it ain't fun . . .

(continued on the next page)

Elmina's Kitchen continued.

ASHLEY: . . . Get offfffffffffff, you're hurting me . . .

DELI: (from his heart) . . . I'm trying, I'm trying to change shit around here, but you ain't on line, bra! Where you are trying to head, it's a dead ting, a dark place, it don't go nowhere.

He releases the grip. Emotionally exhausted, he throws his hand in the air in near surrender. ASHLEY is silent for a moment while he adjusts to the new freedom from pain.

ASHLEY: (screams) Don't you ever touch me again! Do you hear me? Put your hand on me ever again, father or no father, you're a dead man. Do you hear me?

DELI: Calm down, Ashley. Calm . . .

He notices blood on his own hands. He scans ASHLEY and sees that it has come from cuts on his hands. One cut is still bleeding.

DELI: What happened to your hands?

ASHLEY pulls his hands away.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Elmina's Kitchen continued.

**ASHLEY: (slightly taken aback) Ummmmmm,
cut them, innit.**

DELI: Don't take the piss.

**We hear the sounds of approaching sirens.
ASHLEY becomes alert. DELI notices his
nervousness even though he is shielding it well.
We hear them pull up.**

**Are you – you're charlied to rass! (Beat.) What the
fuck is going on Ashley?**

**ASHLEY: (losing it) Then don't ask me nuttin. What the
hell you think this is?**

DELI: I don't know, son. That is why I'm asking you?

He goes to the door and looks outside.

Bloodclaat, ah Rose's place dat ah burn so?

**Surprised, he turns to ASHLEY. After a beat
DELI runs to get his coat to go out and help.
We hear more fire engines pulling up.**

We'll come back to this!

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Elmina's Kitchen continued.

ASHLEY: (shouts) You know what I don't like about you?
You don't do nothin but sit back and let the world fuck
you over. Not me, dread!

ASHLEY exits.

DELI: You coming or what?

**But ASHLEY has gone. He looks around for a
beat and then rushes out.**

Lights down.

From Act Two, Scene One, pp. 64–66

EQUUS, Peter Shaffer

DYSART: We worked for each other. She actually for me through a kind of briskness. A clear, red-headed, inaccessible briskness which kept me keyed up for months. Mind you, if you're kinky for Northern Hygienic, as I am, you can't find anything much more compelling than a Scottish Lady Dentist.

HESTHER: It's **YOU** who are wicked, you know!

DYSART: Not at all: She got exactly the same from me. Antiseptic proficiency. I was like that in those days. We suited each other admirably. I see us in our wedding photo: Doctor and Doctor Mac Brisk. We were brisk in our wooing, brisk in our wedding, brisk in our disappointment. We turned from each other briskly into our separate surgeries: and now there's damn all.

HESTHER: You have no children, have you?

DYSART: No, we didn't go in for them. Instead, she sits beside our salmon-pink, glazed brick fireplace, and knits things for orphans in a home she helps with. And I sit opposite, turning the pages of art books on Ancient Greece. Occasionally, I still trail a faint scent of my enthusiasm across her path. I pass her a picture of the sacred acrobats of Crete leaping through the horns of running bulls – and she'll say: 'Och, Martin, what an **absurred** thing to be doing! The Highland

Equus continued.

DYSART:

Games, now there's normal sport!' Or she'll observe, just after I've told her a story from the Iliad: 'You know, when you come to think of it, Agamemnon and that lot were nothing but a bunch of ruffians from the Gorbals, only with fancy names!' (He rises) You get the picture. She's turned into a Shrink. The familiar domestic monster. Margaret Dysart: the Shrink's Shrink.

HESTHER: That's cruel, Martin.

DYSART: Yes. Do you know what it's like for two people to live in the same house as if they were in different parts of the world? Mentally, she's always in some drizzly kirk of her own inheriting: and I'm in some Doric temple – clouds tearing through pillars – eagles bearing prophecies out of the sky. She finds all that repulsive. All my wife has ever taken from the Mediterranean – from that whole vast intuitive culture – are four bottles of Chianti to make into lamps, and two china condiment donkeys labelled Sally and Peppy.

Pause.

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(continued on the next page)

Turn over

Equus continued.

DYSART:

(more intimately) I wish there was one person in my life I could show. One instinctive, absolutely unbrisk person I could take to Greece, and stand in front of certain shrines and sacred streams and say ‘Look! Life is only comprehensible through a thousand local Gods. And not just the old dead ones with names like Zeus – no, but living Geniuses of Place and Person! And not just Greece but modern England! Spirits of certain trees, certain curves of brick wall, certain chip shops, if you like, and slate roofs – just as of certain frowns in people and slouches . . . I’d say to them – ‘Worship as many as you can see – and more will appear!’ . . . If I had a son, I bet you he’d come out exactly like his mother. Utterly worshipless. Would you like a drink?

From Act One, Scene Eighteen, pp. 45–46

THE HISTORY BOYS, Alan Bennett

IRWIN: Settle down. Settle down.

I thought we might talk about the Holocaust.

HECTOR: Good gracious. Is that on the syllabus?

IRWIN: It has to be. The syllabus includes the Second War.

HECTOR: I suppose it does.

IRWIN: Though in any case the scholarship questions
aren't limited to a particular curriculum.

HECTOR: But how can you teach the Holocaust?

IRWIN: Well, that would do as a question. Can you . . .
should you . . . teach the Holocaust? Anybody?

AKTHAR: It has origins.
It has consequences.
It's a subject like any other.

SCRIPPS: Not like any other, surely. Not like any other
at all.

AKTHAR: No, but it's a topic.

(continued on the next page)

The History Boys continued.

HECTOR: They go on school trips nowadays, don't they?
Auschwitz. Dachau. What has always concerned me is
where do they eat their sandwiches? Drink their Coke?

CROWTHER: The visitors' centre. It's like anywhere else.

HECTOR: Do they take pictures of each other there?
Are they smiling? Do they hold hands? Nothing is
appropriate. Just as questions on an examination
paper are inappropriate.
How can the boys scribble down an answer however
well put that doesn't demean the suffering involved?
And putting it well demeans it as much as putting
it badly.

IRWIN: It's a question of tone, surely. Tact.

HECTOR: Not tact. Decorum.

LOCKWOOD: What if you were to write that this was
so far beyond one's experience silence is the only
proper response.

DAKIN: That would be your answer to lots of questions,
though, wouldn't it, sir?

HECTOR: Yes. Yes, Dakin, it would.

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

The History Boys continued.

DAKIN: 'Whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent.'

Hector groans and puts his head in his hands.

That's right, isn't it, sir? Wittgenstein.

IRWIN: Yes. That's good.

HECTOR: No, it's not good. It's . . . flip. It's . . . glib. It's **journalism**.

DAKIN: But it's you that taught us it.

HECTOR: I didn't teach you and Wittgenstein didn't screw it out of his very guts in order for you to turn it into a dinky formula. I thought that you of all people were bright enough to see that.

DAKIN: I do see it, sir. Only I don't agree with it. Not . . . not any more.

TIMMS: Sir.

HECTOR: (head in his hands) Yes?

(continued on the next page)

The History Boys continued.

TIMMS: You told us once . . . it was to do with the trenches, sir . . . that one person's death tells you more than a thousand. When people are dying like flies, you said, that is what they are dying like.

POSNER: Except that these weren't just dying. They were being processed. What is different is the process.

IRWIN: Good.

HECTOR: No, not good.

Posner is not making a point.

He is speaking from the heart.

From Act Two, pp. 70–72

TOP GIRLS, Caryl Churchill

JOAN: I had thought the Pope would know everything. I thought God would speak to me directly. But of course he knew I was a woman.

MARLENE: But nobody else even suspected?

The WAITRESS brings more wine.

JOAN: In the end I did take a lover again.*

ISABELLA: In the Vatican?

GRET: *Keep you warm

NIJO: * Ah, lover.

MARLENE: *Good for you.

JOAN: He was one of my chamberlains. There are such a lot of servants when you're a Pope. The food's very good. And I realised I did know the truth. Because whatever the Pope says, that's true.

NIJO: What was he like, the chamberlain?*

GRET: Big cock.

(continued on the next page)

Top Girls continued.

ISABELLA: Oh Gret.

MARLENE: *Did he fancy you when he thought you were a fella?

NIJO: What was he like?

JOAN: He could keep a secret.

MARLENE: So you did know everything.

JOAN: Yes, I enjoyed being Pope. I consecrated bishops and let people kiss my feet. I received the King of England when he came to submit to the church. Unfortunately there were earthquakes, and some village reported it had rained blood, and in France there was a plague of giant grasshoppers, but I don't think that can have been my fault, do you?*

Laughter.

The grasshoppers fell on the English Channel and were washed up on shore and their bodies rotted and poisoned the air and everyone in those parts died.

Laughter.

(continued on the next page)

Top Girls continued.

ISABELLA: *Such superstition! I was nearly murdered in China by a howling mob. They thought the barbarians ate babies and put them under railway sleepers to make the tracks steady, and ground up their eyes to make the lenses of cameras. / So

MARLENE: And you had a camera!

ISABELLA: they were shouting, 'child-eater, child-eater'. Some people tried to sell girl babies to Europeans for camera or stew!

Laughter.

MARLENE: So apart from the grasshoppers it was a great success.

JOAN: Yes, if it hadn't been for the baby I expect I'd have lived to an old age like Theodora of Alexandria, who lived as a monk. She was accused by a girl / who fell in love with her of being the father of her child and –

NIJO: But tell us what happened to your baby. I had some babies.

MARLENE: Didn't you think of getting rid of it?

(continued on the next page)

Top Girls continued.

JOAN: Wouldn't that be a worse sin than having it? / But a Pope with a child was about as bad as possible.

MARLENE: I don't know, you're the Pope.

JOAN: But I wouldn't have known how to get rid of it.

MARLENE: Other Popes had children, surely.

JOAN: They didn't give birth to them.

NIJO: Well you were a woman.

**JOAN: Exactly and I shouldn't have been a woman.
Women, children and lunatics can't be Pope.**

From Act One, pp. 15–17

TRANSLATIONS, Brian Friel

DOALTY: Hi, Jimmy, do you fancy my chances as boss of the new national school?

JIMMY: What's that – what's that?

DOALTY: Agh, g'way back home to Greece, son.

MAIRE: You ought to apply, Doalty.

DOALTY: D'you think so? Cripes, maybe I will. Hah!

BRIDGET: Did you know that you start at the age of six and you have to stick at it until you're twelve at least – no matter how smart you are or how much you know.

DOALTY: Who told you that yarn?

BRIDGET: And every child from every house has to go all day, every day, summer or winter. That's the law.

DOALTY: I'll tell you something – nobody's going to go near them – they're not going to take on – law or no law.

(continued on the next page)

Translations continued.

BRIDGET: And everything's free in them. You pay for nothing except the books you use; that's what our Seamus says.

DOALTY: 'Our Seamus'. Sure your Seamus wouldn't pay anyway. She's making this all up.

BRIDGET: Isn't that right, Manus?

MANUS: I think so.

BRIDGET: And from the very first day you go, you'll not hear one word of Irish spoken. You'll be taught to speak English and every subject will be taught through English and everyone'll end up as cute as the Buncrana people.

Sarah suddenly grunts and mimes a warning that the master is coming. The atmosphere changes. Sudden business. Heads down.

DOALTY: He's here, boys. Cripes, he'll make yella meal out of me for those bloody tables.

BRIDGET: Have you any extra chalk, Manus?

(continued on the next page)

Translations continued.

MAIRE: And the atlas for me.

Doalty goes to Maire who is sitting on a stool at the back.

DOALTY: Swap you seats.

MAIRE: Why?

DOALTY: There's an empty one beside the Infant Prodigy.

MAIRE: I'm fine here.

DOALTY: Please, Maire. I want to jouk in the back here.

Maire rises.

God love you. (aloud) Anyone got a bloody table-book?
Cripes, I'm wrecked.

Sarah gives him one.

God, I'm dying about you.

(continued on the next page)

Translations continued.

In his haste to get to the back seat Doalty bumps into Bridget who is kneeling on the floor and writing laboriously on a slate resting on top of a bench-seat.

BRIDGET: Watch where you're going, Doalty!

Doalty gooses Bridget. She squeals.

Now the quiet hum of work: Jimmy reading Homer in a low voice; Bridget copying her headline; Maire studying the atlas; Doalty, his eyes shut tight, mouthing his tables; Sarah doing sums.

From Act One, pp. 18–20

Source information:

SECTION A

TEXT A: taken from https://www.ted.com/talks/michelle_spinei_can_adventure_travel_change_you

TEXT B: taken from the blog “George’s Andalucia training camp diary – day three. A Ride of Two Halves”, 30 March 2014, <http://roadcyclinguk.com/blogs/georges-andalucia-training-camp-diary-day-three.html>. Reproduced with kind permission from George Scott

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