

GCSE Drama

Component 2 Intention Proforma

Student name			
Centre No		Candidate No	
Title of text and playwright	Road By Jim Cartwright		
Mono/Duo/group	Monologue and duologue		
What role(s) are you playing? [expand as necessary]:			
Jerry and Joey			
What is happening to your character(s) in the key extract? [expand as necessary]:			
<p>Jerry- a very emotional middle-aged man, he is reflecting on his life in the RAF and he talks about his dead partner and all the things he would remember about the lovely times they had.</p> <p>Joey - a young man who's very stubborn, he's on a hunger strike as he is fed up with the government and all the unemployment going on, and is questioning life.</p>			
What are your character's objectives/motivations/feelings? [expand as necessary]:			
<p>Jerry – He is remembering his past life and he is feeling sad about it all, it is making him feel unwell.</p> <p>Joey – He is annoyed at Claire coming around and trying to get him to stop the hunger strike. His objective is to protest against the government.</p>			
How are you interpreting this character(s) in performance? (i.e., vocal, physical, communication of intent). [expand as necessary]:			
<p>Jerry – I am using a distressed tone of voice to show how upset he is. My physicality is that I am polishing shoes and ironing, so my body language and gestures show how I Used to be in the RAF. Very organised.</p> <p>Joey – I am using slow movement to show I am tired and weak of hunger, and I am fed up with the world. My voice I use volume to speak loudly at points when I am feeling angry.</p>			
Word count			
100–200 words per character played			

JERRY

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The lights come up on an old armchair, ironing-board and iron. A man is polishing his shoes. The man is middle-aged, soft-spoken, threadbare, with a big hole in his sock.

Jerry I can't get over it. I can't get over the past, how it was. I just can't. *(He puts his shoes down.)* Oh God, I get these strong feelings inside and they're so sad I can hardly stand it. *(He puts his tie on the ironing board, irons it.)* Oh, oh I can feel one now, it's breaking my heart with its strength and tears are coming in my eyes, and that's just because I thought of something from ago. Oh God. *(He gets down to ironing again.)* Oh they were lovely lovely times though, and such a lilt to them, I go down it when I think. *(He sits down, looking up.)* I hate to mention it, but that big silver ball turning there and all the lights coming off it onto us lot dancing below, and the big band there. And all the lads and girls I knew, all with their own special character. And the way you stood, you know, and you had a cigarette. You even lit a cigarette different then. There was some way, I can't do it now, good thing too, if I could I'd cry me flipping heart out. That's why I never wear Brylcreem these days. I can't. National service too, you did. Everybody did it. You never complained much then, you never felt like complainin', I don't know why. National service though, you'd all be there. I was RAF, in that soft blue uniform, beret. *(He touches his head.)* When you had a break you'd lie on your bunk, your mate might say, 'Give us a tab'. *(He puts his hands over his eyes.)* And when you went on leave home. To your home town. The weather always seemed to be a bit misty and you'd be walking around familiar streets in your uniform. And everyone would have a little something to say to you. And you'd go to your girlfriend's factory. And they'd send up for her: 'There's a man in uniform to see you.' And you'd wait outside, take your cigs out your top pocket. *(He touches there.)* Light up. Stand there in the misty weather, in your blue uniform. Full up with something. And everyone was an apprentice something. Serving your time. Or you could work for more money in the beginning in a warehouse or the railway, but it didn't pay off eventually. Or be a fly-boy and sell toys and annuals in the pubs. There was so many jobs then. A lot of people would start one in the

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morning, finish it, start another in the afternoon, finish it, and go in somewhere else the next day. You had the hit parade. Holidays in the Isle of Man or Blackpool. 'Volare.' We all felt special but safe at the same time. I don't know. You know I'm not saying this is right, but girls didn't even go in pubs. They didn't. At the dance, in the interval the lads all went in the pub next door. The girls stayed in the dance hall, then afterwards we all came back. And the girls, so pretty. Oh when I think of them. *(He puts his hands over his eyes.)* And you went courting in them days. You courted. You walked with them and they had their cardigan over their arm. *(He puts his hand up to his face.)* And the pictures. You went twice, three times a week. The stars, the music, black and white, the kissing. Sex. When I say the word now, and when I said it then it feels different in me. I know it sounds, you know, but it does. I can't get away from the past. I just can't. But no matter what they say. I can't see how that time could turn into this time. So horrible for me and so complicated for me. And being poor and no good, no use. *(He looks up, tears in his eyes.)* I see 'em now me old friends, their young faces turning round and smiling. Fucking hell who's spoiling life, me, us, them or God?

Blackout.

The sound of a dustbin lid falling down and shouting. The lights come up on the Road.

Scullery and **Blowpipe** burst in. **Blowpipe** is banging an empty beer crate on the floor and all about.

Scullery It's wrong! It's all fucking wrong! *(He shouts to the sky.)* You fucking bastards!

Blowpipe flops out. **Scullery** kicks a dustbin flying.

Scullery *(to Blowpipe)* That's me! *(To the audience.)* That's me!

Blowpipe has picked up the dustbin lid and is banging it on the floor like a warrior. **Scullery** rips his coat off and faces the audience.

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Joey I said go home.

Clare No I'm staying with you. Anything you can do I can do better.

Joey (pleased, yodelling) OOOOOOOOOHHHHhhhhhhh!

Clare Are we protesting?

Joey I don't know love. Why are you here anyway?

Clare I don't know. I suppose I don't know what else to do. Every day's the same now. You were my only hobby really, now you're out of it, seems mad to carry on, all the ambition's gone. I filled in a *Money* quiz last week. 'Have you got driving force?' I got top marks all round. But where can I drive it Joe? I lost my lovely little job. My office job. I bloody loved going in there you know. Well you do know, I told you about it every night. I felt so sweet and neat in there. Making order out of things. Being skilful. Tackling an awkward situation here and there. To have a destination. The bus stop, then the office, then the work on the desk. Exercise to my body, my imagination, my general knowledge. Learning life's little steps. Now I'm saggy from tip to toe. Every day's like swimming in ache. I can't stand wearing the same clothes again and again. Re-hemming, stitching, I'm sick with it, Joe. I heard my mum cry again last night. My room's cold. I can't buy my favourite shampoo. Everybody's poor and sickly-white. Oh Joe! Joe! Joe!

Joey (comforting her) Never mind lovey. Never mind.

Clare Oh Joe I want to understand. Are we protesting?

Joey No, we're just...

Clare Eh?

Joey Seeing what will take place in our heads.

Clare But we might die.

Joey We might not. We might have some secret revealed to us.

Clare Oh Joe.

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~~Mother's voice (from outside) Your mum's on the phone.~~
~~Clare She's worried, when are you going home?~~

~~No reply.~~

~~Clare.~~

~~Clare Tell her I'm on an adventure and not to worry!~~

~~Joey (pleased) Oh yes. (He yodels.)~~
~~OOOOOOOOOOHHHHhhhhhhh! (He kisses her.)~~

~~Mother's voice (off) Oh Clare. Oh.~~

~~She goes away. The sound of her going down steps.~~

Clare I've never been so happy as the day we met you know.

Joey Go on. It was good though wun't it. I remember you pulled your T-shirt down a bit to show me your tan.

Clare Oh yeah I did.

Joey You were a right flirt then wun't you?

Clare No! That was the first time I'd ever done owt so brave.

Joey Yeah maybe, but you'd had it before 'an't you?

Clare Only once. With Gary Stones. On his couch when his mum was ill upstairs. I didn't like it much.

Joey I'm not surprised.

Clare What do you mean?

Joey He's like bad beef that bloke.

Clare Is he heck.

Joey Oh well go and have a pigging scene with him then!

Clare Oh.

Silence.

What about you then. You've had more than a few sexual whatsisnames before me, sexual adventures shall we say. According to what I've heard anyroad. What about her then,

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Jackie Snook. She's no starlet is she, more like a fartlet . . . Looks like God give her an extra armpit to use as a mouth.

Joey Shut it.

Clare Uh.

Silence.

Eh Joe, serious though, tell me about your first sex. You never have.

Joey Why?

Clare I told you.

No reply.

Now we're together in this we should bring everything out.

Joey Well this is what I'm trying to do get everything out.

Clare Come on then.

Joey Yeah. Right then. Okay, I was . . . I thought I'd told you this.

Clare No.

Joey Okay. Me and Steve Carlisle went to the Nevada in Bolton, roller skating, Thursday night, 'The brothel on wheels'. I was about fourteen then. We was pretending to be French, talking to birds in the accent. This girl was next to me an' I said 'Ello you are verrrry beootiful.' She said 'You're not French you.' I said 'I ham, I ham.' Anyway I kept it up for about fifteen minutes, then admitted it wun't true, took her over the park and fucked her up against a bulldozer wheel.

Clare Oh. And what was it like?

Joey Very muddy.

Clare Uh.

Joey Are you jealous now?

Clare Am I heck.

Joey *gives a gentle laugh. Pause. Silence.*

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Clare *(a thought has just struck her.)* Joe?

Joey Yeah.

Clare This what we're doing, is it 'owt to do with Phil Bout? Phil the Commie. Because he talks so fast I've never understood a word he's said yet. Tell me no.

Joey No.

Pause.

I tried all that for a bit. I went with Phil to his meetings, but still I cun' decide who to attack. There's not one thing to blame. There's not just good and bad, everything's deeper. But I can't get down there to dig out the answer. I try. I try me bestest. I keep plunging meself in me mind but I return empty-handed. I'm unhappy. So fucked off! And every bastard I meet is just the same.

Silence. Clare tries to kiss him. He resists. Pause.

Clare Joe, I'm getting hungry.

Pause.

Joe.

He pulls the sheet back hard.

Joey Go!

Clare No, Joe. No.

Joey Get out!

Clare No. *(She pulls the covers back up.)*

Joey Well don't start, then.

Pause.

Clare Why we doing this, Joe?

Joey I'm after something.

Clare What?

Joey How should I know? If I knew it I wun't be piggin' after it, would I?

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Clare I don't understand you.

Joey Look there's summat missing. Life can't be just this, can it? What everybody's doing.

Clare That way madness lies.

Joey Eh?

Clare That's what my mum says. Any time there's any of that. Any clever talk on the telly she says it to us. She says just get on with it. Live your life and that's all there is to it.

Joey Oh?

Clare Well what does that mean?

Joey You're not serious. You're not even a joke. You're just like all the rest of them. Frightened to sniff the wind for fear it'll blow your brain upside down and then you'll *(He puts on a pathetic voice.)* 'Have to do something different'. Wasting your whole lives. Work, work, work, work, work. Small wages, small wages, small wages. Gettin' by with a smile. Gettin' by without a smile. Work, work, work, work. Small wages. Then death with the big 'D'. Not even a smell left over from it all. If you're lucky, a see-through memory, slowly dissolving like 'Steradent'.

Clare Don't insult my mum you!

Joey OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE, IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY?

Clare *(seeing he's out of control, trying to cool him)* Oh Joe. Come on. Bloody hell. I didn't mean nowt.

Joey EH!

Clare *(trying again)* I'm sorry, Joe. OK. Bloody hell. I mean bloody hell. Come on Joe. I didn't mean nowt when I said it. I mean this is not like you Joe.

Joey *(anger rising again)* UH.

Clare Now don't start, Joe. What I mean is you must admit you've not shown me this face before. I had no idea.

Joey *(coming round, a bit embarrassed)* Aye well, try having an

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idea now and again, eh. It don't hurt you know. Try, try it.

Clare *(faked laugh)* Eh, come on now. *(Pause. Silence. A bit afraid, quiet.)* When did you start thinking like this, Joe?

Joey *(quietly)* When did I start!? When did I stop's more like it! What the fuck's it all about Clare?! That's the one, that's the boy, that's putting the head butt on my heart. You don't get the chance to find out. They rush you from the cradle to the grave. But now we've come to a standstill, no job, no hope, you've got to ask the question. You've got to ask. And it does you fucking good, too.

Clare It don't look like it's done you much good. Lying there, half-dead.

Joey Come on love. What the fuck else is worth doing? *(He shoves his face violently at hers.)* EH?!!

She screams. Loud knocking starts on the door.

He pulls her to him and kisses her with love.

Blackout.

They remain in bed onstage. The next scene occurs around them. The lights come up on the Road.

Scullery is tidying himself up. He's combing his hair in a small mirror.

Scullery Have a good guess at me age, go on. *(He puts his comb away.)* I'm older than you think. Ha. *(He pulls his jacket together.)* I was just thinking there. How do we go about building a better future for our kiddies.

The Professor enters.

Professor Scullery, Scullery.

Scullery Prof. Prof.

Professor Can I do a recollection of you?

Scullery Who me? No. Really? Go on then.

The Professor turns the tape on, hands over the mike. The mike makes Scullery feel like a night-club host.