

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel  
Level 3 GCE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**Time** 2 hours 30 minutes

**Paper  
reference**

**9DR0/03**

**Drama and Theatre**

**Advanced**

**COMPONENT 3: Theatre Makers in Practice**

**You must have:**

Source booklet (enclosed)

**One** performance text (clean copy for use in Section C only)

Theatre evaluation notes.

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.
- In Section A choose **one** question.
- In Section B answer **both** questions.
- In Section C choose **one** question.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 80.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- You are allowed to have your theatre evaluation notes and a clean copy of your performance text (for Section C only).  
– *do not return your live theatre evaluation notes with this question paper.*
- The copy of the performance text must be checked before the examination to ensure it is a clean copy.

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.
- It is recommended that you spend 45 minutes on Section A, 1 hour on Section B and 45 minutes on Section C.
- Good luck with your examination.

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## SECTION A: LIVE THEATRE EVALUATION

Answer ONE of the following questions in this section with reference to a theatre performance you have seen. Write your answer in the space provided.

### EITHER

- 1 Analyse and evaluate the live performance you have seen in light of the following statement:

'Live theatre should have something important to say to an audience, otherwise it is a pointless event.'

Your answer should:

- include analysis and evaluation of key moments from the performance you have seen and the contribution made by different theatre makers
- offer **balanced consideration** between your analysis and evaluation of the performance and your response to the statement.

(20)

### OR

- 2 Analyse and evaluate the live performance you have seen in light of the following statement:

'If live theatre is to appeal to a younger audience, it must be dominated by technology.'

Your answer should:

- include analysis and evaluation of key moments from the performance you have seen and the contribution made by different theatre makers
- offer **balanced consideration** between your analysis and evaluation of the performance and your response to the statement.

(20)

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**Performance details**

Title:

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Venue:

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Date seen:

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**Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .**

Chosen question number:      **Question 1**       **Question 2**

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS**





SECTION B: PAGE TO STAGE: REALISING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

Answer BOTH questions in this section with reference to the performance text you have studied.  
You need to read and refer to the extract in the source booklet from the text you have studied.

Indicate which text you have studied by marking a cross in the box ☒.

Performance texts:
<i>Accidental Death of an Anarchist</i> , Dario Fo
<i>Colder Than Here</i> , Laura Wade
<i>Equus</i> , Peter Shaffer
<i>Fences</i> , August Wilson
<i>Machinal</i> , Sophie Treadwell
<i>That Face</i> , Polly Stenham

3 As a **performer**, outline how you would use **non-verbal communication** and **movement** to create impact on the audience in the portrayal of **one** character in this extract.

Your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

(18)

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**(Total for Question 3 = 18 marks)**



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4 As a **designer**, outline how the use of **one theatrical element** could be developed to communicate **meanings and ideas** in this extract.

*Your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.*

(18)

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(Total for Question 4 = 18 marks)

**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 36 MARKS**



P 6 5 1 5 3 A 0 1 9 2 8

## SECTION C: INTERPRETING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

**Answer ONE of the questions in this section with reference to the performance text you have studied.**

There is no source booklet provided for Section C. Please refer to your clean copy of the text to read the named section.

Performance text		Named section
<i>Antigone</i> , Sophocles (adapted by Don Taylor)	from to	p.44 CREON So that's your news, is it, old man. p.46 CREON is visibly shaken.
<i>Doctor Faustus (Text A)</i> , Christopher Marlowe (Norton Critical Edition)	from to	p.37 (Act 3, Scene 2) Enter ROBIN (with a book) and RAFE with a silver goblet. p.40 EMPEROR ... And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.
<i>Doctor Faustus (Text A)</i> , Christopher Marlowe <b>(Download Edition)</b>	from to	p.97 (Act 3, Scene 2) Enter ROBIN (with a book) and RAFE with a silver goblet. p.105 EMPEROR ... And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.
Hedda Gabler, Henrik Ibsen (adapted by Richard Eyre)	from to	p.79 ACT FOUR <i>It's evening.</i> p.82 HEDDA I burnt it.
<i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes (Penguin Classics Edition)	from to	p.183 CHORUS No citizen need fear that we... p.187 ATHENIAN Yes, Lysistrata, they're in the wrong.
<i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes <b>(Download Edition)</b>	from to	p.131 CHORUS No citizen need fear that we... p.139 ATHENIAN Yes, Lysistrata, they're in the wrong.
<i>The Maids</i> , Jean Genet	from to	p.12 SOLANGE That'll do! Now hurry! Are you ready? p.14 SOLANGE ...you, too. But you loved mingling...
<i>The School for Scandal</i> , Richard Brinsley Sheridan	from to	p.13 ACT II Scene 1 SIR PETER TEAZLE'S... Enter Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. p.15 SIR PETER ...everything in her power to plague me. <i>Exit.</i>
<i>The Tempest</i> , William Shakespeare	from to	p.53 SCENE 2 Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo. p.57 Stephano ...liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.
<i>Waiting for Godot</i> , Samuel Beckett	from to	p.6 ( <i>He spits.</i> ESTRAGON moves to centre, halts with his...) p.8 VLADIMIR: Ah, stop it!
<i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner (Methuen Edition)	from to	p.6 SCENE THREE <i>The fairground (at the edge of the woods).</i> p.10 MARIE: ...what sort of world d'you call this? It's going to hell, all of it and us with it.
<i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner <b>(Download Edition)</b>	from to	p.13 SCENE THREE <i>The fairground (at the edge of the woods).</i> p.21 MARIE: ...what sort of world d'you call this? It's going to hell, all of it and us with it.

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Indicate which text you are using in your answer by marking a cross in the box ☒.

<i>Antigone</i> , Sophocles (adapted by Don Taylor)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The School for Scandal</i> , Richard Brinsley Sheridan	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Doctor Faustus (Text A)</i> , Christopher Marlowe	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The Tempest</i> , William Shakespeare	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Hedda Gabler</i> , Henrik Ibsen (adapted by Richard Eyre)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Waiting for Godot</i> , Samuel Beckett	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner	<input type="checkbox"/>
<i>The Maids</i> , Jean Genet	<input type="checkbox"/>		

You are the director of a new production concept of the performance text you have studied.

**EITHER**

- 5 As a director, discuss how you would apply the methodologies of your chosen theatre practitioner to explore characterisation in your production concept.

Your answer must focus on the named section listed on page 20 of this question paper for your chosen performance text.

Your answer must make reference to:

- the overall aims of your production concept in response to the play as a whole
- how your practical ideas will work in performance
- the original performance conditions of your chosen performance text.

(24)

**OR**

- 6 As a director, discuss how you would apply the methodologies of your chosen theatre practitioner to explore dramatic elements in your production concept.

Your answer must focus on the named section listed on page 20 of this question paper for your chosen performance text.

Your answer must make reference to:

- the overall aims of your production concept in response to the play as a whole
- how your practical ideas will work in performance
- the original performance conditions of your chosen performance text.

(24)





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**TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 24 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS**



# Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

**Time** 2 hours 30 minutes

**Paper  
reference**

**9DR0/03**

## **Drama and Theatre**

**Advanced**

**COMPONENT 3: Theatre Makers in Practice**

**Source booklet for use with Section B questions only**

**Do not return this source booklet with the question paper.**

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<i>Fences</i>	16–18
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<i>That Face</i>	24–27

***Accidental Death of an Anarchist***

**Dario Fo**

***Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo***

**SUPERINTENDENT:** It was more or less like this: the suspect, the anarchist was sitting here.

*Indicates his own chair. MANIAC gets SUPERINTENDENT up and sits in the chair.*

**MANIAC:** I'll play the anarchist. Go on.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** My colleague...

**MANIAC:** Ah ah.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** I mean... I... entered.

**MANIAC:** Go on then.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** What?

**MANIAC:** Enter.

*SUPERINTENDENT exits and re-enters. Goes over to MANIAC.*

**SUPERINTENDENT:** 'It's no use trying to pull the wool over my eyes, sonny.'

**MANIAC:** That's not what I've got here. This is a documentary reconstruction. I want the exact words in the exact manner.

*SUPERINTENDENT re-exits and re-enters aggressively.*

**SUPERINTENDENT:** 'Right you filthy pox-ridden pansy you piss me about one more time and I'll... !'

**MANIAC:** Sorry to interrupt. It was 'piss *me* about'?

**SUPERINTENDENT:** I think so.

**MANIAC:** Good. Carry on.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** 'We've got incontrovertible proof you're the murdering turd who planted the bombs in the railway station.'

**MANIAC:** You had this proof I assume.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** Of course not.

**MANIAC:** Oh dear.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** That's what the Inspector was trying to explain before, it's just one of those deceptions we're occasionally obliged to resort to...

**MANIAC:** (*lighting up*) I see! A trap?



**PISSANI:** Exactly.

**MANIAC:** Brilliant.

**PISSANI:** We had our suspicions, however. For a start, the suspect was the only anarchist railway worker in Milan.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** So it was simple to deduce it was him.

**MANIAC:** Of course. Of course. It's self-evident. So as it was undoubtedly the case that a *railway worker* must have planted the bomb in the *railway station*, then we can also assert that the famous bombs in the *law courts* must have been planted there by a lawyer, the one at the Agricultural Bank by a bank clerk or a cow, whichever takes your fancy, and the bomb at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier undoubtedly perpetrated by a corpse.

**CONSTABLE:** Absolutely.

**MANIAC:** (*Suddenly furious*) Come along now gentlemen. I'm here to conduct a serious enquiry not fart about with syllogistic prattling. Let's get on with it. It says here: 'Unaffected by the accusations the anarchist smiled disbelievingly.' Who made this statement?

SUPERINTENDENT *and* CONSTABLE *point at* PISSANI. PISSANI *points at* SUPERINTENDENT.

**PISSANI:** (*Outvoted*) I did, sir.

**MANIAC:** Good. So there he is smiling disbelievingly. (*Smiles disbelievingly. Looks at notes*) And two lines later I read: 'No doubt fear of getting the sack played a part in precipitating the raptus.' Let's just get this right. First he's smiling disbelievingly, then he's getting the sack so he shits himself and dives out of the window. Well who frightened him?

*No answer.*

**MANIAC:** Come on, cops the world over play a few dirty tricks. That's what you're paid for so don't play lily white with me.

**BOTH:** Thank you, sir.

**MANIAC:** That's alright. Now who put the frighteners on? Own up. Very well, let me put it another way. You two threaten to tell his boss he's an anarchist, so he will undoubtedly get the sack, this drives the suspect to despair and he leaps out of...

**PISSANI:** Not so fast.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** You've misunderstood, your Honour!

**PISSANI:** I had gone out.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** But you came back in.

**PISSANI:** Right.

**MANIAC:** Drama. Drama. Come on.

**CONSTABLE:** It was at this point we employed the  
'There's-a-phone-call-for-you-sir-it's-very-important'  
ploy.

*Exit CONSTABLE. Re-enters and addresses PISSANI.*

**CONSTABLE:** There's a phone call for you sir. It's very  
important.

**PISSANI:** Oh. Excuse me, gentlemen.

*He exits. Re-enters.*

**PISSANI:** Where? (*Realises he is supposed to be acting*) Oh  
yes!

*Re-exits.*

*Pause.*

**PISSANI:** (*Practising off stage*) 'I've just had a phone call  
from ROME!' 'I've just HAD a phone call from Rome!'  
'I'VE just had a phone call from Rome!'

*He re-enters.*

**PISSANI:** (*Very confidently*) I've just had a rome call from  
Phone. (*His confidence collapses*)

**MANIAC:** Pregnant pause.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** He's good isn't he?

**MANIAC:** Very good. Go on.

***Colder Than Here***

**Laura Wade**

***Colder Than Here, Laura Wade***

JENNA: Can I have a Jaffa Cake, please?

*MYRA hands her the packet. JENNA stands up and walks around, the packet of Jaffa Cakes in her hand. She eats one.*

MYRA: Rowan tree, maybe?

JENNA: Ugh, squishy berries.

MYRA: Cherry. Flowering cherry. Just blossom, nothing squishy.

JENNA: Palm tree, get some fucking monkeys...

MYRA: How are they?

JENNA: All right. Chocolate's a bit baggy.

*JENNA looks out at the traditional cemetery over the fence.*

Why do they have the lawny bit there and then this bit here?

MYRA: Give you a choice?

JENNA: So ugly, all laid out in straight rows, shiny marble, plastic fucking buckets. Someone should go round and take the dead flowers off, looks a fucking mess.

MYRA: This bit's nicer.

JENNA: Have to walk through the plastic buckets to get to you, though.

MYRA: Perhaps you could tell your dad about it, the burial thing. You could tell him for me.

JENNA: Oh mum, I—

MYRA: I mean there may come a time when you two need to learn to talk to each other...

JENNA: We talk.

MYRA: Not really.

JENNA: We get on fine, we don't argue.

MYRA: No, it's a shame.

Give you a reason to come round and see us. Haven't seen you properly in months, when did you last sit and chat to him?

*JENNA eats another Jaffa Cake.*

JENNA: Dad doesn't like me.

MYRA: Of course he likes you, he loves you.

JENNA: He doesn't *like* me.

MYRA: He doesn't like Mark very much.

JENNA: Yeah, well.

He didn't mean to be rude he's just— That's Mark, I don't know.

Don't think I like him much right now.

*JENNA continues to eat Jaffa Cakes as she talks.*

Wants to quit work and do a university course 'cause he says it's too much of a strain working in the same shop every day 'cause we end up spending so much time together, which is stupid it's not like we live together is it, but if I won't leave then he'll have to or we'll end up splitting up. Which I think is going to happen anyway 'cause he's flirting with the manager every day and when I question it he says I'm paranoid or possessive or— And he's just. Being a wanker. And—

MYRA: And?

JENNA: Oh, you know. Love him. Twat.

MYRA: How's the sex?

JENNA: What?

MYRA: How is it?

JENNA: The / sex?

MYRA: Yes.

JENNA: I don't— I'm not talking about that with you, we don't talk about that.

MYRA: Maybe we should.

JENNA: Why?

MYRA: I've never managed to get to the bottom of this relationship you're so disastrously having, and we've. We've never had a talk.

It's important / isn't it?

JENNA: Mum, I don't want to—

MYRA: Isn't it?

*Beat.*

JENNA: You and daddy don't have sex.

MYRA: How do you know?

JENNA: You've slept in separate rooms for years.

MYRA: You've moved out, how do you know what goes on?

JENNA: So what, you're at it all over the house usually, are you? Then when me and Harri come home you move back into separate bedrooms just to keep us feeling secure in the pair of you not fancying each other...

*Beat. MYRA looks at her watch.*

MYRA: Tablet time. Would you pass the bottle?

*JENNA takes a bottle of water from the picnic basket and passes it to MYRA. She watches MYRA take a bottle of tablets out of her bag, put one in her mouth and swallow it down with a drink of water.*

JENNA: Sorry.

*JENNA puts the Jaffa Cakes back in the basket.*

MYRA: While I'm still here I can help. After I kick it you're on your own.

*MYRA coughs and drinks more water. JENNA watches her.*

Ugh, too big these ones. What?

JENNA: Nothing.

I. Sorry.

*JENNA looks around her.*

MYRA: So we're happy with here, yes?

JENNA: Sure.

*Beat.*

Actually, no. I think it's a bit—

MYRA: Yes.

JENNA: I think we could find somewhere. Better.

*MYRA smiles.*

*Fade.*

*Equus*  
**Peter Shaffer**

**Equus, Peter Shaffer**

ALAN [*jumping up*]: Dad!

HESTHER: What?

DYSART: The answer to a question I'd asked him two days before.

Spat out with the same anger as he sang the commercials.

HESTHER: Dad what?

ALAN: Who hates telly.

[*He lies downstage on the circle, as if watching television.*]

HESTHER: You mean his dad forbids him to watch?

DYSART: Yes.

ALAN: It's a dangerous drug.

HESTHER: Oh, really!

[FRANK *stands up and enters the scene downstage on the circle. A man in his fifties.*]

FRANK [*to ALAN*]: It may not look like that, but that's what it is.

Absolutely fatal mentally, if you receive my meaning.

[DORA *follows him on. She is also middle aged.*]

DORA: That's a little extreme, dear, isn't it?

FRANK: You sit in front of that thing long enough, you'll become stupid for life — like most of the population. [*To ALAN.*] The thing is, it's a *swiz*. It seems to be offering you something, but actually it's taking something away. Your intelligence and your concentration, every minute you watch it. That's a true *swiz*, do you see?

[*Seated on the floor, ALAN shrugs.*]

I don't want to sound like a spoilsport, old chum — but there really is no substitute for reading. What's the matter; don't you like it?

ALAN: It's all right.

FRANK: I know you think it's none of my beeswax, but it really is you know . . . Actually, it's a disgrace when you come to think of it.

You the son of a printer, and never opening a book! If all the world was like you, I'd be out of a job, if you receive my meaning!

DORA: All the same, times change, Frank.

FRANK [*reasonably*]: They change if you let them change, Dora.

Please return that set in the morning.

ALAN [*crying out*]: No!

DORA: Frank! No!



FRANK: I'm sorry, Dora, but I'm not having that thing in the house a moment longer. I told you I didn't want it to begin with.

DORA: But, dear, everyone watches television these days!

FRANK: Yes, and what do they watch? Mindless violence! Mindless jokes! Every five minutes some laughing idiot selling you something you don't want, just to bolster up the economic system.

[To ALAN.] I'm sorry, old chum.

*[He leaves the scene and sits again in his place.]*

HESTHER: He's a Communist, then?

DYSART: Old-type Socialist, I'd say. Relentlessly self-improving.

HESTHER: They're *both* older than you'd expect.

DYSART: So I gather.

DORA [*looking after FRANK*]: Really, dear, you are very extreme!

*[She leaves the scene too, and again sits beside her husband.]*

HESTHER: She's an ex-school teacher, isn't she?

DYSART: Yes. The boy's proud of that. We got on to it this afternoon.

ALAN [*belligerently, standing up*]: She knows more than you.

*[HESTHER crosses and sits by DYSART. During the following, the boy walks round the circle, speaking to DYSART but not looking at him.]*

*DYSART replies in the same manner.]*

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: Does she?

ALAN: I bet I do too. I bet I know more history than you.

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: Well, I bet you don't.

ALAN: All right: who was the Hammer of the Scots?

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: I don't know: who?

ALAN: King Edward the First. Who never smiled again?

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: I don't know: who?

ALAN: You don't know anything, do you? It was Henry the First.

I know all the Kings.

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: And who's your favourite?

ALAN: John.

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: Why?

ALAN: Because he put out the eyes of that smarty little -

*[Pause.]*

[*Sensing he has said something wrong.*] Well, he didn't really. He was prevented, because the gaoler was merciful!

HESTHER: Oh dear.

ALAN: *He was prevented!*

DYSART: Something odder was to follow.

ALAN: Who said 'Religion is the opium of the people'?

HESTHER: Good Lord!

[*ALAN giggles.*]

DYSART: The odd thing was, he said it with a sort of guilty snigger.

The sentence is obviously associated with some kind of tension.

HESTHER: What did you say?

DYSART: I gave him the right answer. [*To ALAN.*] Karl Marx.

ALAN: No.

DYSART [*to ALAN*]: Then who?

ALAN: Mind your own beeswax.

DYSART: It's probably his dad. He may say it to provoke his wife.

HESTHER: And you mean she's religious?

DYSART: She could be. I tried to discover — none too successfully.

ALAN: Mind your own beeswax!

[*ALAN goes back to bed and lies down in the dark.*]

DYSART: However, I shall find out on Sunday.

HESTHER: What do you mean?

DYSART [*getting up*]: I want to have a look at his home, so I invited myself over.

HESTHER: Did you?

DYSART: If there's any tension over religion, it should be evident on a Sabbath evening! I'll let you know.

[*He kisses her cheek and they part, both leaving the square. HESTHER sits in her place again; DYSART walks round the circle, and greets DORA who stands waiting for him downstage.*]

*Fences*  
**August Wilson**

**Fences, August Wilson**

CORY: I'm gonna be working weekends.

TROY: You damn right you are! And ain't no need for nobody coming around here to talk to me about signing nothing.

CORY: Hey, Pop . . . you can't do that. He's coming all the way from North Carolina.

TROY: I don't care where he coming from. The white man ain't gonna let you get nowhere with that football noway. You go on and get your book-learning so you can work yourself up in that A&P or learn how to fix cars or build houses or something, get you a trade. That way you have something can't nobody take away from you. You go on and learn how to put your hands to some good use. Besides hauling people's garbage.

CORY: I get good grades, Pop. That's why the recruiter wants to talk with you. You got to keep up your grades to get recruited. This way I'll be going to college. I'll get a chance . . .

TROY: First you gonna get your butt down there to the A&P and get your job back.

CORY: Mr. Stawicki done already hired somebody else 'cause I told him I was playing football.

TROY: You a bigger fool than I thought . . . to let somebody take away your job so you can play some football. Where you gonna get your money to take out your girlfriend and whatnot? What kind of foolishness is that to let somebody take away your job?

CORY: I'm still gonna be working weekends.

TROY: Naw . . . naw. You getting your butt out of here and finding you another job.

CORY: Come on, Pop! I got to practice. I can't work after school and play football too. The team needs me. That's what Coach Zellman say . . .

TROY: I don't care what nobody else say. I'm the boss . . . you understand? I'm the boss around here. I do the only saying what counts.

CORY: Come on, Pop!

TROY: I asked you . . . did you understand?

CORY: Yeah . . .

TROY: What?!

CORY: Yessir.

TROY: You go on down there to that A&P and see if you can get your job back. If you can't do both . . . then you quit the football team. You've got to take the crooked with the straights.

CORY: Yessir.

*(Pause.)*

Can I ask you a question?

TROY: What the hell you wanna ask me? Mr. Stawicki the one you got the questions for.

CORY: How come you ain't never liked me?

TROY: Liked you? Who the hell say I got to like you?

What law is there say I got to like you? Wanna stand up in my face and ask a damn fool-ass question like that. Talking about liking somebody. Come here, boy, when I talk to you.

*(CORY comes over to where TROY is working. He stands slouched over and TROY shoves him on his shoulder.)*

Straighten up, goddammit! I asked you a question . . . what law is there say I got to like you?

CORY: None.

TROY: Well, alright then! Don't you eat every day?

*(Pause.)*

Answer me when I talk to you! Don't you eat every day?

CORY: Yeah.

TROY: Nigger, as long as you in my house, you put that sir on the end of it when you talk to me!

CORY: Yes . . . sir.

TROY: You eat every day.

CORY: Yessir!

TROY: Got a roof over your head.

CORY: Yessir!

TROY: Got clothes on your back.

CORY: Yessir.

TROY: Why you think that is?

CORY: Cause of you.

TROY: Aw, hell I know it's 'cause of me . . . but why do you think that is?

CORY: (*Hesitant.*) Cause you like me.

TROY: Like you? I go out of here every morning . . . bust my butt . . . putting up with them crackers every day . . . cause I like you? You about the biggest fool I ever saw.

(*Pause.*)

It's my job. It's my responsibility! You understand that? A man got to take care of his family. You live in my house . . . sleep you behind on my bedclothes . . . fill you belly up with my food . . . cause you my son. You my flesh and blood. Not 'cause I like you! Cause it's my duty to take care of you. I owe a responsibility to you! Let's get this straight right here . . . before it go along any further . . . I ain't got to like you. Mr. Rand don't give me my money come payday cause he likes me. He gives me cause he owes me. I done give you everything I had to give you. I gave you your life! Me and your mama worked that out between us. And liking your black ass wasn't part of the bargain. Don't you try and go through life worrying about if somebody like you or not. You best be making sure they doing right by you. You understand what I'm saying, boy?

CORY: Yessir.

TROY: Then get the hell out of my face and get on down to that A&P.

*Machinal*  
**Sophie Treadwell**

**Machinal, Sophie Treadwell**

MOTHER. He's a decent man, isn't he?

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know. How should I know — yet.

MOTHER. He's a Vice-President — of course he's decent.

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't care whether he's decent or not. I won't marry him.

MOTHER. But you just said you wanted to marry —

YOUNG WOMAN. Not him.

MOTHER. Who?

YOUNG WOMAN. I don't know — I don't know — I haven't found him yet!

MOTHER. You talk like you're crazy!

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, Ma — tell me!

MOTHER. Tell you what?

YOUNG WOMAN. Tell me — (*Words suddenly pouring out.*) Your skin oughtn't to curl — ought it — when he just comes near you — ought it? That's wrong, ain't it? You don't get over that, do you — ever, do you or do you? How is it, Ma — do you?

MOTHER. Do you what?

YOUNG WOMAN. Do you get used to, it — so after a while it doesn't matter? Or don't you? Does it always matter? You ought to be in love, oughtn't you Ma? You must be in love, mustn't you, Ma? That changes everything, doesn't it — or does it? Maybe if you just like a person it's all right — is it? When he puts a hand on me, my blood turns cold. But your blood oughtn't to run cold, ought it? His hands are — his hands are fat, Ma — don't you see — his hands are fat — and they sort of press — and they're fat — don't you see? Don't you see?

MOTHER (*stares at her bewildered*). See what?

YOUNG WOMAN. (*rushing on*). I've always thought I'd find somebody — somebody young — and — and attractive — with wavy hair — wavy hair — I always think of children with curls — little curls all over their head — somebody young — and attractive — that I'd like — that I'd love — But I haven't found anybody like that yet — I haven't found anybody — I've hardly known anybody — you'd never let me go with anybody and —

MOTHER. Are you throwing it up to me that —

YOUNG WOMAN. No — let me finish, Ma! No — let me finish! I just mean I've never found anybody — anybody — nobody's ever asked me — till now — he's the only man that's ever asked me — And I suppose I got to marry somebody — all girls do —

MOTHER. Nonsense.

YOUNG WOMAN. But, I can't go on like this, Ma — I don't know why — but I can't — it's like I'm all tight inside — sometimes I feel like I'm stifling! — You don't know — stifling. (*Walks up and down.*) I can't go on like this much longer — going to work — coming home — going to work — coming home — I can't — Sometimes in the subway I think I'm going to die — sometimes even in the office if something don't happen — I got to do something — I don't know — it's like I'm all tight inside.



MOTHER. You're crazy.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, Ma!

MOTHER. You're crazy!

YOUNG WOMAN. Ma — if you tell me that again I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

MOTHER. If that isn't crazy!

YOUNG WOMAN. I'll kill you — Maybe I am crazy — I don't know. Sometimes I think I am — the thoughts that go on in my mind — sometimes I think I am — I can't help it if I am — I do the best I can — I do the best I can and I'm nearly crazy! (MOTHER rises and sits.) Go away! Go away! You don't know anything about anything! And you haven't got any pity — no pity — you just take it for granted that I go to work every day — and come home every night and bring my money every week — you just take it for granted — you'd let me go on forever — and never feel any pity —

*Offstage radio – a voice singing a sentimental mother song or popular home song. MOTHER begins to cry — crosses to chair left — sits.*

Oh Ma — forgive me! Forgive me!

MOTHER. My own child! To be spoken to like that by my own child!

YOUNG WOMAN. I didn't mean it, Ma — I didn't mean it!  
(She goes to her MOTHER — crosses to left.)

MOTHER. (clinging to her hand) You're all I've got in the world — and you don't want me — you want to kill me.

YOUNG WOMAN. No — no, I don't, Ma! I just said that!

MOTHER. I've worked for you and slaved for you!

YOUNG WOMAN. I know, Ma.

MOTHER. I brought you into the world.

YOUNG WOMAN. I know, Ma.

MOTHER. You're flesh of my flesh and —

YOUNG WOMAN. I know, Ma, I know.

MOTHER. And —

YOUNG WOMAN. You rest, now, Ma — you rest —

MOTHER. (struggling). I got to do the dishes.

YOUNG WOMAN. I'll do the dishes — You listen to the music, Ma — I'll do the dishes.

MOTHER sits. YOUNG WOMAN crosses to behind screen.

*Takes a pair of rubber gloves and begins to put them on. The MOTHER sees them — they irritate her — there is a return of her characteristic mood.*

MOTHER. Those gloves! I've been washing dishes for forty years  
and I never wore gloves! But my lady's hands! My lady's hands!

YOUNG WOMAN. Sometimes you talk to me like you're  
jealous, Ma.

MOTHER. Jealous?

YOUNG WOMAN. It's my hands got me a husband.

MOTHER. A husband? So you're going to marry him now!

YOUNG WOMAN. I suppose so.

MOTHER. If you ain't the craziest —

*The scene blacks out. In the darkness, the mother song goes into  
jazz — very faint — as the scene lights into*

*That Face*  
**Polly Stenham**

***That Face, Polly Stenham***

*She stands. Henry yanks the duvet from the bed.*

*Revealed are a pile of his clothes, all cut up into teeny tiny strips. Henry climbs onto the bed. He picks up handfuls of the material. He starts to laugh. Martha, nervous, starts laughing too.*

You — (*Laughs.*) You — (*Laughs.*) You — (*Laughs.*) Crazy — (*Laughs.*)

*Beat.*

— bitch. You crazy bitch.

**Martha** It doesn't matter, does it? I'll buy you more.

I just. Had. A moment. Last night. I was angry with you. You disappeared.

**Henry** Crazy —

**Martha** You disappeared and you didn't —

**Henry** — BITCH.

*Silence.*

**Martha** Sorry.

Sorry. Sorry. Please.

It's OK now. See? It's OK. Now I know where you were. So it's OK. Now I know what you are. It's OK.

I just . . . No secrets. I can't bear it. Please.

**Henry** What am I, Martha?

**Martha** With men. You like men.

*Henry laughs.*

**Henry** You'd love that, wouldn't you?

**Martha** I love you. Whatever you are.

**Henry** I was with a girl. (*As if to a deaf person.*) I — was — sleeping — with — a — GIRL.

That's where I was. I didn't come home last night because I was with a woman. And that's where I wanted to be. With her. Not here. I could have come home but I didn't. Did you hear that? That is what I am. Just a little bit normal.

*Beat.*

That changes things, doesn't it?  
You don't like that so much.  
But remember. You love me.

*Beat.*

Whatever.

**Martha** Take it off.

**Henry** What?

**Martha** My dressing gown. Take it off. It's mine. I want it back.

**Henry** No. Sew me an outfit and I'll take it off. Stitch my clothes back together and I'll take it off. Behave like a remotely attractive human being and I'll take it off.

**Martha** Was that . . .

**Henry** What?

**Martha** Was that your first time?

**Henry** Yes.

**Martha** Oh.

**Henry** It had to happen. It was going to happen.

**Martha** I just thought. That. You didn't like women.

**Henry** You thought I liked men.

**Martha** No. Yes. No. I don't know.

You're an artist. You're a gentle, perfect son. You're . . .  
pretty. It made sense.

**Henry** Well. You clearly don't know me so well after all.

**Martha** It's. Just. A shock.

**Henry** That I'm straight? God. You live in an upside-down world, Martha. Look. It wasn't to hurt you. I had to do something for me. Don't you see?

**Martha** You're not mine any more. You're hers.

**Henry** I'm always yours. But I'm mine as well.

**Martha** Did she hurt you. Your back?

**Henry** You should have seen her.  
I'm joking.

**Martha** Why didn't you call? I got. Panicky.

**Henry** I was busy. Doing things. Doing things I should be doing. Don't make me feel like . . . like it's wrong. I'm your child, not —

**Martha** Russian —

**Henry** I know. Russian soldier. Whatever. Just let me go a bit, please. This is crazy behaviour.

**Martha** Are you clean now?

**Henry** I showered.

**Martha** You don't smell? You know. Of another —

**Henry** Person. No, Mummy.

**Martha** Come here.

*He goes to her. She smells him and strokes his hair. She hugs him tightly. She starts to open the front of the dressing gown.*

**Henry** What are you doing?

**Martha** I want to see you.

**Henry** Christ. Why?

**Martha** Your body. I want to see if you look different. If you feel different. (*Urgently.*) Please. I need to. You're my child.

*She smells his chest and buries her head in it. He sighs and wraps his arms around her, rocking her slightly. She presses the love bite with her fingers.*

Does it hurt?

**Henry** No.

**Martha** Is she pretty?

**Henry** Yes.

**Martha** Will you see her again?

**Henry** Maybe.

*She buries her head in his chest again. He wraps his arms around her and rocks her. They stay like this for a few moments. Suddenly Henry springs back. And shoves Martha away.*

*There is now another love bite on his neck.*

*Martha is smiling.*

**Martha** When you do. You can show her that.

*Blackout.*

## Source Information

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