

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Edexcel GCE

Drama and Theatre Studies
Advanced
Unit 4: Theatre Text in Context

Wednesday 22 June 2011 – Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper Reference

6DR04/01

You must have:

Source booklet (enclosed) for Section A
Annotated copy of text studied and Research Notes,
both to be retained in the centre after the examination

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **three** questions, **one** from Section A, **one** from Section B and **one** from Section C.
- 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.*

Advice

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

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SECTION A

Answer **ONE** question from this section.

You are a director planning a rehearsal of the section of the play reprinted in the source booklet.

1 *Lysistrata* by Aristophanes

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 2–7 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the use of levels in this extract. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between Cinesias and Myrrhine in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring non-verbal communication in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

2 *Dr Faustus* by Christopher Marlowe

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 8–12 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the entrance of the Seven Deadly Sins in this extract. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between Faustus and the Seven Deadly Sins in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring non-verbal communication in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)



3 *Woyzeck* by Georg Buchner

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 13–18 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore their use of stage space in Scene Twelve of this extract. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use to explore the relationship between *Woyzeck* and Andres in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring non-verbal communication in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)



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(b)

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(c)

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(Total for Question = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS



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SECTION B

Answer ONE question from this section.

Lysistrata by Aristophanes

- 4 As a director, justify your interpretation of the play by demonstrating how you intend to communicate your ideas to an audience.

(Total for Question 4 = 30 marks)

- 5 As a director, outline your approach to **either** costume **or** set and give examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be realised in performance.

(Total for Question 5 = 30 marks)

Dr Faustus by Christopher Marlowe

- 6 As a director, justify your interpretation of the play by demonstrating how you intend to communicate your ideas to an audience.

(Total for Question 6 = 30 marks)

- 7 As a director, outline your approach to **either** costume **or** set and give examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be realised in performance.

(Total for Question 7 = 30 marks)

Woyzeck by Georg Buchner

- 8 As a director, justify your interpretation of the play by demonstrating how you intend to communicate your ideas to an audience.

(Total for Question 8 = 30 marks)

- 9 As a director, outline your approach to **either** costume **or** set and give examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be realised in performance.

(Total for Question 9 = 30 marks)



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(Total for Question = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS



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(Total for Question = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS



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Source booklet for use with Section A.

Do not return this insert with the question paper.

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FOR USE WITH QUESTION 1

EXTRACT: LYSISTRATA (pages 101 - 111)

CALONICE:

Yes, I can see him. But who on earth is he?

LYSISTRATA:

Have a look, all of you. Does anyone know him?

MYRRHINE:

Yes, by Zeus! It's Cinesias, my husband!

LYSISTRATA:

Well then, it's over to you now. Keep him on tenterhooks - slow-roast him - tantalize him - lead him on - say no, say yes. You can do anything - except what you swore over the cup not to do.

MYRRHINE:

Don't worry, I'll do as you say.

LYSISTRATA:

I'll stay here and start turning the spit. Off you all go.

[All go within except LYSISTRATA. Enter, left, CINESIAS, his enormous phallus fully erect. He is followed by a male slave, MANES, who carries a BABY.]

CINESIAS [to himself]:

Gods help me! These terrible cramps and spasms - it's just as though I was on the rack!

LYSISTRATA:

Who *stands* there?

CINESIAS:

Me.

LYSISTRATA:

A man?

CINESIAS:

I certainly am!

LYSISTRATA:

Well, off with you.

CINESIAS:

And who do you think you are, sending me away?

LYSISTRATA:

I'm on daytime sentry duty.

CINESIAS:

Then, for the gods' sake, ask Myrrhine to come out to me.

LYSISTRATA:

You want me to get you Myrrhine? Who might you be?

CINESIAS:

Her husband - Cinesias from Paeonidae.

LYSISTRATA [*effusively*]:

How lovely you're here, darling! Yours is a name we know very well, because it's for ever in your wife's mouth. She can't eat an egg or an apple but she says, 'To the health of Cinesias'.

CINESIAS [*breathing more rapidly*]:

You gods!

LYSISTRATA:

It's true, I swear by Aphrodite. And if we happen to get talking about men, she always says, 'The rest are nothing to my Cinesias!'

CINESIAS:

Come on, then, and bring her to me!

LYSISTRATA:

Well, aren't you going to give me anything?

CINESIAS [*with a suggestive gesture*]:

Sure I'll give you something, if you like. [*When LYSISTRATA makes no response*]
Well, I've got this; so what I've got, I'll give to you. [*He throws her up a purse.*]

LYSISTRATA:

Right, I'll go and get her. [*She disappears.*]

CINESIAS [*calling after her*]:

Quickly, please! - I've no joy in life any longer, since she's left home. It pains me to enter the place, it all seems so empty, and I've no appetite to eat anything - because I'm permanently rigid!

[*MYRRHINE appears on the ramparts, speaking back to Lysistrata within.*]

MYRRHINE:

I love him, I love him! But he doesn't *want* to be loved - not by me. Don't ask me to go out to him.

CINESIAS [*calling up to her*]:

Myrrie baby, why on earth not? Come down here.

MYRRHINE:

No, I will not.

CINESIAS:

Aren't you going to come down when I call you, Myrrhine?

MYRRHINE:

You don't want me really.

CINESIAS:

Not want you? I'm *dying* for love of you!

MYRRHINE:

I'm going. [*She turns to go back inside.*]

CINESIAS:

No - don't - listen to your child! [*He takes the baby from Manes.*] Go on, go on, say mamma!

BABY:

Mamma, mamma, mamma!

CINESIAS:

What's wrong with you? Surely you can't harden your heart against your baby! It's five days now since he had a bath or a suck.

MYRRHINE:

I pity him all right. His father clearly doesn't care much about him.

CINESIAS:

For heaven's sake, won't you come down to your own child?

MYRRHINE:

The power of the maternal instinct! I have to come down, I have no choice. [*She leaves the ramparts. CINESIAS returns the baby to Manes.*]

CINESIAS:

Absence certainly does make the heart grow fonder! She looks a lot younger to me, and she has such a soft fetching look in her eye! And all this spurning and coquetting - why, it just inflames my desire even more! [*MYRRHINE comes out through the door. Ignoring CINESIAS, she goes straight to the baby and takes it in her arms.*]

MYRRHINE:

My sweet little babykins! You've got such a naughty daddy, haven't you? Let mummy kiss you, sweetie.

[She kisses and cuddles the baby.]

CINESIAS:

Look, poor thing, why do you behave like this, listening to these other women? You're giving me such pain, and you're giving yourself pain too. *[He attempts to caress her.]*

MYRRHINE *[brushing him off]:*

Keep your hands off me!

CINESIAS:

And our things at home - the goods we own together - they're going to ruin!

MYRRHINE:

I don't care!

CINESIAS:

What, you don't care if the hens are pulling all your wool to pieces?

MYRRHINE:

No, I don't.

CINESIAS:

And the secret rites of Aphrodite? How long is it since you celebrated them? *[Putting his arm around her]* Come along home.

MYRRHINE *[wriggling free]:*

No, I won't. Not until you men reach a settlement and stop the war.

CINESIAS:

Then, if you want, we'll do that.

MYRRHINE:

Then, if you want, I'll go home. Till then, I've sworn not to.

CINESIAS:

But won't you at least lie down with me? It's been such a long time!

MYRRHINE:

No. Mind you, I'm not saying I don't love you ...

CINESIAS:

You do, Myrrie love? Why won't you, then?

MYRRHINE:

What, you idiot, in front of the baby?

CINESIAS:

No - er - Manes, take it home. [*The baby is returned to Manes, who departs homeward with it.*] All right, that's it out of the way. Let's lie down.

MYRRHINE:

Don't be silly, there's nowhere we can do it here.

CINESIAS:

What's wrong with Pan's Grotto?

MYRRHINE:

And how am I supposed to purify myself before going back into the Acropolis?

CINESIAS:

That's easy; you can bathe in the Clepsydra Spring.

MYRRHINE:

You're not asking me to break my oath!

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 2

EXTRACT: DR FAUSTUS (pages 77 - 85)

FAUSTUS

Ah, Christ, my savior,
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHELES.

LUCIFER

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just.
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUSTUS

O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

LUCIFER

I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion prince in hell.

FAUSTUS

O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

LUCIFER

We come to tell thee thou dost injure us.
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise.
Thou shouldst not think of God. Think of the devil
And of his dam, too.

FAUSTUS

Nor will I henceforth. Pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUCIFER

Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

FAUSTUS

That sight will be as pleasing unto me as Paradise was to Adam, the first day of his creation.

LUCIFER

Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show. Talk of the devil and nothing else. [*Calls offstage.*] Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the first?

PRIDE

I am Pride; I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea. I can creep into every corner of a wench: sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the second?

COVETOUSNESS

I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leather bag, and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the third?

WRATH

I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother. I leaped out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old, and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY

I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read and therefore wish all books were burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world that all might die and I live alone! Then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand? Come down, with a vengeance!

FAUSTUS

Away, envious rascal! What art thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY

Who? I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a hogshead of claret wine; my godfathers were these: Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. O, but my god-mother, she was a jolly gentlewoman and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS

No, I'll see thee hanged. Thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUTTONY

Then the devil choke thee!

FAUSTUS

Choke thyself, glutton! What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH

I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since, and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence. Let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS

What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECHERY

Who? I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with lechery.

FAUSTUS

Away, to hell, to hell!

Exeunt the [SEVEN DEADLY] SINS.

LUCIFER

Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

FAUSTUS

O, this feeds my soul!

LUCIFER

Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUSTUS

O, might I see hell and return again, how happy were I then!

LUCIFER

Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. In mean-time take this book; peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

Great thanks, mighty Lucifer! This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER

Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

FAUSTUS

Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistopheles.

Exeunt omnes.

[Act 3: Chorus]

Enter WAGNER, Solus.

WAGNER

Learnèd Faustus to know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome
To see the Pope and manner of his court
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 3

EXTRACT: WOYZECK (pages 57 - 67)

SCENE ELEVEN

The guardroom. ANDRES is cleaning his boots and singing. WOYZECK is sitting down.

ANDRES:

The landlord has a pretty wife,
Sits in the garden day and night;
She sits in the garden waiting -

WOYZECK:

Andres!

ANDRES:

What now?

WOYZECK:

A fine evening out.

ANDRES:

Yeh, Sunday weather alright.
There's some music later, over the heath. The women've gone up there already.
'Be some sweat shed, you can bet.

WOYZECK:

Dancing, Andres. They'll be dancing!

ANDRES:

At The Horse 'nd The Star, that's right.

WOYZECK:

Dancing, dancing!

ANDRES:

Why not?
(Sings.) She sits in the garden waiting -
Until the village clock strikes twelve
And the soldier-boys come marching.

WOYZECK:

Andres - I can't get any rest from it.

ANDRES:

More fool you.

WOYZECK:

'Got to get out. Everything spins round. - Dancing, dancing!
Her hands'll be hot. - Oh, damn her, Andres, damn her!

ANDRES:

What's the matter with you?

WOYZECK:

'Got to go. 'See for myself.

ANDRES:

Why make trouble? Over one like that.

WOYZECK:

'Got to get out. It's stifling. (*Goes.*)

SCENE TWELVE

The tavern. Redness, heat. A crowd including MARGARET two JOURNEYMEN and the old GRANDMOTHER, who is blind with cataracts. The FIRST JOURNEYMAN is singing.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

I've got a shirt on, but it isn't mine;
My soul is stinking with brandy wine -

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

Let me punch a hole in your face, brother, for friendship's sake. Come on, I'm going to punch a hole in your face. - I'm twice the man he is any day!
'Smash every flea on y'r body to bits.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

My soul *is*, my soul is stinking with brandy wine.
Even money rots. - My little forget-me-not; why is the world so beautiful? I could weep a sea of buckets at the sadness of it, brother. - I wish our noses w're both bottles; we could empty them down one another's throats.

Some of the others begin to clap and the two JOURNEYMEN dance peasant fashion as everyone sings.

ALL:

There were two hunters from the Rhine
Rode through the woods in clothes so fine.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Merrily we'll go,
Roaming together the wild woods free -.
A hunter's life is the life for me!

WOYZECK enters.

A hunter's life is the life for me!

MARIE and the DRUM-MAJOR appear outside, dancing.

WOYZECK:

Him. Her
Hell. - Hell, hell!

They spin a long, elaborate revolve.

MARIE:

On and on -

DRUM-MAJOR:

Round and round -

MARIE:

For ever and ever -
On and on and on . .

They dance away. WOYZECK is stricken, the crowd silent as they watch.

WOYZECK:

On and on. On and on and on! (*Staggers, lurching towards the spectators.*)
For ever! (*Beats his fist on his palm.*)
Turn, turn. Go on turning, dancing! - Why don't you blow the sun out, God? Let everything fall over itself in lewdness. Flesh, filth, man, woman, human, animal. - They all do it in the open day, do it on the back of a hand like flies.
Slut!! - She's hot, hot! (*Staggers again.*)

He falls down, catches onto a bench.

Feeling his way round her, round her body.
Him. He's got her . . Like I had her at the beginning.

He collapses. Everyone talks at once. The FIRST JOURNEYMAN goes to where WOYZECK's lying and turns to still them.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Brethren -think now upon The Wanderer, who stands poised beside the stream of time and communes with himself, receiving the wisdom of God and saying, 'Wherefore is man?' And again, 'Wherefore is man?'
Verily, verily I say to you, how should the farmer, the cooper, the doctor, the shoemaker live if God had not created man?
How should the tailor ply his trade, if God had not implanted shame in the human breast? Or the soldier his, if man had not been equipped with the need for self-destruction?
Therefore, be not afraid . .
Yes, it's all very fine, very wonderful, but the earth's vain.
Even money rots.
So, in conclusion, beloved - let's piss on the crucifix and a Jew will die!

WOYZECK *comes to and runs out.*

SCENE THIRTEEN

The woods beyond.

WOYZECK:

On and on! For ever! On, on, on!

Stop the music. - Shh.

(Throws himself down.) What's that? ..- What's that you say? What're you saying?

. . Stab. . . Stab the she-wolf, dead.

Shall I?

Must I?

- Is it there, too? In the wind even.

(Stands up.) It's all round me. Everywhere. Round, round, on and on and on . . .

Stab her. Dead, dead - dead!! *(Runs out.)*

SCENE FOURTEEN

The guardroom. **ANDRES** asleep in a blanket. **WOYZECK** comes in, shakes him.

WOYZECK:

Andres, Andres! - I can't sleep. Everything starts spinning when I shut my eyes and I hear the fiddles - on and on, round and round. Then it says it again, out of the wall.

Can you hear it?

ANDRES (*mumbles*):

Yes, yes; let th'm dance.

(*Turns over.*) 'Man gets tired. God save us. Amen.

WOYZECK:

Always the same - stab, stab!
Between my eyes. Like a knife.

ANDRES:

Get to bed, y'fool.

(*Goes back to sleep, WOYZECK goes out.*)

END OF EXTRACT