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Pearson
Edexcel GCE

Centre Number

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Drama and Theatre Studies

Advanced

Unit 4: Theatre Text in Context

Monday 11 June 2018 – Morning

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.
- Your answers in Section A and Section B must be about the same set play text.
- 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.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A

Answer ONE question from this section.

1 *Lysistrata* by Aristophanes

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 2–6 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the stage direction beginning [*Enter LAMPITO, accompanied by ISMENIA etc.*] near the end of this extract on page 5. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between Lysistrata and Calonice in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring physicality 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 7–11 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the stage direction *Enter the GOOD ANGEL and the EVIL ANGEL* near the middle of this extract on page 9. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between Faustus and Valdes and Cornelius in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring physicality in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)

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3 *Woyzeck* by George Buchner

You should refer to the extract reproduced on pages 12–15 of the source booklet.

- (a) Outline for your performers **two** ways they might explore the stage direction at the start of SCENE TWO – **MARIE** and **MARGARET** at **MARIE'S** window etc. towards the centre of the extract on page 13 of the source booklet. (4)
- (b) Consider **three** appropriate rehearsal techniques you might use in order to explore the relationship between Marie and Woyzeck in this extract. (6)
- (c) Explain to your performers how you intend to work on exploring physicality in this extract, giving reasons for your approach, supported by clear examples. (10)

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)



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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, outline and justify how you intend to make your production of the play relevant for your audience demonstrating your understanding of its original performance context.

(Total for Question 4 = 30 marks)

- 5 As a director, outline your approach to the use of stage space in your production of the play and give clear examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be achieved in performance.

(Total for Question 5 = 30 marks)

Dr Faustus by Christopher Marlowe

- 6 As a director, outline and justify how you intend to make your production of the play relevant for your audience demonstrating your understanding of its original performance context.

(Total for Question 6 = 30 marks)

- 7 As a director, outline your approach to the use of stage space in your production of the play and give clear examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be achieved in performance.

(Total for Question 7 = 30 marks)

Woyzeck by George Buchner

- 8 As a director, outline and justify how you intend to make your production of the play relevant for your audience demonstrating your understanding of its original performance context.

(Total for Question 8 = 30 marks)

- 9 As a director, outline your approach to the use of stage space in your production of the play and give clear examples, supported by reasons, of how your ideas might be achieved 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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SECTION C

Answer ONE question in response to the live production you have seen.

You must write the title of the play, the playwright, the date you saw the play and the venue of the production at the start of your answer.

EITHER

10 'A twenty-first century theatre audience is too concerned with the present to be interested in theatre of the past.'

Discuss the above statement in relation to the play you have seen in performance compared to its original performance.

(Total for Question 10 = 30 marks)

OR

11 Evaluate the use of two design elements in the production you have seen and compare this with its original performance.

(Total for Question 11 = 30 marks)

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 10** **Question 11**

Title of play:

.....

Playwright:

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Date seen:

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Venue of production:

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(Total for Question = 30 marks)

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



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Pearson Edexcel GCE

Drama and Theatre Studies

Advanced

Unit 4: Theatre Text in Context

Monday 11 June 2018 – Morning

Source Booklet

Paper Reference

6DR04/01

Do not return this source booklet with the question paper.

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FOR USE WITH QUESTION 1

EXTRACT: LYSISTRATA (pages 3–13)

SCENE: At first, in front of the houses of Lysistrata and Calonice, somewhere in Athens; later the background building will be reidentified as the west front of the Acropolis. It is early morning.

[LYSISTRATA comes out of her house. She looks right and left, with increasing impatience, to see if anyone is coming.]

LYSISTRATA *[annoyed]*:

Just think if it had been a Bacchic celebration they'd been asked to attend – or something in honour of Pan or Aphrodite! You wouldn't have been able to move for all the tambourines. But as it is – not a woman here! [CALONICE'S door opens and she comes out to join

LYSISTRATA.] No, here's my neighbour coming out, at any rate. Good morning, Calonice.

CALONICE:

Same to you, Lysistrata. What's bothering you, dear? Don't screw up your face like that. Knitted brows really don't suit you.

LYSISTRATA:

Sorry, Calonice, but I'm furious. I'm really disappointed in womankind. All our husbands think we're such clever villains –

CALONICE:

Well, aren't we?

LYSISTRATA:

And now look – I've called a meeting to discuss a very major matter, and they're all still fast asleep!

CALONICE:

Don't worry, darling, they'll come. It's not so easy for a wife to get out of the house, you know. They'll all be hanging round their husbands, waking up the servants, putting the baby to sleep or washing and feeding it –

LYSISTRATA:

But dammit, there are more important things than that!

CALONICE:

Tell me, Lysistrata dear, what is this thing that you've called us women together to talk about? Is it a big thing?

LYSISTRATA:

A very big thing.

CALONICE:

Big and meaty, you mean?

LYSISTRATA:

Very big and very meaty.

CALONICE:

Then why on earth aren't they here?

LYSISTRATA:

That's not what I meant – otherwise they certainly would have arrived promptly! No, it's an idea that I've been thinking over and tossing about through many sleepless nights.

CALONICE:

Something pretty flimsy, then, surely, if it's so easy to toss about?

LYSISTRATA:

Flimsy? Why, Calonice, we women have the salvation of all Greece in our hands.

CALONICE:

In *our* hands? Then Greece hasn't much hope!

LYSISTRATA:

The whole future of the country rests with us. Either the Peloponnesians are all going to be wiped out –

CALONICE:

Good idea, by Zeus!

LYSISTRATA:

and the Boeotians totally destroyed –

CALONICE:

Not all of them please! Do spare the eels.

LYSISTRATA:

and Athens – well, I won't say it, but you know what it is that I'm not saying. But if all the women join together – not just us, but the Peloponnesians and Boeotians as well – then united we can save Greece.

CALONICE:

But how can women achieve anything so grand or noble? What do we ever do but sit at home looking pretty, wearing saffron gowns and make-up and Cimberic shifts and giant slippers?

LYSISTRATA:

But don't you see, that's exactly what I mean to use to save Greece – those saffron gowns and scents and giant slippers and rouges and see-through shifts.

CALONICE:

How are you going to do that?

LYSISTRATA:

I am going to bring it about that no man, for at least a generation, will raise a spear against another –

CALONICE:

I'm going to get a gown dyed saffron, by the Holy Twain!

LYSISTRATA:

nor take a shield in his hand –

CALONICE:

I'll put on a see-through right away!

LYSISTRATA:

or even an icky little sword.

CALONICE:

I'm going to buy a pair of giant slippers!

LYSISTRATA:

Now do you think the women ought to have been here by now?

CALONICE:

By Zeus, yes – they ought to have taken wing and flown here!

LYSISTRATA:

No such luck, old girl; they are Athenian, after all, and can always be relied on to be late. We haven't even had anyone yet from the Paralia, or any of the Salaminians.

CALONICE:

Well, I'm sure *they'll* have been *riding over* since the early hours!

LYSISTRATA:

And the ones I was most expecting and counting on being here first – the Acharnians – they haven't come either.

CALONICE:

Well, I'm sure that Theogenes' wife at least will have been putting on all sail to get here. [*Pointing offstage*] But look, here come some of them now.

LYSISTRATA:

[looking in the opposite direction]: Yes, and here are some more.

[MYRRHINE and several other women arrive, some from the left, others from the right. CALONICE recoils from one group as if from a loathsome smell.]

CALONICE:

Ugh, where are this lot from?

LYSISTRATA:

Stinking Trefoils.

CALONICE:

That's why I thought I'd bumped into one!

MYRRHINE

[who has taken a little time to get her breath back]: We're not late, are we, Lysistrata? *[There is no reply.]* Well? Why aren't you saying anything?

LYSISTRATA:

Myrrhine, I'm not best pleased with someone who arrives this late when such an important matter is to be discussed.

MYRRHINE:

I'm sorry, I had trouble finding my waistband in the dark. If it's that important, don't wait for the rest, tell us about it now.

LYSISTRATA:

No, let's wait just a moment. The Boeotian and Peloponnesian women should be here any time now.

MYRRHINE:

You're right. Ah, here comes Lampito!

[Enter LAMPITO, accompanied by ISMENIA the Theban and a CORINTHIAN WOMAN, and followed by several other SPARTAN WOMEN. All their garments are slit at the side.]

LYSISTRATA:

Welcome, Lampito, my beloved Spartan friend! Sweetheart, how absolutely ravishing you look! Such beautiful colour, such rippling muscles! Why, I bet you could throttle a bull.

LAMPITO:

So I cuid, I'm thinking, by the Twa Gods. I'm in training – practise heel-to-bum jumps regularly. *[She takes a two-footed jump, touching both buttocks with her heels and landing on her feet.]*

CALONICE:

[*feeling Lampito's breasts*]: A very nice pair you've got here, too.

LAMPITO [*indignantly*]:

I'd thank ye not tae feel me over as if ye were just about tae sacrifice me.

LYSISTRATA [*pointing to Ismenia.*]:

Where does this other girl come from?

LAMPITO:

By the Twa Gods, this is the Boeotian representative that's come tae ye.

MYRRHINE [*looking inside her dress*]:

Yes, she represents Boeotia very well, with those fine broad lowlands!

CALONICE [*same business*]:

And with all the herbage so carefully plucked, too!

LYSISTRATA:

And this other one?

LAMPITO:

A lass of noble line, by the Twa Gods, a Corinthian.

CALONICE:

[*pointing to the Corinthian's well-padded belly and buttocks*]: She certainly has noble lines here and here!

LAMPITO:

Now who's the convener of this women's gathering?

LYSISTRATA:

I am.

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 2

EXTRACT: DR FAUSTUS (pages 1–13)

[Prologue]

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

Not marching now in fields of Trasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love
In courts of kings where state is overturned,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to daunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentlemen: we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany within a town called Roda.
Of riper years, to Württemberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarship graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoll'n with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow.
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted more with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits. *Exit*

[Act 1 Scene 1]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

FAUSTUS

Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works. [*Picks up book.*]
Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me!
[*Reads.*] "*Bene disserere est finis logices.*"
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?

Affords this art no greater miracle?
 Then read no more; thou hast attained the end.
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
 Bid *On kai me on* farewell.
 [Puts down book and picks up another.]
 Galen come.
 Seeing [Reads] "*Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus,*"
 Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
 And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
 [Reads.] "*Summum bonum medicinae sanitas.*"
 The end of physic is our body's health.
 Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
 Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
 Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague
 And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
 Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
 Wouldst thou make men to live eternally
 Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
 Then this profession were to be esteemed. [Puts down book.]
 Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [Picks up another book and reads.]
 "*Si una eademque res legatur duobus,*
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc."
 A pretty case of paltry legacies!
 [Reads.] "*Exhaereditare filium non potest pater nisi, etc.*"
 Such is the subject of the *Institute*
 And universal body of the Church.
 His study fits a mercenary drudge
 Who aims at nothing but external trash:
 Too servile and illiberal for me. [Puts down book.]
 When all is done, divinity is best. [Picks up another book.]
 Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.
 [Reads.] "*Stipendium peccati mors est.*" Ha!
Stipendium, etc. The reward of sin is death. That's hard.
 [Reads.] "*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur,*
Et nulla est in nobis veritas."
 If we say that we have no sin
 We deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us.
 Why, then, belike we must sin and so consequently die.
 Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
 Why doctrine call you this? *Che serà, serà?*
 What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu! [Puts down Bible.]
 [Picks up book of magic.] These metaphysics of magicians
 And necromantic books are heavenly;
 Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters—
 Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
 O, what a world of profit and delight,
 Of power, of honor, of omnipotence,
 Is promised to the studious artisan!
 All things that move between the quiet poles
 Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
 Are but obeyed in their several provinces,

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this Stretcheth
as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound magician is a mighty god.
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,

The German Valdes and Cornelius.
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAGNER

I will, sir. *Exit*

FAUSTUS

Their conference will be a greater help to me,
Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.
Enter the GOOD ANGEL and the EVIL ANGEL.

GOOD ANGEL

O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures. That is blasphemy.

EVIL ANGEL

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasury is contained.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. *Exeunt* [ANGELS].

FAUSTUS

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings.
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass
And make swift Rhine circle fair Württemberg.
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad.
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

And reign sole king of all the provinces.
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealèd arts.
Yet not your words only but mine own fantasy
That will receive no object for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three:
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile.
Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German Church
And made the flowering pride of Württemberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honor him.

VALDES

Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three.
Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than in the white breasts of the Queen of Love.
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury,
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

FAUSTUS

Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live; therefore, object it not.

CORNELIUS

The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowned
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUSTUS

Nothing, Cornelius. O this cheers my soul!
Come, show me some demonstrations magical
That I may conjure in some lusty grove
And have these joys in full possession.

VALDES

Then haste thee to some solitary grove
And bear wise Bacon's and Abanus' works,
And Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORNELIUS

Valdes, first let him know the words of art,
And then, all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALDES

First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUSTUS

Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do.
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. *Exeunt.*

END OF EXTRACT

FOR USE WITH QUESTION 3

EXTRACT: WOYZECK (pages 3–11)

SCENE ONE

The woods. **ANDRES** *is splitting sticks and whistling the tune of his song.*
WOYZECK *comes on to him.*

WOYZECK:

The place is cursed, you know, Andres. You see that light strip on the grass there, where the toadstools're so thick? A head rolls down it every evening. There was a man picked it up once, he thought it was a hedgehog: three days and nights after, he was lying in his coffin.

(Whispers.) It was the Freemasons, Andres, I'm sure of it, the Freemasons.
Quiet!

ANDRES: *(sings).*

A pair of hares were sitting there
Nibbling the green, green grass . . .

WOYZECK:

Quiet.
Can you hear it, Andres?
Can you hear it? Something moving.

ANDRES:

Nibbling the green, green grass
Until the ground was bare.

WOYZECK:

Moving behind me, beneath me –

He stamps on the ground.

Listen; it's hollow. It's all hollow under there.
– The Freemasons.

ANDRES:

It's scary.

WOYZECK:

So strange: still. 'Makes you hold your breath.
– Andres!

ANDRES:

What?

WOYZECK:

Say something!

He stares out across the landscape.

Andres! How bright! It's all glowing above the town, glowing ...
A fire raging in the sky and clamour there below like trumpets.
It's coming this way!

*Drags **ANDRES** into the bushes.*

Quick! Don't look behind you!

ANDRES:

... Woyzeck? Can you still hear it?

WOYZECK:

Silence, nothing but silence; as if the world w's dead.

ANDRES:

The drums're going, listen. We've got to get back.

SCENE TWO

MARIE and **MARGARET** at **MARIE's** window as the retreat is being drummed. **MARIE** holds her child.

MARIE:

Hup, baby! Ta ra ra! - Hear it? – Here they come!

*Precise and perfect, the **DRUM-MAJOR** marches the length of the street.*

MARGARET:

What a man, straight as a tree!

MARIE:

And brave as a lion, I'll bet.

*The **DRUM-MAJOR** gives an eyes right salute.*

MARIE acknowledges.

MARGARET:

Hey, that was a friendly eye you gave him neighbour! You don't treat every man to that.

MARIE (*sings*):

Soldiers, they are handsome lads...

MARGARET:

Look at your eyes; still shining.

MARIE:

So what? Take yours to the Jewman and let him polish them; you might be able to sell them for buttons if he c'n brighten them up.

MARGARET:

Who're you to talk to me like that? Miss Motherhood! I'm an honest woman, I am, but you could see your way through seven pair of leather britches, you.

(She goes out).

MARIE:

Bitch.

Well, baby, let them have it their way. After all, you're only the child of a whore, unlucky thing; 'nd your wicked face just fills your mother's heart with joy.

(She sings) What shall you do, my pretty maid?

You've got a baby without a dad.
Never you mind about me –
All night long I'll sit and sing,
'Rockabye, rockabye, tiny thing,'
Though nobody cares for me.

Unsaddle your six white horses, do
And give them fodder fresh and new –
Oats they won't eat for you,
Water won't drink for you,
Nothing will do but wine, hop, hop,
Nothing but pure, cold wine.

(WOYZECK comes to the window, knocks).

Who's there?

'That you, Franz? Come inside.

WOYZECK:

Can't. 'Got to go to muster.

MARIE:

Have you been cutting wood f'r the Captain?

WOYZECK:

Yes.

MARIE:

What's the matter, Franz? You look so wild.

WOYZECK:

There was something there again, Marie, a lot of things.
Isn't it written, 'And behold, there came forth a smoke from the land like the smoke of an oven'?

MARIE:

Oh, man!

WOYZECK:

It followed me all the way to town. – What does it mean?

MARIE:

Franz!

WOYZECK:

Got to go. – See you at the fair this ev'ning; I've put something by.

(He leaves.)

MARIE:

That man! So haunted by everything. – He didn't even stop to look at his child. Thinking's wound his mind up like a watchspring, it'll break one'v these days. Why're you so quiet, baby? Are you frightened?

It's so dark you could be going blind. – No light.

The streetlamp usually shines in all the time. These shadows, gathering like deadmen...

It's horrible!

She hurries out with the child.

END OF EXTRACT

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