

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**

9EL0/01

English Language and Literature

Advanced

PAPER 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

You must have:

Prescribed texts (clean copies) and
SourceBooklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

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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 the question in **Section A** and one question in **Section B**.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*
- In your answers, you must **not** use texts that you have studied for coursework.

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- 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.
- Good luck with your examination.

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(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



SECTION B

Drama texts

Answer ONE question on your chosen text.

Questions relate to the play you have studied and to the relevant extract from that play in the source booklet. Begin your answer on page 13.

EITHER

All My Sons, Arthur Miller

Read the extract on pages 8–9 of the source booklet.

- 2** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Miller uses responses to the sale of the cracked cylinder heads to develop the theme of deceit in the play.

In your answer, you must consider Miller's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

OR

A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams

Read the extract on pages 10–11 of the source booklet.

- 3** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Williams uses Stanley's revelations to prepare for his final confrontation with Blanche in Scene Ten.

In your answer, you must consider Williams' use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

Elmina's Kitchen, Kwame Kwei-Armah

Read the extract on pages 12–13 of the source booklet.

- 4** Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Kwei-Armah presents attitudes towards family responsibilities in Black British society.

In your answer, you must consider Kwei-Armah's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

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OR

Equus, Peter Shaffer

Read the extract on pages 14–15 of the source booklet.

- 5 Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Shaffer uses the character of Dora to challenge Dysart's understanding of the influences that have shaped Alan Strang.

In your answer, you must consider Shaffer's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

The History Boys, Alan Bennett

Read the extract on pages 16–17 of the source booklet.

- 6 Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Bennett uses the character of the Headmaster to comment on the priorities of the education system.

In your answer, you must consider Bennett's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

OR

Top Girls, Caryl Churchill

Read the extract on pages 18–19 of the source booklet.

- 7 Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Churchill uses the character of Angie to comment on the choices faced by professionally ambitious women in 1980s Britain.

In your answer, you must consider Churchill's use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)



OR

Translations, Brian Friel

Read the extract on pages 20–21 of the source booklet.

- 8 Using this extract as a starting point, and with reference to other parts of the play, discuss how Friel uses Owen’s role as translator to reflect his changing relationship with the community and the soldiers with whom he serves.

In your answer, you must consider Friel’s use of linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Time 2 hours 30 minutes

**Paper
reference**

9EL0/01

English Language and Literature

Advanced

PAPER 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Source Booklet

Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

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SECTION A

Voices in 20th and 21st century texts

Text A

This is an article published on the website of the Everyman Theatre in August 2019. The article is based on an interview with British food writer, Nigel Slater, whose written memoir 'Toast' was adapted into a play. The interview publicises the staging of the play at the theatre in September 2019.

Nigel Slater talks Toast

The food writer and journalist tells us about seeing his memoirs brought vividly to life on stage in *Toast*, bringing food into the theatre and the surprising impact his story has had on audiences.

What's Toast about?

Toast is the story of a little boy who feels abandoned because his mother dies when he's very young and his father falls in love with another woman. The boy's life suddenly changes with the arrival of a woman who's completely different from his mother. It's about learning to make your own way and gaining the strength to do something surprising at that young age, make big decisions about your life.

What moved you to write your memoirs?

I wasn't the driving force, actually. I was asked to write an article about the food of my childhood. When I started writing, I realised that everything I was tasting brought back a lot of memories. Every food item was associated very clearly with a particular part of my life or vignette from my childhood. The day after it was published, my editor said "I think it should be a book."

How did you feel when playwright Henry Filloux-Bennett asked about adapting it for the theatre?

I said "No." I just didn't see how it would work on stage. But when he sent part of the script I was completely blown away. I thought "This is going to work, let's have a go."

Jonnie Riordon, the director, has done this thing that directors do of making the show not a slightly sad story of a little boy losing his mum and being forced to live with a stepmum he didn't like, but a really joyous performance. Right from the start, he decided that the heart and soul of this show is food. When I walked in on the very first night, I thought "Where's the smell of toast coming from?" It was Jonnie walking round waving bits of toast before the audience sat down.

There's magic to it when the food appears. For instance, my stepmother will open a cupboard and there will be a wonderful cake or some pastries waiting. The food is almost a cast member in its own right. The cast, as well as having to remember their lines, positions and all the usual things actors do, also have to run into the audience and hand out sweets and treats. It really makes quite an impact.

How involved with the production have you been?

It is my story, so I do feel protective of it. I've kept a close watch on it, but everyone understood it is more than just a story of a little boy and his mum. It's a bigger than that. It's affected many people.

There are so many children that have felt abandoned after a bereavement. There are so many children that don't understand why this new person's come into Dad's life or Mum's life that they have to accept. It isn't just my story. Lots of kids have that emotionally tough time. I hadn't realised so many people would come up to me, send me letters or write emails saying "That is my story. That happened to me."

Finally, what can audiences expect from a trip to see Toast?

They can expect magic, the luxury of nostalgia and some fantastic surprises and treats that you don't usually get at the theatre. It might be worth popping in a Kleenex as well, because there have been quite a few tears.

Nigel Slater's Toast is at the Playhouse, Tue 10 Sep to Sat 14 Sep 2019

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Text B

Mom & Me & Mom by Maya Angelou

This is an extract from Mom & Me & Mom, an autobiography by the African-American author, poet, dancer, actress and singer, Maya Angelou.

By the time I was twenty-two, I was living in San Francisco. I had a five-year-old son, two jobs, and two rented rooms, with cooking privileges down the hall. My landlady, Mrs. Jefferson, was kind and grandmotherly. She was a ready babysitter and insisted on providing dinner for her tenants. Her ways were so tender and her personality so sweet that no one was mean enough to discourage her disastrous culinary exploits.

Spaghetti at her table, which was offered at least three times a week, was a mysterious red, white, and brown concoction. We would occasionally encounter an unidentifiable piece of meat hidden among the pasta. There was no money in my budget for restaurant food, so I and my son, Guy, were always loyal, if often unhappy, diners at Chez Jefferson.

My mother had moved into another large Victorian house, on Fulton Street, which she again filled with Gothic, heavily carved furniture. The upholstery on the sofa and occasional chairs was red-wine-colored mohair. Oriental rugs were placed throughout the house. She had a live-in employee, Poppa, who cleaned the house and sometimes filled in as cook helper.

Mother picked up Guy twice a week and took him to her house, where she fed him peaches and cream and hot dogs, but I only went to Fulton Street once a month and at an agreed-upon time.

She understood and encouraged my self-reliance and I looked forward eagerly to our standing appointment. On the occasion, she would cook one of my favorite dishes. One lunch date stands out in my mind.

I call it Vivian's Red Rice Day.

When I arrived at the Fulton Street house my mother was dressed beautifully. Her makeup was perfect and she wore good jewelry. After we embraced, I washed my hands and we walked through her formal, dark dining room and into the large, bright kitchen.

Much of lunch was already on the kitchen table.

Vivian Baxter was very serious about her delicious meals.

On that long-ago Red Rice Day, my mother had offered me a crispy, dry-roasted capon, no dressing or gravy, and a simple lettuce salad, no tomatoes or cucumbers. A wide-mouthed bowl covered with a platter sat next to her plate.

She fervently blessed the food with a brief prayer and put her left hand on the platter and her right on the bowl. She turned the dishes over and gently loosened the bowl from its contents and revealed a tall mound of glistening red rice (my favorite food in the entire world) decorated with finely minced parsley and green stalks of scallions. The chicken and salad do not feature so prominently in my tastebuds' memory, but each grain of red rice is emblazoned on the surface of my tongue forever.

"Gluttonous" and "greedy" negatively describe the hearty eater offered the seduction of her favorite food.

Two large portions of rice sated my appetite, but the deliciousness of the dish made me long for a larger stomach so that I could eat two more helpings.

My mother had plans for the rest of her afternoon, so she gathered her wraps and we left the house together.

We reached the middle of the block and were enveloped in the stinging acid aroma of vinegar from the pickle factory on the corner of Fillmore and Fulton streets. I had walked ahead. My mother stopped me and said, "Baby."

I walked back to her.

"Baby, I've been thinking and now I am sure. You are the greatest woman I've ever met."

I looked down at the pretty little woman, with her perfect makeup and diamond earrings, and a silver fox scarf. She was admired by most people in San Francisco's black community and even some whites liked and respected her.

She continued. "You are very kind and very intelligent and those elements are not always found together. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, and my mother—yes, you belong in that category. Here, give me a kiss."

She kissed me on the lips and turned and jaywalked across the street to her beige and brown Pontiac. I pulled myself together and walked down to Fillmore Street. I crossed there and waited for the number 22 streetcar.

My policy of independence would not allow me to accept money or even a ride from my mother, but I welcomed her and her wisdom. Now I thought of what she had said. I thought, "Suppose she is right? She's very intelligent and often said she didn't fear anyone enough to lie. Suppose I really am going to become somebody. Imagine."

At that moment, when I could still taste the red rice, I decided the time had come to stop my dangerous habits like smoking, drinking, and cursing. Imagine. I might really become somebody. Someday.

SECTION B

Drama texts

All My Sons, Arthur Miller

KELLER Listen, you do like I did and you'll be all right. The day I come home, I got out of my car; - but not in front of the house... on the corner. You should've been there, Annie, and you too, Chris; you'd-a seen something. Everybody knew I was getting out that day; the porches were loaded. Picture it now; none of them believed I was innocent. The story was, I pulled a fast one getting myself exonerated. So I get out of my car, and I walk down the street. But very slow. And with a smile. The beast! I was the beast; the guy who sold cracked cylinder heads to the Army Air Force; the guy who made twenty-one P-40's crash in Australia. Kid, walkin' down the street that day I was guilty as hell. Except I wasn't, and there was a court paper in my pocket to prove I wasn't, and I walked ... past ... the porches. Result? Fourteen months later I had one of the best shops in the state again, a respected man again; bigger than ever.

CHRIS *[with admiration]* Joe McGuts.

KELLER *[now with great force]*: That's the only way you lick 'em is guts! *[to ANN]*. The worst thing you did was to move away from here. You made it tough for your father when he gets out. That's why I tell you, I like to see him move back right on this block.

MOTHER *[pained]*: How could they move back?

KELLER It ain't gonna end *till* they move back! *[to ANN]* Till people play cards with him again, and talk with him, and smile with him – you play cards with a man you know he can't be a murderer. And next time you write him I like you to tell him just what I said. *[Ann simply stares at him]*. You hear me?

ANN *[surprised]*: Don't you hold anything against him?

KELLER Annie, I never believed in crucifying people.

ANN *[mystified]*: But he was your partner, he dragged you through the mud....

KELLER Well, he ain't my sweetheart, but you gotta forgive, don't you?

ANN You, either, Kate? Don't you feel any...?

KELLER *[to ANN]*: The next time you write Dad...

ANN I don't write him.

KELLER *[struck]*: Well every now and again you...

ANN *[a little ashamed but determined]*: No, I've *never* written to him. Neither has my brother. *[To CHRIS]* Say, do you feel this way, too?

CHRIS He murdered twenty-one pilots.

KELLER What the hell kinda talk is that?

MOTHER That's not a thing to say about a man.

ANN What else can you say? When they took him away I followed him, went to see him every visiting day. I was crying all the time. Until the news came about Larry. Then I realized. It's wrong to pity a man like that. Father or no father, there's only one way to look at him. He knowingly shipped parts that would crash an airplane. And how do you know Larry wasn't one of them?

MOTHER I was waiting for that. *[Going to her]* As long as you're here, Annie, I want to ask you never to say that again.

From Act One: pp 30–31

A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams

STANLEY Lie Number One: All this squeamishness she puts on! You should just know the line she's been feeding to Mitch. He thought she had never been more than kissed by a fellow! But Sister Blanche is no lily! Ha-ha! Some lily she is!

STELLA What have you heard and from whom?

STANLEY Our supply-man down at the plant has been going through Laurel for years and he knows all about her and everybody else in the town of Laurel knows all about her. She is as famous in Laurel as if she was the President of the United States, only she is not respected by any party! This supply-man stops at a hotel called the Flamingo.

BLANCHE [*singing blithely*]:

'Say, it's only a paper moon, Sailing over a cardboard sea – But it wouldn't be make-believe if you believed in me!'

STELLA What about the – Flamingo?

STANLEY She stayed there, too.

STELLA My sister lived at Belle Reve.

STANLEY This is after the home-place had slipped through her lily-white fingers! She moved to the Flamingo! A second-class hotel which has the advantage of not interfering in the private social life of the personalities there! The Flamingo is used to all kinds of goings-on. But even the management of the Flamingo was impressed by Dame Blanche! In fact they were so impressed by Dame Blanche that they requested her to turn in her room–key – for permanently! This happened a couple of weeks before she showed here.

BLANCHE [*singing*]:

'It's a Barnum and Bailey world, Just as phony as it can be – But it wouldn't be make-believe if you believed in me!'

STELLA What – contemptible – lies!

STANLEY Sure, I could see how you would be upset by this. She pulled the wool over your eyes as much as Mitch's!

STELLA It's pure invention! There's not a word of truth in it and if I were a man and this creature had dared to invent such things in my presence -

BLANCHE [*singing*]:

'Without your love,
It's a honky-tonk parade!
Without your love,
It's a melody played In a penny arcade...'

STANLEY Honey, I told you I thoroughly checked on these stories! Now wait till I finish. The trouble with Dame Blanche was that she couldn't put on her act any more in Laurel! They got wised up after two or three dates with her and then they quit, and she goes on to another, the same old lines, same old act, same old hooey! But the town was too small for this to go on forever! And as time went by she became a town character. Regarded as not just different but loco-nuts!

[*Stella draws back.*]

And for the last year or two she's been washed up like poison. That's why she's here this summer, visiting royalty, putting on all this act – because she's practically told by the mayor to get out of town! Yes, did you know there was an army camp near Laurel and your sister's was one of the places called 'Out-of-Bounds'?

From Scene Seven, pp 70–71

Elmina's Kitchen, Kwame Kwei-Armah

Clifton No! (*Beat.*) I feel rather proud, you know. We seem to be running this ting well. Don't you think?

Deli We?

Clifton Yes, it wouldn't be unfair to say we. In fact, you know what I was thinking? You should let me move into the flat with you, son, that way we'd always be ready!

Deli Clifton, I'm selling this place.

Clifton Because them Yardies want a little money from you? It's better you pay them than you run away. Men don't run away, son.

Deli (*fed up of everyone questioning his manhood*) So what do they do, Clifton?

Clifton They stay at the crease until the umpire's hand go so. (*Pointing up and out.*) Running is never the answer.

Deli I'm not running.

Clifton I thought you had more brains than that, man!

Beat.

Where you going if you sell this place?

Deli I don't know. Somewhere far.

Clifton You going to take Ashley?

Deli I want to.

Clifton What about me?

Deli What about you, Clifton?

Clifton Aren't you going to need someone to help you run the business?

Deli Who said anything about a business?

Clifton What else you go do? Whose going to employ someone that has no qualifications, spent a year in jail and ran away from the one positive thing he has achieved in his life. Where's your respect?

Deli Respect for what?

Clifton Ashley, me.

Deli You?

Clifton Yes actually, me. As your father you owe me respect. The respect that says 'Daddy I know you're not well, as your son I'll take care of you till you're strong again.'

Deli Clifton, this is the wrong time for us to be having this debate.

Clifton (*losing it*) No, this is exactly the right time to be having it. As a child, did I ever let you walk the streets raggedy?

Deli No, but...

Clifton Exactly!

Deli That was about you, you and your children always had to be the smartest in the street!

Clifton Exactly, I looked after you...

Deli To a point.

Clifton *(to himself)* Once and man, twice a child. Jesus. Your generation curse. You British blacks pick up worst and leave best. Instead ah you pick up the Englishman thirst for knowledge and learning you pick up his nasty habit of dumping their old people in some stinking hole for them to rot when they are at the prime of their wisdom.

Deli Clifton, is you that said when the doctors give you the all-clear that you going home...

Clifton ... I lied, I don't have nowhere to go, Delroy.

From Act Two, Scene Four, pp. 86–88

Equus, Peter Shaffer

Lights up on the square.

DYSART I must ask you never to come here again.

DORA Do you think I want to? Do you think I want to?

DYSART Mrs Strang, what on earth has got into you? Can't you see the boy is highly distressed?

DORA (*ironic*) Really?

DYSART Of course! He's at a most delicate stage of treatment. He's totally exposed. Ashamed. Everything you can imagine!

DORA (*exploding*) And me? What about me? ... What do you think I am?... I'm a parent, of course – so it doesn't count. That's a dirty word in here, isn't it, 'parent'?

DYSART You know that's not true.

DORA Oh, I know. I know, all right! I've heard it all my life! It's *our* fault. Whatever happens *we* did it. Alan's just a little victim. He's really done nothing at all! (*savagely*) What do you have to do in this world to get any sympathy – blind animals?

DYSART Sit down, Mrs Strang.

DORA (*ignoring him: more and more urgently*) Look, Doctor: you don't have to live with this. Alan is one patient to you: one out of many. He's my son. I lie awake every night thinking about it. Frank lies there beside me. I can hear him. Neither of us sleeps all night. You come to us and say Who forbids television? who does what behind whose back? – as if we're criminals. Let me tell you something. We're not criminals. We've done nothing wrong. We loved Alan. We gave him the best love we could. All right, we quarrel sometimes – all parents quarrel – we always make it up. My husband is a good man. He's an upright man, religion or no religion. He cares for his home, for the world, and for his boy. Alan had love and care and treats, and as much fun as any boy in the world. I know about loveless homes: I was a teacher. Our home wasn't loveless. I know about privacy too – not invading a child's privacy. All right, Frank may be at fault there – he digs into him too much – but nothing in excess. He's not a bully... (*gravely*) No, doctor. Whatever's happened has happened *because of Alan*. Alan is himself. Every soul is itself. If you added up everything we ever did to him, from his first day on earth to this, you wouldn't find why he did this terrible thing – because that's *him*: not just all of our things added up. Do you understand what I'm saying? I want you to understand, because I lie awake and awake thinking it out, and I want you to know that I deny it absolutely what he's doing now, staring at me, attacking me for what *he's* done, for what *he* is! (*pause: calmer*) You've got your words, and I've got mine. You call it a complex, I suppose. But if you knew God, Doctor, you would know about the Devil. You'd know the Devil isn't made by what mummy says or daddy says. The Devil's *there*. It's an old-fashioned word, but a true thing... I'll go. What I did in there was inexcusable. I only know he was my little Alan, and then the Devil came.

She leaves the square, and resumes her place. Dysart watches her go, then leaves himself by the opposite entrance, and approaches Alan.

From Act Two, Scene Twenty-Three pp. 62–63

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The History Boys, Alan Bennett

Headmaster Shall I tell you what is wrong with Hector as a teacher?

It isn't that he doesn't produce results. He does. But they are unpredictable and unquantifiable and in the current educational climate that is no use. He may well be doing his job, but there's no method that I know of that enables me to assess the job that he is doing.

There is inspiration, certainly, but how do I quantify that? And he has no notion of boundaries. A few weeks ago I caught him teaching French. French!

English is his subject. And I happened to hear one child singing yesterday morning, and on enquiry I find that his pupils know all of the words of 'When I'm Cleaning Windows'. George Formby. And Gracie Fields. Dorothy, what has Gracie Fields got to do with anything?

So the upshot is I'm glad he handled his pupils' balls because that at least I can categorise.

It is a reason for him going that no one can dispute.

And I was so pleased on the night Mrs Armstrong told me she was startled to find that she was the object of unaccustomed sexual interference herself. That is a measure of how pleased I was, though I shan't say that to the inspectors.

Mrs Lintott says nothing.

You didn't know. He hadn't told you why he was going?

Mrs Lintott Not that, no.

Headmaster I assumed you knew.

Mrs Lintott No.

Headmaster In which case you must keep it to yourself, both his going and the reason for it.

Mrs Lintott He handled the boy's balls?

Headmaster I don't want to spell it out. You've been married yourself, you know the form. And while on the motorbike. He, as it were, cradled them. To be fair I think it was more appreciative than investigatory but it is inexcusable nevertheless. Think of the gulf of years. And the speed! One knows that road well.

No, no. It's to everyone's benefit that he should go as soon as possible. *(He goes.)*

Mrs Linttot I have not hitherto been allotted an inner voice, my role as a patient and not unamused sufferance of the predilections and preoccupations of men. They kick their particular stone along the street and I watch.

I am, it is true, confided in by all parties, my gender some sort of safeguard against the onward transmission of information... though that I should be assumed to be so discreet is in itself condescending. I'm what men would call a safe pair of hands.

Irwin comes in.

Our Headmaster is a twat. An impermissible word nowadays but the only one suited to my purpose. A twat.

From Act Two, pp 67–69

Top Girls, Caryl Churchill

Marlene So what bus are you going back on? Are you staying the night?

Angie Yes.

Marlene Who are you staying with? Do you want me to put you up for the night, is that it?

Angie Yes please.

Marlene I haven't got a spare bed.

Angie I can sleep on the floor.

Marlene You can sleep on the sofa.

Angie Yes please.

Marlene I do think Joyce might have phoned me. It's like her.

Angie This is where you work is it?

Marlene It's where I have been working the last two years but I'm going to move into another office.

Angie It's lovely.

Marlene My new office is nicer than this. There's just the one big desk in it for me.

Angie Can I see it?

Marlene Not now, no, there's someone else in it now. But he's leaving at the end of next week and I'm going to do his job.

Angie Is that good?

Marlene Yes, it's very good.

Angie Are you going to be in charge?

Marlene Yes I am.

Angie I knew you would be.

Marlene How did you know?

Angie I knew you'd be in charge of everything.

Marlene Not quite everything.

Angie You will be.

Marlene Well we'll see.

Angie Can I see it next week then?

Marlene Will you still be here next week?

Angie Yes.

Marlene Don't you have to go home?

Angie No.

Marlene Why not?

Angie It's all right.

Marlene Is it all right?

Angie Yes, don't worry about it.

Marlene Does Joyce know where you are?

Angie Yes of course she does.

Marlene Well does she?

Angie Don't worry about it.

Marlene How long are you planning to stay with me then?

Angie You know when you came to see us last year?

Marlene Yes, that was nice wasn't it?

Angie That was the best day of my whole life.

Marlene So how long are you planning to stay?

Angie Don't you want me?

Marlene Yes yes, I just wondered.

Angie I won't stay if you don't want me.

Marlene No, of course you can stay.

Angie I'll sleep on the floor. I won't be any bother.

Marlene Don't get upset.

Angie I'm not, I'm not. Don't worry about it.

From Act Two, pp. 61–63

Translations, Brian Friel

Lancey This will suffice. I will address them and it will be their responsibility to pass on what I have to say to every family in this section.

Lancey indicates to Owen to translate. Owen hesitates, trying to assess the change in Lancey's manner and attitude.

I'm in a hurry, O'Donnell.

Owen The captain has an announcement to make.

Lancey Lieutenant Yolland is missing. We are searching for him. If we don't find him, or if we receive no information as to where he is to be found, I will pursue the following course of action. *(He indicates to Owen to translate.)*

Owen They are searching for George. If they don't find him –

Lancey Commencing twenty-four hours from now we will shoot all livestock in Ballybeg.

Owen stares at Lancey.

At once.

Owen Beginning this time tomorrow they'll kill every animal in Baile Beag – unless they're told where George is.

Lancey If that doesn't bear results, commencing forty-eight hours from now we will embark on a series of evictions and levelling of every abode in the following selected areas –

Owen You're not –!

Lancey Do your job. Translate.

Owen If they still haven't found him two days' time they'll begin evicting and levelling every house starting with these townlands.

Lancey reads from his list.

Lancey Swinefort.

Owen Lis na Muc.

Lancey Burnfoot.

Owen Bun na hAbhann.

Lancey Dromduff.

Owen Druim Dubh.

Lancey Whiteplains.

Owen Machaire Ban.

Lancey Kings Head.

Owen Cnoc na Ri.

Lancey If by then the lieutenant hasn't been found, we will proceed until a complete clearance has been made of this entire section.

Owen If Yolland hasn't been got by then, they will ravish the whole parish.

Lancey I trust they know exactly what they've got to do. *(Pointing to Bridget.)* I know you. I know where you live. *(Pointing to Sarah.)* Who are you? Name!

Sarah's mouth opens and shuts, opens and shuts. Her face becomes contorted.

What's your name?

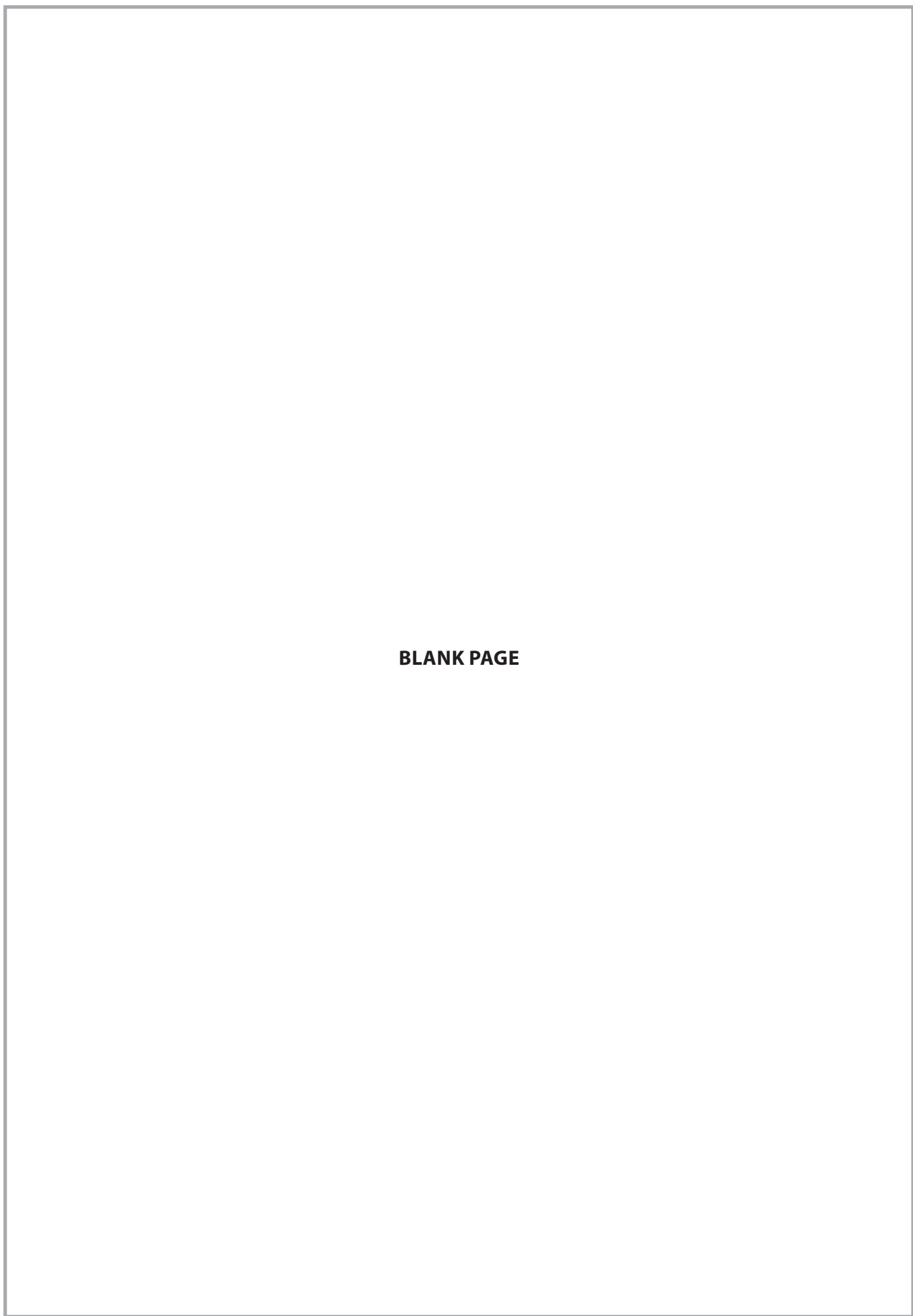
Again Sarah tries frantically.

Owen Go on, Sarah. You can tell him.

But Sarah cannot. And she knows she cannot. She closes her mouth. Her head goes down.

Her name is Sarah Johnny Sally.

From Act Three, pp. 79–81



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Source information

SECTION A

Text A: Source: www.everymanplayhouse.com

Text B: Voices in Speech and Writing, Maya Angelou, Pearson Education Ltd 2014

SECTION B: extracts from prescribed editions

<i>All My Sons</i>	Arthur Miller, Penguin Classics, 2009
<i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>	Tennessee Williams, Penguin Modern Classics, 2009
<i>Elmina's Kitchen</i>	Kwame Kwei-Armah, Methuen, 2003
<i>Equus</i>	Peter Shaffer, Longman, 1993
<i>The History Boys</i>	Alan Bennett, Faber & Faber, 2004
<i>Top Girls</i>	Caryl Churchill, Methuen Drama, 2008
<i>Translations</i>	Brian Friel, Faber & Faber, 1981