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Pearson GCE
Level 3

Centre Number

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Drama and Theatre
Advanced
Component 3: Theatre Makers in Practice

Monday 11 June 2018 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper Reference

9DR0/03

You must have:

Source booklet (enclosed) and one performance text
(clean copy for use in Section C only)

Total Marks

| |
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| |
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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.
- 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).
- 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.

Turn over ►

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P 5 2 4 8 7 R A 0 1 2 8



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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 answers in the spaces provided.

EITHER

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

'Live theatre today has no connection to the lives of young people.'

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:

'Technology is more important in live theatre today than the play itself.'

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)

Performance details

Title:

.....

Venue:

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Date seen:

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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 |

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-

3 As a **performer**, outline how you would use **voice** and **gesture** 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 **lighting** could be developed to create atmosphere 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 5 2 4 8 7 R 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 copy of the text to read the named section.

| Performance text | | Named section |
|--|------------|--|
| <i>Antigone</i> , Sophocles (adapted by Don Taylor) | from to | p. 5 ' <i>The scene is set outside the royal palace.</i> ' p. 7 Ismene ' <i>And heroic refusals are reserved for madmen!</i> ' |
| <i>Doctor Faustus (Text A)</i> , Christopher Marlowe (Download edition) | from to | p. 1 ' <i>Enter CHORUS</i> <i>CHORUS</i> <i>'Not marching now in fields...'</i> p. 7 Stage Direction ' <i>Exeunt (ANGELS)</i> ' |
| <i>Doctor Faustus (Text A)</i> , Christopher Marlowe (Norton Critical edition) | from to | p.6 Enter CHORUS CHORUS <i>'Not marching now in fields...'</i> p.10 Stage Direction ' <i>Exeunt (ANGELS)</i> ' |
| <i>Hedda Gabler</i> , Henrik Ibsen (adapted by Richard Eyre) | from to | p. 11 Act One ' <i>A large, elegant...'</i> p. 14 Stage Direction ' <i>... in hers and they sit side by side.</i> ' |
| <i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes (Download edition) | from to | p. 3 ' <i>SCENE: At first, in front of the houses...'</i> p. 15 Lysistrata: ' <i>join with me in putting a stop to the war.</i> ' |
| <i>Lysistrata</i> , Aristophanes (Penguin Classics edition) | from to | p. 141 ' <i>SCENE: At first, in front of the houses...'</i> p.145 Lysistrata: ' <i>join with me in putting a stop to the war.</i> ' |
| <i>The Maids</i> , Jean Genet | from to | p. 7 <i>Madame's bedroom</i> <small>The Faber & Faber edition has the same named section information</small> p. 9 SOLANGE: ' <i>I'd do all in my power-</i> ' |
| <i>The School for Scandal</i> , Richard Brinsley Sheridan | from to | p. 1 Act 1 Scene 1 Lady Sneerwells' House p. 3 Lady Sneerwell: ' <i>you are going to be moral and forget that you are among friends.</i> ' |
| <i>The Tempest</i> , William Shakespeare | from to | p. 1 Act 1 Scene 1 <small>The Oxford edition has the same named section information</small> p. 6 Act 1 Scene 2 Miranda ' <i>Certainly Sir, I can.</i> ' |
| <i>Waiting for Godot</i> , Samuel Beckett | from to | p. 1 Act 1 ' <i>A country road. A tree. Evening...'</i> p. 3 Stage Direction ' <i>...his face contorted'</i> |
| <i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner (Download edition) | from to | p. 3 ' <i>The woods, ANDRES is splitting...'</i> p. 11 ' <i>She hurries out with the child.</i> ' |
| <i>Woyzeck</i> , Georg Büchner (methuen edition) | from to | p.3 ' <i>The woods, ANDRES is splitting...'</i> p.6 ' <i>She hurries out with the child.</i> ' |

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

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|---|--------------------------|--|---|--------------------------|
| <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 from 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 interpret character in your production concept.

Your answer must focus on the named section listed on page 20 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 the visual elements in your production concept.

Your answer must focus on the named section listed on page 20 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

Drama and Theatre

Advanced

Component 3: Theatre Makers in Practice

Monday 11 June 2018 – Morning

Source booklet for use with Section B questions only

Paper Reference

9DR0/03

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| <i>Fences</i> | 16-19 |
| <i>Machinal</i> | 20-23 |
| <i>That Face</i> | 24-28 |

Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Dario Fo

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo

An ordinary office in the Central Police HQ, Milan. A desk littered with papers and files, telephone and card listing extensions, a bench, chairs, filing cabinet, a wastepaper bin, and a coat stand on which hang various coats and hats. The room is drab and bureaucratic; it is dominated by a large window. There are two doors. The view from the window indicates the office to be on the first floor, Enter INSPECTOR BERTOZZO and a CONSTABLE who takes the Inspector's coat and hat to the coat stand.

BERTOZZO: *(To Audience)* Good evening. I am Inspector Francesco Giovanni Batista Giancarlo Bertozzo of the Security Police. This is my office on the first floor of our notorious headquarters here in Milan. Notorious following a sordid little incident a few weeks ago when an anarchist, under interrogation in a similar room a few floors above, fell through the window. Although my colleagues claimed, quite reasonably, that the incident was suicide, the official verdict of the enquiry is that the death of the anarchist was 'accidental'. Bit ambiguous you see. So there's been public outrage, accusations, demonstrations and so on flying around this building for weeks. Not the best atmosphere in which a decent nine to five plainclothes policeman like myself can do an honest inconspicuous day's work.

I get all types in here. Tea leaves, junkies, pimps, arsonists — this is a sort of clearing house. NEXT!

Exit CONSTABLE. Returns with the character known as 'MANIAC' who sits opposite the desk. He looks like the cliché idea of a disciple of Freud: wild hair, thin spectacles, goatee beard, shabby suit or mac. He sits calmly. He carries about four plastic carrier bags stuffed with god knows what.

BERTOZZO: I ought to warn you that the author of this sick little play, Dario Fo, has the traditional, irrational hatred of the police common to all narrow-minded left-wingers and so I shall, no doubt, be the unwilling butt of endless anti-authoritarian jibes.

CONSTABLE encounters a mouse trap hidden in the filing cabinet and he yells.

BERTOZZO: Please bear with me.

INSPECTOR BERTOZZO picks up a visiting card and studies it, looking up at the MANIAC.

BERTOZZO: This isn't the first time that you've been up for impersonation is it? In all you have been arrested ... let me see ...

He leafs through the papers in front of him.

BERTOZZO: Twice as a surgeon, three times as a bishop, army captain, tennis umpire ...

MANIAC: Eleven arrests altogether, but I'd like to point out that I have never actually been convicted, Inspector.

BERTOZZO: I don't know how the hell you have been getting away with it, but this time we'll have you. That's a promise.

MANIAC: Mouthwatering, isn't it? A nice clean record like mine just begging to be defiled.

BERTOZZO: The charges state that you falsely assumed the identity of a professor of psychiatry and former don of the University of Padua. That's fraud.

MANIAC: Fraud committed by a sane man, yes indeed, but I am a lunatic. A certified psychotic! There's my medical report.

He hands BERTOZZO a crumpled piece of paper.

MANIAC: Committed sixteen times, same thing everytime – 'Histrionic mania' from the Latin, *histriones*, 'to act the part of' – my hobby, you see, the theatre; and my theatre is the theatre of reality so my fellow artistes must be real people, unaware that they are acting in my productions, which is handy, as you see, I've got no cash to pay them.

BERTOZZO: Exactly, you swindle them.

MANIAC: I have never swindled anyone.

CONSTABLE: Not much.

MANIAC: I applied for a grant from the Ministry of Culture but I hadn't got the right connections.

BERTOZZO: According to my notes, as this psychiatrist you were charging your clients two hundred thousand lire a visit.

CONSTABLE: Jesus wept!

MANIAC: I beg your pardon?

CONSTABLE: I could retire on that.

MANIAC: It's a reasonable fee for a man with my qualifications.

BERTOZZO: What qualifications?

MANIAC: Twenty years of intensive training in sixteen different loony bins under some of the best shrinks in the biz. Unlike your run-of-the-mill man I immersed myself in my studies, slept with them as well when the beds ran out – head to toe, three in a kip, make your own enquiries, I am a bloody genius! Look at my brilliant diagnosis of that millionaire's schizophrenic son in Palermo. Superb!

BERTOZZO: Superb fee, OK.

MANIAC: The fee is an indispensable part of the treatment. If I didn't relieve these twits of the odd two hundred thousand I'd lose all credibility. Any less and they'd think I was no good, a beginner or something. Even Freud ... Ah, Sigmund (*He crosses himself*) ... even Freud said a fat bill is the most effective panacea especially for the doctor.

BERTOZZO: Pity your client filed a complaint, wasn't it.

Colder Than Here

Laura Wade

Colder Than Here, Laura Wade

A burial ground in the West Midlands. Midday. Mid-September – almost autumn but still warm enough not to wear a coat or carry an umbrella.

The site is young, the trees just a few years old and still spindly. There are no headstones – graves are marked by shrubs or trees with the occasional wooden plaque.

MYRA stands looking around her. She is noticeably thin but surprisingly energetic. She is suffering from advanced secondary bone cancer, but today has little pain.

JENNA, her daughter, aged 27, stands a little way off, a large picnic basket beside her. She wears mostly black, with a long stripy scarf.

MYRA: Here.

JENNA: Here?

MYRA: Yes, I think so. Don't you think so?

JENNA: I'm not- I don't know.

MYRA: I think here is good. Flattest bit. Under a tree– I like that, nice and shady. Let's say here.

MYRA indicates an area on the ground.

JENNA: Fine.

MYRA looks at JENNA. JENNA doesn't move.

MYRA: Yes?

JENNA: Fine.

JENNA looks around.

MYRA: Bring the basket over.

JENNA: You want to eat here?

MYRA: Yes.

JENNA: You want to eat. Here.

MYRA: Yes, let's eat, you'll eat here lots. It's out of the sun, it's ...

JENNA: It's *morbid*.

MYRA: It's happening, Jen, come on.

JENNA brings the picnic basket over.

MYRA opens the basket and pulls out a large blanket, which she starts to shake out. JENNA looks away.

JENNA: Did you see the. Did you see the baby?

MYRA: No.

JENNA: There's a baby. Under some holly, a holly bush.

MYRA: That's lovely. Never dies, that's lovely.

MYRA is struggling with the blanket.

Could you, um?

JENNA: Yeah.

They layout the blanket together.

MYRA: Was there a marker?

JENNA: Two months old.

MYRA: Can't say that's a good innings, can you?

MYRA sits down and starts unpacking the picnic.

Now. Plates ... Are you warm enough?

JENNA: Fine.

MYRA pulls out two plastic plates. She hands one to JENNA. JENNA holds it like it smells bad.

MYRA: Um. Forks ...

Hands a plastic fork to JENNA.

Napkins ...

Hands a napkin to JENNA.

JENNA: Mum. I don't need a-

MYRA: Have a napkin.

JENNA: I don't want a / napkin.

MYRA: Have a napkin.

Jenna takes it.

JENNA: Serviette.

A look.

Basket smells funny.

MYRA: Found it in the cellar.

JENNA looks at MYRA.

I wiped it, its fine. Everything's in plastic it'll taste fine.

MYRA looks into the basket.

JENNA: I don't want anything.

MYRA: Sausage rolls, I've got sandwiches, posh crisps, Jaffa Cakes, quiche, you might turn your nose up at / that—

JENNA: Bloody hell, mum, this lot don't eat anymore, you know.

MYRA: You're picky. Lots of / options.

JENNA: You're not supposed to be cooking and —

MYRA starts to pull food out of the hamper.

MYRA: I didn't. Marks. Jaffa Cakes might be a bit own-brand. Lot's of sandwiches.

JENNA: I don't like sandwiches.

MYRA: You don't— Since when?

JENNA: I woke up one morning and realised I'd been living a lie all my life.

MYRA: Oh for God's / sake.

JENNA: I'm bored of them. They're always soggy, people put too much stuff in them, they're impossible to eat.

MYRA: Sausage roll?

JENNA raises her eyebrows.

Vegetarian sausage roll.

JENNA: Not a sausage roll, then, is it?

JENNA takes a sausage roll and starts to pick at it.

MYRA: Know what I hate about sandwiches? When people say the D. SANDwiches.

JENNA: SANDwiches. Samwidge.

MYRA: Exactly. Not SANDwich.

JENNA looks around her, eating her sausage roll.

There isn't one.

JENNA: One what?

MYRA: Toilet. You're looking for a toilet to go after you eat that.

JENNA: I'm not. (*A look*) I don't. Mum, I don't.

MYRA: How would I know?

JENNA: I don't do that anymore.

MYRA opens a sandwich and starts to eat it.

There is one, anyway.

MYRA: Jen–

JENNA: What? Just a point of information – there's one by the caretaker's house. I happened to see it on the way in.

MYRA: You were looking.

JENNA: No, I just – we were driving in and I saw it and I though 'oh, a toilet, you need a toilet, all the old biddies that come here'. It's not a toilet I want to yak into.

MYRA looks intently at JENNA.

It's a habit, isn't it? You get used to all the little- things
You do kindof around the main thing, even when you stop
doing the thing you still have the little- Habits.

MYRA: So eat that properly.

JENNA stuffs the whole sausage roll into her mouth and looks at MYRA, challenging. Swallowing takes longer than she expects and she turns away, breaking the look.

Peter Shaffer

Equus

Equus, Peter Shaffer

Darkness.

Silence.

Dim light up on the square. In a spotlight stands ALAN STRANG, a lean boy of seventeen, in sweater and jeans. In front of him, the horse NUGGET.

ALAN's pose represents a contour of great tenderness: his head is pressed against the shoulder of the horse, his hands stretching up to fondle its head.

The horse in turn muzzles his neck.

The flame of a cigarette lighter jumps in the dark. Lights come up slowly on the circle. On the left bench, downstage, MARTIN DYSART, smoking. A man in his mid-forties.

DYSART: With one particular horse, called Nugget, he embraces. The animal digs its sweaty brow into his cheek, and they stand in the dark for an hour – like a necking couple. And of all nonsensical things – I keep thinking about the *horse!* Not the boy: the horse, and what it may be trying to do. I keep seeing that huge head kissing him with its chained mouth. Nudging through the metal some desire absolutely irrelevant to filling its belly or propagating its own kind. What desire could that be? Not to stay a horse any longer? Not to remain reined up for ever in those particular genetic strings? Is it possible, at certain moments we cannot imagine, a horse can add its sufferings together – and turn them into grief? What use is grief to a horse?

[ALAN leads NUGGET out of the square and they disappear together up the tunnel, the horse's hooves scraping delicately on the wood.]

DYSART rises, and addresses both the large audience in the theatre and the smaller one on stage.]

You see, I'm lost. What use, I should be asking, are questions like these to an overworked psychiatrist in a provincial hospital?

They're worse than useless; they are, in fact, subversive.

[He enters the square. The light grows brighter.]

The thing is, I'm desperate. You see, I'm wearing that horse's head myself. That's the feeling. All reined up in old language and old assumptions, straining to jump clean-hoofed on to a whole new track of being I only suspect is there. I can't see it, because my educated, average head is being held at the wrong angle. I can't jump because the bit forbids it, and my own basic force – my horse-power, if you like – is too little. The only thing I know for sure – is this: a horse's head is finally unknowable to me. Yet I handle children's heads – which I must presume to be more complicated, at least in the area of my chief concern ... In a way, it has nothing to do with this boy. The doubts have been there for years, piling up steadily in this dreary place. It's only the extremity of this case that's made them active. I know that. The *extremity* is the point! All the same, whatever the reason they are now, these doubts, not just vaguely worrying – but intolerable ... I'm sorry. I'm not making much sense. Let me start properly; in order. It began one Monday last month, with Hesther's visit.

[The light gets warmer.

He sits. NURSE enters the square.]

NURSE: Mrs Salomon to see you, Doctor.

DYSART: Show her in, please.

[NURSE leaves and crosses to where HESTHER sits.]

Some days I blame Hesther. She brought him to me. But of course that's nonsense. What is he but a last straw? a last symbol? If it hadn't been him, it would have been the next patient, or the next. At least, I suppose so.

[HESTHER enters the square: a woman in her mid-forties.]

HESTHER: Hallo, Martin.

[DYSART rises and kisses her on the cheek.]

DYSART: Madam Chairman! Welcome to the torture chamber!

HESTHER: It's good of you to see me right away.

DYSART: You're a welcome relief. Take a couch.

HESTHER: It's been a day?

DYSART: No – just a fifteen-year-old schizophrenic, and a girl of eight crashed into catatonia by her father. Normal, really ...

You're in a state.

HESTHER: Martin, this is the most shocking case I ever tried.

DYSART: So you said on the phone.

HESTHER: I mean it. My bench wanted to send the boy to prison.

For life, if they could manage it. It took me two hours solid arguing to get him sent to you instead.

DYSART: Me?

HESTHER: I mean, to hospital.

DYSART: Now look, Hesther. Before you say anything else, I can take no more patients at the moment. I can't even cope with the ones I have.

HESTHER: You must.

DYSART: Why?

HESTHER: Because most people are going to be disgusted by the whole thing, including doctors.

DYSART: May I remind you I share this room with two highly competent psychiatrists?

HESTHER: Bennett and Thoroughgood. They'll be as shocked as the public.

DYSART: That's an absolutely unwarrantable statement.

HESTHER: Oh, they'll be cool and exact. And underneath they'll be revolted, and immovably English. Just like my bench.

DYSART: Well, what am I? Polynesian?

HESTHER: You know exactly what I mean!... *[pause.]* Please, Martin. It's vital. You're this boy's only chance.

DYSART: Why? What's he done? Dosed some little girl's Pepsi with Spanish Fly? What could possibly throw your bench into two-hour convulsions?

HESTHER: He blinded six horses with a metal spike.

[A long pause.]

DYSART: Blinded?

HESTHER: Yes.

DYSART: All at once, or over a period?

HESTHER: All on the same night.

DYSART: Where?

HESTHER: In a riding stable near Winchester. He worked there at week-ends.

DYSART: How old?

HESTHER: Seventeen.

DYSART: What did he say in Court?

HESTHER: Nothing. He just sang.

DYSART: Sang?

HESTHER: Any time anyone asked him anything.

[Pause.]

Please take him, Martin. It's the last favour I'll ever ask you.

DYSART: No, it's not.

HESTHER: No, it's not – and he's probably abominable. All I know is, he needs you badly. Because there really is nobody within a hundred miles of your desk who can handle him. And perhaps understand what this is about. Also ...

DYSART: What?

HESTHER: There's something very special about him.

DYSART: In what way?

HESTHER: Vibrations.

DYSART: You and your vibrations.

Fences
August Wilson

Fences, August Wilson

It is 1957. TROY and BONO enter the yard, engaged in conversation. TROY is fifty-three years old, a large man with thick, heavy hands; it is this largeness that he strives to fill out and make an accommodation with. Together with his blackness, his largeness informs his sensibilities and the choices he has made in his life.

Of the two men, BONO is obviously the follower. His commitment to their friendship of thirty-odd years is rooted in his admiration of TROY's honesty, capacity for hard work, and his strength, which BONO seeks to emulate.

It is Friday night, payday, and the one night of the week the two men engage in a ritual of talk and drink. TROY is usually the most talkative and at times he can be crude and almost vulgar, though he is capable of rising to profound heights of expression. The men carry lunch buckets and wear or carry burlap aprons and are dressed in clothes suitable to their jobs as garbage collectors.

BONO: Troy, you ought to stop that lying!

TROY: I ain't lying! The nigger had a watermelon this big.

(He indicates with his hands.)

Talking about "What watermelon, Mr. Rand?" I

liked to fell out! "What watermelon, Mr. Rand?" ...

And it sitting there big as life.

BONO: What did Mr. Rand say?

TROY: Ain't said nothing. Figure if the nigger too dumb to know he carrying a watermelon, he wasn't gonna get much sense out of him. Trying to hide that great big old watermelon under his coat. Afraid to let the white man see him carry it home.

BONO: I'm like you ... I ain't got no time for them kind of people.

TROY: Now what he look like getting mad cause he see the man from the union talking to Mr. Rand?

BONO: He come to me talking about ... "Maxson gonna get us fired." I told him to get away from me with that. He walked away from me calling you a troublemaker. What Mr. Rand say?

TROY: Ain't said nothing. He told me to go down the Commissioner's office next Friday. They called me down there to see them.

BONO: Well, as long as you got your complaint filed, they can't fire you. That's what one of them white fellows tell me.

TROY: I ain't worried about them firing me. They gonna fire me cause I asked a question? That's all I did. I went to Mr. Rand and asked him, "Why?" Why you got the white mens driving and the colored lifting? "Told him, "what's the matter, don't I count? You think only white fellows got sense enough to drive a truck. That ain't no paper job! Hell, anybody can drive a truck. How come you got all whites driving and the colored lifting? He told me "take it to the union." Well, hell, that's what I done! Now they wanna come up with this pack of lies.

BONO: I told Brownie if the man come and ask him any questions ... just tell the truth! It ain't nothing but something they done trumped up on you cause you files a complaint on them.

TROY: Brownie don't understand nothing. All I want them to do is change the job description. Give everybody a chance to drive the truck. Brownie can't see that. He ain't got that much sense.

BONO: How you figure he be making out with that gal be up at Taylors' all the time ... that Alberta gal?

TROY: Same as you and me. Getting just as much as we is. Which is to say nothing.

BONO: It is, huh? I figure you doing a little better than me and I ain't saying what I'm doing.

TROY: Aw, nigger, look here ... I know you. If you had got anywhere near that gal, twenty minutes later you be looking to tell somebody. And the first one you gonna tell ... that you gonna want to brag to ... is gonna be me.

BONO: I ain't saying that. I see where you be eyeing her.

TROY: I eye all the women. I don't miss nothing. Don't never let nobody tell you Troy Maxson don't eye the women.

BONO: You been doing more than eyeing her. You done bought her a drink or two.

TROY: Hell yeah, I bought her a drink! What that mean? I bought you one, too. What that mean cause I buy her a drink? I'm just being polite.

BONO: It's alright to buy her one drink. That's what you call being polite. But when you wanna be buying two or three ... that's what you call eyeing her.

TROY: Look here, as long as you know me ... you ever know me to chase after women?

BONO: Hell yeah! Long as I done known you. You forgetting I knew you when.

TROY: Naw, I'm talking about since I been married to Rose?

BONO: Oh, not since you been married to Rose. Now, that's the truth, there I can say that.

TROY: Alright then ! Case closed.

BONO: I see you be walking up around Alberta's house. You supposed to be at Taylors' and you be walking up around there.

TROY: What you watching where I'm walking for? I ain't watching after you.

BONO: I seen you walking around there more than once.

TROY: Hell you liable to see me walking anywhere! That don't mean nothing cause you see me walking around there.

BONO: Where she come from anyway? She just kinda showed up one day.

TROY: Tallahassee. You can look at her and tell she one of them Florida gals. They got some big healthy women down there. Grow them right up the ground. Got a little bit of Indian in her. Most of them niggers down in Florida got some Indian in them.

BONO: I don't know about that Indian part. But she damn sure big and healthy. Woman wear some big stockings. Got them great big old legs and hips as wide as the Mississippi River.

TROY: Legs don't mean nothing. You don't do nothing but push them out of the way. But them hips cushion the ride!

BONO: Troy, you ain't got no sense.

TROY: It's the truth! Like you riding on Goodyears!

Machinal
Sophie Treadwell

Machinal, Sophie Treadwell

To Business

Scene: an office: a switchboard, filing cabinet, adding machine, typewriter and table, manifold machine.

Sounds: office machines: typewriters, adding machine, manifold, telephone bells, buzzers.

Characters and their machines

A YOUNG WOMAN (*typewriter*)

A STENOGRAPHER (*typewriter*)

A FILING CLERK (*filing cabinet and manifold*)

AN ADDING CLERK (*adding machine*)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (*switchboard*)

JONES

Before the curtain

Sounds of machines going. They continue throughout the scene, and accompany the YOUNG WOMAN's thoughts after the scene is blacked out.

At the rise of the curtain

All the machines are disclosed, and all the characters with the exception of the YOUNG WOMAN.

Of these characters, the YOUNG WOMAN, going any day to any business. Ordinary. The confusion of her own inner thoughts, emotions, desires, dreams cut off from any actual adjustment to the routine of work. She gets through this routine with a very small surface of her consciousness. She is not homely and she is not pretty. She is preoccupied with herself – with her person. She has well kept hands, and a trick of constantly arranging her hair over her ears.

The STENOGRAPHER is the faded, efficient woman office worker. Drying, dried.

The ADDING CLERK is her male counterpart.

The FILING CLERK is a boy not grown, callow adolescence.

The TELEPHONE GIRL, young, cheap and amorous.

Lights come up on office scene. Two desks right and left.

Telephone booth back right center. Filing cabinet back of center. Adding machine back left center.

ADDING CLERK (in the monotonous voice of his monotonous thoughts; at his adding machine). 249, 28, 76, 123, 36842, 1, 1/4, 37, 804, 23 1/2, 982.

FILING CLERK (in the same way – at his filing desk). Accounts – A. Bonds – B. Contracts – C. Data - D. Earnings – E.

STENOGRAPHER (in the same way – left) Dear Sir – in re - your letter – recent date — will state –

TELEPHONE GIRL. Hello – Hello George H. Jones Company
good morning – hello hello – George H. Jones Company good
morning – hello.

FILING CLERK. Market – M. Notes – N. Output – O. Profits –
P. - ! *(Suddenly.)* What's the matter with Q?

TELEPHONE GIRL. Matter with it – Mr.J – Mr. K. wants you –
What you mean matter? Matter with what?

FILING CLERK. Matter with Q.

TELEPHONE GIRL. Well – what is? Spring 1726?

FILING CLERK. I'm asking yuh –

TELEPHONE GIRL. WELL?

FILING CLERK. Nothing filed with it –

TELEPHONE GIRL. Well?

FILING CLERK. Look at A. Look at B. What's the matter with Q?

TELEPHONE GIRL. Ain't popular. Hello – Hello – George H.
Jones Company.

FILING CLERK. Hot dog! Why ain't it?

ADDING CLERK. Has it personality?

STENOGRAPHER. Has it Halitosis?

TELEPHONE GIRL. Has got it?

FILING CLERK. Hot dog!

TELEPHONE GIRL. What number do you want? *(Recognizing, but
not pleased.)* oh – hello – sure I know who it is – tonight? Uh,
Uh – *(Negative, but each with a different inflection.)* You heard
me – No!

FILING CLERK. Don't you like him?

STENOGRAPHER. She likes 'em all.

TELEPHONE GIRL. I do not!

STENOGRAPHER. Well – pretty near all!

TELEPHONE GIRL. What number do you want? Wrong number.

Hello – hello – George H. Jones Company. Hello, hello –

STENOGRAPHER. Memorandum – attention Mr. Smith – at a
conference of –

ADDING CLERK. 125- 83 3/4 – 22 – 908 – 34 – 1/4 - 28593.

FILING CLERK. Report – R, Sales – S, Trade – T.

TELEPHONE GIRL. Shh - ! Yes, Mr. J. - ? No – Miss A. ain't in
yet – I'll tell her, Mr. J. – just the minute she gets in.

STENOGRAPHER. She's late again, huh?

TELEPHONE GIRL. Out with her sweetie last night, huh?

FILING CLERK. Hot dog.

ADDING CLERK. She ain't got a sweetie.

STENOGRAPHER. How do you know?

ADDING CLERK. I know.

FILING CLERK. Hot dog.

ADDING CLERK. She lives alone with her mother.

TELEPHONE GIRL. Spring 1876? Hello – Spring 1876. Spring!

Hello, Spring 1876? 1876! Wrong number! Hello! Hello!

STENOGRAPHER. Directors meeting semi-annual report card.

FILING CLERK. Shipments – Sales – Schedules – S.

ADDING CLERK. She doesn't belong in an office.

TELEPHONE GIRL. Who does?

STENOGRAPHER. I do!

ADDING CLERK. You said it!
FILING CLERK. Hot dog.
TELEPHONE GIRL. Hello – hello – George H. Jones Company –
hello – hello –
STENOGRAPHER. I'm efficient. She's inefficient.
FILING CLERK. She's inefficient.
TELEPHONE GIRL. She's got J. going.
STENOGRAPHER. Going?
TELEPHONE GIRL. Going and coming.
FILING CLERK. Hot dog.
Enter JONES.
JONES. Good morning, everybody.
TELEPHONE GIRL. Good morning.
FILING CLERK. Good morning.
ADDING CLERK. Good morning.
STENOGRAPHER. Good morning, Mr. J.
JONES. Miss A. isn't in yet?
TELEPHONE GIRL. Not yet, Mr. J.
FILING CLERK. Not yet.
ADDING CLERK. Not yet.
STENOGRAPHER. She's late.
JONES. I just wanted her to take a letter.
STENOGRAPHER. I'll take the letter.
JONES. One thing at a time and that done well.
ADDING CLERK. (*yessing*). Done well.
STENOGRAPHER. I'll finish it later.
JONES. Hew to the line.
STENOGRAPHER. Then I'll hurry.
JONES. Haste makes waste.
ADDING CLERK. Waste.
STENOGRAPHER. But if you're in a hurry.
JONES. I'm never in a hurry - That's how I get ahead! (*Laughs.*
They all laugh.) First know you're right - then go ahead.

That Face
Polly Stenham

That Face, Polly Stenham

SCENE ONE

A boarding school dorm late on a Sunday night. Alice is sitting on a chair. Her limbs have been tied to it. A black, beanie-style hat has been pulled over her face.

Mia Can she breathe?

Izzy Wait ...

Izzy takes some scissors and cuts a hole in the hat. She makes the hole wider with her fingers. Alice's mouth can now be seen.

Just to be sure.

Mia Stick your tongue out.

Alice complies.

Wiggle it around.

Alice complies.

Roll it.

Alice complies.

I can't do that, you know. Look.

She tries to roll her tongue unsuccessfully.

Izzy Mia ...

Mia You know, only some people can. It's like half. It's meant to be a sign of intelligence. Or something. Or maybe gayness. I can't remember. But look. No matter how hard I try ...

Tries again.

Izzy MIA!

Mia Sorry. On the ball. I know.

Izzy Alice. Honey. Tonight is the night. You are to be ... awakened.

Mia Like that. 'Awakened'. Nice.

Izzy It's a euphemism.

Mia I know.

Izzy As I was saying. Alice. Honey. Sweetie. Darling. Tonight is the night. Let's run through this again. Are you allowed to talk?

Alice shakes her head loosely.

Are you allowed to complain?

Shakes head.

Good girl. Isn't she a good girl, Mia?

Mia Wonderful.

Izzy Now. I would like as best as possible to keep this ... clean, impersonal, professional, etcetera. But before we start the simulation, I would like to ask our ... charge ... a few mandatory questions. Which in this special instance she may answer.

Alice's head lolls.

Stay with me, Alice.

Her head jerks up.

Alice. In my short time as your head of dorm. I and Mia, your esteemed house sister.

Mia makes a mock curtsy.

Have noticed a small pendant hanging around your neck. Am I correct in believing this to be a religious symbol?

Alice nods.

A symbol of devout Christianity?

Alice nods slightly.

A cross, to be specific. Yes?

Alice does nothing.

Mia grabs the back of Alice's head and nods her head for her.

Yeeess. Our suspicions were correct, esteemed house sister, deputy head of dorm and all things marvellous.

Mia Deputy. I've been promoted –

Izzy We're short-staffed. Alice. Honey. Sweetie. Darling. You have been observed over this first week and it has been concluded that you do, indeed, wear the aforementioned symbol all the time. Or should we say ...

Beat.

Religiously.

Beat.

Answer please.

Alice nods her head very slightly.

That is sufficient. Did you note the response, Mia?

Mia Yes, sir.

Izzy There are no 'sirs' in this room. Mia – do you observe a single pair, or indeed a single testicle in this dorm?

Mia No.

Izzy Correct. So none of this 'sir' business. You may refer to me as esteemed head of dorm. high priestess or, if you prefer, more simply, God. Because. Need I remind you, Alice? Honey. Sweetie. I am your God.

Beat.

For tonight.

Beat.

So we had better take that thing off.

Izzy goes to remove the necklace. As she does so, Alice slumps forward.

Lazy fuck. Hold her up.

Mia Heavy

Izzy Fat.

Beat.

Mia/Izzy Misshapen death bat.

Izzy You sleepy baby? Have we tired you out? Aw. Is it bedtime?

Mia loosens her grip on Alice. She slumps forward again.

Hold her up.

Mia I'm trying.

Izzy Alice? Stop pretending. You're making this tricky. And you wouldn't want to make this tricky now, would you? Would she, Mia? Would she be so silly as to pretend to be asleep? Silly things happen to silly girls now, Alice. Silly things ...

Alice?

Izzy shakes her. No response.

You wouldn't want us to do it all over again tomorrow night now, would you?

Would you?

Izzy shoves her. No response.

Jesus, Mia.

She examines Alice.

What's wrong with her?

Shakes Alice vigorously.

She's out cold.

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