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Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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English Language and Literature
Advanced
Paper 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Wednesday 6 June 2018 – Morning
Time: 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper Reference

9EL0/01

You must have:

Prescribed text (clean copy) and
Source Booklet (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.

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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 the way Miller presents George's changed perspective on the moral values of the Keller family.

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 the loss of Belle Reve to present Stanley's attitudes towards property.

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 uses characters drawn from different generations to comment on changes 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 Alan Strang to challenge the beliefs of other characters.

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 flash-forward to the future lives of Irwin and Posner to comment on the academic and personal goals they once held.

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 develops the conflict between old and new cultural perspectives on gender in the workplace.

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 explore the tensions between the English and Irish communities.

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

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS

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



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English Language and Literature

Advanced

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SECTION B: Drama Texts

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SECTION A: Voices in 20th- and 21st-century texts

Text A

Jay Baer is President of Convince & Convert, an American social media consultancy that specialises in digital marketing. This is an edited extract of the opening thread of a blog, posted to his company's website: www.convinceandconvert.com.

Why I'm a Social Media Addict by Jay Baer

Connectivity

Social media brings me closer to people with whom I ordinarily would seldom interact. Family, friends, colleagues. As my co-author, Amber Naslund, put it once "with social media, my relationships aren't bound by geography or circumstance." Exactly.

Humanity

People always slam Twitter for people talking about "what they had for lunch" but the blending of the personal and professional is very attractive to me. I want to know what music you listen to, what you think is funny, why your cat is insane. When was the rule written that business had to be all-business?

Spontaneity

I love that I can interact with clients and friends at any time, from nearly any place. The ability to make or consume social media from an array of mobile devices increases the convenience factor immensely.

Transitory

There's literally never a dull moment in social media. Every day is different, and significant changes occur on a near weekly basis. Facebook's gyrations alone are enough to keep you on your toes. I love change. I thrive on it.

Flexibility

There are no right answers in social media, just answers that are more likely to be correct. It's a benefit, not a drawback that (despite what others might proclaim) there is no social media playbook that can be taken off the shelf and executed in rote fashion for all companies. You are free to make your own reality and script your own success.

Inevitability

Sure, we all talk about Facebook and Twitter and YouTube. But the rise of social media isn't about technology and tools, it's about power and people. Social media gives us some measure of control over our relationships that have been largely fractured by our always-on society.

Social media is word-of-mouth on steroids, and our ability to praise or punish brands with a few keystrokes is satisfying.

Technology

I'm a gadget guy. I love it. My favorite part of our new home in Bloomington, Indiana is the in-ceiling speakers throughout that I can manipulate with a hand-held Logitech Squeezebox controller. I can pick any song from my iTunes library and play it in any room in three clicks. A love for software and hardware and figuring out how new stuff can change behavior is a handy attribute in the social media business.

Revolutionary

As we adopt social media to connect personally and with companies, businesses will need to respond. Business responded to the invention of the telephone, fax machine, FedEx, and email. But have businesses truly responded to the rise of social media? Largely, they have not.

That's the premise of my new book with Amber Naslund, "The Now Revolution: 7 Moves to Transform Your Business with Speed, Smarts & Social Media." It's how companies need to change their culture, their people, their process, and their measuring sticks to succeed in real-time business.

Opportunity

I realize the gift you give me every day – the gift of your attention. I am incredibly fortunate to have readers and supporters that expose my work to a wider audience than most social media consultants enjoy. Your faith creates for me an opportunity to educate more and more marketers and the companies for which they work. I don't take that opportunity lightly, and I hope I never take it for granted.

Why do you love social media?

Text B

This is an article from The Guardian newspaper by Charlie Brooker, the English satirist and broadcaster. He has worked in television, radio, print and online media.

Too much talk for one planet: why I'm reducing my word emissions

I've been overwhelmed by the amount of jabber in the world – it's a vast cloud of blah

Eagle-eyed readers may have spotted I haven't been writing this column for a while. Roughly two people noticed its absence, until the other day when a paragraph in Private Eye claimed I'd asked Alan Rusbridger, editor of The Guardian, to switch off the reader comments underneath my articles (not true), and that he'd refused to do so (also not true), so I'd quit (not entirely true). This led to an intense flurry of activity, by which I mean four people asked me about it.

Although the Private Eye story wasn't completely wrong – I have stopped doing this particular column for a while, for reasons I'll explain in a moment – I was all set to write to their letters page to whine in the most pompous manner imaginable, something I've always secretly wanted to do, when I figured I might as well respond here instead, for money.

Incidentally, I'm aware this is Olympic-level navel gazing, but you're a human being with free will who can stop reading any time. Here, have a full stop. And another. And another. There are exits all over this building.

Anyway, I haven't quit the newspaper, but I have, for the meantime, stopped writing weekly, partly because my overall workload was making that kind of timetable impossible, and partly because I've recently been overwhelmed by the sheer amount of jabber in the world: a vast cloud of blah I felt I was contributing to every seven days.

If a weatherman misreads the national mood and cheerfully sieg-heils on BBC Breakfast at 8.45am, there'll be 86 outraged columns, 95 despairing blogs, half a million wry tweets and a rib-tickling pass-the-parcel Photoshop meme about it circulating by lunchtime. It happens every day. Every day, a billion instantly conjured words on any contemporaneous subject you can think of. Events and noise, events and noise; everything was starting to resemble nothing but events and noise. Firing more words into the middle of all that began to strike me as futile and unnecessary. I started to view myself as yet another factory mindlessly pumping carbon dioxide into a toxic sky.

This is perhaps not the ideal state of mind for someone writing a weekly column in a newspaper. Clearly it was time for a short break.

Reader comments form part of the overall wordstorm described above, and it's true I'm not a huge fan of them, but that's chiefly because I'm an elderly man from the age of steam who clings irrationally to the outmoded belief that articles and letters pages should be kept separate, just like church and state. I guess conceptually I still think I'm writing in a "newspaper", even though the reality of what that means has changed beyond measure since I started doing it. So now I'm sitting grumpily in a spaceship with my arms folded, wearing a stovepipe hat. Ridiculous.

These days most newspaper sites are geared towards encouraging interaction with the minuscule fraction of readers who bother to interact back, which is a pity because I'm selfishly uninterested in conducting any kind of meaningful dialogue with humankind in general. I'd say Twitter's better for back-and-forth discussion anyway, if you could be arsed with it. Yelling out the window at passersby is another option.

When it comes to comments, despite not being as funny as I never was in the first place, I get an incredibly easy ride from passing wellwishers compared with any woman who dares write anything on the internet anywhere about anything at all, the ugly bitch, boo, go home bitch go home. Getting slagged off online is par for the course, and absorbing the odd bit of constructive criticism is character-building. The positive comments are more unsettling. Who needs to see typed applause accompanying an article? It's just weird. I don't get it.

But then right now I don't "get" most forms of communication. There's just so much of it. Everybody talking at once and all over each other; everyone on the planet typing words into their computers, for ever, like I'm doing now. I fail to see the point of roughly 98% of human communication at the moment, which indicates I need to stroll around somewhere quiet for a bit.

After my break, and a rethink, I'll quietly return later in the year, to write something slightly different, slightly less regularly (probably fortnightly). In other words, I'm reducing my carbon emissions. And whatever the new thing I'm writing turns out to be, it'll appear both online, still accompanied by the requisite string of comments, and in the newspaper, which is a foldable thing made of paper, containing words and pictures, which catches fire easily and is sometimes left on trains.

Now get out.

SECTION B: Drama Texts

All My Sons, Arthur Miller

Chris (*sits facing George*) Tell me, George. What happened? The court record was good enough for you all these years, why isn't it good now? Why did you believe it all these years?

George (*after a slight pause*) Because you believed it. ... That's the truth, Chris. I believed everything, because I thought you did. But today I heard it from his mouth. From his mouth it's altogether different than the record. Anyone who knows him, and knows your father, will believe it from his mouth. Your Dad took everything we have. I can't beat that. But she's one item he's not going to grab. (*He turns to Ann.*) Get your things. Everything they have is covered with blood. You're not the kind of girl who can live with that. Get your things.

Chris Ann... you're not going to believe that, are you?

Ann (*she goes to him*) You know it's not true, don't you?

George How can he tell you? It's his father. (*To Chris*) None of these things ever cross your mind?

Chris Yes, they crossed my mind. Anything can cross your mind!

George *He knows, Annie. He knows!*

Chris The Voice of God!

George Then why isn't your name on the business? Explain that to her!

Chris What the hell has that got to do with...?

George Annie, why isn't his name on it?

Chris Even when I don't own it!

George Who're you kidding? Who gets it when he dies? (*To Ann*) Open your eyes, you know the both of them, isn't that the first thing they'd do, the way they love each other? – J. O. Keller & Son? (*Pause. Ann looks from him to Chris.*) I'll settle it. Do you want to settle it, or are you afraid to?

Chris ...What do you mean?

George Let me go up and talk to your father. In ten minutes you'll have the answer. Or are you afraid of the answer?

Chris I'm not afraid of the answer. I know the answer. But my mother isn't well and I don't want a fight here now.

George Let me go to him.

Chris You're not going to start a fight here now.

George (*to Ann*) What more do you want!!! (*There is the sound of footsteps in the house.*)

Ann (*turns her head suddenly towards house*) Someone's coming.

Chris (*to George, quietly*) You won't say anything now.

Ann You'll go soon. I'll call a cab.

George You're coming with me.

Ann And don't mention marriage, because we haven't told her yet.

George You're coming with me.

Ann You understand? Don't... George, you're not going to start anything now!
(*She hears footsteps.*) Shsh! (*Mother enters on the porch. She is dressed almost formally, her hair is fixed. They are all turned towards her. On seeing George she raises both hands, comes down toward him.*)

From Act Two pp. 56-57

A Streetcar Named Desire, Tennessee Williams

- Stella** And admire her dress and tell her she's looking wonderful. That's important with Blanche. Her little weakness!
- Stanley** Yeah. I get the idea. Now let's skip back a little to where you said the country place was disposed of.
- Stella** Oh! – yes...
- Stanley** How about that? Let's have a few more details on that subject.
- Stella** It's best not to talk much about it until she's calmed down.
- Stanley** So that's the deal, huh? Sister Blanche cannot be annoyed with business details right now!
- Stella** You saw how she was last night.
- Stanley** Uh-hum, I saw how she was. Now let's have a gander at the bill of sale.
- Stella** I haven't seen any.
- Stanley** She didn't show you no papers, no deed of sale or nothing like that, huh?
- Stella** It seems like it wasn't sold.
- Stanley** Well, what in hell was it then, given away? To charity?
- Stella** Shhh! She'll hear you.
- Stanley** I don't care if she hears me. Let's see the papers!
- Stella** There weren't any papers, she didn't show any papers, I don't care about papers.
- Stanley** Have you ever heard of the Napoleonic code?
- Stella** No, Stanley, I haven't heard of the Napoleonic code and if I have, I don't see what it –
- Stanley** Let me enlighten you on a point or two, baby.
- Stella** Yes?
- Stanley** In the state of Louisiana we have the Napoleonic code according to which what belongs to the wife belongs to the husband and vice versa. For instance, if I had a piece of property, or you had a piece of property-
- Stella** My head is swimming!
- Stanley** All right. I'll wait until she gets through soaking in a hot tub and then I'll inquire if *she* is acquainted with the Napoleonic code. It looks to me like you have been swindled, baby, and when you're swindled under the Napoleonic code I'm swindled *too*. And I don't like to be *swindled*.

Stella There's plenty of time to ask her questions later but if you do now she'll go to pieces again. I don't understand what happened to Belle Reve but you don't know how ridiculous you are being when you suggest that my sister or I or anyone of our family could have perpetrated a swindle on anyone else.

Stanley Then where's the money if the place was sold?

Stella Not sold – *lost, lost!*

(He stalks into bedroom, and she follows him.)

Stanley!

(He pulls open the wardrobe trunk standing in the middle of room and jerks out an armful of dresses.)

Stanley Open your eyes to this stuff! You think she got them out of a teacher's pay?

Stella Hush!

From Scene Two pp.17-18

Elmina's Kitchen, Kwame Kwei-Armah

Anastasia My God, these tablecloth, Renk!...You worse than my son. If I don't change the bedclothes he'll sleep on the same ting for a year!

Digger and Baygee clock each other. **Digger** puts out his hand.

Digger One week before he sex that! Twenty pound.

Deli hears and looks up at **Digger** disapprovingly. **Baygee** ignores him.

Baygee What time you brodder reaching?

Deli (*kisses his teeth*) Ahh you know Dougie, he said today sometime but I'll believe it when I see him.

He smiles, excited at the prospect.

Baygee You shouldn't make the boy find he own way home, you should'da pick him up from the gates?

Deli (*flash of anger*) Alone, is how he wants to come out.

Digger Yo! Gal, gimme a next dumpling.

Anastasia (*flash of temper*) Is who you talking to so? Cos believe, it better not be me.

Digger is slightly taken aback. **Deli** jumps straight in.

Deli I bet a hundred pound it's informer business that catch that thirty-five million man.

Digger Your money would be better spent teaching you staff how to talk to people. (*Changing back to subject at hand.*) Informer, yes!!

Deli Better you shot me before you ask me fe do that.

Anastasia stares at **Deli**, disappointed. He recoils slightly.

Digger Dem man dere, you don't even waste bullet pon dem. (*Imitating stabbing.*) Just jook jook jook him till he dead.

Anastasia Take it that's why they call you Digger?

Digger Yep. It tells people who the fuck I am and what I do! Ask any nigger in the street and they'll tell you! Digger's like one of them African names. It's got meaning. Remember that!

Anastasia gets the dumpling from the heated cabinet. She brushes past **Deli** – their bodies touch momentarily – **Deli** steps back, and looks away.

Baygee (*annoyed at Digger's boasting*) What you do, young white bwoy, is buy and sell black souls!

Digger I buy and sell debts. Not no cheap-arse fake designer clothes, like some motherfuckers I know.

Baygee Don't test me, young man. I lash a man last week and he is still falling down!

Deli Baygee, cool na!

Baygee Once upon a time, businessmen like me were the only street salesmen our community had. Now look what they got! You may frighten all them others round here, I don't 'fraid you young bad-johns. I hate you, but God blimey, I don't 'fraid you.

Digger *(about to get vexed)* Wha?!!!

Anastasia jumps in.

Anastasia Digger! Your dumpling! And here *(slams down a glass of rum)*, cool your spirits na!

Beat while the men cool down. Deli clocks that Anastasia saved the moment.

He smiles at her.

From Act 1 Scene 2, pp. 20-21

Equus, Peter Shaffer

Dysart I'm sorry.

Alan *slams about what is now the office again, replacing the benches to their usual position.*

Alan All right, it's my turn now. You tell me! Answer me!

Dysart We're not playing that game now.

Alan We're playing what I say.

Dysart All right. What do you want to know?

He sits.

Alan Do you have dates?

Dysart I told you. I'm married.

Alan *approaches him, very hostile.*

Alan I know. Her name's Margaret. She's a dentist! You see, I found out! What made you go with her? Did you use to bite her hands when she did you in the chair?

The boy sits next to him, close.

Dysart That's not very funny.

Alan Do you have girls behind her back?

Dysart No.

Alan Then what? Do you fuck her?

Dysart That's enough now.

He rises and moves away.

Alan Come on, tell me! Tell me, tell me!

Dysart I said that's enough now.

Alan *rises too and walks around him.*

Alan I bet you don't. I bet you never touch her. Come on, tell me. You've got no kids, have you? Is that because you don't fuck?

Dysart (*sharp*) Go to your room. Go on: quick march.

Pause. Alan moves away from him, insolently takes up a packet of Dysart's cigarettes from the bench, and extracts one.

Give me those cigarettes.

The boy puts one in his mouth.

(*exploding*) Alan, give them to me!

Reluctantly **Alan** shoves the cigarette back in the packet, turns and hands it to him.

Now go!

Alan bolts out of the square, and back to his bed. **Dysart**, unnerved, addresses the audience.

Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant! The boy's on the run, so he gets defensive. What am I, then?...Wicked little bastard – he knew exactly what questions to try. He'd actually marched himself round the hospital, making enquiries about my wife. Wicked and - of course, perceptive. Ever since I made that crack about carving up children, he's been aware of me in an absolutely specific way. Of course, there's nothing novel in that. Advanced neurotics can be dazzling at that game. They aim unswervingly at your area of maximum vulnerability...Which I suppose is as good a way as any of describing Margaret.

From Act 1 Scene 17 pp. 43-44

The History Boys, Alan Bennett

- Irwin** Familiar?
- Man** Some of it.
- Irwin** Meretricious, of course, but that's nothing new.
- Man** I've forgotten what meretricious means.
- Irwin** Eye-catching, showy; false.
- Man** But you were a good teacher.
- Irwin** The meretricious often are... on television particularly. The wheelchair helps, of course. Disability brings with it an assumption of sincerity.
Pause.
I hope they're paying you well. Whose idea was it?
- Man** I have a counsellor. She thought it would help.
- Irwin** What happened at Oxford?
- Man** Cambridge. It didn't work out.
- Irwin** I think I heard that.
- Man** All the effort went into getting there and then I had nothing left. I thought I'd got somewhere, then I found I had to go on.
Pause.
About the money, my counsellor said that if I was paid for it, that would be therapeutic.
- Irwin** I'm surprised anyone's interested. It's not much of a story.
- Man** You're a celebrity. It doesn't have to be.
- Irwin** And did you write it yourself?
- Man** Yes. Well, I talked to someone from the paper. You come out of it very well.
- Irwin** And Hector?
- The Man says nothing.*
- Man** I didn't say anything about you and Dakin.
- Irwin** Nothing happened between me and Dakin.
- Man** I think it did.
- Irwin** No. It's not true.
- Man** You used to say that wasn't important.
Pause.
You liked him.

Irwin says nothing.

I wondered if you wanted to talk about it.

Irwin Why? Nothing happened.

Man He liked you...didn't he? Tell me, sir. I need to know.

Irwin Why? Why?

Pause.

Are you miked?

Man says nothing.

You're miked, aren't you? Jesus. How did you come to this?

Man They won't print it unless you say something.

Irwin Good.

Man It's a chance to tell your side of the story.

Irwin There is no story.

Man You don't want to seem like Hector.

Irwin I wasn't like Hector. Now fuck off. I must return to the world of Henry VIII.
It suddenly seems almost cosy.

He is wheeling himself away.

From Act 2, pp. 60-62.

Top Girls, Caryl Churchill

- Mrs Kidd** Howard's not in today.
- Marlene** Isn't he?
- Mrs Kidd** He's feeling poorly.
- Marlene** I didn't know. I'm sorry to hear that.
- Mrs Kidd** The fact is he's in a state of shock. About what's happened.
- Marlene** What has happened?
- Mrs Kidd** You should know if anyone. I'm referring to you being appointed managing director instead of Howard. He hasn't been at all well all weekend. He hasn't slept for three nights. I haven't slept.
- Marlene** I'm sorry to hear that, Mrs Kidd. Has he thought of taking sleeping pills?
- Mrs Kidd** It's very hard when someone has worked all these years.
- Marlene** Business life is full of little setbacks. I'm sure Howard knows that. He'll bounce back in a day or two. We all bounce back.
- Mrs Kidd** If you could see him you'd know what I'm talking about. What's it going to do to him working for a woman? I think if it was a man he'd get over it as something normal.
- Marlene** I think he's going to have to get over it.
- Mrs Kidd** It's me that bears the brunt. I'm not the one that's been promoted. I put him first every inch of the way. And now what do I get? You women this, you women that. It's not my fault. You're going to have to be very careful how you handle him. He's very hurt.
- Marlene** Naturally I'll be tactful and pleasant to him, you don't start pushing someone round. I'll consult him over any decisions affecting his department. But that's no different, Mrs Kidd, from any of my other colleagues.
- Mrs Kidd** I think it is different, because he's a man.
- Marlene** I'm not quite sure why you came to see me.
- Mrs Kidd** I had to do something.
- Marlene** Well you've done it, you've seen me. I think that's probably all we've time for. I'm sorry he's been taking it out on you. He really is a shit, Howard.
- Mrs Kidd** But he's got a family to support. He's got three children. It's only fair.
- Marlene** Are you suggesting I give up the job to him then?
- Mrs Kidd** It had crossed my mind if you were unavailable after all for some reason, he would be the natural second choice I think, don't you? I'm not asking.
- Marlene** Good.

Mrs Kidd You mustn't tell him I came. He's very proud.

Marlene If he doesn't like what's happening here he can go and work somewhere else.

Mrs Kidd Is that a threat?

Marlene I'm sorry but I do have some work to do.

Mrs Kidd It's not that easy, a man of Howard's age. You don't care. I thought he was going too far but he's right. You're one of these ballbreakers/that's what you are. You'll end up

Marlene I'm sorry but I do have some work to do.

Mrs Kidd miserable and lonely. You're not natural.

Marlene Could you please piss off?

From Act Two, pp. 64-66

Translations, Brian Friel

Lancey His Majesty's government has ordered the first ever comprehensive survey of this entire country – a general triangulation which will embrace detailed hydrographic and topographic information and which will be executed to a scale of six inches to the English mile.

Hugh (*pouring a drink*) Excellent – excellent.

Lancey looks at **Owen**.

Owen A new map is being made of the whole country.

Lancey looks to **Owen**: *Is that all?* **Owen** smiles reassuringly and indicates to proceed.

Lancey This enormous task has been embarked on so that the military authorities will be equipped with up-to-date and accurate information on every corner of this part of the Empire.

Owen The job is being done by soldiers because they are skilled in this work.

Lancey And also so that the entire basis of land valuation can be reassessed for purposes of more equitable taxation.

Owen This new map will take the place of the estate-agent's map so that from now on you will know exactly what is yours in law.

Lancey In conclusion I wish to quote two brief extracts from the white paper which is our governing charter: (*Reads.*) 'All former surveys of Ireland originated in forfeiture and violent transfer of property; the present survey has for its object the relief which can be afforded to the proprietors and occupiers of land from unequal taxation.'

Owen The captain hopes that the public will cooperate with the sappers and that the new map will mean that taxes are reduced.

Hugh A worthy enterprise – *opus honestum!* And Extract B?

Lancey 'Ireland is privileged. No such survey is being undertaken in England. So this survey cannot but be received as proof of the disposition of this government to advance the interests of Ireland.' My sentiments, too.

Owen This survey demonstrates the government's interest in Ireland and the captain thanks you for listening so attentively to him.

Hugh Our pleasure, Captain.

Lancey Lieutenant Yolland?

Yolland I – I – I've nothing to say – really –

Owen The captain is the man who actually makes the new map. George's task is to see that the place-names on this map are ... correct. (*to Yolland.*) Just a few words – they'd like to hear you. (*to class*) Don't you want to hear George, too?

Maire Has he anything to say?

Yolland (to Maire) Sorry – sorry?

Owen She says she's dying to hear you.

From Act 1, pp. 33-35.

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Source information

SECTION A

Text A: taken from: www.convinceandconvert.com

Text B: taken from Edexcel Anthology

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 Drama, 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

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