

**SPECIMEN ASSESSMENT MATERIALS**

These specimen assessment materials are designed to accompany OCR GCSE specification in Drama for teaching from September 2001.

Centres are permitted to copy material from this booklet for their own internal use.

OCR has prepared new specifications to incorporate the range of features required by new GCSE and subject criteria. The specimen assessment material accompanying the new specifications is provided to give Centres a reasonable idea of the general shape and character of the planned question papers in advance of the first operational examination.

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Practical Examination: Realisation Test  
Pre-release material

Question Paper  
Mark Scheme

**Oxford Cambridge and RSA Examinations  
General Certificate of Secondary Education**

**DRAMA**

**1916/03**

**Specimen Paper 2003**

**Practical Examination: Realisation Test**

**A ten hour examination to be conducted at the discretion of the Centre between 1 March and 5 May within a period of no longer than 20 working days.**

**There must be a maximum of seven sessions.**

The examination paper should be given to candidates up to six weeks before the ten hour examination.

Candidate Name	Centre Number	Candidate Number											
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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the boxes above.
- Use the starting points provided on pages 5 to 24.
- You must consider the script and stimulus.
- You must submit a portfolio as explained by the instructions.
- You must carry out appropriate preparation during the six weeks before the examination.
- You may take with you into the examination any preparation material which is your own work.
- Ten hours are allowed for your examination.



## READ THIS INFORMATION FIRST

- You must work in a group of between three and six for the Realisation.
- Your own work must be clearly identifiable.
- Your portfolio must be only *your own* work.
- When creating work that is to be marked, in the ten hour examination, you will be supervised by one of your teachers.

## PREPARATION

During the preparation time of up to six weeks before the examination you should consider both the script and the stimulus. **Choose one or both.**

Consider how you might develop a response, carrying out the following preparatory tasks:

- Decide on your audience.
- What genre and style are you going to use?
- How have the plays you have studied influenced or affected your work?
- Consider each of the areas of study and consider how they apply to your ideas.
- Plan out how you will create your Realisation in the ten hours you have. Remember to include time to complete your documentation.
- Make sure:
  - ◆ you have done enough preparation to allow you to start on your Realisation straight away when told;
  - ◆ your Realisation has a proper link with the starting point you have chosen.

## THE REALISATION

You must create a performance as a Realisation responding to **one or both** of the starting points and base it on the preparation work you have done.

All rehearsals, drafts and development work can be used to help develop your documentation and will be counted towards your final mark.

Your Realisation will be a performance by your group and will represent about three minutes of performance for each person.

At the end of the ten hours, you will perform your Realisation to a visiting examiner.

## THE PORTFOLIO

You must hand in your portfolio at the end of the ten hour supervised examination. It must include evidence of:

- preparation, planning and shaping (Areas of Study 1 and 2);
- the application of the roles of Deviser, Designer, Director, Performer (Area of Study 7);
- rehearsal (Area of Study 5);
- decisions made with regard to Areas of Study 3, 4 and 6.

**Your portfolio will be in the form of:**

**either** about 600 words of continuous prose

**or** between six and ten sides (A4 or equivalent) as a *compendium* containing continuous writing, (which may be notes or jottings) and any of the following as appropriate:

Scenarios  
Storyboards  
Writings

Sound tape recordings  
Video tape recordings

Diagrams  
Sketches

**or** between four and six minutes of normal size cassette sound tape, compact disc or standard VHS video tape commentary with some accompanying explanation in continuous writing which may be notes or jottings

**or** a mixture of any of the above.

**Assessment Objective B 40 marks**  
**Assessment Objective C 120 marks**

**Stimulus Item No.1:**

**The Roses of Eyam**

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## The Roses of Eyam

### CHARACTERS

**William Mompesson**, Rector of Eyam  
**Sir George Saville**, his patron  
**Catherine Mompesson**, his wife  
**His Two Small Children**  
**The Bedlam**  
**Old Unwin**  
**Andrew Merril**  
**Marshall Howe**  
**Thomas Stanley**, former Rector of Eyam during the Commonwealth  
**Rowland Torre**, from the next village  
**George Vicars**, the village tailor  
**Colonel Bradshaw**, the local squire  
**Mrs Bradshaw**  
**A Carter**, from London  
**A Boy**

**Villagers**, as follows:

- The Sydalls:** Mrs Sydall and Richard, parents, middle aged; John, aged sixteen; Sarah, aged seventeen; Ellen, aged eighteen and Emmot, aged twenty.
- The Hancocks:** Mrs Hancock and John, parents, middle aged; William, a brother, aged thirty-eight; Alice, aged twenty-five and Elizabeth, aged twenty.
- The Friths:** Frances, mother, aged forty-five; George, father, aged fifty; Elizabeth, sister, aged forty-four; Mary, aged twenty-five; Francis, aged twenty-three; Ann, aged twenty and Thomas, aged nineteen.
- The Torres:** Humphrey, grandfather, aged seventy-five; Edytha, grandmother, aged sixty-five; William, father, aged forty-four; Alice, mother, aged forty-two; John, aged twenty-seven; Scythe, aged twenty-one; Thomas, aged eighteen and Frances, aged seventeen.
- The Thornleys:** Isaac, grandfather, aged eighty; Edward, father, aged fifty-five; Elizabeth, mother, aged fifty-six; William, aged thirty-five; Francis, aged twenty-eight and Mary, aged twenty-five.

John and Deborah Wilson, aged thirty-five and forty; Elizabeth Swanne, aged twenty; Lydia Chapman, aged forty-two; Rowland and George Mower, aged forty-five and thirty; George Vicars, a tailor, aged about thirty; Mrs Cooper, middle aged, and Edward and Jonathan Cooper, thirtyish and mid-twenties.

## Scene (I) The market place, Eyam Village (mid-morning)

*Sir George Saville enters, followed by William Mompesson. They are both wearing travelling clothes.*

- Saville** Well, Mompesson? What does it feel like?  
**Mompesson** What?  
**Saville** Responsibility.  
**Mompesson** Gratifying.  
**Saville** I suppose I should have guessed you'd say that.  
**Mompesson** I've waited ten years for today. I was sixteen when I promised myself to God's service. Ten years of hard study. *(Pause.)* It's small.  
**Saville** Big enough for a beginner. You couldn't ask more of a first living.  
**Mompesson** I'm grateful, of course. But I did hope ...  
**Saville** What? London?  
**Mompesson** Lesser men have done it.  
**Saville** I believe you. But if you're the man I think you are, your time here won't be wasted. I haven't done it without thought.  
**Mompesson** I realise that.  
**Saville** Ten years of Cambridge would suffice in a world made of books. But scholarship isn't enough. You're in the world now, not your study. You must become a man among men.  
**Mompesson** A man of God among men.  
**Saville** But men, not fellow scholars. Lead miners, copper workers, coopers, fieldsmen, tanners, men to whom words are drawings, and whose crosses you must witness. It will be a real test, William, don't undervalue it.  
**Mompesson** No.  
**Saville** You'll be unpopular at first.  
**Mompesson** Why?  
**Saville** Your age, your learning. Your religion, too, in these parts.  
**Mompesson** What do you mean?  
**Saville** You're too young to remember the war. Many of these wounds are still open; some are festering.  
**Mompesson** I remember what it was like before the King came back. And the war, too, when I was a boy.  
**Saville** But you didn't see the dying, and you don't know the bitterness. You've heard me speak of Thomas Stanley?  
**Mompesson** Yes.  
**Saville** He was rector here under Cromwell. Calls himself a Nonconformist, which means he knows better how to worship God than God does. He's still here.  
**Mompesson** I didn't know that.  
**Saville** There are about three hundred and fifty people in this village. Perhaps two hundred of them are still his friends; which means that they're your enemies.  
**Mompesson** The rector of God has no enemies, only sheep to be fed.  
**Saville** Now rinse that starch from your face, my boy, I know my duty and you know yours. But you must come two steps down from heaven if you want to speak to these people. The lead miners in these parts were strong Parliament men, some of them the most fanatic. You'll have to make some concessions.  
**Mompesson** Concessions? Do you know what made me a churchman?  
**Saville** Your father's good example, and your own intelligence.  
**Mompesson** No. My intelligence could have made me a civil servant or a diplomat. I could have spent my life making the King laugh and getting drunk. I chose Christ because of a vision.  
**Saville** God preserve me from Visions. What do you mean?

**Mompesson** In Eyam I shall lay the first foundation of God's house. The drawing is clear in my mind, and I won't begin by making concessions to the material. Why are you laughing at me?

**Saville** To bring you back to earth, my boy. You won't see anything from a pedestal looking down.

**Mompesson** I don't intend to be remote. But you know I have had little experience of people of this kind.

**Saville** My dear William ...

**Mompesson** Yes, I know, it is a failing in me, I am conscious of it. My life has been scholarly, but I shall learn. I think it important that I should establish my position from the start.

**Saville** So do I, too, and I don't doubt you will soon become dearly loved here. They are God-fearing people in Eyam. There is nothing beyond their reach, if you are their signpost.

**Mompesson** To the best of my ability, I shall be that and more.

*Catherine Mompesson enters, with her two small Children, aged four and five.*

**Saville** Here's your wife, they must be finished at the coach. Is it all unloaded?

**Catherine** Yes, it's done. Isn't this a beautiful place? Shut away in the hills, so you'd never know it was there.

**Saville** The most beautiful village in Derbyshire, so the locals say. For myself, I'd call it pretty bleak. But not aloud.

**Mompesson** It's strange the way the road seems to wind up through the cliff face. It makes it even more isolated. Is there no other way?

**Saville** There's a road across the high moor to Sheffield, if you have a good thick coat and a taste for solitude. Shall we go in?

*A thin, tinkling bell is heard offstage.*

**Mompesson** What's that noise?

*The Bedlam enters. He stops when he sees the three strangers.*

**Saville** Hallo, boy. How much have you got in your box today?

**Bedlam** Give me a penny.

**Saville** There.

**Bedlam** I collect pennies. I like the old black ones best. I polish them up till all the heads are shiny.

**Saville** What do you buy with them?

**Bedlam** I throw them in the stream and watch them turning over till they reach the waterfall. 'Me little ones always win. Have you got any little ones?

**Mompesson** I think so ...

**Bedlam** You have to make them shiny, or you can't see them in the water.

**Mompesson** Who is he?

**Saville** No-one knows where he came from. He sleeps in a hut outside the village.

**Catherine** Poor boy. How does he live?

**Saville** By begging. He's very friendly, and always cheerful, in spite of his bent bones and empty mind. Aren't you, boy?

**Bedlam** I can tell fortunes.

**Saville** They stand him on a platform every year at the Harvest Wake, and he tells people by their clothes and the shape of their faces. He forecasts the weather too, don't you, boy?

**Bedlam** This winter will be cold, but in spring it will get hot again.

**Saville** That's a fair bet.

**Catherine** It's cruel to make him a plaything. Come here, boy.  
**Bedlam** Hallo, lady.  
**Catherine** You'll need a new coat before the winter, or you'll be cold.  
**Bedlam** I don't feel the cold.  
**Catherine** You haven't much choice, I suppose. You come to the rectory tomorrow and we'll find you a new coat.  
**Saville** Tell our fortunes for us, boy.  
**Catherine** Don't make fun of him  
**Saville** No, he likes it. Go on, boy, begin with me.  
**Bedlam** You will always be a fat man.  
**Saville** Me! I'm not fat!  
**Bedlam** Until December.  
**Saville** And what happens then?  
**Bedlam** They polish your bones and hang them up in the cupboard. And all your warm clothes...  
**Saville** What about them?  
**Bedlam** Will be left in a pile on the floor.  
**Saville** You see? He enjoys it.  
**Bedlam** You're all dressed in black.  
**Mompesson** It's the colour of my calling.  
**Bedlam** Black is a sad colour, and you must always wear it in the churchyard.  
**Catherine** What about me? Tell me a nice fortune, and I'll give you another penny.  
**Bedlam** Roses must be pruned at the end of the summer. Merrill told me that.  
**Catherine** Who's Merrill?  
**Saville** An old man who lives on the edge of the village. The boy helps him in his garden.  
**Catherine** Haven't you got anything for me except garden stories?  
**Bedlam** No, lady. Nothing at all.  
**Saville** Run along now, boy, you must go back to your hut, or you'll be out in the dark. We'd better go in, too, if the baggage is ready. Come on, children.  
**Bedlam** I'll catch a mole to do the digging.  
**Saville** Of course you will.

*Saville exits with the two Children.*

**Bedlam** Good-bye, Blackman. Good-bye, Rose.

*Bedlam exits.*

**Catherine** Poor boy. We must try to help him.

*Mompesson is away from her in thought.*

**Mompesson** What's wrong?  
**Catherine** Nothing.  
**Mompesson** Tell me.  
**Catherine** This place.  
**Mompesson** I'm sure we shall be happy here.  
**Mompesson** A simple man, whose faith is by the book, could give these people all they need. Do you think I can? What language shall I speak to pitmen and carters and barrel-makers, to farmers who dig themselves insensible all day, and snore their nights through without one thought or dream of God? They don't need signposts from me, or anyone. They want a comforter, a spiritual shoe-horn to ease them through their lives. I shall bless their children, marry them, and bury them. They'll come to me for herbs for their sick wives, water on their babies'

foreheads, and prayers and crosses for their dying grandfathers. My most important office will be president of the churchyard, the man who keeps the toll gate to heaven.

**Catherine** You must silence those thoughts. The voice of ambition isn't wanted here, only the voice of love. You know it in your heart.

**Mompesson** The knowledge is one thing. The action another. I hope I know my failings. I didn't think they would be put to the test so soon.

*They leave together*

## **Scene (II) The market Place, Eyam Village (late afternoon)**

### **(the Harvest Wake scene)**

*Three people enter: Marshall Howe, Andrew Merrill and Old Unwin.*

**Unwin** Good day, Andrew Merrill.

**Merril** Good day, Unwin.

**Howe** For God's sake, is that all? Nothing else for the feast day?

**Unwin** You're a blasphemer, Marshall Howe, good afternoon.

**Merril** Take not the Lord's name in vain, good afternoon.

**Howe** My penance is to make you friends.

**Unwin** I spoke to him last wake day.

**Merril** So did I.

**Unwin** I said "Good day, Merrill".

**Merril** I said "Good day, Unwin".

**Unwin** Enough idle chat for one year.

**Merril** Quite enough.

*At this point the stage begins to fill with people, the villagers, who will act as the Chorus. The dialogue between the three men continues uninterrupted as the villagers begin to enter.*

**Howe** Not for today. This is Harvest Sunday, fit time for sermons, and the text is age, so listen. Age is the time when a man's life becomes a circle, when grandfather begins to toddle again, and old men have so much snow on their heads their brains turn to water. True?

**Unwin** True.

**Merril** True.

**Howe** A time when coffins stand open, and spades are called for, and old men need prayers. True?

**Merril** True.

**Howe** A time for totting accounts, balancing books, and settling old scores. True?

**Unwin** True.

**Merril** True.

**Howe** How did it all start?

**Unwin** How old are you this year, Merrill?

**Merril** Eighty.

**Unwin** Liar! Seventy-nine!

**Merril** I remember the day the old Queen died.

**Unwin** I remember the Armada.

**Merril** I fought the Armada!

**Howe** Boys were men in those days.

**Merril** And I was first with Joan Dunnett.

**Unwin** But it was me she preferred.

**Merril** I proposed on top of a haystack.  
**Unwin** I was listening at the bottom. She said no.  
**Howe** Which one did she choose?  
**Merril** Neither.  
**Unwin** She married a shoemaker from Sheffield.  
**Merril** Twenty-one children.  
**Unwin** Sixty-eight grandchildren.  
**Merril** Died of a broken heart.  
**Unwin** And senile decay.  
**Merril** Forty years old.  
**Unwin** Sixteen hundred and twenty-five!  
**Unwin** And senile decay.  
**Merril** Before the war.  
**Unwin** Years ago ...  
**Howe** And you're both still here, like the old leavings of last year's dinner. There's just time for a truce, before you get cleared away.

*Rowland Torre enters upstage, as the three men join the crowd.*

**Sarah Sydall** Rowland!  
**Ellen Sydall** Emmot, it's Rowland!

*Rowland joins them.*

**Richard Sydall** Hallo, Rowland, how are you?  
**Rowland** Hallo, Mr Sydall, fine thanks.  
**Richard Sydall** Good harvest?  
**Rowland** All in. Hallo, Emmot.  
**Emmot** Hallo, Rowland.  
**Mrs Sydall** Were you at church this morning, Rowland?  
**Rowland** Yes, Mrs Sydall.  
**Mrs Sydall** Did you pray hard for God's blessing on the two of you? Marriage isn't a thing to be taken lightly.  
**Rowland** Very hard, Mrs Sydall.  
**Mrs Sydall** Good lad.

*The Bedlam enters.*

**Ellen Sydall** Everyone's here, Rowland, celebrating the harvest  
**Sarah Sydall** No, they've all come to see the engagement.  
**John Sydall** There's the Hancocks come down from Riley.  
**Ellen Sydall** And all your cousins Torre.  
**Rowland** I knew they were coming.  
**Sarah Sydall** Scythe and Thomas have brought their pipes for the dancing.  
**Mrs Sydall** They shouldn't be dancing on a Sunday!  
**Richard Sydall** Why not? It's a day of rest, not a day of misery. There's always dancing, when there's an engagement on wakes day.  
**Mrs Sydall** I still don't hold with it. It's disrespectful on the Lord's day.  
**Richard Sydall** No more than all your women's gossip. I heard you this morning after church. "The rector's wife, Mrs Frith, she's that thin and ill looking..."  
**Mrs Sydall** Well, so she is, it's the truth.  
**Richard Sydall** Far more malicious than any dancing, so you can turn a blind eye for once. Come on. Rowland, let's see what you can do. Man and wife who can't dance when the time calls won't live long.  
**Rowland** Do you mind, Emmot?

**Emmot** I don't mind.

*The two Torres begin to play, Emmot and Rowland begin to dance together, and are soon followed by other younger couples.*

**Mrs Sydall** You'll see my daughter dead and in Hell with all your wild games of a Sunday.

**Richard Sydall** You've seen plenty of games of your own in your day, old Sarah.

**Mrs Svdall** Well!

*By this time most of the younger ones have joined in the dancing, while the older ones stand in a half-circle. The Bedlam watches them.*

*Colonel Bradshaw enters, with Mrs Bradshaw.*

**Howe** Hallo, boy. Have you come to join in the dancing?

**Bedlam** All the people.

**Howe** They're all here today: Squire Bradshaw, wearing a festive smile, and wondering how much it's costing him, the hardworking family Frith, still in their fieldboots, and all the starched-up Thornleys, enjoying a thin religious pleasure, suitable for Sunday. Even George Vicars the tailor, leaving his scissors and moneybags for one afternoon. Let them dance, eh boy? It'll be winter soon.

**Bedlam** I can't dance with my legs.

**Howe** You're an old ragbag, aren't you, boy, an old ragbag full of junk and rubbish.

**Bedlam** I can dance with my head, though.

**Howe** What, is there dancing in there? All I can see in your eyes, boy, is sky, and blue clouds.

**Bedlam** My dancing goes on forever, and never gets tired.

**Howe** One of the big advantages of being a madman.

*Thomas Stanley enters.*

*Stanley stands for a moment watching the dancing, then turns away. Edward Thornley detaches himself from his family and crosses over to him.*

**Edward Thornley** Good afternoon, Mr Stanley.

**Stanley** This is a sad sight, Edward Thornley.

**Edward Thornley** Ay, a sad sight for the Lord's day. But my people know their duty. There was none of this when you were rector here.

**Stanley** It will have to be paid for.

**Edward Thornley** Times have changed in five years. But some of us still keep faith. Why don't you speak to them. They will still listen to you.

**Stanley** It is no longer my place to speak.

**Edward Thornley** More's the pity. Have you met the new King's man?

**Stanley** No.

**Edward Thornley** You've missed nothing. A youngster, full of arrogance and spleen, who spits in the dust as we pass.

**Stanley** I've no wish to meet him. Our ways are opposite.

**Edward Thornley** Some of us fought for the Parliament once. We can fight for God now, if you speak out for us.

**Stanley** I can do nothing now.

**Edward Thornley** Don't leave us, Minister. We need you.

**Stanley** I can pray for you. We can meet in your houses and talk together. Other than that we can only wait. God's hand is still on the wheel. Those who are up now will be brought down, and the downtrodden will stand. We must be patient, and love God.

*Stanley and Edward Thornley go upstage together to the Thornley group.*

*Mompesson enters downstage and absorbs the scene.*

*Edward Thornley nudges Stanley, and Stanley turns and sees Mompesson. Mompesson becomes conscious of his gaze, and the two men look at each other. The musicians stop playing when they see what is happening, the dancing gradually ceases, and everyone becomes conscious of the imminent meeting of the two men.*

**Mompesson** Mr Stanley.

*Slowly Stanley turns to face him. The villagers gaze avidly.*

**Stanley** Sir?

**Mompesson** William Mompesson ...

**Stanley** Good afternoon.

**Mompesson** I have been looking forward - ever since I arrived - to meeting you. But I have been unable to find out where you are living now.

**Stanley** Not surprising, sir. I live by begging, on the charitable crumbs of those tables that still have a place set for me. I have no house, no land, no Church, but the oak tree at the end of the street. You can always find me there.

**Mompesson** I have been meaning to ask you to dine with me at the rectory.

**Stanley** You can spare the trouble.

**Mompesson** No trouble, I assure you ...

**Stanley** I left that house five years ago on the arms of the King's soldiers. If I ever return to it, it won't be as a guest.

**Mompesson** Times have changed, Mr Stanley, and the law is the law. I suppose we must disagree, but we need not be enemies.

**Stanley** You are a scholar, sir?

**Mompesson** Like a good workman, I have studied my trade.

**Stanley** Then you will have learned that there is right and wrong, and that oil and vinegar in the same jar won't mix without a beating. You build your palace, and I will build mine, and let God decide which of us has constructed a tomb. My thanks for your kindness, sir.  
Good afternoon.

*Stanley leaves.*

*Mompesson stands for a moment looking at the crowd. They watch him in silence.*

*Mompesson seems about to say something, but suddenly turns and goes out.*

*Chatter breaks out among the crowd, but it is restrained by what they have just seen. The musicians begin to play again, but no-one dances. Edward Thornley and George Frith join Marshall Howe downstage.*

**Howe** There's a black cloud gone over the sun. There'll be no more dancing today.

**Edward Thornley** He didn't say much for himself, did he.

**George Frith** The new rector?

**Edward Thornley** Won't lower himself to speak to us.

**George Frith** He's no great love for us, if the truth's known.

**Howe** Did you hear a rumble like an earthquake?

**George Frith** No.

**Howe** It was the dead men of a war twenty years old turning in their graves. They get restless in their sheets at that kind of talk, and their fingerbones feel for weapons. Some of the living too, eh Edward?

**Edward Thornley** I was at Marston Moor, and proud to have been there.

**Howe** But the Good Old Cause is dead, and its soldiers gone rotten. And those that are left are poor shells, scooped out and brittle. Like our once rector Stanley.

**Edward Thornley** What do you mean by that? The Minister is –

**George Frith** (*cutting in*) Those times are best forgotten.

**Howe** Try telling your churchmen that.  
**Richard Sydall** Ay, those fellows will still be fighting, even on my daughter's engagement day.  
**Edward Thornley** Some things, Richard Sydall, are worth fighting for.  
**Richard Sydall** Ay, I daresay, Edward Thornley, I daresay. Nevertheless, all men are welcome at my house to drink my daughter's health, however they choose to say their prayers.  
**George Frith** Say amen to that, Edward.  
**Edward Thornley** Amen, With all my heart.  
**Richard Sydall** If we can find her, that is! They've both wandered off some road so that the Lord knows where they've got to!

*The Carter enters. He is carrying a large black wooden box. He sees the three men and goes to them.*

**Carter** Is this the village of Eyam?  
**Howe** You must have driven a long way if you don't know that.  
**Carter** I have. I need a rest and a drink.  
**Edward Thornley** Where are you from?  
**Carter** London.  
**George Frith** London!  
**Howe** Strangers are rare enough here. If you're from London you're almost unique.  
**Edward Thornley** What's the news in the south?  
**Carter** Not good.  
**George Frith** More troubles?  
**Carter** Not the sort of news to be talking about.  
**Howe** Then don't talk about it. What have you got in the box?  
**Carter** Merchandise. Can you show me to the house of a Mr Vicars?  
**Edward Thornley** George Vicars the tailor?  
**Carter** That'll be the one.  
**George Frith** He shares a cottage with the Coopers. But you needn't carry it, he's here. George!  
**Howe** George Vicars! Here's a present for you, from London!

*George Vicars comes over to them from the main crowd.*

**Vicars** Ah, my box, my box, my box. Good. Is it all there?  
**Carter** How should I know, I haven't looked.  
**Vicars** From the big drapers in Thames Street?  
**Carter** That's it.  
**Howe** What is it, George, solid gold?  
**Carter** Heavy enough. My horses are half dead.  
**Vicars** All in good time you shall know. You shall know all in good time.  
**Carter** I need a good meal.  
**Howe** He'll give you some bread and cheese if you're lucky.  
**Vicars** Pick it up and bring it over to the cross.  
**George Frith** Are you going back tonight?  
**Carter** Not to London, I'm not.  
**Edward Thornley** You're not going back?  
**Carter** Not this year.

*Vicars leads the Carter, carrying the box, over to the cross. Vicars stands on the pedestal of the cross, and the people gather round to see what is happening.*

**Vicars** Ladies and gentlemen of Eyam! I have a very important announcement to make.

*Cheers and jeers from the assembling crowd.*

A piece of very good news for the people of this village. You see here a large black box ...

**Howe** His grandmother's coffin, he's putting her up for auction.

*More cheers.*

**Vicars** Nothing of the kind. There's no rubbish in this box, I'll tell you that!

**Richard Sydall** Come on, George, don't keep us in suspense!

**Vicars** There's nothing but the latest fashions in there! There's London clothes, and at Eyam prices! First comers get best choice!

**John Wilson** Let's see them then, George, why not start now?

**Vicars** Tomorrow will be soon enough. Nine o'clock at Mrs Cooper's.

**Howe** He needs time to work out his percentages and profits, don't you, George?

**George Mower** Why are they so cheap, George? Did you get them from the rubbish dump?

**Francis Frith** You cut them from the corpses on the gallows, didn't you, George.

**Vicars** You'll find out tomorrow. Laugh if you like, Francis Frith. You come early tomorrow, and you'll get a surprise.

*Cheers from the crowd.*

Let's go down to Mrs Cooper's, and we can settle the account.

**Carter** Ay, and about time.

*Vicars climbs down from the cross, and goes off with the Carter.*

*General chatter resumes.*

*Encouraged by Mrs Sydall and other members of the family, everyone is beginning to drift offstage in the direction of the Sydalls' cottage.*

*As the last villagers begin to go, Richard Sydall crosses to Emmot and Rowland who, since the end of the dancing, have not been part of the general celebration, keeping themselves in obscure corners of the set, or offstage.*

**Richard Sydall** Oh, there you are! Come on, Emmot! Everyone will be waiting.

**Emmot** In a minute, Dad.

**Richard Sydall** Ah yes, my lass, all right then. Don't be too long though.

*Richard Sydall goes, leaving Rowland and Emmot alone on stage.*

**Emmot** What a noise.

**Rowland** So many handshakes.

**Emmot** And kisses.

**Rowland** Yes ... How are you?

**Emmot** All right.

**Rowland** Really.

**Emmot** Frightened.

**Rowland** What?

**Emmot** A bit.

**Rowland** Why? The churchyard?

**Emmot** No, I like it here. It's the only quiet place today.

**Rowland** Frightened of what, then?

**Enunot** I don't know. Everything's so brittle.

**Rowland** Brittle? What's brittle?

**Emmot** Everything. Me. You.

**Rowland** Listen, if there's one thing that's not brittle, it's me, I'll tell you that! That's muscle, that is. Solid! All yours that is, come not too many days!

**Emmot** Too many days, though. So much that can happen.

**Rowland** Emmot, you're too broody. We'll have none of that when you're my wife, you know, not with the farm to run!

**Emmot** It's such a strange thing to do, to give yourself to someone else. You can't help being a little bit frightened. Everything's divided by two, whatever you want or think or say becomes double-edged. I haven't got used to it yet.

**Rowland** You will get used to it. You'll have to, won't you.

**Emmot** You've got to be so much stronger and cleverer and more careful. It seem unfair.

**Rowland** Listen, you love me, don't you?

**Emmot** Aye. I do.

**Rowland** And I love you, too. So what else do you want?

**Emmot** I suppose you're right, then, aren't you. To be this minute alive and happy is enough for any one person. Isn't it?

**Rowland** Course it is. Now come on, we must get back. There's a lot of fellers waiting to get drunk on our behalf tonight.

**Emmot** Aye, I can tell you the names of some of them, too!

*Emmot and Rowland go off together, towards the sound of the celebrations, now quite audible offstage.*

### **Scene (III) An empty village street (at night)**

*Thomas Stanley enters, alone.*

*He stops and looks in the direction of the laughing and singing, which continues faintly throughout his scene.*

**Stanley** Dear God, how can your sins be justified? This was Paradise, and you gave us a snake. This was Christ, promising life, but we are all dead men, and still waiting. We built you a palace, a clean temple, with the money tables overturned; but you sent us a whirlwind, and blew it down; and now the marble is fallen, the tombs of the giants lie open to the sky, and our bodies are lifted up for public show. What does a man do, who is left the tenant of a ruin, who is himself a house where the foundations have crumbled, and weeds grow up through the floor? He seizes prayer, and holds to it fast, till his fingers break. Many nights, God, I have met you here, and you have always spoken to me. Now the philistines are back, and the idol-mongers, with their drunkard King and his train of whores. But you have blinded me, taken my tongue, left me for dead, worse ... I can do nothing, a beggar, going hungry, no man is my friend, and none seem worthy of the love I once gave them for you. Christ in Heaven, your latest humiliation was too much, to break bread with a young boy in the house that was once yours and is now the shelter of your enemies...! He has left this place. There is no word now for me. I shall pray still for those few that love him; but my prayers are the prayers of a beggar, my heart is cold, and I know there is no love there. I shall live shadowed, in alleys and comers. Perhaps, if his voice comes again, I shall not be too deaf to hear.

*Slowly, Stanley walks off, enclosed in his agony.*

### **Scene (IV) An empty village street (early next morning)**

*The church bell tolls nine.*

*Francis Frith enters.*

**Francis Frith** I took the miser at his word. I was there, first stroke of the bell. But there'll be no sale today.

*Richard, Emmot, John, Sarah, Ellen and Mrs Sydall enter in a group.*

**Mrs Sydall** (*entering*) If it's George Vicars, it'll all be rubbish, you know that ...  
**Richard Sydall** Hello, Francis, you've beaten us to it. Haven't you got anything?  
**Francis Frith** I didn't see anything.  
**Mrs Sydall** I wouldn't be surprised if it's all some daft joke, and I've got work to do.  
**Emmot** What's it like, Francis?  
**Sarah Sydall** Are the dresses nice?  
**John Sydall** He says he didn't see.  
**Ellen Sydall** Didn't you like any of it?  
**Francis Frith** The door's bolted. He's ill.

*Isaac, Edward, Elizabeth, William, Francis and Mary Thornley enter in a group.*

**Mrs Sydall** Ill, is he? Some story that is. He was all right last night.  
**Isaac Thornley** Where's this damn sale, then? Getting me out of bed for a load of rubbish...  
**Richard Sydall** It doesn't look like there'll be any sale this morning, Isaac.  
**Isaac Thornley** What do you mean, no sale? I'm back to me bed then ...  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Wait a minute, Grandad. Why won't there be any sale? You Sydalls got there first, I suppose!  
**Mrs Sydall** Francis was first, if you must know. George is ill, apparently.  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Ill, is he? First I've heard of it!  
**Mrs Sydall** Well, it is only nine o'clock, Mrs Thornley, and you don't hear everything in this village quite as it happens.

*Humphrey, Edytha, William, Alice, John, Scythe, Thomas and Francis Torre enter in a group.*

**Richard Sydall** All right, then, you're as bad as a couple of hens with your featherpecking.  
**William Torre** What's going on? Where's the sale?  
**Edward Thornley** There's no sale. George is ill.  
**Humphrey Torre** He can't be ill. He's a young man.  
**Ellen Sydall** Well, Francis says he is.  
**Edward Thornley** Just as well, if you ask me. We don't want any fancy clothes from London here.  
**John Torre** What's wrong with him, Francis?  
**Ellen Sydall** Francis has been there.  
**Francis Frith** I don't know. I banged on the door, but Mrs Cooper told me to go away because he'd been ill all night.  
**Mrs Sydall** Isn't it terrible, Mrs Thornley, not knowing?  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Very annoying. We must go and have a word with Mrs Cooper.  
*Unwin and Merril enter*

**Unwin** All right, all right, you can stop all your questions, I can tell you the whole story ...  
**Merril** Just as I heard it, direct from the widow Cooper's own mouth ...  
**Unwin** Shortly after she told me. Last night, you see, while we were all enjoying ourselves, George opened up his black box from London ...  
**Merril** And there they were! Golds and silvers, silks and taffetas, all shining in the candlelight!  
**Unwin** But when he feels them a bit, he finds they're a bit damp from the journey, so what does he do?  
**Merril** He hangs them up on a rail in front of the fire to dry ...

**Unwin** And within ten minutes ...  
**Merril** Nearer five if you ask me ...  
**Unwin** I didn't, so shut up.  
**Merril** Nearer five ...  
**Unwin** He complained of a headache,  
**Merril** And a queasy feeling ...  
**Unwin** So the widow Cooper packed him straight to bed.  
**Merril** Where he was sick all night, all over her best sheets.  
**Unwin** Twisting and screaming like a slit pig.  
**Merril** And he's no better this morning!  
**Unwin** Possibly worse!

*Mompesson enters.*

**Mompesson** What's the matter? Is anything wrong?  
**Edward Thornley** George Vicars is ill.  
**Mompesson** Oh. What's wrong with him?  
**Edward Thornley** If we knew that, we'd be helping him, not talking about it.  
**Mompesson** You'd better send for the doctor.  
**Edward Thornley** There's no doctor. You're the doctor here.  
**Mompesson** Me? But I know nothing about it ...  
**Edward Thornley** You're supposed to be the rector, aren't you?  
**Mompesson** I know my duty, Mr Thornley.  
**Edward Thornley** Ah. Pity you don't know your parishioners as well!  
**Mompesson** I know very well, Mr Thornley, what you and some others here think of me. Since you seem determined to hate me, there is nothing I can do but pray for you.  
**Edward Thornley** And George Vicars can go hang, and us with him!  
**Mompesson** I am a man of God, sir, not a doctor. *(He turns to go.)*

*Jonathan Cooper enters.*

**Jonathan Cooper** You must come to my mother's cottage, Rector ...  
**Mompesson** I can do nothing but pray for him, Mr Cooper, I haven't the skill ...  
**Jonathan Cooper** That's it, sir. He keeps asking for you. My mother would have come herself, but he keeps being sick, and saying wild things, and she can't leave him.  
**Richard Sydall** What's wrong, with him, Jon?  
**Jonathan Cooper** A fever and vomiting, and his tongue like a dry black leather, and a red rash like roses on his skin. Please come, Rector, my mother says he may be dying.  
**Mompesson** Yes-yes.

*Mompesson moves quickly upstage, Cooper following. The others prepare to follow in a crowd.*

No. Stop!

One man is ill. If he is in pain, he has no wish to become a public spectacle. I shall speak to him and to God, and if it is his will, he will soon be recovered. We all have work to do. Go and do yours.

*Mompesson exits with Jonathan Cooper. All the villagers exit talking quietly.*

**Edward Thornley** There's your new rector, Sydall. He has to be driven to visit a sick man.  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Mr Stanley never had to be sent for.  
**Richard Sydall** Don't be unjust, Edward. He doesn't know us yet, or our ways.

**Edward Thornlev** I'll give him six weeks. And I tell you, Richard, at the end of that time we'll be glad to drive him out with staves.  
**Richard Svfall** Well. You may be right. But a lot can happen in six weeks.  
**Edward Thornley** I hope so, for his sake.  
**Richard Sydall** And ours.

*Richard and Mrs Sydall and Edward and Elizabeth Thornley exit together .*

### **Scene (V) The interior of Mrs Cooper's cottage**

*George Vicars is in bed, Mrs Cooper beside him. Edward Cooper sits in a chair facing downstage, with his head in his hands. The black box is seen, standing open, and a rail, on which some of the clothes are hanging.*

*Jonathan Cooper and Mompesson enter from a door at the back.*

**Mrs Cooper** Thank the Lord you've come, Rector, I don't know what to do any more.  
**Mompesson** How is he?  
**Mrs Cooper** Quiet all of a sudden. But all night he's been screaming and crying and sick. I've tried everything, Rector, but I've never seen anything like this before.  
**Mompesson** I know nothing about sick people I'm afraid, Mrs Cooper ...  
**Mrs Cooper** Look at his neck.  
**Mompesson** Where?  
**Mrs Cooper** That patch was red early this morning. It went black and hard suddenly. There's one twice the size on his chest, and more under his arms and between his toes. He's been bringing up blood and sick all night.  
**Vicars** Is that you, Rector? I can't see.  
**Mompesson** I'm here, and with me is God to comfort you.  
**Vicars** I can't see.  
**Mrs Cooper** You'll get no sense out of him, Rector. He's been talking all night, but nothing to understand.  
**Vicars** Who's that coming through the door?  
**Mompesson** There's no-one.  
**Vicars** Yes, there is. The lining stinks of blood, his face has gone rotten ...! Give me some water, please ...!

*Mompesson kneels and begins to say the prayer for the dying. Mrs Cooper comes to her son Edward, still sitting in the chair. As she does so Edward sneezes violently, and stands up, still holding his head with one hand.*

**Mrs Cooper** Edward?  
**Edward Cooper** Can you get rid of the flowers, Mother. They're making me sneeze.  
**Mrs Cooper** There are no flowers, son. I've had none in since the day before yesterday.  
**Edward Cooper** Fruit then. That's it. Rotten apples. Some of the apples in the tub must have gone bad.  
**Mrs Cooper** What are you talking about, son?  
**Edward Cooper** Something sweet. Can't you smell it?  
**Mrs Cooper** Oh, don't fuss, I can't smell anything.  
**Edward Cooper** You must have a cold, then.  
**Mrs Cooper** Will you go down the well again for me? He's drunk the last bucketful.  
**Edward Cooper** Yes, all right. Oh! My head feels like the anvil.  
**Mrs Cooper** I'm not surprised, the night we had of it. You can have a nice lie down when you've got me the water.  
**Edward Cooper** Yes, I think I will.

*Edward Cooper exits.*

*Mompesson rises and rejoins Mrs Cooper. Jonathan Cooper stays by the bed.*

**Mrs Cooper** How is he now?  
**Mompesson** Quiet again. I don't think he could hear me.  
**Mrs Cooper** Poor man.  
**Mompesson** When did he get like this?  
**Mrs Cooper** Well, it was like this, you see. He unpacked his box, straight after he'd paid off the carter it was, just after I'd given him some dinner, and he put the things to air in front of the fire. Then, when he came back from the wake, he had another good look at them. Then about midnight he said he wasn't well.

**Mompesson** Is that the box?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, that's it.  
**Mompesson** And those are the clothes?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, lovely they are, a friend of his bought them for him in London, and had them sent down here. He said they'd make his fortune.

**Mompesson** From London, you say.  
**Mrs Cooper** That's right.  
**Mompesson** You're quite sure?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, his friend's a draper in Thames Street.  
**Mompesson** And he brought them - recently?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, I think so. He told me about it a couple of months ago, I think. Why?  
**Mompesson** For - er - no particular reason.  
**Jonathan Cooper** Rector.  
**Mompesson** Yes?  
**Jonathan Cooper** He's dead.  
**Mompesson** Lord have mercy on us.  
**Jonathan Cooper** Christ have mercy on us.  
**Mrs Cooper** Christ have mercy on us.  
**Mompesson** Listen to me.  
**Jonathan Cooper** What is it, Rector?  
**Mompesson** I don't want you to touch him at all.  
**Mrs Cooper** What did he die of, Rector?  
**Mompesson** Wrap him in the sheet he's lying in, and sew it up. I'll send the undertaker round straightaway.

**Jonathan Cooper** Straight away?  
**Mompesson** I want to get him buried this afternoon. Scour the box out with soap, and bum all those clothes.  
**Mrs Cooper** Burn them?  
**Mompesson** And scour the box. And don't tell anyone about it.  
**Jonathan Cooper** But they already know, you saw.  
**Mompesson** His face I mean, what he looks like. There's no point in frightening people.  
**Mrs Cooper** He does look bad, with them blotches and scabs.  
**Jonathan Cooper** We won't say anything.  
**Mompesson** I must go now. Don't try to wash him.  
**Mrs Cooper** Poor man, Rector, he can't be buried dirty ...  
**Mompesson** I'm afraid he must be. Sew him up, and burn those things. I'll find the carpenter and be back as soon as I can.

*Mompesson exits.*

**Mrs Cooper** I can't believe it, Jon. Last night he was well.  
**Jonathan Cooper** Fifteen hours ago. Not a day. I wonder why we mustn't tell anybody?  
**Mrs Cooper** Never mind why if the rector says so. We'd better get started.  
**Edward Cooper** (off) Mother!

**Mrs Cooper** What is it, son?  
**Edward Cooper** (off) Can you bring me a cup for the water?  
**Mrs Cooper** Don't shout, Edward! With poor George lying dead in here!

*Edward Cooper comes and stands in the doorway looking.*

I do hope your eldest son's not as lazy as mine!

*Mrs Cooper goes busily off. Edward looks at Vicars from the doorway, rubs his forehead, and goes off.*

*Jonathan Cooper crosses to Vicars, lifts the sheets and looks at his face.*

**Jonathan Cooper** It's like a ring of roses ...

### Scene (VI) The rectory (late evening)

*Catherine sits reading by candlelight.*

**Mompesson** Catherine!

*She looks up.*

I have something to tell you.

**Catherine** What?

**Mompesson** I am unworthy of this calling. I have no love for these people. None. Only disgust. At the death bed and at the funeral I tasted vomit in my mouth.

**Catherine** The first death ...

**Mompesson** And of course, they want Stanley, not me. I read a plain text in all their faces. Rejection. I have nothing to offer them, and they know it.

**Catherine** Don't lie to yourself, William, or to me.

**Mompesson** I'm not lying. Am I lying?

**Catherine** I know how much strength is in you. Are you afraid of it? Must you keep it in chains, like a monster away from the light?

**Mompesson** No, no, it isn't true, I wish it were. Such weapons as I have are mental ones, and they are useless here - I shall write and resign the living.

**Catherine** And will, you run away from every place, as you are running now?

**Mompesson** Running? I wish it were so simple. There is nothing here to run from.

**Catherine** There are three hundred and fifty people, and they are your responsibility. They can spit in your eye and beat you with staves, but they can't change that.

**Mompesson** There is something else.

**Catherine** What?

**Mompesson** George Vicars: when he died.

**Catherine** Yes?

**Mompesson** I saw his face. And the marks.

**Catherine** Marks?

**Mompesson** Marks on his skin. I think I've seen them before. I think I know what they are.

*There is a loud banging on their door.*

Open it.

*Catherine goes to the door.*

*Mrs Cooper enters.*

**Catherine** Mrs Cooper ...

**Mompesson** What is it, Mrs Cooper?  
**Mrs Cooper** You were there, weren't you, Rector.  
**Mompesson** What?  
**Mrs Cooper** At my cottage this morning.  
**Mompesson** Yes.  
**Mrs Cooper** Not twelve hours ago.  
**Mompesson** Yes.  
**Mrs Cooper** You saw my son Edward. He had a headache, didn't he.  
**Mompesson** Yes. I believe so.  
**Mrs Cooper** He can't be dead, can he?

*Silence.*

God bless me, sir, he's lying there white as a lily, with a ring of roses on his cheek.

**Catherine** What is it, William?  
**Mompesson** I think it's plague.  
**Mrs Cooper** White as a lily and dead as a stone.  
**Catherine** What shall we do?  
**Mompesson** Try to calm Mrs Cooper first of all. It will be better if the villagers don't know.  
**Catherine** They're sure to find out.  
**Mompesson** But not at once. We will have some time to think how to stop it.  
**Catherine** How do you stop the plague?  
**Mompesson** I don't know.  
**Catherine** They dug pits for the bodies in London. There were so many.  
**Mompesson** But here there are only two. We have no need of pits and gravecarts for them.

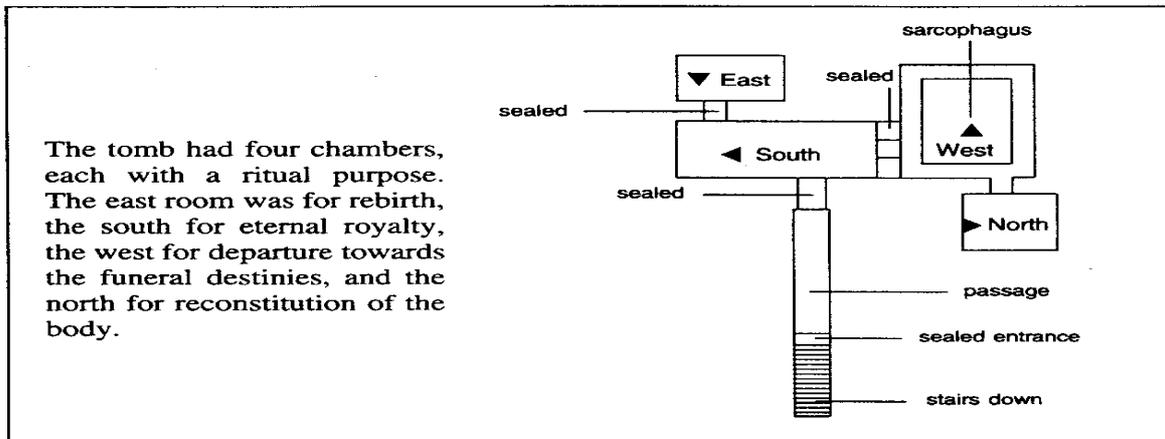
*Catherine crosses over to the still weeping Mrs Cooper, and gently ushers her off.  
Mompesson follows and watches.*

**Mompesson** No. I mustn't be foolish. Two dead men are nothing.

*The CURTAIN falls*

Stimulus Item No.2:

**TUTUNKHAMUN'S TOMB**



**“I See Wonderful Things...”**

Cautiously, the explorers edged their way along the narrow passage. They had no idea what lay ahead. They had already passed one sealed door; now they came to another. Using a heavy iron spike, Carter cut a small hole at eye-level so he could see (by flickering candle-light) into the next chamber. Eagerly, he peered into the gloomy darkness. Then he turned to Lord Carnarvon, his voice shaking with excitement: ‘I see wonderful things...’ he said.

(from a newspaper account of the discovery of the tomb in 1922)



**Oxford Cambridge and RSA Examinations**  
**General Certificate of Secondary Education**

**DRAMA**

**1916/02/S**

**Pre-release material for written examination**  
**Option A**

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

This booklet contains two stimulus items. An extract from the play 'The Roses of Eyam' and the stimulus item 'Tutunkhamun's tomb'.

You may do any preparatory work that is considered appropriate.

You will not be permitted to take this copy of the text or any other notes or preparation into the examination. A clean copy of the text and stimulus item will be provided with the Question Paper.



**Stimulus Item No.1:**

**The Roses of Eyam**

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## The Roses of Eyam

### CHARACTERS

**William Mompesson**, Rector of Eyam  
**Sir George Saville**, his patron  
**Catherine Mompesson**, his wife  
**His Two Small Children**  
**The Bedlam**  
**Old Unwin**  
**Andrew Merril**  
**Marshall Howe**  
**Thomas Stanley**, former Rector of Eyam during the Commonwealth  
**Rowland Torre**, from the next village  
**George Vicars**, the village tailor  
**Colonel Bradshaw**, the local squire  
**Mrs Bradshaw**  
**A Carter**, from London  
**A Boy**

**Villagers**, as follows:

- The Sydalls:** Mrs Sydall and Richard, parents, middle aged; John, aged sixteen; Sarah, aged seventeen; Ellen, aged eighteen and Emmot, aged twenty.
- The Hancocks:** Mrs Hancock and John, parents, middle aged; William, a brother, aged thirty-eight; Alice, aged twenty-five and Elizabeth, aged twenty.
- The Friths:** Frances, mother, aged forty-five; George, father, aged fifty; Elizabeth, sister, aged forty-four; Mary, aged twenty-five; Francis, aged twenty-three; Ann, aged twenty and Thomas, aged nineteen.
- The Torres:** Humphrey, grandfather, aged seventy-five; Edytha, grandmother, aged sixty-five; William, father, aged forty-four; Alice, mother, aged forty-two; John, aged twenty-seven; Scythe, aged twenty-one; Thomas, aged eighteen and Frances, aged seventeen.
- The Thornleys:** Isaac, grandfather, aged eighty; Edward, father, aged fifty-five; Elizabeth, mother, aged fifty-six; William, aged thirty-five; Francis, aged twenty-eight and Mary, aged twenty-five.

John and Deborah Wilson, aged thirty-five and forty; Elizabeth Swanne, aged twenty; Lydia Chapman, aged forty-two; Rowland and George Mower, aged forty-five and thirty; George Vicars, a tailor, aged about thirty; Mrs Cooper, middle aged, and Edward and Jonathan Cooper, thirtyish and mid-twenties.

## Scene (I) The market place, Eyam Village (mid-morning)

*Sir George Saville enters, followed by William Mompesson. They are both wearing travelling clothes.*

- Saville** Well, Mompesson? What does it feel like?  
**Mompesson** What?  
**Saville** Responsibility.  
**Mompesson** Gratifying.  
**Saville** I suppose I should have guessed you'd say that.  
**Mompesson** I've waited ten years for today. I was sixteen when I promised myself to God's service. Ten years of hard study. *(Pause.)* It's small.  
**Saville** Big enough for a beginner. You couldn't ask more of a first living.  
**Mompesson** I'm grateful, of course. But I did hope ...  
**Saville** What? London?  
**Mompesson** Lesser men have done it.  
**Saville** I believe you. But if you're the man I think you are, your time here won't be wasted. I haven't done it without thought.  
**Mompesson** I realise that.  
**Saville** Ten years of Cambridge would suffice in a world made of books. But scholarship isn't enough. You're in the world now, not your study. You must become a man among men.  
**Mompesson** A man of God among men.  
**Saville** But men, not fellow scholars. Lead miners, copper workers, coopers, fieldsmen, tanners, men to whom words are drawings, and whose crosses you must witness. It will be a real test, William, don't undervalue it.  
**Mompesson** No.  
**Saville** You'll be unpopular at first.  
**Mompesson** Why?  
**Saville** Your age, your learning. Your religion, too, in these parts.  
**Mompesson** What do you mean?  
**Saville** You're too young to remember the war. Many of these wounds are still open; some are festering.  
**Mompesson** I remember what it was like before the King came back. And the war, too, when I was a boy.  
**Saville** But you didn't see the dying, and you don't know the bitterness. You've heard me speak of Thomas Stanley?  
**Mompesson** Yes.  
**Saville** He was rector here under Cromwell. Calls himself a Nonconformist, which means he knows better how to worship God than God does. He's still here.  
**Mompesson** I didn't know that.  
**Saville** There are about three hundred and fifty people in this village. Perhaps two hundred of them are still his friends; which means that they're your enemies.  
**Mompesson** The rector of God has no enemies, only sheep to be fed.  
**Saville** Now rinse that starch from your face, my boy, I know my duty and you know yours. But you must come two steps down from heaven if you want to speak to these people. The lead miners in these parts were strong Parliament men, some of them the most fanatic. You'll have to make some concessions.  
**Mompesson** Concessions? Do you know what made me a churchman?  
**Saville** Your father's good example, and your own intelligence.  
**Mompesson** No. My intelligence could have made me a civil servant or a diplomat. I could have spent my life making the King laugh and getting drunk. I chose Christ because of a vision.  
**Saville** God preserve me from Visions. What do you mean?

**Mompesson** In Eyam I shall lay the first foundation of God's house. The drawing is clear in my mind, and I won't begin by making concessions to the material. Why are you laughing at me?

**Saville** To bring you back to earth, my boy. You won't see anything from a pedestal looking down.

**Mompesson** I don't intend to be remote. But you know I have had little experience of people of this kind.

**Saville** My dear William ...

**Mompesson** Yes, I know, it is a failing in me, I am conscious of it. My life has been scholarly, but I shall learn. I think it important that I should establish my position from the start.

**Saville** So do I, too, and I don't doubt you will soon become dearly loved here. They are God-fearing people in Eyam. There is nothing beyond their reach, if you are their signpost.

**Mompesson** To the best of my ability, I shall be that and more.

*Catherine Mompesson enters, with her two small Children, aged four and five.*

**Saville** Here's your wife, they must be finished at the coach. Is it all unloaded?

**Catherine** Yes, it's done. Isn't this a beautiful place? Shut away in the hills, so you'd never know it was there.

**Saville** The most beautiful village in Derbyshire, so the locals say. For myself, I'd call it pretty bleak. But not aloud.

**Mompesson** It's strange the way the road seems to wind up through the cliff face. It makes it even more isolated. Is there no other way?

**Saville** There's a road across the high moor to Sheffield, if you have a good thick coat and a taste for solitude. Shall we go in?

*A thin, tinkling bell is heard offstage.*

**Mompesson** What's that noise?

*The Bedlam enters. He stops when he sees the three strangers.*

**Saville** Hallo, boy. How much have you got in your box today?

**Bedlam** Give me a penny.

**Saville** There.

**Bedlam** I collect pennies. I like the old black ones best. I polish them up till all the heads are shiny.

**Saville** What do you buy with them?

**Bedlam** I throw them in the stream and watch them turning over till they reach the waterfall. 'Me little ones always win. Have you got any little ones?

**Mompesson** I think so ...

**Bedlam** You have to make them shiny, or you can't see them in the water.

**Mompesson** Who is he?

**Saville** No-one knows where he came from. He sleeps in a hut outside the village.

**Catherine** Poor boy. How does he live?

**Saville** By begging. He's very friendly, and always cheerful, in spite of his bent bones and empty mind. Aren't you, boy?

**Bedlam** I can tell fortunes.

**Saville** They stand him on a platform every year at the Harvest Wake, and he tells people by their clothes and the shape of their faces. He forecasts the weather too, don't you, boy?

**Bedlam** This winter will be cold, but in spring it will get hot again.

**Saville** That's a fair bet.

**Catherine** It's cruel to make him a plaything. Come here, boy.  
**Bedlam** Hallo, lady.  
**Catherine** You'll need a new coat before the winter, or you'll be cold.  
**Bedlam** I don't feel the cold.  
**Catherine** You haven't much choice, I suppose. You come to the rectory tomorrow and we'll find you a new coat.  
**Saville** Tell our fortunes for us, boy.  
**Catherine** Don't make fun of him  
**Saville** No, he likes it. Go on, boy, begin with me.  
**Bedlam** You will always be a fat man.  
**Saville** Me! I'm not fat!  
**Bedlam** Until December.  
**Saville** And what happens then?  
**Bedlam** They polish your bones and hang them up in the cupboard. And all your warm clothes...  
**Saville** What about them?  
**Bedlam** Will be left in a pile on the floor.  
**Saville** You see? He enjoys it.  
**Bedlam** You're all dressed in black.  
**Mompesson** It's the colour of my calling.  
**Bedlam** Black is a sad colour, and you must always wear it in the churchyard.  
**Catherine** What about me? Tell me a nice fortune, and I'll give you another penny.  
**Bedlam** Roses must be pruned at the end of the summer. Merrill told me that.  
**Catherine** Who's Merrill?  
**Saville** An old man who lives on the edge of the village. The boy helps him in his garden.  
**Catherine** Haven't you got anything for me except garden stories?  
**Bedlam** No, lady. Nothing at all.  
**Saville** Run along now, boy, you must go back to your hut, or you'll be out in the dark. We'd better go in, too, if the baggage is ready. Come on, children.  
**Bedlam** I'll catch a mole to do the digging.  
**Saville** Of course you will.

*Saville exits with the two Children.*

**Bedlam** Good-bye, Blackman. Good-bye, Rose.

*Bedlam exits.*

**Catherine** Poor boy. We must try to help him.

*Mompesson is away from her in thought.*

**Mompesson** What's wrong?  
**Catherine** Nothing.  
**Mompesson** Tell me.  
**Catherine** This place.  
**Mompesson** I'm sure we shall be happy here.  
**Mompesson** A simple man, whose faith is by the book, could give these people all they need. Do you think I can? What language shall I speak to pitmen and carters and barrel-makers, to farmers who dig themselves insensible all day, and snore their nights through without one thought or dream of God? They don't need signposts from me, or anyone. They want a comforter, a spiritual shoe-horn to ease them through their lives. I shall bless their children, marry them, and bury them. They'll come to me for herbs for their sick wives, water on their babies'

foreheads, and prayers and crosses for their dying grandfathers. My most important office will be president of the churchyard, the man who keeps the toll gate to heaven.

**Catherine** You must silence those thoughts. The voice of ambition isn't wanted here, only the voice of love. You know it in your heart.

**Mompesson** The knowledge is one thing. The action another. I hope I know my failings. I didn't think they would be put to the test so soon.

*They leave together*

## **Scene (II) The market Place, Eyam Village (late afternoon)**

### **(the Harvest Wake scene)**

*Three people enter: Marshall Howe, Andrew Merrill and Old Unwin.*

**Unwin** Good day, Andrew Merrill.

**Merril** Good day, Unwin.

**Howe** For God's sake, is that all? Nothing else for the feast day?

**Unwin** You're a blasphemer, Marshall Howe, good afternoon.

**Merril** Take not the Lord's name in vain, good afternoon.

**Howe** My penance is to make you friends.

**Unwin** I spoke to him last wake day.

**Merril** So did I.

**Unwin** I said "Good day, Merrill".

**Merril** I said "Good day, Unwin".

**Unwin** Enough idle chat for one year.

**Merril** Quite enough.

*At this point the stage begins to fill with people, the villagers, who will act as the Chorus. The dialogue between the three men continues uninterrupted as the villagers begin to enter.*

**Howe** Not for today. This is Harvest Sunday, fit time for sermons, and the text is age, so listen. Age is the time when a man's life becomes a circle, when grandfather begins to toddle again, and old men have so much snow on their heads their brains turn to water. True?

**Unwin** True.

**Merril** True.

**Howe** A time when coffins stand open, and spades are called for, and old men need prayers. True?

**Merril** True.

**Howe** A time for totting accounts, balancing books, and settling old scores. True?

**Unwin** True.

**Merril** True.

**Howe** How did it all start?

**Unwin** How old are you this year, Merrill?

**Merril** Eighty.

**Unwin** Liar! Seventy-nine!

**Merril** I remember the day the old Queen died.

**Unwin** I remember the Armada.

**Merril** I fought the Armada!

**Howe** Boys were men in those days.

**Merril** And I was first with Joan Dunnett.

**Unwin** But it was me she preferred.

**Merril** I proposed on top of a haystack.  
**Unwin** I was listening at the bottom. She said no.  
**Howe** Which one did she choose?  
**Merril** Neither.  
**Unwin** She married a shoemaker from Sheffield.  
**Merril** Twenty-one children.  
**Unwin** Sixty-eight grandchildren.  
**Merril** Died of a broken heart.  
**Unwin** And senile decay.  
**Merril** Forty years old.  
**Unwin** Sixteen hundred and twenty-five!  
**Unwin** And senile decay.  
**Merril** Before the war.  
**Unwin** Years ago ...  
**Howe** And you're both still here, like the old leavings of last year's dinner. There's just time for a truce, before you get cleared away.

*Rowland Torre enters upstage, as the three men join the crowd.*

**Sarah Sydall** Rowland!  
**Ellen Sydall** Emmot, it's Rowland!

*Rowland joins them.*

**Richard Sydall** Hallo, Rowland, how are you?  
**Rowland** Hallo, Mr Sydall, fine thanks.  
**Richard Sydall** Good harvest?  
**Rowland** All in. Hallo, Emmot.  
**Emmot** Hallo, Rowland.  
**Mrs Sydall** Were you at church this morning, Rowland?  
**Rowland** Yes, Mrs Sydall.  
**Mrs Sydall** Did you pray hard for God's blessing on the two of you? Marriage isn't a thing to be taken lightly.  
**Rowland** Very hard, Mrs Sydall.  
**Mrs Sydall** Good lad.

*The Bedlam enters.*

**Ellen Sydall** Everyone's here, Rowland, celebrating the harvest  
**Sarah Sydall** No, they've all come to see the engagement.  
**John Sydall** There's the Hancocks come down from Riley.  
**Ellen Sydall** And all your cousins Torre.  
**Rowland** I knew they were coming.  
**Sarah Sydall** Scythe and Thomas have brought their pipes for the dancing.  
**Mrs Sydall** They shouldn't be dancing on a Sunday!  
**Richard Sydall** Why not? It's a day of rest, not a day of misery. There's always dancing, when there's an engagement on wakes day.  
**Mrs Sydall** I still don't hold with it. It's disrespectful on the Lord's day.  
**Richard Sydall** No more than all your women's gossip. I heard you this morning after church. "The rector's wife, Mrs Frith, she's that thin and ill looking..."  
**Mrs Sydall** Well, so she is, it's the truth.  
**Richard Sydall** Far more malicious than any dancing, so you can turn a blind eye for once. Come on. Rowland, let's see what you can do. Man and wife who can't dance when the time calls won't live long.  
**Rowland** Do you mind, Emmot?

**Emmot** I don't mind.

*The two Torres begin to play, Emmot and Rowland begin to dance together, and are soon followed by other younger couples.*

**Mrs Sydall** You'll see my daughter dead and in Hell with all your wild games of a Sunday.

**Richard Sydall** You've seen plenty of games of your own in your day, old Sarah.

**Mrs Svdall** Well!

*By this time most of the younger ones have joined in the dancing, while the older ones stand in a half-circle. The Bedlam watches them.*

*Colonel Bradshaw enters, with Mrs Bradshaw.*

**Howe** Hallo, boy. Have you come to join in the dancing?

**Bedlam** All the people.

**Howe** They're all here today: Squire Bradshaw, wearing a festive smile, and wondering how much it's costing him, the hardworking family Frith, still in their fieldboots, and all the starched-up Thornleys, enjoying a thin religious pleasure, suitable for Sunday. Even George Vicars the tailor, leaving his scissors and moneybags for one afternoon. Let them dance, eh boy? It'll be winter soon.

**Bedlam** I can't dance with my legs.

**Howe** You're an old ragbag, aren't you, boy, an old ragbag full of junk and rubbish.

**Bedlam** I can dance with my head, though.

**Howe** What, is there dancing in there? All I can see in your eyes, boy, is sky, and blue clouds.

**Bedlam** My dancing goes on forever, and never gets tired.

**Howe** One of the big advantages of being a madman.

*Thomas Stanley enters.*

*Stanley stands for a moment watching the dancing, then turns away. Edward Thornley detaches himself from his family and crosses over to him.*

**Edward Thornley** Good afternoon, Mr Stanley.

**Stanley** This is a sad sight, Edward Thornley.

**Edward Thornley** Ay, a sad sight for the Lord's day. But my people know their duty. There was none of this when you were rector here.

**Stanley** It will have to be paid for.

**Edward Thornley** Times have changed in five years. But some of us still keep faith. Why don't you speak to them. They will still listen to you.

**Stanley** It is no longer my place to speak.

**Edward Thornley** More's the pity. Have you met the new King's man?

**Stanley** No.

**Edward Thornley** You've missed nothing. A youngster, full of arrogance and spleen, who spits in the dust as we pass.

**Stanley** I've no wish to meet him. Our ways are opposite.

**Edward Thornley** Some of us fought for the Parliament once. We can fight for God now, if you speak out for us.

**Stanley** I can do nothing now.

**Edward Thornley** Don't leave us, Minister. We need you.

**Stanley** I can pray for you. We can meet in your houses and talk together. Other than that we can only wait. God's hand is still on the wheel. Those who are up now will be brought down, and the downtrodden will stand. We must be patient, and love God.

*Stanley and Edward Thornley go upstage together to the Thornley group.*

*Mompesson enters downstage and absorbs the scene.*

*Edward Thornley nudges Stanley, and Stanley turns and sees Mompesson. Mompesson becomes conscious of his gaze, and the two men look at each other. The musicians stop playing when they see what is happening, the dancing gradually ceases, and everyone becomes conscious of the imminent meeting of the two men.*

**Mompesson** Mr Stanley.

*Slowly Stanley turns to face him. The villagers gaze avidly.*

**Stanley** Sir?

**Mompesson** William Mompesson ...

**Stanley** Good afternoon.

**Mompesson** I have been looking forward - ever since I arrived - to meeting you. But I have been unable to find out where you are living now.

**Stanley** Not surprising, sir. I live by begging, on the charitable crumbs of those tables that still have a place set for me. I have no house, no land, no Church, but the oak tree at the end of the street. You can always find me there.

**Mompesson** I have been meaning to ask you to dine with me at the rectory.

**Stanley** You can spare the trouble.

**Mompesson** No trouble, I assure you ...

**Stanley** I left that house five years ago on the arms of the King's soldiers. If I ever return to it, it won't be as a guest.

**Mompesson** Times have changed, Mr Stanley, and the law is the law. I suppose we must disagree, but we need not be enemies.

**Stanley** You are a scholar, sir?

**Mompesson** Like a good workman, I have studied my trade.

**Stanley** Then you will have learned that there is right and wrong, and that oil and vinegar in the same jar won't mix without a beating. You build your palace, and I will build mine, and let God decide which of us has constructed a tomb. My thanks for your kindness, sir.  
Good afternoon.

*Stanley leaves.*

*Mompesson stands for a moment looking at the crowd. They watch him in silence.*

*Mompesson seems about to say something, but suddenly turns and goes out.*

*Chatter breaks out among the crowd, but it is restrained by what they have just seen. The musicians begin to play again, but no-one dances. Edward Thornley and George Frith join Marshall Howe downstage.*

**Howe** There's a black cloud gone over the sun. There'll be no more dancing today.

**Edward Thornley** He didn't say much for himself, did he.

**George Frith** The new rector?

**Edward Thornley** Won't lower himself to speak to us.

**George Frith** He's no great love for us, if the truth's known.

**Howe** Did you hear a rumble like an earthquake?

**George Frith** No.

**Howe** It was the dead men of a war twenty years old turning in their graves. They get restless in their sheets at that kind of talk, and their fingerbones feel for weapons. Some of the living too, eh Edward?

**Edward Thornley** I was at Marston Moor, and proud to have been there.

**Howe** But the Good Old Cause is dead, and its soldiers gone rotten. And those that are left are poor shells, scooped out and brittle. Like our once rector Stanley.

**Edward Thornley** What do you mean by that? The Minister is –

**George Frith** (*cutting in*) Those times are best forgotten.

**Howe** Try telling your churchmen that.  
**Richard Sydall** Ay, those fellows will still be fighting, even on my daughter's engagement day.  
**Edward Thornley** Some things, Richard Sydall, are worth fighting for.  
**Richard Sydall** Ay, I daresay, Edward Thornley, I daresay. Nevertheless, all men are welcome at my house to drink my daughter's health, however they choose to say their prayers.  
**George Frith** Say amen to that, Edward.  
**Edward Thornley** Amen, With all my heart.  
**Richard Sydall** If we can find her, that is! They've both wandered off some road so that the Lord knows where they've got to!

*The Carter enters. He is carrying a large black wooden box. He sees the three men and goes to them.*

**Carter** Is this the village of Eyam?  
**Howe** You must have driven a long way if you don't know that.  
**Carter** I have. I need a rest and a drink.  
**Edward Thornley** Where are you from?  
**Carter** London.  
**George Frith** London!  
**Howe** Strangers are rare enough here. If you're from London you're almost unique.  
**Edward Thornley** What's the news in the south?  
**Carter** Not good.  
**George Frith** More troubles?  
**Carter** Not the sort of news to be talking about.  
**Howe** Then don't talk about it. What have you got in the box?  
**Carter** Merchandise. Can you show me to the house of a Mr Vicars?  
**Edward Thornley** George Vicars the tailor?  
**Carter** That'll be the one.  
**George Frith** He shares a cottage with the Coopers. But you needn't carry it, he's here. George!  
**Howe** George Vicars! Here's a present for you, from London!

*George Vicars comes over to them from the main crowd.*

**Vicars** Ah, my box, my box, my box. Good. Is it all there?  
**Carter** How should I know, I haven't looked.  
**Vicars** From the big drapers in Thames Street?  
**Carter** That's it.  
**Howe** What is it, George, solid gold?  
**Carter** Heavy enough. My horses are half dead.  
**Vicars** All in good time you shall know. You shall know all in good time.  
**Carter** I need a good meal.  
**Howe** He'll give you some bread and cheese if you're lucky.  
**Vicars** Pick it up and bring it over to the cross.  
**George Frith** Are you going back tonight?  
**Carter** Not to London, I'm not.  
**Edward Thornley** You're not going back?  
**Carter** Not this year.

*Vicars leads the Carter, carrying the box, over to the cross. Vicars stands on the pedestal of the cross, and the people gather round to see what is happening.*

**Vicars** Ladies and gentlemen of Eyam! I have a very important announcement to make.

*Cheers and jeers from the assembling crowd.*

A piece of very good news for the people of this village. You see here a large black box ...

**Howe** His grandmother's coffin, he's putting her up for auction.

*More cheers.*

**Vicars** Nothing of the kind. There's no rubbish in this box, I'll tell you that!

**Richard Syddall** Come on, George, don't keep us in suspense!

**Vicars** There's nothing but the latest fashions in there! There's London clothes, and at Eyam prices! First comers get best choice!

**John Wilson** Let's see them then, George, why not start now?

**Vicars** Tomorrow will be soon enough. Nine o'clock at Mrs Cooper's.

**Howe** He needs time to work out his percentages and profits, don't you, George?

**George Mower** Why are they so cheap, George? Did you get them from the rubbish dump?

**Francis Frith** You cut them from the corpses on the gallows, didn't you, George.

**Vicars** You'll find out tomorrow. Laugh if you like, Francis Frith. You come early tomorrow, and you'll get a surprise.

*Cheers from the crowd.*

Let's go down to Mrs Cooper's, and we can settle the account.

**Carter** Ay, and about time.

*Vicars climbs down from the cross, and goes off with the Carter.*

*General chatter resumes.*

*Encouraged by Mrs Syddall and other members of the family, everyone is beginning to drift offstage in the direction of the Syddalls' cottage.*

*As the last villagers begin to go, Richard Syddall crosses to Emmot and Rowland who, since the end of the dancing, have not been part of the general celebration, keeping themselves in obscure corners of the set, or offstage.*

**Richard Syddall** Oh, there you are! Come on, Emmot! Everyone will be waiting.

**Emmot** In a minute, Dad.

**Richard Syddall** Ah yes, my lass, all right then. Don't be too long though.

*Richard Syddall goes, leaving Rowland and Emmot alone on stage.*

**Emmot** What a noise.

**Rowland** So many handshakes.

**Emmot** And kisses.

**Rowland** Yes ... How are you?

**Emmot** All right.

**Rowland** Really.

**Emmot** Frightened.

**Rowland** What?

**Emmot** A bit.

**Rowland** Why? The churchyard?

**Emmot** No, I like it here. It's the only quiet place today.

**Rowland** Frightened of what, then?

**Enunot** I don't know. Everything's so brittle.

**Rowland** Brittle? What's brittle?

**Emmot** Everything. Me. You.

**Rowland** Listen, if there's one thing that's not brittle, it's me, I'll tell you that! That's muscle, that is. Solid! All yours that is, come not too many days!

**Emmot** Too many days, though. So much that can happen.

**Rowland** Emmot, you're too broody. We'll have none of that when you're my wife, you know, not with the farm to run!

**Emmot** It's such a strange thing to do, to give yourself to someone else. You can't help being a little bit frightened. Everything's divided by two, whatever you want or think or say becomes double-edged. I haven't got used to it yet.

**Rowland** You will get used to it. You'll have to, won't you.

**Emmot** You've got to be so much stronger and cleverer and more careful. It seem unfair.

**Rowland** Listen, you love me, don't you?

**Emmot** Aye. I do.

**Rowland** And I love you, too. So what else do you want?

**Emmot** I suppose you're right, then, aren't you. To be this minute alive and happy is enough for any one person. Isn't it?

**Rowland** Course it is. Now come on, we must get back. There's a lot of fellers waiting to get drunk on our behalf tonight.

**Emmot** Aye, I can tell you the names of some of them, too!

*Emmot and Rowland go off together, towards the sound of the celebrations, now quite audible offstage.*

### **Scene (III) An empty village street (at night)**

*Thomas Stanley enters, alone.*

*He stops and looks in the direction of the laughing and singing, which continues faintly throughout his scene.*

**Stanley** Dear God, how can your sins be justified? This was Paradise, and you gave us a snake. This was Christ, promising life, but we are all dead men, and still waiting. We built you a palace, a clean temple, with the money tables overturned; but you sent us a whirlwind, and blew it down; and now the marble is fallen, the tombs of the giants lie open to the sky, and our bodies are lifted up for public show. What does a man do, who is left the tenant of a ruin, who is himself a house where the foundations have crumbled, and weeds grow up through the floor? He seizes prayer, and holds to it fast, till his fingers break. Many nights, God, I have met you here, and you have always spoken to me. Now the philistines are back, and the idol-mongers, with their drunkard King and his train of whores. But you have blinded me, taken my tongue, left me for dead, worse ... I can do nothing, a beggar, going hungry, no man is my friend, and none seem worthy of the love I once gave them for you. Christ in Heaven, your latest humiliation was too much, to break bread with a young boy in the house that was once yours and is now the shelter of your enemies...! He has left this place. There is no word now for me. I shall pray still for those few that love him; but my prayers are the prayers of a beggar, my heart is cold, and I know there is no love there. I shall live shadowed, in alleys and comers. Perhaps, if his voice comes again, I shall not be too deaf to hear.

*Slowly, Stanley walks off, enclosed in his agony.*

### **Scene (IV) An empty village street (early next morning)**

*The church bell tolls nine.*

*Francis Frith enters.*

**Francis Frith** I took the miser at his word. I was there, first stroke of the bell. But there'll be no sale today.

*Richard, Emmot, John, Sarah, Ellen and Mrs Sydall enter in a group.*

**Mrs Sydall** (*entering*) If it's George Vicars, it'll all be rubbish, you know that ...  
**Richard Sydall** Hello, Francis, you've beaten us to it. Haven't you got anything?  
**Francis Frith** I didn't see anything.  
**Mrs Sydall** I wouldn't be surprised if it's all some daft joke, and I've got work to do.  
**Emmot** What's it like, Francis?  
**Sarah Sydall** Are the dresses nice?  
**John Sydall** He says he didn't see.  
**Ellen Sydall** Didn't you like any of it?  
**Francis Frith** The door's bolted. He's ill.

*Isaac, Edward, Elizabeth, William, Francis and Mary Thornley enter in a group.*

**Mrs Sydall** Ill, is he? Some story that is. He was all right last night.  
**Isaac Thornley** Where's this damn sale, then? Getting me out of bed for a load of rubbish...  
**Richard Sydall** It doesn't look like there'll be any sale this morning, Isaac.  
**Isaac Thornley** What do you mean, no sale? I'm back to me bed then ...  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Wait a minute, Grandad. Why won't there be any sale? You Sydalls got there first, I suppose!  
**Mrs Sydall** Francis was first, if you must know. George is ill, apparently.  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Ill, is he? First I've heard of it!  
**Mrs Sydall** Well, it is only nine o'clock, Mrs Thornley, and you don't hear everything in this village quite as it happens.

*Humphrey, Edytha, William, Alice, John, Scythe, Thomas and Francis Torre enter in a group.*

**Richard Sydall** All right, then, you're as bad as a couple of hens with your featherpecking.  
**William Torre** What's going on? Where's the sale?  
**Edward Thornley** There's no sale. George is ill.  
**Humphrey Torre** He can't be ill. He's a young man.  
**Ellen Sydall** Well, Francis says he is.  
**Edward Thornley** Just as well, if you ask me. We don't want any fancy clothes from London here.  
**John Torre** What's wrong with him, Francis?  
**Ellen Sydall** Francis has been there.  
**Francis Frith** I don't know. I banged on the door, but Mrs Cooper told me to go away because he'd been ill all night.  
**Mrs Sydall** Isn't it terrible, Mrs Thornley, not knowing?  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Very annoying. We must go and have a word with Mrs Cooper.  
*Unwin and Merril enter*

**Unwin** All right, all right, you can stop all your questions, I can tell you the whole story ...  
**Merril** Just as I heard it, direct from the widow Cooper's own mouth ...  
**Unwin** Shortly after she told me. Last night, you see, while we were all enjoying ourselves, George opened up his black box from London ...  
**Merril** And there they were! Golds and silvers, silks and taffetas, all shining in the candlelight!  
**Unwin** But when he feels them a bit, he finds they're a bit damp from the journey, so what does he do?  
**Merril** He hangs them up on a rail in front of the fire to dry ...

**Unwin** And within ten minutes ...  
**Merril** Nearer five if you ask me ...  
**Unwin** I didn't, so shut up.  
**Merril** Nearer five ...  
**Unwin** He complained of a headache,  
**Merril** And a queasy feeling ...  
**Unwin** So the widow Cooper packed him straight to bed.  
**Merril** Where he was sick all night, all over her best sheets.  
**Unwin** Twisting and screaming like a slit pig.  
**Merril** And he's no better this morning!  
**Unwin** Possibly worse!

*Mompesson enters.*

**Mompesson** What's the matter? Is anything wrong?  
**Edward Thornley** George Vicars is ill.  
**Mompesson** Oh. What's wrong with him?  
**Edward Thornley** If we knew that, we'd be helping him, not talking about it.  
**Mompesson** You'd better send for the doctor.  
**Edward Thornley** There's no doctor. You're the doctor here.  
**Mompesson** Me? But I know nothing about it ...  
**Edward Thornley** You're supposed to be the rector, aren't you?  
**Mompesson** I know my duty, Mr Thornley.  
**Edward Thornley** Ah. Pity you don't know your parishioners as well!  
**Mompesson** I know very well, Mr Thornley, what you and some others here think of me. Since you seem determined to hate me, there is nothing I can do but pray for you.  
**Edward Thornley** And George Vicars can go hang, and us with him!  
**Mompesson** I am a man of God, sir, not a doctor. *(He turns to go.)*

*Jonathan Cooper enters.*

**Jonathan Cooper** You must come to my mother's cottage, Rector ...  
**Mompesson** I can do nothing but pray for him, Mr Cooper, I haven't the skill ...  
**Jonathan Cooper** That's it, sir. He keeps asking for you. My mother would have come herself, but he keeps being sick, and saying wild things, and she can't leave him.  
**Richard Sydall** What's wrong, with him, Jon?  
**Jonathan Cooper** A fever and vomiting, and his tongue like a dry black leather, and a red rash like roses on his skin. Please come, Rector, my mother says he may be dying.  
**Mompesson** Yes-yes.

*Mompesson moves quickly upstage, Cooper following. The others prepare to follow in a crowd.*

No. Stop!  
 One man is ill. If he is in pain, he has no wish to become a public spectacle. I shall speak to him and to God, and if it is his will, he will soon be recovered. We all have work to do. Go and do yours.

*Mompesson exits with Jonathan Cooper. All the villagers exit talking quietly.*

**Edward Thornley** There's your new rector, Sydall. He has to be driven to visit a sick man.  
**Elizabeth Thornley** Mr Stanley never had to be sent for.  
**Richard Sydall** Don't be unjust, Edward. He doesn't know us yet, or our ways.

**Edward Thornlev** I'll give him six weeks. And I tell you, Richard, at the end of that time we'll be glad to drive him out with staves.  
**Richard Svfall** Well. You may be right. But a lot can happen in six weeks.  
**Edward Thornley** I hope so, for his sake.  
**Richard Sydall** And ours.

*Richard and Mrs Sydall and Edward and Elizabeth Thornley exit together .*

### **Scene (V) The interior of Mrs Cooper's cottage**

*George Vicars is in bed, Mrs Cooper beside him. Edward Cooper sits in a chair facing downstage, with his head in his hands. The black box is seen, standing open, and a rail, on which some of the clothes are hanging.*

*Jonathan Cooper and Mompesson enter from a door at the back.*

**Mrs Cooper** Thank the Lord you've come, Rector, I don't know what to do any more.  
**Mompesson** How is he?  
**Mrs Cooper** Quiet all of a sudden. But all night he's been screaming and crying and sick. I've tried everything, Rector, but I've never seen anything like this before.  
**Mompesson** I know nothing about sick people I'm afraid, Mrs Cooper ...  
**Mrs Cooper** Look at his neck.  
**Mompesson** Where?  
**Mrs Cooper** That patch was red early this morning. It went black and hard suddenly. There's one twice the size on his chest, and more under his arms and between his toes. He's been bringing up blood and sick all night.  
**Vicars** Is that you, Rector? I can't see.  
**Mompesson** I'm here, and with me is God to comfort you.  
**Vicars** I can't see.  
**Mrs Cooper** You'll get no sense out of him, Rector. He's been talking all night, but nothing to understand.  
**Vicars** Who's that coming through the door?  
**Mompesson** There's no-one.  
**Vicars** Yes, there is. The lining stinks of blood, his face has gone rotten ...! Give me some water, please ...!

*Mompesson kneels and begins to say the prayer for the dying. Mrs Cooper comes to her son Edward, still sitting in the chair. As she does so Edward sneezes violently, and stands up, still holding his head with one hand.*

**Mrs Cooper** Edward?  
**Edward Cooper** Can you get rid of the flowers, Mother. They're making me sneeze.  
**Mrs Cooper** There are no flowers, son. I've had none in since the day before yesterday.  
**Edward Cooper** Fruit then. That's it. Rotten apples. Some of the apples in the tub must have gone bad.  
**Mrs Cooper** What are you talking about, son?  
**Edward Cooper** Something sweet. Can't you smell it?  
**Mrs Cooper** Oh, don't fuss, I can't smell anything.  
**Edward Cooper** You must have a cold, then.  
**Mrs Cooper** Will you go down the well again for me? He's drunk the last bucketful.  
**Edward Cooper** Yes, all right. Oh! My head feels like the anvil.  
**Mrs Cooper** I'm not surprised, the night we had of it. You can have a nice lie down when you've got me the water.  
**Edward Cooper** Yes, I think I will.

*Edward Cooper exits.*

*Mompesson rises and rejoins Mrs Cooper. Jonathan Cooper stays by the bed.*

**Mrs Cooper** How is he now?  
**Mompesson** Quiet again. I don't think he could hear me.  
**Mrs Cooper** Poor man.  
**Mompesson** When did he get like this?  
**Mrs Cooper** Well, it was like this, you see. He unpacked his box, straight after he'd paid off the carter it was, just after I'd given him some dinner, and he put the things to air in front of the fire. Then, when he came back from the wake, he had another good look at them. Then about midnight he said he wasn't well.

**Mompesson** Is that the box?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, that's it.  
**Mompesson** And those are the clothes?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, lovely they are, a friend of his bought them for him in London, and had them sent down here. He said they'd make his fortune.

**Mompesson** From London, you say.  
**Mrs Cooper** That's right.  
**Mompesson** You're quite sure?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, his friend's a draper in Thames Street.  
**Mompesson** And he brought them - recently?  
**Mrs Cooper** Ay, I think so. He told me about it a couple of months ago, I think. Why?  
**Mompesson** For - er - no particular reason.

**Jonathan Cooper** Rector.  
**Mompesson** Yes?  
**Jonathan Cooper** He's dead.  
**Mompesson** Lord have mercy on us.  
**Jonathan Cooper** Christ have mercy on us.  
**Mrs Cooper** Christ have mercy on us.  
**Mompesson** Listen to me.  
**Jonathan Cooper** What is it, Rector?  
**Mompesson** I don't want you to touch him at all.  
**Mrs Cooper** What did he die of, Rector?  
**Mompesson** Wrap him in the sheet he's lying in, and sew it up. I'll send the undertaker round straightaway.

**Jonathan Cooper** Straight away?  
**Mompesson** I want to get him buried this afternoon. Scour the box out with soap, and bum all those clothes.  
**Mrs Cooper** Burn them?  
**Mompesson** And scour the box. And don't tell anyone about it.  
**Jonathan Cooper** But they already know, you saw.  
**Mompesson** His face I mean, what he looks like. There's no point in frightening people.  
**Mrs Cooper** He does look bad, with them blotches and scabs.  
**Jonathan Cooper** We won't say anything.  
**Mompesson** I must go now. Don't try to wash him.  
**Mrs Cooper** Poor man, Rector, he can't be buried dirty ...  
**Mompesson** I'm afraid he must be. Sew him up, and burn those things. I'll find the carpenter and be back as soon as I can.

*Mompesson exits.*

**Mrs Cooper** I can't believe it, Jon. Last night he was well.  
**Jonathan Cooper** Fifteen hours ago. Not a day. I wonder why we mustn't tell anybody?  
**Mrs Cooper** Never mind why if the rector says so. We'd better get started.  
**Edward Cooper** (*off*) Mother!

**Mrs Cooper** What is it, son?  
**Edward Cooper** (off) Can you bring me a cup for the water?  
**Mrs Cooper** Don't shout, Edward! With poor George lying dead in here!

*Edward Cooper comes and stands in the doorway looking.*

I do hope your eldest son's not as lazy as mine!

*Mrs Cooper goes busily off. Edward looks at Vicars from the doorway, rubs his forehead, and goes off.*

*Jonathan Cooper crosses to Vicars, lifts the sheets and looks at his face.*

**Jonathan Cooper** It's like a ring of roses ...

### Scene (VI) The rectory (late evening)

*Catherine sits reading by candlelight.*

**Mompesson** Catherine!

*She looks up.*

I have something to tell you.

**Catherine** What?

**Mompesson** I am unworthy of this calling. I have no love for these people. None. Only disgust. At the death bed and at the funeral I tasted vomit in my mouth.

**Catherine** The first death ...

**Mompesson** And of course, they want Stanley, not me. I read a plain text in all their faces. Rejection. I have nothing to offer them, and they know it.

**Catherine** Don't lie to yourself, William, or to me.

**Mompesson** I'm not lying. Am I lying?

**Catherine** I know how much strength is in you. Are you afraid of it? Must you keep it in chains, like a monster away from the light?

**Mompesson** No, no, it isn't true, I wish it were. Such weapons as I have are mental ones, and they are useless here - I shall write and resign the living.

**Catherine** And will, you run away from every place, as you are running now?

**Mompesson** Running? I wish it were so simple. There is nothing here to run from.

**Catherine** There are three hundred and fifty people, and they are your responsibility. They can spit in your eye and beat you with staves, but they can't change that.

**Mompesson** There is something else.

**Catherine** What?

**Mompesson** George Vicars: when he died.

**Catherine** Yes?

**Mompesson** I saw his face. And the marks.

**Catherine** Marks?

**Mompesson** Marks on his skin. I think I've seen them before. I think I know what they are.

*There is a loud banging on their door.*

Open it.

*Catherine goes to the door.*

*Mrs Cooper enters.*

**Catherine** Mrs Cooper ...

**Mompesson** What is it, Mrs Cooper?  
**Mrs Cooper** You were there, weren't you, Rector.  
**Mompesson** What?  
**Mrs Cooper** At my cottage this morning.  
**Mompesson** Yes.  
**Mrs Cooper** Not twelve hours ago.  
**Mompesson** Yes.  
**Mrs Cooper** You saw my son Edward. He had a headache, didn't he.  
**Mompesson** Yes. I believe so.  
**Mrs Cooper** He can't be dead, can he?

*Silence.*

God bless me, sir, he's lying there white as a lily, with a ring of roses on his cheek.

**Catherine** What is it, William?  
**Mompesson** I think it's plague.  
**Mrs Cooper** White as a lily and dead as a stone.  
**Catherine** What shall we do?  
**Mompesson** Try to calm Mrs Cooper first of all. It will be better if the villagers don't know.  
**Catherine** They're sure to find out.  
**Mompesson** But not at once. We will have some time to think how to stop it.  
**Catherine** How do you stop the plague?  
**Mompesson** I don't know.  
**Catherine** They dug pits for the bodies in London. There were so many.  
**Mompesson** But here there are only two. We have no need of pits and gravescarts for them.

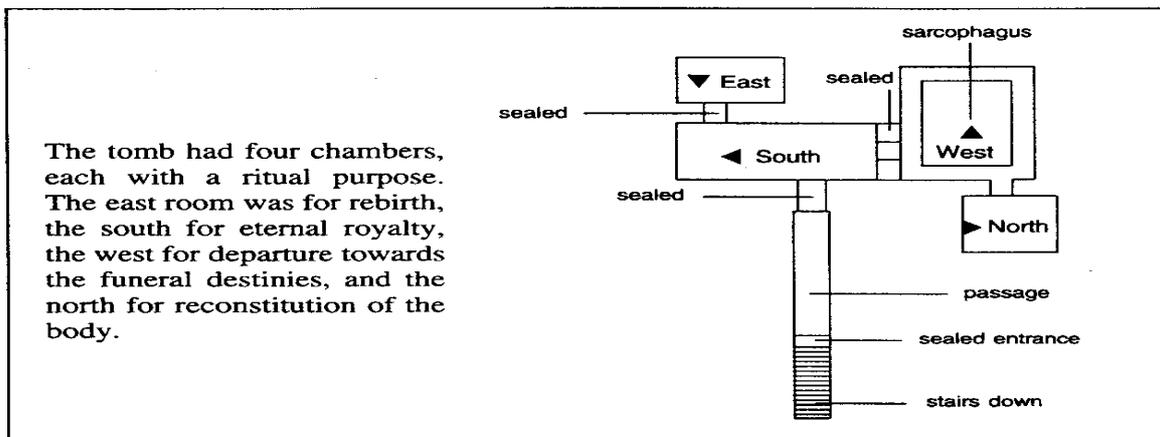
*Catherine crosses over to the still weeping Mrs Cooper, and gently ushers her off.  
Mompesson follows and watches.*

**Mompesson** No. I mustn't be foolish. Two dead men are nothing.

*The CURTAIN falls*

Stimulus Item No.2:

### TUTUNKHAMUN'S TOMB



### “I See Wonderful Things...”

Cautiously, the explorers edged their way along the narrow passage. They had no idea what lay ahead. They had already passed one sealed door; now they came to another. Using a heavy iron spike, Carter cut a small hole at eye-level so he could see (by flickering candle-light) into the next chamber. Eagerly, he peered into the gloomy darkness. Then he turned to Lord Carnarvon, his voice shaking with excitement: ‘I see wonderful things...’ he said.

(from a newspaper account of the discovery of the tomb in 1922)



**Oxford Cambridge and RSA Examinations**  
**General Certificate of Secondary Education**

**DRAMA**

**1916/02**

WRITTEN EXAMINATION

**Specimen Paper 2003**

Additional materials: new copy of pre-release materials

**TIME:** 2 hours

Candidate Name
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Centre Number
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Candidate Number
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**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the boxes above.
- Answer **all** the questions.
- Write your answers, in blue or black ink, in the spaces provided on the question paper.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- The questions on this paper are based on the text and stimulus items you have prepared.
- Read carefully the instructions at the beginning of Section A and at the beginning of Section B

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **120**.
- You will be awarded marks for the Quality of Written Communication where an answer requires a piece of extended writing.

Section	Question number	For examiner's use only
<b>A</b>	1	
	2	
	3	
	4	
	5	
	6	
<b>B</b>	1	
	2	
	3	
	4	
	<b>TOTAL</b>	

























## Section B

**Section B is worth 60 marks. Spend about one hour on it.**

There are **four** questions to choose from. **CHOOSE TWO QUESTIONS ONLY.**

Write your answers on the blank pages at the back of the Question Paper, starting on page 15.

If you use extra sheets of paper, make sure you attach them to the Question Paper before you give in your work at the end of the examination.

In your answers, where relevant, refer directly to:

- the extract from 'The Roses of Eyam';
- the 'Tutankhamun's Tomb' stimulus;
- your own practical work;
- an appropriate stage space.

**1** Choose an appropriate theatrical space for performing the extract from the play 'The Roses of Eyam'.

**(a)** Draw a ground plan of your set.

**(b)** Use notes and/or sketches to create a lighting design.

**(c)** Using notes, sketches and diagrams as appropriate show how the stage and lighting design might create the right atmosphere for the extract.

**(d)** Give reasons for your solutions.

**[30]**

**2** Describe your own interpretation and realisations in the preparation of the play extract 'The Roses of Eyam' from rehearsal to performance. Justify your decisions with close reference to the text.

**[30]**

- 3** In your work on the 'Tutankhamun's Tomb' stimulus, how did you develop and shape the material into a drama? Your answer must include the following:
- (a)** your intention in the work;
  - (b)** your interpretation of the context;
  - (c)** the creation of characters;
  - (d)** how it worked or could work as a drama for an audience. **[30]**
- 4** Script a scene you developed or would have liked to develop on the 'Tutankhamun's Tomb' stimulus.  
The script must include settings and stage directions. **[30]**

**Oxford Cambridge and RSA Examinations  
General Certificate of Secondary Education**

**DRAMA**

**1916**

MARK SCHEME

**Specimen Paper 2003**

<b>Section A</b>	<b>Question 1</b> (Assessment Objective C)
<b>10 marks available</b>	As an actor, identify what moments in the extract you would consider important in creating an effective presentation of the character BEDLAM. What are you aiming to communicate to the audience in the enacting of these moments?
<p><b>Notes on the Task:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Candidates identify moments which have dramatic and practical function in the play.</li> <li>• Reactions to the villagers will be noted.</li> <li>• Idea that he is an 'observer' for the audience, adding to the focus.</li> <li>• Communication of intentions.</li> </ul> <p>Some points that could be covered:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• watches the villagers dance without joining in;</li> <li>• Marshall Howe addresses him;</li> <li>• he is obviously physically handicapped in some way – the outsider/observer;</li> <li>• he must not detract from the action around him.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
10-9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A practically astute matching of choices made to BEDLAM character.</li> <li>• A focused and practically pertinent analysis of the play, which would enhance the final presentation.</li> <li>• Clear idea of what the actor needs to communicate.</li> </ul>	
8-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A strong matching of choices made to BEDLAM character, which adds resonance to the work and creates a framework for a piece of theatre.</li> <li>• A focused analysis of the play which would give emphasis to the final presentation.</li> <li>• Communication intentions identified.</li> </ul>	
6-5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A clear matching of choices made to Bedlam character.</li> <li>• A clear analysis of the play which would assist final presentation.</li> <li>• Communication ideas covered.</li> </ul>	
4-3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A matching of choices made to BEDLAM character.</li> <li>• An analysis of the play which could assist final presentation.</li> </ul>	
2-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Some matching of choices made to BEDLAM character.</li> <li>• Analysis of some aspects of the play, which could assist final presentation.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section A</b>	<b>Question 2</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>10 marks available</b>	Look again at the opening scene between MOMPESON and SAVILLE. What are the key contrasting characteristics of these two roles? How would you show these contrasts in performance?

**Notes on the Task:**

- Identify the conflict and contrasts between the two characters.
- Note the authority of Saville in all aspects of his physical and vocal delivery. Identify how confidence and power over Mompesson will be shown.
- Mompesson, a man of academic background now facing the reality of the 'outside world'. How does the actor communicate a character who realises words alone are not enough to comfort his flock.
- Candidates should make use of physical differences between the characters e.g. stance, tone of voice, movement.
- Use of costume, props, make-up or other effects could create differences.
- Mention might be made of how other characters' reactions can assist the creation of contrast.

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
10-9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A distinctive character and role functions identified, with enough detail to build engaging characterisations.</li> <li>• Interpretation of plot plus any use of resources are fused artistically to create the distinctive characters and create a potential piece of theatre.</li> </ul>	
8-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Distinctive character and role functions identified for the two roles.</li> <li>• Interpretation of plot plus any use of resources would enhance the intention of the play.</li> <li>• Suggestions for performance would establish the distinct characters and engage.</li> </ul>	
6-5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Recognises contrast in temperament and some of the different role functions in the play of the two roles.</li> <li>• Interpretation of plot plus any use of resources all working to compliment intention of the play.</li> <li>• Suggestions for performance would establish two distinct characters.</li> </ul>	
4-3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Clearly recognises the contrasting temperaments of the two characters.</li> <li>• Interpretation of plot plus any use of resources is established and utilised to inform overall intention within the play.</li> <li>• Suggestions for performance would create contrast.</li> </ul>	
2-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A recognition of the contrasting temperaments of the two characters.</li> <li>• Interpretation of plot plus any use of resources are used appropriately to match intention within the play.</li> <li>• Suggestions for performance are appropriate.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section A</b>	<b>Question 3</b> (Assessment Objective C)
<b>10 marks available</b>	Select a section of the text extract for performance. Explain how you would create your chosen meaning and /or atmosphere for an audience.
<b>Notes on the Task:</b> A wide variety of responses possible which will show the following: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Candidate matches selection from text to chosen meaning/atmosphere.</li> <li>• Candidate has ideas to shape drama, which will support chosen meaning/atmosphere.</li> <li>• Ideas for resources, signs and signals of theatre support overall intention.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
10-9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Select language, signs and symbols of theatre which are marked by clarity and the insight with which they match or facilitate moving towards overall intention within the Drama. Ideas for implementation are practical and would enhance communication to an audience.</li> </ul>	
8-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Select language, signs and signals of theatre, which are marked by clarity with which they match or facilitate moving towards overall intention within the Drama. Ideas for implementation are practical and assist communication to an audience.</li> </ul>	
6-5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Select appropriate language, signs and signals of theatre which facilitate a crafted drama. Ideas for implementation are practical and clear aiding communication to an audience.</li> </ul>	
4-3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Select some appropriate language, signs and signals of theatre which could be used to support intention. Ideas for implementation are mostly practical and could support communication to an audience.</li> </ul>	
2-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Select some language, signs and signals of theatre which can be used to control and shape the drama. Idea(s) for implementation, not clear or linked to intention or practicality.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section A</b>	<b>Question 4</b> (Assessment Objective C)
<b>10 marks available</b>	What atmosphere would you choose to create for a scene set in the tomb and how would you achieve this within your normal Drama space?
<b>Notes on the Task:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Language, signs and symbols of theatre or resources would help to create a specific atmosphere. This could be: use of/creation of physical materials; composition of words; use of voice/sound; lighting; use of conventions.</li> <li>• The choices made would help the actors engage with the situation and give them possibilities within the improvisation.</li> <li>• The choices made will give a coherence to the work, not be a shopping list of every possible dramatic device or resource that could be used, i.e. there will be selection.</li> <li>• The choices made will facilitate communication of ideas to an audience.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
10-9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Any plot/content language used, character chosen or any devices/resources used will have clarity of purpose e.g. to develop plot, give insight into character, create mood, add tension. This will connect in such a resonant way to the overall intention and theme/content that the candidates mastery of the Drama medium is operating at the 'artistic' level so creating a piece of engaging theatre.</li> <li>• In definition of space plus any possible use of costume/props/effects the choices made enhance and add depth/layers to the works intention and theme/content.</li> </ul>	
8-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Any plot/content, language used, character chosen or any devices/resources used there will be clarity of purpose, e.g. to develop plot, give insight into character, create mood, add tension. There will be a strong connection to overall intention and theme/content so that the Drama is enhanced and is identifiable as theatre.</li> <li>• In definition of space plus any possible use of costume/props/effects the choices made will enhance the theme/content giving distinct emphasis or subtlety or meaning to what is being communicated.</li> </ul>	
6-5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Any plot/content language used, character chosen or any devises/resources used will have purpose, e.g. to develop plot, give insight into character, create mood, add tension. This will add meaning or resonance to the overall intention and theme/content.</li> <li>• In definition of space plus any possible use of costume/props/effects, choices made will work with the intention and theme/content giving added emphasis or subtlety or meaning to what is being communicated.</li> </ul>	
4-3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Plot/content, language used, character chosen or any devices/resources used will be appropriate and work with overall theme/content.</li> <li>• In definition of space plus any possible use of costume/props/effects choices made will work with the theme/content and add to the level of communication.</li> </ul>	
2-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Any plot/content, language used, character taken or any devices/resources used will enable the Drama to proceed being appropriate to context.</li> <li>• In definition of space plus any possible use of costume/props/effects work will be appropriate to theme/content.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section A</b>	<b>Question 5</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>10 marks available</b>	Plan a scene between a character who has been inside the tomb and another person. Then write the opening dialogue between the two, including stage directions where necessary.
<b>Notes on the Task:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Two characters chosen and context/situation utilises and develops the potential of the stimulus.</li> <li>• Two distinct characters used.</li> <li>• The scene planned will have the potential for specific meaning/atmosphere to be created.</li> <li>• The opening section of script will engage or fulfil a script function e.g. establish character, relationship, context, atmosphere, set up tension.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
10-9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• The creation of an engaging character(s) whose role is clearly contributing to the overall theme/content.</li> <li>• Plot and any use of resources are fused artistically into the overall presentation greatly enhancing communication of chosen intention and working with theme/content.</li> <li>• Artistic intention is clearly identifiable.</li> </ul>	
8-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• The creation of engaging character(s).</li> <li>• Plot plus any use of resources enhance the performance and communication of chosen intention, working with theme/content.</li> <li>• There is a clarity of intention about the Drama.</li> </ul>	
6-5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Clear role functions and character.</li> <li>• Plot plus any use of resources all working to compliment chosen theme/content.</li> <li>• Identifiable intention within the Drama.</li> </ul>	
4-3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• A role being created.</li> <li>• Plot plus any use of resources being established and utilised to inform overall intention or theme/content.</li> </ul>	
2-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Role fulfilling a function within the Drama.</li> <li>• Plot plus any use of resources being used appropriately to match intention or theme/content.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section A</b>	<b>Question 6</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>10 marks available</b>	Plan and write a monologue for a character in your work on this stimulus.
<b>Notes on the Task:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Choice of context, character and content will relate to chosen intention and work with this.</li> <li>• Intention within the monologue will be clear.</li> <li>• Selection of language helps create engagement, or informs, or sets up future action.</li> <li>• A clear character is created or clear function is fulfilled within the monologue.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
10-9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Selects context, character and content which facilitates development and intention.</li> <li>• Monologue demonstrates theatrical skill to create a potentially effective piece of theatre.</li> </ul>	
8-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Selects context, character and content which facilitates development and intention.</li> <li>• Creation of a well crafted monologue which enhances the communication of overall intention by turning it into a piece of theatrical writing.</li> </ul>	
6-5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Selects context, character and content which matches and works with intention.</li> <li>• Monologue works with content and intention. Demonstrates ability to create a crafted monologue.</li> </ul>	
4-3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Selects context, character and content appropriate to intention.</li> <li>• Monologue works with content.</li> </ul>	
2-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Monologue is based on theme or content.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section B</b>	<b>Question 1</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>30 marks available</b>	<p>Choose an appropriate theatrical space for performing the extract from the play 'The Roses of Eyam'.</p> <p><b>(a)</b> Draw a ground plan of your set.</p> <p><b>(b)</b> Use notes and/or sketches for lighting design.</p> <p><b>(c)</b> Using notes, sketches and diagrams as appropriate, show how the stage designer might create the correct atmosphere for the extract.</p> <p><b>(d)</b> Give reasons for your solutions.</p>
<p><b>Notes on the Task:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Show acting and audience area clearly: demonstrate an understanding of the type of staging used; reference to the use of space and its implications on the play as a whole.</li> <li>Diagrams for which credit will be given should support all work.</li> <li>Lighting complements staging and may be used to solve some of the setting problems.</li> </ul> <p>The following points may be made:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>clear recognition of the mood and style of the play plus the demands for using a neutral stage as much as possible;</li> <li>historical social and political context of the play recognised;</li> <li>each scene moving quickly into the next;</li> <li>candidates must be able to justify choice of stage properties and placing of scenery.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
30-25	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must consider the majority of points mentioned above or an alternative response that has practical implications and relevance to the setting design of this play.</li> <li>Episodic nature of play recognised and worked with.</li> <li>Choices made are practical, efficient and support or enhance meaning of play.</li> </ul>	
24-19	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>May be a tendency to concentrate on a narrow range of the points above rather than the full range.</li> <li>Candidates coverage of some of the points may lack the detail of the top band, especially regarding the offering solutions.</li> <li>Recognition of episodic nature.</li> <li>Choices made are practical and allow for efficient performance.</li> </ul>	
18-13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must cover a few of the points for <b>(a)</b>, <b>(b)</b> and <b>(c)</b> mentioned above but not in as much detail as in the above bands.</li> <li>Choices made are practical and workable.</li> </ul>	
12-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must respond to one or two of the points mentioned above or alternatively make other appropriate suggestions.</li> <li>Set design will be basically flawed with little consideration of the use of space or the relationship with an audience.</li> <li>Not all choices made are practical.</li> </ul>	
6-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates will refer to a few of the points mentioned above but will be unable to present them within a practical and theatrical context.</li> <li>Little knowledge of stage setting and design will be in evidence in this band.</li> <li>Choices made not practical.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section B</b>	<b>Question 2</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>30 marks available</b>	Describe your own interpretations and realisations in the preparation of the play extract 'The Roses of Eyam' from rehearsal to performance. Justify your decisions with close reference to the text.
<p><b>Notes on the Task:</b> The following points should be covered:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Acting styles, costumes, lighting, rehearsal procedures and improvisation exercises. Short notes on each, or some, of the characters and the contrasts between them might be expected.</li> <li>Improvisation sessions and exercises. Relevance and practical implication to the text should be rewarded.</li> <li>Style of movement and manner of dress should be considered from research, e.g. historical, social and political context.</li> <li>A good knowledge of the practical implications of the text relating them to the overall genre and style of the presentation. A clear understanding of the importance of the director and his/her contribution to the extract in performance.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
30-25	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must consider the majority of points mentioned above or an alternative response that has practical implications and relevance to the genre and style of presentation.</li> <li>Candidates should be able to use knowledge of interpreting context, character, plot and tension to create an engaging piece of theatre.</li> <li>Genre and style for performance relates to interpretation and realisation.</li> <li>Throughout the response candidates will be giving reasons for their choices and recognise social, historical and political context.</li> </ul>	
24-19	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must cover some of the points in detail but may not always be able to offer practical solutions.</li> <li>Genre and style of presentation is considered but not in sufficient detail to make the performance always successful in practical terms.</li> <li>Overall a skilful and effective response with decisions justified but not in so much detail as candidates in the highest band.</li> </ul>	
18-13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must cover a few of the points mentioned above but level of detail and practical application will not match top two bands.</li> <li>Genre and style of presentation is implicit rather than directly influencing communication to an audience.</li> <li>Historical context covered but little evidence of social and political context being considered. Most decisions justified.</li> </ul>	
12-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates must respond at least two points mentioned above and give them some practical relevance.</li> <li>Genre and style of presenting a play to an audience will not be apparent.</li> <li>Minimal reference to historical context and little justification of any decisions made.</li> </ul>	
6-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Candidates will refer to one or two of the points mentioned above but will be unable to present them within a practical performance context.</li> <li>Exploration of the extract will be limited and there will be little evidence that anything in particular has been identified for specific treatment.</li> <li>Genre, style and historical context not considered.</li> <li>No justification for any decisions that may be made by the candidate.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section: B</b>	<b>Question 3</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>30 marks available</b>	In your work on 'Tutankhamun's Tomb' stimulus how did you develop and shape the material into a drama? Your answer must include the following: <b>(a)</b> your intention in the work; <b>(b)</b> your interpretation of the context; <b>(c)</b> the creation of characters; <b>(d)</b> how it worked or could work as a drama for an audience.
<b>Notes on the Task:</b>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Intention has been defined for the work.</li> <li>• Characters have been created, working with chosen context, genre and style.</li> <li>• Stimulus developed into a workable drama context with appropriate style and genre selected.</li> <li>• Language, context, character, plot/theme and use of signs and signals of theatre work to communicate intention to audience.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
30-25	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Context, character, plot/tension/mood creates potential for an engaging drama. Relationship between elements make theme/intention absolutely clear and demands attention.</li> <li>• Characters created are engaging or fulfil a clear purpose in the drama.</li> <li>• Resources and/or effects are fused artistically into overall drama, greatly enhancing communication.</li> <li>• There is a clarity of purpose about drama which is workable and operates on an 'artistic' level.</li> </ul>	
24-19	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Context, character, plot/tension/mood creates potential for engaging drama. Relationship between elements strongly relates to theme/intention.</li> <li>• Characters created are strong and match intention within the drama.</li> <li>• Resources and/or effects enhance the drama and communication.</li> <li>• Strong connection between all the elements used, which make a workable drama that communicates well.</li> </ul>	
18-13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Context, character, plot/tension/mood creates potential for clear workable drama. The relationship between the elements clearly relate to theme/intention.</li> <li>• Characters created work with intention/theme of work.</li> <li>• Resources and/or effects work with overall drama giving emphasis to theme.</li> <li>• Connection between all the elements used which makes a clear workable drama.</li> </ul>	
12-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Aspects of context, character, plot/tension/mood create potential for a workable drama. The relationship between some of the elements relate to the theme/intention.</li> <li>• Characters created have a clear purpose in plot/theme.</li> <li>• Resources or effects where used would add to level of communication.</li> <li>• Some connection between some of the elements used which helps drama function.</li> </ul>	
6-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Limited aspects of context, character, plot/tension/mood creates potential for a partially workable drama. Relationship between elements do not clearly aid communication.</li> <li>• Characters created fulfil a function in the plot/theme.</li> <li>• Resources and effects add very little to communication of theme/intention.</li> </ul>	

<b>Section B</b>	<b>Question 4</b> (Assessment Objectives B and C)
<b>30 marks available</b>	Script a scene you developed or would have liked to develop on the 'Tutankhamun's Tomb' stimulus. The script must include settings and stage directions.
<b>Notes on the Task:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Intention within the work is clear i.e. plot, mood, tension.</li> <li>• Stimulus is developed into a workable drama context.</li> <li>• Characters created support chosen context or style or genre.</li> <li>• Dialogue and staging are effective.</li> <li>• Elements of language, context, character and use of any signs and signals of theatre work to communicate intention to an audience.</li> </ul>	

<b>Marking Criteria</b>		<b>**Be prepared to use the FULL range**</b>
<b>Mark</b>	<b>Descriptor</b>	
30-25	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Plot/content, language, character and chosen devices/resources/stage directions, have clarity of purpose. These elements connect in such a resonant way to the intention, as to operate at the 'artistic' level.</li> <li>• Dialogue and staging is effective.</li> <li>• Clarity of purpose about the drama which is well crafted and communicates intention to an audience.</li> </ul>	
24-19	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Plot/content, language, character and chosen devices/resources/stage directions have clarity of purpose. These elements connect strongly to intention enhancing the overall drama.</li> <li>• Dialogue and staging has clarity of purpose.</li> <li>• The drama is crafted into a workable unit, which would communicate intention to an audience.</li> </ul>	
18-13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Plot/context, language, character and chosen devices/resources/stage directions have purpose, drawing attention to meaning or intention of work.</li> <li>• Dialogue and staging creates a workable drama that works with theme/ intention.</li> <li>• The drama is a crafted piece of work which would be clearly understood by an audience.</li> </ul>	
12-7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Plot/content, language, character and chosen devices/resources/stage directions are appropriate and work with theme/content.</li> <li>• Dialogue and staging are both functional and relate to context.</li> <li>• Elements of the work would communicate to an audience.</li> </ul>	
6-1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Plot/content, language, character and chosen devices/resources/stage directions enable the drama to proceed. This will be appropriate to context.</li> <li>• Some functional and context related dialogue and staging is used.</li> </ul>	