



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

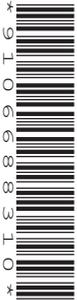
Wednesday 14 June 2023 – Morning

A Level Drama and Theatre

H459/47 Deconstructing Texts for Performance

The Visit

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes



No extra materials are needed.



Please write clearly in black ink. **Do not write in the barcodes.**

Centre number Candidate number

First name(s) _____

Last name _____

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You can use an HB pencil, but only for annotation lines.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If you need extra space use the lined pages at the end of this booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Answer **all** the questions.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **60**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document has **20** pages.

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

(*She crosses to ILL who, somewhat embarrassed, has moved towards her.*)

ILL. Clara.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Alfred.

ILL. It's nice you've come. 5

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. I'd always planned to. All my life. Ever since I left Guellen.

ILL (*unsure of himself*). It's sweet of you.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. They were wonderful, all those days we used to spend together. 10

ILL (*proudly*). They sure were. (*to SCHOOLMASTER*) See, Professor, I've got her in the bag. 15

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Call me what you always used to call me.

ILL. My little wildcat.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN (*purrs like an old cat*). And what else? 20

ILL. My little sorceress.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. I used to call you my black panther.

ILL. I still am.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Rubbish. 25
You've grown fat. And grey. And drink-sodden.

ILL. But *you're* still the same, my little sorceress.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Don't be daft. I've grown old and fat as well. 30
And lost my left leg. An automobile accident. Now I only travel in express trains. But they made a splendid job of the artificial one, don't you think? 35
(*She pulls up her skirt, displays left leg.*) It bends very well.

ILL (*wipes away sweat*). But my little wildcat, I'd never have noticed it.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Would you like to meet my seventh husband, Alfred? Tobacco Plantations. We're very happily married. 40

ILL. But by all means.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Come on, Moby, come and make your bow. As a matter of fact his name's Pedro, but Moby's much nicer. In any case it goes better with Bobby; that's the butler's name. And you get your butlers for life, so husbands have to be christened accordingly. 45

(HUSBAND VII *bows.*)

Isn't he nice, with his little black moustache? Think it over, Moby. 55

(HUSBAND VII *thinks it over.*)

Harder.

(HUSBAND VII *thinks it over harder.*)

Harder still.

HUSBAND VII. But I can't think any harder, poppet, really I can't. 60

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Of course you can. Just try.

(HUSBAND VII *thinks harder still. Bell rings.*) 65

You see. It works. Don't you agree, Alfred, he looks almost demoniacal like that. Like a Brazilian. But no! He's Greek-Orthodox. His father was Russian. We were married by a Pope. Most interesting. Now I'm going to have a look around Guellen. 70

(*She inspects little house, left, through jewel-encrusted lorgnette.*)

My father built this Public Convenience, Moby. Good work, painstakingly executed. When I was a child I spent hours on that roof, spitting. But only on the Gents. 75

<i>(Mixed choir and Youth Club have now assembled in background. SCHOOLMASTER steps forward wearing top hat.)</i>	80
SCHOOLMASTER. Madam. As Headmaster of Guellen College, and lover of the noblest Muse, may I take the liberty of offering you a homely folk-song, rendered by the mixed choir and the Youth Club.	85
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Fire away, Schoolmaster, let's hear your homely folk-song.	90
<i>(SCHOOLMASTER takes up tuning-fork, strikes key. Mixed choir and Youth Club begin ceremoniously singing, at which juncture another train arrives, left. STATION-MASTER salutes, Choir struggles against cacophonous clatter of train, SCHOOLMASTER despairs, train, at long last, passes.)</i>	95
MAYOR (<i>despondent</i>). The fire alarm, sound the fire alarm!	100
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Well sung, Guelleners! That blond bass out there on the left, with the big Adam's apple, he was really most singular.	105
<i>(A POLICEMAN elbows a passage through mixed choir, draws up to attention in front of CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN.)</i>	110
POLICEMAN. Police Inspector Hahncke, Madam. At your service.	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN (<i>inspects him</i>). Thank you. I shan't want to arrest anybody. But Guellen may need you soon. Can you wink a blind eye to things from time to time?	115
POLICEMAN. Sure I can, Madam. Where would I be in Guellen if I couldn't!	120
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Start learning to wink them both.	

(POLICEMAN <i>goggles at her, perplexed.</i>)	125
ILL (<i>laughing</i>). Just like Clara! Just like my little wildcat!	
(<i>Slaps thigh with enjoyment. MAYOR perches SCHOOLMASTER's top hat on his own head, ushers pair of grandchildren forward. Twin seven-year-old girls, blonde plaits.</i>)	130
MAYOR. My grandchildren, Madam. Hermione and Adolfina. My wife is the only one not present.	135
(<i>Mops perspiration. The two little girls curtsy for MADAM ZACHANASSIAN and offer her red roses.</i>)	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Congratulations on your kids, Mister Mayor. Here!	140
(<i>She bundles roses into STATION-MASTER's arms. MAYOR stealthily hands top hat to PRIEST, who puts it on.</i>)	145
MAYOR. Our Priest, Madam.	
(<i>PRIEST raises top hat, bows.</i>)	
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Ah, the Priest. Do you comfort the dying?	
PRIEST (<i>startled</i>). I do what I can.	150
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. People who've been condemned to death as well?	
PRIEST (<i>perplexed</i>). The death sentence has been abolished in this country, Madam.	155
CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. It may be reintroduced.	
(<i>PRIEST, with some consternation, returns top hat to MAYOR, who dons it again.</i>)	160
ILL (<i>laughing</i>). Really, little wildcat! You crack the wildest jokes.	

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Now I want
to go into town. 165

(MAYOR *attempts to offer her his
arm.*)

What's all this, Mister Mayor? I don't
go hiking miles on my artificial leg.

MAYOR (*shocked*). Immediately, 170
immediately, Madam. The doctor
owns a car. It's a Mercedes. The
nineteen thirty-two model.

POLICEMAN (*clicking heels*). I'll see 175
to it, Mister Mayor. I'll have the car
commandeered and driven round.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. That won't be 180
necessary. Since my accident I only
go about in sedan-chairs. Roby, Toby,
bring it here.

(*Enter, left, two herculean gum-
chewing brutes with sedan-chair.
One of them has a guitar slung at his
back.*)

Two gangsters. From Manhattan. 185
They were on their way to Sing Sing.
To the electric chair. I petitioned for
them to be freed as sedan-bearers.
Cost me a million dollars per petition.

The sedan-chair came from the 190
Louvre. A gift from the French
President. Such a nice man; he
looks exactly like his pictures in the
newspapers. Roby, Toby, take me into
town. 195

ROBY/TOBY (*in unison*). Yes Mam.

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. But first of all 200
to the Petersens' Barn, and then to
Konrad's Village Wood. I want to take
Alfred to visit our old trysting-places.
In the meanwhile have the luggage
and the coffin put in the Golden
Apostle.

MAYOR (*startled*). The coffin?

CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN. Yes, I 205
brought a coffin with me. I may need
it. Roby, Toby, off we go!

(The pair of gum-chewing brutes carry CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN away to town. MAYOR gives signal, whereon all burst into cheers which spontaneously fade as two more servants enter, bearing an elaborate black coffin, cross stage and exeunt, towards Guellen. Now, undaunted and unpawned, the fire-alarm bell starts ringing.)

210

215

MAYOR. At last! The fire bell.

(Populace gather round coffin. It is followed in by CLAIRE ZACHANASSIAN's maidservants and an endless stream of cases and trunks, carried by Guelleners. This traffic is controlled by POLICEMAN, who is about to follow it out when enter at that point a pair of little old fat soft-spoken men, both impeccably dressed.)

220

225

THE PAIR. We're in Guellen. We can smell it, we can smell it, we can smell it in the air, in the Guellen air.

230

POLICEMAN. And who might you be?

THE PAIR. We belong to the old lady, we belong to the old lady. She calls us Koby and Loby.

235

POLICEMAN. Madam Zachanassian is staying at the Golden Apostle.

THE PAIR (*gay*). We're blind, we're blind.

POLICEMAN. Blind? O.K., I'll take you there, in duplicate.

240

THE PAIR. O thank you Mister Policeman, thank you very much.

POLICEMAN (*with surprise*). If you're blind, how did you know I was a policeman?

245

THE PAIR. By your tone of voice, your tone of voice, all policemen have the same tone of voice.

POLICEMAN (*with suspicion*). You fat little men seem to have had a bit of contact with the police. 250

THE PAIR (*incredulous*). Men, he thinks we're men!

POLICEMAN. Then what the hell are you? 255

THE PAIR. You'll soon see, you'll soon see!

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A series of 25 horizontal dotted lines spanning the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice.

ADDITIONAL ANSWER SPACE

If additional space is required, you should use the following lined page(s). The question number(s) must be clearly shown in the margin(s).

A large area of lined paper for writing answers. It features a vertical margin line on the left side and horizontal dotted lines for writing. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page.

A large area of the page is reserved for writing, featuring a vertical solid line on the left side and horizontal dotted lines extending across the page.



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