



GCE AS

B690U20-1



MONDAY, 12 MAY 2025 – MORNING

DRAMA AND THEATRE – AS component 2
Text in Context

1 hour 30 minutes

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

An **unmarked** copy of the play you have studied for this component.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use gel pen or correction fluid.

Answer **all** the questions on the **one** play you have studied.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided, following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer,

for example

1	1
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Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Extracts for questions

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 are included within this examination booklet.

The allocation of marks is given at the end of each question.

You should make detailed references to the play in all your answers and use specialist drama and theatre terminology.

Please note this question paper was amended in July 2025 and is presented differently to the way it was presented on the live paper in May 2025.

	Pages
<i>The Trojan Women</i>	4–6
<i>As You Like It</i>	8–10
<i>Hedda Gabler</i>	12–14
<i>Machinal</i>	16–19
<i>Cat on a Hot Tin Roof</i>	20–22

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You must answer **all** the questions on the **one** play you have studied.

***The Trojan Women* Euripides**

Read the two-page extract that starts on the opposite page and answer questions

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1	1
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 As a director, describe your ideas for this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- performance space
- character motivation
- movement and positioning ideas for the chosen space.

[15]

1	2
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 As a designer, explain your ideas for costume, hair and makeup for the character of **ANDROMACHE** in this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- period and production style
- ideas for costume, hair and makeup
- how costume, hair and makeup ideas reflect character in the extract.

[25]

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 As a set designer, discuss your ideas for a production of ***The Trojan Women***. You should focus on **two** extracts from the play.

Do not refer to the extract used for questions

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In your answer refer to:

- the original production conditions
- your chosen production style
- your set and props ideas
- impact upon the audience.

You must analyse and evaluate how any live productions you have seen, as part of the course, have influenced your interpretation. [40]

The Trojan Women Euripides

ANDROMACHE is carried in on a wagon on which are Hector's weapons and other spoils of the Trojans. She holds ASTYANAX in her arms.

CHORUS: (*chants*). Hecuba, do you see Andromache carried here in our enemies' wagon?

With her, close to her heaving breast,
comes her beloved Astyanax, Hector's son.
Where are they taking you on the wagon's back, unhappy woman,
as you sit by Hector's brazen arms
and the spoils of the Phrygians won by the spear from Troy, with which
Achilles' son, Neoptolemus,
will crown his Phthian temples?

(*ANDROMACHE and HECUBA sing till 607*)

ANDROMACHE: My Achaean masters lead me off.

HECUBA: O my sorrow!

ANDROMACHE: Why do you cry a dirge that belongs to me?

HECUBA: Alas...

ANDROMACHE: for these my woes...

HECUBA: O Zeus...

ANDROMACHE: and for my ruin!

HECUBA: my children...

ANDROMACHE: we were your children once!

HECUBA: Our happiness is no more, Troy is no more...

ANDROMACHE: unhappy Troy.

HECUBA: and my noble children.

ANDROMACHE: Woe, woe...

HECUBA: Yes, and woe for my...

ANDROMACHE: agonies.

HECUBA: How lamentable the fate...

ANDROMACHE: of our city...

HECUBA: which lies smouldering.

ANDROMACHE: May you come, O my husband...

- HECUBA:** You call upon my son down in Hades, wretched girl.
- ANDROMACHE:** to protect your wife!
And you, O scourge of the Achaeans...
- HECUBA:** yes, the eldest-born of the sons who once were mine, Priam's sons!
- ANDROMACHE:** lull me to sleep in Hades.
Great is this longing...
- HECUBA:** Unhappy girl, these are the sorrows we suffer...
- ANDROMACHE:** for our city in ruins...
- HECUBA:** Sorrows are piled on sorrows.
- ANDROMACHE:** through the gods' malevolence, when your son eluded death,
the son who brought low Troy's citadel to win a loathsome marriage.
Bloody bodies of the dead lie stretched before the temple of Pallas for the
vultures to carry off. He won the yoke of slavery for Troy.
- HECUBA:** O my fatherland, my poor fatherland...
- ANDROMACHE:** I weep for you as I leave you...
- HECUBA:** Now you behold its pitiful end.
- ANDROMACHE:** and for my house where I bore my child.
- HECUBA:** O my children, your mother in her desolate city is robbed of you.
What lamentations, what sorrows,
what tears upon tears are poured forth
over our homes. Those who die forget their sorrows.
- CHORUS:** When misfortunes come, how sweet are tears and sorrowful songs and
grief-laden music!
- ANDROMACHE:** (*gesturing to herself, Astyanax and the wagon with its load*). O mother of
Hector, the man that once destroyed so many of the Argives with his spear,
do you see this?
- HECUBA:** I see how the gods work, how they raise on high what is nothing, and bring
to ruin what seems to be something.
- ANDROMACHE:** I am being led off as plunder with my son. Nobility has been utterly
transformed and has turned to slavery.
- HECUBA:** Necessity is a fearful thing. Just now Cassandra was torn from me by force.
She no longer exists.
- ANDROMACHE:** Alas, alas! It seems that a second Ajax has appeared to torment your
daughter. But you are plagued in another way too.
- HECUBA:** There is no limit to my misfortunes. They are beyond number. One woe
treads on another's heels.
- ANDROMACHE:** Your daughter Polyxena is dead.

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You must answer **all** the questions on the **one** play you have studied.

***As You Like It* William Shakespeare**

Read the two-page extract that starts on the opposite page and answer questions

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 As a director, describe your ideas for this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- performance space
- character motivation
- movement and positioning ideas for the chosen space.

[15]

2	2
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 As a designer, explain your ideas for costume, hair and makeup for the character of **TOUCHSTONE** in this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- period and production style
- ideas for costume, hair and makeup
- how costume, hair and makeup ideas reflect character in the extract.

[25]

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 As a set designer, discuss your ideas for a production of ***As You Like It***. You should focus on **two** extracts from the play.

Do not refer to the extract used for questions

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In your answer refer to:

- the original production conditions
- your chosen production style
- your set and props ideas
- impact upon the audience.

You must analyse and evaluate how any live productions you have seen, as part of the course, have influenced your interpretation. [40]

As You Like It William Shakespeare*Enter Corin and Touchstone***CORIN:** And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?**TOUCHSTONE:** Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?**CORIN:** No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.**TOUCHSTONE:** Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?**CORIN:** No, truly.**TOUCHSTONE:** Then thou art damned.**CORIN:** Nay, I hope.**TOUCHSTONE:** Truly thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.**CORIN:** For not being at court? Your reason.**TOUCHSTONE:** Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.**CORIN:** Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.**TOUCHSTONE:** Instance, briefly; come, instance.**CORIN:** Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells you know are greasy.**TOUCHSTONE:** Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.**CORIN:** Besides, our hands are hard.**TOUCHSTONE:** Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again. A more sounder instance; come.

- CORIN:** And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.
- TOUCHSTONE:** Most shallow man! Thou worms' meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.
- CORIN:** You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.
- TOUCHSTONE:** Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee, thou art raw!
- CORIN:** Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.
- TOUCHSTONE:** That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.
- CORIN:** Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind

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You must answer **all** the questions on the **one** play you have studied.

***Hedda Gabler* Henrik Ibsen**

Read the two-page extract that starts on the opposite page and answer questions

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 As a director, describe your ideas for this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- performance space
- character motivation
- movement and positioning ideas for the chosen space.

[15]

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 As a designer, explain your ideas for costume, hair and makeup for the character of **LOEVBORG** in this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- period and production style
- ideas for costume, hair and makeup
- how costume, hair and makeup ideas reflect character in the extract.

[25]

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 As a set designer, discuss your ideas for a production of ***Hedda Gabler***. You should focus on **two** extracts from the play.

Do not refer to the extract used for questions

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In your answer refer to:

- the original production conditions
- your chosen production style
- your set and props ideas
- impact upon the audience.

You must analyse and evaluate how any live productions you have seen, as part of the course, have influenced your interpretation. [40]

Hedda Gabler Henrik Ibsen

LOEVBORG, with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand, throws the door open. He looks somewhat confused and excited.

LOEVBORG: *(shouts as he enters)* I must come in, I tell you! Let me pass!

He closes the door, turns, sees HEDDA, controls himself immediately and bows.

HEDDA: *(at the writing-table)* Well, Mr Loevborg, this is rather a late hour to be collecting Thea.

LOEVBORG: And an early hour to call on you. Please forgive me.

HEDDA: How do you know she's still here?

LOEVBORG: They told me at her lodgings that she has been out all night.

HEDDA: *(goes to the table)* Did you notice anything about their behaviour when they told you?

LOEVBORG: *(looks at her, puzzled)* Notice anything?

HEDDA: Did they sound as if they thought it – strange?

LOEVBORG: *(suddenly understands)* Oh, I see what you mean. I'm dragging her down with me. No, as a matter of fact I didn't notice anything. I suppose Tesman isn't up yet?

HEDDA: No, I don't think so.

LOEVBORG: When did he get home?

HEDDA: Very late.

LOEVBORG: Did he tell you anything?

HEDDA: Yes. I gather you had a merry party at Judge Brack's last night.

LOEVBORG: He didn't tell you anything else?

HEDDA: I don't think so. I was so terribly sleepy –

MRS ELVSTED comes through the curtains in the open doorway.

MRS ELVSTED: *(runs towards him)* Oh, Eilert! At last!

LOEVBORG: Yes – at last. And too late.

MRS ELVSTED: What is too late?

LOEVBORG: Everything – now. I'm finished, Thea.

MRS ELVSTED: Oh, no, no! Don't say that!

LOEVBORG: You'll say it yourself, when you've heard what I –

MRS ELVSTED: I don't want to hear anything!

HEDDA: Perhaps you'd rather speak to her alone? I'd better go.

LOEVBORG: No, stay.

MRS ELVSTED: But I don't want to hear anything, I tell you!

LOEVBORG: It's not about last night.

MRS ELVSTED: Then what – ?

LOEVBORG: I want to tell you that from now on we must stop seeing each other.

MRS ELVSTED: Stop seeing each other!

HEDDA: (*involuntarily*) I knew it!

LOEVBORG: I have no further use for you, Thea.

MRS ELVSTED: You can stand there and say that! No further use for me! Surely I can go on helping you? We'll go on working together, won't we?

LOEVBORG: I don't intend to do any more work from now on.

MRS ELVSTED: (*desperately*) Then what use have I for my life?

LOEVBORG: You must try to live as if you had never known me.

MRS ELVSTED: But I can't!

LOEVBORG: Try to, Thea. Go back home –

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You must answer **all** the questions on the **one** play you have studied.

***Machinal* Sophie Treadwell**

Read the three-page extract that starts on the opposite page and answer questions

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 As a director, describe your ideas for this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- performance space
- character motivation
- movement and positioning ideas for the chosen space. [15]

4	2
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 As a designer, explain your ideas for costume, hair and makeup for the character of **MOTHER** in this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- period and production style
- ideas for costume, hair and makeup
- how costume, hair and makeup ideas reflect character in the extract. [25]

4	3
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 As a set designer, discuss your ideas for a production of ***Machinal***. You should focus on **two** extracts from the play.

Do not refer to the extract used for questions

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In your answer refer to:

- the original production conditions
- your chosen production style
- your set and props ideas
- impact upon the audience.

You must analyse and evaluate how any live productions you have seen, as part of the course, have influenced your interpretation. [40]

Machinal Sophie Treadwell**At Home**

Scene: a kitchen: table, chairs, plates and food, garbage can, a pair of rubber gloves. The door at the back now opens on a hall – the window, on an apartment house court.

Sounds: buzzer, radio (voice of announcer; music and singer).

Characters

YOUNG WOMAN

MOTHER

Outside voices: characters heard, but not seen

A JANITOR

A BABY

A MOTHER *and a* SMALL BOY

A YOUNG BOY *and* YOUNG GIRL

A HUSBAND *and a* WIFE

ANOTHER HUSBAND *and a* WIFE

At rise: YOUNG WOMAN and MOTHER eating – radio off-stage – radio stops.

YOUNG WOMAN: Ma – I want to talk to you.

MOTHER: Aren't you eating a potato?

YOUNG WOMAN: No.

MOTHER: Why not?

YOUNG WOMAN: I don't want one.

MOTHER: That's no reason. Here! Take one.

YOUNG WOMAN: I don't want it.

MOTHER: Potatoes go with stew – here!

YOUNG WOMAN: Ma, I don't want it!

MOTHER: Want it! Take it!

YOUNG WOMAN: But I – oh, all right. (*Takes it – then.*) Ma, I want to ask you something.

MOTHER: Eat your potato.

YOUNG WOMAN: (*takes a bite – then.*) Ma, there's something I want to ask you – something important.

MOTHER: Is it mealy?

YOUNG WOMAN: S'all right. Ma – tell me.

MOTHER: Three pounds for a quarter.

YOUNG WOMAN: Ma – tell me – (*Buzzer.*)

MOTHER: (*her dull voice brightening*). There's the garbage. (*Goes to door – or dumbwaiter – opens it. Stop radio.*)

JANITOR'S VOICE: (*offstage*). Garbage.

MOTHER: (*pleased – busy*). All right. (*Gets garbage can – puts it out. YOUNG WOMAN walks up and down.*) What's the matter now?

YOUNG WOMAN: Nothing.

MOTHER: That jumping up from the table every night the garbage is collected! You act like you're crazy.

YOUNG WOMAN: Ma, do all women –

MOTHER: I suppose you think you're too nice for anything so common! Well, let me tell you, my lady, that it's a very important part of life.

YOUNG WOMAN: I know, but, Ma, if you –

MOTHER: If it weren't for garbage cans where would we be? Where would we all be? Living in filth – that's what! Filth! I should think you'd be glad! I should think you'd be grateful!

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh, Ma!

MOTHER: Well, are you?

YOUNG WOMAN: Am I what?

MOTHER: Glad! Grateful.

YOUNG WOMAN: Yes!

MOTHER: You don't act like it!

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh, Ma, don't talk!

MOTHER: You just said you wanted to talk.

YOUNG WOMAN: Well now – I want to think. I got to think.

MOTHER: Aren't you going to finish your potato?

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh, Ma!

MOTHER: Is there anything the matter with it?

YOUNG WOMAN: No –

MOTHER: Then why don't you finish it?

YOUNG WOMAN: Because I don't want it.

MOTHER: Why don't you?

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh, Ma! Let me alone!

MOTHER: Well, you've got to eat! If you don't eat –

YOUNG WOMAN: Ma! Don't nag!

MOTHER: Nag! Just because I try to look out for you – nag! Just because I try to care for you – nag! Why, you haven't sense enough to eat! What would become of you I'd like to know – if I didn't nag!

Offstage – a sound of window opening – all these offstage sounds come in through the court window at the back.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Johnny – Johnny – come in now!

A SMALL BOY'S VOICE: Oh, Ma!

WOMAN'S VOICE: It's getting cold.

A SMALL BOY'S VOICE: Oh, Ma!

WOMAN'S VOICE: You heard me! (*Sound of window slamming.*)

YOUNG WOMAN: I'm grown up, Ma.

MOTHER: Grown up! What do you mean by that?

YOUNG WOMAN: Nothing much – I guess. (*Offstage sound of baby crying. MOTHER rises, clatters dishes.*) Let's not do the dishes right away, Ma. Let's talk – I gotta.

You must answer **all** the questions on the **one** play you have studied.

***Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* Tennessee Williams**

Read the two-page extract that starts on the opposite page and answer questions

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5	1
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 As a director, describe your ideas for this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- performance space
- character motivation
- movement and positioning ideas for the chosen space.

[15]

5	2
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 As a designer, explain your ideas for costume, hair and makeup for the character of **BIG DADDY** in this extract.

In your answer you must refer to:

- period and production style
- ideas for costume, hair and makeup
- how costume, hair and makeup ideas reflect character in the extract.

[25]

5	3
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 As a set designer, discuss your ideas for a production of ***Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***. You should focus on **two** extracts from the play.

Do not refer to the extract used for questions

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and

5	2
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In your answer refer to:

- the original production conditions
- your chosen production style
- your set and props ideas
- impact upon the audience.

You must analyse and evaluate how any live productions you have seen, as part of the course, have influenced your interpretation. [40]

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof Tennessee Williams

BRICK: *[at the liquor cabinet]:* Big Daddy, you sure are shootin' th' breeze here tonight.

[There is a pause and voices are heard outside.]

BIG DADDY: I been quiet here lately, spoke not a word, just sat and stared into space. I had something heavy weighing on my mind but tonight that load was took off me. That's why I'm talking. – The sky looks diff'rent to me...

BRICK: You know what I like to hear most?

BIG DADDY: What?

BRICK: Solid quiet. Perfect unbroken quiet.

BIG DADDY: Why?

BRICK: Because it's more peaceful.

BIG DADDY: Man, you'll hear a lot of that in the grave.

[He chuckles agreeably.]

BRICK: Are you through talkin' to me?

BIG DADDY: Why are you so anxious to shut me up?

BRICK: Well, sir, ever so often you say to me, Brick, I want to have a talk with you, but when we talk, it never materializes. Nothing is said. You sit in a chair and gas about this and that and I look like I listen. I try to look like I listen, but I don't listen, not much. Communication is – awful hard between people an' – somehow between you and me, it just don't –

BIG DADDY: Have you ever been scared? I mean have you ever felt downright terror of something?

[He gets up.]

Just one moment. I'm going to close these doors...

[He closes doors on gallery as if he were going to tell an important secret.]

BRICK: What?

BIG DADDY: Brick?

BRICK: Huh?

BIG DADDY: Son, I thought I had it!

BRICK: Had what? Had what, Big Daddy?

BIG DADDY: Cancer!

BRICK: Oh...

BIG DADDY: I thought the old man made out of bones had laid his cold and heavy hand on my shoulder!

- BRICK:** Well, Big Daddy, you kept a tight mouth about it.
- BIG DADDY:** A pig squeals. A man keeps a tight mouth about it, in spite of a man not having a pig's advantage.
- BRICK:** What advantage is that?
- BIG DADDY:** Ignorance – of mortality – is a comfort. A man don't have that comfort, he's the only living thing that conceives of death, that knows what it is. The others go without knowing, which is the way that anything living should go, go without knowing, without any knowledge of it, and yet a pig squeals, but a man sometimes, he can keep a tight mouth about it. Sometimes he –
- [There is a deep, smouldering ferocity in the old man.]*
- can keep a tight mouth about it. I wonder if –
- BRICK:** What, Big Daddy?
- BIG DADDY:** A whisky highball would injure this spastic condition?
- BRICK:** No, sir, it might do it good.
- BIG DADDY:** *[grins suddenly, wolfishly]: Jesus, I can't tell you! The sky is open! Christ, it's open again! It's open, boy, it's open!*
- [Brick looks down at his drink.]*
- BRICK:** You feel better, Big Daddy?
- BIG DADDY:** Better? Hell! I can breathe! – All of my life I been like a doubled up fist...
- [He pours a drink.]*
- Poundin', smashin', drivin'! – now I'm going to loosen these doubled up hands and touch things easy with them...
- [He spreads his hands as if caressing the air.]*
- You know what I'm contemplating?
- BRICK:** *[vaguely]:* No, sir. What are you contemplating?
- BIG DADDY:** Ha ha! – *Pleasure!* – pleasure with women!
- [Brick's smile fades a little but lingers.]*
- Brick, this stuff burns me! –
- Yes, boy. I'll tell you something that you might not guess. I still have desire for women and this is my sixty-fifth birthday.
- BRICK:** I think that's mighty remarkable, Big Daddy.
- BIG DADDY:** Remarkable?
- BRICK:** Admirable, Big Daddy,

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