

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CANDIDATES

Preparation and Exploration

There is a preparation and exploration period of a maximum of 20 hours (up to 10 weeks) before the examination. During this period, you must consider both the script extract and the stimulus material with your teacher.

This period allows you to research, investigate available resources, take part in workshops and develop your working groups if appropriate.

By the end of this period you must have selected **one** of the four briefs described below.

The Examination

All work to be marked must only be produced during the supervised examination (10 hours plus 2 hours: 1 hour to begin and 1 hour to finish the Working Record).

The four briefs available to choose from are:

1 The Performer (devised) Brief

You must devise and perform a drama that relates to the script extract and/or the stimulus material. Your performance must last no longer than 10 minutes. Each person in your group must have a minimum of three minutes exposure on stage. You may work as an **individual**, in a pair or in a group of up to **six** for your Examination.

[60 marks]

2 The Performer (text extract) Brief

You must perform a section(s) of the text extract. Your performance must last no longer than 10 minutes. Each person in your group must have a minimum of three minutes exposure on stage. You may work as an **individual**, in a pair or in a group of up to **six** for your Examination.

[60 marks]

3 The Deviser Brief

For this brief you must work as an individual.

You must choose from one of the following two options:

(a) **Text Extract:**

The director has asked for a **new scene** to be written to follow on from the printed extract. This new scene should explore the lives of the servants at the ball and their views on the war.

[60 marks]

Or

(b) **Stimulus Item:**

Create a **scene** which is inspired by the stimulus material associated with the First World War.

[60 marks]

Both scripts must show the conventions of script writing, have appropriate closure, contain stage directions and any relevant staging notes. It should be a full scene between 6–12 sides of A4.

In addition, you **must** produce a **separate** Working Record. As part of your Working Record, you will make a presentation to the examiner, **no longer than 3 minutes in length**, explaining and/or demonstrating your script ideas. This includes: your link to the stimulus, overall intention, intended audience and type of performance space.

4 The Designer Brief

For this brief you must work as an individual.

You must prepare designs for the text extract. Your designs must cover any **three** of:

- set
- costume
- lighting
- stage/personal properties
- make-up/masks
- sound.

[60 marks]

In addition, you **must** produce a **separate** Working Record. As part of your Working Record, you will make a presentation to the examiner, **no longer than 3 minutes in length**, explaining and/or demonstrating your design ideas. This includes: overall intention, designs you think will work well and ideas of how the designs might be developed further.

Performance or Presentation

The examiner will visit the centre shortly after the completion of the examination to mark your prepared Performance or Presentation. In addition they will collect your completed Working Record. For the Deviser and Designer Briefs, scripts and designs must also be available to take away.

Working Record

You must hand in your **individual** Working Record at the end of each supervised examination session. **Group Working Records are unacceptable.**

Your Working Record may contain notes, diagrams, sketches, CD or DVD evidence, continuous writing, storyboards, scenarios, photographs, drawings, excerpts of dialogue, designs, character notes, views and ideas of self and others, as appropriate. All items in your Working Record **must** be clearly labelled with your name and candidate number. It **must** be collated and securely fastened.

Examples of format might be:

- (a) Between 8 and 12 sides of A4.
- (b) Between 3 and 5 minutes of CD or DVD commentary.
- (c) About 700 and 1400 words of continuous prose.
- (d) A mixture of elements from the above.

Your Working Record will contain:

- an introduction (**produced in the first hour**)
- ongoing working material (**produced during the 10 hours**)
- your reflection and evaluation (**in the final hour**) following the final dress rehearsal of your performance/presentation

Performer Briefs

Your Working Record should include evidence of:

- how relevant areas of study have been applied in relation to your performance piece
- your individual contribution
- your role, the role of any other candidates
- your reflection and evaluation
- audience response
- subject-specific vocabulary.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar will be taken into account.

[20 marks]

Deviser Briefs

Your Working Record should include evidence of:

- the context:
 - the period it is set in
 - genre
 - suggested performance style
 - any social, cultural and historical connections
 - how other relevant areas of study have been applied in relation to your scene
 - your reflection and evaluation
 - subject-specific vocabulary.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar will be taken into account.

[20 marks]

Designer Briefs

Your Working Record should include evidence of:

- the design concept:
 - performance space
 - period it is set in
 - performance style
 - colour scheme
 - any social, cultural and historical connections
 - how other relevant areas of study have been applied in relation to your designs
 - your reflection and evaluation
 - subject-specific vocabulary.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar will be taken into account.

[20 marks]

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCRIPT EXTRACT

Oh What A Lovely War by Joan Littlewood

THE PLAY

The play *Oh What A Lovely War* is not a conventional play. It came from an initial idea by Gerry Raffles. The plot was Joan Littlewood's and the rest of the play was developed through improvisation. The theatrical convention of the Pierrot became popular between 1890 and the 1930s. Five hundred professional performing troupes worked at seaside resorts during that time. They performed on beaches and at end-of-pier shows dressed as Pierrots – they could sing and dance and make their audience laugh. This was the basis of seaside entertainment for visitors of all classes. These performing troupes were an attraction up until the beginning of the Second World War.

The play explores war in an interesting and innovative way asking the audience to come to their own conclusions. Act 1 deals with the causes of the war, looking at the countries and characters involved. It also shows how ordinary people saw the war and how soldiers experienced it.

The way in which this play was developed by Joan Littlewood and the Theatre Workshop Company marked the close co-operation between writer, actor and director. All participants in the process contributed creatively to the task of bringing the play to the stage.

CAST LIST FOR THE EXTRACT

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Pierrots | First Lady |
| M.C. | Photographer |
| Men | British General |
| First Girl | Junior Officer |
| Second Girl | |
| Third Girl | |
| Fourth Girl | |
| Fifth Girl | |
| Voice Off | |
| Ghillie | |
| Germany | |
| Britain | |
| France | |
| Switzerland | |
| America | |
| Sergeant | |
| Lieutenant | |
| 3 Soldiers | |
| Commanding Officer | |
| Sir John French | |
| Sir William Robertson | |
| Sir Douglas Haig | |
| Lady Haig | |
| First Officer | |
| First Officer's Partner | |
| Second Officer | |
| Rawlinson | |
| Plant Pot | |
| Fanny | |
| Ann | |
| Wilson | |
| Myvanwy | |

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR**ENTR'ACTE**

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
HUSH HERE COMES A WHIZZBANG

ACT TWO

Newspanel APRIL 22 ... BATTLE OF YPRES ... GERMANS
USE POISON GAS ... BRITISH LOSS 59,275 MEN ... MAY 9 ...
AUBERS RIDGE ... BRITISH LOSS 11,619 MEN IN 15 HOURS ...
LAST OF B.E.F. ... GAIN NIL. SEPT 25 ... LOOS ... BRITISH
LOSS 8,236 MEN IN 3 HOURS ... GERMAN LOSS NIL.

The company dressed as PIERROTS enter and sing.

Song**OH IT'S A LOVELY WAR**

Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh, it's a shame to take the pay;
As soon as reveille is gone,
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
Brings our breakfast up to bed.
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham,
When we've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours, right turn,
How shall we spend the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.

Up to your waist in water,
Up to your eyes in slush,
Using the kind of language,
That makes the sergeant blush.
Who wouldn't join the army?
That's what we all inquire;
Don't we pity the poor civilian,
Sitting beside the fire.

Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh, it's a shame to take the pay;
As soon as reveille is gone,
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
Brings our breakfast up to bed.
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham,
When we've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours, right turn,
How shall we spend the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.

M.C.: Ladies and gentlemen, when the Conscription Act was passed, 51,000 able-bodied men left home without leaving any forwarding addresses...

MEN: *go off quickly.*

GIRLS: Shame!

M.C.: ...and that's in West Ham alone.

As each of the GIRLS speaks her line to the audience she throws a white feather.

FIRST GIRL: Women of England, do your duty, send your men to enlist today!

SECOND GIRL: Have you an able-bodied groom, chauffeur or gamekeeper serving you?

THIRD GIRL: If so, shouldn't he be serving his country?

FOURTH GIRL: Is your best boy in khaki? If not shouldn't he be?

FIFTH GIRL: What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?

GIRLS: (*sing*) Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely,
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely,
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war!

GIRLS: *exeunt.*

M.C.: Sorry we had to interrupt the War Game in the first half, but hostilities took us by surprise; now it's business as usual – we'll drum up some char and we'll do part two of the War Game. What's the date?

VOICE OFF: August the Twelfth.

M.C.: August the Twelfth! Here am I talking to you when grouse shooting has commenced. (*Putting on a cloth cap.*) Whenever there's a crisis, shoot some grouse, that's what I always say. Here we are – part two of the War Game, find the biggest profiteer.

Newspanel 21,000 AMERICANS BECAME MILLIONAIRES DURING THE WAR.

A Scottish GHILLIE enters, singing a Gaelic song. He is followed by a grouse-shooting party of BRITISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and AMERICAN munitions manufacturers with a SWISS banker. The MEN need shooting sticks and the AMERICAN, a wheelchair and black spectacles. 'Dead birds' falling from the flies are effective. The shooting party have a snack during the scene; bits of chicken, champagne, served by the GHILLIE from a picnic basket.

GHILLIE: It's a beautiful day for a shoot, sir.

GERMANY: Sehr schön – sehr schön.

GHILLIE: Shall we drive them into the guns now, your lordship?

BRITAIN: Do that for me, Ewan

The GILLIE shouts Gaelic names and abuse.

BRITAIN: Chivvy them along now, Ewan.

GHILLIE: Coming over now, sir.

All shoot grouse and cry with delight, counting the birds they have shot.

FRANCE: A wonderful year, Bertie.

SWITZERLAND: Highly successful.

BRITAIN: Yes, we still manage to fatten 'em up.

FRANCE: What were you saying about nickel, Von Possehl?

GERMANY: That last consignment – we didn't get it.

FRANCE: Well, we sent it.

GERMANY: Yes, well, you sent us some before, but I mean the latest consignment.

FRANCE: We sent it.

AMERICA: By which route?

FRANCE: Through Holland.

BRITAIN: Aah, there's the fly in the ointment – Holland — very unreliable. The Scandinavian countries are much more convenient.

ALL: (*to GERMANY*) Bad luck – etc.

AMERICA: Hazards of war – loss of consignments.

BRITAIN: Mind you, our navy's a bit to blame on that score, trying to set up a blockade of Germany.

AMERICA: You're telling me. We had three ships stopped by the British Navy last month.

BRITAIN: Well, there you are – it's these unrealistic elements at work – they've just taken Jacks & Co. to court for exporting iron ore to Germany. They've got a blacklist, too – and I'm on it.

GERMANY: My Government want to shoot me.

AMERICA: You're on their shortlist!

BRITAIN: Mind you, they'll never publish it – we bought out some of the papers, you know. Can't break up a union like ours in a few minutes.

GERMANY: (*shoots*) Another one for me.

BRITAIN: That's a duck, not a grouse.

GERMANY: Well, I shoot anything.

BRITAIN: So I've noticed. We'll export it to you for fat via Denmark.

GERMANY: When are you going to export some shillings for the Krupps fuses you are using in your English grenades?

BRITAIN: All in good time, all in good time...

SWITZERLAND: Swiss banks are always open, except in the lunch hour.

AMERICA: Very funny. Look, do you stumblebums realize that there have been two peace scares in the last year? Our shares dropped forty per cent.

FRANCE: What have your exports to Europe in the last three years amounted to? Ten and a half billion dollars.

AMERICA: Yeah, but all we're getting paid in now is your beautifully engraved paper money. That's what we're worried about.

SWITZERLAND: What are you going to do with all that paper money if the Germans win?

BRITAIN: It's no use being the biggest creditor in the world if no-one can pay you.

AMERICA: If the U.S. enters the war, that might just finish it.

GERMANY: Now, now, that's very dangerous talk.

BRITAIN: I say, no need to lose your rag.

AMERICA: All right, all right, so long as peace doesn't break out. What about that peace scare in France, Count? Caused a flutter on Wall Street, I can tell you. Have you scotched it?

FRANCE: We flooded our papers with talk of defeatism and shot every pacifist we could find.

AMERICA: Good. I've a cheque for sixty million dollars in my pocket. I want to be able to cash it.

SWITZERLAND: Who is it from?

AMERICA: Russia.

SWITZERLAND: You'll never be able to cash it.

GERMANY: Don't spoil a beautiful day. I have interests in Russia.

GHILLIE: How do you think the war's progressing, sir?

BRITAIN: Oh not too badly – everything's under control.

GHILLIE: Do you think we'll have peace by Christmas?

AMERICA: Peace?

GERMANY: Peace? Where did he get that story?

FRANCE: War to the finish.

SWITZERLAND: You must understand, my dear fellow, that war is a political and economic necessity.

GHILLIE: Yes, sir, we've six of the family at the front, sir.

BRITAIN: Keeps 'em off the streets.

GHILLIE: That's what my mother says, sir. She's very proud of them, and the allowance helps her and me quite a bit.

AMERICA: Makes men of them.

FRANCE: There will always be a problem of surplus population.

AMERICA: I'm very glad you have due respect for your mother. I'll have you know, keeper, my President is deeply grieved by this war and you can tell your mother this – he regards the whole thing as a tragedy.

BRITAIN: I understand he's a very sick man.

AMERICA: Yes, he's an idealist.

They all drink rapid toasts.

President Wilson!

FRANCE: Président Poincaré!

BRITAIN: The King!

GERMANY: The Kaiser!

AMERICA: He's one of your shareholders, isn't he?

FRANCE: La belle France – our published profit last year was eight million sterling.

They all congratulate him.

BRITAIN: Well done – new springs of wealth arise from war – as the saying goes.

AMERICA: It advances scientific discovery.

FRANCE: War is the life blood of a nation.

GERMANY: Well, I wish you'd tell my Government that; they want to shoot me.

ALL: No, why?

GERMANY: You tell me. My wife, she wore her eyes out, rolling bandages for the boys. I had to buy her spectacles. She never had bad eyes before. Fifty thousand marks I gave to the widows' and orphans' fund.

ALL: What's the trouble, old chap – why do they want to shoot you?

GERMANY: It's my Russian munitions factory.

BRITAIN: Oh yes, how are they doing?

GERMANY: Twenty-four hour shifts. They're turning out bombs and shells all the time.

ALL: Good, well done – etc.

GERMANY: I'm a patriot, but I'm also a businessman; my stock-holders must have dividends. If I didn't make the profits, the Russians would. The people who ought to be shot are those who break international agreements. Germany and France agreed not to bombard the iron-ore works at Briey and Thionville for the duration – and some idiot pilot bombs them. A Frenchman.

AMERICA: What happened to him?

FRANCE: He was court-martialled.

GERMANY: Good.

AMERICA: A hero – eh?

BRITAIN: (*finds this very funny*) Rather a shock to be court-martialled, isn't it? Nobody asked questions?

FRANCE: Oh yes – we had delegations, protests – I dealt with them (*a hush has fallen*).

ALL: Bravo!

AMERICA: You're smart, Count – you know he got a consignment of barbed wire from Germany through for Verdun only two months before the battle. Isn't that right, Comte?

BRITAIN: You mean the German chappies were caught on their own barbed wire? I say that's a bit near the knuckle, what! Dashed clever, though.

SWITZERLAND: We must take some credit for that.

BRITAIN: Yes, ten per cent, no doubt.

AMERICA: Talking of credit. I promised the guys back home – and I hope you'll meet them some day – to pass on some of their handouts. (*Hands a card.*) Bethlehem Steel – furnish arms to every quarter of the globe. Cleveland Automatic Machine Company. (*Offers one to SWITZERLAND.*)

SWITZERLAND: Not for me, we're neutral.

AMERICA: It's a recipe for hot chocolate. (*To BRITAIN.*) Hermann Rapide, fires non-stop for fifty hours – we tried to sell these things to the Germans before the war, but they turned us down. Serve 'em right if they lose the war.

GERMANY: Ah, the shrapnel-making machine – you use acids to kill men?

BRITAIN: Four hours it takes, very effective.

GERMANY: You have some pretty good chemists in America, of German extraction, no doubt.

BRITAIN: If it's all the same to you, old boy, we'll stick to the dear old Enfield rifles, cheap and easy to make.

GERMANY: (*looking at pamphlet*) No gas? Ah yes – der grausame stille Tod.

AMERICA: Deadly silent death.

GERMANY: We use phosgene – cylinders 1.4 metres long, highly portable in the trenches – go on a man's back – he can carry a rifle as well.

AMERICA: Look at our arsenal at Edgeworth, Maryland. We've developed sixty-three different poison gases and we've got eight more ready.

BRITAIN: Well, the old chlorine's pretty good. Haig's trying it out this moment at Loos. Mind you, we haven't heard from him. Yet.

All off except the AMERICAN, who remains in his wheelchair. Voices offstage sing 'Gassed Last Night' as a sequence of slides appear on the screen. The AMERICAN goes off during the song.

Slide 22: Infantry advancing along the crest of a hill, silhouetted against a large white cloud.

Slide 23: Two German infantrymen running to escape an advancing cloud of poison gas.

Slide 24: A group of 'walking wounded' Tommies, some with bandaged eyes owing to being gassed.

Slide 25: Group of four German soldiers, carrying one of their gassed in a blanket.

Slide 26: Line-up, Indian file, of gassed Tommies, all with bandaged eyes, and one hand on the shoulder of the person immediately in front of them.

Slide 27: Another picture of 'walking wounded': two French Poilus, eyes bandaged, walking hand in hand, escorted by another Frenchman and a Tommy.

Slide 28: Photograph of a German infantryman diving for cover, beside a field gun, as a shell explodes nearby.

Slide 29: Three British infantrymen, full pack, standing in mud and slush, firing over the parapet of a trench.

Slide 30: Three Germans in a dugout, silhouetted against clouds of smoke caused by a plane bombing overhead.

Slide 31: Four Tommies sitting in dugouts, which are merely holes, waist deep in mud.

Slide 32: A dead German soldier, lying in a slit trench.

Song

GASSED LAST NIGHT

[22] Gassed last night and gassed the night before, [23]
Going to get gassed tonight if we never get gassed any
more. [24]

When we're gassed we're sick as we can be,
'Cos phosgene [25] and mustard gas is much too much
for me.

They're warning [26] us, they're warning us,
One [27] respirator for the four of us.
Thank your lucky stars that three of us can run,
So one of us can use it all alone. [28]

Bombed last night and bombed the night before,
Going to get bombed tonight if we never get bombed
any more.

When we're bombed we're [29] scared as we can be.
God strafe the bombing planes from High Germany.

They're [30] over us, they're over us,
One shell hole for just the [31] four of us,
Thank your lucky stars there are no more of us,
'Cos [32] one of us could fill it all alone.

A group of five BRITISH SOLDIERS enter and build a barricade with the cones.

SERGEANT: Get this barricade up, quickly. Keep your heads down.

LIEUTENANT: Have you got the trench consolidated, sergeant?

SERGEANT: All present and correct, sir.

LIEUTENANT: The C.O. is going to have a word with the men.

SERGEANT: Right, lads – attention!

The COMMANDING OFFICER enters.

COMMANDING OFFICER: You can stand the men at ease, sergeant.

Sound of machine-gun fire. They throw themselves down.

LIEUTENANT: On your feet, lads.

SERGEANT: Come on – jump to it!

COMMANDING OFFICER: You can let them smoke if they want to.

SERGEANT: The C.O. says you can smoke. But don't let me catch you.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Now, you men, I've just come from having a powwow with the colonel; we think you've done some damn fine work – we congratulate you.

SOLDIERS: Thank you, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: I know you've had it pretty hard the last few days, bombs, shells, and snipers; we haven't escaped scot-free at staff either, I can tell you. Anyway, we're all here – well, not all of us, of course; and that gas of ours was pretty nasty – damned wind changing.

LIEUTENANT: Indeed, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: But these mishaps do happen in war, and gas can be a war-winning weapon. Anyway, so long as we can all keep smiling; you're white men all. (*To the LIEUTENANT.*) Sector all tidy now, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Well, we've buried most of the second Yorks and Lancs, sir; there's a few D.L.I.s and the men from our own company left.

COMMANDING OFFICER: I see. Well, look, let the lads drum up some char ...

Sound of exploding shell.

LIEUTENANT: Get down, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Good God!

VOICE: (*offstage*) Stretcher bearers! ... Stretcher bearers! ...

COMMANDING OFFICER: You have no stretcher bearers over there?

LIEUTENANT: No, I'm afraid they went in the last attack, sir. I'm waiting for reliefs from H.Q.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Oh well, they're stout chaps!

Explosion.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Yes, you'd better let the men keep under cover.

LIEUTENANT: Thank you, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Damn place still reeks of decomposing bodies.

LIEUTENANT: I'm afraid it's unavoidable, sir; the trench was mainly full of Jerries.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Yes, of course, you were more or less sharing the same front line for a couple of days, weren't you?

LIEUTENANT: Yes, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Oh well, carry on.

LIEUTENANT: Thank you, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Ye Gods! What's that?

LIEUTENANT: Oh, it's a Jerry, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: What?

LIEUTENANT: It's a leg, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER: Well, get rid of it, man. You can't have an obstruction sticking out of the parapet like that.

He goes off.

LIEUTENANT: Hardcastle. Remove the offending limb.

SERGEANT: Well, we can't do that, sir; it's holding up the parapet. We've just consolidated the position.

LIEUTENANT: Well, get a shovel and hack it off; and then dismiss the men.

He goes off.

SERGEANT: Right, sir. (*Aside.*) An' what the bloody 'ell will I hang my equipment on. All right, lads, get back, get yourselves some char. Heads, trunks, blood all over the place, and all he's worried about is a damned leg.

The SOLDIERS go off.

Newspanel EASTER 1916 ... REBELLION IN IRELAND.

Band INTRO. TO ROSES OF PICARDY

A figure dressed in black enters, holding on his head a plant pot spouting pampas grass. He takes his place right of centre. An elegant lady and her partner enter and stand on either side of him. They sing 'Roses of Picardy' with simple sincerity.

Song ROSES OF PICARDY

Roses are shining in Picardy in the hush of the silver
dew.
Roses are flowering in Picardy but there's never a rose
like you.
And the roses will die with the summertime and our
roads may be far, far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy. 'Tis the
rose that I keep in my heart.

Band WALTZ: LONG, LONG TRAIL

The characters dance on in couples up left, circling round PLANT POT, timing their dialogue to be heard as they dance past him, downstage.

They are SIR JOHN FRENCH and partner, SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON and partner, SIR DOUGLAS HAIG and LADY HAIG, The couple who sang 'Roses of Picardy' join them, becoming the FIRST OFFICER and his PARTNER. Another army officer, dancing on with a partner, is the SECOND OFFICER. During the dance RAWLINSON wanders in and stands looking on in a suitable pose.

The ladies wear tiaras or feathers as head-dress and have long, light drapes of soft colours or white.

The scene should be played elegantly, using the upper-class accents of the period. The use of 'what' at the end of a sentence is not a question, merely an affectation of the period.

Apart from LADY HAIG, the actresses use their own names, with appropriate titles.

PLANT POT: Sir John French, Commander-in Chief of His Majesty's Forces, Miss Fanny Carby.

FANNY: Isn't that Sir Douglas Haig – the new man?

FRENCH: Yes. Damned upstart. That other blighter Robertson's here, too.

FANNY: Intrigue upon intrigue.

FRENCH: Hold your tongue, Fanny.

PLANT POT: Sir William Robertson, The Honourable Ann Beach.

ANN: I was so thrilled to hear of your new appointment, Willy.

ROBERTSON: One takes these things as they come, you know, Annie.

ANN: Sir Henry Wilson's green with envy.

ROBERTSON: Quite.

ANN: He's just behind us, dancing with that frump, Lady Myvanwy.

PLANT POT: Sir Henry Wilson, The Lady Myvanwy Jenn.

WILSON: The mess was vastly relieved when they changed their name from Wettin to Windsor.

MYVANWY: They're still Germans, Sir Henry.

WILSON: But it's very unpatriotic to say so, Lady Myvanwy.

PLANT POT: Sir Douglas and Lady Haig.

HAIG: Canter in the row tomorrow before breakfast, Doris?

LADY HAIG: Don't forget your fitting, Douglas, the new boots.

HAIG: And we're lunching at No. 10 – without French.

LADY HAIG: Congratulations, my dear.

MYVANWY: What on earth do they see in him?

WILSON: Shoots pheasant with the Prince of Wales. Lady Doris was one of Queen Alexandra's maids of honour.

MYVANWY: Really ... What!

WILSON: So now he has the ear of the King, of course.

FANNY: Haig! Sir Douglas Haig! The name rings a bell.

FRENCH: Whisky.

FANNY: (*stops in her tracks*) Trade!

FRENCH: 'Fraid so.

The dance ends with a swirl. The MEN get together in clumps and guffaw over dirty jokes. The WOMEN talk in groups.

ROBERTSON: Toby Rawlinson!

RAWLINSON: You have the better of me.

ROBERTSON: Karachi!

RAWLINSON: Polo ponies!

ROBERTSON: Do excuse me.

RAWLINSON: Certainly.

ANN: Well, I've volunteered for the V.A.D.

MYVANWY: Really ... What!

ANN: The uniform is so becoming.

SIR JOHN FRENCH turns towards ROBERTSON, who arrives back with a drink.

ROBERTSON: Haven't had an opportunity to talk, sir, since my appointment was announced, but I'd like to say how proud I am to serve under you ...

FRENCH turns his back on him. Hushed reaction.

FRENCH: (*mutters*) Like to talk to my officers without interruption sometimes.

RAWLINSON: Rather, what!

ROBERTSON: May I take you home, Annie?

ANN pulls a face.

RAWLINSON: Good night, Sir John. Ball's in your court, Wilson.

FIRST LADY: (*the singer*) What was all that about?

FANNY: Sir John thinks Sir Henry is the perfect man for the job.

FIRST LADY: Sir Henry Wilson?

MYVANWY: (*aside to LADY HAIG*) Keeps him waiting like a lackey.

FRENCH: A word in your private ear, Wilson.

WILSON: Yes, sir.

FRENCH: Now do take that sour expression off your face.

WILSON: I've always understood from you, sir, that the job was mine.

FRENCH: Well, it's your own fault. You're such a brute. You'll never be nice to people you don't like. Anyhow, the day's by no means lost. You'll have to make love to Asquith when you meet him.

WILSON: I'm too suspicious of Kitchener and Churchill to make love to anyone – anyway Asquith hates me – none of them are friends of yours either; you know that, of course.

FRENCH: Oh yes, quite. Anyway, I'm showing them the sort of man I am. Giving Robertson the position I marked down for you. I've refused to mess with him – pretty good, what! Snubbing him just now in the middle of the room.

WILSON: You made your attitude pretty clear, sir.

FRENCH: Well, there you are then. You depend on me. I'm very fond of you, Henry.

WILSON: Thank you, sir.

FRENCH: So keep your pecker up and don't be so gloomy.

MYVANWY: (*to WILSON*) I wouldn't trust him an inch.

WILSON: I don't.

LADY HAIG: (*to the FIRST OFFICER, the singer*) I will tell you in confidence, my dear, His Majesty very much hopes that my husband will succeed French.

FIRST OFFICER: My God!

LADY HAIG: Yes, oh yes, Douglas thinks French is quite unfitted for the high position he's been called to.

SECOND OFFICER: (*turning to HAIG, sotto voce*) Who was Sir John's little ... lady friend?

HAIG: Rank outsider.

SECOND OFFICER: I quite believe it.

HAIG: It's a flaw in his character, you know, his weakness for the fair sex. Loses all sense of decency.

SECOND OFFICER: Really, sir!

HAIG: Yes, well, he had to borrow two thousand pounds from me at Aldershot over a woman.

SECOND OFFICER: Good God, sir!

HAIG: And he was Commander of my Cavalry brigade at the time.

SECOND OFFICER: Damn bad show, sir, borrowing from a subordinate.

HAIG: Appalling!

Band

A MERE WHISPER OF COMRADES

FRENCH: Haig!

HAIG: Sir John!

They advance and shake hands. Applause.

FRENCH: You saw me snub Robertson just now?

HAIG: I did, Sir John.

FRENCH: That's the way to treat 'em.

A PHOTOGRAPHER comes in and takes a picture.

‘Friends in sunshine and shadow’ – put that in your photogravure, boy.

PHOTOGRAPHER: The right man in the right job, if I may say so, sir.

FRENCH: You may, you may. Thank you, my man. Well, how did you leave the men at the front, Douglas?

HAIG: Oh, in fine heart, sir, just spoiling for a fight.

FRENCH: Makes one feel very proud. A word in your private ear, Douglas. What do you think of that man Kitchener?

HAIG: Well, sir –

FRENCH: The man's intolerable. He's behaving like a Generalissimo now – he's only a damned politician.

HAIG: With regard to that, sir. You know he turned up in Paris in his uniform again.

FRENCH: My God, no! He's no damned right to a uniform at all – I mean Secretary of State for War – what happened.

HAIG: Well, it raised some pretty tricky points of protocol.

FRENCH: Yes, well – what are we going to do about it?

Band

WALTZ: APREZ LA GUERRE

FANNY: Johnnie.

FRENCH: Excuse me. They're playing my tune. That man Kitchener is more of an enemy to the B.E.F. than Moltke or Ludendorff.

The couples begin waltzing again and gradually go off.

MYVANWY: How did that man Haig get his pips, if you tell me he failed at his staff college entrance examinations?

WILSON: Duke of Cambridge.

MYVANWY: What?

WILSON: Friend of the family.

MYVANWY: Oh! yes, on her side.

WILSON: Waived the formalities and let him in.

FRENCH: Yes, well, he may have lent me £2,000, but he made a terrible mess of his field exercises.

SECOND OFFICER: (to HAIG) Good night, sir.

FIRST OFFICER *and* LADY: (to HAIG) Good night.

HAIG: (*doesn't answer*) That man is a terrible intriguer.

LADY HAIG: Yes, I can tell by his deceitful face.

HAIG: And he's flabby!

LADY HAIG: You've been loyal long enough, my dear.

HAIG: Well, No. 10 tomorrow, Doris.

LADY HAIG: And a field-marshal's job for you.

VOICES OFFSTAGE: My carriage! Carriages! Good Night!

MEN's voices offstage sing 'Hush, here comes a Whizzbang' very softly: a sequence of slides is projected as follows:

Slide 33: Night photographs of flares, and various Very lights.

Slide 34: Photograph of a cloud formation.

Slide 35: Three Tommies walking across duckboards in a muddy field.

Slide 36: Dead Germans lying in a shallow trench in a peaceful-looking country field.

Slide 37: A young French soldier, obviously on burial duty, laden with wooden crosses.

Slide 38: Dead French Poilus; one of them has a smile on his face.

Slide 39: A field with nothing but white wooden crosses as far as one can see.

Song

HUSH, HERE COMES A WHIZZBANG

(Tune: 'Hush, here comes the Dream Man')

[33] Hush, here comes a whizzbang, [34]
 Hush, here comes a whizzbang, [35]
 Now, you soldier men, get down those stairs, [36]
 Down in your dugouts and say your prayers. [37]
 Hush, here comes a whizzbang,
 And it's making [38] straight for you,
 And you'll see all the wonders [39] of no man's land,
 If a whizzbang hits you.

HAIG: (*entering*) Germany has shot her bolt. The prospects for 1916 are excellent.

BRITISH GENERAL: (*entering*) Permission to speak, sir.

HAIG: Of course.

Slide 40: A map of Ypres and the surrounding district, showing Kitchener's Wood, Hill 60, Passchendaele, etc.

BRITISH GENERAL: If we continue in this way, the line of trenches will stretch from Switzerland to the sea. Neither we nor the Germans will be able to break through. The war will end in complete stalemate.

HAIG: Nonsense. We need only one more big offensive to break through and win. My troops are of fine quality, and specially trained for this type of war.

BRITISH GENERAL: This is not war, sir, it is slaughter.

HAIG: God is with us. It is for King and Empire.

BRITISH GENERAL: We are sacrificing lives at the rate of five to sometimes fifty thousand a day.

HAIG: One battle, our superior morale, bombardment.

JUNIOR OFFICER: (*entering*) Sir, tell us what to do and we'll do it.

HAIG: We're going to walk through the enemy lines.

BRITISH GENERAL and JUNIOR OFFICER go off.

Slide 40 fades into Slide 41: Tommies advancing across no man's land, in full battle pack, silhouetted against clouds.

A man's voice, offstage, sings slowly as HAIG speaks.

Song

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingale is singing
 And the white moon beams ...

He carries on humming the tune, ending:

... till the day when I'll be going down that long, long
 trail with you.

HAIG: (*during the song*) Complete victory ... the destruction of German militarism ... victory march on Berlin ... slow deliberate fire is being maintained on the enemy positions ... and at this moment my men are advancing across no man's land in full pack, dressing from left to right; the men are forbidden under pain of court-martial to take cover in any shell hole or dugout ... their magnificent morale will cause the enemy to flee in confusion ... the attack will be driven home with the bayonet ... I feel that every step I take is guided by the divine will.

Sounds of heavy bombardment.

Newspanel FEBRUARY ... VERDUN ... TOTAL LOSS ONE AND A HALF MILLION MEN.

HAIG: (*looking through field glasses*) This is most unsatisfactory. Where are the Sherwood Foresters? Where are the East Lancs on the right?

BRITISH GENERAL: (*who has entered during above speech*) Out in no man's land.

HAIG: They are sluggish from too much sitting in the trenches.

BRITISH GENERAL: Most of them, sir, will never rise again.

HAIG: We must break through.

BRITISH GENERAL: Regardless of loss, sir?

HAIG: the loss of, say, another 300,000 men may lead to really great results.

BRITISH GENERAL: Yes, sir.

HAIG: And will not impede our ability to continue the offensive. In any case, we have to calculate on another great offensive next year.

BRITISH GENERAL: If the slackers on the Home Front see it our way, sir.

HAIG: Quite.

BRITISH GENERAL: We are rather short of men, sir.

HAIG: What's left?

BRITISH GENERAL: The new chappies from Ireland have just arrived.

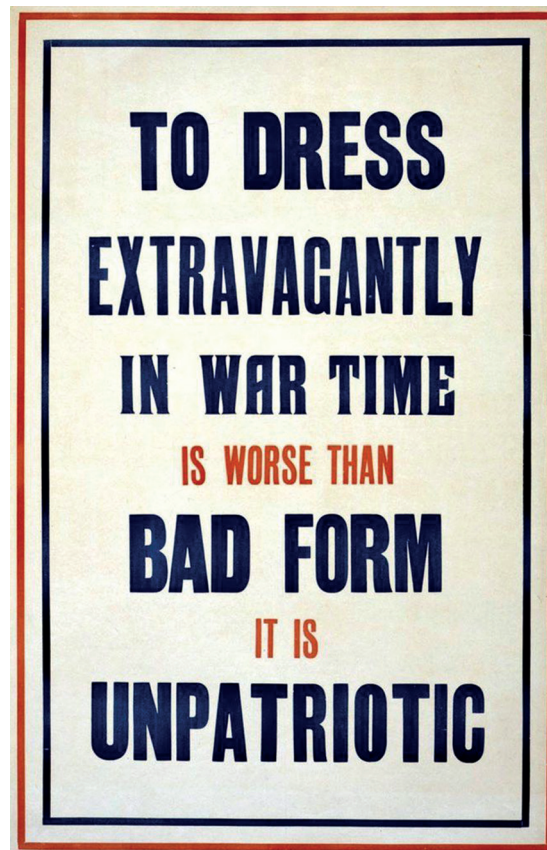
HAIG: Rather wild untrained lot! Still, they'll be raring to have a crack at the Boche, and what they lack in training, they'll make up for in gallantry.

BRITISH GENERAL: They've just got off the train. Most of them haven't eaten for forty-eight hours.

HAIG: They are moving against a weakened and demoralised enemy. Capture the German line, without further delay.

STIMULUS MATERIAL

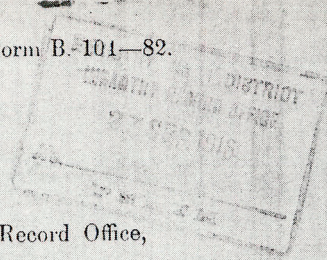
The Postcards illustrate the propaganda used during the First World War.



W 6938-2691 250,000 8/15 C.F.R. $\frac{21}{798}$

Army Form B-101-82.

No. 15588.
(If replying, please quote above No.)



Infantry Record Office,
Perth Station,
23rd September, 1916.

Sir, Madam,

It is my painful duty to inform you that a report has this day been received from the War Office notifying the death of
(No.) 5/9072 (Rank) Private
(Name) Peter McGregor, (Regiment) 14th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders which occurred at _____
_____ on the Thirteenth day
of September, 1916, and I am to express to you the sympathy and regret of the Army Council at your loss. The cause of death was

Killed in action

If any articles of private property left by the deceased are found, they will be forwarded to this Office, but some time will probably elapse before their receipt, and when received they cannot be disposed of until authority is received from the War Office.

Application regarding the disposal of any such personal effects, or of any amount that may eventually be found to be due to the late soldier's estate, should be addressed to "The Secretary, War Office, London, S.W.," and marked outside "Effects."

I am,

Sir, Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

Mrs Janet McGregor,
6, Great Stewart Street,
Edinburgh

Whitson Ferguson
Major
for Officer in charge of Records.
No. 1. District

Formal sympathy.

Private Peter McGregor, 14th Bn Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was aged forty-four when he was killed on 13 September 1916.

From his last letter to his wife:

... How I long for Scotland and ‘Green Fields of England’—oh to be in dear old Edinburgh—it’s the loveliest place on the earth ...

... I am well and looking forward to the end of the war. I wish it would hurry up ...

... One of our men was caught by a sniper—he was standing at the entrance to his dugout, the bullet went in under his shoulder—alas! alas!

... When I was standing at the cook-house door I saw the stretcher which came along to take the poor fellow away—how sad that was, he was carried out, wrapped up in his waterproof sheet, placed on this thing and whisked away. His passing didn’t seem to cause much stir—crowds of chaps were standing about—of course we all came to attention as it passed—that was all. The business of the hour had to go on. A dead man is no use to the army, get him out of the way as quickly as possible.

War is a terrible thing, and so few people realize it ...

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