



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

A Level Drama and Theatre

H459/46 Deconstructing Texts for Performance

The Crucible

Friday 15 June 2018 – Afternoon

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes



No additional material is required for this Question Paper



First name										
Last name										
Centre number						Candidate number				

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You may use an HB pencil for annotation lines.
- Complete the boxes above with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **all** the questions.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If additional space is required, use the lined page(s) at the end of this booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.
- Do **not** write in the barcodes.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **60**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document consists of **16** pages.

PROCTOR. The child?

ELIZABETH. It grows.

PROCTOR. There is no word of the boys?

ELIZABETH. They're well. Rebecca's Samuel keeps them. 5

PROCTOR. You have not seen them?

ELIZABETH. I have not. [*She catches a weakening in herself and downs it.*]

PROCTOR. You are a – marvel, Elizabeth. 10

ELIZABETH. You – have been tortured?

PROCTOR. Aye.

[*Pause. She will not let herself be drowned in the sea that threatens her.*] 15

They come for my life now.

ELIZABETH. I know it.

[*Pause.*]

PROCTOR. None – have yet confessed? 20

ELIZABETH. There be many confessed.

PROCTOR. Who are they?

ELIZABETH. There be a hundred or more, they say. Goody Ballard is one; Isaiah Goodkind is one. There be many. 25

PROCTOR. Rebecca?

ELIZABETH. Not Rebecca. She is one foot in Heaven now; naught may hurt her more. 30

PROCTOR. And Giles?

ELIZABETH. You have not heard of it?

PROCTOR. I hear nothin', where I am kept.

ELIZABETH. Giles is dead.	35
<i>[He looks at her incredulously.]</i>	
PROCTOR. When were he hanged?	
ELIZABETH [<i>quietly, factually</i>]. He were not hanged. He would not answer aye or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they'd hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned a wizard without he answer the indictment, aye or nay.	40 45
PROCTOR. Then how does he die?	
ELIZABETH [<i>gently</i>]. They press him, John.	50
PROCTOR. Press?	
ELIZABETH. Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. [<i>With a tender smile for the old man</i>] They say he give them but two words. 'More weight,' he says. And died.	55
PROCTOR [<i>numbed – a thread to weave into his agony</i>]. 'More weight.'	60
ELIZABETH. Aye. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey.	
<i>[Pause.]</i>	
PROCTOR [<i>with great force of will, but not quite looking at her</i>]. I have been thinking I would confess to them, Elizabeth. [<i>She shows nothing.</i>] What say you? If I give them that?	65
ELIZABETH. I cannot judge you, John.	
<i>[Pause.]</i>	
PROCTOR [<i>simply – a pure question</i>]. What would you have me do?	70
ELIZABETH. As you will, I would have it. [<i>Slight pause</i>] I want you living, John. That's sure.	75

PROCTOR [*pauses, then with a flailing of hope*]. Giles' wife? Have she confessed?

ELIZABETH. She will not. 80

[*Pause.*]

PROCTOR. It is a pretence, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. What is?

PROCTOR. I cannot mount the gibbet like a saint. It is a fraud. I am not that man. [*She is silent.*] My honesty is broke, Elizabeth; I am no good man. Nothing's spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before. 85

ELIZABETH. And yet you've not confessed till now. That speak goodness in you. 90

PROCTOR. Spite only keeps me silent. It is hard to give a lie to dogs. [*Pause, for the first time he turns directly to her.*] I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth. 95

ELIZABETH. It is not for me to give, John, I am –

PROCTOR. I'd have you see some honesty in it. Let them that never lied die now to keep their souls. It is pretence for me, a vanity that will not blind God nor keep my children out of the wind. [*Pause.*] What say you? 100
105

ELIZABETH [*upon a heaving sob that always threatens*]. John, it come to naught that I should forgive you, if you'll not forgive yourself.

[*Now he turns away a little, in great agony.*] 110

It is not my soul, John, it is yours.

[*He stands, as though in physical pain, slowly rising to his feet with a great immortal longing to find his answer. It is difficult to say, and she is on the verge of tears.*] 115

Only be sure of this, for I know it now:
Whatever you will do, it is a good man
does it. 120

*[He turns his doubting, searching
gaze upon her.]*

I have read my heart this three
month, John. *[Pause.]* I have sins of
my own to count. It needs a cold wife
to prompt lechery. 125

PROCTOR *[in great pain]*. Enough,
enough –

ELIZABETH *[now pouring out her
heart]*. Better you should know me! 130

PROCTOR. I will not hear it! I know you!

ELIZABETH. You take my sins upon
you, John –

PROCTOR *[in agony]*. No, I take my
own, my own! 135

ELIZABETH. John, I counted myself so
plain, so poorly made, no honest love
could come to me! Suspicion kissed
you when I did; I never knew how I
should say my love. It were a cold
house I kept! *[In fright, she swerves,
as HATHORNE enters.]* 140

HATHORNE. “What say you, Proctor?
The sun is soon up.

*[PROCTOR, his chest heaving,
stares, turns to ELIZABETH. She comes
to him as though to plead, her voice
quaking.]* 145

ELIZABETH. Do what you will. But let
none be your judge. There be no
higher judge under Heaven than
Proctor is! Forgive me, forgive me,
John – I never knew such goodness
in the world! *[She covers her face,
weeping.]* 150
155

*[PROCTOR turns from her to
HATHORNE; he is off the earth, his voice
hollow.]*

PROCTOR. I want my life.

HATHORNE [*electrified, surprised*]. You'll confess yourself? 160

PROCTOR. I will have my life.

HATHORNE [*with a mystical tone*]. God be praised! It is a providence! [*He rushes out the door, and his voice is heard calling down the corridor*]: He will confess! Proctor will confess! 165

PROCTOR. [*with a cry, as he strides to the door*]. Why do you cry it? [*In great pain he turns back to her.*] It is evil, is it not? It is evil. 170

ELIZABETH [*in terror, weeping*]. I cannot judge you, John, I cannot!

PROCTOR. Then who will judge me? [*Suddenly clasping his hands*] God in Heaven, what is John Proctor, what is John Proctor? [*He moves as an animal, and a fury is riding in him, a tantalized search.*] I think it is honest, I think so; I am no saint. [*As though she had denied this he calls angrily at her*] Let Rebecca go like a saint; for me it is fraud! 175
180

[*Voices are heard in the hall, speaking together in suppressed excitement.*] 185

ELIZABETH. I am not your judge, I cannot be. [*As though giving him release*] Do as you will, do as you will!

PROCTOR. Would you give them such a lie? Say it. Would you ever give them this? [*She cannot answer.*] You would not; if tongs of fire were singeing you you would not! It is evil. Good, then – it is evil, and I do it! 190

[HATHORNE *enters with DANFORTH, and, with them, CHEEVER, PARRIS, and HALE. It is a businesslike, rapid entrance, as though the ice had been broken.*] 195

DANFORTH [*with great relief and gratitude*]. Praise to God, man, praise to God; you shall be blessed in Heaven for this. 200

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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).

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