

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

--	--	--	--	--

Candidate Number

--	--	--	--	--

Monday 13 May 2019

Morning (Time: 1 hour 45 minutes)

Paper Reference **8DR0/02**

Drama and Theatre

Advanced Subsidiary

Component 2: Theatre Makers in Practice

You must have:

Source booklet (enclosed)
Theatre evaluation notes.

Total Marks

--

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- For Section A answer **one** question and for Section B answer **both** questions related to the performance text studied for examination purposes.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 48.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- You are allowed your theatre evaluation notes
– *do not return your live theatre evaluation notes with this question paper.*
- You are **not** allowed any performance texts.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.
- It is recommended that you spend 45 minutes on Section A and 1 hour on Section B.

Turn over ►

P56391A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1



Pearson

SECTION A: LIVE THEATRE EVALUATION

Answer ONE of the following questions in this section with reference to a theatre performance you have seen. Write your answer in the space provided.

Write the title, venue and date of the performance you have seen in the space provided.

EITHER

- 1 Analyse and evaluate the contribution of the **set designer** and their use of **staging and/or set** in the performance you have seen.

In your answer you should consider:

- key moments in the production
- your response as an informed member of the audience.

Your answer must give **balanced consideration** between your analysis **and** your evaluation.

(Total for Question 1 = 16 marks)

OR

- 2 Analyse and evaluate how **proxemics** were used to communicate **relationships** in the performance you have seen.

In your answer you should consider:

- key moments in the production
- your response as an informed member of the audience.

Your answer must give **balanced consideration** between your analysis **and** your evaluation.

(Total for Question 2 = 16 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



Performance details

Title:

.....

Venue:

.....

Date seen:

.....

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 1** **Question 2**

Write your answer here:

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



Lined writing area with horizontal dashed lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area with horizontal dashed lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Blank writing area with horizontal dotted lines.

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 16 MARKS



SECTION B: PAGE TO STAGE: REALISING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

Answer BOTH of the questions in this section with reference to the performance text you have studied.

You need to read and refer to the extract in the source booklet from the text you have studied.

Indicate which text you have studied by marking a cross in the box ☒.

Performance texts:	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Accidental Death of an Anarchist</i> , Dario Fo
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Colder Than Here</i> , Laura Wade
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Equus</i> , Peter Shaffer
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Fences</i> , August Wilson
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Machinal</i> , Sophie Treadwell
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>That Face</i> , Polly Stenham

3 As a **performer**, discuss how you might interpret and portray **one** of the **key roles** in the extract.

You should use examples from the extract to support your ideas and your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

(16)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 sets of horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 sets of horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Handwriting practice area with 20 horizontal dotted lines.

(Total for Question 3 = 16 marks)



4 As a **designer**, discuss how you would use **theatrical elements** to communicate **themes and issues** in the extract.

You should use examples from the extract to support your ideas and your answer should make reference to the performance text as a whole.

(16)

Area with horizontal dotted lines for writing the answer.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 sets of horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

(Total for Question 4 = 16 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 32 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 48 MARKS



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

BLANK PAGE



P 5 6 3 9 1 A 0 1 9 2 0

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

BLANK PAGE



Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 13 May 2019

Morning (Time: 1 hour 45 minutes)

Paper Reference **8DR0/02**

Drama and Theatre

Advanced Subsidiary

Component 2: Theatre Makers in Practice

Source Booklet

**Do not return this source booklet or your live theatre evaluation notes
with the question paper.**

Turn over ►

P56391A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1



Pearson

CONTENTS

SECTION B: PAGE TO STAGE: REALISING A PERFORMANCE TEXT

	Page
<i>Accidental Death of an Anarchist</i>	3-6
<i>Colder Than Here</i>	7-11
<i>Equus</i>	12-15
<i>Fences</i>	16-19
<i>Machinal</i>	20-23
<i>That Face</i>	24-27

Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Dario Fo

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo

PISSANI tells jokes. Takes applause.

MANIAC: Did you tell the suspect that one?

PISSANI: Yes.

MANIAC: No wonder he jumped. No seriously, Inspector, seriously. You see all this jocular banter explains a great deal that has often worried me. For instance, I was holidaying in Bergamo a couple of summers back during the time of the notorious 'Monday Gang' affair, if you recall? Practically everyone in the village was under arrest, the café proprietor, the doctor, even the priest; (*in nomine, spiritu sancti*, you're nicked); of course in the end they all turned out to be innocent. Still, my hotel, you see, was right next to the police station and I simply could not get a wink of sleep the whole time I was there for the shrieks and screams and slappings and loud thuds. Naturally, I assumed as any citizen who reads the papers and watches TV would, that these were the sounds of suspects being beaten under interrogation by brutal country coppers. All too clearly now I can see how mistaken my impressions were. Those shrieks I heard were shrieks of laughter, the screams were screams of merriment and mirth accompanied by thigh slapping convulsions of humorous hysteria.

Thrashes about laughing and miming being beaten.

MANIAC: 'Hahahaha! Jeeesus! No! That's enough! I've heard that one before. Help! Haha, no more! I love a party. Don't you?' I can see it all. The wackey, witty *carabinieri*. Those southerners...

Mimes broken nose and cauliflower ear.

MANIAC: ...what jokers...sending their suspects spinning across the floor in fits of fun, smashing their heads on the tiles at the side-splitting japes:

Does somersault as result of imaginary blow in stomach.

MANIAC: 'Ha, stop it! Ha ha! No! Please! Mercy! I can't take any more!'

The THREE POLICEMEN have joined in the act, shouting and miming various tortures. MANIAC suddenly turns on them.

MANIAC: This explains why so many perfectly ordinary, bored people suddenly dress themselves up as anarchists and revolutionaries – they are completely innocent, they just want to get themselves arrested so they can have a fucking good laugh for once in their lives. Our cunning

anarchist is obviously in his grave right now, pissing himself!

Pause. The irony has got through.

PISSANI: I don't understand. You said you were going to help us and all you do is pour scorn and derision on our heads. We sang. We showed you how warm and human we are.

MANIAC: I promise not to make fun of you any more. Absolute seriousness from now on. Let us get down to the true and proper point, the suspect's leap.

PISSANI: Right.

MANIAC: Even though we can't seem to find a credible motive for the idiotic act at the moment. Never mind. Our anarchist, seized by a psychological crisis of some kind suddenly jumps up, takes a short run and... just a sec... who gave him a leg up?

SUPERINTENDENT: What do you mean?

MANIAC: You know...

Goes to window and demonstrates with fingers interlocked.

MANIAC: ... over the sill and into the void... bit of a jump that, isn't it? You'd need a good run at that.

SUPERINTENDENT: Your Honour is surely not suggesting that...

MANIAC: Springboard handy, was there? A little baby trampoline, something of that ilk?

SUPERINTENDENT: You're at it again!

MANIAC: Just sifting the evidence. Maybe he had springs in his heels like Beau Brummel.

PISSANI: He had no ruddy springs in his bloody heels!

MANIAC: Fine. All right. *But* here was a man of 5 foot 4, give or take an inch, on his own, without stepladder, spring, accomplice, trampoline, bri-nylon rope with crampons attached or any other device and he manages to get from there... (*Indicates chair, indicates window*)... to here and within three seconds he becomes jam sponge and there's four highly-trained policemen just standing there. Look at the room, gentlemen. Surely one of you must have been in the vicinity of the window.

PISSANI: It all happened very quickly.

CONSTABLE: He was very athletic. Very fast.

MANIAC: I see.

CONSTABLE: I only just managed to grab him by the foot.

MANIAC: Ah ha! My tenacity pays off, you see. You grabbed him by the foot?

CONSTABLE: Yes, but his shoe just came off in my hand.

MANIAC: That's it! Brilliant! Why didn't I see it before? The vital thing was you had the shoe in your hand. Incontrovertible proof of your efforts to save the suspect. You've done it, gentlemen. Well done, Constable.

They slowly twig they are in the clear.

PISSANI: Of course! It works.

SUPERINTENDENT: Well done, Constable!

PISSANI and SUPERINTENDENT take drinks from filing cabinet, applaud and shake the CONSTABLE's hand.

CONSTABLE: Thank you, Super, thank you, sir.

MANIAC: Just a minute. Sorry.

Everyone freezes.

MANIAC: There's one little detail doesn't quite fit here (*Looking at papers*) Was the suspect a triped, Superintendent?

SUPERINTENDENT: (*Relief turning to boiling rage*) I beg your pardon?

MANIAC: This suicidal railwayman. If by chance the bugger's got three fee', we're home and dry.

SUPERINTENDENT nearly explodes.

Colder Than Here

Laura Wade

Colder Than Here, Laura Wade

ALEC stands in the coffin.

...When? ...DID YOU NOT HEAR A WORD I SAID?
I want someone out here tomorrow, Richard. Tomorrow
morning.

*MYRA enters carrying a pot of silver paint, which she stirs with a
small paintbrush. She is wearing her dressing gown.*

...Yes, Thursday should be fine. Yes, two o'clock.

ALEC hangs up the phone. He takes a breath.

Thursday.

MYRA: I heard.

ALEC: House is falling apart.

MYRA: You could move.

ALEC steps out of the coffin and moves away.

ALEC: The walls are bowing.

MYRA laughs.

MYRA: It's aching. Heaving, like when you cry. Like when a
person who cries, cries.

ALEC: Just years of neglect, love.

ALEC rubs his eyes under his glasses. He sits down in his chair.

Nice bath?

*MYRA eases herself down by the coffin. ALEC watches the pain in
her movements.*

MYRA: Alright. Didn't stay in long, too much Radox, got a bit
gritty.

Going off baths, too much thinking time.

*She starts to add another coat of paint to the silver stars on the
coffin.*

ALEC: You think I should move house?

MYRA: Up to you.

She paints. Pause.

Alec, when I'm gone—

ALEC: I don't want to talk about— / I shouldn't have—

MYRA: Something really important I—

ALEC: Sleep on your side, fine, I don't care, do whatever—

MYRA: Not that something else.

ALEC looks at her, confused.

I have to— Something I have to—

You might meet someone else.

ALEC: What?

MYRA: Once I've gone. You might meet someone, you might want to—

ALEC goes to speak.

(Stopping him.) No please don't please don't. *(Continuing.)* You might find you— There might be some part of you that, that *can't*, because you feel I wouldn't— That it'd be... You might hold back from it, you might not even— and I— I want you to *know* that's not what I want for you.

Beat.

ALEC: Christ, Myra.

MYRA: You just don't know, do you? I mean, she might just turn up one day, just like that, out of the blue. And if she does, when she does, I don't want you to feel you can't— can't say hello.

ALEC shifts in his chair.

You're not expecting it now, but—

Alec, you could fall in love! You could fall so much in love, you could feel something *violent*. And you've got to be brave and um *go for it* because that's what I want you to do.

In that situation. Or even. Even if it's not violent I mean. There's no reason to be alone you're too young to—

ALEC stands up. He goes over to the window and takes his handkerchief out of his pocket. He wipes his eyes, facing away from MYRA. A long pause.

ALEC: When did— When did we— When did we stop fighting this and just accept it?

MYRA goes back to painting.

MYRA: You know, you should switch to paper hankies. Women don't like those.

Beat.

ALEC: When did we decide you weren't ever—

MYRA continues painting.

I can't remember that talk, I don't remember us deciding...

MYRA: You could just say thank you.

Beat.

Thank you for arranging everything. Thank you for making sure everything's covered, not— Not forgetting anything, forgetting to say anything.

Long pause. ALEC looks out of the window, composes himself, softens.

ALEC: Thank you,

He tries to find words.

You know the funeral isn't. Isn't for you. It's for us.

Maybe if you could leave us, maybe something to do. To be— To be occupied with. After you— People need something to do.

MYRA sits still. She puts the paintbrush down.

Something to do.

ALEC goes to his chair and picks up a book from beside it. He is about to sit down, then changes his mind and goes to sit down on one end of the sofa, closer to where MYRA is. He opens his book and starts to read.

MYRA: I'm sorry.

ALEC looks over the top of his glasses at MYRA.

Thank you for sorting out the boiler. That was—

ALEC: Least I could do.

ALEC looks back at his book. A sad smile breaks MYRA's face. She comes closer to ALEC and sits next to him. Hesitant, she takes his arm and puts it around her shoulder, leaning her back against his side and pulling her feet up so that she is sitting lengthways on the sofa. She almost daren't breathe in case he notices and shrugs her away. ALEC tenses, then relaxes. He continues to read, trying to turn the pages with one hand.

MYRA: Look after the girls, won't you?

ALEC looks up.

ALEC: Are you—

MYRA: What?

ALEC: All this talk, are you thinking it's tonight or—

MYRA: Oh no. No, weeks left. Lots more awkward talks.

Pause. ALEC goes back to his book.



Equus
Peter Shaffer



Equus, Peter Shaffer

[FRANK STRANG *comes into the square, his hat in his hand. He is nervous and embarrassed.*]

DYSART [*welcoming*]: Hallo, Mr Strang.

FRANK: I was just passing. I hope it's not too late.

DYSART: Of course not. I'm delighted to see you.

FRANK: My wife doesn't know I'm here. I'd be grateful to you if you didn't enlighten her, if you receive my meaning.

DYSART: Everything that happens in this room is confidential, Mr Strang.

FRANK: I hope so ... I hope so ...

DYSART [*gently*]: Do you have something to tell me?

FRANK: As a matter of fact I have. Yes.

DYSART: Your wife told me about the photograph.

FRANK: I know, it's not that! It's *about* that, but it's – worse...I wanted to tell you the other night, but I couldn't in front of Dora. Maybe I should have. It might show her where all that stuff leads to, she drills into the boy behind my back.

DYSART: What kind of thing is it?

FRANK: Something I witnessed.

DYSART: Where?

FRANK: At home. About eighteen months ago.

DYSART: Go on.

FRANK: It was late. I'd gone upstairs to fetch something. The boy had been in bed hours, or so I thought.

DYSART: Go on.

FRANK: As I came along the passage I saw the door of his bedroom was ajar. I'm sure he didn't know it was. From inside I heard the sound of this chanting.

DYSART: Chanting?

FRANK: Like the Bible. One of those lists his mother's always reading to him.

DYSART: What kind of list?

FRANK: Those Begats. So-and-so begat, you know. Genealogy.

DYSART: Can you remember what Alan's list sounded like?

FRANK: Well, the *sort* of thing. I stood there absolutely astonished. The first word I heard was ...

ALAN [*rising and chanting*]: *Prince!*

DYSART: Prince?

FRANK: Prince begat Prince. That sort of nonsense.

[*ALAN moves slowly to the centre of the circle, downstage.*]

ALAN: And Prance begat Prankus! And Prankus begat Flankus!

FRANK: I looked through the door, and he was standing in the moonlight in his pyjamas, right in front of that big photograph.

DYSART: The horse with the huge eyes?

FRANK: Right.

ALAN: Flankus begat Spankus. And Spankus begat Spunkus the Great, who lived three score years!

FRANK: It was all like that. I can't remember the exact names, of course. Then suddenly he knelt down.

DYSART: In front of the photograph?

FRANK: Yes. Right there at the foot of his bed.

ALAN [*kneeling*]: And Legwus begat Neckwus. And Neckwus begat Fleckwus, the King of Spit. And Fleckwus spoke out of his chinkle-chankle!

[*He bows himself to the ground.*]

DYSART: What?

FRANK: I'm sure that was the word. I've never forgotten it. Chinkle-chankle.

[*ALAN raises his head and extends his hands up in glory.*]

ALAN: And he said 'Behold – I give you Equus, my only begotten son!'

DYSART: Equus?

FRANK: Yes. No doubt of that. He repeated that word several times. 'Equus my only begotten son.'

ALAN [*reverently*]: Ek...wus!

DYSART [*suddenly understanding: almost 'aside'*]: Ek...Ek...

FRANK [*embarrassed*]: And then ...

DYSART: Yes: what?

FRANK: He took a piece of string out of his pocket. Made up into a noose. And put in his mouth.

[*ALAN bridles himself with invisible string, and pulls it back.*]

And then with his other hand he picked up a coat hanger. A wooden coat hanger, and – and –

DYSART: Began to beat himself?

[*ALAN, in mime, begins to thrash himself, increasing the strokes in speed and viciousness.*

Pause.]

FRANK: You see why I couldn't tell his mother...Religion. Religion's at the bottom of all this!

DYSART: What did you do?

FRANK: Nothing. I coughed – and went back downstairs.

[*The boy starts guiltily – tears the string from his mouth - and scrambles back to bed.*]

DYSART: Did you ever speak to him about it later? Even obliquely?

FRANK [*unhappily*]: I can't speak of things like that, Doctor. It's not in my nature.

DYSART [*kindly*]: No. I see that.

FRANK: But I thought you ought to know. So I came.

DYSART [*warmly*]: Yes. I'm very grateful to you. Thank you.

[*Pause.*]

FRANK: Well, that's it...

DYSART: Is there anything else?

FRANK [*even more embarrassed*]: There is actually. One thing.

DYSART: What's that?

FRANK: On the night that he did it – that awful thing in the stable –

DYSART: Yes?

FRANK: That very night, he was out with a girl.

DYSART: How d'you know that?

FRANK: I just know.

DYSART [*puzzled*]: Did he tell you?

FRANK: I can't say any more.

DYSART: I don't quite understand.

FRANK: Everything said in here is confidential, you said.

DYSART: Absolutely.

FRANK: Then ask him. Ask him about taking a girl out, that very night he did it... [*Abruptly.*] Goodbye, Doctor.

[*He goes. DYSART looks after him.*]

FRANK *resumes his seat.*]



Fences
August Wilson



Fences, August Wilson

TROY: What that mean to me? "Bonnie working." I don't care if she working. Go ask her for the ten dollars if she working. Talking about "Bonnie working." Why ain't you working?

LYONS: Aw, Pop, you know I can't find no decent job. Where am I gonna get a job at? You know I can't get no job.

TROY: I told you I know some people down there. I can get you on the rubbish if you want to work. I told you that the last time you came by here asking me for something.

LYONS: Naw, Pop ... thanks. That ain't for me. I don't wanna be carrying nobody's rubbish. I don't wanna be punching nobody's time clock.

TROY: What's the matter, you too good to carry people's rubbish? Where you think that ten dollars you talking about come from? I'm just supposed to haul people's rubbish and give my money to you cause you too lazy to work. You too lazy to work and wanna know why you ain't got what I got.

ROSE: What hospital Bonnie working at? Mercy?

LYONS: She's down at Passavant working in the laundry.

TROY: I ain't got nothing as it is. I give you that ten dollars and I got to eat beans the rest of the week. Naw ... you ain't getting no ten dollars here.

LYONS: You ain't got to be eating beans. I don't know why you wanna say that.

TROY: I ain't got no extra money. Gabe done moved over to Miss Pearl's paying her the rent and things done got tight around here. I can't afford to be giving you every payday.

LYONS: I ain't asked you to give me nothing. I asked you to loan me ten dollars. I know you got ten dollars.

TROY: Yeah, I got it. You know why I got it? Cause I don't throw my money away out there in the streets. You living the fast life ... wanna be a musician ... running around in them clubs and things ... then, you learn to take care of yourself. You ain't gonna find me going and asking nobody for nothing. I done spent too many years without.

LYONS: You and me is two different people, Pop.

TROY: I done learned my mistake and learned to do what's right by it. You still trying to get something for nothing. Life don't owe you nothing. You owe it to yourself. Ask Bono. He'll tell you I'm right.

LYONS: You got your way of dealing with the world ... I got mine. The only thing that matters to me is the music.

TROY: Yeah, I can see that! It don't matter how you gonna eat ... where your next dollar is coming from. You telling the truth there.

LYONS: I know I got to eat. But I got to live too. I need something that gonna help me to get out of the bed in the morning. Make me feel like I belong in the world. I don't bother nobody. I just stay with my music cause that's the only way I can find to live in the world. Otherwise there ain't no telling what I might do. Now I don't come criticizing you and how you live. I just come by to ask you for ten dollars. I don't wanna hear all that about how I live.

TROY: Boy, your mama did a hell of a job raising you.

LYONS: You can't change me, Pop. I'm thirty-four years old. If you wanted to change me, you should have been there when I was growing up. I come by to see you ... ask for ten dollars and you want to talk about how I was raised. You don't know nothing about how I was raised.

ROSE: Let the boy have ten dollars, Troy.

TROY: *(To LYONS.)* What the hell you looking at me for? I ain't got no ten dollars. You know what I do with my money.
(To ROSE.)
Give him ten dollars if you want him to have it.

ROSE: I will. Just as soon as you turn it loose.

TROY: *(Handing ROSE the money.)* There it is. Seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents. You see this, Bono? Now, I ain't gonna get but six of that back.

ROSE: You ought to stop telling that lie. Here, Lyons.
(She hands him the money.)

LYONS: Thanks, Rose. Look ... I got to run ... I'll see you later.

TROY: Wait a minute. You gonna say, "thanks, Rose" and ain't gonna look to see where she got that ten dollars from? See how they do me, Bono?

LYONS: I know she got it from you, Pop. Thanks. I'll give it back to you.

TROY: There he go telling another lie. Time I see that ten dollars ... he'll be owing me thirty more.

LYONS: See you, Mr Bono.

BONO: Take care, Lyons!

LYONS: Thanks, Pop. I'll see you again.
(*LYONS exits the yard.*)

TROY: I don't know why he don't go and get him a decent job and take care of that woman he got.

BONO: He'll be alright, Troy. The boy is still young.

TROY: The *boy* is thirty-four years old.

ROSE: Let's not get off into all that.

BONO: Look here ... I got to be going. I got to be getting on. Lucille gonna be waiting.

TROY: (*Puts his arm around ROSE.*) See this woman, Bono? I love this woman. I love this woman so much it hurts. I love her so much ... I done run out of ways of loving her. So I got to go back to basics. Don't you come by my house Monday morning talking about time to go to work ... 'cause I'm still gonna be stroking!

ROSE: Troy! Stop it now!

BONO: I ain't paying him no mind, Rose. That ain't nothing but gin-talk. Go on, Troy. I'll see you Monday.

TROY: Don't you come by my house, nigger! I done told you what I'm gonna be doing.
(*The lights go down to black.*)



Machinal
Sophie Treadwell



Machinal, Sophie Treadwell

HUSBAND. Better put 'em in water right away. (*Exit NURSE.*)
Everything O.K.? (*YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No.'*) Now see here, my dear, you've got to brace up, you know! And — and face things! Everybody's got to brace up and face things! That's what makes the world go round. I know all you've been through but — (*YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No.'*) Oh, yes I do! I know all about it! I was right outside all the time! (*YOUNG WOMAN makes violent gestures of 'No.' Ignoring.*) Oh yes! But you've got to brace up now! Make an effort! Pull yourself together! Start the up-hill climb! Oh I've been down — but I haven't stayed down. I've been licked but I haven't stayed licked! I've pulled myself up by my own bootstraps, and that's what you've got to do! Will power! That's what conquers! Look at me! Now you've got to brace up! Face the music! Stand the gaff! Take life by the horns! Look it in the face! — Having a baby's natural! Perfectly natural thing — why should —
YOUNG WOMAN *chokes* — *points wildly to door.* Enter NURSE *flowers in a vase.*

NURSE. What's the matter?

HUSBAND. She's got that gagging again — like she had the last time I was here.

YOUNG WOMAN *gestures him out.*

NURSE. Better go, Sir.

HUSBAND. (*at door.*) I'll be back.

YOUNG WOMAN *gasping and gesturing.*

NURSE. She needs rest.

HUSBAND. Tomorrow then. I'll be back tomorrow — tomorrow and every day — goodbye. (*Exits.*)

NURSE. You got a mighty nice husband, I guess you know that? (*Writes on chart.*) Gagging.

Corridor life — WOMAN IN BATHROBE *passes door.* Enter DOCTOR, YOUNG DOCTOR, NURSE, *wheeling surgeon's wagon with bottles, instruments, etc.*

DOCTOR. How's the little lady today? (*Crosses to bed.*)

NURSE. She's better, Doctor.

DOCTOR. Of course she's better! She's all right — aren't you?

(*YOUNG WOMAN does not respond.*) What's the matter?

Can't you talk? (*Drops her hand. Takes chart.*)

NURSE. She's a little weak yet, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*at chart.*) Milk hasn't come yet?

NURSE. No, Doctor.

DOCTOR. Put the child to breast. (*YOUNG WOMAN* — 'No — no!' — *Riveting machine.*) No? Don't you want to nurse your baby? (*YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No.'*) Why not? (*No response.*) These modern neurotic women, eh, Doctor? What are we going to do with 'em? (*YOUNG DOCTOR laughs.* NURSE *smiles.*) Bring the baby!

YOUNG WOMAN. No!

DOCTOR. Well — that's strong enough. I thought you were too weak to talk — that's better. You don't want your baby?

YOUNG WOMAN. No.

DOCTOR. What do you want?
 YOUNG WOMAN. Let alone — let alone.
 DOCTOR. Bring the baby.
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor — she's behaved very badly every time,
 Doctor— very upset — maybe we better not.
 DOCTOR. I decide what we better and better not here, Nurse!
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor.
 DOCTOR. Bring the baby.
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor.
 DOCTOR (*with chart*). Gagging — you mean nausea.
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor, but —
 DOCTOR. No buts, nurse.
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor.
 DOCTOR. Nausea! — Change the diet! — What is her diet?
 NURSE. Liquids.
 DOCTOR. Give her solids.
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor. She says she can't swallow solids.
 DOCTOR. Give her solids.
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor. (*Starts to go — riveting machine.*)
 DOCTOR. Wait — I'll change her medicine. (*Takes pad and writes
 prescription in Latin. Hands it to NURSE.*) After meals. (*To
 door.*) Bring her baby.
*Exit DOCTOR, followed by YOUNG DOCTOR and NURSE
 with surgeon's wagon.*
 NURSE. Yes, Doctor.
Exits.
 YOUNG WOMAN (alone). Let me alone — let me alone — let
 me alone — I've submitted to enough — I won't submit to any
 more — crawl off — crawl off in the dark — Vixen crawled under
 the bed — way back in the corner under the bed — they were all
 drowned — puppies don't go to heaven — heaven — golden stairs
 — long stairs — long — too long — long golden stairs — climb
 those golden stairs — stairs — stairs — climb — tired — too tired —
 dead — no matter — nothing matters — dead — stairs — long stairs
 — all the dead going up — going up — to be in heaven — heaven —
 golden stairs — all the children coming down — coming down to
 be born — dead going up — children coming down — going up —
 coming down — going up — coming down — going up — coming
 down — going up — stop — stop — no — no traffic cop — no — no
 traffic cop in heaven — traffic cop — traffic cop — can't you give
 us a smile — tired — too tired — no matter — it doesn't matter —
 St. Peter — St. Peter at the gate — you can't come in — no matter
 — it doesn't matter — I'll rest — I'll lie down — down — all written
 down — down in a big book — no matter — it doesn't matter — I'll
 lie down — it weighs me — it's over me — it weighs — weighs —
 it's heavy — it's a heavy book — no matter — lie still — don't
 move — can't move — rest — forget — they say you forget — a
 girl — aren't you glad it's a girl — a little girl — with no hair —
 none — little curls all over his head — a little bald girl — curls —
 curls all over his head — what kind of hair had God? no matter —
 it doesn't matter — everybody loves God — they've got to — got
 to — got to love God — God is love — even if he's bad they got to

love him — even if he's got fat hands — fat hands — no no — he
wouldn't be God — His hands make you well — He lays on his
hands — well — and happy — no matter — doesn't matter — far —
too far — tired — too tired Vixen crawled off under bed — eight —
there were eight — a woman crawled off under the bed — a
woman has one — two three four — one two three four — one two
three four — two plus two is four — two times two is four

That Face
Polly Stenham

That Face, Polly Stenham

*Tuesday morning. Martha's flat. Henry's bedroom.
Martha is in his bed. There is an overflowing ashtray next
to the bed – it should look as though she's been camping
there all night.*

Sound of Henry opening the door.

Martha Henry?

She gets out of bed.

Henry? HENRY?

Sound of a shower running.

*Martha sits back down. She stands up. Sits back
down. She is clearly disconcerted. She goes to stand by
the door. She goes to leave the room, but at the last
minute thinks better of it and returns to the bed. She
gets in the bed, sitting up. She wriggles further down
into the bed. She pulls the duvet over her head. Stays
like this for a while.*

*Martha sighs. Water is still running. She sits up
again. Opens a book. Tries to read nonchalantly. Can't
focus. Finds a cigarette. Smokes it nervously. The shower
sound stops. She hurriedly puts it out, dives into the
bed and covers her body and head with the duvet.*

Henry (offstage) Martha? Where are the clean clothes?
My shirts. I washed them. I strung them up in the ...
They're not here...

*Beat. Henry enters, dripping wet with only a towel
around his waist. He searches his room for his clothes
and can't find them.*

Where are all my clothes?

Martha wriggles further down into the bed.

Where are they?

MUMMY.

Where are they?

She sits up.

Thank you.

*They stare at each other. She looks at his upper body.
She notices a love bite on his neck.*

Give me something to put on.

Beat.

If you're not going to tell me where they are, I'll find
something temporary.

Don't look at me like that.

Martha Why not?

Henry You know.

Beat.

Where are my clothes?

She stares at him.

Fine. Fine. I'll wear ... I'll wear ... this.

He holds up one of Martha's dressing gowns, a long white one with a flower design.

Martha moves towards the edge of the bed closest to him and sits on it.

Martha You're wet.

He turns away from her. There are scratches on his back. He chastely slips on the dressing gown and only when he's covered drops the towel. He ties the cord tightly.

Martha laughs at the sight of him. He smiles, shrugs and stares down at himself.

Your hair is wet.

He rubs his hair with the towel.

You could have worn what you came home in.

Henry It was dirty.

Beat.

Martha You're dirty. What's that on your neck?

Henry *(as if to a deaf person)* Where – are – my – clothes?

Mummy? MARTHA?

Martha *(as if to a deaf person)* Where – was – my – son?

Henry This isn't funny.

Martha Tit for tat. Tit for tit. I'll tell you if you tell me. Where were you?

Henry Out.

Martha Who with?

Henry Friends.

Martha You don't have any friends.

Henry You don't know everything about –

Martha About you, I do. You don't have any friends. You never had any friends.

Henry I was at a friend's flat. I missed the last bus. Where are my clothes?

Martha Who?

Henry Who?

Martha Who was your friend?

Henry A ...a ...mate, OK? Someone I used to know.

Martha Called?

Henry None of your business.

Martha Don't get cheeky. I'm your mother, not one of your ... mates. What was the name?

Henry (*searching*) Ian.

Martha A boy.

Henry Yes. A boy.

Martha You stayed the night, with, a, boy?

Henry Two boys.

She starts to laugh.

Martha Come here.

She opens her arms. He approaches her warily. She hugs him.

Beautiful boy. Beautiful baby, covered in marks. You silly thing.

Rocks him.

You could have told me. But then, I think I always knew. I don't mind ... I know some parents mind. My parents would have really minded. God ... my father. But they were religious, and, not as close as us, eh? No. I don't mind a bit. I just don't want any secrets between us. Beautiful boy. Russian soldier. You have to tell me all about it - not the details mind. But we can have a gossip. To be honest, I was starting to suspect, you being so gentle. So sweet. So utterly unlike any ... Modern times, though, modern times –

Henry has reached into the bedclothes and pulled out a strip of cut-up shirt material.

BLANK PAGE

Source Information

Accidental Death of an Anarchist © Dario Fo, 1987, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, Bloomsbury Methuen Drama, an imprint of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Colder Than Here © *Colder Than Here*, Laura Wade, By kind permission of Oberon Books Ltd

Equus from: *Equus*, Peter Shaffer, Penguin Classics

Fences © 1986 by August Wilson. Used by permission of New American Library, an imprint of Penguin Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC.

Machinal © Reprinted with permission of Nick Hern Books; www.nickhern.co.uk

That Face from: *That Face*, Polly Stenham, Faber & Faber 2008

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.