

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

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Morning (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **9DR0/03**

Drama and Theatre

Advanced

Component 3: Theatre Makers in Practice

Source booklet for use with Section B questions only

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Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Dario Fo

T

Accidental Death of an Anarchist, Dario Fo

Re-enter CONSTABLE *with* MARIA FELETTI.

CONSTABLE: Maria Feletti, sir.

PISSANI: Miss Feletti, delighted...

SUPERINTENDENT: ...to meet you. I'm the Superintendent. We spoke on the telephone. Allow me to introduce my colleague Inspector Pissani in charge of this department.

FELETTI: Pleased to meet you.

PISSANI: The pleasure is all mine.

He shakes her hand.

SUPERINTENDENT: Do sit down.

FELETTI: Thank you. I shan't beat about the bush. As you may be aware, my paper has been less than enthusiastic about the flagrant public white-washing given to recent events in this building by the City Magistrate's offic.

SUPERINTENDENT: This may be because your paper prefers to deal in rumour rather than fact. If I may say so without being personal, Miss Feletti.

FELETTI: I doubt it.

SUPERINTENDENT: Even so I have read your column with admiration. You have struck me as a woman of great courage, a true democrat and lover of justice.

FELETTI: You are too kind. I wonder if I could begin by asking the Inspector a couple of questions.

PISSANI: Certainly.

FELETTI: Why do people call you the 'Window Straddler'?

PISSANI: I beg your pardon?

FELETTI: (*Taking out a paper*) This is a copy of a letter written by a young anarchist now in San Vittore prison... 'The Inspector on the fourth floor forced me to sit on the window sill with my legs hanging out. "Throw yourself out!" he said and "Jump! Go on. Or haven't you got the guts!" He threatened to push me. I was terrified.'

PISSANI: I resent this.

SUPERINTENDENT: (*Calm and indifferent*) Marco will be here in a minute.

PISSANI: Oh, it's Marco now is it?

FELETTI: You were saying?

SUPERINTENDENT: If you attach any importance to the words of a condemned man against those of a police officer I'm afraid I don't know how to respond.

MANIAC: *(Off)* Superintendent!

SUPERINTENDENT: Ah, perhaps my colleague can help. I took the liberty of inviting him to join us. A forensic expert from Rome. Come in!

Captain Marcantonio Banzi Piccini, may I present Maria Feletti from the...

He dries up as he turns to come face to face with the MANIAC. MARIA FELETTI and PISSANI have risen to their feet and stare open-mouthed, as does the CONSTABLE. The MANIAC is outrageously costumed. He wears false moustache, glasses, wild wig, wooden leg, false hand, eye patch, carries a crutch.

MANIAC: Delighted!

He proffers his false hand.

MANIAC: Pardon my stiff hand. It's wooden. Memento of the Algerian campaign. Nasty business. We don't talk about it.

They stare at his wooden leg. He gives it a slap.

MANIAC: Vietnam. Green Berets. All past history. Do sit down.

Slowly they all sit.

MANIAC: *(To Audience)* No cigarettes please. All dry wood here. Right, young woman, don't mind me. I'll just park my old timbers over here and you get stuck in. What's the subject?

FELETTI: Window straddling.

MANIAC: *(He sits awkwardly)* Splendid.

FELETTI: According to the evidence of the emergency services a call was registered from the switchboard of this station on the night of the alleged suicide at two minutes to twelve. The call was a request for ambulance services. Witnesses to the suicide all agreed it took place at three minutes *past* twelve. Can you explain this discrepancy?

SUPERINTENDENT: It is a crime to be prudent and show a bit of foresight, now, is it?

PISSANI: We sometimes call an ambulance on the off-chance.

SUPERINTENDENT: Anyway the clock that registered our call in the exchange was probably slow.

PISSANI: More than likely.

FELETTI: Extraordinary.

MANIAC: Why extraordinary? This is not Switzerland, you know. People set their clocks as they bloody well like here. Some forward, some back. We live in a country of artists and stupendous individualists. We are Italians. Rebels against habit and custom.

SUPERINTENDENT: Well said, Captain.

He slaps MANIAC on back.

MANIAC: Mind the eye.

SUPERINTENDENT: Eye?

MANIAC: It's glass. You'll knock it out.

SUPERINTENDENT: Oh sorry.

PISSANI: What are you driving at Miss Feletti?

FELETTI: Among the documents of the enquiry produced by the investigating judge, there is no sign of any expert analysis of the parabola of the fall. Something almost obligatory in such cases.

SUPERINTENDENT: Parabola?

PISSANI: Parabola?

MANIAC: Beautiful word.

Colder Than Here

Laura Wade

Colder Than Here, Laura Wade

The front door opens, offstage.

JENNA: (off.) Hello.

MYRA, ALEC and HARRIET look at each other.

JENNA comes into the living room, a large sports bag slung over her shoulder. She stands just inside the door, hesitant.

Hi.

MYRA, ALEC and HARRIET all look at her. JENNA swings the bag onto the floor.

What?

MYRA: Is everything alright?

JENNA: I, um. Thought I might. Stay for a bit. If that's- If that's OK.

MYRA: Have you and Mark had an argument?

JENNA: No. No more than usual. It's all fine, he's fine.

MYRA, ALEC and HARRIET continue to stare at JENNA.

What? Is this. Is this not alright?

MYRA: Of course it's—

JENNA: All looking at me like it's—

MYRA: It's lovely to see you.

JENNA puts her hands in her pockets.

Glass of wine?

JENNA: If its not too much tr—

MYRA: White or red?

JENNA looks at ALEC's glass.

JENNA: Red.

MYRA goes to pick up the bottle and HARRIET stops her.

HARRIET: Here, let me.

JENNA watches HARRIET. Then MYRA.

MYRA: Harri and Dad went to the concert tonight.

HARRIET pours a glass of wine for JENNA and hands it to her. ALEC goes back to his paper.

JENNA: Was it good?

HARRIET: / Yeah.

ALEC: No.

JENNA: What was it?

HARRIET: The Brahms double.

JENNA: I like Brahms.

HARRIET: Since when?

JENNA: Hungarian Dances — I like that. The one Dad likes.

MYRA: Brahms!

MYRA types something into the laptop.

ALEC: What are you doing?

MYRA: Hungarian Dances, brilliant. Upbeat. You should take Jenna to a concert sometime.

MYRA continues to type.

JENNA: That would be— Um, yeah.

The others are watching MYRA. JENNA pulls her sleeves over her wrists. She moves a little closer to MYRA.

Fucking cold in here.

HARRIET: Boiler's packed up.

JENNA: Oh.

HARRIET: Still want to stay?

JENNA: Course. Yeah.

JENNA drinks some wine. HARRIET watches her from the sofa. ALEC reads and MYRA types.

I'll go put my bag—

JENNA goes to leave with her bag. She doubles back and hugs MYRA over the back of the sofa, then leaves rapidly. The others look at each other.

HARRIET: God knows. D'you think they've—

MYRA: What, split up?

ALEC takes his shoes off.

ALEC: Entrance wasn't dramatic enough.

HARRIET: (To MYRA.) She'll tell you.

JENNA returns and stands by the door.

JENNA: Ummm...

ALEC: Ah, the ominous um.

ALEC takes his slippers from beside the chair and puts them on. He puts shoe-trees in the shoes he has taken off.

JENNA: Um, where's Baggins?

ALEC: Ah.

ALEC looks at MYRA.

JENNA: What?

MYRA: Baggins isn't here.

JENNA: God, he didn't get run over again, did he?

MYRA puts her hands together in her lap.

MYRA: No.

JENNA: What, is he— Has he gone on holiday?

HARRIET: Sort of.

JENNA: What?

MYRA motions to HARRIET to fill up her wine glass.

MYRA: He's um. He's moved out.

JENNA: How— How can he have— He's a cat.

MYRA: They're autonomous, love. It's up to them.

JENNA: He's been here fifteen years, this is his home.

ALEC: Went off with another woman.

JENNA looks at MYRA.

MYRA: Alec. He disappeared. Few weeks ago. So I. I put a card in the newsagents with his picture, the phone number and. And the next day a lady rang from Kenilworth Road and said she'd— Got him. She'd been looking after him, thought he was a stray.

JENNA: He's got a collar.

MYRA: Lost it. She wasn't to know.

JENNA: Fucking cat thief.

ALEC: Cat burglar.

MYRA: Alec. She'd only just moved here and her cat died. I felt sorry for her.

JENNA: You left him there?

ALEC: Course she didn't.

MYRA: We went to get him, with the basket. Kept him inside a few days so he'd readjust and it was fine. Then, how long was it?

ALEC: A week. Thereabouts.

MYRA: Went off again.

JENNA: But you went— You went and got him again?

MYRA: Yes. And the time after that. By the fourth time I thought. Well I thought maybe he, he likes it there. Maybe. So I said—

JENNA: What?

MYRA: I said she could keep him.

JENNA: He's my cat.



Equus
Peter Shaffer



Equus, Peter Shaffer

DORA [*calling out*]: Doctor!

[DORA *re-enters and comes straight on to the square from the right.*

She wears an overcoat, and is nervously carrying a shopping bag.]

DYSART: That same evening, his mother appeared.

DORA: Hallo, Doctor.

DYSART: Mrs Strang!

DORA: I've been shopping in the neighbourhood. I thought I might just look in.

DYSART: Did you want to see Alan?

DORA [*uncomfortably*]: No, no ... Not just at the moment. Actually, it's more you I wanted to see.

DYSART: Yes?

DORA: You see, there's something Mr Strang and I thought you ought to know. We discussed it, and it might just be important.

DYSART: Well, come and sit down.

DORA: I can't stay more than a moment. I'm late as it is. Mr Strang will be wanting his dinner.

DYSART: Ah. [*Encouragingly.*] So, what was it you wanted to tell me?

[*She sits on the upstage bench.*]

DORA: Well, do you remember that photograph I mentioned to you. The one Mr Strang gave Alan to decorate his bedroom a few years ago?

DYSART: Yes. A horse looking over a gate, wasn't it?

DORA: That's right. Well, actually, it took the place of another kind of picture altogether.

DYSART: What kind?

DORA: It was a reproduction of Our Lord on his way to Calvary.

Alan found it in Reeds Art Shop, and fell absolutely in love with it.

He insisted on buying it with his pocket money, and hanging it at the foot of his bed where he could see it last thing at night. My

husband was very displeased.

DYSART: Because it was religious?

DORA: In all fairness I must admit it was a little extreme. The Christ was loaded down with chains, and the centurions were really laying on the stripes. It certainly would not have been my choice, but I don't believe in interfering too much with children, so I said nothing.

DYSART: But Mr Strang did?

DORA: He stood it for a while, but one day we had one of our tiffs about religion, and he went upstairs, tore it off the boy's wall and threw it in the dustbin. Alan went quite hysterical. He cried for days without stopping — and he was not a crier, you know.

DYSART: But he recovered when he was given the photograph of the horse in its place?

DORA: He certainly seemed to. At least, he hung it in exactly the same position, and we had no more of that awful weeping.

DYSART: Thank you, Mrs Strang. That *is* interesting ... Exactly how long ago was that? Can you remember?

DORA: It must be five years ago, Doctor. Alan would have been about twelve. How is he, by the way?

DYSART: Bearing up.

[*She rises.*]

DORA: Please give him my love.

DYSART: You can see him any time you want, you know.

DORA: Perhaps if I could come one afternoon without Mr Strang. He and Alan don't exactly get on at the moment, as you can imagine.

DYSART: Whatever you decide, Mrs Strang ... Oh, one thing.

DORA: Yes?

DYSART: Could you describe that photograph of the horse in a little more detail for me? I presume it's still in his bedroom?

DORA: Oh, yes. It's a most remarkable picture, really. You very rarely see a horse taken from that angle — absolutely head on.

That's what makes it so interesting.

DYSART: Why? What does it look like?

DORA: Well, it's most extraordinary. It comes out all eyes.

DYSART: Staring straight at you?

DORA: Yes, that's right ...

[*An uncomfortable pause.*]

I'll come and see him one day very soon, Doctor. Goodbye.

[*She leaves, and resumes her place by her husband.*]

DYSART [*to audience*]: It was then — that moment — I felt real alarm. What was it? The shadow of a giant head across my desk? ... At any rate, the feeling got worse with the stable-owner's visit.

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[*DALTON comes in to the square: heavy-set, mid-fifties.*]

DALTON: Dr Dysart?

DYSART: Mr Dalton. It's very good of you to come.

DALTON: It is, actually. In my opinion the boy should be in prison.

Not in a hospital at the tax-payers' expense.

DYSART: Please sit down.

[DALTON *sits.*]

This must have been a terrible experience for you.

DALTON: Terrible? I don't think I'll ever get over it. Jill's had a nervous breakdown.

DYSART: Jill?

DALTON: The girl who worked for me. Of course, she feels responsible in a way. Being the one who introduced him in the first place.

DYSART: He was introduced to the stable by a girl?

DALTON: Jill Mason. He met her somewhere, and asked for a job.

She told him to come and see me. I wish to Christ she never had.

DYSART: But when he first appeared he didn't seem in any way peculiar?

DALTON: No, he was bloody good. He'd spend hours with the horses cleaning and grooming them, way over the call of duty. I thought he was a real find.

DYSART: Apparently, during the whole time he worked for you, he never actually rode.

DALTON: That's true.

DYSART: Wasn't that peculiar?

DALTON: Very ... *If* he didn't.

DYSART: What do you mean?

[DALTON *rises.*]

DALTON: Because on and off, the whole year, I had the feeling the horses were being taken out at night.

DYSART: At night?



Fences
August Wilson



Fences, August Wilson

It is Friday. Two weeks later. CORY starts out of the house with his football equipment. The phone rings.

CORY: *(Calling.)* I got it!
(He answers the phone and stands in the screen door talking.)
Hello? Hey, Jesse. Naw ... I was just getting ready to leave now.

ROSE: *(Calling.)* Cory!

CORY: I told you, man, them spikes is all tore up. You can use them if you want, but they ain't no good. Earl got some spikes.

ROSE: *(Calling.)* Cory!

CORY: *(Calling to ROSE.)* Mam? I'm talking to Jesse.
(Into phone.)
When she say that? *(Pause.)* Aw, you lying, man. I'm gonna tell her you said that.

ROSE: *(Calling.)* Cory, don't you go nowhere!

CORY: I got to go to the game, Ma!
(Into the phone.)
Yeah, hey, look. I'll talk to you later. Yeah, I'll meet you over Earl's house. Later. Bye, Ma.
(CORY exits the house and starts out the yard.)

ROSE: Cory, where you going off to? You got that stuff all pulled out and thrown all over your room.

CORY: *(In the yard.)* I was looking for my spikes. Jesse wanted to borrow my spikes.

ROSE: Get up there and get that cleaned up before your daddy get back in here.

CORY: I got to go to the game! I'll clean it up *when I get back.*
(CORY exits.)

ROSE: That's all he need to do is see that room all messed up.

(ROSE exits into the house. TROY and BONO enter the yard. TROY is dressed in clothes other than his work clothes.)

BONO: He told him the same thing he told you. Take it to the union.

TROY: Brownie ain't got that much sense. Man wasn't thinking about nothing. He wait until I confront them on it ... then he wanna come crying seniority.

(Calls.)

Hey, Rose!

BONO: I wish I could have seen Mr. Rand's face when he told you.

TROY: He couldn't get it out of his mouth! Liked to bit his tongue. When they called me down there to the Commissioner's office ... he thought they was gonna fire me. Like everybody else.

BONO: I didn't think they was gonna fire you. I thought they was gonna put you on the warning paper.

TROY: Hey, Rose!

(To BONO.)

Yeah, Mr. Rand like to bit his tongue.

(TROY breaks the seal on the bottle, takes a drink, and hands it to BONO.)

BONO: I see you run right down to Taylors' and told that Alberta gal.

TROY: *(Calling.)* Hey Rose! *(To BONO.)* I told everybody. Hey, Rose! I went down there to cash my check.

ROSE: *(Entering from the house.)* Hush all that hollering, man! I know you out here. What they say down there at the Commissioner's office?

TROY: You supposed to come when I call you, woman. Bono'll tell you that.

(To BONO.)

Don't Lucille come when you call her?

ROSE: Man, hush your mouth. I ain't no dog ... talk about "come when you call me."

TROY: *(Puts his arm around ROSE.)* You hear this, Bono? I had me an old dog used to get uppity like that. You say, "C'mere, Blue!" ... and he just lay there and look at you. End up getting a stick and chasing him away trying to make him come.

ROSE: I ain't studying you and your dog. I remember you used to sing that old song.

TROY: (*He sings.*) Hear it ring! Hear it ring!
I had a dog his name was Blue.

ROSE: Don't nobody wanna hear you sing that old song.

TROY: (*Sings.*) You know Blue was mighty true.

ROSE: Used to have Cory running around here singing that song.

BONO: Hell, I remember that song myself.

TROY: (*Sings.*) You know Blue was a good old dog.
Blue treed a possum in a hollow log.

That was my daddy's song. My daddy made up that song.

ROSE: I don't care who made it up. Don't nobody wanna hear you sing it.

TROY: (*Makes a song like calling a dog.*) Come here, woman.

ROSE: You come in here carrying on, I reckon they ain't fired you. What they say down there at the Commissioner's office?

TROY: Look here, Rose ... Mr. Rand called me into his office today when I got back from talking to them people down there ... it come from up top ... he called me in and told me they was making me a driver.

ROSE: Troy, you kidding!

TROY: No I ain't. Ask Bono.

ROSE: Well, that's great, Troy. Now you don't have to hassle them people no more.

Machinal
Sophie Treadwell

Machinal, Sophie Treadwell

**EPISODE FIVE
Prohibited**

Scene: bar: bottles, tables, chairs, electric piano.

Sound: electric piano.

Characters

MAN *behind the bar*

POLICEMAN *at bar*

WAITER

At Table 1: a MAN and a WOMAN

At Table 2: a MAN and a BOY

*At Table 3: TWO MEN waiting for TWO GIRLS, who are
TELEPHONE GIRL of Episode One and YOUNG WOMAN*

*At rise: everyone except the GIRLS on. Of the characters, the
MAN and WOMAN at Table 1 are an ordinary man and
woman. THE MAN at Table 2 is a middle-aged fairy; the BOY
is young, untouched. At Table 3, FIRST MAN is pleasing,
common, vigorous. He has coarse wavy hair. SECOND MAN is
an ordinary salesman type.*

At Table 3.

FIRST MAN. I'm going to beat it.

SECOND MAN. Oh, for the love of Mike.

FIRST MAN. They ain't going to show.

SECOND MAN. Sure they'll show.

FIRST MAN. How do you know they'll show?

SECOND MAN. I tell you you can't keep that baby away from
me — just got to — (*Snaps fingers.*) — She comes running.

FIRST MAN. Looks like it.

SECOND MAN (*to WAITER makes sign '2' with his fingers*). The
same. (*WAITER goes to the bar.*)

At Table 2.

MAN. Oh, I'm sorry I brought you here.

BOY. Why?

MAN. This Purgatory of noise! I brought you here to give you pleasure — let you taste pleasure. This sherry they have here is bottled — heaven. Wait till you taste it.

BOY. But I don't drink.

MAN. Drink! This isn't drink! Real amontillado is sunshine and orange groves — it's the Mediterranean and blue moonlight and — love? Have you ever been in love?

BOY. No.

MAN. Never in love with — a woman?

BOY. No — not really.

MAN. What do you mean really?

BOY. Just — that.

MAN. Ah! (*Makes sign to WAITER.*) Two — you know what I want — Two. (*WAITER goes to the bar.*)

At Table 1.

MAN. Well, are you going through with it, or ain't you?

WOMAN. That's what I want to do — go through with it.

MAN. But you can't.

WOMAN. Why can't I?

MAN. How can yuh? (*Silence.*) It's nothing — most women don't think anything about it — they just — Bert told me a doctor to go to — gave me the address —

WOMAN. Don't talk about it!

MAN. Got to talk about it — you got to get out of this. (*Silence — MAN makes sign to WAITER.*) What you having?

WOMAN. Nothing — I don't want anything. I had enough.

MAN. Do you good. The same?

WOMAN. I suppose so.

MAN. (*makes sign '2' to WAITER.*) The same. (*WAITER goes to the bar.*)

At Table 3

FIRST MAN. I'm going to beat it.

SECOND MAN. Oh say, listen! I'm counting on you to take the other one off my hands.

FIRST MAN. I'm going to beat it.

SECOND MAN. For the love of Mike have a heart! Listen — as a favor to me — I got to be home by six — I promised my wife — sure. That don't leave me no time at all if we got to hang around — entertain some dame. You got to take her off my hands.

FIRST MAN. Maybe she won't fall for me.

SECOND MAN. Sure she'll fall for you! They all fall for you — even my wife likes you — tries to kid herself it's your brave exploits, but I know what it is — sure she'll fall for you.

Enter two girls — TELEPHONE GIRL *and* YOUNG WOMAN.

GIRL. (*coming to table*). Hello —

SECOND MAN. (*grouch*). Good night.

GIRL. Good night? What's eatin' yuh?

SECOND MAN. (*same*). Nothing's eatin' me — thought somethin' musta swallowed you.

GIRL. Why?

SECOND MAN. You're late!

GIRL. (*unimpressed*). Oh — (*Brushing it aside.*) Mrs. Jones — Mr. Smith.

SECOND MAN. Meet my friend, Mr Roe. (*They all sit. To the WAITER*) The same and two more. (*WAITER goes.*)

GIRL. So we kept you waiting, did we?

SECOND MAN. Only about an hour.

YOUNG WOMAN. Was it that long?

SECOND MAN. We been here that long — ain't we Dick?

FIRST MAN. Just about, Harry.

SECOND MAN. For the love of God what delayed yuh?

GIRL. Tell Helen that one.

SECOND MAN. (*to YOUNG WOMAN*). The old Irish woman that went to her first race? Bet on the skate that came in last — she went up to the jockey and asked him, 'For the love of God, what delayed yuh.'

All laugh.

YOUNG WOMAN. Why, that's kinda funny!

SECOND MAN. Kinda! — What do you mean kinda?

YOUNG WOMAN. I just mean there are not many of 'em that are funny at all.

SECOND MAN. Not if you haven't heard the funny ones.

YOUNG WOMAN. Oh I've heard 'em all.

FIRST MAN. Not a laugh in a carload, eh?

GIRL. Got a cigarette?

SECOND MAN (*with package*). One of these?

GIRL (*taking one*). Uhhuh.

He offers the package to YOUNG WOMAN.

That Face
Polly Stenham

That Face, Polly Stenham

SCENE THREE

Later that day. A private hospital room. Alice is in the hospital bed, her head partially swathed in bandages, and hooked up to a drip. It is not clear whether she is sedated, unconscious or asleep. Henry and Mia stand on either side of her. Mia is peering at Alice.

Mia Say something. Something. Please.

Beat.

She looks bad, doesn't she?

Henry Jesus, Mia.

Mia She's only wired up to this. Is that good?

Henry This is frightening. You know that. You are frightening.

Mia Don't.

Henry Don't what? What do you want me to say? That it's fine. You could have told me. Prepared me. Fuck. What had she done to you?

Mia It's not that ...

Henry What? 'Not that' what?

Mia Simple.

Henry It is that fucking simple. You don't go around doing that to people. You just don't.

Mia You don't understand.

Henry No. You're right. I don't.

Mia In the context, what happened, what we were doing. It seemed OK. It seemed perfectly fine — allowed, even.

Henry All right? *This* seemed all right —?

Mia It's different in there: different rules, different power levels ... it's messed up. Back in school, at night, when all the teachers are in bed and the power shifts ... when age becomes like a rank. And people are bored.

Henry You can't excuse this, Mia. Nothing can excuse this —

Mia It's a different world, with different rules. And some stuff ... well, it seems OK. Allowed even. But in the light of day, here. Before that, even, soon as I walked out of the gates and saw normal people, no uniform. Then I realised how messed up it was, what happened. But when I was in the dorm, with Izzy, tying her up — well, I could only see the particles, the teeny tiny particles. Not the whole picture.

Henry You frighten me.

Mia Should I try and apologise?

Henry What if we're seen?

Mia It was your idea.

Henry I didn't know how bad this was, did I? If I'd have known —

Mia Alice ...

Henry Let's just go.

Mia Relax, her parents don't know what we look like.

Henry They probably do now.

Mia They dropped her off early at the start of term. So we never met.

Beat.

I've seen photos, though ... by her bed. They looked nice.

Henry fingers some paper cups by the side of the bed.

Henry Jesus, Mia. These are still warm.

Mia (*distracted*) So they've just left.

Henry So they've gone to get more coffee. I think we should go.

Mia It was your idea.

Henry Because I thought she'd be propped up in bed feeling a bit woozy. Not. Not. Looking like a war victim. Jesus, Mia.

Mia But our plan —

Henry Is defunct. Let's go.

Mia (*distracted*) Have you seen the size of this?

She is examining a bruise on Alice's face.

It's massive.

Henry Please. Let's go. This is freaking me out. Besides, she could wake up.

Mia I thought you wanted her to wake up?

Henry How many times? This is different to what I thought. This is entirely different. Jesus. If she wakes up and sees you hovering here she'll probably scream. I would. Sod the plan. Let's go.

They both hear the sudden sound of someone knocking on the door. Scared, they hide under the bed.

Izzy enters, sniffing. She is holding an enormous, extravagant bunch of flowers and a grotesque hand-made card. She relaxes as soon as she realises the room is empty of visitors. She puts the flowers down on the foot of the bed. She walks up to Alice and peers at her.

Izzy (*softly*) Alice? Honey?

She tugs at her shoulder gently, no response. Tries again. No response.

Pause.

She flicks her face lightly with her finger. No response. She repeats the action harder. No response.

Satisfied that Alice is unconscious she begins to take in her own handiwork and lets out a low wolf whistle.

Alice, honey, you're a state ...

Mia and Henry sneak out behind Izzy. Mia puts her hand over Izzy's mouth. Izzy shrieks.

Mia Shhh ...

Izzy It's you. You scared me.

Beat.

Was it you two in here before?

Mia Yeah.

Izzy God, you got me all riled up. I thought it was the parents. I was exploiting my hay fever to the maximum.

Source Information

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