

# Cambridge IGCSE™

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**DRAMA****0411/13**

Paper 1

**May/June 2026**

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



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**Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.**

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**INSTRUCTIONS**

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

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This document has **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**EXTRACT 1**

Adapted from Andrew Upton's modern version of Anton Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*.

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Chekhov's play premièred in Moscow in 1904, and the modern version was first performed in London in 2011. The play is in four acts and the extract is adapted from the first half of Act One.

*The Cherry Orchard* deals with the effect that social change has on people. Madame RANYEVSKAYA is a landowner in Russia from an aristocratic family. She has been living in France for some years following the death of her husband and son. She returns now to her family estate in Russia with her 17-year-old daughter ANYA, CHARLOTTA, and YASHA. While they have been away, the estate in Russia has been looked after by VARYA, RANYEVSKAYA's adopted daughter, aged 24. Although RANYEVSKAYA does not have the financial resources to sustain her estate she persists in living beyond her means.

LOPAHIN is a wealthy merchant but comes from a lower social class. He enjoys the privileges that his money brings but is very conscious of his humble beginnings. He reminds RANYEVSKAYA and her eccentric brother, GAEV, that their estate – which includes a large and very famous cherry orchard – will be sold at auction to pay off the family's debts. LOPAHIN suggests that the estate can be saved by allowing part of it to be developed into summer cottages, but this would mean destroying the cherry orchard. In terms of symbolism, cherry trees are often seen as a symbol of sadness about changing times, which is the theme of Chekhov's play. Despite this, Chekhov referred to the play as a comedy and there are comic elements throughout.

**CHARACTERS**

RANYEVSKAYA	landowner
GAEV	RANYEVSKAYA's brother, a talkative eccentric
ANYA	RANYEVSKAYA's daughter, aged seventeen.
	Close to TROFIMOV, a revolutionary
VARYA	RANYEVSKAYA's adopted daughter, aged twenty-four,
	close to LOPAHIN
LOPAHIN	wealthy merchant from a humble background
SIMYONOV-PISCHIK	landowner
CHARLOTTA	governess to ANYA
YEPIHODOV	estate manager, in love with DUNYASHA
DUNYASHA	maid, in love with YASHA but who is being pursued by YEPIHODOV
FIRS	elderly, eccentric manservant, aged 87
YASHA	an insolent and self-obsessed butler

## ACT ONE

[The nursery, near dawn. DUNYASHA enters carrying a candle, LOPAHIN a book.]

- LOPAHIN: About time.  
 DUNYASHA: Two o'clock. The birds'll start. Then it'll be day.  
 LOPAHIN: That makes the train ... over two hours late. 5
- [He yawns and stretches.]
- DUNYASHA: Come all this way to meet them and fall asleep. I must look a fool. I wanted to go to the station. You should have woken me. I thought you'd gone.  
 [She listens.] 10
- That's them.  
 [He listens.]
- LOPAHIN: No. They've got all that luggage to sort out. Ten years' worth.  
 Ten years. A lot happens ... abroad especially. Probably more happens abroad. Heaven only knows what she's like now. Good still, I'm sure. I think of her as good. She was light. Lovely, Oh she was lovely. When I was fifteen. My father – my dead father, now dead – he had a little shop in the village back then. It wasn't much. It wasn't anything. A shop. A village shop. Nothing. Anyway, one time he hit me in the face. He hit me a lot. But this time it was bang on the nose. It bled. Very big hands, my father – made a proper fist. 15  
 But the point is, this particular beating on the nose, we were here, see? I was making a delivery, father had come along drunk. He sort of ... did that some afternoons. But what I remember most? Is her – Madame Andreevna – rushing over: 'Don't worry, little peasant.' She was so slender, young and lovely. Lovely. She brought me in here, this very room: 'Don't cry, little peasant, it'll heal before your wedding.' She wasn't wrong there. 20  
 Thing is, I can still feel her fingers on my face. Cupping my face. 'Don't be sad, little peasant.' She said. 25  
 Peasant? That was my father through and through. Not me, though, eh? Look at me in a waistcoat and shoes. Squished in a bit, maybe, but all the same ...  
 Oh take all the money out of the equation? I'm just a peasant myself. Books for instance? I try. God knows I try, but the words don't hold together in my mind. I've had this book on the go for months and I've read this one page at least a dozen times. And every time, every single time, I get in a few lines, say down to here or wherever, and I think, 'What? What?' – If I'm not asleep, that is. 30  
 DUNYASHA: The dogs were restless, did you hear them? Must have known ... They can tell. 35  
 LOPAHIN: What are you so jumpy about?  
 DUNYASHA: I just feel ... I thought I might faint.  
 LOPAHIN: Faint? Ladies faint. It's not for you to go fainting. And all your little dresses? And hairdos? It'll go to your head, and before you know it you've lost your place. You must remember ... 40 45

[YEPIHODOV *enters, he is wearing polished boots which squeak audibly and is carrying flowers which he presses on DUNYASHA.*]

YEPIHODOV: Better, um. The gardener sent those, said the dining room. I think. Or something. Somewhere. 50  
 LOPAHIN: I'll have a kvass while you're at it.  
 DUNYASHA: Yes, sir.

[*She leaves. YEPIHODOV squeaks.*]

YEPIHODOV: Thermometer must be wrong. There's frost out there. Cherry trees in full bloom. Mad. I'm sorry, I cannot approve of our mad climate. I'm sorry. I won't. 55

Yours are nice. These ones. I bought them yesterday. They squeak. What would you recommend? A cream? A polish? I mean, what does a gentleman do with his footwear? I was going to try hitting them with a mallet and then I thought, 'Yepihodov, whoa, boy. Go to all this trouble to buy a new pair of boots and start hitting them with a hammer? There must be a better solution here.' What do you do? 60

LOPAHIN: I don't really think about it to be honest.  
 YEPIHODOV: Look. Shoes? I understand. Boots. Whatever. It's not as if a person hasn't got enough to worry about. It's not as if. Well, you wouldn't complain. 65

[DUNYASHA *returns and serves the kvass to LOPAHIN.*]

I'm off.

[*He collides with a chair.*]

There you go.

[*He squeaks away.*] 70

DUNYASHA: He's madly in love with me.  
 LOPAHIN: Ah.  
 DUNYASHA: Which ... I'm not sure what to do. He's a quiet man until he gets talking, then you can't understand a thing. Mostly, what he seems to be saying, I get the feeling from it that he is a good man. The others ... He loves me desperately as far as I can tell. I really do think he means well, but the others ... you see? Stupid things happen to him a lot. And the others call him – they just call him 'Bozo' ... behind his back. 75

LOPAHIN: Is that them?  
 DUNYASHA: Is that them ...? Oh dear. I feel all. Woozy. 80  
 LOPAHIN: It's them. We should go down. She might not recognise me. It's been ten years.

DUNYASHA: I've gone all cold. What if I faint? Am I going to faint?

[LOPAHIN *goes, followed by DUNYASHA. The stage is empty. Doors slamming. People scraping and banging their way inside. FIRS crosses the stage using walking sticks, fussing and muttering, intent on some destination beyond.* ANYA *is on.*] 85

ANYA: In here. Mama? Look, see?

[RANYEVSKAYA is followed on by CHARLOTTA with a little dog, VARYA, GAEV, SIMYONOV-PISCHIK, LOPAHIN and DUNYASHA, with a bundle of incidental travel items – blankets, umbrellas, handbags etc.] 90

RANYEVSKAYA: The nursery ...

VARYA: It's cold. My hands are frozen. We haven't touched your rooms. They are just as you left them, Mother. Your rooms. 95

RANYEVSKAYA: My wonderful nursery. Anya darling, when I was away, I realised this was my favourite room in all the house. We used to sleep here when we were little.

[She kisses GAEV.]

And now I feel all ... young again. 100

[She kisses VARYA.]

And you haven't changed, Varya – the soul of resolution.

[She kisses GAEV again.]

Our resident nun. And Dunyasha?

[She embraces DUNYASHA.] 105

GAEV: I still see you. Blossomed into this lovely young flower.  
The train was two hours late. Just to really make it clear,  
nothing's changed.

CHARLOTTA: This dog eats only nuts.

PISCHIK: Bravo, bravo. 110

[And they head off, leaving ANYA and DUNYASHA.]

DUNYASHA: I thought you'd never come.

ANYA: Four nights on the road. I haven't slept a wink. It's freezing.

DUNYASHA: We weren't to heat this room. Varya. It was such a cold winter. Easter's come and gone. Oh, Easter. I missed you. I don't know what to do with myself. I have to tell you, ma'am. I can't wait another minute. 115  
Anya? Ma'am?

ANYA: What? Is it? Dear.

DUNYASHA: Yepihodov. The estate manager. Proposed to me on Easter Sunday? I haven't given him an answer yet. 120

ANYA: It's always this. You're still the same.

[ANYA kisses her quickly.]

DUNYASHA: I don't know what to do?

ANYA: I've lost all my pins [fussing].

DUNYASHA: What would you do? He loves me. He's like a poet and loves me desperately. 125

[ANYA has drifted over to the door to her bedroom.]

ANYA: My room. My bed. My windows.

It's as if I never left. Home. I'm home. Tomorrow morning I will get up

	and run in the garden. God, let me sleep. I haven't slept the whole way. It was so ...	130
DUNYASHA:	Pyotr Trofimov is here.	
ANYA:	Petya?	
DUNYASHA:	He's been here three days. Sleeping in the bath house. He says he doesn't mind. He doesn't want to crowd us. I was going to wake him. He asked me to wake him, but Varya said I mustn't. She said: 'Don't you wake –'	135
	[VARYA enters with keys.]	
VARYA:	Dunyasha. Coffee. For Mother.	
DUNYASHA:	Of course, ma'am.	140
	[DUNYASHA leaves.]	
VARYA:	I've been praying every day.	
	[She moves to ANYA, embraces her and caresses her.]	
	And now you're back. My sweet little girl is returned.	
ANYA:	Exhausted.	145
VARYA:	I'm sure.	
ANYA:	Charlotta talked the whole way. Why did you saddle me with Charlotta and her tricks?	
VARYA:	You couldn't go alone.	
ANYA:	I realised, only someone who'd never travelled could pick such an inappropriate companion. By the time we got to Paris, I was worn out from the chatter. And once we were there? She doesn't speak a word of French, you know. German? Galore. Russian? Endlessly. But not a peep of French. And mine's not as good as everyone said.	150
	When I found Mama. Finally. Poor Mama. She's not in a house, at this point. She's in a few rooms on the fifth floor of some –	155
	Freezing flights of narrow wooden stairs. When I first went in, the main room was ... There were various French men, here and there. One wild-eyed priest with a book. It was very smoky. Varya? It was so dirty. I was suddenly just sorry for Mama. I could see her stranded in the corner. I hugged her, squeezed her to me and couldn't let her go. Mama clung to me, crying and begging.	160
VARYA:	Don't say. Don't ... Please.	
ANYA:	She'd already sold the holiday house near Menton. That was gone. She's nothing left. And I haven't a kopek either, now. We barely made it back. It's as if she cannot understand or ... We sit down to lunch at the station and she orders the most expensive thing on the menu. And champagne. And a tip for the waiters and we're feeding Charlotta and that Yasha – her manservant, is still – He came back with us. Treats Mama ...	165
VARYA:	I saw. I know.	170
ANYA:	Have we paid the interest?	
VARYA:	What with?	
	[LOPAHIN looks in the door and moos like a cow. VARYA rounds. He's gone.]	
	Stupid fool.	175

[ANYA *hugs her.*]

ANYA: Has he proposed yet?

[VARYA *shakes her head.*]

VARYA: You two need to –  
There's nothing there. 180

ANYA: You need to sit down and tell each other how you feel.

VARYA: There is no time.

ANYA: What are you waiting for, then?

VARYA: Nothing will come of it. He's a very busy man and really he doesn't pay  
me a single minute. And that's fine. That's fine. Good luck to him, but it 185  
does make it difficult just to ... And then everyone else is always talking  
weddings and congratulations and I'm the only one who can see that  
there is nothing there. It's like a dream. I wander into a ...

This is lovely.

ANYA: Mama bought it for me. 190

[ANYA *drifts off, into her bedroom.*]

VARYA: We floated above Paris in a hot-air balloon for a whole morning.  
Little lamb. My world traveller is back.

[DUNYASHA *is setting up the coffee in the nursery. VARYA's attention is  
on ANYA in her bedroom.*] 195

It is a dream here. Life. You do the everyday chores without thinking after  
a while, and my mind wanders. Lately I've thought. You're a woman, now.  
Any? If we could get you married off to some nice rich gentleman.

Someone to help us with the cherry orchard for Mother. Then I would  
be free to travel myself. I've this idea of making a pilgrimage into the 200  
desert. I keep thinking about it. Just imagine? Kiev and Moscow – all  
the holy places. Some days I imagine it on my knees. Just buried in  
contemplation and prayer. A pilgrimage is my only hope.

ANYA: The birds are singing. What time is it?

VARYA: Close to three, I suppose. Time to sleep, my lamb. Weary pilgrims all. 205

[YASHA *slopes into the nursery. DUNYASHA is finalising the  
coffee preparations.*]

YASHA: This connects through, doesn't it?

DUNYASHA: Yes. Yasha.

YASHA: And who might you be? 210

DUNYASHA: You've changed a lot. It must have suited you, being abroad. I'm  
Dunyasha, Fyodor Kozloedov's daughter. I was only little. You probably  
don't remember.

[*He appraises her shamelessly. She lets him.*]

YASHA: Fyodor Kozloedov. 215

[*He grabs her in a hug, she squeals and drops a saucer. YASHA leaves.*]

VARYA: What's going on out there?



[VARYA *is in the doorway. ANYA behind her.*]

DUNYASHA: I slipped. It's very late.  
 VARYA: You broke a saucer. But it means good luck. 220  
 ANYA: We should tell Mama. About Petya.  
 VARYA: Not tonight. I don't want anyone waking him. I don't think we should,  
 for Mother.  
 ANYA: I understand her since Paris. I saw. I saw the forgiveness she craves.  
 VARYA: Let her settle in. 225  
 ANYA: Varya, she had to leave, I know why now. I saw something in Paris. I  
 understood her. She couldn't stay on here with Grisha drowned. But now?  
 Now, she is ready to come back.  
 VARYA: It's only that I think tonight. A step at a time. We don't need all the past at  
 once. Do we? 230

[FIRS *has made his way into the room. He addresses DUNYASHA, who's been busy with the broken saucer.*]

FIRS: Is the mistress's coffee ready?  
  
 [He *inspects the tray.*]  
  
 DUNYASHA: Fool, where's the cream? 235  
 I was going to.

[DUNYASHA *hurries off.*]

FIRS: Incompetent. Preening. Back from Paris. Time was the master would go  
 to Paris and back in a week. No stopping him.  
 VARYA: Firs, what are you going on about? 240  
 FIRS: Say what you like. My mistress is returned, well, well, well, and I can  
 die easy.

[RANYEVSKAYA, GAEV, LOPAHIN, and PISCHIK *enter. As GAEV comes to rest he executes a sneaky snooker move.*]

RANYEVSKAYA: Yellow off the corner, double back to the middle ...? 245  
 GAEV: Something like that.  
 RANYEVSKAYA: Dearest brother.  
 GAEV: This was our room once. I slept over here. And you there. I can't believe –  
 It's like I take a breath and here I am, suddenly fifty.  
 RANYEVSKAYA: Ish. 250  
 LOPAHIN: *Tempus fugit.*  
 GAEV: What?  
 LOPAHIN: Time ... messes everything up.  
 ANYA: I'm tired. Goodnight, Mother.

[She *kisses RANYEVSKAYA, who takes her hands and holds her.*] 255

RANYEVSKAYA: Gorgeous angel. Are you glad to be home? I'm wide awake.  
 ANYA: Goodnight, Uncle.  
 GAEV: Sleep tight. You are the very image of your mother. I could be back in  
 time, looking at you at this age. Exactly. Exactly the image.



[ANYA takes her leave of PISCHIK and LOPAHIN, then exits.] 260

RANYEVSKAYA: The travelling wore her out.

PISCHIK: It's a long way home.

VARYA: It is. Gentlemen?

RANYEVSKAYA: Oop. Our Varya hasn't changed a bit.

[She gestures to VARYA, who moves to her for a kiss.] 265

I'll have my coffee and then they'll go.

[FIRS brings over a footstool or pillow.]

I can have my coffee, surely? My last little wickedness. I drank it  
twenty-four hours a day in France. The things they do abroad. Thank you,  
Firs. Sweet man. 270

[She kisses his head.]

VARYA: I'll make sure everything's come from the station.

[She goes.]

RANYEVSKAYA: Is this me? Here? I want to jump up and down and wave my arms about.  
Pinch me, I'm dreaming. I'm home. I'm home, and God knows how much  
I love my home. I couldn't look out of the carriage window for crying. Or  
was that rain? 275

[A sudden laugh.]

So, I have to have my coffee. And Firs? Thank you, you sweet old thing.  
I'm so happy that you're still alive. 280

FIRS: The day before yesterday.

GAEV: [mouthing] His hearing.

LOPAHIN: It's great. You know. I could just stand here, gazing at you. But business  
calls, it's Harkov for me at five in the a.m. Two hours. Who needs sleep?

PISCHIK: I think you've got younger somehow. Is it life *à la mode*? All this Paris and  
carriages and coffee. Is it coffee? Is that what it is? 285

LOPAHIN: Your brother here says that I am rude, blunt. Calls me a peasant. So be  
it. Let him say what he likes. Thinks. But I would only hope that you still  
believe in me, looking at me with those trusting eyes. Yes, my father was  
a serf for your grandfather and father, but you. Yes you. You did so much  
for me and, in that, I choose to forget everything. I look at you and love  
you like ... not a relation. Like ... something more. 290

RANYEVSKAYA: I can't sit still. I'm so. I just jump around.

[She yelps and starts pacing.]

I can't be this happy. Look at me. Laugh. Laugh at me. I'm just a silly. My  
dear shelf. 295

[She kisses a shelf.]

My dear table. Little table.

GAEV: Nanny died just after you left.

[She sits and drinks coffee.]

300

RANYEVSKAYA: Yes. Peace be with her. Peace be with her. Varya wrote to me.  
 GAEV: Anastasy too. A little later. Then Kosoi left us. Joined the police in town.  
 Little things. Little changes.

[He takes a tin of boiled sweets from his pocket and pops one in his mouth.]

305

PISCHIK: Dashenka – my daughter – sends her regards.

LOPAHIN: I was trying to say. I want to say something to you all, but especially to you, madame. Something important. But in a way that is happy and optimistic because it is great that we are all here. At last. But then time, you see? I have to go and – there's no time to make it all cosy sounding. Over dinner say, with a nice warm fire. Anyway.

310

There are debts. There are. And obviously – you probably know this – the debts must be paid. If not? Then. As we know, the cherry orchard will go to auction on August the twenty-second of this year – to pay those debts. This is not I admit the perfect time for this. But don't you worry, my dear. Amazing lady, I have come up with a way out. Which is the optimistic bit: Listen. Where are we? Well, the property is only three miles from the nearest town. Which town, you ask? Well, only the major junction between Petersburg and Moscow, the biggest rail station for five hundred miles, right here, on your doorstep. The solution? In a word?

315

Sub-divide.

Sub-divide, sub-divide. Sub-divide the cherry orchard and the land by the river into lots. Sub-divide and build holiday homes. Holidays are the future, trust me. Sub-divide and people will pay for a little bit of the motherland they call their own. A, there's a huge seasonal rental market. B, there'll be second-home owners and three, there are groups of owners taking a share. They're the main avenues for now. Concentrating on that alone, I estimate I can clear you a guaranteed income of ... twenty-five, thirty thousand a year. Clear.

320

GAEV: Oh Pong-o! Pooh, pooh, POOH! PONG!

330

LOPAHIN: After tax.

RANYEVSKAYA: I don't quite understand you, Ermolai Alekseich.

LOPAHIN: Holidays. Leisure. Here. Now. This place. Twenty-five hundred rubles per annum, per quarter-acre block. Get it on the market now and I guarantee you by autumn you won't be able to move for holidaymakers. In a word? Thank you, Lopahin, we are rich. You people are at the perfect spot in the river here, nice deep bend, fishing, sailing, swimming. A little bit of a tidy-up over summer. Little things, little things. Take down all the old buildings, fence off around the old house. You can keep this house on a block for yourselves. Still get views to the river from the back bedrooms, chop down the cherry orchard ...

335

RANYEVSKAYA: Chop down?

Do you ...

Excuse me, young man but have you any idea what kind of rank garbage you are talking? The utter nonsense ... 'Twenty-five this on little bits of that and all marketeers in autumn. A fence here and a bend in the river there.'

345

Chop down our trees? If there is anything even remotely significant or of interest in this miserable little backwater, it is our beautiful cherry orchard.

350

- LOPAHIN: What significance? That such a big piece of land should be so completely unproductive? Cherries? Cherries, anyone? No one eats cherries. Madame, no offence. My dear lady. No one even eats cherry jam. No one bothers with cherries and even if they did, even if they were suddenly the most popular fruit in the whole wide world, you lot are lucky to get a moth-eaten crop every second year. The fact is it's just a whole lot of trees, blocking the way to the water, which is the pretty bit. 355
- GAEV: That whole lot of trees is mentioned in *The Encyclopedia*. That obstacle to unencumbered water sports is considered to be of national significance. 360
- [LOPAHIN *glances at his watch*.]
- LOPAHIN: You come up with a plan. I've got my proposal. Talk all you like about whatever you want. Go on. But know this, come the twenty-second of August this whole place will be up for sale unless you find the money to pay your debts. You decide. You decide. You all. Decide. But I've got a plan and I can't see any other way out. 365
- FIRS: He's right about the cherries. Very popular. In the forties they marinated them. It was a regional specialty.
- GAEV: Shh. Firs.
- FIRS: It was this kind of dried, sort of wet preserved cherry. Hugely popular in Moscow. Juicy, sweet, aromatic. 370
- GAEV: Yes, Firs, shh.
- FIRS: There was a method. A secret recipe ...
- RANYEVSKAYA: And what was that?
- FIRS: No one ever said. They were delicious, like little – 375
- GAEV: Firs. Enough. Please. Thank you.
- PISCHIK: What about Paris? Did you eat frogs?
- RANYEVSKAYA: I ate crocodiles.
- PISCHIK: Ooh-la-la.
- LOPAHIN: What it is, you see? The idea for this? Things are changing. Mark my words. In the past only aristocrats could enjoy both town and country life. For the rest of us it was one or the other. For serfs and peasants it was the fields. Maybe a shop. Maybe a shop. For labourers and tradesmen, the stinking city. That was it. No other choice. But I tell you, things are changing; working conditions, pay. Holidays. Yes. People are going on holidays. People are retiring. Whole towns are surrounded by holiday villas and apartments. And it's growing and growing. They come to a place like this maybe for a week a year at first, but as they get older, more comfortable, they spend more time here. Your casual holidaymaker might start planting and growing and so the land will become actually productive. This whole area might support a new type of community. It may be the future. Happy, rich, grand. 380
- GAEV: I said pong. I said PONG. 385
- [VARYA and YASHA enter.]
- VARYA: Before I forget, Mother. 390
- [She goes to the bookcase and takes out two telegrams.]
- These came for you.

*[She hands them to RANYEVSKAYA, who looks at the envelope briefly and tears them in two.]*

- RANYEVSKAYA: Paris. 400
- GAEV: That door's always been a bit. It sticks, and the drawers squeal when you. It's noisy. Probably not considered the newest thing, see? Well, no. But that's it – it's old. Have you any idea how old it is? Sweetest? You must remember it. It's always been here. Well, just last week I pulled out one of the drawers and there is a date burnt into the back panel. Turns out? This bookcase is one hundred years old. Can you believe it? We could celebrate its jubilee. It may not have consciousness per se, yet it is charged with purpose. 405
- PISCHIK: The things it has seen.
- [GAEV is feeling the cupboard.]* 410
- GAEV: And there's something good about it. Truly steadfast. I find its loyalty touching. It is honest, reliable. Dearest bookcase, sweetest bookcase, I praise your existence, which for over a hundred years now has been devoted to the ideals of study, of quiet endeavour, of application and dedication. This calling – your calling – to fruitful labour has never faltered in these hundred long years. Educating ... 415
- [He has begun to cry.]*
- ... and illuminating our ancestors with the stamina such duties demand. All the while, filling us with faith in a better future and imparting to us ethics and the value of loyalty ... a responsible position in society. 420
- [Pause.]*
- LOPAHIN: Well ...
- RANYEVSKAYA: Dearest brother.
- GAEV: *[miming with snooker cue]* Cuts it back to the middle, cannons off the red.
- LOPAHIN: I'd better go. 425
- [YASHA has fished out a few pill cases.]*
- YASHA: You could take these now.
- [He plops them into RANYEVSKAYA's hand.]*
- PISCHIK: There's no need for pills and medications, my dearest. They do neither good nor bad. Watch. 430
- [He takes the pills from her open palm. Blows on them and takes them all in one go. He chases it down with a drink.]*
- Ta-da.
- RANYEVSKAYA: Is he mad?
- PISCHIK: I took all the pills. 435
- LOPAHIN: He'll eat anything.
- [Everyone laughs.]*

FIRS:	Whole family's the same. Gorging themselves on cucumbers at Easter.	
RANYEVSKAYA:	What was that?	
VARYA:	He's always muttering these days.	440
YASHA:	Senility, madame. Even affects the brainless.	
	[CHARLOTTA enters.]	
LOPAHIN:	Charlotta Ivanovna. I haven't said my hello.	
	[LOPAHIN would kiss her hand, but she snatches it away.]	
CHARLOTTA:	Oh I know you, first it's the hand and then it's the elbow and before you know it a shoulder ...	445
LOPAHIN:	What's wrong with me today?	
	[Laughter.]	
RANYEVSKAYA:	How about a trick at least, Charlotta?	
	Yes. A trick.	450
CHARLOTTA:	Not just now, darlings. I'm too tired.	
	[And she is gone.]	
LOPAHIN:	I'll get out of your hair. We need a decision. In three weeks' time, madame.	
	[He takes RANYEVSKAYA's hand.]	455
	Till then.	
	[He nods to GAEV and kisses PISCHIK on the cheek.]	
	Goodbye.	
	[He shakes hands with VARYA, FIRS and YASHA.]	
	Goodbye. Goodbye.	460
	[He is back to RANYEVSKAYA.]	
	I really don't want to leave. I feel. Please think seriously about all that we discussed. Before. The holiday houses. I can raise the finance if you are serious ...	
VARYA:	Just leave, now. Go, if you're busy.	465
LOPAHIN:	I'm going. I'm going. It was ...	
	[He shakes it away with a nod from the door and is gone.]	

**EXTRACT 2**

Adapted from *Henceforward* by Alan Ayckbourn.

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the extract.

*Henceforward* was first performed in the Stephen Joseph Theatre, Scarborough, UK in July 1987. The play is in two Acts. The extract starts at the opening of Act 1, and then jumps to Act 2.

The play is a dark comedy, which takes a light-hearted look at the disturbing prospect of robots becoming imbued with human characteristics.

JEROME, a failed composer of electronic music, lives in a high-rise flat in a very run-down area somewhere in England where it is not safe to walk the streets. He divides his time between composing music and building a human-robot, type NAN 300F. JEROME successfully reprogrammes NAN 300F to look and sound like ZOË, an actress with whom he had a relationship.

JEROME's wife CORINNA and their daughter GEAIN left years earlier. In Act 2, CORINNA arrives with a welfare officer, MERVYN, to discuss the ongoing custody of their daughter GEAIN. By this stage, JEROME has completed the reprogramming of the robot, and introduces her as ZOË, his fiancée.

**CHARACTERS**

JEROME WATKINS	a composer
CORINNA	his ex-wife
MERVYN BICKERDYKE	a welfare officer
NAN	a robot built by JEROME
ZOË	the reprogrammed version of NAN, who appears in Act 2 as JEROME's fiancée
LUPUS	(on video), a musician friend of JEROME

## ACT ONE

*[A darkened living room of a flat. The only light is from a video/sound console system, at present inactive. We can make out very little or guess the time of day. All at once, a large wall-mounted video screen lights up. We see the picture as from a front-door video entryphone system. JEROME, a man of about forty, can be seen at the door. He is carrying three carrier bags, together with a somewhat incongruous walking stick. We see JEROME inserting his key and struggling and muttering as he opens his front door. He enters the flat. As he closes the front door the screen blanks again. After a second, the hall lights come on and JEROME approaches down the hall. Then the lights come on in the living room.]*

5  
10

*JEROME is standing in the hall doorway having just switched on the lights. He dumps his packages on the sofa and replaces his stick near the hall doorway. Also on the sofa, slumped, face down in a somewhat undignified posture is NAN, who remains motionless for some time. JEROME, ignoring her, crosses to the console, where he switches on his answering machine. An introductory beep. A logo appears: The Department of Social Services.]*

15

MERVYN'S VOICE: Mr Watkins, this is Mervyn Bickerdyke from the Department of Child Wellbeing ...

20

*[JEROME groans.]*

I've been trying to get hold of you for some days now, regarding a meeting. The time is nine forty-six. I wonder if you would call me.

*[He hangs up. The screen blanks, the audio beeps.]*

JEROME: *[On his way to the kitchen, in reply to MERVYN]* No, I won't and I'm not.

25

*[In a second, the next message appears. It is the same logo as the first call.]*

MERVYN'S VOICE: Mr Watkins, this is Mervyn Bickerdyke from the Department of Child Wellbeing ...

*[JEROME groans. And he goes into the kitchen with the carrier bag.]*

30

It is urgent that I speak to you. I realize you may be – busy with your compositions – but it is a matter of some importance. It's eleven seventeen and my number is on screen. Thank you.

*[JEROME returns with one of the tinfoil food packages in one hand, a palm-sized section of printed circuitry in the other. A beep as the message ends on the answering machine.]*

35

*[in fury]* Aaarrgggh!



*[From the machine, another beep and LUPUS appears on the screen. He is a forlorn sight, a harassed, careworn man in his forties. He wears a T-shirt reading MUSIC IS A LIVING THING.]*

40

LUPUS: Hallo, Jerry. It's me. Lupus. I thought I'd just call you, mate ...

*[JEROME, reacting to LUPUS's voice, gives a terrible groan.]*

... keep you up to date with how things are –

*[A ball, presumably thrown by a child, bounces off LUPUS's head. The child laughs.]*

45

*[ineffectually]* Ah, now don't do that, Orson ... That hurt Daddy. The point is, Jerry, it's come to ultimatums from Deborah. Threats from the Bank Manager. I mean real threats, Jerry. Two heavy lads in camel-hair coats kicking at my front door. So it looks like I'm going to have to take that job with those geriatrics. I never thought it would get this desperate, Jerry. Look at me, I'm a top session-player –

50

*[He is struck again by a projectile.]*

Orson – don't do that, darling, Daddy's talking – what am I reduced to –? – relief drummer in a three-piece band for an old folks' dance in Finchley. Who needs it, Jerry? Answer. I need it. Desperately I need it. Because there's nothing else. But I don't have to tell you. And if Deborah leaves me, Jerry, which it looks as if she's going to – it's sorting out the suitcases time, you know – but if Deborah goes – on top of everything else ... I mean ...

55

*[JEROME pushes a button on the console and LUPUS goes into fast-forward mode. He spools jerkily on for some time. The odd child-aimed missile hits him on the head as his high-speed voice twitters on. JEROME shrugs and moves over to NAN, picks up the printed circuit card and examines it. He goes to a cupboard beneath the console and gets out a large loose-leaf manual. He studies this. As he does so, LUPUS's message on the tape ends.]*

60

65

*The screen goes dead and then reads: MESSAGES END.*

*JEROME remains impervious to this. He is still intently studying the manual. After a second, the screen blanks.]*

JEROME: *[at length]* All right. Let's see what we can do.

70

*[He heaves NAN round and sits her up on the sofa.]*

You're a heavy old bag of bits. Come on.

*[He grabs her neck on either side, brings it sharply forward and then back. NAN clicks. A male voice, decidedly not hers, probably a long forgotten technician's, emanates from somewhere in NAN.]*

75

VOICE: NAN 300F, series four, model 99148622G for Gertie. System check commencing – Go.

[NAN goes through her pre-check routine. This is rapid and comprehensive. A great deal of internal computer chatter as systems load. Her eyes blink rapidly, her mouth flaps, every joint of her body tenses then relaxes. She rises, sits, her limbs jerk.] 80

NAN: [In her own voice, very rapidly] Modified Sampling Commences.  
Jerome—can't—you—think—of—anyone—else—but—yourself—for—a—change—  
just—for—once—I—mean—what—sort—of—a—person—are—you? Modified  
Sampling Ends. 85

[A few more whirrs and clicks.]

System check complete. Operational eighty-three point one seven.  
We are sixteen point eight three per cent unstable and are within eight  
point one seven per cent of permanent shutdown. [cheerfully] Clock set  
o-eight-hundred hours. Good morning. Rise and shine. 90

JEROME: Nan, walk about.  
NAN: Walk about, Nan.

[She does so. She walks with a rather bouncy stride but has a slight  
limp. She clanks a little as she goes down on her bad leg. JEROME  
watches her critically as she circles a couple of times.] 95

JEROME: That's better. You're not bumping into things like you were. I've still got  
to fix your leg, though. It's the pivot. You need a new pivot, old girl. Only  
they've stopped making them, you see.

NAN: [banging into a piece of furniture] Oh, for goodness' sake, you extremely  
stupid old bat. Who put that there, then? 100

[This last reveals the slightly tetchier side of NAN. In fact, as time goes  
on, we see that she is rather a Jekyll-and-Hyde creature. Her sunnier  
nature is the result of her initial 'nanny' factory programming; her darker  
side the result of subsequent modifications by JEROME himself – the  
source of which will become clearer later.] 105

JEROME: Nan, come here.  
NAN: Coming, Nan.

[NAN comes to him and stops in front of him. He rises.]

JEROME: Nan, watch my finger.  
NAN: Watching your finger, Nan. 110

[He moves his finger to and fro in front of her eyes. She follows it with  
her eyes very slowly.]

JEROME: Yes, I think we can sharpen your reflexes a bit.

[NAN suddenly twitches violently.]

Whoop! Too much. Sorry. That's it. Nan, thank you. 115

NAN: Thank you. Lovely glass of orange? Lovely orange?  
JEROME: Nan, lovely.  
NAN: Lovely. Lovely morning. Rise and shine.

*[She bounces off to the kitchen.]*

JEROME: *[glancing at his watch]* Oh, I never set your clock, did I? Never mind. 120  
You're better than you were.

*[He goes to the console and plays with a few switches. From the kitchen a crash.]*

NAN: *[off]* Oh, for goodness' sake, you extremely stupid old bat. Who put that 125  
there, then?

*[JEROME frowns but ignores the sound. He puts on some Bach. It relaxes him. The phone rings. He makes no effort to answer it. It continues to ring.]*

JEROME: Go away, Lupus, I'm not here.

*[He notices suddenly that his meal is still sitting there in its tinfoil.]* 130

Oh, no!

*[He grabs hold of the tinfoil package. It is very hot.]*

*[dropping it]* Ah!

*[He picks it up with the shirt it was standing on and cautiously, still protecting his hands, he opens the lid. The contents are black and charred and smoking.]* 135

*[disgustedly]* Oh, miraculous.

*[He drops the tinfoil back on the table. NAN comes in with a mug in her hand. It is unfortunately empty since she is holding it upside down.]*

NAN: *[placing the inverted mug on the table by JEROME]* Lovely glass of 140  
orange. *[heading towards the bedroom]* Lovely morning, wakey-wakey.

JEROME: *[staring at the mug in disgust]* You load of old scrap.

*[He is about to drop the shirt, too, when he observes that it now has a burn mark on it, left from the heated tinfoil.]*

*[equally]* Oh, mind-numbing. 145

*[He lies on the sofa for a moment absorbing the music. NAN re-enters with a face flannel in her hand. She makes a beeline for JEROME.]*

NAN: *[playfully]* Booo! Nan's coming to getcher!

*[NAN attacks his face vigorously with a flannel. JEROME struggles. She is apparently quite strong.]* 150

JEROME: Waah! Noff.

NAN: Come along, wash your face and hands before your breakfast!

JEROME: Wah! Noff! *[getting his mouth clear]* Nan off! Nan off!

[NAN stops at once.]

NAN: That's better. 155  
 JEROME: I am reprogramming you. You've taken a layer of skin off my face. You do that again and I'm stripping you down for spares and then dropping you off a twenty-storey building –  
 NAN: Story-time, now ...  
 Once upon a time there were three bears called Jack and Jill who 160  
 wanted to go to the ball only the other ducklings wouldn't let her play with them ...  
 JEROME: Nan, stop.  
 NAN: Stopped, Nan.  
 JEROME: Nan, register. 165  
 NAN: Register, Nan.  
 JEROME: [*standing in front of her so she can scan his face*] Not child. Not child.  
 NAN: Not child. Registered, Nan.  
 JEROME: Nan, take a nap.  
 NAN: Take a nap, Nan. 170  
 JEROME: [*muttering*] I don't know why I bothered to switch you on again, really.

[*She heads back to the bedrooms.*]

NAN: [*turning suddenly tearful, in her other tone*] I don't know why I bother, Jerome, I really don't. When you treat me like this. I've done everything I possibly can. I can't cope any more. If you want to go and live with her, I don't care. Go on! Go on! Go and live with that woman. See if I care. 175

[*She goes out to the bedrooms. JEROME frowns. He sits. The Bach continues to play. After a moment, there is a crash from the bedroom.*]

[*off*] Oh, for goodness' sake, you extremely stupid old bat. Who put that there, then? 180

[*JEROME sits down again and closes his eyes, assured of peace at last.*]

## ACT TWO

[*CORINNA enters first, followed closely by JEROME. MERVYN follows behind them. CORINNA is very similar in looks to the original NAN but with little of NAN's submissive nature and a good deal more personal aura, not to mention neuroses. In her mid-thirties, she is formally dressed as though for a business meeting rather than a social event. MERVYN is about the same age. One of those big, gentle, good-natured, pleasant men, he obviously gets by in his job through kindness and tact and by offending no one – rather than through dynamic personality. At present, he is filled with a nervousness which he can't altogether conceal.*]

185  
 190

JEROME: [*as they enter*] ... I can't help it, there's a fault with the door ...  
 CORINNA: There was a fault with the door when I left ...  
 JEROME: Probably because you slammed it so hard when you went, dear. 195  
 MERVYN: Hallo, Mr Watkins, my name is –  
 CORINNA: If I slammed it, I had very just cause.

JEROME:	[ <i>aware someone is missing</i> ] Where's Geain?	
CORINNA:	If anyone had reason to slam a door ...	
MERVYN:	Mr Watkins, I think I ought to introduce myself – I'm ...	200
JEROME:	Where the hell's Geain? What have you done with Geain?	
CORINNA:	Geain is coming.	
JEROME:	What have you done with her?	
CORINNA:	She is coming. Geain is coming.	
JEROME:	When? Because I'm not meeting without her. There's to be no meeting without Geain.	205
MERVYN:	Mr Watkins, if I could just nudge my way in a moment to introduce myself –	
CORINNA:	Geain went on in the car to buy something. She'll be here in a minute. Anyway, we need to talk without her first –	210
JEROME:	You left that child out there in a car on her own –?	
CORINNA:	Jerome, don't be ridiculous. She is not on her own. It is an armour-plated limousine which cost a fortune to hire – but since that's the only way we could guarantee to get to this place these days ... She has the driver with her and a man riding – whatever it's called – riding sidegun –	215
MERVYN:	Shotgun.	
CORINNA:	Shotgun. Thank you, Mr Bickerdyke. Besides which, she is thirteen years old and quite capable of looking after herself.	
MERVYN:	I would endorse that, Mr Watkins.	
JEROME:	[ <i>slightly pacified</i> ] I'm not agreeing anything without Geain having the chance to say what she feels.	220
CORINNA:	I've no doubt she will. Don't worry.	
	[ <i>A slight pause as CORINNA inspects the place. MERVYN seizes his chance.</i> ]	
MERVYN:	Look, I'm going to nip right in there for a second, just to say hallo, my name is Merv–	225
CORINNA:	I must say this place is looking remarkably tidy. You must have been scrubbing at it for weeks.	
JEROME:	Well, we wouldn't want you picking up any nasty germs whilst you were visiting us, would we?	230
CORINNA:	Us?	
JEROME:	What? [ <i>A great show of having forgotten.</i> ] Oh, dear. Oh, heavens. Ah. How could I have forgotten? You haven't met Zoë, have you?	
CORINNA:	Zoë?	
JEROME:	Zoë.	235
CORINNA:	Who or what is Zoë?	
JEROME:	Zoë is my – fiancée.	
CORINNA:	Fiancée?	
JEROME:	Yes.	
MERVYN:	Oh. Many congratulations.	240
JEROME:	[ <i>to MERVYN</i> ] Thank you very much.	
CORINNA:	Did you say fiancée?	
JEROME:	Yes.	
CORINNA:	I don't believe it. This is a joke – This is an obscene, grotesque joke. A fiancée ...?	245
JEROME:	Before you meet her, dearest, could I ask you, please – she is very sweet, rather shy – and a little unused to strangers ... So, please, don't try and be clever with her or embarrass her with awkward questions ... because she couldn't cope with that. All right? Would that be remotely possible, do you think?	250

CORINNA:	I don't believe any of this. Not one word.	
JEROME:	<i>[calling]</i> Darling!	
NAN'S VOICE:	<i>[from the kitchen]</i> Hallo, darling?	
CORINNA:	Good grief!	
JEROME:	Darling, what are you doing?	255
NAN:	<i>[off]</i> I'm just finishing off in here, darling.	
JEROME:	Darling, come on in, they've arrived.	
NAN:	<i>[off]</i> Right you are, darling. Just a tick.	
CORINNA:	<i>[rather shaken]</i> Well, this – certainly does alter things. Doesn't it?	
JEROME:	<i>[smiling]</i> Doesn't it?	260
	<i>[NAN comes in as before.]</i>	
NAN:	<i>[brightly, as she enters]</i> Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Sorry. I completely lost track of the time. Typical.	
	<i>[CORINNA and MERVYN gape.]</i>	
JEROME:	Darling, this is Corinna.	265
NAN:	Hallo. Corinna. I've heard so much about you.	
CORINNA:	<i>[faintly]</i> Have you?	
	<i>[MERVYN has never seen anyone quite like her. JEROME is a little easier, now that he is past the first hurdle.]</i>	
JEROME:	Well, now. I'm sure we'd all like some tea, wouldn't we? Darling, will you fetch the tea, or shall I?	270
NAN:	I'll fetch the tea, darling. Excuse me.	
MERVYN:	<i>[stepping forward to NAN, hand extended]</i> Hallo, may I just say hallo. My name is ...	
	<i>[NAN sweeps past him, unaware. He jumps back.]</i>	275
CORINNA:	Are you telling me that she's living here voluntarily?	
JEROME:	Of course she is. We're engaged.	
CORINNA:	Living with <i>you</i> ?	
JEROME:	Why not?	
CORINNA:	But she's – she's –	280
MERVYN:	Very much so. Congratulations again.	
CORINNA:	Where did you meet her?	
JEROME:	She's an actress.	
MERVYN:	<i>[impressed]</i> Really?	
JEROME:	A classical actress.	285
CORINNA:	Classical?	
	<i>[NAN comes back in unexpectedly. She is empty-handed.]</i>	
NAN:	<i>[brightly, as she enters]</i> Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Sorry. I –	
JEROME:	<i>[interrupting swiftly]</i> Darling, the tea!	290
NAN:	<i>[unflustered]</i> I'll fetch the tea, darling. Excuse me.	
	<i>[She goes out. A pause.]</i>	
JEROME:	Excuse me.	



*[He hurries out after NAN to the kitchen.]*

CORINNA: I think she's wearing one of my old dresses. 295  
 MERVYN: Oh, yes?  
 CORINNA: She's certainly made herself at home here.  
 JEROME: *[from the kitchen, shouting fiercely]* Darling, tea! Darling, tea!  
 NAN: *[from the kitchen, equally fiercely]* Darling, tea! Darling, tea!

*[Several loud clangs. The others stare. JEROME hurries back.]* 300

JEROME: Sorry. Just – lending her a hand. Please, sit down.

*[They sit. Silence. JEROME listens anxiously. He rises. Then sits again.]*

CORINNA: Does she need any help?  
 JEROME: No, no.

*[NAN returns. She carries the tea pot and a plate of small cakes.]* 305

NAN: *[to the seated assembly]* Do sit down, everyone.  
 MERVYN: *[rising apologetically]* Sorry, I ...  
 NAN: Nice pot of tea.  
 JEROME: Oh, super. Clever little cuddles.  
 NAN: And some home-made cakes. 310  
 JEROME: *[rather over-enthusiastically]* Home-made cakes! Wonderful! Wonderful!  
 Yummy, yummy, yum-yum.  
 MERVYN: You made these yourself?  
 JEROME: Yes, she did. Didn't you, darling, you made these yourself?  
 NAN: I made them myself, darling. *[She grabs the tea pot rather jerkily.]* 315  
 Tea, everyone?  
 JEROME: *[hastily taking the tea pot from her]* I'll pour the tea. *[as he pours]* You relax. You've been at it all day. Precious.

*[NAN rises at once and kisses him on the cheek.]*

*[rather coyly]* Oh, come on. Not in front of everyone ... 320

*[He laughs. NAN laughs in response. CORINNA stares in disbelief.]*

CORINNA: I think I'm going to be sick.  
 JEROME: *[to the others]* She's been at it all day. Slaving away in that kitchen. Then she was up at dawn, scouring the place from top to bottom. She never stops. All day. Now, do we want milk or lemon? *[to NAN]* Darling, 325  
 you won't have anything, I take it.  
 NAN: I won't have anything, I take it, darling.  
 JEROME: *[to the others]* Eats nothing at all. Fierce diet.  
 CORINNA: *[rather sourly]* Doesn't look as if she needs to bother.  
 JEROME: She doesn't. Wonderful metabolism. Milk? 330  
 CORINNA: Lemon.  
 MERVYN: I'll have milk, thank you.

*[JEROME finishes serving the tea, helping himself as he does so.]*

Could I stick a foot in the door here just to take this opportunity to say hallo, formally? I'm Mervyn Bickerdyke, Child Wellbeing, of course. I 335



- JEROME: spoke to you on the phone, Mr Watkins. Eventually.  
 MERVYN: Yes, so you did. Sandwich?  
 MERVYN: Thank you. [*smiling at NAN*] Seeing as they were made with your own fair hands.
- [*NAN ignores him. CORINNA grabs a sandwich, irritably.*] 340
- I'm sorry. After you, after you.
- [*All, except NAN, help themselves to sandwiches.*]
- CORINNA: We were just hearing, Zoë, that you were an actress.  
 JEROME: Classical, is that right.  
 JEROME: That's right, isn't it, darling? You're a classical actress, aren't you, little blossom? 345
- NAN: Oh yes. Arkadina in Chekhov and Queen Margaret in *See How They Run*.
- CORINNA: [*puzzled*] Really?  
 JEROME: That was the – Royal Shakespeare production, of course – 350  
 MERVYN: Of course. Now, to the reason we've all met –
- [*Something starts to bleep somewhere about his person. JEROME checks NAN nervously.*]
- we've ... Oh. Would you excuse me. My bleeper.
- [*He rises.*] 355
- JEROME: [*waving towards the console*] Do you want to make a –?  
 MERVYN: No, no. I have my portable here. Thank you very much.
- [*MERVYN moves away from them to a far corner of the room. He produces a wafer-thin pocket phone from his jacket and answers his call. He stops bleeping. He murmurs indistinctly while the others continue their tea.*] 360
- CORINNA: Well, I have to confess, Jerome, that I am simply amazed. I didn't think anyone could do it, Zoë. Make a civilized animal out of this man.
- [*She laughs. NAN laughs in response.*]
- JEROME: I'm putty in her hands, darling, aren't I, precious? 365  
 NAN: Aren't you, precious?
- [*She gets up and kisses him on the cheek and sits again. CORINNA glares at them, disgusted by this blissful scene.*]
- CORINNA: Don't think I don't know why you're doing this, both of you. Trying to impress that – [*indicating MERVYN*] – limp lettuce over there ... he's so wet. Three hours we were in that car with him bleating away. That's when his bleeper wasn't going. He was either bleeping or bleating, like a radio-controlled sheep. I despair of men these days, I despair. They're all so lank. And dank. 370
- JEROME: [*to NAN*] My ex-wife airing her views in general. 375

CORINNA:	Well, ask Zoë. I bet she feels the same. Zoë, outside this very special little love-nest, this haven of domestic fervour, don't you find most men these days utterly spineless and flaccid? Don't you agree, Zoë?	
	[NAN looks blank.]	
JEROME:	Yes, she does. She's just being loyal, poor thing.	380
CORINNA:	She knows when to keep quiet, don't you, Zoë?	
	She'd need to. Living with you.	
	[She laughs. NAN, responding to this laughs too. CORINNA looks at her rather sharply, sizing up her rival afresh.]	
JEROME:	Yes, you're a deep one, aren't you, Zoë? Quite a lot going on in there, I imagine.	385
	You bet.	
	[MERVYN finishes the call and rejoins them.]	
MERVYN:	Sorry. Never far away from the office when you've got one of those.	
	[He waves his phone.]	390
CORINNA:	I thought you said you had two of them?	
MERVYN:	Ah, yes. I have my private home phone as well. In case my wife wants to get hold of me.	
CORINNA:	[sweetly] But that one doesn't ring very often, I imagine?	
MERVYN:	[missing that] Right. Where were we? Yes. Young Geain –	395
JEROME:	Look, if we're going to start talking, I think Zoë would rather – get on with other things.	
CORINNA:	Oh, surely not?	
JEROME:	Well, she was saying earlier she felt she'd feel a bit in the way. And she does have some work to get on with. Darling, if you want to go and study now ...	400
NAN:	[rising at once] I want to go and study now, darling. [She goes out to the bedrooms.]	
CORINNA:	No, no, this is ridiculous, she must stay. Zoë! [To JEROME] Jerome, tell her to come back at once, for heaven's sake, she needs to hear all this.	405
JEROME:	No, she really does need to do some work. She has a big audition tomorrow.	
MERVYN:	Really? What's that for?	
JEROME:	For a musical.	
MERVYN:	[more impressed still] Does she sing as well?	410
JEROME:	Like an angel.	
CORINNA:	How else? None the less, if she really is intending to live here with you, possibly even marry you – Heaven help her – she ought to be in on the discussions –	
MERVYN:	It would be advisable.	415
JEROME:	[reluctantly] Well. For a few minutes. [calling] Darling!	
NAN:	[off] Hallo, darling!	
JEROME:	[calling] Darling, come back.	
NAN:	[off] Right you are, darling, just a tick.	
JEROME:	She's coming.	420
MERVYN:	[indicating the sandwiches] May I –?	

[JEROME waves for him to go ahead. MERVYN evidently enjoys his food.]

CORINNA: Has she hurt her leg?  
 JEROME: What? 425  
 CORINNA: She appears to be limping.  
 JEROME: Oh, she damaged it – while she was rushing around dancing.  
 MERVYN: She dances as well?  
 JEROME: No one to touch her ...  
 CORINNA: I'm longing to see her fly. 430

[NAN re-enters.]

NAN: [*brightly, as she enters*] Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Welc–  
 JEROME: [*cutting her off*] Darling, we want you to sit here with us.  
 NAN: [*sitting*] Yes, darling.  
 MERVYN: Maybe we can persuade you to sing for us before we leave, Zoë. 435  
 JEROME: I'm afraid not.  
 MERVYN: No?  
 JEROME: No. She's saving the voice.  
 MERVYN: Oh, I see.  
 JEROME: Professionals. They have to be very careful how often they sing. 440  
 CORINNA: Or even speak, apparently.

[*She smiles at NAN.*]

MERVYN: Well. I think we ought to – make a start, then. The question we have to  
 decide first, regarding Geain, is whether – [*He starts to beep again.*] I'm  
 sorry. Please excuse me – 445  
 CORINNA: [*exasperated*] Oh no.  
 MERVYN: Don't worry, I'll put them on to answer. It's the office again, I'll put them  
 on to answer.

[*He fumbles in another pocket as he continues to beep.*]

JEROME: [*intrigued*] You have an answering machine on you as well? 450  
 CORINNA: If you turn him upside down, he also makes ice-cream.  
 MERVYN: [*rather proudly*] I've got a few wires about my person, yes, I have to  
 admit it. [*He finds his answering machine and switches it on. The  
 beeping stops. Producing items from various pockets and holding  
 them up to show them*] Answering machine. Neat, eh? Home phone. 455  
 Office phone. Oh, this is an interesting one. Location finder. If you're  
 ever hopelessly lost. Switch it on and it can pinpoint your on-ground  
 position to within twelve square metres. French. Of course. Then you've  
 got this – excuse me. [*He takes off his jacket to reveal that the whole  
 of his neck and arms are encased in a criss-cross of wires.*] This is a 460  
 personal alarm system. Latest type. West German. Naturally. Made by  
 Heisser-Hausen Zeiplussen. They're a subsidiary of Glotz.  
 JEROME: [*vaguely*] Oh, yes.  
 MERVYN: Any physical attack on my person and this thing screams the  
 place down. 465  
 CORINNA: Do you need a machine to do it for you?  
 MERVYN: [*putting on his jacket again*] Ah, but what if I was rendered unconscious?  
 I couldn't scream at all, could I? Whereas this thing. Two kilometre radius  
 – up to an hour, guaranteed. And it automatically phones the police.

CORINNA:	And you certainly couldn't do that if you were unconscious, could you?	470
MERVYN:	Must take you ages getting dressed in the morning. Maybe. But I can get undressed quick enough.	
	<i>[He laughs at his own roguish wit. CORINNA looks at him coldly. NAN responds, laughing.]</i>	
	<i>[winking at NAN as he sits again]</i> Sorry. Mustn't get me on to these things. Fatal. My hobby, rather.	475
JEROME:	Have some more to eat.	
MERVYN:	Thank you.	
	<i>[He helps himself.]</i>	
CORINNA:	Lovely home-made cakes, Zoë. Clever you. Very, very like those new deep-frozen ones you bake in the packet. But yours are twice as good.	480
	<i>[She smiles at NAN again.]</i>	
MERVYN:	Getting back to Geain, then. We mustn't get sidetracked, must we? We –	
	<i>[The phone rings in the room.]</i>	485
JEROME:	Ignore it. Ignore that. I'm on answer, ignore it.	
MERVYN:	That's my phone. Oh, is it? Yes, of course, that's your phone ...	
	<i>[He laughs. NAN laughs as well.]</i>	
CORINNA:	That woman laughs at anything.	490
JEROME:	She's got a sense of humour. That's why I love her. Don't I, precious?	
	<i>[NAN kisses him.]</i>	
CORINNA:	Oh, do stop it, both of you.	
	<i>[The answering machine picks up the incoming call. On screen, LUPUS appears. He is still in the club phone box but there seems to be some sort of riot going on round him. There also appears to be something on fire, judging from the smoke and the flames reflected on his face. He looks somewhat the worse for wear.]</i>	495
LUPUS:	Oh no, it's not him... Hi, Jerry, mate. I'll have to make this a quick one. Lupus, still at the old Cockatoo. I hope the answering machine doesn't mean you're on your way here. Anyway, this is to say, if you do get this message, don't bother coming down. It's got a bit rough here ...	500
	<i>[JEROME gets up and crosses to the console.]</i>	
JEROME:	Excuse me.	505
LUPUS:	Apparently, this afternoon the club was booked by two hundred members of the Motorhead Nostalgic Appreciation Society. I ask you, Jerry – Motorhead! Where have they been? I said to one of them, listen,	

if it's nostalgia you're into then do yourself a favour, treat yourself to the Moody Blues and listen to real music. I mean, really –

510

*[His voice is cut off as JEROME fades him down.]*

CORINNA:

Good old Lupus.

MERVYN:

Do you need to make any calls on his behalf? His lawyer or something?

It looked quite serious ...

JEROME:

No, no. He's all right. That's always happening to Lupus. Nothing out of the ordinary.

515

*[On screen, the phone booth topples on to its side. LUPUS goes with it, still gesticulating and talking. None of them notices this. The screen goes blank.]*

There you are, you see, he's hung up.

520

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