



# Cambridge IGCSE™

**DRAMA**

**0411/12**

Paper 1

**October/November 2025**

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



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

## 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.

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

## EXTRACT 1

Adapted from *King Lear* by William Shakespeare

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

Extract 1 is adapted from *King Lear*, a tragedy by William Shakespeare (1564–1616) who is generally considered to be the most performed playwright in the world. The first performance was probably at Christmas, 1606. The extract is taken from Act One Scene One and Act Three Scenes One, Two and Four in a modern version.

The play is about a once-powerful king who, having reached the age of 80, calls his nobles together to announce he has decided to give all his power to his three daughters and live with them in rotation.

In Act One, King Lear challenges his three daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia, to declare who loves him the most. While his two older daughters, Goneril and Regan, each claim to love him more, his youngest, Cordelia, refuses to offer flattery to win her father's favour. This outrages Lear, who banishes Cordelia and splits his kingdom between Goneril and Regan.

This transfer of power changes Lear's relationship with his daughters, which leads eventually to his downfall. In Act Three, we see Lear meeting Kent, whom he has previously banished, in an unrelenting storm on a heath.

## CHARACTERS

EARL OF KENT

EARL OF GLOUCESTER

EDMUND, scheming illegitimate son of Gloucester

KING LEAR, King of Britain

GONERIL, his eldest daughter, married to the Duke of Albany

REGAN, his second daughter, married to the Duke of Cornwall

CORDELIA, his youngest daughter and favourite, unmarried

DUKE OF ALBANY, husband of Goneril

DUKE OF CORNWALL, husband of Regan

DUKE OF BURGUNDY, potential suitor for Cordelia

KING OF FRANCE, marries Cordelia

EDGAR, legitimate son of GLOUCESTER, disguises himself as a beggar, 'Poor Tom'

FOOL, the King's Jester

ACT ONE SCENE ONE  
King Lear's palace.

[Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND]

- KENT: I thought the King preferred the Duke of Albany over Cornwall.
- GLOUCESTER: I always thought so too: but now, in the way he's split up the kingdom, one can't see which of the Dukes he prefers; it is so finely balanced that neither would be able to say that he prefers the other's portion. 5
- KENT: Isn't this your son, my lord?
- GLOUCESTER: He was brought up, Sir, at my expense: I have so often been embarrassed to admit he's mine that now I'm quite hardened to it. 10
- KENT: I can't make you out.
- GLOUCESTER: But I have, sir, a legitimate son, a year older than this one, whom I don't rate as any more important: 15  
although this scoundrel came rather cheekily into the world before he was wanted, his mother was beautiful; conceiving him was good fun, and the bastard must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund? 20
- EDMUND: No, my lord.
- GLOUCESTER: The Earl of Kent: from now on always remember that he is my honoured friend. 25
- EDMUND: At your Lordship's service.
- KENT: We must be friends, and I will try to get to know you better.
- EDMUND: Sir, I shall try to deserve the compliment. 30
- GLOUCESTER: He's been abroad for nine years, and he'll be going back. The King is coming.

[Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants]

- KING LEAR: Go and look after the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester. 35
- GLOUCESTER: I shall, my lord.

[Exit GLOUCESTER and EDMUND]

- KING LEAR: In the meantime I shall reveal my secret plan. Give me that map. Be aware that I have divided my kingdom into three: I am determined to throw off all work and duty in my old age; I will hand them over to younger men, while I crawl towards death unencumbered. Our son Cornwall, 40  
and you, just as loving son Albany, I have determined that today I will announce 45

	the different dowries of my daughters, so that we can nip any future disputes in the bud. The Princes of France and Burgundy, great rivals for the love of my youngest daughter, have been staying in my court, out of love, for a long time, and will be given my decision today. Tell me, my daughters – since I am now throwing off my kingship, ownership of land and the cares of state – which of you shall we say loves me the most? The biggest share will go to the one where merit most enhances nature. Goneril, my firstborn, you speak first.	50
GONERIL:	Sir, I love you more than words can express; more than my eyesight, my freedom and my liberty; more than anything of value, expensive or rare; as much as life, grace, health, beauty, honour; I am the most loving child ever, no father could find better; my love makes me breathless and speechless; I love you beyond all expression.	55
CORDELIA:	[ <i>Aside</i> ] What shall Cordelia do? You must love, and be silent.	60
KING LEAR:	All of this territory, from this line to this, full of shady forests and open plains, with many rivers and extensive meadows, we make you the lady of: this shall be handed down to your children in perpetuity. What does my second daughter say, dearest Regan, the wife of Cornwall? Speak.	65
REGAN:	Sir, I am identical in this way to my sister, and of equal merit. She has spoken everything that is in my heart, only she falls short: I have to say that no other happiness means anything to me, nothing which the highest sense could feel; the only thing that makes me happy is your dear highness' love.	70
CORDELIA:	[ <i>Aside</i> ] This is bad for you Cordelia! And yet it isn't, since I'm sure that my love is more than I can say.	75
KING LEAR:	You and your descendants for ever shall have this large third of my beautiful country; it's no less spacious, profitable or lovely than Goneril's share. Now, the light of my eye, last but not least; the one whose young love the lords of France and Burgundy are fighting to win; what can you say to get a richer third than your sisters? Speak.	80
CORDELIA:	Nothing, my lord.	85
		90
		95
		100

KING LEAR:	Nothing!	
CORDELIA:	Nothing.	105
KING LEAR:	You won't get anything for nothing: try again.	
CORDELIA:	I'm sorry, but I cannot force myself to express my feelings: I love your Majesty just as I should; no more nor less.	
KING LEAR:	What's this, Cordelia! You should speak differently,	110
	or you'll talk yourself out of your fortune.	
CORDELIA:	My good lord, you've fathered me, brought me up and loved me: I repay you in the proper way,	115
	by obeying you, loving you and honouring you.	
	Why do my sisters have husbands, if they say that all their love is for you? When and if I marry,	
	the lord who takes my hand will also get half my love, my attention and care:	120
	I certainly will not marry like my sisters, only having love for my father.	
KING LEAR:	Are you speaking from the heart?	
CORDELIA:	Yes, my good lord.	125
KING LEAR:	You're so young and so hardhearted?	
CORDELIA:	So young, my lord, and honest.	
KING LEAR:	So be it; let your honesty be your dowry then: by the holy light of the sun,	
	these secrets of the underworld and the night;	130
	by the movement of the stars which mark our births and deaths;	
	I hereby disown all my fatherly duties, family relations and blood ties,	
	and declare that you are now a stranger to my heart and me forever, from this moment on.	135
KENT:	My good Lord –	
KING LEAR:	Quiet, Kent!	
	Do not come between the Dragon and his victim. I loved her the most, and thought that she would look after me in my retirement. Get out, don't let me see you again! There will be no peace this side of the grave, and I take her father's heart away from her! Call France;	140
	who's going to do it?	145
	Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, take this extra third along with my two daughters' dowries: let her marry her pride, which she calls honesty; I give you both my power to share, my superiority and all the other privileges of kingship. I shall stay with you month and month about with a retinue of a hundred knights, which you shall pay for.	150
	I shall keep the title of King, and the honours due to it;	155
	the power, income and administration of the rest is yours, beloved sons: to confirm this you can split this crown between you.	

*[Giving the crown]*

KENT:	Royal Lear, whom I have always honoured as my King, loved as my father, and followed as my master, remembered you in my prayers as my great patron –	160
KING LEAR:	Enough preamble, make your point.	165
KENT:	I will make it, although the point might go through my heart: Kent will be discourteous, when Lear is mad. What are you doing, old man? Do you think that duty should be silent, when power gives in to flattery? Honour demands honesty, when royalty acts stupidly. Take back your pronouncement; think more carefully and stop this ghastly foolishness: I will stake my life on the fact that your youngest daughter does not love you the least; just because somebody is not shallow it does not mean they are empty hearted.	170
KING LEAR:	Kent, if you value your life, be quiet.	175
KENT:	I never thought of my life as anything but a pawn in the fight against your enemies: and I do not fear losing it if your safety is at stake.	180
KING LEAR:	Get out of my sight!	185
KENT:	See more clearly, Lear; let me stay before you and advise you.	
KING LEAR:	Now, by Apollo –	
KENT:	Now, by Apollo, King, you're taking your god's name in vain.	190
KING LEAR:	Oh, you slave! Scoundrel!	

*[Laying his hand on his sword]*

ALBANY AND CORNWALL:	Dear Sir, hold back.	
KENT:	Take back your pronouncement; or, as long as I can still speak, I'll tell you you're doing wrong.	195
KING LEAR:	Listen to me, you traitor! Stick to your duty, listen to me! Since you have tried to make me break my vow, which I have never done, and with unnatural pride have tried to come between my decision and its execution, which neither my nature nor my position can tolerate, I will show my power, here is your reward. I give you five days to prepare yourself against what the world may bring; on the sixth you shall turn your hated back	200
		205
		210

upon my kingdom: if, on the tenth day after that,  
your exiled body is found in my kingdom,  
you shall be executed. Get out!

KENT: Farewell, King: since you will behave like this,  
freedom lives elsewhere, and exile is here. 215

[To CORDELIA]

Maiden, may the gods take you under their  
sweet protection, your thoughts are correct and  
you were right to speak out!

[To REGAN and GONERIL] 220

And may your deeds be as good as your great  
speeches,  
so good things come from the words of love.  
So, Princes, Kent says goodbye to all of you;  
he'll follow his old ways in a new country. 225

[Exit

*Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with KING OF FRANCE,  
BURGUNDY, and Attendants]*

GLOUCESTER: Here are France and Burgundy, my noble lord.  
KING LEAR: My lords, 230

### ACT THREE SCENE ONE

#### A heath.

[Storm continues. Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN, meeting]

KENT: Who's there, besides the foul weather?  
GENTLEMAN: Someone who is feeling like the weather, very unsettled.  
KENT: I know you. Where's the King?  
GENTLEMAN: Out battling with the weather: 235

he calls on the winds to blow the earth into the  
sea, or blast the waves over the land,  
so that things could change or end; he tears at  
his white hair,  
which the harsh gusts, with invisible rage, 240  
catch in their fury and show no respect for;  
he is trying in his little world of a man  
to out blow the swirling winds and rain.

This night,  
he runs about bareheaded 245  
and shouts that the winner will take all.

KENT: But who is with him?  
GENTLEMAN: Only the fool, who is trying to drive out  
his heartfelt injuries with jokes.

KENT: Sir, I know you; 250  
and on the strength of that I dare to trust you  
with something important. Although at the  
moment it is covered up by their mutual  
cunning, there is a split between Albany and  
Cornwall; 255

they have – as who hasn't, when they  
 get so high-servants, who seem innocent,  
 who are spies for France who give him  
 information about our country. What has been  
 seen 260  
 either in the arguments and plots of the Dukes  
 or the hard line which both of them have taken  
 against the kind old King; or maybe something  
 deeper,  
 of which these things are just the pretexts – 265  
 whatever it is, it is certain that an army from  
 France is coming into this divided kingdom;  
 already, knowing of our negligence, they have  
 gained a secret foothold  
 in some of our best ports, and are about 270  
 to come into the open.  
 GENTLEMAN: I want to talk more with you.  
 KENT: No, do not.  
 Damn this storm!  
 I will go and find the King. 275

*[Exit all]*

ACT THREE SCENE TWO  
**Another part of the heath. Storm continues.**

*[Enter KING LEAR and FOOL]*

KING LEAR: Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage!  
 Blow!  
 You floods and hurricanes, pour 280  
 until you have soaked our steeples, drowned the  
 weathercocks!  
 You sulphurous fires, coming at heaven's orders,  
 forerunners of oak-splitting thunder,  
 Burn my white head! And you, all shaking 285  
 thunder,  
 smash the thick round world flat!  
 Crack the moulds and destroy all the seeds  
 that nature uses to make ungrateful man.  
 FOOL: Oh nuncle, having to be flattering in a dry 290  
 house is better than getting soaked out here.  
 Good nuncle, let's go in and ask for your  
 daughters' blessing:  
 this night won't spare the wise man or the fool.  
 KING LEAR: Rumble to your heart's content! Spit, fire! 295  
 Spout, rain! Rain, wind, thunder and fire, are  
 not my daughters: I don't charge you, elements,  
 with unkindness; I never gave you a kingdom,  
 called you my children, you owe me nothing: let  
 your horrible course run free: here I stand, your 300  
 slave, a poor, infirm, weak and despised old  
 man: I call you serving agents, joining with two  
 wicked daughters in your heavenly attacks on a  
 head as old and white as this. Oh ho! It's  
 terrible. 305



FOOL:	The one with a roof over his head has a good hat.	
KING LEAR:	No, I will be a perfect example of patience; I will say nothing.	
	[Enter KENT]	310
KENT:	Who's there?	
FOOL:	Here's a king and a codpiece; I mean a wise man and a fool.	
KENT:	Alas, sir, are you here? Even things that love the night don't like nights like these; the angry skies terrify the beasts of the dark, and make them stay in their caves: since I became a man I can never remember such flashing lightning, such horrid bursts of thunder, such groans of roaring wind and rain: a man cannot bear the pain or the fear.	315 320
KING LEAR:	Let the great gods, that are causing this terrible row over our heads, find out who their enemies are now. Anyone who has secret crimes within them which have gone unpunished should tremble now: hide your bloody hands you perjurer, and you, the same type who is incestuous; you wretch, shake yourself to pieces, who with secret and silky hypocrisy has plotted against a man's life; may your secret guilt burst through your disguise and make you beg these dreadful judges for mercy. I am a man who is more sinned against than sinning.	325 330 335
KENT:	Dear me, bare headed! My gracious lord, there is a shack nearby; it will give you some protection against the storm: you rest there, while I go to this hard house – even harder than the stones it is made of; even just now, when I asked after you, they would not let me in – again and force them to show us some courtesy.	340 345
KING LEAR:	I'm beginning to go mad. Come on, my boy: how are you, my boy? Are you cold? I am cold myself. Where is this place, my friend? Necessity is a strange master, which makes vile things valuable. Come on, show me your shack. Poor fool and knave, one part of my heart is still sorry for you.	350 355
FOOL:	The one who has a tiny mind – sing hey, ho, the wind and the rain – must be happy with whatever he gets, for the rain comes down every day.	

KING LEAR: That's true, my good lad. Come on, bring us to this shack. 360

[Exit KING LEAR and KENT]

FOOL: I'll make a prediction before I go:  
 when priests are more about speech than  
 substance, when brewers water down their beer, 365  
 when noblemen start teaching tailors,  
 when heretics aren't burned but boyfriends are,  
 when every legal case is just,  
 when no squires or poor knights are in debt,  
 when nobody tells lies, 370  
 and pickpockets don't come to crowds,  
 when moneylenders count their gold in fields,  
 then the Kingdom of England  
 will be in great turmoil:  
 for those who live to see that time, 375  
 they'll find all men will have to walk.  
 Merlin will make this prophecy  
 because I was born before him.

[Exit]

380

ACT THREE SCENE FOUR  
**The heath. Before a hovel.**

[Enter KING LEAR, KENT, and FOOL]

KENT: This is the place, my lord; come in my good  
 lord: the night is too rough  
 to stay in the open.

[Storm continues]

385

KING LEAR: Leave me alone.

KENT: My good lord, come in.

KING LEAR: Do you want to break my heart?

KENT: I would rather break my own. My good lord,  
 come in.

KING LEAR: It bothers you that this terrible storm  
 soaks us to the skin: it bothers you;  
 but when there is a greater illness,  
 one hardly feels the lesser one. You would run  
 from a bear; but if your escape route took you  
 into the raging sea, you would fight that bear  
 face-to-face. When your mind is at ease 390  
 the body is sensitive; the storm in my mind  
 takes away all other feelings  
 except what is in there – the ingratitude of my  
 daughters! 395  
 Should the mouth bite the hand that feeds it?  
 But I will have my revenge:  
 no, I will not cry any more. To lock me out  
 on such a night? Carry on raining, I will endure  
 it. On a night like this? O Regan, Goneril! 400  
 405

	Your kind old father, whose open heart gave you everything – oh! Thinking like that leads to madness; I reject that; no more of that.	
KENT:	My good lord, please come in.	410
KING LEAR:	Please, go in yourself: make yourself comfortable: this storm stops me from thinking about other things which are more painful. But I'll go in.	
		415
	[ <i>To the FOOL</i> ]	
	You go in first, boy. You poor homeless – no, go inside. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.	
	[ <i>FOOL goes in</i> ]	
	Poor naked wretches, wherever you are, that suffer the pelting of this pitiless storm, how will your roofless heads and hungry sides, with your clothes full of holes, defend you against this sort of weather? Oh! I have paid too little attention to this. It would do you good, rich ones,	420
	to expose yourself to what poor men feel, you might then give them some of your surplus to show that heaven is more fair.	425
EDGAR:	Fathom and a half, fathom and a half. Poor Tom.	
		430
	[ <i>The FOOL runs out from the hovel</i> ]	
FOOL:	Don't come in here, nuncle, there's a ghost. Help me, help me!	
KENT:	Give me your hand. Who's there?	
FOOL:	A ghost, a ghost: he says his name is poor Tom.	
KENT:	Who are you, muttering there in the straw? Come out.	435
	[ <i>Enter EDGAR disguised as a mad man</i> ]	
EDGAR:	Go away! The devil is chasing me! The cold wind blows through the sharp hawthorn bushes.	440
	Hum! Go to your cold bed and warm up.	
KING LEAR:	Have you given everything to your two daughters? And has it brought you to this?	
EDGAR:	Who gives anything to poor Tom? The one the Devil has led through the fire and the flame, through the ford and the whirlpool, bog and swamp;	445
	he has put knives under his pillow, nooses outside his bedroom window; put rat poison by his porridge,	450
	made him so cocky that he would ride his trotting horse over four inch bridges, hunting his own shadow	

	as a traitor.	
	Bless your five wits! Tom's cold. Oh! La di da di da. Save you from whirlwinds, lightning and illness! Be nice to poor Tom, whom the devil tortures. I could get him now, there, there again, there.	455
	<i>[Storm continues]</i>	460
KING LEAR:	What, have his daughters reduced him to this state? Couldn't you save anything? Did you give them the lot?	
FOOL:	No, he's saved a blanket, otherwise we'd all be embarrassed.	465
KING LEAR:	Now, may all the plagues that hang in the air waiting to punish men's faults crash down on your daughters!	
KENT:	He has no daughters, sir.	470
KING LEAR:	Death to you, traitor! Nothing could have brought someone so low except for unkind daughters. Is this the fashion, for rejected fathers to punish their flesh like this?	475
	An appropriate punishment! It was the flesh that created those cannibal daughters.	
FOOL:	This cold night will turn us all into fools and madmen.	
EDGAR:	Listen to the devil: obey your parents; always keep your word; do not swear; don't commit adultery; don't yearn for flashy clothes. Tom's cold.	480
KING LEAR:	What were you?	
EDGAR:	A suitor, proud in heart and mind; I curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, I swore as many oaths as I spoke words and broke them right in front of God. I would plot my seductions in my sleep, then carry them out when I woke. I loved wine deeply, dice dearly, and as for women I had more than a sultan: I had a false heart, I listened to all gossip, I had blood on my hands;	485
	I was a pig for laziness, a fox for cunning, a wolf for greed, a dog for madness, a lion for hunting. Don't let women trap your poor heart with their creaking shoes and their rustling silks.	495
	The cold wind still blows through the hawthorn, says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.	500
	<i>[Storm continues]</i>	505

KING LEAR:	<p>You would be better off in the grave than exposing your uncovered body to the extremes of the weather. Is this all that man is? Look at him carefully. You don't owe the worm any silk, the animal no skin, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! We three have been corrupted! You are the genuine article: natural man is nothing more than such a poor bare two legged creature like you. Off, off, you borrowed things! Let's undo these buttons.</p>	<p>510</p> <p>515</p> <p>520</p>
	<i>[Tearing off his clothes]</i>	
FOOL:	<p>Please, nuncle, be easy; this is a bad night for swimming. A little fire in a big field is like an old lecher's heart; a little spark in a great coldness. Look, here comes a walking flame.</p>	525
	<i>[Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch]</i>	
EDGAR:	<p>This is the foul devil Flibbertigibbet: he starts at the curfew and walks until midnight; he gives people cataracts, squints and hare lips; he puts mildew in the young wheat, and hurts all poor creatures.</p>	530
KENT:	How is your Grace?	
KING LEAR:	Who's that?	535
KENT:	Who's there? What do you want?	
GLOUCESTER:	Who are you? What are your names?	
EDGAR:	<p>Poor Tom; the one who eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the water newt and the lizard; who in his madness, eats cow-dung instead of salad; he swallows the old rat and dead dogs; he drinks the scum off the standing pool; he is whipped from parish to parish, put in the stocks and imprisoned; he once had three suits and six shirts to wear, a horse to ride and a weapon to carry; but mice and rats and such small game have been Tom's food for seven long years.</p>	<p>540</p> <p>545</p> <p>550</p>
GLOUCESTER:	Is this the best company your Grace can get?	
EDGAR:	Poor Tom's cold.	
GLOUCESTER:	<p>Come in to my house: my loyalty will not allow me to obey all your daughters' harsh orders: though they have commanded me to lock my doors, and let this terrible night descend on you, I have decided to come and find you</p>	555

	and bring you to where there is both food and a fire.	
KING LEAR:	Let me first talk with this philosopher.	560
	What causes thunder?	
KENT:	My good lord, take him up on his offer; go into the house.	
KING LEAR:	I'll have a word with this clever chap.	
	What's your speciality?	565
KENT:	Plead with him again to go in, my lord; he's beginning to go mad.	
GLOUCESTER:	Can you blame him?	
	<i>[Storm continues]</i>	
		570
	His daughters want him dead: ah, Kent was a good man!	
	He said this would happen, the poor exile!	
	You say the King is going mad; I'll tell you my friend,	
	I am almost mad myself: I had a son,	575
	whom I have now disowned; he wanted to kill me,	
	very recently: I loved him, my friend;	
	no father loved his son more dearly; to tell you the truth,	580
	the grief has made me mad. What a night this is!	
	I beg your grace –	
KING LEAR:	Oh, excuse me sir.	
	Noble philosopher, come to me.	
EDGAR:	Tom's cold.	585
GLOUCESTER:	Go in, fellow, in there, into the shack: keep yourself warm.	
KING LEAR:	Come on, let's all go in.	
KENT:	This way, my lord.	
KING LEAR:	You go with him;	590
	I'll stay with this philosopher.	
KENT:	Humour him my good lord, let him bring the fellow.	
GLOUCESTER:	You lead him in.	
KENT:	Come on, sir, come with us.	595
KING LEAR:	Come on, you clever fellow.	
GLOUCESTER:	Say nothing, say nothing: hush.	
EDGAR:	Child Roland to the dark tower came,	
	His motto remained: Fee fie fo fum,	
	I smell the blood of a British man.	600

*[Exit]*

**TURN OVER FOR EXTRACT 2.**

## EXTRACT 2

Adapted from *Painting Churches* by Tina Howe

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

*Painting Churches* by Tina Howe (1937–2023) was first performed in New York, off-Broadway in 1983. The extract is adapted from Act One Scene One of the play.

The play is about the relationship between an elderly couple preparing to move to a smaller house. The husband, GARDNER, is a once-eminant poet, now losing many of his mental faculties and his wife, FANNY, is a lady from a fine old Bostonian family.

Their daughter, MAGS, comes to help them pack. As an artist, she wants to take the opportunity to paint the pair of them together.

CHARACTERS:

FANNY SEDGWICK CHURCH, in her sixties

GARDNER CHURCH, her husband, in his seventies

MARGARET CHURCH (MAGS), their daughter, in her early thirties



## ACT ONE SCENE ONE

*[The living room of the Churches' townhouse on Beacon Hill one week before everything will be moved to Cape Cod. Empty packing cartons line the room and all the furniture has been tagged with brightly coloured markers.]*

FANNY *is sitting on the sofa, wrapping a valuable old silver coffee service. She's wearing a worn bathrobe and fashionable hat. As she works, she makes a list of everything on a yellow legal pad. GARDNER can be heard typing in his study down the hall.]*

5

FANNY:

*[Picks up a coffee pot]* This is good-looking! I'd forgotten how handsome Mama's old silver was! It's probably worth a fortune. It certainly weighs enough! *[Calling]* GARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRDNERRRRRRRRRRR? ... Well, it should bring us a pretty penny, that's for sure: *[Wraps it, places it in a carton, and then picks up the tray that goes with it. She holds it up like a mirror and adjusts her hat. Louder in another register]* OH, GARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRDNERRRRR?

10

*[GARDNER continues typing. She then reaches for a small box and opens it with reverence]* Grandma's special Paul Revere teaspoons! ... *[She takes out several and fondles them]* I don't care how desperate things get, these will never go! One has to maintain some standards! *[She writes on her list]* Grandma's Paul Revere teaspoons ... *[She looks at her reflection in the tray again]* This is a very good-looking hat, if I do say so. I was awfully smart to grab it up. *[Silence]*

15

... HELLO? ... GARDNER? ... ARE YOU THERE! *[The typing stops]* YOO-HOOOOOOO ... *[Like a foghorn]* GARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRDNERRRRRRR?

20

25

GARDNER:

FANNY:

*[Offstage; from his study]* YES, DEAR ... IS THAT YOU? OF COURSE IT'S ME! WHO ELSE COULD IT POSSIBLY BE? ... DARLING, PLEASE COME HERE FOR A MINUTE. *[The typing resumes]* WILL YOU STOP THAT DREADFUL TYPING BEFORE YOU SEND ME STRAIGHT TO THE NUT HOUSE? ... *[In a new register]* GARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRDNERRRRRRR?

30

*[He stops.]*

GARDNER:

*[Offstage]* WHAT'S THAT? MAGS IS BACK FROM THE NUT HOUSE?

FANNY:

I SAID ... Good grief, I hate this yelling. ... PLEASE ... COME ... HERE!

35

*[Brief silence.]*

GARDNER:

*[Offstage]* I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT, I DIDN'T HEAR HER RING. *[Starts singing]* "Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina."

FANNY:

It's a wonder I'm not in a straightjacket already. Actually, it might be rather nice for a change ... peaceful. DARLING ... I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY NEW HAT!

40

45

*[Silence. GARDNER enters, still singing. He's wearing mismatched tweeds and is holding a stack of papers which keep drifting to the floor.]*

GARDNER:	Oh, don't you look nice! Very attractive, very attractive!	
FANNY:	But I'm still in my bathrobe.	50
GARDNER:	[ <i>Looking around the room, leaking more papers</i> ] Well, where's Mags?	
FANNY:	Darling, you're dropping your papers all over the floor.	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Spies the silver tray</i> ] I remember this! Aunt Alice gave it to us, didn't she? [ <i>He picks it up</i> ] Good Grief, it's heavy. What's it made of? Lead?!	
FANNY:	No, Aunt Alice did <i>not</i> give it to us. It was Mama's.	55
GARDNER:	Oh, yes ... [ <i>He starts to exit with it</i> ]	
FANNY:	Could I have it back, please?	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Hands it to her, dropping more papers</i> ] Oh, sure thing. ... Where's Mags? I thought you said she was here.	
FANNY:	I didn't say Mags was here, I asked <i>you</i> to come here.	60
GARDNER:	[ <i>Papers spilling</i> ] Darned papers keep falling ...	
FANNY:	I wanted to show you my new hat. I bought it in honour of Mags' visit. Isn't it marvellous?	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Picking up the papers as more drop</i> ] Yes, yes, very nice ...	
FANNY:	You don't think it's too bright, do you? I don't want to look like a traffic light. Guess how much it cost?	65
GARDNER:	[ <i>A whole sheaf of papers slides to the floor; he dives for them</i> ] OH, DRAT!	
FANNY:	[ <i>Gets to them first</i> ] It's all right, I've got them, I've got them. [ <i>She hands them to him</i> ]	70
GARDNER:	You'd think they had wings on them ...	
FANNY:	Here you go ...	
	GARDNER: ... darned things won't hold still!	
FANNY:	Gar ...?	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Engrossed in one of the pages</i> ] Mmmmm?	75
FANNY:	HELLO?	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Startled</i> ] What's that?	
FANNY:	[ <i>In a whisper</i> ] My hat. Guess how much it cost.	
GARDNER:	Oh, yes. Let's see ... ten dollars?	
FANNY:	Ten dollars ... IS THAT ALL?	80
GARDNER:	Twenty?	
FANNY:	GARDNER, THIS HAPPENS TO BE A DESIGNER HAT! DESIGNER HATS START AT FIFTY DOLLARS ... SEVENTY-FIVE!	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Jumps</i> ] Was that the door bell?	
FANNY:	No, it wasn't the door bell. Though it's high time Mags were here. She was probably in a train wreck!	85
GARDNER:	[ <i>reading from a page</i> ] "The mules that angels ride come slowly down The blazing passes, from beyond the sun. Descensions of their tinkling bells arrive. These muleteers are dainty of their way ..."	90
	[ <i>Pause</i> ] Don't you love that! "These muleteers are <i>dainty</i> of their way"!?	
FANNY:	Gar, the hat. How much? [GARDNER <i>sighs</i> ] Darling ...?	
GARDNER:	Oh, yes. Let's see ... fifty dollars? Seventy-five?	95
FANNY:	It's French.	
GARDNER:	Three hundred!	
FANNY:	[ <i>Triumphant</i> ] No, eighty-five cents.	
GARDNER:	Eighty-five cents! ... I thought you said ...	
FANNY:	That's right ... eighty ... five ... <i>cents</i> !	100
GARDNER:	Well, you sure had me fooled!	
FANNY:	I found it at the thrift shop.	
GARDNER:	I thought it cost at least fifty dollars or seventy-five. You know, designer hats are very expensive!	

FANNY:	It was on the markdown table. [ <i>She takes it off and shows him the label</i> ] See that? Lily Daché! When I saw that label, I nearly keeled over right into the fur coats!	105
GARDNER:	[ <i>Handling it</i> ] Well, what do you know, that's the same label that's in my bathrobe.	
FANNY:	Darling, Lily Daché designed hats, not men's bathrobes!	110
GARDNER:	Yup ... Lily Daché ... same name ...	
FANNY:	If you look again, I'm sure you'll see ...	
GARDNER:	... same script, same color, same size. I'll show you. [ <i>He exits</i> ]	
FANNY:	Poor lamb can't keep anything straight anymore. [ <i>Looks at herself in the tray again</i> ] Oh my, this is a good-looking hat!	115
GARDNER:	[ <i>Returns with a nondescript plaid bathrobe. He points to the label</i> ] See that? ... What does it say?	
FANNY:	[ <i>Refusing to look at it</i> ] Lily Daché was a <i>hat</i> designer! She designed ladies' <i>hats</i> !	
GARDNER:	What ... does ... it ... say?	120
FANNY:	Gardner, you're being ridiculous.	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Forcing it on her</i> ] Read ... the label!	
FANNY:	Lily Daché did <i>not</i> design this bathrobe, I don't care what the label says!	
GARDNER:	READ! [ <i>FANNY reads it</i> ] ALL RIGHT, NOW WHAT DOES IT SAY?	125
FANNY:	[ <i>Chagrined</i> ] Lily Daché.	
GARDNER:	I told you!	
FANNY:	Wait a minute, let me look at that again. [ <i>She does; then throws the robe at him in disgust</i> ] Gar, Lily Daché never designed a bathrobe in her life! Someone obviously ripped the label off one of her hats and then sewed it into the robe.	130
GARDNER:	[ <i>Puts it on over his jacket</i> ] It's darned good-looking. I've always loved this robe. I think you gave it to me. ... Well, I've got to get back to work. [ <i>He abruptly exits</i> ]	
FANNY:	Where did you get that robe anyway? ... I didn't give it to you, did I ...?	135
	[ <i>Silence, GARDNER resumes typing.</i> ]	
FANNY:	[ <i>Holding the tray up again and admiring herself</i> ] You know, I think I <i>did</i> give it to him. I remember how excited I was when I found it at the thrift shop ... fifty cents and never worn! I couldn't have sewn that label in to impress him, could I? ... I can't be that far gone! ... The poor lamb wouldn't even notice it, let alone understand. ... Uuuuuuh, this darned tray is even heavier than the coffee pot. They must have been amazons in the old days! [ <i>Writes on her pad</i> ] "Empire tray, Parke-Bernet Galleries," and good riddance! [ <i>She wraps it and drops it into the carton with the coffee pot</i> ] Where <i>is</i> that wretched Mags? It would be just like her to get into a train wreck! She was supposed to be here hours ago. Well, if she doesn't show up soon, I'm going to drop dead of exhaustion. Gee, wouldn't that be wonderful? ... Then they could just cart me off into storage with all the old chandeliers and china ...	140
		145
		150
	[ <i>The doorbell rings.</i> ]	

FANNY:	IT'S MAGS, IT'S MAGS! [A pause. Dashing out of the room, colliding into GARDNER] GOOD GRIEF, LOOK AT ME! I'M STILL IN MY BATHROBE!	GARDNER: [Offstage] COMING, COMING ... I'VE GOT IT ... COMING! [Dashing into the room, colliding into FANNY] I'VE GOT IT ... HOLD ON ... COMING ... COMING ...	155
FANNY:	[Offstage] MAGS IS HERE! IT'S MAGS. ... SHE'S FINALLY HERE!		160
	[GARDNER exits to open the front door. MAGS comes staggering in carrying a suitcase and an enormous duffel bag. She wears wonderfully distinctive clothes and has very much her own look. She's extremely out of breath.]		165
MAGS:	I'm sorry. ... I'm sorry I'm so late. ... Everything went wrong! A passenger had a heart attack outside of New London and we had to stop. ... It was terrifying! All these medics and policemen came swarming onto the train and the conductor kept running up and down the aisles telling everyone not to leave their seats under any circumstances. ... Then the New London fire department came screeching down to the tracks, sirens blaring, lights whirling, and all these men in black rubber suits started pouring through the doors. ... That took two hours ...		170
FANNY:	[Offstage] DARLING ... DARLING ... WHERE ARE YOU?		175
MAGS:	Then, I couldn't get a cab at the station. There just weren't any! I must have circled the block fifteen times. Finally I just stepped out into the traffic with my thumb out, but no one would pick me up ... so I walked ...		
FANNY:	[Offstage] Darned zipper's stuck ...		180
GARDNER:	You walked all the way from the South Station?		
MAGS:	Well actually, I ran ...		
GARDNER:	You had poor Mum scared to death.		
MAGS:	[Finally puts the bags down with a deep sigh] I'm sorry. ... I'm really sorry. It was a nightmare.		185
	[FANNY reenters the room, her dress over her head. The zipper's stuck; she staggers around blindly.]		
FANNY:	Darned zipper! Gar, will you please help me with this?		
MAGS:	I sprinted all the way up Beacon Hill.		
GARDNER:	[Opening his arms wide] Well come here and let's get a look at you. [He hugs her] Mags!		190
MAGS:	[Squeezing him tight] Oh, Daddy ... Daddy!		
GARDNER:	My Mags!		
MAGS:	I never thought I'd get here! ... Oh, you look wonderful!		
GARDNER:	Well, you don't look so bad yourself!		195
MAGS:	I love your hair. It's gotten so ... white!		
FANNY:	[Still lost in her dress, struggling with the zipper] This is so typical ... just as Mags arrives, my zipper has to break! [She grunts and struggles]		
MAGS:	[Waves at her] Hi, Mum ...		200
FANNY:	Just a minute, dear, my zipper's ...		
GARDNER:	[Picks up MAGS' bags] Well, sit down and take a load off your feet ...		
MAGS:	I was so afraid I'd never make it ...		

GARDNER:	[ <i>Staggering under the weight of the bags</i> ] What have you got in here? Lead weights?	205
MAGS:	I can't believe you're finally letting me do you.	
	[FANNY <i>flings her arms around MAGS, practically knocking her over.</i> ]	
FANNY:	OH, DARLING ... MY PRECIOUS MAGS, YOU'RE HERE AT LAST.	
GARDNER:	[ <i>Lurching around in circles</i> ] Now let's see ... where should I put these ...?	210
FANNY:	I was sure your train had derailed and you were lying dead in some ditch!	
MAGS:	[ <i>Pulls away from FANNY to come to GARDNER's rescue</i> ] Daddy, please, let me ... these are much too heavy.	215
FANNY:	[ <i>Finally noticing MAGS</i> ] GOOD GRIEF, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR?!	
MAGS:	[ <i>Struggling to take the bags from GARDNER</i> ] Come on, give them to me ... please? [ <i>She sets them down by the sofa</i> ]	
FANNY:	[ <i>As her dress starts to slide off one shoulder</i> ] Oh, not again! ... Gar, would you give me a hand and see what's wrong with this zipper. One minute it's stuck, the next it's falling to pieces.	220
	[GARDNER <i>goes to her and starts fussing with it.</i> ]	
MAGS:	[ <i>Pacing</i> ] I don't know, it's been crazy all week. Monday, I forgot to keep an appointment I'd made with a new model. ... Tuesday, I overslept and stood up my advanced painting students. ... Wednesday ...	225
FANNY:	DARN IT, GAR, CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS ZIPPER?! COME ON, GAR, USE A LITTLE MUSCLE!	
MAGS:	[ <i>Laughing</i> ] Oh, well, all that matters is that I finally got here. ... I mean ... there you are ...	230
GARDNER:	[ <i>Struggling with the zipper</i> ] I can't see it, it's too small!	
FANNY:	[ <i>Whirls away from GARDNER, pulling her dress off altogether</i> ] OH, FORGET IT! JUST FORGET IT! The trolley's probably missing half its teeth, just like someone else I know. [ <i>To MAGS</i> ] I grind my teeth in my sleep now, I've worn them all down to stubs. Look at that! [ <i>She flings open her mouth and points</i> ] Nothing left but the gums!	235
GARDNER:	I never hear you grind your teeth ...	
FANNY:	That's because I'm snoring so loud. How could you hear anything through all that racket? It even wakes me up. It's no wonder poor Daddy has to sleep downstairs.	240
MAGS:	[ <i>Looking around</i> ] Look at the place! So, you're finally doing it ... selling the house and moving. I don't believe it. I just don't believe it!	
GARDNER:	Well, how about a drink to celebrate Mags' arrival?	
MAGS:	You've been here so long. Why move now?	
FANNY:	Gardner, what are you wearing that bathrobe for?	245
MAGS:	You can't move. I won't let you!	
FANNY:	[ <i>Softly to GARDNER</i> ] Really, darling, you ought to pay more attention to your appearance.	
MAGS:	You love this house. / I love this house ... the room ... the light.	
GARDNER:	So, Mags, how about a little ... [ <i>He drinks from an imaginary glass</i> ] to wet your whistle?	250
FANNY:	We can't start drinking now, it isn't even noon yet!	
MAGS:	I'm starving. I've got to get something to eat before I collapse! [ <i>She exits towards the kitchen</i> ]	
FANNY:	What <i>have</i> you done to your hair, dear? The colour's so strange and	255



all your nice curl is gone.  
 GARDNER: It looks to me as if she dyed it.  
 FANNY: Yes, that's it. You're absolutely right! It's a completely different colour. She dyed it bright red!

[MAGS *can be heard thumping and thudding through the icebox.*] 260

FANNY: NOW, MAGS, I DON'T WANT YOU FILLING UP ON SNACKS. ... I'VE MADE A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL LEG OF LAMB FOR LUNCH! ... HELLO? ... DO YOU HEAR ME? ... [To GARDNER] No one in our family has ever had red hair, it's so common looking.

GARDNER: I like it. It brings out her eyes. 265

FANNY: WHY ON EARTH DID YOU DYE YOUR HAIR RED, OF ALL COLOURS?!

MAGS: [Returns, eating crackers out of the box] I didn't dye my hair, I just added some highlight.

FANNY: I suppose that's what your arty friends in New York do ... dye their hair all the colours of the rainbow! 270

GARDNER: Well, it's darned attractive if you asked me ... darned attractive!

[MAGS unzips her duffel bag and rummages around in it while eating the Crackers.]

FANNY: Darling, I told you not to bring a lot of stuff with you. We're trying to get rid of things. 275

MAGS: [Pulls out a folding easel and starts setting it up] AAAAAHHHHHH, here it is. Isn't it a beauty? I bought it just for you!

FANNY: Please don't get crumbs all over the floor. Crystal was just here yesterday. It was her last time before we move. 280

MAGS: [At her easel] I can hardly wait! I can't believe you're finally letting me do you.

FANNY: Do us? ... What are you talking about?

GARDNER: [Reaching for the crackers] Hey, Mags, could I have a couple of those? 285

MAGS: [Tosses him the box] Sure! [To FANNY] Your portrait.

GARDNER: Thanks. [He starts munching on a handful]

FANNY: You're planning to paint our portrait now? While we're trying to move ...?

GARDNER: [Sputtering crackers] Mmmmm, I'd forgotten just how delicious crackers are! 290

MAGS: It's a perfect opportunity. There'll be no distractions; you'll be completely at my mercy. Also, you promised.

FANNY: I did?

MAGS: Yes, you did. 295

FANNY: Well, I must have been off my rocker.

MAGS: No, you said, "You can paint us, you can dip us in concrete, you can do anything you want with us just so long as you help us get out of here!"

GARDNER: [Offering the box of crackers to FANNY] You really ought to try some of these, Fan, they're absolutely delicious! 300

FANNY: [Taking a few] Why, thank you.

MAGS: I figure we'll pack in the morning and you'll pose in the afternoons. It'll be a nice diversion.

FANNY: These are good! 305

GARDNER: Here, dig in ... take some more.

MAGS: I have some wonderful news ... amazing news! I wanted to wait till I

got here to tell you.

[GARDNER and FANNY eat their crackers, passing the box back and forth as MAGS speaks.]

310

MAGS: You'll die! Just fall over into the packing cartons and die! Are you ready? ... BRACE YOURSELVES ... OKAY, HERE GOES. ... I'm being given a one-woman show at one of the most important galleries in New York this fall. Me, Margaret Church, exhibited at Castelli's, 420 West Broadway. ... Can you believe it?! ... It's incredible, beyond belief ... I mean, at my age. ... Do you know how good you have to be to get in there? It's a miracle ... an honest-to-God, star-spangled miracle!

315

[Pause.]

FANNY: [Mouth full] Oh, darling, GARDNER: [Mouth full] No one that's wonderful. We're so happy for you! deserves it more, no one deserves it more!

320

FANNY: [Reaching for the box of crackers] More, more ...

MAGS: They said they hadn't seen anyone handle light like me since the French Impressionists.

GARDNER: [Swallowing his mouthful] I told you they were good.

325

MAGS: Also, no one's doing portraits these days. I'm so out of it, I'm in.

GARDNER: Well, you're loaded with talent and always have been.

FANNY: She gets it all from Mama, you know. Her miniature of Henry James is still one of the main attractions at the Atheneum. Of course no woman of breeding could be a professional artist in her day. It simply wasn't done. But talk about talent ... that woman had talent to burn!

330

MAGS: I want to do one of you for the show.

FANNY: Oh, do Daddy, he's the famous one.

MAGS: No, I want to do you both. I've always wanted to do you and now I've finally got a good excuse.

335

FANNY: It's high time somebody painted Daddy again! I'm sick to death of that dreadful portrait of him in the National Gallery they keep reproducing. He looks like an undertaker!

GARDNER: Well, I think you should just do Mum. She's never looked handsomer.

FANNY: Oh, come on, I'm a perfect fright and you know it.

340

MAGS: I want to do you both. Side by side. In this room. Something really classy. You look so great. Mum with her crazy hats and everything and you with that face. If I could just get you to hold still long enough and actually pose.

GARDNER: [Walking around, distracted] Where are those papers I just had? darn it, Fanny ...

345

MAGS: I have the feeling it's either now or never.

GARDNER: I can't hold on to anything around here. [He exits to his study]

MAGS: I've always wanted to do you. It would be such a challenge.

FANNY: [Pulling MAGS onto the sofa next to her] I'm so glad you're finally here, Mags. I'm very worried about Daddy.

350

MAGS: Mummy, please. I just got here.

FANNY: He's getting quite confused.

MAGS: Mummy ...!

FANNY: You haven't seen him in almost a year. Two weeks ago he walked through the front door of the Codman's house, kissed Emily on the cheek and settled down in the maid's room, thinking he was home!

355

MAGS: Oh, come on, you're exaggerating.

FANNY: He's as mad as a hatter and getting worse every day! It's this darned

	new book of his. He works on it around the clock. I've read some of it, and it doesn't make one word of sense, it's all at sixes and sevens ...	360
GARDNER:	<i>[Pokes his head back in the room, spies some of his papers on a table and grabs them]</i> Ahhh, here they are. <i>[He exits]</i>	
FANNY:	<i>[Voice lowered]</i> Ever since this dry spell with his poetry, he's been frantic, absolutely ... frantic!	365
MAGS:	I hate it when you do this.	
FANNY:	I'm just trying to get you to face the facts around here.	
MAGS:	There's nothing wrong with him!	
FANNY:	You know what he's doing now? You couldn't guess in a million years! ... He's writing criticism! Daddy! <i>[She laughs]</i> The man doesn't have one analytic bone in his body. His mind is a complete jumble and always has been!	370
	<i>[There's a loud crash from GARDNER's study.]</i>	
GARDNER:	<i>[Offstage]</i> DRAT!	
MAGS:	He's abstracted. ... That's the way he is.	375
FANNY:	He doesn't spend any time with me anymore. He just holes up in that filthy study with Toots. I hate that bird! Though actually they're quite cunning together. Daddy's teaching him Gray's <i>Elegy</i> . You ought to see them in there, Toots perched on top of Daddy's head, spouting out verse after verse ... Daddy, tap-tap-tapping away on his typewriter. They're quite a pair.	380
GARDNER:	<i>[Pokes his head back in]</i> Have you seen that Stevens' poem I was reading before?	
FANNY:	<i>[Long-Suffering]</i> NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT STEVENS' POEM YOU WERE READING BEFORE! ... Things are getting very tight around here, in case you haven't noticed. Now that he's too dodderly to give readings anymore, that income is gone ...	385
GARDNER:	<i>[Reappearing again]</i> You're sure you haven't seen it?	
FANNY:	<i>[Loud and angry]</i> YES, I'M SURE I HAVEN'T SEEN IT! I JUST TOLD YOU I HAVEN'T SEEN IT!	390
GARDNER:	<i>[Retreating]</i> Right you are, right you are. <i>[He exits]</i>	
	<i>[Silence.]</i>	
MAGS:	What do you have to yell at him like that for?	
FANNY:	Because the poor thing's as deaf as an adder!	
	<i>[MAGS sighs deeply; silence. FANNY, suddenly exuberant, leads her over to a lamp.]</i>	395
	Come, I want to show you something.	
MAGS:	<i>[Looking at it]</i> What is it?	
FANNY:	Something I made.	
MAGS:	<i>[Touching the lampshade]</i> What is this? It looks like a scene of some sort.	400
FANNY:	It's an invention I made ... a kind of magic lantern.	
MAGS:	Where on earth did you get the idea?	
FANNY:	Well you know, idle minds ... <i>[She spins the shade, making the lights whirl]</i>	405



MAGS: It's really amazing. I mean, you could sell this in a store!

GARDNER: *[Enters]* HERE IT IS. IT WAS RIGHT ON TOP OF MY DESK THE WHOLE TIME. *[He crashes into a table]* OOOOOWWWWW! 410

FANNY: LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT!

MAGS: *[Rushes over to GARDNER]* Oh, Daddy, are you all right?

FANNY: WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING! 415

GARDNER: *[Hopping up and down on one leg]* DARN IT! ... I HIT MY SHIN.

FANNY: I was just showing Mags my lamp ...

GARDNER: *[Limping over to it]* Oh, yes, isn't that something? Mum is awfully clever with that kind of thing. ... It was all her idea.

MAGS: *[Puts his arm around MAGS]* Gee, it's good to have you back. 420

MAGS: It's good to be back.

GARDNER: And I like that new red hair of yours. It's very becoming.

MAGS: But I told you, I hardly touched it ...

GARDNER: Well, something's different. You've got a glow. So ... how do you want us to pose for this grand portrait of yours ...? *[He poses self-consciously]* 425

MAGS: Oh, Daddy, setting up a portrait takes a lot of time and thought. You've got to figure out the background, the lighting, what to wear, the sort of mood you want to—

FANNY: OOOOH, LET'S DRESS UP, LET'S DRESS UP! *[She grabs a packing blanket, drapes it around herself and links arms with GARDNER, striking an elegant pose]* This is going to be fun. She was absolutely right! Come on, Gar, look distinguished! 430

MAGS: Mummy, please, it's not a game!

FANNY: *[More and more excited]* You still have your tuxedo, don't you? And I'll wear my marvellous long black dress. 435

MAGS: MUMMY?!

FANNY: I'm sorry, we'll behave, just tell us what to do.

*[FANNY and GARDNER settle down next to each other.]*

GARDNER: That's right, you're the boss. 440

FANNY: Yes, you're the boss.

MAGS: But I'm not ready yet; I haven't set anything up.

FANNY: Relax, darling, we just want to get the hang of it ...

*[FANNY and GARDNER stare straight ahead, trying to look like suitable subjects, but they can't hold still. They keep making faces, lifting an eyebrow, wriggling a nose, twitching a lip. Nothing big and grotesque, just flickering changes; a half-smile here, a self-important frown there. They steal glances at each other every so often.]* 445

GARDNER: How am I doing, Fan?

FANNY: Brilliantly, absolutely brilliantly! 450

MAGS: But you're making faces.

FANNY: I'm not making faces. *[Turning to GARDNER and making a face]* Are you making faces, Gar?

GARDNER: *[Instantly making one]* Certainly not! I'm the picture of restraint!

*[Without meaning to, FANNY and GARDNER get sillier and sillier. They start giggling, then laughing.]* 455

MAGS:

*[Can't help but join in]* You two are impossible ... completely impossible! I was crazy to think I could ever pull this off! *[Laughing away]* Look at you ... just ... look at you!

*[Blackout.]*



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