



DRAMA

Paper 1

May/June 2023

2 hours 30 minutes

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- This copy of the pre-release material is for you to use in your responses.

EXTRACT 1: JEKYLL & HYDE

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

Extract 1 is taken from a stage adaptation by Evan Placey of Robert Louis Stephenson's 1886 novella *Jekyll & Hyde*. The play was written for the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain and first performed in London in September 2017. It is in two Acts and the extract consists of scenes from Act One.

Placey's dramatisation reimagines the story by introducing a number of female characters who do not appear in Stevenson's original novella. The playwright has provided the following production notes.

For the most part, scenes should rush into each other.

There should be lots of mirrors integrated into the set.

It's also fine if things have a bit of a contemporary edge to them – like a pastiche of Victorian society, or maybe become more contemporary as the piece goes on.

This is not 'real' Victorian society. Things don't have to be exact, historically accurate – reasons for which will become clear in the story. It's more important that they capture an essence or an idea of the time.

There is no requirement for candidates to read the complete play text.

Characters

in order of appearance

HARRIET (HATTIE) JEKYLL/FLOSSIE HYDE

GABRIEL JOHN UTTERSON

YOUNG WOMAN

ABBIE

GERTRUDE/GEORGIE, *these roles should be doubled*

IDA/IZZY, *these roles should be doubled*

MARTHA/MILLIE, *these roles should be doubled*

DR MAXWELL

DR FINN

DR LANYON

DR TENNISON

CROWD AT THE 'FOX AND HOUNDS'

A VISIT FROM DETECTIVE UTTERSON

SCENE THREE

	[JEKYLL's home. UTTERSON enters.]	
UTTERSON:	Madam. Evening. My apologies for simply trotting in like this.	
JEKYLL:	You don't need to do that, Gabriel – 'Madam'.	
UTTERSON:	I'm not here on a social visit.	5
JEKYLL:	I know. But nonetheless. We ran around in nappies together, which surely must count for something.	
	[Beat.]	
UTTERSON:	I hear you've been going out, someone saw you at the theatre.	
JEKYLL:	Haven't people better things to do than gossip about a mourning widow leaving her house to watch some tigers for a few minutes?	10
	I just can't bear being at home any more! Almost a year of this, the only time I leave is once a week for church, and I worry I'm going mad locked up here, I don't know how I'll cope for another year. If I could just live some other life, be someone else for a short while!	15
	Sorry.	
	Sorry. I forget myself.	
UTTERSON:	I like the mirrors.	
JEKYLL:	I found them in Henry's laboratory. Makes the room look bigger than it is, don't you think? But you didn't come here to investigate my housekeeping, did you, Detective. So.	20
UTTERSON:	When I arrived I said this wasn't a social call and you said you knew. How?	
JEKYLL:	Has the detective begun the interrogation he's come for?	
UTTERSON:	I haven't come to do that.	25
JEKYLL:	You have not made a social visit since Henry died. The funeral aside, I've not seen you.	
UTTERSON:	I wasn't sure that it would have been appropriate while you were – but now I say it aloud I realise how impertinent I must seem having so often been Henry's and your guest and then not once even –	30
JEKYLL:	It wasn't an attack on your character, Gabriel. So may I ask why you're here?	
UTTERSON:	Poole came to see me.	
	The night Henry died, you were at your sister's, and Poole said very late he noticed light from the laboratory. As he approached he heard Henry's voice – having an argument.	35
JEKYLL:	What exactly are you suggesting?	
UTTERSON:	Poole thinks there was foul play.	
JEKYLL:	Murder?	
	You can't actually	40
	Impossible. It was I who found Henry the next morning. I saw it for myself – the smashed beakers, the overturned	
	His heart just – he'd been stressed all week, irritable, unfocused	
	The scientific theories weren't working, he became ... angry. It's why I decided to visit my sister, to give him room to, and he just worked himself up and his fragile heart, he	45
UTTERSON:	Stay calm, Hattie.	
JEKYLL:	I'm calm. I'm very calm.	
	Poole is understandably upset that after so many years' service I dismissed him and he's trying to, well, I'm not sure what he's trying to achieve. But my husband was not ... murdered. I feel ridiculous even saying the word.	50

UTTERSON:	What if the crack in his skull was not the afterthought to a fall in death, but the cause of death itself?	
JEKYLL:	Who would want to kill Henry? Quiet, sullen Henry who spoke to barely a soul, who spoke mostly to himself and his vials of liquids?	55
UTTERSON:	That is what I am going to find out. That's why I've come. I am going to investigate his death.	
JEKYLL:	I see. [Long pause.]	60
	I appreciate you coming to tell me. And I expect you'll inform me of what you uncover.	
	...	
	What is it, Gabriel?	
UTTERSON:	There were women. Several women.	65
JEKYLL:	I don't understand. [Beat. And then she does understand.]	
	This is from Poole as well? [He nods.]	
	And you believe him?	70
UTTERSON:	He was loyal to your husband for many years. He would have no reason to tarnish Henry's memory.	
JEKYLL:	How many?	
UTTERSON:	Many. Did you know?	
JEKYLL:	Did I know?	75
UTTERSON:	You don't seem very surprised. Or upset.	
JEKYLL:	I see. I knew he had other women and so it was me arguing with Henry that night and it was me that killed him. And you have come here to arrest me.	80
UTTERSON:	I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't ask. [Pause.]	
JEKYLL:	In truth I don't know what I knew. I've been going through his things – his copious scientific notes. Look here, what do you see?	85
UTTERSON:	Science was never my forte.	
JEKYLL:	Beyond the words though. The darkness of the ink, written pressing hard with determination, with. Passion	90
	I didn't know that man. That night, after you introduced us at the Wellington Ball, do you remember, and he barely said a word but my mother kept saying, 'So what, mystery is healthy for a marriage, you have a lifetime to get to know him.' I think I knew him better that first night we danced than I do now.	95
	Now let me ask you the same, as his best friend. Did you know?	
UTTERSON:	No, I swear it.	
JEKYLL:	What was he like? As a friend?	
UTTERSON:	He was understanding. During everything with Gertrude he didn't judge. My fallibility was my humanity, he said.	100
JEKYLL:	The duality of man.	
UTTERSON:	What?	
JEKYLL:	Something written in one of his notes. Do you really think I'm capable of murder?	105
UTTERSON:	No. Your soul is gentle. [Beat. A moment between them.]	

JEKYLL:	Don't want you to be late. Will you keep me informed of what you uncover? However unsavoury, I would like to know.	110
UTTERSON:	Certainly. Good evening, Mrs Jekyll. <i>[Exits.]</i> <i>[JEKYLL continues searching in Henry's notes. She looks to the mirror.]</i>	
JEKYLL:	This glass has seen some strange things. <i>[She continues getting ready in the mirror. Suddenly in the place of her reflection is a YOUNG WOMAN. The image moves like an exact reflection.]</i>	115
ABBIE	<i>[entering]</i> : My lady? <i>[The YOUNG WOMAN disappears from the mirror.]</i>	120
JEKYLL:	Yes, Abbie?	
ABBIE:	I didn't mean to startle you. Your carriage is here. <i>[The sound of a phone's ringtone that then morphs into street sounds/clomping horses.]</i>	

SCENE FOUR

	<i>[Street.]</i>	125
GERTRUDE:	Hattie! Hattie!	
JEKYLL:	I didn't know Gertrude and Martha were coming?	
IDA:	They're not.	
GERTRUDE:	Oh, Hattie! Martha, have you seen who it is? It's Hattie and Ida.	130
MARTHA:	Yes, I've seen.	
GERTRUDE:	Oh. My. God. I'd forgotten how fabulous you look in black. Mourning has never looked better.	
JEKYLL:	Hello, Gertrude. Martha.	
GERTRUDE:	I love it. The veil, the corset, the skirt The shoes! My God, have you ladies seen these shoes! The embroidery on the leather! I swear if that cow were still living even she'd admit her skin looks better on you! I wish I had a dead husband so I'd have an excuse to wear that outfit.	135 140
MARTHA:	It's good to see you out of the house, Hattie.	
GERTRUDE:	Oh, isn't it. I mean people will talk, but everyone grieves differently and when grief looks this good, flaunt it, I say.	
MARTHA:	And anyway it's likely to be Gertrude who is the one talking.	145
GERTRUDE:	Ha. Ha. Ha. Now, how have you been? Someone told me they saw you at the theatre and I told them surely not, surely not grieving Harriet Jekyll, who only lost her Henry a year ago, they must be mistaken. And alone? At night?	
IDA:	They were not mistaken. Our Hattie's an independent woman, throwing her hands up at us, as they say.	150
MARTHA:	Who does?	
IDA:	I don't know.	
MARTHA:	You went to the theatre alone? How very European of you.	
IDA:	I think it's very brave.	155
GERTRUDE:	Almost as brave as wearing that outfit, Ida. I don't much care for the theatre, I've always found actors to be quite suspect. Always pretending to be someone else.	
IDA:	Everyone pretends to be someone else sometimes, surely.	

MARTHA:	True, Ida. So why don't you pretend to be a mute woman?	160
GERTRUDE:	Now where are you two roses off to on this fine afternoon and why wasn't I invited? But seriously where are you going?	
JEKYLL:	There's a talk. A women's talk.	
MARTHA:	Oh, don't tell me you're going to listen to that vile witch spout her propaganda.	165
GERTRUDE:	Oh, do be careful, ladies. It begins with a talk and next thing you'll be burning your corsets in the street. Now come on, Martha, we'll be late for our embroidery lesson. Bye bye kiss kiss, x, x, colon dash star Bye.	170

SCENE SIX

[The Laboratory.]

JEKYLL *ignites a flame. She adds some notes/equations to formulas on the wall. By the different handwriting, it's clear half the notes are her own. She starts ferociously looking through a notebook, making new notes. Perhaps even measures some powders/chemicals in a beaker.*

175

SCENE SEVEN

[Royal Society of Scientists.]

A group of MALE SCIENTISTS. A formal meeting.]

JEKYLL:	Thank you, all, for taking the time to meet with me this afternoon. The Royal Society meant a great deal to Henry. And if he never said as much, please let me be the one to do so.	180
MAXWELL:	Mrs Jekyll, Henry meant a great deal to us too. He may have been <i>lost</i> in his final years but that does not negate his many more years of brilliant scientific work. Rest assured, the door was always open to him here. As it is to you.	185
JEKYLL:	Thank you	
FINN:	I have been looking through Henry's laboratory, his notes. Well ... Absolutely. What did I say, did I not tell you? We discussed the matter before you arrived. And it would give us no greater pleasure than to accept all of his work for our archives. A great legacy to the man.	190
JEKYLL:	That's very, thank you, very kind	195
FINN:	And I expect it will also mean you have some more room in the house. <i>[They all laugh.]</i>	
JEKYLL:	That's very kind. Thank you.	
FINN:	Less to clean around. <i>[They all laugh again.]</i>	200
JEKYLL:	Yes, thank you. But. It wasn't what I wanted to ask. I. Henry was theorising on the nature of man. That ... Man is not truly one, but truly two.	205

	Or. Actually.	
	Man is a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous, and independent denizens.	210
	None of us here are simply the people we are presenting ourselves to be in this room.	
	And what if there was a way to be that somebody else, to do and say all the things you can't or are afraid to.	215
	I'm still getting my bearings on the work but ...	
	What I've come to ask.	
	I've come to ask if it's possible for his research to continue.	
MAXWELL:	I'm here. Are you?	
JEKYLL:	Pardon?	220
MAXWELL:	Are you here?	
JEKYLL:	I don't [follow]	
	Yes. I'm here.	
MAXWELL:	And it's you, the good, respectable Harriet Jekyll, wife of the late Dr Henry Jekyll, asking this council, the Royal Council, which has been meeting like this for over two hundred years, to carry on the research?	225
JEKYLL:	... Yes.	
MAXWELL:	But how can we be sure?	
JEKYLL:	I'm not sure I ...	230
MAXWELL:	How can we be sure it's you? And not. Another you. Or someone else for that matter.	
JEKYLL:	I see. You're joking.	
MAXWELL:	This is not a joke. How will we know that part way through we won't be dealing with a different denizen in your body?	235
	[The MEN <i>smirk, laugh.</i>]	
JEKYLL:	I think you're misunderstanding.	
	If you would let the research continue then that will perhaps make things clearer.	
LANYON:	Mrs Jekyll, do you remember me?	240
JEKYLL:	Of course, Dr Lanyon.	
LANYON:	Did Henry explain to you why we did not see each other in his final years?	
JEKYLL:	Not exactly, no.	
LANYON:	Because he spoke to me in great detail of his research. The very research you're asking this council to continue.	245
	And it sounded to me then like the work of Satan. And it sounds the same to me now. Transcendental medicine? It is against all the work this Society has done for two hundred years. Because it's not science but black magic. The Devil's magic. What you speak of is not only an offence to this Society which has built itself on sound, methodical work, but it is an offence to God.	250
TENNISON:	I don't think I would put it so strongly, Dr Lanyon.	
LANYON:	I would. And the suggestion of that kind of work puts this whole Society into disrepute.	255
TENNISON:	Is there a methodology in place?	
JEKYLL:	Well, yes.	
TENNISON:	And what is it?	
JEKYLL:	I'd have to check.	
MAXWELL:	<i>Nullius in verba.</i>	260
JEKYLL:	Pardon?	
MAXWELL:	You entered here with a hypothesis. It needs to be verified by an appeal to the facts.	

JEKYLL:	Yes, of course.	
MAXWELL:	Facts which come about by experiment. So how exactly would experiments be conducted? Obviously not on humans, so how?	265
TENNISON:	I think it's unfair to ask this poor woman such questions. Those are surely questions to be entertained by the scientist conducting.	
LANYON:	And who would that be? Is anyone here interested? I'm sorry, Harriet. But no one at the Society is able to take forward Henry's research.	270
JEKYLL:	I think I've been unclear. I'm not asking for For one of you to continue his research.	
LANYON:	Well, what are you asking?	275
JEKYLL:	I'm asking if I could continue it.	
LANYON:	You?	
JEKYLL:	I'm asking to become a Fellow of the Society. I know it is perhaps unorthodox. But I need something to keep me occupied. And I want desperately to carry on this work. I am asking you to take a leap of faith.	280
LANYON:	It is because you are grieving and because of Henry's once standing in this Society that we have given you ear this afternoon. As a courtesy. And I have tried to dissuade you of this path to save you embarrassment. And then you suggest to this council – doctors who have studied for years – that you, a woman who has not so much as filled a beaker with water, will simply, what, get down to it. You insult this council, and so I will not spare you by officially considering your request.	285
	Mrs Harriet Jekyll would like to be nominated to the council. All those in favour say 'Aye'. [Silence.]	290
	Well, there you have it. We recognise you are looking for something to keep you occupied. May I suggest you take up needlework. Or some such thing appropriate to your skills.	295

SCENE EIGHT

	[The Laboratory.]	
ABBIE:	Madam? Is everything alright? You didn't have any dinner. [ABBIE sees JEKYLL has been crying. Gets her a cloth.]	300
JEKYLL:	You've always been good to me, Abbie. Do you like it here?	
ABBIE:	I am very thankful to you and Mr Jekyll.	
JEKYLL:	I didn't ask if you were thankful. I asked if you like it here. [Beat.]	305
ABBIE:	Of course.	
JEKYLL:	Not 'of course', I can't imagine what there is to like.	
ABBIE:	Is everything okay, my lady? Shall I bring you up some tea?	
JEKYLL:	No, thank you. I don't want to be disturbed for the rest of the evening.	310
ABBIE:	Certainly, my lady. [Exits.] [JEKYLL suddenly springs up. With renewed determination, she measures out powders, liquids, lets them boil and smoke together. And then fills a syringe with the fluorescent mixture. Ties her arm.]	315
	And jabs the needle into her arm, watching the liquid enter her.	

And then:

...

Nothing.

Disappointment. Giving up. And then suddenly:

Her body contorts. Is pulled. She's still JEKYLL but it's like something inside is trying to get out. She's thrown against her equipment, scattering and smashing things. She's fighting to keep hold of her body. With each pull/contortion, a woman's silhouette appears in the mirror in a pose of seduction, anarchy, freedom. So that the silhouettes are all around her.

Before us, JEKYLL

TRANSFORMS

And standing before us is HYDE. She stands taller, more confident than her alter-ego. This is a woman that makes heads turn.

Beat.

She notices a broken nail from the ordeal. She pulls off the hanging nail with her teeth.]

HYDE: *Dammit, I only did these yesterday.*

What? What you starin' at? Ain't none of you ever had a broken nail before?

[And now we realise 'we' are another mirror. She applies bright lipstick. Grabs an umbrella. Eyes herself up.]

Lady Hyde has arrived.

SCENE NINE

[Street, bar.

HYDE approaches the bar, MILLIE is about to enter it.]

HYDE: *Excuse me, is this The Fox and Hounds?*

MILLIE: *Sure is.*

[MILLIE goes in.

HYDE looks in the window. The YOUNG WOMAN appears in the window. But this time not a reflection. HYDE watches her, the YOUNG WOMAN clearly looking elsewhere, maybe drinking a coffee out of a paper cup or something. She exits from view. And then HYDE enters the boisterous bar.

The bar comes to life – constant movement, dancing, vibrant, – a complete contrast to JEKYLL's world. HYDE is in awe of it all.

HYDE is now part of the life of the bar, dancing wildly. Maybe she even dives into the crowd like a rock star. There's no doubt she's now the life of this party. Maybe a chant even begins: 'Hyde! Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!' She notices UTTERSON in the bar. He leaves and she follows him out.

Street, bar.

UTTERSON grabs some air. HYDE exits the bar too, encountering MILLIE, GEORGIE and IZZY on the doorstep.]

GEORGIE: *[excited to see her new friend]: Ayyy! Lady Hyde!*

Say, so what's your story?

HYDE: *I realised only very recently that I was living someone else's life.*

IZZY: *She's funny. You're funny!*

I'm glad we seeked you out, Lady Hyde. Come on, that was funny.

Really, no one?

HYDE: *[of UTTERSON]: What's his story?*

MILLIE: *Don't even try.*

He comes a couple times a week. Just sits in there. Watching.

[HYDE approaches UTTERSON. The THREE WOMEN eventually

	<i>go back inside.]</i>	370
HYDE:	So, what did you wanna ask?	
UTTERSON:	Pardon?	
HYDE:	Could see you in there, untying my top with your eyes, so thought it might be easier closer up.	
UTTERSON:	I think you have the wrong idea.	375
HYDE:	A man doesn't come to a place of depravity like this if he's got the right idea.	
UTTERSON:	I've been to worse.	
HYDE:	Tell me what's the worst you've encountered.	
UTTERSON:	I've been to cesspools of vice, bedlams of abomination that would make even Dante turn in his grave.	380
HYDE:	Hot.	
	So what brings you here then?	
UTTERSON:	I'm looking for information.	
	Jekyll. A scientist. Ever heard of him?	385
HYDE:	Sounds familiar.	
UTTERSON:	Wouldn't have been here in some time.	
HYDE:	Not since he was murdered?	
UTTERSON:	Where'd you hear that?	
HYDE:	<i>[shrugs]</i> : Maybe heard someone talking about it.	390
UTTERSON:	You ever meet him?	
HYDE:	Tall, skinny bloke, right?	
UTTERSON:	Any idea who might've killed him?	
HYDE:	Don't talk to peelers.	
	What? Was that meant to be a secret, Detective?	395
UTTERSON:	How'd you know?	
HYDE:	Maybe you arrested me one time, tied the cuffs too tight.	
UTTERSON:	I'd remember you.	
	<i>[Beat.]</i>	
HYDE:	I can ask around but don't think the lasses will wanna get involved with you boys. At least not in that way. But I'll try.	400
UTTERSON:	See, what I can't figure out is why would a man like that, who had everything, come to a place like this?	
HYDE:	Maybe he just sat in a corner like you.	
	Maybe he nursed a glass feeling its warmth in his hands thinking of all the things those hands hadn't done.	405
	And maybe, sat in that corner, he lifted the glass to his lips, he tasted all the words he dared not say	
	The feelings he dare not articulate	
	The air of places he never breathed	410
	And as the beer trickled down his throat, he remembered all the pills and powder and drink he never swallowed	
	The songs he never had the nerve to sing	
	And as the fiery liquid moved into the empty cavity of his stomach, he felt the pangs of all the wants he was hungry for, more clearly than in any other place.	415
	<i>[She takes his hand.]</i>	
UTTERSON:	I need to go.	
SCENE TEN		
	<i>[JEKYLL's home.</i>	
	<i>JEKYLL is asleep, perhaps in a chair or on the floor.]</i>	420
ABBIE:	Madam?	
	Madam?	

JEKYLL:	What time is it?	
ABBIE:	It's eight.	
JEKYLL:	In the evening?	425
ABBIE:	In the morning. It's Sunday.	
JEKYLL:	Sunday?	
ABBIE:	I couldn't rouse you the last two days. I was about to call the doctor. Some tea.	
JEKYLL:	Do I look	430
	What do I look like?	
ABBIE:	Shall I prepare a bath?	
JEKYLL:	I just meant, do I ...	
	Never mind.	
	Yes, a bath.	435
ABBIE:	Ida will be here at nine.	
JEKYLL:	Ida?	
ABBIE:	She's coming to collect you for church?	
	My lady, I should mention. It's not very pleasant	
	But we may need to get those young boys from the corner to come by with their nets.	440
JEKYLL:	What for?	
ABBIE:	Rats.	
JEKYLL:	Rats?	
ABBIE:	The laboratory. I noticed the door ajar, and there were several things broken, papers everywhere	445
JEKYLL:	Did you go inside?	
ABBIE:	Why yes, I went to clear up and	
JEKYLL:	What did you see?	
	What did you see, Abbie?	450
	Did you read any of the papers?	
	Tell me if you read any of the papers!	
ABBIE:	I ... My lady, you	
JEKYLL:	Tell me! Who said you could go in there?	
ABBIE:	You know	455
JEKYLL:	What did you read?	
ABBIE:	Nothing, I swear!	
JEKYLL:	Tell me what you read!	
ABBIE:	Nothing! You know I can't read. [<i>And she's crying.</i>]	460
JEKYLL:	Of course. I'm,	
	I'm sorry, Abbie.	
	I shouldn't have shouted so.	
	It's just.	
	They're private notes.	465
	Of Henry's.	
	And it's all I have left of him.	
	You understand.	
ABBIE:	Yes.	
JEKYLL:	That's a good girl. You run along, prepare the bath. I'll sort out the laboratory.	470
	[<i>ABBIE goes to exit but UTTERSON appears in the doorway.</i>]	
UTTERSON:	The door was unlocked. No one answered. [<i>ABBIE exits.</i>]	
JEKYLL:	You know, you could give word in advance of coming.	475
UTTERSON:	I was passing and thought I'd catch you before mass.	
	You look different.	
JEKYLL:	Do I?	

UTTERSON:	I can't quite place it. A lightness.	
JEKYLL:	I'm not wearing make-up.	480
UTTERSON:	Not a lightness in colour. In body. Like you might suddenly float away.	
JEKYLL:	Let us hope not. There'd be no avoiding the chandelier, which, I fear would slice me many ways, spraying my guts all over the Persian rug, which was part of my dowry, and it will make it more difficult to sell with my intestines stuck to the wall mouldings.	485
UTTERSON:	What a thing to say.	
JEKYLL:	I'm sorry.	
UTTERSON:	Are you actually selling the house?	
JEKYLL:	I'm trying to, yes.	490
UTTERSON:	Why?	
JEKYLL:	Free valuation! Free estimate! No hassle! No sell, no fee!	
UTTERSON:	Pardon?	
JEKYLL:	I'm ready for a change. Away from the Mayfair set where everyone knows me.	495
UTTERSON:	Is that not what everyone aspires to? To be known?	
JEKYLL:	It's not for me. Anyway I'm not moving so soon.	
	There's the small issue with my father.	
	Who has hired a lawyer and is claiming ownership over the whole house.	500
UTTERSON:	But it was Henry's.	
JEKYLL:	Bought with my dowry. And dear father is claiming moving away on my own would be counter to the morality clauses in the will.	
	You have news?	
UTTERSON:	I've been asking questions about Henry. To see who might know something.	505
JEKYLL:	And?	
UTTERSON:	I've found somewhere he used to frequent.	
JEKYLL:	And where is that?	
	I want to know, Gabriel.	510
UTTERSON:	It's called The Fox and Hounds. And I spoke to ... some people there. They confirmed Henry frequented there.	
JEKYLL:	They said that? These ... people?	
UTTERSON:	They did.	
JEKYLL:	And did they say anything else?	515
UTTERSON:	Not yet. But it's a promising lead.	
JEKYLL:	So you'll return there?	
UTTERSON:	This very evening, to learn more.	
JEKYLL:	It must be difficult, entering a place like that.	
UTTERSON:	I've seen worse.	520
JEKYLL:	Have you?	
UTTERSON:	It comes with the job.	
JEKYLL:	Tell me, what's the worst you've encountered?	
	[Beat.]	
UTTERSON:	It wouldn't be appropriate for the ears of a lady.	525
JEKYLL:	You needn't have come all this way to tell me about The Fox and Hounds.	
UTTERSON:	I promised you updates.	
	And I brought you a gift.	
JEKYLL:	What for?	530
UTTERSON:	For not coming to see you in a year.	
	[She takes the gift. Opens it. A hair fork with a tiger engraved on the top.]	
JEKYLL:	A hair fork. And what's this?	

	A tiger.	535
UTTERSON:	I don't know if you like tigers. But you mentioned them. And the man at the shop said I could always –	
JEKYLL:	It's beautiful. You needn't have but. Thank you.	
UTTERSON:	I've upset you. [Pause.]	540
JEKYLL:	Henry never got me a gift. Not once.	
UTTERSON:	I'm sure he meant to.	
JEKYLL:	He didn't touch me either. Not after the first year. When it became clear that I wasn't getting pregnant, that I couldn't.	
UTTERSON:	Hattie.	545
JEKYLL:	Please don't pity me. Many women would consider themselves lucky to have a husband who left them alone. Sorry, I've made you uncomfortable. I've not told anyone before.	
UTTERSON:	It's fine.	
JEKYLL:	Why did you not marry Gertrude?	550
	Her father owns the South Mill, he must have offered a large sum.	
UTTERSON:	I accepted the engagement but quickly realised my heart was engaged elsewhere. [Beat.]	
JEKYLL:	I'll put this on, shall I? [Goes to mirror.]	555
	Will you help me? [He goes behind her.]	
UTTERSON:	I'm not sure I know how to um I've never	
JEKYLL:	Just hold my hair there. Yes. There. [He puts hands on both sides of her face, holding hair in place. She puts it in the fork. But they remain like that – him with his hands on her head, both looking at each other in the mirror, afraid to move. Something could happen, wants to happen. Long pause. The tension unbearable. And then the churchbells can be heard in the distance.]	560
		565
UTTERSON:	I won't keep you. God waits for no one.	

EXTRACT 2: KOPITIAM

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

Extract 2 is taken from *Kopitiam* by Kuo Pao Kun, one of the most significant Singaporean playwrights of the late twentieth century. The play was first performed in 1986.

A kopitiam is a traditional coffee shop that also sells simple food, popular around parts of South-East Asia. The word comes from the combination of 'kopi', a Malay word for coffee, and 'tiam', which is a Hokkien term for shop.

The influx of modern global culture has meant that kopitiams are less popular with the younger generation. The play explores the tensions between tradition and progress represented by GRANDPA's view of the kopitiam he has built up over the years.

Characters

GRANDPA

HEAD ATTENDANT

JIA CAI, *grandson and heir of the kopitiam*

OLD MAN

OLD TEACHER

YIN GUAN

STORYTELLER

FRIEND

INDIAN

MOTHER

KOPITIAM [The Coffee Shop]

PART 1

SCENE 1

[*Darkness.*

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SCENE 2

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SCENE 3

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SCENE 4

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SCENE 9

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SCENE 10

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SCENE 14

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