



Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA

0411/11

Paper 1

May/June 2021

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



This material must be given to candidates on receipt by the centre.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and the play extract provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you perform the extract, at least informally.
- 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.

STIMULI

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

Stimulus 1

Greek myth: *Prometheus steals fire from the gods*

Stimulus 2

Proverbial wisdom: *The leopard cannot change its spots*

Stimulus 3

Photograph: *Mixed basketball team*

Members of a basketball team aged 9–10 wait and watch during a tournament



EXTRACT**Taken from *Nell Gwynn*, by Jessica Swale**

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

The extract is taken from Jessica Swale's play, *Nell Gwynn*. The play was first performed in 2015 at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, London. The play takes place in London in the 1660s, when Charles II had just become King.

The play deals with reactions to women actors performing women's roles, something that was considered revolutionary at that time. This is focused on the central character, NELL GWYNN, who comes from a humble background and rises to become a celebrated female actor.

The King's Company was granted the right to put on stage productions in London between 1660 and 1682.

The play is in two Acts, and the extract consists of an abridged version of Act One.

Characters:

NELL GWYNN	The heroine
ROSE GWYNN	Nell's sister
NANCY	Nell's dresser and confidante
LADY CASTLEMAINE	The King's most ambitious mistress
KING CHARLES II	King
CHARLES HART	Leading actor in the King's Company
THOMAS KILLIGREW	Actor-manager of the King's Company
EDWARD KYNASTON	Actor in the King's Company, plays the women's parts
JOHN DRYDEN	A playwright
LORD ARLINGTON	Charles II's adviser
NED SPIGGETT	Actor-in-training in the King's Company

Other parts are played by members of the company. The play can be performed with a smaller company when parts are doubled.

Note on the Text:

A forward slash (/) denotes overlapping dialogue, where the second speaker begins when the slash appears in the previous person's line.

ACT ONE

Scene One

We begin in the playhouse in Drury Lane, London.

Prologue

Fanfare. The play is about to begin! The doors open and the young actor NED SPIGGETT steps out onto the stage to speak the prologue of John Dryden's new play.

NED: "Tis said that you, the judges of the town,
Would pass a vote to put all prologues down. 5
For who can show me, since they first were writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted nit.'
[*Realising his mistake.*] Wit. Wit!

NED tries to carry on, but he's thrown. He continues awkwardly.

'Yet London's mended well; in former days 10
Good prologues were as scarce as now good plays.
Our poet hopes / you –'
HECKLER 1: Can't hear you!

NED [a little louder]: 'Our poet hopes you ladies will not find
His rhyme and prose to be so ill designed. 15
Or contemplate that, once the prologue's done;
The wit is ended ... ' Um, sorry. [*He's dried.*]
'The wit ...'

HECKLER 2: Oh no.
NED: 'Wit is ended ...' 20

He subtly checks the lines he has written on his hand.

'– Ere the play's begun!
HECKLER 3: He's got it written on his hand!
HECKLER 1: Cheat!
NELL [in the audience]: Let him alone! [To NED.] I want to hear the play. 25
NED: Thank you.

Meanwhile, an actor enters surreptitiously, dressed as an astrologer, carrying a telescope, his face covered by his hood.

'So to the heavens must we cast our gaze.'
HECKLER 1: Hey! Blockhead, make us laugh. 30
NELL [to the HECKLER]: You want a laugh? Why don't you look in a
glass?

HECKLER 1: Enough of your cheek.
NELL: Don't think you've ever seen my cheeks, sir.

Laughter from the audience. 35

NED: Ladies and gentlemen, the lady's a wit!
HECKLER 1: She's an orange hawker! Fool! Have done, woman, we've all had
enough of your fruit.

	<i>He throws an orange at NED, which lands on the stage. NELL GWYNN decides, against all convention, to walk onto the stage to retrieve it.</i>	40
NELL:	I am an orange hawker, sir. So thank you for the compliment – and for the return of my stock. But I think you’ll find that you are the fool. You paid me a sixpence for this. And now I have it back. So you are left with nowt, while I just doubled my profits.	45
	<i>She puts it back in her basket.</i>	
NED:	Carry on.	
NELL:	Where was I?	
NED:	Gazing at the heavens.	
	Ah, yes.	50
	‘So to the heavens must we cast our gaze, To peer upon the fortune of our plays.’	
	<i>He takes a bow. Spooky music. The disguised actor pulls down his hood to reveal CHARLES HART, the most popular actor of his day. Rapturous applause.</i>	55
HART:	Ladies and gentlemen. Thank you. And thank you, Miss ...	
NELL:	Gwynn. Nell Gwynn.	
HART:	Miss Gwynn, thank you for the prologue to the prologue. Now, onwards. What secrets do the heavenly bodies hold?	
	<i>HART strikes an attitude and peers through the telescope.</i>	60
	‘Aha! First Jupiter o’er Saturn is to reign, And in ascendance bears the sign of Spain! Whence I conclude, it is our author’s lot To be endangered by a Spanish plot! [Boo!] But hold! Now Mars in his apartment rises Perchance this English wit may yet surprise us. And though he can’t the heav’nly bodies steer Perhaps his friends on earth may raise a cheer.’	65
	<i>Music. The COMPANY arrive and burst into song.</i>	
	Song — ‘A Brimmer to the King’	70
ALL	[singing]: Come boys, fill us a bumper, We’ll make the nation cheer. Bang the drum and the thumper, The days of joy are here.	75
	Sing, for London is merry, Let no man balk his wine, We’ll sink the sack of canary To toast the King divine.	
	CHORUS	80
	Fill the pottles and gallons And bring the hogshead in.	

We'll begin with a tallen
And a brimmer to the King!

Into ... 85

Scene Two

The Attitudes

Later that same day, after the performance, NELL is gathering spilled oranges from the yard. CHARLES HART arrives from backstage and calls to her, which takes her by surprise. He is something of a star.

HART: Gwynn! 90

NELL: Mr Hart!

HART: What was that?

NELL: Sir?

HART: What exactly did you think you were doing?

NELL: I was just jesting. 95

HART: Your audacity astounds me.

NELL: Sir, I –

HART: You've got no right to interrupt the prologue.

NELL: I was only trying / to help.

HART: In the middle of Mr Spiggett's performance! 100

NELL: I didn't mean / to –

HART: You can't just stride up here and talk to him!

NELL: I'm sorry.

HART: Talk to everyone!

Beat. 105

NELL: What?

HART: Talk to everyone. First rule of acting. Include your audience.

NELL: Sir?

HART: Come along. Put the fruit down and get up here.

NELL: Me?! 110

HART: Do you want to learn or not?

NELL: Learn?

HART: Acting.

NELL: But I'm a woman, Mr Hart!

HART: Project. 'Mr Hart!' 115

NELL: Mr Hart!

Continuing as he helps her onto the stage ...

HART: [*demonstrating*]: Mr Hart!

NELL: [*louder*]: Mr Hart!

HART: [*indicating her diaphragm*]: From here! 120

NELL: [*louder*]: Mr Hart!

HART: [*louder, faster*]: Again!

NELL: [*louder, faster*]: Mr Hart!

HART: Yes!

NELL: Mr Hart! 125

HART: More!

NELL: Mr Hart!

HART	[<i>building to a climax</i>]: Say my name!	
NELL	[<i>yelling</i>]: Mr Hart!	
HART:	We'll work on that. Now, being heard is the first lesson. But being felt – conveying the consumptive passions which overwhelm you, as ... [<i>Acts each state out.</i>] as your lover gasps her final breath. Or the grim sense of callous death which stirs your soul when you spy Old Hamlet's ghost. Try this. 'Terror.'	130
	<i>He pulls a terrified face. She looks at him awkwardly.</i>	135
	Come along!	
	<i>He pulls the face again. NELL copies.</i>	
	Terror is the first of the attitudes. 'Fear aroused by an object of dismay.' There! Eyebrows raised. Nostrils drawn up. The eyes and mouth are wide. Wide, I say!	140
	<i>She strikes a compelling pose.</i>	
	Hm. Let's try anger. Fury rises in your bowels. Furrow your forehead. Flare the nostrils and the lips like so.	
	<i>He demonstrates. She copies.</i>	
	Now cry out, with all the blood-swelling torment of your heart.	145
NELL:	Aargh!	
HART	[<i>simultaneously</i>]: Aarrgh!	
NELL:	AAARGH!	
HART:	Tolerable. Anger often comes naturally to women.	150
NELL:	Mr Hart!	
HART:	Well projected. Why don't you try the next one on your own? Despair. 'The absolute privation of hope'; the lost love, the shattered soul. Tears rise, breath catches.	
	<i>He watches her. She is more naturalistic than one might expect.</i>	155
	Make it bigger. Play it to the gods, they'll never see that at the back. More, Gwynn! Allow it to consume you utterly.	
	<i>She gives a small look upwards, her eyes filling with tears.</i>	
	What are you doing? Are you quite all right?	
	<i>She is on the verge of sobbing.</i>	160
NELL:	I'm – I just –	
HART:	Nell! I'm sorry. It wasn't a criticism.	
	<i>NELL sobs loudly.</i>	
	Nell?! Nell!	
	<i>She drops out of the act immediately.</i>	165

NELL:	I'm just acting, sir.	
HART:	Well, blow me down, I thought it was real.	
NELL:	I was only pretending.	
HART:	But it was convincing. Moving, even. How very intriguing.	
NELL:	What's next?	170
HART:	Love.	
NELL:	Love?	
HART:	Yes, love. 'Pleasant delight with reference to the object of affection.'	
NELL:	[cheekily]: You mean your lover?	
HART:	Yes I do. It's the final and most complex of the attitudes. It's not only on the face, but in the very blood. It must possess your entire being.	175
NELL:	[begins to flirt ... just a little]: Show me how to do love.	
HART:	[touching his heart]: It'll be in there.	
NELL:	Tell me. I'd like to hear it.	180
HART:	Well. Love is 'complete and utter indifference to everything, except the one you admire'.	
	<i>NELL follows his instructions with flirtatious confidence; this is one role she knows how to play. HART, won over, finds it hard to concentrate.</i>	185
	Eyebrows raised slightly. Head inclined towards the cause of love. Lips moisten softly with vapours which rise from the heart. Eyes connect with the object of affection.	
NELL:	I look into your eyes.	
HART:	[under her spell]: Yes. Yes, you do.	190
NELL:	Might I step towards my 'object of affection'?	
HART:	Affection, yes. Step towards / your –	
NELL:	My object of –	
HART:	Object of affection.	
NELL:	Desire.	195
HART:	Or – or desire. Yes.	
NELL:	I'm good, aren't I?	
HART:	[mesmerised]: You are – surprisingly good.	
NELL:	'Love.'	
HART:	'Love.'	200
	<i>They both stand close to each other, there is a moment of intensity. A beat. He breaks the spell.</i>	
	Um, yes. Excellent. Excellent.	
NELL:	You all right, sir?	
HART:	[flustered]: What? Yes. No. Exactly.	205
	<i>She looks out over the audience.</i>	
	You like it up here?	
NELL:	S'all right.	
HART:	All right? There's nothing like it, when it's full. Packed in, like pippins on a cart; and all of them, looking at you. It's like no other feeling in the world.	210
NELL:	You do like it.	
HART:	Somehow I've never quite felt myself anywhere else. Which is ironic, now I think of it.	
NELL:	Odd, though. Pretending for a living.	215

HART:	I suppose it is a strange existence. My father has two dozen scars on his back for his efforts.	
NELL:	They whipped him?	
HART:	They said it was 'the devil's work'! But that was before. We're all right for now, as long as Charles keeps his head. So to speak.	220
	<i>Pause.</i>	
	Listen. If you were willing to work ... hard, perhaps I could teach you.	
NELL:	Teach me?	
HART:	You would have to commit. Every day, at dusk we'd meet, for a month. And we'd practise. And then, if you show aptitude, I might take you to meet Mr Killigrew. What do you say?	225
NELL:	Why?	
HART:	I don't quite know.	
NELL:	I don't think so.	230
HART:	Why not?!	
NELL:	There's no point.	
HART:	You don't know that.	
NELL:	I might not be any good.	
HART:	Then go back to your oranges.	235
NELL:	And I'm a woman!	
HART:	What have you got to lose? Say yes.	
NELL:	Mr Hart.	
HART:	Say yes!	
	<i>Pause. Will she? Won't she?</i>	240
NELL:	All right. Yes. Yes!	
HART:	Good! Well, till tomorrow then!	
	<i>He goes to leave.</i>	
NELL:	Sir?	
HART:	Gwynn?	245
NELL:	Thank you, Mr Hart.	
	<i>He gives her a look. She projects.</i>	
	MR HART!	
	<i>He exits. She watches him go, then tries some poses of her own. She tests her projection, aiming to a different place in the auditorium each time.</i>	250
	Mr Hart! Mr Hart! Mr Hart!	
ROSE	[<i>appearing in the yard</i>]: Mr Hart?	
NELL:	Oh, Rose! I was just ... 'Romeo, Romeo! Lend me your ears.'	
ROSE:	We need to get back.	255
NELL	[<i>pointing in terror to something behind her</i>]: AARGH!	
ROSE	[<i>panicking</i>]: What?!	
NELL:	Nothing. Just acting. Terror. Eyebrows raised. Nostrils flared.	
ROSE:	Stop fooling –	
NELL:	It's a serious art, Rosey. Mr Hart said.	260
ROSE:	Mr Hart? <i>Charles</i> Hart?! He spoke to you?	

NELL *glows a little.*

And what else did Mr Hart say? 'Let's meet again tomorrow'?

NELL: Yep.

ROSE: What? Nell! 265

NELL: He's teaching me acting.

ROSE: But you're a woman.

NELL: He liked my positions. Said I'm natural.

ROSE: He's an actor!

NELL: So? 270

ROSE: They're bad types, actors. You can't trust anyone at the playhouse.

NELL: You make your coins here.

ROSE: Doesn't mean I like it. We need your orange money. If you come home without coins, Mother'll / have you.

NELL: He thinks I might be good. 275

ROSE: You think he gives a sot about your acting? He wants you, Nell.

NELL: You don't know that.

ROSE: He's a man with desires. I know men.

NELL: So do I.

ROSE: Not like I do. You've never had – [*Beat. Can't bring herself to say it.*] 280

NELL: You've just been lucky.

NELL: Hey, it's hardly likely to come to anything, but ... I want to try. Just in case.

Scene Three

An Actor-ess

A month later. THOMAS KILLIGREW, the theatre manager, has called a company meeting. So far only DRYDEN, the nervy playwright, NANCY, the dresser, and NED are assembled. KILLIGREW is evidently worried. 285

KILLIGREW: I suppose you've heard the news.

DRYDEN: What news?

EDWARD KYNASTON, *who takes the female roles, arrives in a fury.* 290

KYNASTON: 'What news?!'

NANCY: Wait for it ...

KYNASTON: The crooks! The swindlers! The flaccid bottom-dwelling pig farts!

DRYDEN: What's the matter, Mr Kynaston? 295

KYNASTON: What's the matter? I'll tell you what's the matter. They've disgraced our trade. Ruined our art.

NED: Who has?

KYNASTON: Those muckweeds at the Duke's Company have ... they have ...

He can't bring himself to say it. 300

KILLIGREW: They've put a woman on the stage.

NED: A woman?

KYNASTON: [*darkly*]: A whore.

KILLIGREW: Miss Davies is not a whore. She is an actress.

KYNASTON: A what? 305

KILLIGREW: An actor-ess.

NANCY:	It's a lady actor.	
KYNASTON:	It's ridiculous, that's what it is. It'll be the death of theatre, I tell you!	
DRYDEN:	I don't know. We've got women in the company.	
KILLIGREW:	Nancy washes the stockings and sets the props. She doesn't take the lead.	310
NANCY:	Miss Davies played Desdemona.	
KYNASTON:	That's my role!	
KILLIGREW:	And apparently she was rather convincing.	
DRYDEN:	Did it sell?	315
KILLIGREW:	To the rafters. And now they're queuing all the way to Cheapside.	
NANCY:	Can you imagine?! We'll be writing plays next.	
KYNASTON:	Haven't you got laundry to do?	
DRYDEN:	Perhaps it was just a one-off.	
KILLIGREW:	Sadly not. They've commissioned a new season, with Moll in the lead. Etheredge is writing it for her.	320
DRYDEN:	Dratting hell, I can't write for a woman!	
KYNASTON:	You won't need to, darling. Have faith. Audiences have taste.	
KILLIGREW:	Audiences want entertainment.	
KYNASTON:	I am entertaining.	325
KILLIGREW:	But you're not Moll Davies.	
KYNASTON:	And what, pray, does she have that I don't?	
	<i>There is an awkward pause. KYNASTON looks to KILLIGREW who looks pained.</i>	
KILLIGREW:	Some folk, Mr Kynaston, are rather partial to the female accoutrements.	330
KYNASTON:	Then they should go to the bawdy house. Theatre is sophisticated, sublime, not a cheap tattle show where any old Nancy gets her knockers out.	
NANCY:	Hey!	335
KILLIGREW:	He didn't mean you, Nancy.	
KYNASTON:	Desdemona?! It's sacrilege.	
DRYDEN:	Are there any tickets left?	
KILLIGREW:	Dryden!	
DRYDEN:	Sorry.	340
KILLIGREW:	If they start selling out, they'll run us into the ground. We may have to make ... unpopular decisions.	
KYNASTON:	Is that aimed at anyone in particular?	
KILLIGREW:	The King has decreed that women should be on the stage. And he is our patron, don't forget. And who knows, it might be rather jolly to play a love scene with a real woman. Imagine. Juliet, a real lady with hopes and aspirations. She wouldn't just be convincing. She would be real. Dryden, think! You could write any sort of woman you want – not just the passive lover, the fragile beauty. If you're writing for real women, they won't need to be so feminine any more.	345
KYNASTON:	No, no, no, no, no! You miss the point entirely. Theatre is artifice. It's make-believe. Pretend. The blood is not real blood. People come to the playhouse to engage with the imaginary. For a short break from their wretched, drivel-filled lives they can escape. Who'd go to the theatre to see real people saying real things about real life?	350
	That would be preposterous! We trade in magic. And we are trained to do it. Honed, groomed, athletes of the imagination. And these women – what training have they had, eh? I want nothing to do with it. The whole thing stinks!	355

	<i>He leaves in a huff and meets HART in the doorway.</i>	360
	Oh, Charles, darling, have you heard the news? Everything's going to change.	
HART:	Yes, yes it is! Gentlemen, the Duke's Theatre might have Moll Davies, but wait till you see what I've brought you.	
KYNASTON:	What – some actor-ess guttersnipe you've found on the streets, ha ha!	365
	NELL <i>enters</i> .	
HART:	Fellows. I'd like you to meet Nell Gwynn.	
NED:	The orange seller!	
HART:	Nell, this is Mr Killigrew. [<i>To KILLIGREW.</i>] I think you ought to try her out.	370
KILLIGREW:	But she's – [<i>Hushed.</i>] she's a strumpet, Charles. No disrespect, ma'am.	
NELL:	None taken.	
HART:	Listen. I watched her out there, jesting like a court wit. So we've done a little work together.	375
KILLIGREW:	Miss Gwynn, you do realise acting requires arduous training. They've all trained.	
KYNASTON:	For years.	
KILLIGREW:	Not only the attitudes, but the training of / the voice –	380
KYNASTON:	The voice, the breath, the face, the brow, the alignment of the arms, the tripping of the feet –	
KILLIGREW:	Let's not overwhelm her.	
NELL:	Mr Hart's taught me the attitudes; I think I know them all.	
KYNASTON:	Oh really? Which 'all' would that be? All three hundred and seventy-two attitudes according to the Burbage edition of 1661, or the revised copy, with the appendices on twenty-one varieties of grief as expressed by the left eyebrow?	385
NELL:	Oh, I've no need of books, not when you're learning 'by Hart'.	
	HART <i>is flattered</i> . KYNASTON <i>is disgusted</i> .	390
KILLIGREW:	Well, why don't we have a little trial. See how you prosper. You see, Miss Gwynn, drama relies on intrigue. What can you communicate to the man you love without your father noticing?	
NELL:	Or your husband.	
	NED <i>laughs</i> . KILLIGREW <i>gives him a look</i> .	395
KILLIGREW:	A woman is bestowed with one tool with which she can coax a man.	
NELL:	Oh, I know all about that.	
KILLIGREW:	[<i>handing her a fan</i>]: I meant your <i>fan</i> , Miss Gwynn.	
NELL:	So did I. My 'fan'. [<i>Fans herself.</i>]	
KYNASTON:	The fan, Mistress Gwynn, is not simply a crass tool for cooling one's brow. The language of the fan is a complex work. Where did you go to fan school? Oh, you didn't. Exactly!	400
KILLIGREW:	Mr Kynaston, perhaps you / could demonstrate.	
KYNASTON:	I shall demonstrate.	
KILLIGREW:	Very good.	405
KYNASTON:	Watch.	

KYNASTON, *besotted with HART, performs his fan sequence with a jealous intensity to him.*

[Hits his palm with his fan.] Love me. [Lets his fan go, so it dangles on the wrist ribbon, then gracefully swoops it up.] I belong to you. [Touches his cheek with his fan.] Kiss me on the cheek. [Places his fan on his heart; to HART.] My love for you is breaking my heart. 410

KYNASTON *runs his fingers through the fan's ribs.*

KILLIGREW: Stroking the ribs.
NED: We need to talk. 415

KYNASTON *peers at HART over the fan.*

KILLIGREW: Peeping above.
NED: We are being watched.

KYNASTON *moves the fan to his right and stares at HART.*

KILLIGREW: Placement to the right. 420
NED: I see that you're looking at another woman.

KYNASTON *moves the fan to his left.*

KILLIGREW: And the left.
NED: Stop flirting with that woman.

KYNASTON *turns to NELL and makes a provocative gesture with the fan.* 425

KYNASTON: Edward!
Enough! No woman can play a woman as well as I can play a woman!

KILLIGREW: We must follow the fashion. 430

KYNASTON: Fashions die. Trust me. An actor-ess? It'll never last. And I shall not be party to it – [Exits.]

DRYDEN: But my play! Come back! [Following KYNASTON off.]

NANCY: Hey! Not out there with your show shoes on! [Following KYNASTON off.] 435

KILLIGREW: Oh sot. Hell, what have we got to lose? [To NELL.] You'll start on two shillings a week. [Gives her a pouch of coins.] But watch your manners. We don't need any more drama.

NELL: Not at the playhouse.

KILLIGREW: And none of your cheek. 440

NELL: Sir.

KILLIGREW [handing her a role]: Here. Read Florimel. Have it learnt by the end of the week. Now, if you will excuse me, I seem to have a raging fire to put out. Kynaston! [Exits.]

HART: I told you not to provoke him. 445

NELL [flirting]: Didn't you like my song? [Singing.] 'Here dwells a pretty maid ...'

She beckons him with her fan.

HART: 'Come here.' All right then.

He moves towards her. She runs her fingers through the fan's spokes. 450

'You want to talk to me.'

She puts the fan in front of her face and peers over the top.

'We are being watched'? [Looks around.] We're not.

NELL *indicates that NED is watching.* 455

Ned!
Sorry.

NED:

NED *scuttles off. She fans herself quickly.*

Scene Four

Medea

A room in the Palace. There is an easel on stage. Huge fanfare with pomp, ceremony and golden regalia. Liveried SERVANTS stand at the ready as the trumpets herald the arrival of His Majesty KING CHARLES II. CHARLES bursts in in full monarchical get-up. Everyone bows as he strides into the centre of the room and proclaims – 460

CHARLES: Where's Barbara?! 465

ARLINGTON: Your Majesty?

CHARLES: I thought she was having her portrait painted.

ARLINGTON: She was.

CHARLES: Well?

ARLINGTON: I'm afraid she and Mr Lely didn't quite see eye to eye. 470

CHARLES: Oh?

ARLINGTON: She asked to be painted as Venus.

CHARLES: But Lucy Walter is Venus.

ARLINGTON: Precisely.

CHARLES: So who ... who *did* he paint her as? 475

ARLINGTON: Medea.

CHARLES: Hell and furies.

ARLINGTON: And now he's with the Royal Physician, having a paintbrush removed from his nostril.

CHARLES: Why do women have to complicate everything? [Going.] Where is she? 480

ARLINGTON: Sir – please! Parliament needs an answer on the hearth tax.

CHARLES: Not now.

ARLINGTON: But the Ministers –

CHARLES: The Ministers can wait. I cannot concentrate! 485

ARLINGTON: Might I assist?

CHARLES: Arlington, don't be a clodpoll. You know I can't think when I haven't ... been satisfied. Now where on earth is –

SERVANT [announcing]: Lady Castlemaine.

LADY CASTLEMAINE *has arrived.* 490

- LADY CASTLEMAINE: You should have that dunce sent to the gallows. Your infant son could have painted a better likeness.
- CHARLES: Even so, I do wish you wouldn't injure my courtiers.
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: Medea!
- CHARLES: At least she's feisty. And I do like a woman with spunk. 495
- LADY CASTLEMAINE *and* CHARLES *look at each other. Chemistry oozes. She looks at the rest of the assembled COURT.*
- LADY CASTLEMAINE [*quietly*]: Get out.
- They leave. ARLINGTON stays.*
- ARLINGTON: All of you. 500
Ma'am. [*Exits.*]
- CHARLES *and* LADY CASTLEMAINE *are left alone.*
- CHARLES: Where have you been? I missed you.
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: He embarrassed me, Charles. I won't have it.
- CHARLES: He shan't do it again. 505
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: No, I made sure of that. He shan't be able to sit for a week.
- CHARLES: Sit? I thought the brush went up his nostril?
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: Darling, he's an artist. He has a whole collection of brushes.
- CHARLES: *Had* a whole collection. I shouldn't think he'll use them again. Come here. 510
- They embrace. She pulls away.*
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: What do you want?
Put Clarendon to death.
- CHARLES: What?! But he's my Chief Minister!
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: We're losing our grip on the Channel. He will sink us, Charles. 515
Rebuild the fleet –
- CHARLES: We don't have the funds.
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: Because he has squandered them! Give Arlington the Treasury, and we'll be the greatest traders in Europe.
- CHARLES: It wouldn't be good for relations. 520
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: What sort of monarch do you want to be? A flaccid, feeble, slapsack of a man? Or a mighty king?
- CHARLES *goes to kiss her. She moves off.*
- CHARLES: Not so fast. I'll meet you in your chamber.
Be quick! Before I explode like a Spanish warship. 525
- CHARLES *goes, in a state of excitement. ARLINGTON emerges from his hideaway.*
- ARLINGTON: You need me. If you lose his favour, we both lose his ear.
- LADY CASTLEMAINE: I have more than his ear, my friend. Now, if you please, the King awaits. 530
- She leaves. He watches her go, uneasy.*

Scene Five

The Mask of Florimel

KYNASTON, DRYDEN, NED *and* KILLIGREW *arrive for the rehearsal.*

KYNASTON: She's not here. She's not here! I knew it! I'll get into costume. 535
 DRYDEN: She is here.
 KYNASTON: Are you sure?
 NED: She's in the dressing room.
 KYNASTON: Poxing hell.
 KILLIGREW: Why don't we look at the final act while we're waiting. Dryden?
 DRYDEN: Ah yes. About that. 540
 KILLIGREW: Dryden?
 DRYDEN: It's almost done.
 KILLIGREW: Let me see.
 NED: Have you written a line for me?
 DRYDEN: [*handing KILLIGREW a scrunpled scroll with multiple crossings out*]: Sir. 545
 KILLIGREW: Where's the rest of it?
 DRYDEN: It's nearly there, the prologue's done now, and the middle bit, it's just the ending.
 KILLIGREW: Well, the ending's pretty vital, isn't it – dramatically? We're not going for a groundbreaking new form of theatre where there's a beginning, a middle and a very long pause! For goodness' sake – we open next week! We don't have an audience, we don't have an ending and we seem to be missing a leading lady. 550
 KYNASTON: I'll do it!
 KILLIGREW: Absolutely not! Nell is to play Florimel and you are to play Flavia [*Pronounced with a long 'a' as in 'bra'.*] as we agreed. 555
 KYNASTON: As you insisted.
 HART *arrives with NELL, NANCY and ROSE. NELL is wearing a splendid dress.* 560
 NANCY: Told you she'd scrub up all right.
 NED: Fig me.
 KYNASTON: [*looking at ROSE*]: And who's this?
 NELL: My sister.
 KYNASTON: [*to KILLIGREW*]: Are we to have the whole scurvy pack of them descend on us? 565
 NELL: Well, my dad's dead and my mother's a drunk so probably not.
 KILLIGREW: Rehearsals are supposed to be private –
 NELL: She just wants to watch.
 ROSE: I can help. 570
 NANCY *indicates a basket of dirty stockings for darning. They sit down and start sewing.*
 KILLIGREW: Well? ... Fine. Let's start with Scene Three – and hope that Miss Gwynn remembers her lines.
 HART: Well, if Dryden didn't insist on changing them – 575
 DRYDEN: I'm just trying to get it right!
 KILLIGREW: Well, maybe next time you could get it right before we start rehearsals. Now, we begin in the park, by moonlight. Florimel and

	Celadon are wildly in love – but rumour has it he's been amorous with other women.	580
NELL	[to HART, <i>warmly</i>]: The devil!	
KILLIGREW:	So she sets him a trap. Nancy, the mask if you will.	
	NANCY <i>hands NELL a mask on a stick.</i>	
ROSE:	Oh, I like that.	
KYNASTON:	Oh, please.	585
KILLIGREW:	And onwards, Mr Hart.	
	<i>Perhaps musicians begin to play.</i>	
HART:	'What angel do I see here? [<i>Blocking her path.</i>] I' faith, Lady Bright, I am got betwixt you and home. You are my prisoner until you resolve me one question.'	590
	<i>She makes a melodramatic sign that she is dumb.</i>	
	'Pox, I think she's dumb!'	
	NELL <i>makes a coy gesture.</i>	
	'Indeed? Then thou canst tell no tales.'	
	<i>He goes to kiss her. She holds her fan up to stop him.</i>	595
NELL:	'Hold, hold!'	
HART:	'Ah! You have found your tongue!'	
NELL:	'Twas time, I think. What had become of me ... [<i>Drying.</i>] What had become of me ...'	
KILLIGREW:	'If I had not!'	600
NELL:	'If I had not.'	
KILLIGREW:	You said you'd learned it!	
HART:	'You are infinitely handsome. They may talk of Florimel, but in faith she must come short of you.'	
NELL:	'Have you seen this Florimel?'	605
HART:	'I looked a little that way, but I had soon enough of her.'	
NELL:	'Indeed? They say you are betrothed.'	
	KYNASTON <i>enters as Flavia and looks around for NELL.</i>	
KYNASTON:	'Florimel, you are called within.'	
HART:	'Florimel?!'	610
	<i>A beat. KYNASTON stands on stage. The others look at him, waiting for him to exit.</i>	
	Edward?	
KYNASTON:	What?	
HART:	That's your cue to leave.	615
KILLIGREW:	All right, let's go back – we'll go from / 'Indeed'.	
KYNASTON:	I don't think it's clear.	
KILLIGREW:	What?	
KYNASTON:	Flavia should tell us why Florimel must return inside.	
KILLIGREW:	She doesn't need to.	620

KYNASTON: Of course she does. The audience doesn't know why Florimel must go in. There must be a pressing reason.

HART: It's just a device.

KYNASTON: A device?

DRYDEN: I just put it in as a feed, Ed. 625

KYNASTON: A 'feed'?

KILLIGREW: So let's move / on.

KYNASTON: But it doesn't explain why Flavia asks.

HART: Oh, come / on.

KYNASTON: What is Flavia's reason? What is Flavia's impetus for posing the question? 630

NELL: Does it really matter?

KYNASTON: It matters to Flavia!

DRYDEN: But it doesn't affect the scene.

KYNASTON: Of course it does! Mr Dryden, if you could just write me a short monologue to / reveal – 635

KILLIGREW: Ed, it's not really Flavia's scene.

KYNASTON: I'm quite aware of that, thank you.

HART: And we open in a week.

KYNASTON: I'm not coming on for two lines. It's mortifying. 640

NELL: One line.

KYNASTON: What?

NELL: One line. You put a pause in, but there isn't one. So really you should do it on one breath. [*Beat.*] It's one line.

Beat. 645

KYNASTON: You'll have to find someone else.

DRYDEN: But my play!

KYNASTON: Oh, don't you worry, Mr Dryden. Actresses are two a penny. Just ask the next cheap whore who offers you a citrus fruit! [*Exits.*]

KILLIGREW: Ed? Ed! [*To HART.*] You said you'd schooled her. [*Taking NED in.*] 650
And that you'd learned it!

NED: It's not her fault; it takes so much longer when you can't read!

NELL: Ned!

HART: Ned!

KILLIGREW: She can't read?!! 655

HART *points at the exit.* NED *goes.*

NELL: Sir, I'll practise!

KILLIGREW: I don't believe this. Kynaston! [*Exits, following KYNASTON.*]

HART: Let me talk to him. [*Exits.*]

NELL: Sorry. 660

DRYDEN: It's not your fault. It's my writing – it's desperate. I think I'll scrap it and start again. Again.

NELL: But it's good.

DRYDEN: It's not. Is it?

NELL: I like the way you write. 665

DRYDEN: Do you? You know, sometimes I just can't get the dratted thing from quill to parchment.

He holds the scrumpled piece of paper at arm's length.

NELL: What's wrong with it?

- DRYDEN: It's predictable! Boy meets girl, girl resists, boy persuades her. Kiss. Marriage. Happy ending. 670
- NANCY: Read it to us.
- DRYDEN: Oh, I couldn't.
- ROSE: Go on.
- DRYDEN: Alright. So – it is night. The air is chilly, stars pepper the sky and, in the park, the masked lady reveals herself as Florimel. [*Playing Celadon, surprised.*] 'Florimel?!' [*In a lady's voice, as Florimel.*] 'At your service. The same kind and coming Florimel you have described.' [*As Celadon.*] 'Florimel?! Ha! I knew at once that we were good for nothing but each other. Let us be married at once!' 675
680
[*As Florimel.*] 'Married at once?' [*As Celadon.*] 'By Jove, yes. And do you consent?' [*As Florimel.*] 'Yes!' Then they embrace and ... [*From NELL's expression.*] What?
- NELL: She says yes? To that?!
- DRYDEN: What's wrong with it? 685
- Pause: The girls erupt into laughter.*
- NELL: There's no 'boom!'
- DRYDEN: Boom?
- NELL: Spark. Gunpowder.
- DRYDEN: What are you saying? It lacks fire? 690
- NELL: Yep.
- DRYDEN: Not even a flicker? A tiny glow? An ember?
- NELL: Nope.
- DRYDEN *looks to NANCY and ROSE.*
- NANCY: Nope. 695
- ROSE: Sorry.
- DRYDEN: I knew it, it's just kindling!
- NELL: Don't sulk.
- DRYDEN: It's just a romance, no one listens anyway –
- NELL: So make 'em listen. Grab 'em by the scallies. 700
- DRYDEN: Sorry?
- NANCY: And stop apologising.
- DRYDEN: Sorry.
- NELL: Mr Dryden! Yet again, some gallant falls for a wilting, waifish woman without a bean of personality or a single funny line, but hey, it doesn't matter, cos she's pretty – 705
- DRYDEN: Now wait a minute –
- NELL: And what does this flimsy whimsy want from life? Adventure? Respect? No ... all she wants is this flopsome fop cos once he wrote her a poem and compared her to a flower. Is that what you think women want? 710
- DRYDEN: Well, I –
- NELL: No, Mr Dryden! It's not! We're as knotty and tangly as you are, and yet how do you write us? 'Oh Romeo, Romeo, lend me your dagger so I can kill myself – for though I'm young and healthy and have everything to live for – and I only met you a week ago – my life's not worth living now you've gone.' Really? It's hogswill. Juliet is a noodle. Who wrote that twaddle anyway? 715
- DRYDEN: William Shakespeare.
- NELL: Well, he should learn to write proper plays. Or let his wife have a go. Please, Mr Dryden. You can write for a real woman now. No 720

	one has done that before. Write from here – [<i>Indicating her guts.</i>] and write me a character! With skin and heart and some sense in her head. Celadon says he thinks he <i>might</i> marry her. You think she'd agree – to <i>that</i> ?!	725
DRYDEN:	Wouldn't she?	
GIRLS:	No!	
DRYDEN:	What would she say?	
NANCY:	You're the writer!	
DRYDEN:	She bids him ... she bids him – 'Wait!'	730
NELL	[<i>in character</i>]: 'Wait!'	
DRYDEN:	'These shallow protestations of love – they're not sufficient!'	
NELL	[<i>in character</i>]: 'Not sufficient!'	
DRYDEN:	She challenges him! If he's to win her, he must prove himself. She wants a lover who'd – who'd what?	735
NELL:	Hang himself!	
NANCY:	Drown himself!	
ROSE:	Break his neck!	
DRYDEN:	Poison himself for very despair! He that will scruple that is an impudent fellow if he says he is in love.	740
NELL:	Though he's only a man – he cannot hang, drown, break his neck <i>and</i> poison himself at the same time.	
DRYDEN:	That's funny – that's good!	
NELL:	That is Celadon's comeback. He must be a wit too, or she'd never look twice at him.	745
DRYDEN:	Is that so? [<i>Now frantically scribbling.</i>] This is gold – it's gold!	
NELL:	Then she sets him a challenge.	
DRYDEN:	Yes! [<i>Pause.</i>] What challenge?	
NELL:	Now that is where the master playwright comes into his own.	
DRYDEN:	I've got it.	750
NELL:	Gunpowder?	
DRYDEN:	Guy Fawkes, my dear.	
GIRLS:	Boom!	
DRYDEN:	Boom!	
HART	[<i>arriving</i>]: Boom?	755
DRYDEN:	Mr Hart, you have found us a marvel.	
HART:	She's a marvel with lines to learn.	
NELL:	I've learnt most of them.	
HART:	That was only Act One, Nell. Of five. [<i>Holding up four giant roles.</i>] We've got a week.	760

NELL *looks at HART in horror. One week?! Yikes.*

Scene Six

First-night Nerves

In the dressing room, NELL is suffering from a fit of nerves when ROSE bursts in.

ROSE:	What are you doing back here?	
NELL:	I can't feel my legs.	765
ROSE:	It's packed out front.	
NELL:	That's all I need to hear.	
ROSE:	Come / on.	
NELL:	I can't do it.	
ROSE:	You know it. You've practised.	770

NELL: My head's full of dust –
 HART [off]: Nell?!
 NELL: I'm going home.
 ROSE: Nell! They've never seen a woman up there before. You going to let some other wench take that from you? Hey! What would your dad say? If he could see you now? 775

HART and NANCY burst in.

NANCY: Found her!
 HART: Are you all right?
 NELL: I think I'm going to faint. 780
 NANCY: Have a nose of this.

NANCY sticks some smelling salts under NELL's nose and it sends her reeling.

NELL: Aaargh! Give us some more.

KYNASTON, DRYDEN and KILLIGREW enter. 785

KILLIGREW: Ready?
 NELL: No.
 ROSE: Yes, she's ready.
 KILLIGREW: Everyone feels a little querulous their first time.
 KYNASTON: I didn't. 790
 NELL: Charles, you're spinning ...
 HART: Nell. Look at me. Breathe. In. Out. In. Out. And just think through the words of the song.
 NELL: Song? What song?!

Music starts up. 795

DRYDEN: That song!
 NED [arriving at speed]: You're on, you're on!
 NELL: I'm going to be sick.
 KYNASTON: Aim it at the groundlings – they only paid a fiver.

A trumpet fanfare – the song begins with the CHORUS singing. 800

[Blackout]

Scene Seven

Hart's Strumpet

Cut to HART and NELL outside the theatre immediately after the performance – she's just found him.

NELL: Charlie? They've opened a barrel inside. What are you doing? Oh Lord – you didn't like it. 805
 HART: Nell.
 NELL: I know I missed a cue – and bugged the jig – and cut off Mr Kynaston – but it's a lot to remember –
 HART: Nell.
 NELL: And I'll get it right tomorrow – I promise – I just – [Pause.] What? 810

HART: You really don't know, do you?
 NELL: Know what?
 HART: Good God.
 NELL: What?
 HART: It was extraordinary. 815
 NELL: What was?
 HART: Didn't you hear them, Nell? They loved you.
 NELL: They loved us.
 HART: They've never seen anything like it. You were luminous! And you
 were real. A real woman. I'm not sure we'll ever go back. It changes 820
 everything.

Beat.

Scene Eight omitted

Scene Nine

A Very Important Guest

Cut to mid-scene on stage. HART and NELL are magnificent. They're like Beatrice and Benedick, both playing a good deal to the audience. NELL holds a mask on a stick to disguise herself. 825

NELL: 'Have you seen this Florimel?'
 HART: 'I looked a little that way, but I had soon enough of her.'
 NELL: 'Indeed? They say you are betrothed.'

KYNASTON enters as Flavia and looks around for NELL.

KYNASTON: 'Florimel, you are called within.' 830
 HART: 'Florimel?!'

KYNASTON stands, reluctant to leave, looking over the audience. Finally he makes his exit.

NELL: 'At your service. The same kind and coming Florimel that you have 835
 described.'

HART: 'Then you have counterfeit to deceive me?! I knew at once that we
 were good for nothing but each other. Florimel, let us be married at
 once!'

NELL: 'Married at once?'
 HART: 'By Jove, yes. And do you, oh beauteous Florimel, consent?' 840

*HART goes to embrace her – she stops him, enjoying DRYDEN's
 rewrite.*

NELL: 'No. I shall not marry you yet. For I must have proof of love before I
 can believe it. I would have a lover that would hang himself, drown
 himself, break his neck, poison himself for very despair. He that will 845
 scruple that is an impudent fellow if he says he is in love.'

*CHARLES arrives in the Royal Box. Everyone turns to look
 at CHARLES – HART bows to him; NELL hasn't seen him and
 continues, oblivious.*

HART	[<i>hushed</i>]: Nell!	850
NELL:	What? [<i>Seeing him.</i>] Oh!	
	NELL <i>meets his eyes. She curtsies.</i>	
CHARLES:	Don't let me interrupt. Play on!	
HART:	'Pray madam, which of the four things would you have me do? For a man's but a man. He cannot hang, drown, break his neck, and poison himself all together.'	855
	NELL <i>begins to play, just a little, to CHARLES.</i>	
NELL:	'Well then, because you were but a beginner, any of these should do.'	
	HART, <i>trying to hide his frustration, attempts to place himself between NELL and CHARLES.</i>	860
HART:	'I am much deceived in those eyes of yours if a treat, a song and the fiddles be not more acceptable proof of love than any of those tragical ones you have mentioned.'	
NELL:	'Oh, but you must be pale and melancholic to show that you are in love. And that I shall require of you when I see you next.'	865
	HART <i>is getting increasingly jealous.</i>	
HART:	'When shall I see you next?'	
NELL:	'Shall I make a proposition to you? I will give you a whole year of probation to love me in. To grow reserved, discreet, sober and faithful, and to pay me all the services of a lover.'	870
HART:	'And at the end, will you marry me?'	
NELL	[<i>turning to CHARLES</i>]: What do you think, Your Majesty?	
CHARLES:	I think you should wait for a better offer.	
	NELL <i>smiles at CHARLES, who is entranced. She makes a deep curtsy, and then one separately to CHARLES. HART, meanwhile, is dying inside.</i>	875

Scene Ten

The Finest English Sausage

	<i>Minutes later, NELL returns to the dressing room. She's in a spin. NANCY and ROSE are there to help her change. HART storms in. He pays no heed to the other two girls.</i>	880
ROSE:	The King, Nelly!	
NANCY:	The blooming King!	
HART:	What were you thinking?	
NELL:	What?	
HART:	The love scene. You played it all to him.	885
NELL:	I did not.	
HART:	I was there, Nell. Waiting for a single, solitary glance.	
NELL:	I looked at you.	
HART:	Hardly.	

NELL:	I was playing to the punters. You taught me that.	890
HART:	And I regret it.	
NELL:	Charlie –	
HART:	I couldn't concentrate! I can't perform if I'm thinking of someone else.	
NANCY:	That's a man's trouble. Women do it all the time.	895
HART:	You humiliated me. In front of them! The way he looked at you –	
NELL:	I'm on the stage. He was only looking.	
HART:	Don't you see? If he wants you, he has you. So for God's sake, don't tempt him. All right? <i>[Beat.]</i> All right?	
	<i>CHARLES arrives in the doorway.</i>	900
CHARLES:	Knock, knock.	
HART:	<i>[without turning round]:</i> Come back later.	
CHARLES:	Busy later.	
HART:	Can't you see we're ... <i>[Turning round, seeing Charles.]:</i> Oh.	
CHARLES:	Look, would you mind ...	905
	<i>He indicates that he wants to be left alone with NELL. HART doesn't want to leave.</i>	
HART:	Sir, we're about to go back on.	
CHARLES:	Just – do a jig, will you? Or a tinkly bit on the lute. Keep them entertained. <i>[Pause.]</i> Off you go.	910
	<i>They all make to go, including NELL.</i>	
	Not you, Gwynn.	
NELL:	Your Majesty.	
	<i>A beat. HART exits, fuming, followed by NANCY and ROSE. NELL and CHARLES look at each other.</i>	915
CHARLES:	Weren't you getting changed? Don't let me stop you.	
NELL:	It's thruppence for the peeping fee.	
CHARLES:	I thought it was a penny.	
NELL:	Depends who's asking. Shouldn't you be watching the play?	
CHARLES:	I was bored. The main attraction's gone. You think it's an improvement, having women on my stage?	920
NELL:	Course. 'Specially a woman from Cheapside.	
CHARLES:	Cheapside?	
NELL:	Oh, it's a marvellous place, besides the corpses and the stink of slop. Maybe you should call by.	925
CHARLES:	Maybe I will. Really, nobles are so tedious, between talking to a dead body and the Duke of Cambridge I'd take the corpse every time.	
NELL:	It can't be all bad, being King. Do you like it?	
CHARLES:	Like ... being King?	930
NELL:	Yep. Why? You never been asked before?	
CHARLES:	Never. Folk are usually too busy grovelling at my feet. Not you though.	
NELL:	Not me, no.	
CHARLES:	Dine with me tonight.	935
NELL:	Sir?!	
CHARLES:	After the play.	

NELL:	You said you were busy later.	
CHARLES:	I am. I'm taking you for dinner.	
	<i>Beat.</i>	940
NELL:	I have plans.	
CHARLES:	What plans?!	
NELL:	I'm learning lines with Mr Hart.	
CHARLES:	Ah, he's the lover, is he?	
NELL:	He's Celadon, yes.	945
	<i>Beat.</i>	
CHARLES:	And afterwards?	
NELL:	It's Thursday. I'm having a bath.	
CHARLES:	You smell divine. Don't wash.	
NELL:	Oh, I must, sir. Underneath here I'm filthy.	950
CHARLES:	I'll bet you are. But a girl must eat – let me tempt you. Roast hog. Very wild boar. The finest English sausage.	
NELL:	I couldn't. I only dine with gentlemen.	
CHARLES:	I am a gentleman!	
NELL:	Hardly, asking a girl for supper before you've even introduced yourself.	955
CHARLES:	I'm Charles.	
NELL:	Charles who?	
CHARLES:	Charles Stuart!	
NELL:	Well, Charles Stuart. I am Nell Gwynn. [<i>Pause.</i>] You got a bath at your place?	960
CHARLES:	Forty-three.	
NELL:	Oh.	
CHARLES:	What do you want, Nell Gwynn? Money?	
NELL:	No. I want you to answer my question. Do you like it? Being King.	965
CHARLES:	Well ... I don't want for anything. I can summon our finest soprano, I sup from the very best china.	
NELL:	But ... ?	
CHARLES:	I didn't say 'but'.	
NELL:	I saw it. In your face. You looked away. And your breath changed. You took a short breath.	970
CHARLES:	Meaning what, exactly?	
NELL:	Meaning you're covering. You've got more in your pate than you're saying.	
CHARLES:	And what makes you so sure?	975
NELL:	I'm an actress, sir. We trade in the language of the face. Go on. You sup from the very best china – but ...	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
CHARLES:	But ... my father was killed in front of a crowd. And I was there. I watched.	980
NELL:	Sorry.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
CHARLES:	People have expectations. Notions of what they want me to be.	
NELL:	I know all about that.	

CHARLES: I suppose you do. 985
 NELL: Still, I wouldn't swap.
 CHARLES: Sorry?
 NELL: Not being able to go where my feet take me or say what I like? I
 wouldn't be King for all your crown jewels.
 CHARLES: That sounds like treason, young lady. I could have you strung up. 990
 NELL: Now that would be a shame. If you had me killed in Act One, how'd
 you know what happens next?
 CHARLES: Isn't it obvious? Boy meets girl, girl resists, then, after a bit of
 badinage ... he bags her.
 NELL: That's your experience, is it? 995
 CHARLES: Every time.
 NELL: You haven't been watching the right plays, sir. The girl in this tale
 isn't half so predictable.

Music.

CHARLES: And that's my cue. Anon. [*Exits.*] 1000
 I ... [*Pause.*] Well, I'll be damned.

[*Ends.*]

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