



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Thursday 13 June 2019 – Morning**

**A Level Drama and Theatre**

**H459/46 Deconstructing Texts for Performance**  
**The Crucible**

**Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes**



No additional material is required for this Question Paper.



Please write clearly in black ink. **Do not write in the barcodes.**

Centre number

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Candidate number

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First name(s)

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Last name

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**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Use black ink. You may use an HB pencil for annotation lines.
- Answer **all** the questions.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If additional space is required, use the lined page(s) at the end of this booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.

**INFORMATION**

- The total mark for this paper is **60**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
- This document consists of **16** pages.

**2**

Answer **all** the questions.

- 1** As a director, describe and justify your vision for directing this extract to show its significance within the play as a whole, and annotate how you would bring this out. **[30]**

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DANFORTH. Look at me.

ELIZABETH. Aye, sir. Abigail Williams –  
[*She breaks off.*]

DANFORTH. What of Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH. I came to think he fancied her. And so one night I lost my wits, I think, and put her out on the high-road. 5

DANFORTH. Your husband – did he indeed turn from you? 10

ELIZABETH [*in agony*]. My husband – is a goodly man, sir.

DANFORTH. Then he did not turn from you.

ELIZABETH [*starting to glance at PROCTOR*]. He – 15

DANFORTH [*reaches out and holds her face, then*]. Look at me! To your own knowledge, has John Proctor ever committed the crime of lechery? [*In a crisis of indecision she cannot speak.*] Answer my question! Is your husband a lecher? 20

ELIZABETH [*faintly*]. No, sir.

DANFORTH. Remove her, Marshal. 25

PROCTOR. Elizabeth, tell the truth!

DANFORTH. She has spoken. Remove her!

PROCTOR [*crying out*]. Elizabeth, I have confessed it! 30

ELIZABETH. Oh, God!

[*The door closes behind her.*]

PROCTOR. She only thought to save my name!

HALE. Excellency, it is a natural lie to tell; I beg you, stop now before another is condemned! I may shut my conscience to it no more – private 35

vengeance is working through this  
testimony! From the beginning this  
man has struck me true. By my oath  
to Heaven, I believe him now, and  
I pray you call back his wife before  
we – 40

DANFORTH. She spoke nothing of  
lechery, and this man has lied! 45

HALE. I believe him! [*Pointing at  
ABIGAIL*] This girl has always struck  
me false! She has –

[*ABIGAIL, with a weird, wild, chilling  
cry, screams up to the ceiling.*] 50

ABIGAIL. You will not! Begone! Begone,  
I say!

DANFORTH. What is it, child?

[*But ABIGAIL, pointing with fear, is  
now raising up her frightened eyes,  
her awed face, toward the ceiling –  
the girls are doing the same – and  
now HATHORNE, HALE, PUTNAM,  
CHEEVER, HERRICK, and  
DANFORTH do the same.*] 55  
60

What's there? [*He lowers his eyes  
from the ceiling, and now he is  
frightened; there is real tension in his  
voice.*] Child! 65

[*She is transfixed – with all the girls,  
she is whimpering open-mouthed,  
agape at the ceiling.*]

Girls! Why do you – ?

MERCY LEWIS [*pointing*]. It's on the  
beam! Behind the rafter! 70

DANFORTH [*looking up*]. Where!

ABIGAIL. Why – ? [*She gulps.*] Why do  
you come, yellow bird?

PROCTOR. Where's a bird? I see no  
bird! 75

ABIGAIL [*to the ceiling*]. My face? My  
face?

PROCTOR. Mr Hale –

DANFORTH. Be quiet! 80

PROCTOR [to HALE]. Do you see a  
bird?

DANFORTH. Be quiet!!

ABIGAIL [*to the ceiling, in a genuine  
conversation with the 'bird', as  
though trying to talk it out of attacking  
her*]. But God made my face; you  
cannot want to tear my face. Envy is  
a deadly sin, Mary. 85

MARY WARREN [*on her feet with a  
spring, and horrified, pleading*]. Abby! 90

ABIGAIL [*unperturbed, continuing to the  
'bird'*]. Oh, Mary, this is a black art to  
change your shape. No, I cannot, I  
cannot stop my mouth; it's God's work  
I do. 95

MARY WARREN. Abby, I'm *here!*

PROCTOR [*frantically*]. They're  
pretending, Mr Danforth!

ABIGAIL – [*now she takes a backward  
step, as though in fear the bird will  
swoop down momentarily*]. Oh,  
please, Mary! Don't come down. 100

SUSANNA WALCOTT. Her claws, she's  
stretching her claws! 105

PROCTOR. Lies, lies.

ABIGAIL [*backing farther, eyes still fixed  
above*]. Mary, please don't hurt me!

MARY WARREN [to DANFORTH].  
I'm not hurting her! 110

DANFORTH [to MARY WARREN].  
Why does she see this vision?

MARY WARREN. She sees nothin'!

ABIGAIL [*now staring full front as though  
hypnotized, and mimicking the exact  
tone of MARY WARREN's cry*]. She  
sees nothin'! 115

MARY WARREN [*pleading*]. Abby, you mustn't!

ABIGAIL AND ALL THE GIRLS [*all transfixed*]. Abby, you mustn't! 120

MARY WARREN [*to all the girls*]. I'm here, I'm here!

GIRLS. I'm here, I'm here!

DANFORTH [*horrified*]. Mary Warren! Draw back your spirit out of them! 125

MARY WARREN. Mr Danforth!

GIRLS [*cutting her off*]. Mr Danforth!

DANFORTH. Have you compacted with the Devil? Have you? 130

MARY WARREN. Never, never!

GIRLS. Never, never!

DANFORTH [*growing hysterical*]. Why can they only repeat you?

PROCTOR. Give me a whip – I'll stop it! 135

MARY WARREN. They're sporting. They – !

GIRLS. They're sporting!

MARY WARREN [*turning on them all hysterically and stamping her feet*]. Abby, stop it! 140

GIRLS [*stamping their feet*]. Abby, stop it!

MARY WARREN. Stop it!

GIRLS. Stop it! 145

MARY WARREN [*screaming it out at the top of her lungs, and raising her fists*]. Stop it!!

GIRLS [*raising their fists*]. Stop it!!

[MARY WARREN, *utterly confounded, and becoming overwhelmed by* 150

ABIGAIL's – and the girls' – utter conviction, starts to whimper, hands half raised, powerless, and all the girls begin whimpering exactly as she does.] 155

DANFORTH. A little while ago you were afflicted. Now it seems you afflict others; where did you find this power?

MARY WARREN [*staring at ABIGAIL*]. 160  
I – have no power.

GIRLS. I have no power.

PROCTOR. They're gulling you, Mister!

DANFORTH. Why did you turn about this past two weeks? You have seen the Devil, have you not? 165

HALE [*indicating ABIGAIL and the girls*]. You cannot believe them!

MARY WARREN. I –

PROCTOR [*sensing her weakening*]. 170  
Mary, God damns all liars!

DANFORTH [*pounding it into her*]. You have seen the Devil, you have made compact with Lucifer, have you not?

PROCTOR. God damns liars, Mary! 175

[MARY utters something unintelligible, staring at ABIGAIL, who keeps watching the 'bird' above.]

DANFORTH. I cannot hear you. What do you say? 180

[MARY utters again unintelligibly.]

You will confess yourself or you will hang! [*He turns her roughly to face him.*] Do you know who I am? I say you will hang if you do not open with me! 185

PROCTOR. Mary, remember the angel Raphael – do that which is good and –

ABIGAIL [*pointing upward*]. The wings! 190  
 Her wings are spreading! Mary,  
 please, don't, don't – !

HALE. I see nothing, Your Honour!

DANFORTH. Do you confess this power! 195  
 [*He is an inch from her face.*] Speak!

ABIGAIL. She's going to come down!  
 She's walking the beam!

DANFORTH. Will you speak!

MARY WARREN [*staring in horror*]. 200  
 I cannot!

GIRLS. I cannot!

PARRIS. Cast the Devil out! Look him  
 in the face! Trample him! We'll save  
 you, Mary, only stand fast against him  
 and – 205

ABIGAIL [*looking up*]. Look out! She's  
 coming down!

[*She and all the girls run to one  
 wall, shielding their eyes. And now,  
 as though cornered, they let out* 210  
*a gigantic scream, and MARY, as*

[*though infected, opens her mouth  
 and screams with them. Gradually  
 ABIGAIL and the girls leave off, until* 215  
*only MARY is left there, staring up*  
*at the 'bird', screaming madly. All*  
*watch her, horrified by this evident fit.*  
 PROCTOR strides to her.]

PROCTOR. Mary, tell the Governor what  
 they – [*He has hardly got a word out,* 220  
*when, seeing him coming for her, she*  
*rushes out of his reach, screaming in*  
*horror.*]

MARY WARREN. Don't touch me – don't  
 touch me! [*At which the girls halt at* 225  
*the door.*]

PROCTOR [*astounded*]. Mary!

MARY WARREN [*pointing at PROCTOR*].  
 You're the Devil's man!

[*He is stopped in his tracks.*] 230





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**END OF QUESTION PAPER**

**ADDITIONAL ANSWER SPACE**

If additional space is required, you should use the following lined page(s). The question number(s) must be clearly shown in the margin(s).

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