CAMBRIDGE
International Education

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DRAMA **0994/01**

Paper 1 Written Examination **For examination from 2029**

SPECIMEN INSERT **2 hours**

0123456789

INFORMATION

- This insert contains the play extracts.
- You may annotate this insert and use the blank spaces for planning. **Do not write your answers** on the insert.

This document has **22** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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Contents

if you have studied:	turn to the following section:	page
Lolita Chakrabarti: *Life of Pi*	Section A Read Extracts 1 and 2	3
George Bernard Shaw: *Pygmalion*	Section B Read Extracts 3 and 4	6
Patrick Barlow: *The 39 Steps*	Section C Read Extracts 5 and 6	10
Bertolt Brecht: *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*	Section D Read Extracts 7 and 8	14
Alice Childress: *Trouble in Mind*	Section E Read Extracts 9 and 10	18

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Section A

Lolita Chakrabarti: *Life of Pi*

Extract 1: read this extract then answer Question 1 on the question paper.

PI: Come on Richard Parker! We're waiting to see you. Come out!

[PI *steps into the empty cage.*]

FATHER: Piscine! What are you doing?

PI: Nothing!

FATHER: Come here at once!

PI: Rani did it!

RANI: I didn't do anything!

AMMA: Piscine, you have to obey the rules.

PI: I was just trying to get his attention.

AMMA: You should know better, Rani.

RANI: Why is it always my fault?

FATHER: Silence! Both of you!

PI: He wouldn't come out, Baba.

FATHER: What animal is Richard Parker?

RANI: A Royal Bengal tiger, Baba.

FATHER: Tigers are *extremely* dangerous. Do you hear me?! Guldeep!

[ZOOKEEPER *enters, speaks to* FATHER *and exits.*]

AMMA: Your father's under a lot of pressure at the moment.

FATHER: We've been too soft Gita. It's time for them to grow up and face facts.

[*The* ZOOKEEPER *reappears with* BUCKINGHAM*, the goat.*]

FATHER: By protecting them from the truth, we're not keeping them safe. They have to understand the dangers.

AMMA: They do. I've told them.

FATHER: We need to show them reality.

[*He nods to the* ZOOKEEPER *who opens the enclosure.*]

PI: Baba? What are you doing?

[*He puts the goat inside the cage.*]

RANI: Baba?

FATHER: Never forget this. [*To the* ZOOKEEPER] Open the other door to the feeding cage.

[*The* ZOOKEEPER *opens a second door within the cage, releasing the tiger in with the goat.*]

[BUCKINGHAM *bleats and tenses as* RICHARD PARKER *emerges from the darkness.*]

PI: Get Buckingham out, Baba. Please.

[RICHARD PARKER *pounces – a screaming goat. He drags the goat into his lair.*]

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[PI *and* RANI *are shocked.* AMMA *is upset.* FATHER *stony faced*.]

RANI: Why did you do that? That's horrible. Why would you let that happen? I don't understand.

PI: Buckingham never hurt anyone.

AMMA: Darling, he's just an animal.

PI: I loved him.

RANI: I'm going to my room.

FATHER: No. You'll stay here.

[PI *and* RANI *remain.*]

(*from* Scene 2)

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Extract 2: read this extract then answer Question 2 on the question paper.

MR OKAMOTO: How old are you, Mr Patel, and where are your family from?

[*Silence*]

LULU: He's seventeen and his family were from Pondicherry in India. Were they under threat Pi? We know there's political unrest in India at the moment. Why did they leave? Why choose Canada?

PI: For a better life, Miss Chen. I imagine your parents did the same.

[LULU *does not know what to say*.]

PI: D'you have anything to eat?

LULU: Erm ... I have some cookies.

[*She gets a packet of biscuits from her bag*. PI *takes them. He puts them in a box stored under his bed*.]

MR OKAMOTO: Can you tell me what happened the day the ship sank? Was another ship involved?

[*Silence*]

An explosion perhaps? Would you speak for the recording please?

LULU: Perhaps we should give Pi a little time to ...

PI: You're here for my story.

MR OKAMOTO: Yes.

PI: How should I begin? Once upon a time?

MR OKAMOTO: We're not children, Mr Patel.

PI: We're all children, Mr Okamoto.

MR OKAMOTO: The Tsimtsum left Manila eight months ago and that was the last time it was seen. You are the only known survivor. I need to know what happened.

[*Silence*]

PI: Are you a religious man, Mr Okamoto?

MR OKAMOTO: Erm ... no ... not really ...

PI: Why not?

[*An awkward silence*]

I will tell you everything ... because my story will make you believe in God.

[*Butterflies fly around* PI. MR OKAMOTO *and* LULU *cannot see them*.]

PI: Once upon a time, I lived in Pondicherry's botanical gardens in the zoo. It was a huge zoo, spread over acres and acres, big enough for a train to explore but now it's so small it fits in my head ...

[*A giraffe peers through a window of the hospital*. MR OKAMOTO *and* LULU *cannot see it*.]

(*from* Scene 1)

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Section B

George Bernard Shaw: *Pygmalion*

Extract 3: read this extract then answer Question 7 on the question paper.

PICKERING: We're always talking Eliza.

HIGGINS: Teaching Eliza.

PICKERING: Dressing Eliza.

MRS HIGGINS: What!

HIGGINS: Inventing new Elizas.

HIGGINS: [*speaking together*] You know, she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear:

PICKERING: [*speaking together*] I assure you, my dear Mrs. Higgins, that girl

HIGGINS: just like a parrot. I've tried her with every

PICKERING: is a genius. She can play the piano quite beautifully

HIGGINS: possible sort of sound that a human being can make

PICKERING: We have taken her to classical concerts and to music

HIGGINS: Continental dialects, African dialects, Hottentot

PICKERING: halls; and it's all the same to her: she plays everything

HIGGINS: clicks, things it took me years to get hold of; and

PICKERING: she hears right off when she comes home, whether it's

HIGGINS: she picks them up like a shot, right away, as if she had

PICKERING: Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar and Lionel Morickton;

HIGGINS: been at it all her life.

PICKERING: though six months ago, she'd never as much as touched a piano –

MRS HIGGINS: [*Putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise*] Sh–sh–sh–sh! [*They stop.*]

PICKERING: I beg your pardon. [*He draws his chair back apologetically.*]

HIGGINS: Sorry. When Pickering starts shouting nobody can get a word in edgeways.

MRS HIGGINS: Be quiet, Henry. Colonel Pickering: don't you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

PICKERING: Her father did. But Henry soon got rid of him.

MRS HIGGINS: It would have been more to the point if her mother had. But as her mother didn't something else did.

PICKERING: But what?

MRS HIGGINS: [*Unconsciously dating herself by the word*] A problem.

PICKERING: Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a lady.

HIGGINS: I'll solve that problem. I've half solved it already.

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MRS HIGGINS: No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures: the problem of what is to be done with her afterwards.

HIGGINS: I don't see anything in that. She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her.

(*from* Act 3)

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Extract 4: read this extract then answer Question 8 on the question paper.

LIZA: [*Pulling herself together in desperation*] What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS: [*Enlightened, but not at all impressed*] Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? [*He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness.*] I shouldn't bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself, somewhere or other, though I hadn't quite realized that you were going away. [*She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her, but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple.*] You might marry, you know. [*He bites a large piece out of the apple, and munches it noisily.*] You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!); and you're not bad-looking; it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes – not now, of course, because you're crying and looking as ugly as the very devil; but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand. You go to bed and have a good nice rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap.

[ELIZA *again looks at him, speechless, and does not stir.*]

[*The look is quite lost on him: he eats his apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one*.]

HIGGINS: [*A genial afterthought occurring to him*] I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

LIZA: We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

HIGGINS: [*Waking up*] What do you mean?

LIZA: I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish you'd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS: [*Slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate*] Tosh, Eliza. Don't you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it. You needn't marry the fellow if you don't like him.

LIZA: What else am I to do?

HIGGINS: Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one: he has lots of money. [*Chuckling*] He'll have to pay for all those togs you have been wearing today; and that, with the hire of the jewellery, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower shop of your own. Come! you'll be all right. I must clear off to bed: I'm devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something: I forget what it was.

LIZA: Your slippers.

HIGGINS: Oh yes, of course. You shied them at me. [*He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and speaks to him.*]

LIZA: Before you go, sir –

HIGGINS: [*Dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him Sir*] Eh?

LIZA: Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS: [*Coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason*] What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA: He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

(*from* Act 4)

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Turn over

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Section C

Patrick Barlow: *The 39 Steps*

Extract 5: read this extract then answer Question 13 on the question paper.

[*The* HEAVIES *drag* HANNAY *to* PAMELA.]

HEAVY 1: He's the one, miss?

PAMELA: Yes definitely. He's the one.

HANNAY: I suppose you think you've been damn clever!

PAMELA: Officer kindly tell your prisoner not to insult me please!

HEAVY 2: Come along now sir!

HANNAY: Don't you see I was speaking the truth in that railway carriage! You must have seen I was genuine!

HEAVY 1: That'll be all ma'am and thank you for your help.

PAMELA: Don't mention it. Goodbye officers.

[*The* HEAVIES *start to pull* HANNAY *out*.]

HANNAY: Alright just listen please! You have to! There's an enormously important secret –

HEAVY 2: That'll do now!

HANNAY: – being taken out of this country by a devilishly brilliant foreign agent! I can't do anything myself because of these fool detectives! But if you telephone Scotland Yard immediately and tell them this –

PAMELA: Goodbye, Mr Hannay!

HEAVY 1: Actually beg pardon, Miss – er –

PAMELA: Edwards. Pamela Edwards.

HEAVY 1: – on second thoughts Miss Edwards we should like you to come, too.

PAMELA: Me? Whatever for?

HEAVY 2: To identify the prisoner, miss.

PAMELA: But I've told you who he –

HEAVY 1: Just to the police station miss.

HEAVY 2: If you wouldn't mind miss.

PAMELA: Well, where is the police station?

HEAVY 1: Inverary, miss.

PAMELA: Inverary!! But that's nearly –

HANNAY: Forty miles.

PAMELA: *FORTY MILES!?*

HEAVY 1: You keep out of this!

HEAVY 2: He's to be questioned by the Procurator Fiscal personally miss.

PAMELA: Procurator Fiscal personally?

HEAVY 2: It's essential for public security miss.

PAMELA: Essential for public security?

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HEAVY 2: That's right miss.

PAMELA: Well if it's absolutely necessary!

HEAVY 1: Thank you miss. If you'd like to climb into the car please miss?

PAMELA: The what?

[*The* CLOWNS *look at each other. They realize they've forgotten the car*. HANNAY *the actor sighs. The* CLOWNS *hastily improvise a car out of chairs, armchair, whatever's to hand*.]

HEAVY 1: The car, miss.

[HEAVY 1 *starts the motor*. HEAVY 2 *gets in beside him*. HANNAY *and* PAMELA *sit behind them*. HANNAY *gives* PAMELA *a delighted grin. Sticks his pipe in his mouth*.]

HANNAY: Hello!

[PAMELA *scowls*.]

I'm Richard by the way.

PAMELA: I'm not talking to you.

HANNAY: Right.

[*They look out of their respective windows*.]

(*from* Scene 22)

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Extract 6: read this extract then answer Question 14 on the question paper.

[*The professor pulls out a gun*. HANNAY *gasps!*)

PROFESSOR: Mr Hannay – I'm afraid I've been guilty of leading you down the garden path. Or should I say – up. I never can remember.

HANNAY: It seems to be the wrong garden alright.

PROFESSOR: Yes. I'm afraid it does. Mr Hannay, you've forced me into a very difficult position. You see I live here as a respectable citizen. My very best friend is the Sheriff of the County. You must realise my whole existence could be jeopardised if it became known that I was not – how shall I say – not what I seem. You see there's my wife and daughter to think of. But what makes it doubly important that I simply can't let you go is that I'm just about to convey some very vital information out of the country. Oh yes, I've got it alright. I'm afraid poor Annabella would have been far too late. So it seems there is only one option, Mr Hannay.

[*He cocks the gun, aims point blank at* HANNAY.]

[MRS JORDAN *walks in*.]

[*Jitterbug music*]

[*She takes in the gun. Doesn't flick an eyelid*]

MRS JORDAN: I shall be serving lunch directly, dear. The Sheriff has to go at three. Will Mr Hammond be staying?

PROFESSOR: I don't think so dear.

[MRS JORDAN *smiles and leaves*.]

[*Music stops*]

PROFESSOR: Unless of course you decide to join us.

[*Lights a cigarette in a black holder*]

HANNAY: For lunch?

PROFESSOR: Very good, Mr Hannay. You see you're just the kind of man we need. Sharp. Intelligent. Cold-blooded. Ruthless. When the war comes these will be the exact qualities we need.

HANNAY: War?

PROFESSOR: Oh yes! We'll have quite a show of it.

HANNAY: And what if I don't believe in those qualities?

PROFESSOR: What other qualities are there?

HANNAY: Well ... human qualities.

PROFESSOR: *Human* qualities! What human qualities?

HANNAY: Loyalty, selflessness, sacrifice ...

[*Pause*]

... love ...

PROFESSOR: [*He laughs a cruel laugh*.] Love!? Oh please Mr Hannay! When have you ever *loved* anyone? It's not in your nature, old sport. Never has been, has it? You have no heart, do you Hannay! But you know this.

[HANNAY *sits shocked. How does the professor know his deepest fears*?]

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So sad, isn't it? No one to love. No one to care for. No home to go to.

[*The professor comes close to* HANNAY, *pinned in the armchair. Blows smoke into his face*]

But there is you see. There is – *our home*!

HANNAY: Our home?

PROFESSOR: That is the only place you will find 'love' old chum. Where you really and truly belong.

(*from* Scene 18)

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Section D

Bertolt Brecht: *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*

Extract 7: read this extract then answer Question 19 on the question paper.

[*Private club. Four businessmen, leaders of the Cauliflower Trust, talking while having their shoes shined.*]

BUTCHER: Damn the Depression! Chicago's like a child
Who found her pocket full of holes one day
When mother sent her out for morning milk.
She stands now in the gutter, wondering
Where mother's last red cent is gone.

BOWL: Thursday last
Ted Moon invited quite a crowd of us
For Sunday brunch. When we got there, sir,
We found him scrambled on the sidewalk like
A broken egg. This change from boom to bust
Occurs much faster nowadays than you can
Blink an eye.

CLARK: [*Looking at* SHEET]
Yet on the Five Great Lakes
Sheet's vegetable fleets come sailing as before
To feed his customers.

SHEET: What customers?
The local businesses are closing down;
Their owners run from bank to bank to raise
A loan.

BUTCHER: They surely waste their time. The banks
Have money but they keep it for themselves.
In other words, the cauliflower business
In this town is down the drain.

CLARK: Come, come, good gentlemen! Chin up!
For we are businessmen who know full well
The slings and arrows of outrageous debt
And yet survive. Recovery's around the corner.
Since you're not dead yet, you are still alive.

SHEET: Not to be dead yet, sir, is not the same
As living.

CLARK: Sheet, what is this pessimism?
The vegetable business is still sound
As is your shipping line, or so I hear,
And we who run the Cauliflower Trust
Must not lose faith. The times are bad, agreed,
And yet Chicago must be fed come hail or shine.
The city doesn't live by bread alone!
She needs her fruit and veg – which we supply.
Upon that subject: there's a character
Who waits outside. I wouldn't mention it
Except it's strange. His name's Arturo Ui.

BUTCHER: The gangster?

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CLARK: In person.
He smells the carrion and, incidentally,
Brown-noses round for new connections.
Suggests he might persuade the shopkeepers
To buy no cauliflower but from us,
If only to preserve their health. And, furthermore,
He guarantees our margins will be doubled,
Because the grocers, Mr Ui says,
Would rather buy a cabbage than a coffin.

BUTCHER: Sonofabitch!

SHEET: [*Heading for door*]
Let's throw the bum out.

CLARK: But politely. Who knows
Which way this cookie crumbles.

(*from* Scene 1)

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Extract 8: read this extract then answer Question 20 on the question paper.

[*Shows his gun*]

UI: Ernesto, I am much obliged to you.
I see it now. It's an outrageous plot
By Giri, Clark, Givola, Dogsborough,
And Dullfoot, to include me out of Cicero
By labeling me in public as a crook.
You've got to nip this libel in the bud
Most brutally, Ernesto. I rely
On you.

ROMA: You can. But, Chief, you gotta come,
Before we make the move, to coach the boys,
And get their blood up. I'm not so good
At making speeches.

UI: [*shakes his hand*] Don't worry, I'll be there.

ROMA: I always knew that it would be like this, Arturo:
The two of us together – you and me!

[UI *and* ROMA *embrace*.]

UI: What time?

ROMA: Eleven sharp.

UI: Where?

ROMA: The garage!

UI: I'll see you there most punctual on the hour.

ROMA: [*To his* BODYGUARDS]
He is with us! What did I tell you, boys?
I feel a different man, Arturo.
We'll dare the world together, you and me!
Yeah men! It's like the good old days again.

[ROMA *leaves with his* BODYGUARDS. UI *rehearses the speech he will make to* ROMA's *men*.]

UI: Friends ... Friends ... Friends!
Regretfully I must announce to you,
It's come to my attention that behind my back
Abominable treason's being planned.
Men of my most immediate entourage,
Whom I have fully trusted, are secretly
Hatching a rotten plot, running amuck
With greed, ambition, treacherous by nature,
And in cahoots with all those cauliflower gents –
That doesn't sound right. In cahoots with who?
I've got it. The police! – They sold me out,
They plan to send me to an early grave.
No wonder that my patience is exhausted.
I, therefore, order you that, led by Ernie Roma,
Who has my fullest confidence, you whip these thugs
From out the circle of my territories –

(*from* Scene 11)

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Turn over

Section E

Alice Childress: *Trouble in Mind*

Extract 9: read this extract then answer Question 25 on the question paper.

[MANNERS *holds up his hand for silence*.]

MANNERS: At ease. [*Mainly for* JOHN *and* JUDY] I ask this, please forget your old methods of work and go along with me. I'll probably confuse the hell out of you for the first few days, but after that ... well, I hope we'll be swingin'. Now, you're all familiar with the story ...

WILETTA: Oh, I never had anything affect me so much in all my life.

ALL: [*Ad-lib*] There was one part ... I have a question ... Uh-huh ... A question ...

MANNERS: We will not discuss the parts.

[JOHN *groans in mock agony*.]

JUDY: One little thing.

MANNERS: We will *not* discuss the parts.

[EDDIE *smiles knowingly.*]

We will not read the play down from beginning to end.

SHELDON: [*Popping his fingers*] There he goes!

MANNERS: We will *not* delve into character backgrounds ... not now. Turn to Act I, Scene Two, page fifteen.

[*The* ACTORS *scramble madly for places in scripts*.]

Top of the page. Eddie, you read for O'Wray. Judy! Stand up!

[JUDY *stands hesitantly while* MANNERS *toys with a sheet of paper*.]

MANNERS: Walk downstage!

[JUDY *is startled and nervous, she walks upstage. The* OTHERS *are eager to correct her, but* MANNERS *will not tolerate cast interference. He crumbles the paper, throws it to the floor, takes* JUDY *by the shoulders, and speedily leads her around the stage*.]

Downstage! Center stage! Left center! Right center! Up right! Up left, down center, down right, down left, upstage ... DOWNSTAGE!

JUDY: I know, I forgot ...

MANNERS: Don't forget again. Take downstage.

[*He notices the paper he threw on the floor*.]

A trashy stage is most distracting.

[JUDY *starts to pick up the paper*.]

Hold your position! Wiletta, pick up the paper!

[JOHN *and* SHELDON *start for the paper*.]

I asked Wiletta! [*Catching* WILETTA's *eye*] Well?

WILETTA: [*Shocked into a quick flare of temper*] Well, hell! I ain't the damn janitor! [*Trying to check her temper*] I ... well, I ... shucks ... I ... damn.

[*Even though* MANNERS *was trying to catch them off guard, he didn't expect this*.]

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MANNERS: Cut! Cut! It's all over.

[*Everyone is surprised again*.]

What you have just seen is ... is ... is fine acting.

[*He is quite shaken and embarrassed from* WILETTA's *action*.]

(*from* Act 1)

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Extract 10: read this extract then answer Question 26 on the question paper.

JOHN: I'm walking in my sleep. I was up all hours last night.

MANNERS: At Sardi's no doubt.

JOHN: No!

JUDY: Exposed! We've found you out.

[*General laughter from* MILLIE*,* JUDY*,* BILL*,* EDDIE*, and* MANNERS. JUDY *is enjoying the intangible joke to the utmost, but as she turns to* WILETTA, *her laughter dies ... but* WILETTA *quickly picks it up*.]

WILETTA: Oh, my, yes indeed!

JOHN: I struggled with the third act. I think I won.

[MILLIE *sticks out her wrist for* JOHN's *inspection*.]

Exquisite, Millie, beautiful. You deserve it.

[*During the following, the conversation tumbles criss-cross in all directions, and the only clear things are underlined*.]

MANNERS: Tell him what I told you this morning.

BILL: Why should I swell his head?

MANNERS: [*Arm around* JOHN*'s shoulder*] Hollywood's going to grab you so fast! I won't drop names but our opening night is going to be the end.

MILLIE: [*To* WILETTA] Barbara died!

JUDY: [*To* MANNERS] Oh, you terrify me!

MILLIE: Died alone in her apartment. Sudden-like!

JOHN: I've got to catch Katherine's performance, I hear it's terrific!

BILL: She's great, only great.

MILLIE: I wouldn't live alone!

MANNERS: She's going to get the award, no doubt about it!

JUDY: Marion Hatterly is good.

MANNERS: Marion is as old as the hills! I mean, she's so old it's embarrassing.

JOHN: But she has a quality.

SHELDON: [*To* MILLIE *and* WILETTA] People dyin' like they got nothin' else to do!

JUDY: She has, John, a real quality.

SHELDON: I ain't gonna die, can't afford to do it.

MANNERS: You have to respect her.

EDDIE: Can name her own ticket.

JOHN: Imperishable talent.

MILLIE: Funeral is Monday.

WILETTA: [*Weakly, to no one in particular*] Mmm mm, fascinatin' ...

MANNERS: Picnic is over! Third act!

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SHELDON: I know my lines.

BILL: Don’t worry about lines yet.

MANNERS: No, let him worry ... I mean it’s okay. Beginning of third!

(*from* Act 2)

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