

# OCR

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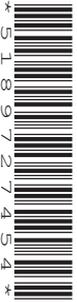
**To be opened on receipt**  
**Wednesday 1 February – Friday 2 June 2017**

**GCSE DRAMA**

**A583/01** From Concept to Creation

**Duration:** 10 hours

Plus 2 hours: 1 hour to begin and  
1 hour to finish the Working Record



## INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- To prepare for the examination you will consider **both** the script extract and stimulus item with your teacher for up to 20 hours (up to 10 weeks) before the examination.
- This booklet contains a script extract from *Metamorphosis*, and stimulus item *Change*.
- You may take with you into the examination any preparation material.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **80**.
- This document consists of **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR CANDIDATES

### Preparation and Exploration

There is a preparation and exploration period of a maximum of 20 hours (up to 10 weeks) before the examination. During this period, you must consider both the script extract and the stimulus item with your teacher.

This period allows you to research, investigate available resources, take part in workshops and develop your working groups if appropriate.

By the end of this period you must have selected **one** of the four briefs described below.

### The Examination

**All work to be marked must only be produced during the supervised examination (10 hours plus 2 hours: 1 hour to begin and 1 hour to finish the Working Record).**

The four briefs available to choose from are:

#### 1 The Performer (devised) Brief

You must devise and perform a drama that relates to the script extract and/or the stimulus item. Your performance must last no longer than 10 minutes. Each person in your group must have a minimum of three minutes exposure on stage. You may work as an **individual**, in a **pair** or in a group of up to **six** for your Examination.

[60 marks]

#### 2 The Performer (text extract) Brief

You must perform a section(s) of the text extract. Your performance must last no longer than 10 minutes. Each person in your group must have a minimum of three minutes exposure on stage. You may work as an **individual**, in a **pair** or in a group of up to **six** for your Examination.

[60 marks]

### 3 The Deviser Brief

For **this** brief you must work as an **individual**.

You must choose from **one** of the following **two** options:

**(a) Text Extract:**

The director has asked for a **new scene** to be written to follow on from the printed extract. This new scene should explore the lives of the Samsa family after the end of the play.

**[60 marks]**

Or

**(b) Stimulus Item:**

Create a **scene** which is inspired by the stimulus item *Change*.

**[60 marks]**

Both scripts must show the conventions of script writing, have appropriate closure, contain stage directions and any relevant staging notes. It should be a full scene between **6** and **12** sides of A4.

In addition, you **must** produce a **separate** Working Record. As part of your Working Record, you will make a presentation to the examiner, **no longer than 3 minutes in length**, explaining and/or demonstrating your script ideas. This includes: your link to the stimulus, overall intention, intended audience and type of performance space.

### 4 The Designer Brief

For **this** brief you must work as an **individual**.

You must prepare designs for the text extract. Your designs must cover any **three** of:

- set
- costume
- lighting
- stage/personal properties
- make-up/masks
- sound.

**[60 marks]**

In addition, you **must** produce a **separate** Working Record. As part of your Working Record, you will make a presentation to the examiner, **no longer than 3 minutes in length**, explaining and/or demonstrating your design ideas. This includes: overall intention, designs you think will work well and ideas of how the designs might be developed further.

## Performance or Presentation

The examiner will visit the centre shortly after the completion of the examination to mark your prepared Performance or Presentation. In addition they will collect your completed Working Record. For the Deviser and Designer Briefs, scripts and designs must also be available to take away.

## Working Record

You must hand in your **individually** completed Working Record at the end of each supervised examination session. **Group Working Records are unacceptable.**

Your Working Record may contain notes, diagrams, sketches, CD or DVD evidence, continuous writing, storyboards, scenarios, photographs, drawings, excerpts of dialogue, designs, character notes, views and ideas of self and others, as appropriate. All items in your Working Record **must** be clearly labelled with your name and candidate number. It **must** be collated and securely fastened.

Examples of format might be:

- (a) Between 8 and 12 sides of A4.
- (b) Between 3 and 5 minutes of CD or DVD commentary.
- (c) About 700 to 1400 words of continuous prose.
- (d) A mixture of elements from the above.

Your Working Record will contain:

- an introduction (**produced in the first hour**)
- ongoing working material (**produced during the 10 hours**)
- your reflection and evaluation (**in the final hour**) following the final dress rehearsal of your performance/presentation

## Performer Brief

Your Working Record should include evidence of:

- how relevant areas of study have been applied in relation to your performance piece
- your individual contribution
- your role, the role of any other candidates
- your reflection and evaluation
- audience response
- subject-specific vocabulary.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar will be taken into account.

**[20 marks]**

**Deviser Brief**

Your Working Record should include evidence of:

- the context:
  - the period it is set in
  - genre
  - suggested performance style
  - any social, cultural and historical connections
- how other relevant areas of study have been applied in relation to your scene
- your reflection and evaluation
- subject-specific vocabulary.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar will be taken into account.

**[20 marks]**

**Designer Brief**

Your Working Record should include evidence of:

- the design concept:
  - performance space
  - period it is set in
  - performance style
  - colour scheme
  - any social, cultural and historical connections
- how other relevant areas of study have been applied in relation to your designs
- your reflection and evaluation
- subject-specific vocabulary.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar will be taken into account.

**[20 marks]**

## INTRODUCTION TO THE SCRIPT EXTRACT

### *Metamorphosis* by Steven Berkoff

#### THE PLAY

The play *Metamorphosis* is based on the novel by Franz Kafka and stretches the boundaries of the idea of theatre. Gregor Samsa wakes up one morning and finds that he has transformed into an insect – a dung beetle. Gregor's struggles as a bug parallel those of any human who is different. Gregor's mother, father and sister initially reject him, they then tolerate his existence before hating and then neglecting him until he dies.

The creation of this work reflects Total Theatre where movement was underscored by music and all senses on all levels are engaged – 'total theatre, total life, sound, movement, light, text, music.'

#### CAST LIST FOR THE EXTRACT

Gregor Samsa  
Mrs Samsa  
Greta Samsa  
Mr Samsa  
Lodger 1  
Lodger 2  
Lodger 3

### Gregor's Dream

*A strange light filters gradually on to the stage — hardening and elongating features — GREGOR's heart is heard beating, the lights adjust to the heartbeats — the movement of the FAMILY seems caught in the motion of the beat — the bodies occasionally pulled by its sound — they appear as if under water.*

- GREGOR: [*Screams, drained of any energy.*] The apple's still inside me — I can't move any more — I can't climb — it takes me ages to crawl under the bed.
- MRS. S: His room's filthy, Greta — he's lying there in heaps of filth and dust.
- GRETA: I'm tired — I'm tired of working — trudging out my life in a shop all day.
- MRS. S: We mustn't leave him — he'll think we don't care any more.
- GREGOR: Take it out of me — I can feel it beginning to rot — it's becoming inflamed — covered with dust.
- MRS. S: Oh, Greta, do something.
- GRETA: I can't, Mother, I can't do that.
- MRS. S: Father, do something.  
     [*Image — FATHER laughs — the pulse of the heart and light snatches the reason from his voice — the words break. End. Shudder — again automation from GREGOR.*]
- MR. S: He's a dung beetle — he's just a dung beetle.  
     [*Cry is heard — they twist around in their sleep.*]
- MRS. S: We mustn't hurt him any more — he's still our son.
- MR. S: No, not that thing in there, our son's left us.
- GREGOR: I'm hungry — oh, I'm so hungry.
- MRS. S: Feed him, Greta — you're not feeding him any more.
- GRETA: I do feed him — I've always fed him.  
     [*Image — a giant beetle composed of the FAMILY, the arms moving in stiff staccato rhythm, and bodies twist and join together in agonized conflict.*]
- GREGOR: Yes — any old scraps of food without considering what I like — just throw something in — slam the door and leave me in the darkness again.
- GRETA: He would probably have perished without me.
- MRS. S: I wish we could move to a smaller house — we could save so much money.
- MR. S: How could we move that creature in there without anybody noticing — no, there's nothing we can do. But work — we must work.  
     [*They all continue with the same word, fading out on it.*]
- GREGOR: [*As he speaks, the FAMILY hold their positions like a fresco.*] Of course you could move me. You could shift me in a box with air holes — no — you're blaming me for your own helplessness.

## Phase Three

- MR. S: Work, Gregor. Time to get up.  
*[Image — the beetle dissolves, the limbs disconnect. Dreamlike, GREGOR walks to work, MR. SAMSA hangs upside down in the cage, the pace increases, maddens.]*
- GRETA: Time, Gregor — four a.m. — you must catch the five a.m. train.
- MR. S: *[Pulls GREGOR out of cage.]* Pack your samples — come on Gregor, don't be lazy.  
*[GREGOR now starts walking on the spot.]*
- MRS. S: He works so hard — he's good to us.
- GRETA: You must hurry, Gregor, hurry — I need violin lessons.
- MRS. S: Only five years to go, Gregor.
- GREGOR: Yes!
- MR. S: What will the Chief Clerk say if you're late?
- GREGOR: Yes!
- MRS. S: Oh, Gregor, hurry! Hurry! Hurry!  
*[They repeat their phrases faster and faster. FATHER is in the cage now — whipping him on — MOTHER and GRETA have stood on their stools as if on a grandstand. GREGOR moves faster — the heartbeat accelerates — suddenly GREGOR's movements become jerky, mechanical. He breaks into a run — but a strange hideous run like a beetle scurrying along with a ball of dung — he now moves as a sprinter, so fast it seems his heart will burst. He stops, exhausted. FATHER draws his arm back to the whine of the women and throws his apple. GREGOR screams, transfixed — a single spot emphasizes his agony — slowly his body transforms itself, trembling jerkily into SAMSA/INSECT — his arms crossed — fingers bent like hooks — he collapses over a stool — he now appears less human than insect — the FAMILY come downstage and look at him as if witnessing a street accident — they whisper in uninvolved concern. GRETA and FATHER walk to their sleeping positions. MOTHER above, takes him slowly back to his cage.]*
- MRS. S: Don't worry, Gregor — you're not being forgotten by your old mother — she'll look after you if nobody else does — have it all clean for you to roam around in — don't worry, we won't have a charlady in here — nobody'll have to see you. You'll soon be well — I can feel it — as soon as the weather starts to break and the cold winds go — we'll have a bit of spring in the air and one morning you will wake up and see that it's been a nasty dream.  
*[Image — MRS. SAMSA takes him back to his room — gently reassuring this is GREGOR — tired, old.]*  
*[End of dream sequence. Fade to darkness. Silence. The lights hard up, morning.]*  
*[Three loud knocks.]*
- MR. S: That will be the lodgers for the room!  
*[These THREE LODGERS can be played by one.]*
- MRS. S: Lodgers!
- MR. S: Cash!
- MRS. S: Lodgers!
- GRETA: Shoes!
- MRS. S: Lodgers!
- MR. S: Beer!
- MRS. S: Lodgers!
- GRETA: Books!
- MRS. S: Lodgers!
- MR. S: Cigars!
- MRS. S: Lodgers!
- GRETA: Clothes!
- MRS. S: *[ecstatic]* Lodgers ... Sir, do come in.  
*[Three men in white harlequins' masks behind each other in exact step as if one person. They copy each other's every move — over-react to everything — concerned for their welfare totally and are greedy. The pig faces of the harlequin masks exactly externalize their inner state. They move fast, acrobatically and energetically.]*

1ST L: It's warm.

2ND L: Pleasant.

3RD L: A little cramped, but it'll do.

*[They all take the family stools.]*

MRS. S: We'll try and make it comfortable.

MR. S: It's a very friendly household — say the word and we'll do our best.

GRETA: *[giggling]* What funny faces!

MRS. S: Ssshhh!

1ST L: We'd like to be called at eight o'clock.

2ND L: Prompt!

3RD L: Breakfast hot and ready at eight fifteen!

2ND L: Prompt!

1ST L: Coffee, rolls and cheese.

2ND L: Marmalade, if you please.

3RD L: And toast.

MRS. S: I think we'll manage that all right.

1ST L: We're sticklers for order.

2ND L: Especially in the kitchen.

3RD L: Can't bear slovenliness.

MRS. S: You tell us what you need.

1ST L: When we've examined our quarters.

2ND L: We'll tell you all of our objections.

MR. S: *[uncomfortably]* Hmmph! *[clearing his throat]* There's er ... one thing you should know before you make a decision.

1ST L: Yes?

MR. S: We ... er ... keep a pet in the back room.

ALL L'S: Oh yes!

MR. S: I wondered if that would bother you?

ALL L'S: Oh no, we're fond of pets.

MRS. S: I'll show you to your quarters and then you can have some supper. *[She take them out ... as she returns]* They seem quite ...

MR. S: I hope they don't ... *[Indicates GREGOR's room.]*

MRS. S: I shouldn't think they'd ...

MR. S: Mind?

MRS. S: No!

MR. S: Let's hope he doesn't ...

MRS. S: Of course he won't.

*[The LODGERS return.]*

1ST L: It suits us moderately well.

2ND L: Except for these articles which we would like to dispose of.

ALL L'S: Please.

*[They all raise arms indicating objects.]*

MR. S: Greta! Take the lodgers' belongings with you and put them away somewhere.

*[They pass the objects to her and she goes away to GREGOR's room and throws them in — GREGOR shrinks back. Meanwhile, the LODGERS are taking their seats.]*

GREGOR: Go on, use my room as a junk room. Make the lodgers the chief consideration. Throw food into me, when you remember. You don't speak of me any more — I still would, after a rare night's sleep, wake up, and imagine I was Gregor — I still hope.

*[Fade.]*

*[The LODGERS are still seated downstage eating. The FAMILY wait on them as servants.]*

MR. S: Is it more tasty now?

1ST L: I think so. *[Passing plate]*

2ND L: Much better.

3RD L: You're learning ...

[SECOND LODGER *carves joint with elaborate care. Mime carving of meat with hot meat slipping about on the plates — hot potatoes eaten with gulps of breath to cool them down, vegetables spilling on table, etc.*]

The potatoes are hot.

1ST L: Hmmm! It's delicious.

2ND L: Nice and juicy.

[MRS. SAMSA *looks on, pleased. They continue eating with refinement — from GREGOR's room can be heard noises of crunching of teeth as GREGOR chews food. Every time this happens the LODGERS stop eating — listen for a moment till crunching stops, then shrug shoulders and carry on — after the third interruption ...*]

MRS. S: Don't let that disturb you, it's his feeding time.

1ST L: I see, well in future do you think you could stagger your meals?

2ND L: It would be preferable ...

3RD L: To that hideous noise.

MRS. S: Certainly, certainly — I'm sorry it disturbed you, but I hope you enjoyed the meal?

[*They all look up at her and then get into a whispering huddle — the FAMILY look on anxiously — after a few seconds during which each one has looked up and turned back, as if to make up his mind about some fresh point ...*]

ALL L'S: [*smiling*] Excellent!

[*The FAMILY sigh in relief — GRETA goes upstage to play her violin — as soon as GRETA crooks her arm into the position of playing the violin we hear 'The Blue Danube' being played. The THREE LODGERS hear it and react with glee and excitement — they start dancing with their stools and waltzing wildly round the room.*]

MR. S: Is the violin playing disturbing you, gentlemen?

2ND L: On the contrary, we find it enchanting!

[*The THREE LODGERS freeze into absurd positions as if caught by a high speed camera — the FAMILY on the other side listening attentively.*]

GREGOR: I'm not an animal — I can *hear* the music. No-one in that room can appreciate music like me. Stop playing, spit at these intruders, Greta — play only for me. I'll protect you from these swine — my ugliness could protect you by frightening them away, then I will send you — I announce to you all — I will send you to the Conservatorium! Yes, I know I'm covered in grime and muck — and you all detest me — but I was sending Greta to the Conservatorium, but for my mishap, last Christmas — Oh! Was it so long?

[GREGOR *slides into the room. The tableau bursts into life. He is seen by the FIRST LODGER.*]

1ST L: Mr. Samsa!

[*Points at GREGOR — music stops — silence — LODGERS look at one another, smiling.*]

2ND L: Good God!

3RD L: What a sight!

[*Image — GREGOR is spreadeagled on the floor — tired, aching, being partially concealed by the skirts of the women.*]

MR. S: Gentlemen, gentlemen — please do not be disturbed by what you see, I can only offer my humblest apologies and assure you it will never happen again. [*glancing at wife.*] Never!

[LODGERS *seem rather amused by GREGOR.*]

Now, if you would kindly go to your room ...

[LODGERS *consider that they should be angry.*]

1ST L: I see — just like that!

2ND L: No explanation!

3RD L: Nothing!

MR. S: Somebody must have left his door open, but we'll keep it firmly locked in future.

[FATHER *has stepped between them and GREGOR, attempting to hide him and at the same time to shepherd them out.*]

1ST L: And are we expected to live with that creature at the end of the corridor?

2ND L: He might escape in the night and creep into our room and attack us in the dark!

MR. S: Please, gentlemen, please! I assure you that no such thing is possible — he is very mild and quite weak as he hasn't been too well lately.

1ST L: [*satirically*] Oh! Nothing serious, I hope!

MR. S: Oh no — some digestion trouble, no doubt.

2ND L: No doubt!

1ST L: [*interrupts*] But that doesn't explain your conduct in not informing me before we took the room that you kept a zoo.

MR. S: I did say a pet ...

1ST L: Look at it — it's probably suffering from diseases!

2ND L: He said himself it's not well.

3RD L: He's probably mephitic!

1ST L: Coprolitic!

2ND L: He's a dung beetle!

MR. S: [*struggling*] He's really very tame.

1ST L: Pestilence and dysentery!

2ND L: We'll get cankered and decrepit!

3RD L: Deteriorate!

2ND L: And die!

1ST L: It's a dangerous place to live in!

MR. S: [*pushing them away from GREGOR*] Gentlemen, I assure you, you'll be comfortable and need have no fear — you'll never see him again, and now will you please leave the room so that I can clear him away.

[*LODGERS get into huddle.*]

1ST L: I beg to announce that because of the disgusting conditions prevailing in this household and family [*spits*] I give you my notice on the spot. Naturally I shall not pay you a penny for leaving without notice or for the food I've eaten — on the contrary, I shall consider bringing an action for damages against you!

2ND L: } And we, too, give our notice on the spot!  
3RD L: }

[*They march off. MR. SAMSA staggers to a chair groping through space as if he were being attacked by a vacuum, sits in the chair numbed. GRETA, who has been standing with her head down weeping, looks at GREGOR — GREGOR just remains where he is. GRETA slowly raises her head, suddenly aged and determined. They walk downstage away from GREGOR, who remains in the room, gasping for air as he is now very weak.*]

GRETA: [*quietly*] We must get rid of it — I won't utter my brother's name in the presence of this creature — so all I say is get rid of it. We've tried to look after it and to put up with it as far as is humanly possible — I don't think anyone would reproach us in the slightest —

MR. S: My child, I understand all this but what can we do? [*GRETA shrugs in helplessness.*] If only he could understand us. [*GRETA shakes her head to indicate how unthinkable the idea is now.*] If he could understand us — then perhaps we could come to some agreement with him — but as it is there is not much we can do.

GRETA: Yes, yes, you can, Father — you must get rid of the idea that he is Gregor — the fact that we've believed it all this time is the root of our trouble — of course it's not Gregor — if it were he'd have gone away — he'd have known that human beings can't live with such a creature — so, we wouldn't have a brother, but we'd honour his memory. This creature persecutes us — drives our lodgers away and obviously wants the whole apartment to himself and wouldn't care if we slept in the gutter — Oh! Just look at him now!

[*GREGOR is turning round to go back to his room. This involves much effort and panting. GRETA runs behind her FATHER.*]

MR. S: [*gently*] Ssshhh! He's going to his room.

[*They all watch him silently, as painfully and laboriously he makes his way back. He slowly crawls up on to his cage — the FAMILY, unable to endure any more, turn away as if to spare GREGOR further agony.*]

GREGOR: I felt their eyes on me to the last, full of fears and misery. I sensed the growing agony of their burden and knew I had to disappear. My aching body seems glad to release the life

that keeps it bound in agony — the will to keep it is weakening — and Gregor is flying out — I thought of my family only with tenderness and love.

*[Cold single light illuminates GREGOR, three o'clock strikes and GREGOR senses death claiming him.]*

MRS. S: He looked at me — just as we closed the door — he turned his head — his eyes — Gregor's eyes, full of agony, looked at me in such a way as only a child looks at his mother as if to say — no more — no more pain — I sensed his spirit creeping out of him, reluctant to inhabit such a painful dwelling, releasing him, go Gregor, go — bear no hatred for me — forgive — be free, be free my little boy ... free ... free.

GREGOR: *[intones with her]* Free ... free.

MRS. S: *[as the last faint whisper is expelled from GREGOR]* Dead ...

MR. S: *[walking downstage in a pool of light with GRETA — they are entirely isolated from GREGOR's death, whose cage light has gone out]* Well now, thanks be to God.

GRETA: Did you see how thin he'd become — it's such a long time since he ate anything.

MR. S: You know what we're going to do today — we're going to take the day off — we'll write letters to our respective employers and take a long stroll in the morning sunshine because that's what we need.

MRS. S: Father, that would be so good.

MR. S: They have returned to me.

*[Taking their hands, they hold his as if they had no other means of life — attempting somehow to kindle a new life force through the current of their bodies.]*

MRS. S: What a lovely peace rests in my heart.

MR. S: We'll sit in a tram and go into the open country with the warm sunshine flooding the windows.

MRS. S: Our jobs really aren't so bad and might lead to better things.

GRETA: I want to leave this house for ever.

MR. S: We'll get a small house — it'll be cheaper and easier to run — probably the one Gregor selected — we could afford it now. How pretty my daughter's become.

MRS. S: My daughter has bloomed into a pretty girl.

GRETA: My body has grown.

MRS. S: It will soon be time.

MR. S: We must find a good husband for her.

*[MR. and MRS. SAMSA, sensing each other's thoughts, turn to look at GRETA — she releases their hands and stretches — their smiles confirm their thoughts are in harmony — slow fade.]*

The crocuses will just be coming out.

*[Final spot lingers on GREGOR.]*

THE END







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