

X037/301

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2011

FRIDAY, 27 MAY
1.00 PM – 3.30 PM

DRAMA
HIGHER

60 marks are allocated to this paper.

Attempt **one** question from Section A, the compulsory question in Section B and **one** question from Section C.



SECTION A

THE STUDY OF A TEXT IN ITS THEATRICAL CONTEXT

Answer **one** question from this section. Your answer should be based on the prescribed text. You should answer from the perspective of a director or an actor in preparation for a performance.

Your answer to Section A should be written on *Pages two to seven* of the Answer Book. Additional paper can be obtained from the Invigilator.

1. As a **director** of your prescribed text, to what extent would you have new ideas for staging and design concepts in your production? Explain and justify your choices. 20
2. Identify and describe the importance of **one** or **two** important minor characters from your prescribed text. Give reasons for your choice. As a **director**, how would you help your actor/s prepare for performance? 20
3. As a **director**, describe the dramatic impact you would wish to create in the final scene of your prescribed text. Explain how your direction of the final scene would lead to this desired dramatic impact. 20
4. Choose a character in your prescribed text that you would consider being essential to the plot and the themes and/or issues raised in the play. Give reasons for your choice. As an actor, how would you perform the complexities of this role? 20

SECTION B

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

Look at the Answer Book on *Page eight* and find the extract from the play that you have studied. Read it carefully, and then answer both parts of the question below.

You should answer from the perspective of a director in preparation for a production.

Your answer to Question 5(a) should be written on ***Pages eight*** and ***nine*** of the Answer Book. Your answer to Question 5(b) should be written opposite your chosen textual extract.

5. Produce a dramatic commentary on the extract of your prescribed text.
 - (a) Draw a ground plan to show how you would want the extract to be staged. 4
 - (b) Using the text itself and the blank page opposite, indicate your direction to your actors.

These should include:

 - moves and interpretative notes for actors 7
 - justification 7
 - any important technical effects. 2

SECTION C

CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH THEATRE

Answer **one** question from this Section.

Your answer to Section C should be written on Pages fifty-eight to sixty-two of the Answer Book. Additional paper can be obtained from the Invigilator.

SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS DIMENSIONS

6. With reference to at least **two or more** Contemporary Scottish plays that you have seen or read, comment on “life in the city” and/or “life in rural Scotland”. 20
7. In your opinion, what religious and/or political issues most concern Scottish playwrights?
You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20

USE OF HISTORY, NOSTALGIA AND POPULAR TRADITION

8. Comment on the use of comedy techniques, comic characterisations and the use of comic language in **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20
9. Discuss the appeal of history and/or social history for Scottish audiences. You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20

ISSUES OF GENDER

10. Discuss the extent to which Scottish playwrights present a negative portrayal of women and womanhood. You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20
11. “The younger generation of men and women have greater equality compared to previous generations.”
Do you agree with this view? You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20

CURRENT PRODUCTIONS AND ISSUES

12. Describe and analyse **one** live performance that you have seen performed by a contemporary Scottish theatre company in the past two years. 20
13. Consider the work of **one** contemporary Scottish playwright. To what extent does this playwright create complex characterisations or merely present two dimensional ones? You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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FOR OFFICIAL USE

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Total

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QUALIFICATIONS
2011

FRIDAY, 27 MAY
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DRAMA
HIGHER
Answer Book

Fill in these boxes and read what is printed below.

Full name of centre

--

Town

--

Forename(s)

--

Surname

--

Date of birth

Day Month Year

--	--	--	--	--	--

Scottish candidate number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Number of seat

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- 1 The questions for this Paper are inserted inside this Answer Book.
- 2 Answers to Section A should be written in the space provided in Pages two to seven of this book. If there is not enough space for you to complete your answer **additional paper** can be obtained from the Invigilator.
- 3 Answers to Section B Question 5(a) should be written in the space provided on Pages eight and nine of this book.
- 4 Answers to Section B Question 5(b) should be written in the space provided in this book opposite your chosen textual extract.
- 5 Answers to Section C should be written in the space provided on Pages 58 to 62. If there is not enough space for you to complete your answer **additional paper** can be obtained from the Invigilator.
- 6 Before leaving the examination room you must give this book to the Invigilator. If you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Answer **one** question from your prescribed text in Section A, below.
- Write a Dramatic Commentary next to the extract from your prescribed text **or** the CST text “*Bondagers*” in Section B of this Answer Book.
- Answer **one** question from Section C, starting on *Page fifty-eight* of this Answer Book.

SECTION A

Your answer to Section A should be written on *Pages two to seven*. Additional paper can be obtained from the Invigilator.

[illegible]

[illegible]

<i>Marks</i>	

[illegible]

SECTION B
INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Your answer to Question 5(a) should be written on *Pages eight and nine*.

Your answer to Question 5(b) should be written opposite your chosen textual extract.

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Ground Plan

Marks

<i>Marks</i>	

ANTIGONE—Sophocles

CREON: This girl was an old hand at insolence
when she overrode the edicts we made public.
But once she had done it—the insolence,
twice over—to glory in it, laughing,
mocking us to our face with what she'd done.
I am not the man, not now: she is the man
if this victory goes to her and she goes free.

Never! Sister's child or closer in blood
than all my family clustered at my altar
worshipping Guardian Zeus—she'll never escape,
she and her blood sister, the most barbaric death.
Yes, I accuse her sister of an equal part
in scheming this, this burial.

Bring her here!
I just saw her inside, hysterical, gone to pieces.
It never fails: the mind convicts itself
in advance, when scoundrels are up to no good,
plotting in the dark. Oh but I hate it more
when a traitor, caught red-handed,
tries to glorify his crimes.

ANTIGONE: Creon, what more do you want
than my arrest and execution?

CREON: Nothing. Then I have it all.

ANTIGONE: Then why delay? Your moralizing repels me,
every word you say—pray god it always will.
So naturally all I say repels you too.

Enough.
Give me glory! What greater glory could I win
than to give my own brother decent burial?
These citizens here would all agree,
they would praise me too
if their lips weren't locked in fear.

Lucky tyrants—the perquisites of power!
Ruthless power to do and say whatever pleases *them*.

CREON: You alone, of all the people of Thebes,
see things that way.

ANTIGONE: They see it just that way
but defer to you and keep their tongues in leash.

CREON: And you, aren't you ashamed to differ so from them?
So disloyal!

ANTIGONE: Not ashamed for a moment,
not to honour my brother, my own flesh and blood.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

ANTIGONE—Sophocles (*continued*)

CREON: Wasn't Eteocles a brother too—cut down, facing him?
ANTIGONE: Brother, yes, by the same mother, the same father.
CREON: Then how can you render his enemy such honors,
such impieties in his eyes?
ANTIGONE: He will never testify to that,
Eteocles dead and buried.
CREON: He will—
if you honor the traitor just as much as him.
ANTIGONE: But it was his brother, not some slave that died—
CREON: Ravaging our country!—
but Eteocles died fighting in our behalf.
ANTIGONE: No matter—Death longs for the same rites for all.
CREON: Never the same for the patriot and the traitor.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

TWELFTH NIGHT—William Shakespeare

[*Enter MALVOLIO*]

MALVOLIO: Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA: Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO: 'Has been told so: and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA: What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO: Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA: What manner of man?

MALVOLIO: Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA: Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO: Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA: Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO: Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Enter MARIA*]

OLIVIA: Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

[*Enter VIOLA*]

VIOLA: The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA: Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA: Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA: Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA: I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA: Are you a comedian?

VIOLA: No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA: If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

TWELFTH NIGHT—William Shakespeare (*continued*)

- VIOLA: Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself: for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.
- OLIVIA: Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
- VIOLA: Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

GHOSTS—Henrik Ibsen

OSVALD: Yes. Er—Tell me, what do you think of Regina?

MRS ALVING: What do I think?

OSVALD: Yes, isn't she wonderful?

MRS ALVING: Oswald dear, you don't know her as well as I do.

OSVALD: Oh?

MRS ALVING: I'm afraid Regina stayed at home for too long. I should have had her up here earlier.

OSVALD: Yes, but doesn't she look wonderful, Mother?

MRS ALVING: Regina has a great many failings

OSVALD: Oh, well, what does that matter?

MRS ALVING: All the same, I'm fond of her, and I'm responsible for her. I wouldn't for the world have anything happen to her.

OSVALD: Mother, Regina is my only salvation.

MRS ALVING: What do you mean by that?

OSVALD: I can't go on enduring all this agony of mind alone.

MRS ALVING: But there's your mother to share it with you.

OSVALD: Yes, that's what I thought—that's why I came back home to you. But it won't do—I can see that it won't. I can't stand the life here.

MRS ALVING: Oswald!

OSVALD: I shall have to live a different sort of life, Mother. That's why I must leave you—I don't want you to have to watch it.

MRS ALVING: My poor boy! But Oswald, while you're as ill as this . . .

OSVALD: If it were only the illness, I'd stay here with you, Mother—you're the best friend I've got in the world.

MRS ALVING: Yes, that's true, Oswald, isn't it?

OSVALD: But it's all the torture of remorse—and then the great deadly fear—Oh, the terrible fear!

MRS ALVING: Fear? What do you mean? What fear?

OSVALD: Oh, you mustn't ask me any more. I don't know—I can't describe it to you.

What do you want?

MRS ALVING: I want you to be happy, my dear, that's what I want. You mustn't go on brooding. More champagne—a whole bottle!

OSVALD: Mother!

MRS ALVING: Do you think we don't know how to live, out here in the country?

OSVALD: Doesn't she look wonderful? What a figure! And so splendidly healthy.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

GHOSTS—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

- MRS ALVING: Sit down, Oswald, and let's talk this over quietly together.
- OSVALD: You don't know it, Mother, but there's something I've got to put right with Regina.
- MRS ALVING: You?
- OSVALD: A piece of thoughtlessness—call it what you like—quite innocent though. It was when I was last home . . .
- MRS ALVING: Yes?
- OSVALD: She was always asking me about Paris, and I used to tell her a few things about it. Then I remember I happened to say, "wouldn't you like to go there yourself?"

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Oscar Wilde

- JACK: You really love me, Gwendolen?
- GWENDOLEN: Passionately!
- JACK: Darling! You don't know how happy you've made me.
- GWENDOLEN: My own Ernest!
- JACK: But you don't really mean to say that you couldn't love me if my name wasn't Ernest?
- GWENDOLEN: But your name is Ernest.
- JACK: Yes, I know it is. But supposing it was something else? Do you mean to say you couldn't love me then?
- GWENDOLEN: Ah! that is clearly a metaphysical speculation, and like most metaphysical speculations has very little reference at all to the actual facts of real life, as we know them.
- JACK: Personally, darling, to speak quite candidly, I don't much care about the name of Ernest . . . I don't think the name suits me at all.
- GWENDOLEN: It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has music of its own. It produces vibrations.
- JACK: Well, really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.
- GWENDOLEN: Jack? . . . No, there is very little music in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no vibrations . . . I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest.
- JACK: Gwendolen, I must get christened at once—I mean we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost.
- GWENDOLEN: Married, Mr Worthing?
- JACK: Well . . . surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.
- GWENDOLEN: I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.
- JACK: Well . . . may I propose to you now?
- GWENDOLEN: I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that I am fully determined to accept you.
- JACK: Gwendolen!
- GWENDOLEN: Yes, Mr Worthing, what have you got to say to me?
- JACK: You know what I have got to say to you.
- GWENDOLEN: Yes, but you don't say it.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Oscar Wilde (*continued*)

JACK: Gwendolen, will you marry me?

GWENDOLEN: Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.

JACK: My own one, I have never loved any one in the world but you.

GWENDOLEN: Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know my brother Gerald does. All my girl-friends tell me so. What wonderfully blue eyes you have, Ernest! They are quite, quite, blue. I hope you will always look at me just like that, especially when there are other people present.

[*Enter* LADY BRACKNELL]

LADY BRACKNELL: Mr Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous.

GWENDOLEN: Mamma! I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides, Mr Worthing has not quite finished yet.

LADY BRACKNELL: Finished what, may I ask?

GWENDOLEN: I am engaged to Mr Worthing, mamma.

LADY BRACKNELL: Pardon me, you are not engaged to any one. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht

YVETTE: Hullo there, everybody. Is this Mother Courage's establishment?

THE CHAPLAIN: It is. And with whom have we the honour . . . ?

YVETTE: With the Countess Starhemberg, my good man. Where's Courage?

THE CHAPLAIN: The Countess Starhemberg wishes to speak to you.

MOTHER COURAGE: Just coming.

YVETTE: It's Yvette.

MOTHER COURAGE: Oh, Yvette!

YVETTE: Come to see how you are. Pieter!

THE COOK: Yvette!

YVETTE: Well I never! How d'you come to be here?

THE COOK: Got a lift.

THE CHAPLAIN: You know each other then? Intimately?

YVETTE: I should think so. Fat.

THE COOK: Not all that skinny yourself.

YVETTE: All the same I'm glad to see you, you shit. Gives me a chance to say what I think of you.

THE CHAPLAIN: You say it, in full; but don't start till Courage is out here.

MOTHER COURAGE: Yvette! But what are you in mourning for?

YVETTE: Suits me, don't it? My husband the colonel died a few years back.

MOTHER COURAGE: That old fellow what nearly bought the cart?

YVETTE: His elder brother.

MOTHER COURAGE: Then you're sitting pretty. Nice to find somebody what's made it in this war.

YVETTE: Up and down and up again, that's the way it went.

MOTHER COURAGE: I'm not hearing a word against colonels, they make a mint of money.

THE CHAPLAIN: I would put my boots back on if I were you. You promised you would say what you think of the gentleman.

THE COOK: Don't kick up a stink here, Yvette.

MOTHER COURAGE: Yvette, this is a friend of mine.

YVETTE: That's old Puffing Piet.

THE COOK: Let's drop the nicknames, I'm called Lamb.

MOTHER COURAGE: Puffing Piet! Him as made all the women crazy! Here, I been looking after your pipe for you.

THE CHAPLAIN: Smoking it, too.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht (continued)

YVETTE: What luck I can warn you against him. Worst of the lot, he was, rampaging along the whole Flanders coastline. Got more girls in trouble than he has fingers.

THE COOK: That's all a long while ago. Tain't true anyhow.

YVETTE: Stand up when a lady brings you into the conversation! How I loved this man! All the time he had a little dark girl with bandy legs, got her in trouble too of course.

THE COOK: Got you into high society more like, far as I can see.

YVETTE: Shut your trap, you pathetic remnant! Better watch out for him, though; fellows like that are still dangerous even when on their last legs.

MOTHER COURAGE: Come along, got to get rid of my stuff afore prices start dropping. You might be able to put a word in for me at regiment, with your connections. Kattrin, church is off, I'm going to market instead. When Eilif turns up, one of you give him a drink.

YVETTE: Fancy a creature like that ever making me leave the straight and narrow path. Thank my lucky stars I managed to reach the top all the same.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA—Federico Garcia Lorca

AMELIA: Lie down for a while.

ANGUSTIAS: Where is the picture of Pepe I had under my pillow? Which of you has it?

MARTIRIO: Neither one of us.

AMELIA: It's not as if Pepe were a silver Saint Bartholomew.

ANGUSTIAS: Where is the picture?

ADELA: What picture?

ANGUSTIAS: One of you has hidden it from me!

MAGDALENA: You have the effrontery to say that?

ANGUSTIAS: It was in my room, and now it's not!

MARTIRIO: Couldn't he have slipped out to the yard in the middle of the night? Pepe likes to walk around in the moonlight.

ANGUSTIAS: Don't play tricks on me! When he comes, I'm going to tell him!

PONCIA: Don't do that; it will turn up.

ANGUSTIAS: I would like to know which of you has it!

ADELA: Somebody! Anybody but me!

MARTIRIO: Of course!

BERNARDA: What is all this commotion in my house, and in the silence of this heavy heat? The neighbours must have their ears glued to the wall!

ANGUSTIAS: They have stolen my fiancé's picture!

BERNARDA: Who? Who?

ANGUSTIAS: Them!

BERNARDA: Which of you?

Answer me!

Search the rooms, look in the beds!

This comes from not keeping you on a shorter leash! But I will haunt your dreams! Are you sure?

ANGUSTIAS: Yes.

BERNARDA: Have you looked for it carefully?

ANGUSTIAS: Yes, mother.

BERNARDA: At the end of my life, you make me drink the bitterest poison a mother can swallow! Can't you find it?

PONCIA: Here it is.

BERNARDA: Where did you find it?

PONCIA: It was . . .

BERNARDA: Don't be afraid to tell me.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA—Federico Garcia Lorca (*continued*)

PONCIA: Between the sheets of Martirio's bed!

BERNARDA: Is that true?

MARTIRIO: It's true.

BERNARDA: May God strike you dead, you two-faced scorpion! You thorn in my flesh!

MARTIRIO: Don't you hit me, Mother!

BERNARDA: As much as I want!

MARTIRIO: If I let you! Do you hear that? Get away!

PONCIA: Don't be disrespectful to your mother!

ANGUSTIAS: Leave her alone! Please!

BERNARDA: There aren't even tears left in those eyes!

MARTIRIO: I'm not going to cry just to please you.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE CRUCIBLE—Arthur Miller

ABIGAIL: I didn't see no Devil! Betty, wake up. Betty! Betty!

HALE: You cannot evade me, Abigail. Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?

ABIGAIL: She never drank it!

HALE: Did you drink it?

ABIGAIL: No, sir!

HALE: Did Tituba ask you to drink it?

ABIGAIL: She tried, but I refused.

HALE: Why are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?

ABIGAIL: I never sold myself! I'm a good girl! I'm a proper girl! She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

TITUBA: Abby!

ABIGAIL: She makes me drink blood!

PARRIS: Blood!!

MRS PUTNAM: My baby's blood?

TITUBA: No, no, chicken blood. I give she chicken blood!

HALE: Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?

TITUBA: No, no, sir, I don't truck with no Devil!

HALE: Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

TITUBA: I love me Betty!

HALE: You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not? Are you gathering souls for the Devil?

ABIGAIL: She sends her spirit on me in church; she makes me laugh at prayer!

PARRIS: She have often laughed at prayer!

ABIGAIL: She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

TITUBA: You beg *me* to conjure! She beg *me* make charm—

ABIGAIL: Don't lie! She comes to me while I sleep; she's always making me dream corruptions!

TITUBA: Why you say that, Abby?

ABIGAIL: Sometimes I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and not a stitch on my body! I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her Barbados songs and tempting me with—

TITUBA: Mister Reverend, I never—

HALE: Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

TITUBA: I have no power on this child, sir.

HALE: You most certainly do, and you will free her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?

TITUBA: I don't compact with no Devil!

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE CRUCIBLE—Arthur Miller (*continued*)

PARRIS: You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

PUTNAM: This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

TITUBA: No, no, don't hang Tituba! I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

PARRIS: The Devil?

HALE: Then you saw him! Now Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it. We are going to help you tear yourself free—

TITUBA: Mister Reverend, I do believe somebody else be witchin' these children.

HALE: Who?

TITUBA: I don't know, sir, but the Devil got him numerous witches.

HALE: Does he? Tituba, look into my eyes. Come, look into me. You would be a good Christian woman, would you not, Tituba?

TITUBA: Aye, sir, a good Christian woman.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

A TASTE OF HONEY—Shelagh Delaney

HELEN: Look at your arms. They're like a couple of stalks! You look like a ghost warmed up. And who gave you that haircut, him? Don't sit there sulking.

JO: I thought it was the tea break.

HELEN: I didn't come here to quarrel.

JO: No?

HELEN: I brought you some money.

JO: You know what you can do with that.

HELEN: All right! You've said your piece. Money doesn't grow on trees. I'll leave it on the table. Have you been collecting your maternity benefit or . . .

JO: Or are you too idle to walk down to the post office? Don't be daft! I'm not entitled to it. I haven't been earning long enough.

HELEN: You've no need to go short of anything.

JO: It's taken you a long time to come round to this, hasn't it?

HELEN: What?

JO: The famous mother-love act.

HELEN: I haven't been able to sleep for thinking about you since he came round to our house.

JO: And your sleep mustn't be disturbed at any cost.

HELEN: There'll be money in the post for you every week from now on.

JO: Until you forget.

HELEN: I don't forget things; It's just that I can't remember anything. I'm going to see you through this whether you like it or not. After all I am . . .

JO: After all you are my mother! You're a bit late remembering that, aren't you? You walked through that door with that man and didn't give me a second thought.

HELEN: Why didn't you tell me?

JO: You should have known. You're nothing to me.

PETER: What the hell's going on? Do you expect me to wait in the filthy street all night?

HELEN: I told you to stay outside.

PETER: Don't point your bloody finger at me.

HELEN: I said I'd only be a few minutes and I've only been a few minutes. Now come on, outside!

PETER: Ah! The erring daughter. There she is. "Little Josephine, you're a big girl now." Where d'you keep the whisky?

HELEN: They haven't got any. Now, come on.

PETER: What's this, the father? Oh Christ, no!

GEOF: Who's he?

HELEN: President of the local Temperance Society!

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

A TASTE OF HONEY—Shelagh Delaney (continued)

PETER: “Who’s got a bun in the oven? Who’s got a cake in the stove?”

HELEN: Leave her alone.

PETER: Oh, go to hell!

JO: I’ve got nothing to say . . .

PETER: Go on, have your blasted family reunion, don’t mind me! Who’s this? Oh, of course! Where are the drinks, Lana? “Getting to know you, getting to know all about you . . .”

HELEN: Jo, come on . . .
And the light of the world shone upon him.

PETER: Cheer up, everybody. I am back. Who’s the lily? Look at Helen, well, if she doesn’t look a bloody unrestored oil painting. What’s the matter everybody? Look at the sour-faced old bitch! Well, are you coming for a few drinks or aren’t you?

HELEN: The pubs aren’t open yet.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett

VLADIMIR: Pah!

ESTRAGON: Charming spot. Inspiring prospects. Let's go.

VLADIMIR: We can't.

ESTRAGON: Why not?

VLADIMIR: We're waiting for Godot.

ESTRAGON: Ah! You're sure it was here?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: That we were to wait.

VLADIMIR: He said by the tree. Do you see any others?

ESTRAGON: What is it?

VLADIMIR: I don't know. A willow.

ESTRAGON: Where are the leaves?

VLADIMIR: It must be dead.

ESTRAGON: No more weeping.

VLADIMIR: Or perhaps it's not the season.

ESTRAGON: Looks to me more like a bush.

VLADIMIR: A shrub.

ESTRAGON: A bush.

VLADIMIR: A—. What are you insinuating? That we've come to the wrong place?

ESTRAGON: He should be here.

VLADIMIR: He didn't say for sure he'd come.

ESTRAGON: And if he doesn't come?

VLADIMIR: We'll come back tomorrow.

ESTRAGON: And then the day after tomorrow.

VLADIMIR: Possibly.

ESTRAGON: And so on.

VLADIMIR: The point is—

ESTRAGON: Until he comes.

VLADIMIR: You're merciless.

ESTRAGON: We came here yesterday.

VLADIMIR: Ah no, there you're mistaken.

ESTRAGON: What did we do yesterday?

VLADIMIR: What did we do yesterday?

ESTRAGON: Yes.

VLADIMIR: Why . . . Nothing is certain when you're about.

ESTRAGON: In my opinion we were here.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett (*continued*)

VLADIMIR: You recognize the place?
ESTRAGON: I didn't say that.
VLADIMIR: Well?
ESTRAGON: That makes no difference.
VLADIMIR: All the same . . . that tree . . . that bog.
ESTRAGON: You're sure it was this evening?
VLADIMIR: What?
ESTRAGON: That we were to wait.
VLADIMIR: He said Saturday. I think.
ESTRAGON: You think.
VLADIMIR: I must have made a note of it.
ESTRAGON: But what Saturday? And is it Saturday? Is it not rather Sunday? Or Monday? Or Friday?
VLADIMIR: It's not possible!
ESTRAGON: Or Thursday?
VLADIMIR: What'll we do?
ESTRAGON: If he came yesterday and we weren't here you may be sure he won't come again today.
VLADIMIR: But you say we were here yesterday.
ESTRAGON: I may be mistaken. Let's stop talking for a minute, do you mind?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter

GOLDBERG: Come over here.

LULU: What's going to happen?

GOLDBERG: Come over here.

LULU: No, thank you.

GOLDBERG: What's the matter? You got the needle to Uncle Natey?

LULU: I'm going.

GOLDBERG: Have a game of pontoon first, for old time's sake.

LULU: I've had enough games.

GOLDBERG: A girl like you, at your age, at your time of health, and you don't take to games?

LULU: You're very smart.

GOLDBERG: Anyway, who says you don't take to them?

LULU: Do you think I'm like all the other girls?

GOLDBERG: Are all the other girls like that, too?

LULU: I don't know about any other girls.

GOLDBERG: Nor me. I've never touched another woman.

LULU: What would my father say, if he knew? And what would Eddie say?

GOLDBERG: Eddie?

LULU: He was my first love, Eddie was. And whatever happened, it was pure. With him! He didn't come into my room at night with a briefcase!

GOLDBERG: Who opened the briefcase, me or you? Lulu, schmulu, let bygones be bygones, do me a turn. Kiss and make up.

LULU: I wouldn't touch you.

GOLDBERG: And today I'm leaving.

LULU: You're leaving?

GOLDBERG: Today.

LULU: You used me for a night. A passing fancy.

GOLDBERG: Who used who?

LULU: You made use of me by cunning when my defences were down.

GOLDBERG: Who took them down?

LULU: That's what you did. You quenched your ugly thirst. You taught me things a girl shouldn't know before she's been married at least three times!

GOLDBERG: Now you're a jump ahead! What are you complaining about?

LULU: You didn't appreciate me for myself. You took all those liberties only to satisfy your appetite. Oh Nat, why did you do it?

GOLDBERG: You wanted me to do it, Lulula, so I did it.

MCCANN: That's fair enough. You had a long sleep, Miss.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter (*continued*)

LULU: Me?

MCCANN: Your sort, you spend too much time in bed.

LULU: What do you mean?

MCCANN: Have you got anything to confess?

LULU: What?

MCCANN: Confess!

LULU: Confess what?

MCCANN: Down on your knees and confess!

LULU: What does he mean?

GOLDBERG: Confess. What can you lose?

LULU: What, to him?

GOLDBERG: He's only been unfrocked six months.

MCCANN: Kneel down, woman, and tell me the latest!

LULU: I've seen everything that's happened. I know what's going on. I've got a pretty shrewd idea.

MCCANN: I've seen you hanging about the Rock of Cashel, profaning the soil with your goings-on. Out of my sight!

LULU: I'm going.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

LOVERS—Brian Friel

JOE: You know, we never speak at all, except maybe “Is the tea ready?” or “Bring in some coal.” . . . Sitting up there in that freezing attic, going over my old marks . . .

Maybe when I’m older, maybe we’ll go to football matches together, like Peadar Donnelly and his aul’ fella . . . I don’t like football matches, but he does; and we shouldn’t have to speak to each other—except going and coming back . . . Three years is no length for a degree. And I think myself I’d be a good teacher.

MAG: What time is it?

JOE: Quarter to two.

MAG: Call me at half past, will you? I have a bit of revision to do.

JOE: A bit! You’ve done nothing!
Mag!

MAG: Mm?

JOE: That’s all right! You go ahead and sleep! But I’m telling you: if I die of a heart attack and leave you with a dozen kids, you’ll be damned sorry you haven’t your GCE ordinary levels!

I’m just being practical. Nowadays you’re fit for nothing unless you have an education. And you needn’t stare at me like that: any qualification is better than nothing. You’ll always get some sort of a job. Hennigan that teaches us PT—that’s all he has—is GCE. And I’m telling you: I wouldn’t give a shilling for your chances at the moment!

MAG: And the children?

JOE: What children?

MAG: Who’s going to look after the dozen children when I’m up at Saint Kevin’s teaching physical jerks?

JOE: Oh, you’re very smart.

MAG: And, where, may I ask, did the round dozen come from all of a sudden?

JOE: Cut it out, will you? You know what I meant.

MAG: Indeed I do. And if you think I’m going to spend my days like big Bridie Brogan—

JOE: Who’s she supposed to be?

MAG: She’s married to a second cousin once removed of Joan O’Hara’s—

JOE: God, I might have known! If there’s anyone I hate—

MAG: —*and* after her third baby the doctor told her she’d die if she had any more; but her husband was an Irish brute and she had a fourth baby—

JOE: And she died.

MAG: She didn’t die, smartie. But she lost her sight. And then she had a fifth baby—

JOE: And she died.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

LOVERS—Brian Friel (*continued*)

MAG: —and she went deaf. And she couldn't walk after the sixth. And after the seventh she had to get all her teeth out—

JOE: Sounds like the Rose of Tralee.

MAG: And by the time she had ten—

JOE: Her husband died laughing at her.

MAG: —she developed pernicious micropia.

JOE: Pernicious what?

MAG: I'm not in the habit of repeating myself. Anyhow, she's thirty-three now and—

JOE: You made that word up.

MAG: I did not.

JOE: You did, Maggie.

MAG: I did not.

JOE: Say it again, then.

MAG: I told you—I'm not in—

JOE: Pernicious what?

MAG: You're too ignorant to have heard of it. My father came across frequent cases of it. I don't suppose your parents ever heard of it.

JOE: Just what do you mean by that?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

- ELLEN: Sweet wheaten bread, and tea, and cream and sugar and ham! All this for breakfast! Brought by a servant girl better dressed than I ever was till now. A table like snow, a floor like a looking-glass; china, lace. Great wide windows to let in the sun—to look out on the fields. Every field fifty acres square. Hedges trim. No weeds. No waste.
- I saw you hoeing the fields this morning. I watched till you left off because of the rain.
- TOTTIE: We don't know what to call you now.
- SARA: We must call her Mistress Elliott now.
- ELLEN: Aye. That's what you cry me.
- SARA: Mind now, Tottie.
- ELLEN: I wear this one to take tea.
- SARA: There's no tea here, Nell!
- ELLEN: I have just taken tea—at Langriggs.
- TOTTIE: Ellen Rippeth—that-was. Like a lady now. She sits like a lady.
- ELLEN: It's the stays. Can't bend forrard. Can't bend back. I'm tied up every morning—let loose at bedtime.
- TOTTIE: Who ties you—the maister?
- ELLEN: D'you mind Betty Hope? The maister's auld mither hired her for my maid.
- SARA: She's got the sort of face that comes in useful for a wake.
- ELLEN: Nae crack from Betsy. It's hot in here.
- TOTTIE: It's wet out there!
- SARA: Too wet for work. The lassies are throwing their money at the packman. The lads are in the stables, larking.
- TOTTIE: Larking!
- ELLEN: By, it rained for the flitting. I watched the carts from the window, coming down the loan. Bung fu': beds, bairns, clocks, dressers, grandpas, geraniums—a'thing drookit.
- SARA: I've a hundred rheumatisms since the flitting. Maggie's bairns have the hoast yet.
- ELLEN: My shootherers are always dry now. If my stockings are soaked, or my shoes, someone fetches another pair.
- SARA: "And was she no very well off—/That's woo'd and married an a'!"
- ELLEN: Here, Tottie—let loose my stays!
- SARA: Mistress Elliott!
- TOTTIE: Bad Nell!
- ELLEN: Not now! I'm a married lady now!
- TOTTIE: Are you having a baby? Is it in there yet?

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

BONDAGERS—Sue Glover (continued)

ELLEN: No . . . Not yet.

SARA: There's time enough.

ELLEN: A hind wouldn't think so! Some of them would have you swelled before they called the banns, even!

SARA: Och, now, Ellen—

ELLEN: Well, it's true!

SARA: Not at Blacksheils. The maister wouldn't stand for it. He's stricter than the minister.

ELLEN: He's—he's—a fine man. Keeps his passion under hidlings, though!

SARA: And his mother, the widow?

ELLEN: She calls me "the new blood". "No sense growing prize turnips, Gordon, without prize sons to mind them!"

SARA: Well, you know what they say: the bull is half the herd.

ELLEN: Is that true for folk, as well as beasts?

SARA: Must be. Surely.

ELLEN: He had a son. It died before it got born. It killed its mother before it was even born.

TOTTIE: How could a baby kill you?

SARA: The Elliotts have farmed here since I don't know when. His grandfather drained those cold fields of clay. He died before they were ever first cropped. Look at them now. Tatties, clover, the finest neeps in Europe. People come from all over—Germany, England—just to look at Blacksheils, and talk with the maister.

ELLEN: A son for Blacksheils. Of course he wants a son.

TOTTIE: How could a bull be half the herd? How could a baby kill you?

[END OF EXTRACT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Your answer to Section C should be written on *Pages fifty-eight to sixty-two*.

Additional paper can be obtained from the Invigilator.

SECTION C

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