

# **X037/301**

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NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2008

WEDNESDAY, 4 JUNE  
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

Marks

### 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. What aspects of your prescribed text will engage a contemporary audience? Justify your opinions. As a **director**, how will you focus your audience's attention throughout your production? 20
2. Identify a scene which involves confrontation between two or more characters in your prescribed text. Explain the reasons for the conflict. How would you **direct** this scene? 20
3. You have been asked to design a set for a touring production of your prescribed text. The tour will mainly consist of performances for schools. As a **director**, explain and justify your staging and design concepts. 20
4. Choose a character in your prescribed text that you would consider to be manipulative and/or controlling. Give reasons for your choice. As an **actor**, how would you perform 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**

*Marks*

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. “Scottish playwrights portray Scotland as a nation of underprivileged people.”  
Discuss this statement with reference to **two or more plays** you have seen or studied. 20
7. Discuss the extent to which Scottish playwrights depict Scotland as an intolerant country. 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. Describe the nostalgic features of two or more contemporary Scottish plays and explain how playwrights use these features to engage their audience. You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20
9. Describe and analyse the theatrical techniques used by contemporary Scottish playwrights to bring history to life on stage. Illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays that you have seen or read. 20

*ISSUES OF GENDER*

10. Compare the men with the women in contemporary Scottish plays. Which of the sexes do you consider to be more powerful? You should illustrate your answer with reference to **two or more** plays you have seen or read. 20
11. “Contemporary Scottish playwrights portray young women as being liberated. They seem to be free of the burdens that were put on the older generation of women.”  
Discuss this statement with reference to **two or more plays** you have seen or studied. 20

*CURRENT PRODUCTIONS AND ISSUES*

12. Theatre companies often have a remit to work with schools and/or community groups. Drawing from your experience of a production you have seen, comment on theatre companies targetting these audiences. 20
13. Consider the work of a contemporary Scottish theatre company. Describe and analyse the **range of productions** this company produces. 20

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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FOR OFFICIAL USE

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Total

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**X037/302**

NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2008

WEDNESDAY, 4 JUNE  
1.00 PM – 3.30 PM

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

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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 adjacent to 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 “*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*” 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]

<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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CST Text	<i>THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE</i>	by Jay Presson Allen adapted from the novel by Muriel Spark	54

Ground Plan

*Marks*

<i>Marks</i>	

*ANTIGONE*—Sophocles

- CHORUS: Look,  
Ismene's coming, weeping a sister's tears,  
loving sister, under a cloud . . .  
her face is flushed, her cheeks streaming.  
Sorrow puts her lovely radiance in the dark.
- CREON: You—  
in my own house, you viper, slinking undetected,  
sucking my life-blood! I never knew  
I was breeding twin disasters, the two of you  
rising up against my throne. Come, tell me,  
will you confess your part in the crime or not?  
Answer me. Swear to me.
- ISMENE: I did it, yes—  
if only she consents—I share the guilt,  
the consequences too.
- ANTIGONE: No,  
Justice will never suffer that—not you,  
you were unwilling. I never brought you in.
- ISMENE: But now you face such dangers . . . I'm not ashamed  
to sail through trouble with you,  
make your troubles mine.
- ANTIGONE: Who did the work?  
Let the dead and the god of death bear witness!  
I have no love for a friend who loves in words alone.
- ISMENE: Oh no, my sister, don't reject me, please,  
let me die beside you, consecrating  
the dead together.
- ANTIGONE: Never share my dying,  
don't lay claim to what you never touched.  
My death will be enough.
- ISMENE: What do I care for life, cut off from you?
- ANTIGONE: Ask Creon. Your concern is all for him.
- ISMENE: Why abuse me so? It doesn't help you now.
- ANTIGONE: You're right—  
if I mock you, I get no pleasure from it,  
only pain.
- ISMENE: Tell me, dear one,  
what can I do to help you, even now?
- ANTIGONE: Save yourself. I don't grudge you your survival.
- ISMENE: Oh no, no, denied my portion in your death?
- ANTIGONE: You chose to live, I chose to die.

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

*ANTIGONE*—Sophocles (*continued*)

ISMENE: Not, at least,  
without every kind of caution I could voice.

ANTIGONE: Your wisdom appealed to one world—mine, another.

ISMENE: But look, we're both guilty, both condemned to death.

ANTIGONE: Courage! Live your life. I gave myself to death,  
long ago, so I might serve the dead.

CREON: They're both mad, I tell you, the two of them.  
One's just shown it, the other's been that way  
since she was born.

ISMENE: True, my king,  
the sense we were born with cannot last forever . . .  
commit cruelty on a person long enough  
and the mind begins to go.

CREON: Yours did,  
when you chose to commit your crimes with her.

ISMENE: How can I live alone, without her?

CREON: Her?  
Don't even mention her—she no longer exists.

ISMENE: What? You'd kill your own son's bride?

CREON: Absolutely:  
there are other fields for him to plow.

ISMENE: Perhaps,  
but never as true, as close a bond as theirs.

CREON: A worthless woman for my son? It repels me.

ISMENE: Dearest Haemon, your father wrongs you so!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**Mark**

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare

- SIR TOBY: What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.
- MARIA: By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
- SIR TOBY: Why, let her except, before excepted.
- MARIA: Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
- SIR TOBY: Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am.  
These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.
- MARIA: That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.
- SIR TOBY: Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
- MARIA: Ay, he.
- SIR TOBY: He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
- MARIA: What's that to th' purpose?
- SIR TOBY: Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
- MARIA: Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool, and a prodigal.
- SIR TOBY: Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.
- MARIA: He hath indeed all, most natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.
- SIR TOBY: By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?
- MARIA: They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.
- SIR TOBY: With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe, like a parish top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*: for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.  
*Enter SIR ANDREW.*
- SIR ANDREW: Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?
- SIR TOBY: Sweet Sir Andrew!
- SIR ANDREW: Bless you, fair shrew.
- MARIA: And you too, sir.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare (*continued*)

SIR TOBY :           Accost, Sir Andrew, Accost.

SIR ANDREW:        What's that?

SIR TOBY:           My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW:        Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA:             My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW :        Good Mistress Mary Accost—

SIR TOBY:           You mistake, knight, "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW :        By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MARIA:             Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY :           And thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again!

SIR ANDREW:        And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA :             Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

SIR ANDREW:        Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

MARIA :             Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW :        Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA:             It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW :        Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA:             A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW :        Are you full of them?

MARIA:             Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

*Exit MARIA.*

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**Mark**

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen

MRS ALVING: Let's sit here, Mr Manders. Aren't you coming too, Oswald?

OSVALD : No thank you; I think I'll go out for a bit.

MRS ALVING: Yes, do; it's clearing a little now. Regina!

REGINA : Yes, Madam?

MRS ALVING : Go down to the wash-house and help them with the decorations.

REGINA : Very good, Madam.

PASTOR MANDERS: You're sure he can't hear us in there?

MRS ALVING : Not with the door shut. Besides, he's just going out.

PASTOR MANDERS: I'm still upset; I can't think how I managed to swallow a mouthful of that excellent luncheon.

MRS ALVING: Nor can I. But what's to be done?

PASTOR MANDERS: Yes, what's to be done? I don't know, I really don't. I've had no experience at all of this sort of thing.

MRS ALVING: I'm quite sure that nothing . . . unfortunate has happened yet.

PASTOR MANDERS: Heaven forbid. All the same, it's shocking behaviour.

MRS ALVING: It's all just a passing fancy on Oswald's part, you can be sure of that.

PASTOR MANDERS: Well, as I said, I don't know much about these things, but it certainly seems to me—

MRS ALVING: She must leave this house—and at once, too. That's as clear as daylight.

PASTOR MANDERS: Yes, I agree.

MRS ALVING: But where to? We can't really—

PASTOR MANDERS: Where to? Back to her father, of course.

MRS ALVING: Where did you say?

PASTOR MANDERS: To her—Oh, but Engstrand isn't . . . Good heavens, Mrs Alving, that can't be true. There must be some mistake.

MRS ALVING: There's no mistake at all, I'm afraid. Johanna had to confess the whole thing to me, and my husband couldn't deny it. So the only thing to do was to hush it up.

PASTOR MANDERS: Yes, that was all you could do.

MRS ALVING: The girl went at once, with quite a reasonable sum of money to make her hold her tongue. She looked after the rest for herself when she got back to the town. She renewed an old acquaintance with Engstrand—probably dropping a hint about all the money she had—and told him a tale about some foreigner or other who'd put in here on a yacht that summer. So she and Engstrand got married in a hurry. Why, you married them yourself.

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

- PASTOR MANDERS: But how could—? I distinctly remember Engstrand coming to arrange about the wedding. He was utterly repentant, reproaching himself bitterly for the folly that he and his fiancée had been guilty of.
- MRS ALVING: Naturally he had to take the blame himself.
- PASTOR MANDERS: But how dishonest of him—and to *me*, too! I'd never have believed it of Jakob Engstrand—he can be quite sure he'll get a good talking to from me. And then the immorality of a marriage like that—just for the money! How much was the girl given?
- MRS ALVING: Three hundred dollars.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Just think! For a miserable three hundred dollars to go and marry a fallen woman!
- MRS ALVING: Then what do you think of me? I went and married a fallen man.
- PASTOR MANDERS: But good heavens—what do you mean? A fallen man?
- MRS ALVING: Do you really think that when I went to the altar with Alving, he was any purer than Johanna was when Engstrand married her?
- PASTOR MANDERS: Ah, but there's all the difference in the world between . . .
- MRS ALVING: Not so much difference really. Of course there was a big difference in the price. A miserable three hundred dollars, and a whole fortune.
- PASTOR MANDERS: But you can't compare the two cases—you had consulted your own heart, you had discussed it with your parents.
- MRS ALVING: I thought you realized where my heart, as you call it, had strayed in those days.
- PASTOR MANDERS: If I'd realized anything of the sort, I couldn't have gone on coming to your husband's house almost every day.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**Mark**

*THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST*—Oscar Wilde

- GWENDOLEN: The fact that they did not follow us at once into the house, as any one else would have done, seems to me to show that they have some sense of shame left.
- CECILY: They have been eating muffins. That looks like repentance.
- GWENDOLEN: They don't seem to notice us at all. Couldn't you cough?
- CECILY: But I haven't got a cough.
- GWENDOLEN: They're looking at us. What effrontery!
- CECILY: They're approaching. That's very forward of them.
- GWENDOLEN: Let us preserve a dignified silence.
- CECILY: Certainly. It's the only thing to do now.  
*Enter JACK and ALGERNON.*
- GWENDOLEN: This dignified silence seems to produce an unpleasant effect.
- CECILY: A most distasteful one.
- GWENDOLEN: But we will not be the first to speak.
- CECILY: Certainly not.
- GWENDOLEN: Mr Worthing, I have something very particular to ask you. Much depends on your reply.
- CECILY: Gwendolen, your common sense is invaluable. Mr Moncrieff, kindly answer me the following question. Why did you pretend to be my guardian's brother?
- ALGERNON: In order that I might have an opportunity of meeting you.
- CECILY: That certainly seems a satisfactory explanation, does it not?
- GWENDOLEN: Yes, dear, if you can believe him.
- CECILY: I don't. But that does not affect the wonderful beauty of his answer.
- GWENDOLEN: True. In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity is the vital thing. Mr Worthing, what explanation can you offer to me for pretending to have a brother? Was it in order that you might have an opportunity of coming up to town to see me as often as possible?
- JACK: Can you doubt it, Miss Fairfax?
- GWENDOLEN: I have the gravest doubts upon the subject. But I intend to crush them. This is not the moment for German scepticism. Their explanations appear to be quite satisfactory, especially Mr Worthing's. That seems to me to have the stamp of truth upon it.
- CECILY: I am more than content with what Mr Moncrieff said. His voice alone inspires one with absolute credulity.
- GWENDOLEN: Then you think we should forgive them?

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

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

CECILY: Yes. I mean no.

GWENDOLEN: True! I had forgotten. There are principles at stake that one cannot surrender. Which of us should tell them? The task is not a pleasant one.

CECILY: Could we not both speak at the same time?

GWENDOLEN: An excellent idea! I nearly always speak at the same time as other people. Will you take the time from me?

CECILY: Certainly.

GWENDOLEN and CECILY: Your Christian names are still an insuperable barrier. That is all!

JACK and ALGERNON: Our Christian names! Is that all? But we are going to be christened this afternoon.

GWENDOLEN: For my sake you are prepared to do this terrible thing?

JACK: I am.

CECILY: To please me you are ready to face this fearful ordeal?

ALGERNON: I am!

GWENDOLEN: How absurd to talk of the equality of the sexes! Where questions of self-sacrifice are concerned, men are infinitely beyond us.

JACK: We are.

*[END OF EXTRACT]*

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**Mark**

**MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht**

SERGEANT: Halt! Who are you with, you trash?

THE ELDER SON : Second Finnish Regiment.

SERGEANT: Where's your papers?

MOTHER COURAGE: Papers?

THE YOUNGER SON: What, mean to say you don't know Mother Courage?

SERGEANT: Never heard of her. What's she called Courage for?

MOTHER COURAGE: Courage is the name they gave me because I was scared of going broke, sergeant, so I drove me cart right through the bombardment of Riga with fifty loaves of bread aboard. They were going mouldy, it was high time, hadn't any choice really.

SERGEANT: Don't be funny with me. Your papers.

MOTHER COURAGE: That's all my papers, sergeant. You'll find a whole big missal from Altötting in Bavaria for wrapping gherkins in, and a road map of Moravia, the Lord knows when I'll ever get there, might as well chuck it away, and here's a stamped certificate that my horse hasn't got foot-and-mouth, only he's dead worse luck, cost fifteen florins he did—not me luckily. That enough paper for you?

SERGEANT: You pulling my leg? I'll knock that sauce out of you. S'pose you know you got to have a licence.

MOTHER COURAGE: Talk proper to me, do you mind, and don't you dare say I'm pulling your leg in front of my unsullied children, 'tain't decent, I got no time for you. My honest face, that's me licence with the Second Regiment, and if it's too difficult for you to read there's nowt I can do about it. Nobody's putting a stamp on that.

RECRUITER: Sergeant, methinks I smell insurbordination in this individual. What's needed in our camp is obedience.

MOTHER COURAGE: Sausage, if you ask me.

SERGEANT: Name.

MOTHER COURAGE: Anna Fierling.

SERGEANT: You all called Fierling then?

MOTHER COURAGE: What d'you mean? It's me's called Fierling, not them.

SERGEANT: Aren't all this lot your children?

MOTHER COURAGE: You bet they are, but why should they all have to be called the same, eh? For instance, that one's called Eilif Nojocki—Why? his father always claimed he was called Kojocki or Mojocki or something. The boy remembers him clearly, except that the one he remembers was someone else, a Frenchie with a little beard. Aside from that he's got his father's wits; that man knew how to snatch a peasant's pants off his bum without him noticing. This way each of us has his own name, see.

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

***MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht (continued)***

SERGEANT :                   What, each one different?

MOTHER COURAGE:       Don't tell me you ain't never come across that.

SERGEANT:                   So I s'pose he's a Chinaman.

MOTHER COURAGE:       Wrong. Swiss.

SERGEANT:                   After the Frenchman?

MOTHER COURAGE:       What Frenchman? I never heard tell of no Frenchman. You keep muddling things up, we'll be hanging around here till dark. A Swiss, but called Fejos, and the name has nowt to do with his father. He was called something quite different and was a fortifications engineer, only drunk all the time.

SERGEANT:                   How in hell can he be called Fejos?

MOTHER COURAGE:       I don't like to be rude, sergeant, but you ain't got much imagination, have you? Course he's called Fejos, because when he arrived I was with a Hungarian, very decent fellow, had terrible kidney trouble though he never touched a drop. The boy takes after him.

SERGEANT:                   But he wasn't his father . . .

MOTHER COURAGE:       Took after him just the same. I call him Swiss Cheese. And that's Katrin Haupt, she's half German.

SERGEANT:                   Nice family, I must say.

MOTHER COURAGE:       Aye, me cart and me have seen the world.

*[END OF EXTRACT]*

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**Mark**

*THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA*—Federico Garcia Lorca

BERNARDA : That damned will!

PONCIA: What a lot of money was left to Angustias!

BERNARDA: Yes.

PONCIA: And to the others, so much less!

BERNARDA: You've said that to me three times now, and I didn't choose to answer you. So much less, a lot less—don't remind me of it again!

ANGUSTIAS enters.

BERNARDA: Angustias!

ANGUSTIAS: Mother.

BERNARDA: Have you dared to powder your face? Have you dared even to *wash* your face, on the day of your father's death?

ANGUSTIAS: He was not my father! Mine died some time ago. Don't you remember him any more?

BERNARDA: You owe more to that man, the father of your sisters, than you do to your own. Thanks to that man, your future is assured.

ANGUSTIAS: We'll see about that!

BERNARDA: If only out of decency. Out of respect!

ANGUSTIAS: Mother, let me go!

BERNARDA: Go? After you've taken that powder off your face! Weakling! Hussy! You're the image of your aunts!

Now get out!

PONCIA: Bernarda, don't be so hard on her!

BERNARDA: My mother may have gone mad, but I am in control of myself. I know exactly what I'm doing.

Other DAUGHTERS enter.

MAGDALENA: What is going on?

BERNARDA: Nothing is going on.

MAGDALENA: If you're arguing about the inheritance—you're the richest, you keep it all.

ANGUSTIAS: Keep your tongue in its place!

BERNARDA: Don't entertain the illusion that you are going to be a match for me! Until I leave this house feet first, I will make the decisions—my own, and yours!

MARIA JOSEFA and MAID enter.

MARIA JOSEFA: Bernarda, where is my mantilla? I don't want any of you to have anything of mine. Not my rings nor my black moiré dress. Because none of you is going to get married. Not one! Bernarda, give me my pearl necklace!

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

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

BERNARDA: Why did you let her in?

MAID: She got away from me!

MARIA JOSEFA: I escaped because I want to get married, because I want to get married to a beautiful man from the edge of the sea. Since the men around here run away from women.

BERNARDA: Be quiet, Mother!

MARIA JOSEFA: No, I won't be quiet! I don't like to see these old maids, itching to get married, their hearts turning to dust. I want to go back to my own village! Bernarda, I want a man so I can get married and be happy!

BERNARDA: Lock her up!

MARIA JOSEFA: Let me come out, Bernarda!

BERNARDA: Help her! All of you!

MARIA JOSEFA: I want to get away from here! Bernarda! To get married at the edge of the sea, at the edge of the sea!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

*THE CRUCIBLE*—Arthur Miller

HALE: Good evening.

PROCTOR: Why, Mr Hale! Good evening to you, sir. Come in, come in.

HALE: I hope I do not startle you.

ELIZABETH: No, no, it's only that I heard no horse—

HALE: You are Goodwife Proctor.

PROCTOR: Aye; Elizabeth.

HALE: I hope you're not off to bed yet.

PROCTOR: No, no. We are not used to visitors after dark, but you're welcome here. Will you sit you down, sir?

HALE: Let you sit, Goodwife Proctor.

PROCTOR: Will you drink cider, Mr Hale?

HALE: No, it rebels my stomach; I have some further travelling yet tonight. Sit you down, sir. I will not keep you long, but I have some business with you.

PROCTOR: Business of the court?

HALE: No—no, I come of my own, without the court's authority. Hear me. I know not if you are aware, but your wife's name is—mentioned in the court.

PROCTOR: We know it, sir. Our Mary Warren told us. We are entirely amazed.

HALE: I am a stranger here, as you know. And in my ignorance I find it hard to draw a clear opinion of them that come accused before the court. And so this afternoon, and now tonight, I go from house to house—I come now from Rebecca Nurse's house and—

ELIZABETH: Rebecca's charged!

HALE: God forbid such a one be charged. She is, however—mentioned somewhat.

ELIZABETH: You will never believe, I hope, that Rebecca trafficked with the Devil.

HALE: Woman, it is possible.

PROCTOR: Surely you cannot think so.

HALE: This is a strange time, Mister. No man may longer doubt the powers of the dark are gathered in monstrous attack upon this village. There is too much evidence now to deny it. You will agree, sir?

PROCTOR: I—have no knowledge in that line. But it's hard to think so pious a woman be secretly a Devil's bitch after seventy year of such good prayer.

HALE: Aye. But the Devil is a wily one, you cannot deny it. However, she is far from accused, and I know she will not be. I thought, sir, to put some questions as to the Christian characters of this house, if you'll permit me.

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

*THE CRUCIBLE*—Arthur Miller (*continued*)

PROCTOR: Why, we—have no fear of questions, sir.

HALE: Good, then. In the book of record that Mr Parris keeps, I note that you are rarely in the church on Sabbath Day.

PROCTOR: No, sir, you are mistaken.

HALE: Twenty-six time in seventeen month, sir. I must call that rare. Will you tell me why you are so absent?

PROCTOR: Mr Hale, I never knew I must account to that man for I come to church or stay at home. My wife were sick this winter.

HALE: So I am told. But you, Mister, why could you not come alone?

PROCTOR: I surely did come when I could, and when I could not I prayed in this house.

HALE: Mr Proctor, your house is not a church; your theology must tell you that.

PROCTOR: It does, sir, it does; and it tells me that a minister may pray to God without he have golden candlesticks upon the altar.

HALE: What golden candlesticks?

PROCTOR: Since we built the church there were pewter candlesticks upon the altar; Francis Nurse made them, y'know, and a sweeter hand never touched the metal. But Parris came, and for twenty week he preach nothin' but golden candlesticks until he had them. I labour the earth from dawn of day to blink of night, and I tell you true, when I look to heaven and see my money glaring at his elbows—it hurt my prayer, sir, it hurt my prayer. I think, sometimes, the man dreams cathedrals, not clapboard meetin' houses.

[END OF EXTRACT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

*A TASTE OF HONEY*—Shelagh Delaney

JO: Hello, Daddy.

PETER: Oh! So you told her.

HELEN: Of course. Come in and sit down. On second thoughts lie down, you look marvellous.

Oh! really, you shouldn't have bothered yourself. I know the thought was there, but . . . here, Jo, have we got a vase, put these in some water.

JO: How did she talk you into it? You must be out of your mind.

PETER: That's possible, I suppose.

JO: Flowers and all the trimmings. Helen can't eat anything sweet and delicious. She's got to watch her figure.

HELEN: Nonsense! My figure hasn't altered since I was eighteen.

JO: Really?

HELEN: Not an inch.

JO: I hope I'm luckier with mine.

HELEN: Do you see anything objectionable about my figure, Peter?

PETER: I find the whole thing most agreeable.

JO: You've got to say that, you're marrying it!

PETER: The chocolates are for you, Jo.

JO: Buying my silence, hey! It's a good idea. I like chocolates.

HELEN: Help yourself to a drink, Peter, and I'll go and put my glad rags on.

EXIT.

PETER: Don't let's be long, huh? I've booked a table. Dammit, I thought you'd be ready.

JO: She's got no sense of time.

PETER: Don't sit there guzzling all those chocolates at once.

What the hell are you playing at . . . sit down and behave yourself, you little snip.

JO: Hey! Don't start bossing me about. You're not my father.

PETER: Christ Almighty! Will you sit down and eat your chocolates. Do what you like but leave me alone.

JO: You leave me alone. And leave my mother alone too.

HELEN enters.

PETER: Get away! For God's sake go and . . .

HELEN: Leave him alone, Jo. He doesn't want to be bothered with you. Got a cigarette, Peter? Did you get yourself a drink?

PETER: No, I . . .

JO: Do I bother you, Mister Smith, or must I wait till we're alone for an answer?

PETER: Can't you keep her under control?

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

*A TASTE OF HONEY— Shelagh Delaney (continued)*

HELEN: I'll knock her head round if she isn't careful. Be quiet, Jo. And don't tease him.

PETER: Tonight's supposed to be a celebration.

JO: What of?

HELEN: He's found a house. Isn't he marvellous? Show her the photo of it, Peter. I shan't be a tick!

JO: You've certainly fixed everything up behind my back.

HELEN: Don't you think it's nice? One of his pals had to sell, moving into something smaller.

JO: It's not bad. White walls, tennis courts. Has it got a swimming pool?

PETER: It has twelve swimming pools.

JO: Can I see the other photos?

PETER: Which photos?

JO: In your wallet. I suppose you thought I didn't notice.

PETER: Oh! These. Yes, well, that's a photograph of my family, my mother, my father, my sister, my brother and . . . all the rest of the little bastards.

JO: Is this a wedding group?

PETER: My brother's wedding.

JO: They only just made it, too, from the look of his wife. You can tell she's going to have a baby.

PETER: Oh? Thank you.

JO: You can have it back if I can see the others.

*[END OF EXTRACT]*

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

*WAITING FOR GODOT*—Samuel Beckett

Due to copyright restrictions, Prescribed Text 9 has been removed.

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY*—Harold Pinter

Due to copyright restrictions, Prescribed Text 10 has been removed.

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel

MRS WILSON: We're going to say the Rosary a bit earlier tonight, dear. Cissy has a bit of a headache.

HANNA: Whatever suits Cissy suits me!

CISSY: She's looking lovely tonight, Hanna, isn't she? It must be the good care you're taking of her.

MRS WILSON: I'm blessed, Cissy dear, and I know it. A good daughter is a gift of God. Thank you. That's fine, dear, thank you. Just fine.

HANNA: Pillows.

MRS WILSON: What's that, dear?

HANNA: D'you want me to beat up the pillows?

MRS WILSON: No, I'm grand. A wee bit of discomfort's good for me.

CISSY: Invalids is all saints—that's what I say.

MRS WILSON: Here's the matches, dear.

MRS WILSON: Cissy, could I trouble you to give Andrew a call?

CISSY: Pleasure.

CISSY exits.

MRS WILSON: And maybe you'd be good enough to move Saint Philomena round a wee bit so that she's facing me . . . just a little to the left . . . so that we're looking at each other . . . That's it. Lovely. Thank you, dear.

CISSY: Andrew!

MRS WILSON: God be praised a thousand times. Saint Vibiana, Virgin and Martyr, protect us. Saint Hyacintha de Mariscottis, look after us this day and this night.

CISSY: The Rosary!

ANDY: Coming.

MRS WILSON: And my jewels, dear.

HANNA: What are you saying?

MRS WILSON: Could you hand me my beads, please? God bless you. Another day is nearly o'er. A journey closer to the heavenly shore.

CISSY enters.

CISSY: He's coming. Thanks be to God.

MRS WILSON: Amen to that. Poor Hanna's run off her feet, isn't she?

CISSY: A labour of love.

ANDREW enters.

MRS WILSON: Ah, Andrew!

ANDY: How are you tonight, Mrs Wilson?

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

***LOVERS***—Brian Friel (*continued*)

MRS WILSON: Grand, Andrew, thanks. I have Saint Philomena during the day and I have you all night.

ANDY: Very nice.

MRS WILSON: Are you going to join us in the prayers?

HANNA: Didn't you send down for him!

MRS WILSON: Thank you, Andrew. As Father Peyton says: the family that prays together stays together.

HANNA: Get started.

MRS WILSON: And Father Peyton is right, isn't he, Andrew?

ANDY: Right, Mrs. Wilson.

MRS WILSON: If you only knew the consolation it is for me to have you all kneeling round my bed.

CISSY: It's what you deserve.

MRS WILSON: Thank you, Saint Philomena. Thank you.

HANNA: Who's giving it out?

MRS WILSON: Aren't the flowers pretty, Andrew?

ANDY: Very nice.

MRS WILSON: Hanna got them for me. But then—why wouldn't she? Didn't she take the name Philomena for her confirmation.

HANNA: Lookat—are we going to say the prayers or are we not?

CISSY: Hanna dear, you're talking to a sick woman.

MRS WILSON: She's tired, Cissy. I know. I don't mind. Maybe you'd give it out tonight, Andrew, would you?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

**THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**—Jay Presson Allen  
adapted from the novel by Muriel Spark

SANDY: Yes?

BRODIE: Your mother told me to come in. She says you have not been feeling well . . . that you've been away from school all week . . . Not that missing class is of any great concern. In my experience clever scholars are all too often *retarded* by dull and unimaginative teachers. Sandy . . . I believe I am—past my prime. I had reckoned on my prime lasting until I was—at least fifty . . . Are you listening, Sandy?

SANDY: Yes, Miss Brodie.

BRODIE: I have been dismissed from Marcia Blaine. I have been accused of teaching treason and sedition to my students. I am being transported for radicalism—like Thomas Muir of Hunter's Hill. Sandy . . . I had to see you. Sandy . . . you will not believe this, but Miss Mackay stated flatly that it is one of my own set who betrayed me. It is Monica, of course. I see you are not surprised. There is very little soul behind all of Monica's easy emotion.

SANDY: Monica is a loyal girl.

BRODIE: She *betrayed* me. I renounced the man I love! I gave up Teddy Lloyd to *consecrate* my life to you girls. To you and Jenny and Monica. Why did Monica do it?

SANDY: Miss Brodie . . . you mustn't . . . blame Monica . . .

BRODIE: Jenny. There is, at least, Jenny. She and Mr Lloyd will soon be lovers. Perhaps with Jenny . . . she will encourage him. Mr Lloyd will give up teaching and prepare an exhibition. Jenny will know, through *me*, how to help him. I have that.

SANDY: Do you think you are Providence? That you can—can ordain love?

BRODIE: What?

SANDY: You haven't pulled it off. Jenny will not be Teddy Lloyd's lover.

BRODIE: What are you saying, Sandy?

SANDY: Jenny will not be Teddy's lover and I will not be your spy—your "Secret Service".

BRODIE: My spy? What on earth are you talking about? *I have been dismissed from Marcia Blaine!* Why are you sitting there talking about Providence and the Secret Service? What is the matter with you? Are you running a *fever*?

SANDY: No. Not a fever.

BRODIE: Then *whatever* are you talking about?

SANDY: I am Teddy's lover.

BRODIE: What?

SANDY: I am Teddy's lover. Is that so difficult to believe? What does it matter to you which one of us it is? It doesn't matter to Teddy.

BRODIE: You are Teddy's lover?

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**—Jay Presson Allen  
adapted from the novel by Muriel Spark (*continued*)

SANDY: Yes.

BRODIE: Whatever possessed you! He is a Roman Catholic! How could a girl with a mind of her own, a girl with insight—have to do with a man who can't think for himself!

SANDY: That doesn't seem to have bothered either of us, does it? We were neither of us very interested in his mind.

BRODIE: How dare you speak to me in this manner? I don't understand. I don't seem . . . to understand . . . what has happened . . . to everyone . . . Where has everyone *gone*?

SANDY: Only *Mary* is gone.

BRODIE: What has Mary got to do with—

SANDY: Miss Brodie—*Mary MacGregor* is *dead*.

BRODIE: Oh, poor Mary—

SANDY: Are you aware of the order of importance in which you place your—anxieties? One, you have been “betrayed”; two, who is or is not to be your proxy in Teddy Lloyd's bed; three, Mary's death! Miss Brodie, aren't you concerned at *all* with Mary's death?

BRODIE: I *grieve* for Mary!

SANDY: It was because of *you* she went.

BRODIE: Because of *me*? It was her *brother*! The poor unfortunate girl hadn't anyone else in the world.

SANDY: *No*. She had *you*. *That* was her misfortune. To please you, that silly stupid girl ran off and placed herself under a bomb! And you don't feel *responsible* for that?

[END OF EXTRACT]

<b>Moves and interpretative notes for actors</b>	<b>Justification</b>	<b>Technical effects</b>

**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

[illegible]

<i>Marks</i>	

<i>Marks</i>	



[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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