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DRAMA
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Answer Book

Fill in these boxes and read what is printed below.

Full name of centre

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Town

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Forename(s)

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Surname

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Date of birth

Day Month Year

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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 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.



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

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Marks

ANTIGONE—Sophocles

- ISMENE: Now look at the two of us, left so alone . . .
think what a death we'll die, the worst of all
if we violate the laws and override
the fixed decree of the throne, its power—
we must be sensible. Remember we are women,
we're not born to contend with men. Then too,
we're underlings, ruled by much stronger hands,
so we must submit in this, and things still worse.
- I, for one, I'll beg the dead to forgive me—
I'm forced, I have no choice—I must obey
the ones who stand in power. Why rush to extremes?
It's madness, madness.
- ANTIGONE: I won't insist,
no, even if you should have a change of heart,
I'd never welcome you in the labor, not with me.
So, do as you like, whatever suits you best—
I will bury him myself.
And even if I die in the act, that death will be a glory.
I will lie with the one I love and loved by him—
an outrage sacred to the gods! I have longer
to please the dead than please the living here:
in the kingdom down below I'll lie forever.
Do as you like, dishonor the laws
the gods hold in honor.
- ISMENE: I'd do them no dishonor . . .
but defy the city? I have no strength for that.
- ANTIGONE: You have your excuses. I am on my way,
I will raise a mound for him, for my dear brother.
- ISMENE: Oh Antigone, you're so rash—I'm so afraid for you!
- ANTIGONE: Don't fear for me. Set your own life in order.
- ISMENE: Then don't, at least, blurt this out to anyone.
Keep it a secret. I'll join you in that, I promise.
- ANTIGONE: Dear god, shout it from the rooftops. I'll hate you
all the more for silence—tell the world!
- ISMENE: So fiery—and it ought to chill your heart.
- ANTIGONE: I know I please where I must please the most.
- ISMENE: Yes, if you can, but you're in love with impossibility.
- ANTIGONE: Very well then, once my strength gives out
I will be done at last.
- ISMENE: You're wrong from the start,
you're off on a hopeless quest.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

ANTIGONE—Sophocles (*continued*)

ANTIGONE: If you say so, you will make me hate you,
and the hatred of the dead, by all rights,
will haunt you night and day.
But leave me to my own absurdity, leave me
to suffer this—dreadful thing. I will suffer
nothing as great as death without glory. [EXIT]

ISMENE: Then go if you must, but rest assured,
wild, irrational as you are, my sister,
you are truly dear to the ones who love you.

[END OF EXTRACT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

TWELFTH NIGHT—William Shakespeare

- SIR TOBY: Is't possible?
- FABIAN: If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.
- SIR TOBY: His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.
- MARIA: Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.
- FABIAN: Why, we shall make him mad indeed.
- MARIA: The house will be the quieter.
- SIR TOBY: Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see!
- [*Enter SIR ANDREW*]
- FABIAN: More matter for a May morning!
- SIR ANDREW: Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.
- FABIAN: Is't so saucy?
- SIR ANDREW: Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.
- SIR TOBY: Give me. [*Reads*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*
- FABIAN: Good, and valiant.
- SIR TOBY: *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*
- FABIAN: A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.
- SIR TOBY: *Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*
- FABIAN: Very brief, and to exceeding good sense [*Aside*]-less.
- SIR TOBY: *I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me—*
- FABIAN: Good.
- SIR TOBY: *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*
- FABIAN: Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law: good.
- SIR TOBY: *Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*
- Andrew Aguecheek.*
- If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.
- MARIA: You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

TWELFTH NIGHT—William Shakespeare (*continued*)

SIR TOBY: Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou see'st him, draw, and as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR ANDREW: Nay, let me alone for swearing. [EXIT]

SIR TOBY: Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

[END OF EXTRACT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

GHOSTS—Henrik Ibsen

- PASTOR MANDERS: It must have been a terrible life for you!
- MRS ALVING: I could never have gone through with it if I hadn't had my work. Yes, I honestly claim to have worked: all the improvements on the estate—all the modern equipment that my husband got so much credit for—do you imagine that he had the energy for anything of the sort—lying all day on the sofa reading an old Court Circular? No, and I'll tell you something else: it was I who encouraged him when he had his few good days; and it was I who was left to manage everything when he went back to his debauchery, or when he relapsed into whining self-pity.
- PASTOR MANDERS: And this is the man whom you're building a memorial to!
- MRS ALVING: There you see the power of a bad conscience.
- PASTOR MANDERS: A bad . . . What do you mean?
- MRS ALVING: I always felt that the truth must come out one day, and that everyone would believe it. The Orphanage was to refute all the rumours and dispel any doubts.
- PASTOR MANDERS: You've certainly succeeded there, Mrs Alving.
- MRS ALVING: There was one other reason: I didn't want Oswald, my own son, to inherit anything whatever from his father.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Then it was from Alving's estate that . . .
- MRS ALVING: Yes. The sums that I've set aside, year by year, for this Orphanage, make up the amount—I've reckoned it out very carefully—the amount that made Lieutenant Alving a good match in his day.
- PASTOR MANDERS: I don't see—
- MRS ALVING: That was my purchase price. I don't want that money to go to Oswald. Whatever my son inherits shall come from me and no one else.
- [OSVALD ALVING *ENTERS*.]
- My darling boy, are you back already?
- OSVALD: Yes. What is there to do out of doors in this everlasting rain? But I gather lunch is just ready—that's fine.
- REGINA [*ENTERS*]: A parcel's just come for you, Madam.
- MRS ALVING: The music for the choir tomorrow probably.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Hm . . .
- REGINA: And lunch is ready.
- MRS ALVING: Thank you—we'll come in a moment, I just want to . . .
- REGINA: Would you like red wine or white, Mr Oswald?
- OSVALD: Both, please, Miss Engstrand.
- REGINA: *Bien*. Very good, Mr Oswald. [EXIT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

GHOSTS—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

OSVALD: I may as well help you to open it.

MRS ALVING: Yes, I thought so, it's the song for the choir, Pastor.

PASTOR MANDERS: How shall I ever be able to make my speech tomorrow with a clear conscience?

MRS ALVING: Oh, you'll manage.

PASTOR MANDERS: Yes—we mustn't have any scandal.

MRS ALVING: And then this long hideous farce will be over. From tomorrow onwards, I shall feel as if my late husband had never lived in this house; there will be no one here but my son and his mother.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Oscar Wilde

- ALGERNON: Ah! That must be Aunt Augusta. Only relatives, or creditors, ever ring in that Wagnerian manner. Now, if I get her out of the way for ten minutes, so that you can have an opportunity for proposing to Gwendolen, may I dine with you to-night at Willis's?
- JACK: I suppose so, if you want to.
- ALGERNON: Yes, but you must be serious about it. I hate people who are not serious about meals. It is so shallow of them.
- [*Enter* LANE.]
- LANE: Lady Bracknell and Miss Fairfax.
- LADY BRACKNELL: Good afternoon, dear Algernon, I hope you are behaving very well.
- ALGERNON: I'm feeling very well, Aunt Augusta.
- LADY BRACKNELL: That's not quite the same thing. In fact the two things rarely go together.
- ALGERNON: Dear me, you are smart!
- GWENDOLEN: I am always smart! Am I not, Mr Worthing?
- JACK: You're quite perfect, Miss Fairfax.
- GWENDOLEN: Oh! I hope I am not that. It would leave no room for developments, and I intend to develop in many directions.
- LADY BRACKNELL: I'm sorry if we are a little late, Algernon, but I was obliged to call on dear Lady Harbury. I hadn't been there since her poor husband's death. I never saw a woman so altered; she looks quite twenty years younger. And now I'll have a cup of tea, and one of those nice cucumber sandwiches you promised me.
- ALGERNON: Certainly, Aunt Augusta.
- LADY BRACKNELL: Won't you come and sit here, Gwendolen?
- GWENDOLEN: Thanks, mamma, I'm quite comfortable where I am.
- ALGERNON: Good heavens! Lane! Why are there no cucumber sandwiches? I ordered them specially.
- LANE: There were no cucumbers in the market this morning, sir. I went down twice.
- ALGERNON: No cucumbers!
- LANE: No, sir. Not even for ready money.
- ALGERNON: That will do, Lane, thank you.
- LANE: Thank you, sir. [EXIT]
- ALGERNON: I am greatly distressed, Aunt Augusta, about there being no cucumbers, not even for ready money.
- LADY BRACKNELL: It really makes no matter, Algernon. I had some crumpets with Lady Harbury, who seems to me to be living entirely for pleasure now.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Oscar Wilde (continued)

- ALGERNON: I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief.
- LADY BRACKNELL: It certainly has changed its colour. From what cause I, of course, cannot say. Thank you. I've quite a treat for you to-night, Algernon. I am going to send you down with Mary Farquhar. She is such a nice woman, and so attentive to her husband. It's delightful to watch them.
- ALGERNON: I am afraid, Aunt Augusta, I shall have to give up the pleasure of dining with you to-night after all.
- LADY BRACKNELL: I hope not, Algernon. It would put my table completely out. Your uncle would have to dine upstairs. Fortunately he is accustomed to that.
- ALGERNON: It is a great bore, and, I need hardly say, a terrible disappointment to me, but the fact is I have just had a telegram to say that my poor friend Bunbury is very ill again. They seem to think I should be with him.
- LADY BRACKNELL: It is very strange. This Mr Bunbury seems to suffer from curiously bad health.
- ALGERNON: Yes; poor Bunbury is a dreadful invalid.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht

THE GENERAL: Here we are, come to save their souls for them, and what do those insolent dung-encrusted yokels go and do? Drive their beef away from us. They stuff it into those priests of theirs all right, back and front, but you taught 'em manners, ha! So here's a pot of red wine for you, the two of us'll knock it back at one gulp. Piss all for the chaplain, the old bigot. And now, what would you like for dinner, my darling?

EILIF: A bit of meat, why not?

THE GENERAL: Cook! Meat!

THE COOK: And then he goes and brings guests when there's nowt there.

EILIF: Hungry job cutting down peasants.

MOTHER COURAGE: Jesus Christ, it's my Eilif.

THE COOK: Your what?

MOTHER COURAGE: My eldest boy. It's two years since I lost sight of him, they pinched him from me on the road, must think well of him if the general's asking him to dinner, and what kind of a dinner can you offer? Nowt. You heard what the visitor wishes to eat: meat. Take my tip, you settle for the capon, it'll be a florin.

THE GENERAL: Food, Lamb, you foul cook, or I'll have your hide.

THE COOK: Give it over, dammit, this is blackmail.

MOTHER COURAGE: Didn't someone say it was a miserable bird?

THE COOK: Miserable; give it over, and a criminal price, fifty hellers.

MOTHER COURAGE: A florin, I said. For my eldest boy, the general's guest, no expense is too great for me.

THE COOK: You might at least pluck it while I see to the fire.

MOTHER COURAGE: He won't half be surprised to see me. He's my dashing clever son. Then I got a stupid one too, he's honest though. The girl's nowt. One good thing, she don't talk.

THE GENERAL: Drink up, my son, this is my best Falernian; only got a barrel or two left, but that's nothing to pay for a sign that's there's still true faith to be found in my army. As for that shepherd of souls he can just look on, because all he does is preach, without the least idea how it's to be carried out. And now, my son Eilif, tell us more about the neat way you smashed those yokels and captured the twenty oxen. Let's hope they get here soon.

EILIF: A day or two at most.

MOTHER COURAGE: Thoughtful of our Eilif not to bring the oxen in till tomorrow, else you lot wouldn't have looked twice at my capon.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

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

- EILIF: Well, it was like this, see. I'd heard peasants had been driving the oxen they'd hidden, out of the forest into one particular wood, on the sly and mostly by night. That's where people from the town were s'posed to come and pick them up. So I holds off and lets them drive their oxen together, reckoning they'd be better than me at finding 'em. I had my blokes slaving after the meat, cut their emergency rations even further for a couple of days till their mouths was watering at the least sound of any word beginning with 'me-', like 'measles' say.
- THE GENERAL: Very clever of you.
- EILIF: Possibly. The rest was a piece of cake. Except that the peasants had cudgels and outnumbered us three to one and made a murderous attack on us. Four of 'em shoved me into a thicket, knocked my sword from my hand and bawled out 'Surrender!' What's the answer, I wondered; they're going to make mincemeat of me.
- THE GENERAL: What did you do?
- EILIF: I laughed.
- THE GENERAL: You did what?
- EILIF: Laughed. So we got talking. I put it on a business footing from the start, told them 'Twenty florins a head's too much. I'll give you fifteen'. As if I was meaning to pay. That threw them, and they began scratching their heads. In a flash I'd picked up my sword and was hacking 'em to pieces. Necessity's the mother of invention, eh, sir?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA—Federico Garcia Lorca

- PONCIA: Are you still here?
- BERNARDA: Enjoying this silence, and unable to find any trace of that ‘monstrous thing’ you claim is happening here.
- PONCIA: Bernarda, let’s forget about that conversation.
- BERNARDA: In this house there is no question of ‘yes’ or ‘no’. My vigilance takes care of that.
- PONCIA: Nothing is happening on the surface, it’s true. Your daughters are tucked away in a cupboard, and that’s how they live. But neither you nor anyone else can see into their hearts.
- BERNARDA: My daughters breathe easily.
- PONCIA: You care about that because you’re their mother. For me, looking after your house is enough.
- BERNARDA: Now you’ve decided to become silent!
- PONCIA: I know my place, and I’m at peace.
- BERNARDA: The trouble is, you have nothing to talk about. If there were grass growing in this house, you’d bring every sheep in the neighbourhood in to graze.
- PONCIA: I cover up more than you think.
- BERNARDA: Does your son still see Pepe at four o’clock in the morning? Do they still tell the same malicious stories about this house?
- PONCIA: They say nothing.
- BERNARDA: Because they can’t! Because there’s no meat to bite into. Thanks to my watchful eyes.
- PONCIA: Bernarda—I don’t want to talk, because I’m afraid of what you’ll do. But don’t be too sure.
- BERNARDA: Absolutely sure!
- PONCIA: When you least expect it, lightning strikes! When you least expect it, your heart stops!
- BERNARDA: Nothing is happening here! I’m quite prepared to deal with your suppositions.
- PONCIA: Well, all the better for you!
- BERNARDA: All the better!
- MAID: I have finished washing the dishes now. Is there anything else you want, Bernarda?
- BERNARDA: Nothing. I’m going to bed.
- MAID: What time do you want me to call you?
- BERNARDA: Don’t. Tonight I’m going to sleep well. [EXIT]
- PONCIA: When you can’t fight the tide, it’s easier to turn your back, so you don’t see it.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

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

- MAID: She's so proud she puts a blindfold on herself.
- PONCIA: There's nothing I can do. I tried to put a stop to all this, but now it frightens me too much. Do you hear this silence? Well, there's a storm brewing in every room. The day it bursts, we'll all be swept away! I've said what I had to say.
- MAID: Bernarda thinks that no one can stand up to her. She doesn't realize the power a man can have over lonely women.
- PONCIA: It's not all Pepe el Romano's fault. It's true that last year he was after Adela, and she was crazy for him. But she should have known her place and not led him on. A man is a man.
- MAID: They say he spoke to Adela many times.
- PONCIA: It's true. And other things.
- MAID: I don't know what's going to happen here.
- PONCIA: I'd like to cross the ocean and get away from this house of turmoil.
- MAID: Bernarda is rushing the wedding day, and perhaps nothing will happen.
- PONCIA: Things have already gone too far. Adela has made up her mind to do whatever it takes, and the others keep watch, all the time.
- MAID: Martirio, too?
- PONCIA: She's the worst! She's a well of poison! She knows el Romano is not for her, and she would crush the world if it were in her hand.
- MAID: They are wicked.
- PONCIA: They are women without men, that's all. When it comes to that, you even forget your own blood.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE CRUCIBLE—Arthur Miller

MARY WARREN: I am sick, I am sick, Mr Proctor. Pray, pray, hurt me not. My insides are all shuddery; I am in the proceedings all day, sir.

PROCTOR: And what of these proceedings here? When will you proceed to keep this house, as you are paid nine pound a year to do—and my wife not wholly well?

MARY WARREN: I made a gift for you today, Good Proctor. I had to sit long hours in a chair, and passed the time with sewing.

ELIZABETH: Why, thank you, it's a fair poppet.

MARY WARREN: We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.

ELIZABETH: Aye, indeed we must.

MARY WARREN: I'll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I must sleep now.

PROCTOR: Mary.

Is it true? There be fourteen women arrested?

MARY WARREN: No, sir. There be thirty-nine now—

ELIZABETH: Why, she's weepin'! What ails you, child?

MARY WARREN: Goody Osburn—will hang!

PROCTOR: Hang! Hang, y'say?

MARY WARREN: Aye.

PROCTOR: The Deputy Governor will permit it?

MARY WARREN: He sentenced her. He must. But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y'see.

PROCTOR: Confessed! To what?

MARY WARREN: That she—she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book—with her blood—and bound herself to torment Christians till God's thrown down—and we all must worship Hell forevermore.

PROCTOR: But—surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

MARY WARREN: Mr Proctor, in open court she near to choked us all to death.

PROCTOR: How, choked you?

MARY WARREN: She sent her spirit out.

ELIZABETH: Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you—

MARY WARREN: She tried to kill me many times, Goody Proctor!

ELIZABETH: Why, I never heard you mention that before.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE CRUCIBLE—Arthur Miller (*continued*)

- MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then—then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then—I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice—and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!
- PROCTOR: Why? What did she do to you?
- MARY WARREN: So many time, Mr Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider—and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she *mumbled*.
- ELIZABETH: Mumbled! She may mumble if she's hungry.
- MARY WARREN: But *what* does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month—a Monday, I think—she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?
- ELIZABETH: Why—I do, I think, but—
- MARY WARREN: And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. 'Goody Osburn,' says he, 'what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?' And then she replies—'Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments,' says she!
- ELIZABETH: And that's an upright answer.
- MARY WARREN: Aye, but then Judge Hathorne say, 'Recite for us your commandments!'—and of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!
- PROCTOR: And so condemned her?
- MARY WARREN: Why, they must when she condemned herself.

[END OF EXTRACT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

A TASTE OF HONEY—Shelagh Delaney

HELEN: I arrived just in time, by the look of things, didn't I? How are you, love? Everything straightforward? Been having your regular check-up and doing all them exercises and all the things they go in for nowadays? That's a good girl. Have you got everything packed?

JO: Packed?

HELEN: Yes.

JO: But I'm not going into hospital.

HELEN: You're not having it here, are you?

GEOF: Yes, she didn't want to go away.

HELEN: Oh my God, is he still here? I thought he would be.

GEOF: Do you want a piece of cake, Jo?

JO: Yes, please.

HELEN: You can't have a baby in this dump. Why don't you use a bit of sense for once and go into hospital? They've got everything to hand there. I mean, sometimes the first one can be a bit tricky.

GEOF: There's going to be nothing tricky about it; it's going to be perfectly all right, isn't it, Jo?

HELEN: Who do you think you are, the Flying Doctor?

JO: Look, I've made up my mind I want to have it here. I don't like hospitals.

HELEN: Have you ever been in a hospital?

JO: No.

HELEN: Well, how do you know what it's like? Oo! Give me a cup of tea quick.

GEOF: Oh well, we've got a district nurse coming in.

HELEN: Oh my God, my feet are killing me. How I got that lot from the bus stop I'll never know.

JO: Well what are you lugging all the cases about for?

HELEN: I've come to look after you. It's just as well, by the look of things.

JO: Well, it's going to be a bit crowded, you know. Is your husband coming and all? Is he moving in too?

HELEN: There wouldn't be much room for two of us on that couch, would there?

JO: That's Geoffrey's bed.

GEOF: It's all right, Jo, I don't mind moving out.

JO: For Heaven's sake, you don't have to start wilting away as soon as she barges in.

GEOF: I don't.

HELEN: I could do with a drink.

JO: Start barging around just like a bull in a china shop.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

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

- HELEN: I've got some lovely things for the baby, Jo. Where did I put them? Where's that other case, Jo? Oh!
- GEOF: Jo, will you sit down. I'll get it.
- HELEN: Look, love. I've come here to talk to my daughter. Can you make yourself scarce for a bit?
- GEOF: I've got to go, we need some things for the weekend.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett

POZZO: On! Back!

VLADIMIR: Let me go!

ESTRAGON: Stay where you are!

POZZO: Be careful! He's wicked. With strangers.

ESTRAGON: Is that him?

VLADIMIR: Who?

ESTRAGON: Er . . .

VLADIMIR: Godot?

ESTRAGON: Yes.

POZZO: I present myself: Pozzo.

VLADIMIR: Not at all!

ESTRAGON: He said Godot.

VLADIMIR: Not at all!

ESTRAGON: You're not Mr. Godot, sir?

POZZO: I am Pozzo! Pozzo! Does that name mean nothing to you? I say does that name mean nothing to you?

ESTRAGON: Bozzo . . . Bozzo . . .

VLADIMIR: Pozzo . . . Pozzo . . .

POZZO: PPPOZZZO!

ESTRAGON: Ah! Pozzo . . . let me see . . . Pozzo . . .

VLADIMIR: Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?

ESTRAGON: Pozzo . . . no . . . I'm afraid I . . . no . . . I don't seem to . . .

VLADIMIR: I once knew a family called Gozzo. The mother had the clap.

ESTRAGON: We're not from these parts, sir.

POZZO: You are human beings none the less. As far as one can see. Of the same species as myself. Of the same species as Pozzo! Made in God's image!

VLADIMIR: Well you see—

POZZO: Who is Godot?

ESTRAGON: Godot?

POZZO: You took me for Godot.

ESTRAGON: Oh no, sir, not for an instant, sir.

POZZO: Who is he?

VLADIMIR: Oh, he's a . . . he's a kind of acquaintance.

ESTRAGON: Nothing of the kind, we hardly know him.

VLADIMIR: True . . . we don't know him very well . . . but all the same . . .

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett (*continued*)

ESTRAGON: Personally I wouldn't even know him if I saw him.
POZZO: You took me for him.
ESTRAGON: That's to say . . . you understand . . . the dusk . . . the strain . . . waiting . . . I confess . . . I imagined . . . for a second . . .
POZZO: Waiting? So you were waiting for him?
VLADIMIR: Well you see—
POZZO: Here? On my land?
VLADIMIR: We didn't intend any harm.
ESTRAGON: We meant well.
POZZO: The road is free to all.
VLADIMIR: That's how we looked at it.
POZZO: It's a disgrace. But there you are.
ESTRAGON: Nothing we can do about it.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter

STANLEY: Excuse me.

MCCANN: Where are you going?

STANLEY: I want to go out.

MCCANN: Why don't you stay here?

STANLEY: So you're down here on holiday?

MCCANN: A short one. Mind that.

STANLEY: What is it?

MCCANN: Mind it. Leave it.

STANLEY: I've got a feeling we've met before.

MCCANN: No we haven't.

STANLEY: Ever been anywhere near Maidenhead?

MCCANN: No.

STANLEY: There's a Fuller's teashop. I used to have my tea there.

MCCANN: I don't know it.

STANLEY: And a Boots Library. I seem to connect you with the High Street.

MCCANN: Yes?

STANLEY: A charming town, don't you think?

MCCANN: I don't know it.

STANLEY: Oh no. A quiet, thriving community. I was born and brought up there. I lived well away from the main road.

MCCANN: Yes?

STANLEY: You're here on a short stay?

MCCANN: That's right.

STANLEY: You'll find it very bracing.

MCCANN: Do you find it bracing?

STANLEY: Me? No. But you will. I like it here, but I'll be moving soon. Back home. I'll stay there too, this time. No place like home. I wouldn't have left, but business calls. Business called, and I had to leave for a bit. You know how it is.

MCCANN: You in business?

STANLEY: No. I think I'll give it up. I've got a small private income, you see. I think I'll give it up. Don't like being away from home. I used to live very quietly—played records, that's about all. Everything delivered to the door. Then I started a little private business, in a small way, and it compelled me to come down here—kept me longer than I expected. You never get used to living in someone else's house. Don't you agree? I lived so quietly. You can only appreciate what you've had when things change. That's what they say, isn't it? Cigarette?

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter (*continued*)

MCCANN: I don't smoke.

STANLEY: Who's out there?

MCCANN: My friend and the man of the house.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

LOVERS—Brian Friel

HANNA: Sshhh!

MRS WILSON: The first sorrowful mystery—the agony in the garden—

HANNA: Sh! Sh! Listen! Listen!

MRS WILSON: Is it—?

HANNA: Shut up!

CISSY: Singing! Andrew?

MRS WILSON: He's not—?

HANNA: He is!

CISSY: A drunk man!

ANDY: Mrs. Wilson! Hello there, old mammy Wilson! I've got news for you . . . big, big news.

HANNA: What in the name of God—?

MRS WILSON: Leave him to me.

ANDY: Stay where you are till I come up . . . very important, old mammy . . . very important.

MRS WILSON: Don't say a word. Leave everything to me.

CISSY: Drunk—the dirty animal!

MRS WILSON: Quiet.

HANNA: But what if he—?

MRS WILSON: Don't worry. I'll settle him. And stop whinging!

ANDY: By God if it's not the Dolly Sisters! And Saint Philomena! All we need now is Father Peyton . . . Where's Father Peyton? . . . I'll tell you something: the family that drinks together sinks together.

MRS WILSON: Andrew!

ANDY: 'The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn—'

CISSY: Dirty animal!

ANDY: 'No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care—'
Thomas Gray, 1716 to 1771.

HANNA: Mother, please—!

MRS WILSON: Listen to me, Andrew!

ANDY: She knows what I'm talking about 'cos she's my wife—

MRS WILSON: If you don't behave yourself—

ANDY: As for prissy Cissy here—

CISSY: All for Thee—all for Thee—

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

LOVERS—Brian Friel (*continued*)

ANDY: You'll go down with the white bobbins. Know what that means, prissy Cissy? The white bobbins? It means you'll never know your ass from your elbow.

HANNA: Andy!

MRS WILSON: I'll give you one minute to get out of this house—!

ANDY: News for you, old mammy—here, in this paper. And news for you, darling, too.

MRS WILSON: Get out!

ANDY: You've been sacked.

MRS WILSON: I said get out!

ANDY: You and me—both sacked.

HANNA: Stop it, Andrew! Stop it!

ANDY: In black and white . . . Read it . . . It says: We don't stay together—that's what it says. Father Peyton, it says, your head's a marly. That's what it says.

CISSY: Dirty, dirty animal.

MRS WILSON: I warned you! I gave you ample warning! And if you think you can profane in this room—

CISSY: What—what is it?

HANNA: Mother! Mother?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

PASSING PLACES—Stephen Greenhorn

[BRIAN and TOM go to the office. MIRREN and ALEX wash up in the kitchen. The scene jumps between the two.]

ALEX: He seems alright.

MIRREN: He thinks I'm wasting my life.

ALEX: At least he worries about you.

MIRREN: I don't want him to.

ALEX: It's his job.

TOM: First class honours, you know. Maths and computer science. Could go anywhere with that. Anywhere. Without having to wash dishes.

BRIAN: She never mentioned it.

TOM: No. She usually doesn't. Makes her seem too much like me.

ALEX: You sure you don't want to hang around longer?

MIRREN: It's not worth it. Things tend to get ugly after a while.

ALEX: You're fidgeting.

MIRREN: This place. Him. It makes me restless. What's so funny?

ALEX: Everywhere we've been so far, you seemed so at home. But now you are home . . . !

MIRREN: This isn't home. We moved here when I was thirteen. I left when I was seventeen. I've not really lived here since.

ALEX: So where's home then?

TOM: We came up here when Mirren's mother died. I needed a change.

BRIAN: Did you bring all this with you?

TOM: No. Got it when I decided to stay.

BRIAN: It's a lot of stuff.

TOM: Nothing special. PC. Printer. Modem.

BRIAN: Haven't you got a satellite dish too?

TOM: Aye, but that's just for the football really.

ALEX: So who's the guy you're taking us to see in Thurso? Your uncle? A second-cousin?

MIRREN: A friend. He's difficult to describe.

ALEX: A lot of your friends are!

MIRREN: He's part of the surfing scene.

ALEX: D'you think we will be able to get rid of the board?

MIRREN: He'll be able to tell you. He's a shaper.

ALEX: What's that?

MIRREN: He builds boards. Shapes them. It's very specialised. A real art.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

PASSING PLACES— Stephen Greenhorn (*continued*)

ALEX: So he's well in with the surfers?
MIRREN: Oh yeah. He's like a guru. Kind of . . . mystic.
ALEX: A mystic surf-guru. Can't wait.
BRIAN: And you work from here now?
TOM: Freelance. Do a lot of stuff for software designers in Silicon Valley.
BRIAN: America? From here?
TOM: It's easy enough. I can phone. Fax. E-mail. I can link the machine straight through. Video conference if we need too. It's no problem.
BRIAN: You don't need to go over there at all?
TOM: I go about twice a year. Just for the sunshine. Who'd be a commuter, eh?
BRIAN: I wouldn't know.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

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