

X037/202

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2010

MONDAY, 24 MAY
1.00 PM – 2.30 PM

DRAMA
INTERMEDIATE 2
Dramatic Extracts



INTERMEDIATE 2
DRAMA
INSTRUCTIONS TO CENTRES

The question paper represents 50% of the total course assessment at Intermediate 2, and is marked out of 50. The 2010 examination will take place on **Monday 24 May** between 1.00 pm and 2.30 pm.

The paper involves the dramatic and theatrical analysis of a short dramatic extract from a choice of three given extracts. Candidates are required to show knowledge and understanding of textual analysis, dramatic analysis, use of role-play/improvisation and two or more of theatre production skills.

Enclosed are three extracts from dramatic scripts. Candidates should choose **one** extract on which to base their exam response. Time should be allowed for candidates to undertake a practical exploration of the extracts in class prior to completing the question paper. Candidates are not expected to study the play from which the extract is taken, and should therefore only refer to the extract in the exam.

Extract 1

Enter the clowns: BOTTOM, QUINCE, SNOUT, STARVELING, FLUTE *and* SNUG.

BOTTOM: Are we all met?

QUINCE: Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

BOTTOM: Peter Quince!

QUINCE: What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

BOTTOM: There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT: By 'r lakin, a parlous fear!

STARVELING: I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOTTOM: Not a whit. I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

QUINCE: Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOTTOM: No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT: Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING: I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM: Masters, you ought to consider with yourself, to bring in—God shield us—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

SNOUT: Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM: Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: "Ladies", or "Fair ladies—I would wish you", or "I would request you", or "I would entreat you—not to fear, not to tremble. My life for yours: if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No. I am no such thing. I am a man, as other men are"—and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE: Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber—for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNUG: Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM: A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac—find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

QUINCE: Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM: Why, then, may you leave a casement of the Great Chamber window—where we play—open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Extract 1 (continued)

QUINCE: Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing. We must have a wall in the Great Chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT: You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM: Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some roughcast about him to signify Wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUINCE: If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so everyone according to his cue.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK: What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor—
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE: Speak, Pyramus! Thisbe, stand forth!

BOTTOM *as* PYRAMUS.

Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet—

QUINCE: Odours—odours!

BOTTOM *as* PYRAMUS.

. . . odours savours sweet.

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.
But hark, a voice. Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit PUCK.

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

Exit.

FLUTE: Must I speak now?

QUINCE: Ay, marry must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLUTE *as* THISBE.

Most radiant Pyramus, most lilywhite of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant briar,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb—

QUINCE: "Ninus' tomb", man!—Why, you must not speak that yet. That you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter—your cue is past. It is "never tire".

FLUTE: O!

as THISBE.

Extract 1 (continued)

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Enter PUCK *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head*.

BOTTOM *as* PYRAMUS.

If I were fair, fair Thisbe, I were only thine.

QUINCE: O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted! Pray, masters! Fly, masters! Help!

Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

PUCK: I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Thorough bog, thorough bush, thorough brake, thorough briar,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt and roar and burn
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn.

Exit.

BOTTOM: Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter SNOUT.

SNOUT: O Bottom, thou art changed. What do I see on thee?

BOTTOM: What do you see? You see an ass head of your own, do you?

Exit SNOUT.

Enter QUINCE.

QUINCE: Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated!

Exit.

BOTTOM: I see their knavery! This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*END OF EXTRACT 1*]

[Turn over

Extract 2

LUCIA *and* HUGHIE *fixing ginger boxes to play at schools.* LUCIA *in charge:* HUGHIE *reluctant.*

HUGHIE: You got going the teacher the last time.

LUCIA: Whose Uncle Massimo's ginger boxes are they?

HUGHIE: [*Resigned*] Yours.

LUCIA *picks up something to use as a pointer.*

LUCIA Right, sit up straight. Fold your arms.

HUGHIE *obliges.*

LUCIA: Two and two?

HUGHIE: Four.

LUCIA: Three and two?

HUGHIE: Five.

LUCIA: Six and three?

HUGHIE: Nine. I mean eight. No, nine I mean.

LUCIA: Seven and five?

HUGHIE: Eh . . . Eh . . . That's a hard one.

LUCIA: It's not hard for all the other wee boys and girls. Is it boys and girls? Seven and five?

HUGHIE *starting counting on his fingers.*

LUCIA: Come on, come on, seven and five? He's not doing very well, is he boys and girls?

HUGHIE: Seven and five?

LUCIA: You heard.

Pokes him with pointer.

HUGHIE: Seven ADD ON five you mean?

LUCIA: You heard.

Pokes him with pointer.

HUGHIE *trying to count on fingers, mouthing figures, gets to "seven" then to "ten":*

LUCIA *makes him lose count: jabs him with her "pointer".*

LUCIA: Too long! I can't spend all day with one child. I've got all these other children to see to as well you know. Little SCOTTISH boys and girls. I think they deserve some of the teacher's time too. You should have done these sums last night, Franco. Why didn't you?

HUGHIE: Eh, well, I forgot.

LUCIA: Oh you "forgot" did you. Do you hear that, boys and girls, little Franco "forgot". Sure you weren't too busy serving the shop?

HUGHIE: No, miss.

Extract 2 (continued)

- LUCIA: Or maybe you don't have pencils in your house. Or maybe you don't have a house. Have you got a house?
- HUGHIE: Yes, miss.
- LUCIA: No use telling fibs, now, is it, Franco? We all know you live in a shop. Now don't laugh boys and girls. It's not Franco's fault he lives in a shop.
- HUGHIE: Twelve.
- LUCIA: Oh, so there's twelve of you living there. My oh my! Not all in the same bed I hope. Now stop laughing boys and girls, it's not funny.
- HUGHIE: Seven and five is twelve.
- LUCIA: Oh, you're too late now. I don't know what you're doing in this class in the first place. A little ruffian like you. A sleekit little, greasy little, smelly little . . .
- It's gone too far.*
- HUGHIE *jumps up, knocks away his ginger box.*
- HUGHIE: I don't like this game.
- LUCIA: Well, I don't like it either
- They are staring at each other: it is broken by ROSINELLA'S screams.*
- ROSINELLA: Lucia! Lucia!
- ROSINELLA, *highly distraught, clutching a newspaper, in back shop:*
LUCIA and HUGHIE *run to her; she thrusts the paper at them.*
- ROSINELLA: Lucia, Lucia, what's it say? What's it say? Tell me what it says. [*Blessing herself.*] Oh, Sant' Antonio, San Giuseppe. Oh no, don't tell me. Oh, Massimo, Massimo!
- The children spread out paper on the table.*
- LUCIA: Where?
- ROSINELLA *points wildly to the paper.*
- ROSINELLA: Something about a ship.
- HUGHIE and LUCIA *try to read the report: ROSINELLA in B.G. going spare: blessing herself and repeating San Giuseppe. Sant' Antonio.*
- LUCIA and HUGHIE *study the paper.*
- LUCIA: It says "ship" there.
- HUGHIE: "T. o. r—TOR"
- LUCIA: "p"—"Torp"—something.
- HUGHIE: I've got it. Torpedo.
- LUCIA: A ship got torpedoed.
- ROSINELLA: Oh, San Giuseppe.
- LUCIA: What's that word?
- HUGHIE: "En . . En . . . En . . ." Something . . . "my".

Extract 2 (continued)

LUCIA: "Enemy".

HUGHIE: "Italians"—I know that word.

LUCIA: K. K—i. K—I—L—L. Kill.

HUGHIE: Killed.

ROSINELLA *grabs the paper.*

ROSINELLA: Give me that! [*She looks at it helplessly, she can't read*] What about your Uncle Massimo? Does it say he was on that ship? See if it says who was on that ship. Oh, Massimo, Massimo!

HUGHIE *takes paper and stumbles with words.*

HUGHIE: At six o'clock this morning a British ship, something Italian and other enemy aliens, was torpedoed. You mean your Uncle Massimo was on that ship?

ROSINELLA: Nothing. I've heard nothing. I've no seen my man since they took him out of here. [*Near hysterics.*] Oh marito mio. Marito mio e morto. E vero, vero, vero. E morto.

LUCIA *starts to cry, frightened: this pulls ROSINELLA up, forces her to calm down.*

HUGHIE: It says it's called the Ar—an—do—ra Star. The Arandora Star.

LUCIA: Auntie Rosinella, what about his daddy? They took him too, didn't they?

ROSINELLA: [*Fresh worry.*] Oh my God, daddy! Surely to God no him! [*A beat.*] Wait a minute, did you say "enemies"?

HUGHIE: It says here . . . "enemy aliens" . . .

ROSINELLA: [*Hope returning.*] That cannie mean Massimo. Surely. Your Uncle Massimo's no an "enemy", eh Lucia? They must be O.K., eh? I mean they're no "enemies".

ROSINELLA *takes money from her purse and hands it to LUCIA.*

ROSINELLA: Here, Lucia, take this. I want you to go and light a candle for all the souls that were on that ship, and pray to God your Uncle Massimo wasn't one of them.

LUCIA: I thought you said—

ROSINELLA: [*Interrupting.*] Just do it, Lucia.

ROSINELLA: [*Blesses herself.*] Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them, may they rest in peace, Amen.

[END OF EXTRACT 2]

Extract 3

Enter MISS PRISM hurriedly.

MISS PRISM: I was told you expected me in the vestry, dear Canon. I have been waiting for you there for an hour and three-quarters. [*Catches sight of LADY BRACKNELL, who has fixed her with a stony glare. MISS PRISM grows pale and quails. She looks anxiously round as if desirous to escape.*]

LADY BRACKNELL: [*In a severe, judicial voice*]. Prism! [*MISS PRISM bows her head in shame.*] Come here, Prism! [*MISS PRISM approaches in a humble manner.*] Prism! Where is that baby? [*General consternation. The CANON starts back in horror. ALGERNON and JACK pretend to be anxious to shield CECILY and GWENDOLEN from hearing the details of a terrible public scandal.*] Twenty-eight years ago, Prism, you left Lord Bracknell's house, Number 104, Upper Grosvenor Street, in charge of a perambulator that contained a baby of the male sex. You never returned. A few weeks later, through the elaborate investigations of the Metropolitan police, the perambulator was discovered at midnight, standing by itself in a remote corner of Bayswater. It contained the manuscript of a three-volume novel of more than usually revolting sentimentality. [*MISS PRISM starts in involuntary indignation.*] But the baby was not there! [*Every one looks at MISS PRISM.*] Prism! Where is that baby? [*A pause.*]

MISS PRISM: Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know. I only wish I did. The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is for ever branded on my memory, I prepared as usual to take the baby out in its perambulator. I had also with me a somewhat old, but capacious hand-bag in which I had intended to place the manuscript of a work of fiction that I had written during my few unoccupied hours. In a moment of mental abstraction, for which I never can forgive myself, I deposited the manuscript in the basinette, and placed the baby in the hand-bag.

JACK: [*Who has been listening attentively*]. But where did you deposit the hand-bag?

MISS PRISM: Do not ask me, Mr Worthing.

JACK: Miss Prism, this is a matter of no small importance to me. I insist on knowing where you deposited the hand-bag that contained that infant.

MISS PRISM: I left it in the cloak-room of one of the larger railway stations in London.

JACK: What railway station?

MISS PRISM: [*Quite crushed*]. Victoria. The Brighton line. [*Sinks into a chair.*]

JACK: I must retire to my room for a moment. Gwendolen, wait here for me.

GWENDOLEN: If you are not too long, I will wait here for you all my life.

Extract 3 (continued)

Exit JACK in great excitement.

CHASUBLE: What do you think this means, Lady Bracknell?

LADY BRACKNELL: I dare not even suspect, Dr Chasuble. I need hardly tell you that in families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur. They are hardly considered the thing.

Noises are heard overhead as if some one was throwing trunks about. Every one looks up.

CECILY: Uncle Jack seems strangely agitated.

CHASUBLE: Your guardian has a very emotional nature.

LADY BRACKNELL: This noise is extremely unpleasant. It sounds as if he was having an argument. I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar, and often convincing.

CHASUBLE: [*Looking up*]. It has stopped now. [*The noise is redoubled.*]

LADY BRACKNELL: I wish he would arrive at some conclusion.

GWENDOLEN: This suspense is terrible. I hope it will last.

Enter JACK with a hand-bag of black leather in his hand.

JACK: [*Rushing over to MISS PRISM.*] Is this the hand-bag, Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The happiness of more than one life depends on your answer.

MISS PRISM: [*Calmly*]. It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage, an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extravagant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years.

JACK: [*In a pathetic voice*]. Miss Prism, more is restored to you than this hand-bag. I was the baby you placed in it.

MISS PRISM: [*Amazed*]. You?

JACK: [*Embracing her*]. Yes . . . mother!

MISS PRISM: [*Recoiling in indignant astonishment*]. Mr Worthing! I am unmarried.

JACK: Unmarried! I do not deny that is a serious blow. But after all, who has the right to cast a stone against one who has suffered? Cannot repentance wipe out an act of folly? Why should there be one law for men, and another for women? Mother, I forgive you. [*Tries to embrace her again.*]

MISS PRISM: [*Still more indignant*]. Mr Worthing, there is some error. [*Pointing to LADY BRACKNELL.*] There is the lady who can tell you who you really are.

Extract 3 (continued)

- JACK: [After a pause]. Lady Bracknell, I hate to seem inquisitive, but would you kindly inform me who I am?
- LADY BRACKNELL: I am afraid that the news I have to give you will not altogether please you. You are the son of my poor sister, Mrs Moncrieff, and consequently Algernon's elder brother.
- JACK: Algy's elder brother! Then I have a brother after all. I knew I had a brother! I always said I had a brother! Cecily,—how could you have ever doubted that I had a brother? [Seizes hold of ALGERNON.] Dr Chasuble, my unfortunate brother. Miss Prism, my unfortunate brother. Gwendolen, my unfortunate brother. Algy, you young scoundrel, you will have to treat me with more respect in the future. You have never behaved to me like a brother in all your life.
- ALGERNON: Well, not till to-day, old boy, I admit. I did my best, however, though I was out of practice.
- Shakes hands.*
- GWENDOLEN: [To JACK]. My own! But what own are you? What is your Christian name, now that you have become some one else?
- JACK: Good heavens! . . . I had quite forgotten that point. Your decision on the subject of my name is irrevocable, I suppose?
- GWENDOLEN: I never change, except my affections.
- CECILY: What a noble nature you have, Gwendolen!
- JACK: Then the question had better be cleared up at once. Aunt Augusta, a moment. At the time when Miss Prism left me in the hand-bag, had I been christened already?
- LADY BRACKNELL: Every luxury that money could buy, including christening, had been lavished on you by your fond and doting parents.
- JACK: Then I was christened! That is settled. Now, what name was I given? Let me know the worst.
- LADY BRACKNELL: Being the eldest son you were naturally christened after your father.
- JACK: [Irritably]. Yes, but what was my father's Christian name?
- LADY BRACKNELL: [Meditatively]. I cannot at the present moment recall what the General's Christian name was. But I have no doubt he had one. He was eccentric, I admit. But only in later years. And that was the result of the Indian climate, and marriage, and indigestion, and other things of that kind.
- JACK: Algy! Can't you recollect what our father's Christian name was?
- ALGERNON: My dear boy, we were never even on speaking terms. He died before I was a year old.
- JACK: His name would appear in the Army Lists of the period, I suppose, Aunt Augusta?

Extract 3 (continued)

- LADY BRACKNELL: The General was essentially a man of peace, except in his domestic life. But I have no doubt his name would appear in any military directory.
- JACK: The Army Lists of the last forty years are here. These delightful records should have been my constant study. [*Rushes to the bookcase and tears the books out.*] M. Generals . . . Mallam, Maxbohm, Magley, what ghastly names they have—Markby, Migsby, Mobbs, Moncrieff! Lieutenant 1840, Captain, Lieutenant—Colonel, Colonel, General 1869, Christian names, Ernest John. [*Puts book very quietly down and speaks quite calmly.*] I always told you, Gwendolen, my name was Ernest, didn't I? Well, it is Ernest after all. I mean it naturally is Ernest.
- LADY BRACKNELL: Yes, I remember now that the General was called Ernest. I knew I had some particular reason for disliking the name.
- GWENDOLEN: Ernest! My own Ernest! I felt from the first that you could have no other name!
- JACK: Gwendolen, it is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me?
- GWENDOLEN: I can. For I feel that you are sure to change.
- JACK: My own one!
- CHASUBLE: [*To MISS PRISM.*] Laetitia! [*Embraces her.*].
- MISS PRISM: [*Enthusiastically.*] Frederick! At last!
- ALGERNON: Cecily! [*Embraces her.*] At last!
- JACK: Gwendolen! [*Embraces her.*] At last!
- LADY BRACKNELL: My nephew, you seem to be displaying signs of triviality.
- JACK: On the contrary, Aunt Augusta, I've now realised for the first time in my life the vital Importance of Being Ernest.

[END OF EXTRACT 3]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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