

X037/11/12

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2014

THURSDAY, 15 MAY
9.00 AM - 10.30 AM

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 2014 examination will take place on **Thursday 15 May** between 9.00 am and 10.30 am.

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

- HALE: Abigail, what sort of dancing were you doing with her in the forest?
- ABIGAIL: Why—common dancing is all.
- PARRIS: I think I ought to say that I—I saw a kettle in the grass where they were dancing.
- ABIGAIL: That were only soup.
- HALE: What sort of soup were in this kettle, Abigail?
- ABIGAIL: Why, it were beans—and lentils, I think, and—
- HALE: Mr Parris you did not notice, did you, any living thing in the kettle? A mouse, perhaps, a spider, a frog—?
- PARRIS: [*fearfully*] I—do believe there were some movement—in the soup.
- ABIGAIL: That jumped in, we never put it in!
- HALE: [*quickly*] What jumped in?
- ABIGAIL: Why a very little frog jumped—
- PARRIS: A frog Abby?
- HALE: [*grasping Abigail*] Abigail, it may be your cousin is dying. Did you call the Devil last night?
- ABIGAIL: I never called him! Tituba, Tituba . . .
- PARRIS: [*blanched*] She called the Devil?
- HALE: I should like to speak with Tituba.
- PARRIS: Goody Ann, will you bring her up? [*MRS PUTNAM exits*]
- HALE: How did she call him?
- ABIGAIL: I know not—she spoke Barbados.
- HALE: Did you feel any strangeness when she called him? A sudden cold wind, perhaps? A trembling below the ground?
- ABIGAIL: I didn't see no Devil! [*Shaking Betty.*] Betty, wake up. Betty! Betty!
- HALE: You cannot evade me, Abigail. Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?
- ABIGAIL: She never drank it!
- HALE: Did you drink it?
- ABIGAIL: No, sir!
- HALE: Did Tituba ask you to drink it?
- ABIGAIL: She tried but I refused.
- HALE: Why are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?
- ABIGAIL: I never sold myself! I'm a good girl! I'm a proper girl!
- MRS PUTNAM *enters with* TITUBA, *and instantly* ABIGAIL *points at Tituba.*
- She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

Extract 1 (continued)

TITUBA: [shocked and angry] Abby!

ABIGAIL: She makes me drink blood!

PARRIS: Blood!!

MRS PUTNAM: My baby's blood?

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

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

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

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

TITUBA: I love me Betty!

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

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

PARRIS: She have often laughed at prayer!

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

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

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

TITUBA: Why you say that, Abby?

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

TITUBA: Mister Reverend, I never—

HALE: [resolved now] Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

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

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

TITUBA: I don't compact with no Devil!

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

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

TITUBA: [terrified, falls to her knees] No, no, don't hang Tituba! I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

PARRIS: The Devil?

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

Extract 1 (continued)

TITUBA: [*frightened by the coming process*] Mister Reverend, I do believe somebody else be witchin' these children.

HALE: Who?

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

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

TITUBA: Aye, sir, a good Christian woman.

HALE: And you love these little children?

TITUBA: Oh, yes, sir, I don't desire to hurt little children.

HALE: And you love God, Tituba?

TITUBA: I love God with all my bein'.

HALE: Now, in God's holy name—

TITUBA: Bless Him. Bless Him.

HALE: And to His glory—

TITUBA: Eternal glory. Bless Him—bless God . . .

HALE: Open yourself, Tituba—open yourself and let God's holy light shine on you.

TITUBA: Oh, bless the Lord.

HALE: When the Devil comes to you does he ever come—with another person? Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.

PARRIS: Who came with him?

PUTNAM: Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him? Or Osburn?

PARRIS: Was it man or woman came with him?

TITUBA: Man or woman. Was—was woman.

PARRIS: What woman? A woman, you said. What woman?

TITUBA: It was black dark, and I—

PARRIS: You could see him. Why could you not see her?

TITUBA: Well, they was always talking; they was always runnin' round and carryin' on—

PARRIS: You mean out of Salem? Salem witches?

TITUBA: I believe so, yes, sir.

[END OF EXTRACT 1]

Extract 2

- SPANKY: Give's a bit, Heck . . .
- HECTOR: Gettoff!
- PHIL: You rotten sod . . .
- SADIE: Leave my beautiful wean alone, you pair of hooligans! You enjoying that, flower? That's the stuff. Now . . . what're youse two wanting . . . tea or coffee?
- SPANKY: How come he gets special treatment, Sadie?
- PHIL: Yeah, how come? Can me and Spanky not have one of them cookies?
- SADIE: I told you . . . they're for the Boardroom. There's fairy cakes for youse.
- PHIL: [*Taking fairy cake and banging it off side of trolley*] Fairies been putting cement in them again? Give us a coffee.
- SADIE: Please. Where's your manners? Your mothers would be ashamed of youse, so they would . . .
- [*Enter ALAN*]
- SPANKY: Ah . . . just in time for the chuck wagon, cowboy . . . slip out of them wet chaps and lasso yourself a wee fairy cake . . . mmm, mmm.
- ALAN: I'll take a tea, please.
- SADIE: See that? There's a showing up for youse . . . there's what you cry manners. Help yourself to milk and sugar, son. Here, I haven't seen you before . . . you in beside these boys?
- ALAN: Er . . . just for the day, I think . . . Jack Hogg mentioned something about Bobby Sinclair . . .
- SADIE: Ha . . . you'll be lucky . . . nobody's seen him since VJ Night . . . [*quietly*] Try one of them wee scones and butter . . . there's a knife next to your hand . . .
- PHIL: Haw, Sadie, you never told us there was butter!
- SPANKY: That's not fair . . .
- SADIE: Shuttit, youse. And you never put your monies in the tin . . . come on, threcha'pence for tea . . . fourpence for coffee . . . [*To PHIL*] Fourpence, I said.
- PHIL: I've only got a tanner.
- SADIE: I've got plenty of coppers . . . [*To ALAN*] When did you start, son?
- ALAN: This morning.
- SADIE: Very nice. And what do they cry you?
- PHIL: Agnes . . .
- ALAN: Alan . . .
- SPANKY: Dowdy . . .
- ALAN: Downie . . . Alan Downie.

Extract 2 (continued)

- SADIE: Ignore them, son. Look, I'll try and keep you something nice for after dinnertime . . . wee chelsea bun or that? I've got some cream cookies on this morning but they're for the Directors . . . couldn't let you have one of them . . . 's more than my life's worth . . .
- ALAN: No, I'm fine, thanks . . .
- SADIE: That boy could learn you savages a thing or two. You stick in, son . . . you'll go places. Now [*takes out book of tickets and purse*] have youse all got your tickets for the Staff Dance the night?
- PHIL: Christ, is it tonight? I thought it was next Friday.
- SADIE: [*To ALAN*] He thought it was next Friday . . . Course it's the night, glaikit . . . don't you try that on with me. Phil McCann . . . I don't see your name down here as paid . . . c'mon, stump up.
- PHIL: Have a heart, Sadie. I gave you my last tanner. I'll pay you next month. How's that?
- SADIE: You'll pay me after dinnertime or you'll hand your ticket back. Youse boys get plenty. I'll mark you down for this afternoon.
- SPANKY: You still going, Phil?
- PHIL: Yeah . . . how would I not be?
- SADIE: You've got yours, Spanky . . . aye . . . What about you, Hector son? I don't see your name down here. You giving it a miss this year?
- SPANKY: Course he is . . . his legs would never reach the floor.
- SADIE: D'you not want a ticket, darling?
- HECTOR: Much are they again?
- SADIE: Fifteen shillings single . . . twenty-five double . . .
- HECTOR: I'll take a double.
- SADIE: What??
- HECTOR: I said, I'll take a double.
- SADIE: That's what I thought you said, sweetheart . . . D'you want to pay me now or leave it till after?
- HECTOR: I've got the money here.
- SADIE: Did your mammy come up on the horses? Thanks, son . . . that's your change. See and the both of youse have a lovely time. What about you, flower?
- ALAN: Oh . . . I hadn't thought about it . . .
- SADIE: Well, you always know who's got the tickets. Is that all your cups? I better get a move on . . . them Director's'll be greeting if they don't get their cream cookies. That's just your money to get, Phil McCann . . . right? See youse after . . .

Extract 2 (continued)

[ALAN *holds door open*]

- SADIE: Aw, thanks son . . . you're a gent. [*Exit*]
- PHIL: Aw, Hector . . . you didn't need to go that far. I know we were giving you the needle but you didn't need to go and throw away twenty-five bob on a ticket just to get your own back. We never said your Uncle Bertie was like that . . . Doesn't run in families anyhow . . .
- HECTOR: Not like lunacy . . .
- PHIL: What?
- SPANKY: He said he knows that. [*To HECTOR*] Watch it!
- HECTOR: Youse started it.
- PHIL: Who're you going with anyhow? Anybody we know?
- SPANKY: Yeh, c'mon, give us a clue, Heck. Is it a dame?
- PHIL: Or is it her from the Post Desk with the face like a walnut?
- SPANKY: C'mon, tell us . . .
- PHIL: Yeh . . . who's Miss X?
- HECTOR: Mind your own business.
- PHIL: It's Miss McDonald from the Canteen . . . right?
- SPANKY: Yeh, you're fond of her big cookies, aren't you, kiddo?
- HECTOR: Shut your mug.
- PHIL: Well, if it isn't the lovely Miss Walnut . . .
- SPANKY: And it isn't Miss McDonald with the big cookies . . .
- PHIL: Doesn't leave much to choose from, does it? I think it's a kid-on, what d'you say, Spanks? The Big KO?
- SPANKY: Tell us, Hector . . . please. Please . . . We're begging you.
- PHIL: Put us out of our misery.
- HECTOR: Ach, stop acting the goat, will you? If you must know.
- PHIL:
and
SPANKY: Yes? Yes?
- HECTOR: It's . . .
- PHIL:
and
SPANKY: Yes??
- HECTOR: It's Lucille Bentley.
- SPANKY: What????
- PHIL: Who????
- SPANKY: I don't believe . . . Lucille . . . Lucille Bentley???

Extract 2 (continued)

- PHIL: Lucille would never consider going to the Staffie with you, Hector . . . you're hawering.
- SPANKY: Lucille and . . . ? Never! He's flipped. Have you seen her, Alfie?
- PHIL: She's every Slab Boy's dream . . .
- SPANKY: And she wears these . . .
- PHIL: Yeah.
- SPANKY: When did you ask her, Heck?
- HECTOR: Well, er . . . I . . . er . . .
- PHIL: Where did you get the patter, kiddo?
- SPANKY: Yeh, all of a sudden?
- PHIL: And she said, yeh . . . just like that?
- HECTOR: Well, I haven't actually . . . er . . .
- SPANKY: God, our Hector and Lucille . . . phew . . .
- PHIL: Our Hector . . .
- SPANKY: And Lucille . . .
- HECTOR: God, I'm bursting! [*Exit*]
- PHIL: Wasn't half hiding his light, eh, Spanks?
- SPANKY: Couldn't been all he was hiding . . .
- PHIL: Shhhhhh
- LUCILLE: 'Once I had a secret love . . . that lived within the heart of me . . . All too soon that secret love . . . became impatient to be free . . .' [*Enters*] What one of you greedy gannets's been in at Miss Walkinshaw's lunchpail? Her sandwiches are covered in yellow ochre and her orange is glued to her tomato. [*To ALAN*] Hi. You know she's got a caliper . . .
- SPANKY: Looking forward to the dance, Lucille?
- LUCILE: 'S there any of them dishrags about? Not the clatty ones . . .
- PHIL: Ecco.
- SPANKY: You've . . . er . . . just missed him . . .
- PHIL: Lover boy.
- LUCILLE: Eh?
- SPANKY: The pocket-size Casanova . . . he just went out.
- PHIL: Wee guy . . . about this height. Give us a look at your shoe. [*lifts LUCILLE's foot*]No . . . just wondering if you'd stood on him . . .

Extract 2 (continued)

LUCILLE: What're youse talking about now? [*To ALAN*] Honest to God, see when you come in here it's like trying to find your way through the middle of Gene Vincent's wardrobe with a glow-worm on the end of a stick. [*To PHIL*] Quit talking in riddles. If you've something to say, spit it out. Who is it you're on about?

[*END OF EXTRACT 2*]

[Turn over for Extract 3 on *Page twelve*

Extract 3

- BRIGGS: You know what her problem is, don't you?
- COLIN: [*Trying to keep out of it. Looking out of window.*] Mm?
- BRIGGS: Well, she thinks I can't see through all this woolly-headed liberalism, you know what I mean? I mean, all right, she has her methods, I have mine but I can't see why she has to set herself up as the great champion of the non-academics. Can you? It might look like love and kindness but if you ask me I don't think it does the kids a scrap of good.
- COLIN: Erm . . .
- BRIGGS: I mean, I think you have to risk being disliked if you're going to do any good for these type of kids. They've got enough freedom at home, haven't they, with their two quid pocket money and television till all hours, haven't they? [*pause*] I don't know what you think but I think her philosophy is totally confused. What do you think?
- [BRIGGS *waits for an answer.*]
- COLIN: Actually, I don't think it's got anything to do with a philosophy.
- BRIGGS: What? You mean you haven't noticed all this, sort of, anti-establishment, let the kids roam wild, don't check them attitude?
- COLIN: Of course I've noticed it. But she's like that all the time. This trip isn't organised according to any startling theory.
- BRIGGS: Well what is the method she works to then? I mean, you tell me, you know her better than I do.
- COLIN: The only principle behind today is that the kids should have a good day out.
- BRIGGS: Well that's all I'm saying, but if they're going to have a good and stimulating day then it's got to be planned and executed better than this.
- What's this . . . where are we . . .
- MRS KAY: It's all right, Mr Briggs . . . I've checked it with the Driver. I thought it would be a good idea if we called into the zoo for an hour. We've got plenty of time.
- BRIGGS: But I thought this trip was organised so that the kids could see Conwy Castle.
- MRS KAY: We'll be going to the castle after. [*to the KIDS*] Now listen, everybody. As a sort of extra bonus, we've decided to call in here and let you have an hour at the zoo.
- Cheers.*
- BRIGGS: Look, we can't . . .
- MRS KAY: Now the rest of the staff and myself will be around if you want to know anything about the animals—mind you, there's not much point in asking me, because I don't know one monkey from the next.

Extract 3 (continued)

- REILLY *[shouting from the back]* Apart from Andrews, miss, he's a gorilla.
- MRS KAY: And yourself, Brian, the Orang Utang.
- DIGGA: Don't worry, miss, he's a big baboon.
- MRS KAY: Now let's not have any silly name-calling.
- BRIGGS: *[whispering in MRS KAY'S ear]* Mrs Kay . . .
- MRS KAY: *[ignoring him]* Now as I was saying, I don't know a great deal about the animals but we're very lucky to have Mr Briggs with us because he's something of an expert in natural history. So, if any of you want to know more about the animals you see, Mr Briggs will tell you all about them. Come on, leave your things on the coach.
- KID: Agh, great.
- BRIGGS: . . . and so you can see with those claws it could give you a very nasty mark.
- ANDREWS: An' could it kill y', sir?
- BRIGGS: Well, why do you think it's kept in a pit?
- RONSON: I think that's cruel. Don't you?
- BRIGGS: No. Not if it's treated well. And don't forget it was born in captivity so it won't know any other sort of life.
- RONSON: I'll bet it does, sir.
- GIRL1: How do you know? Sir's just told y' hasn't he? If it was born in a cage an' it's lived all its life in a pit, well, it won't know nothin' else so it won't want nothin' else, will it?
- RONSON: Well, why does it kill people then?
- ANDREWS: What's that got to do with it?
- RONSON: It kills them cos they're cruel to it. They keep it in a pit so when it gets out it's bound to be mad an' wanna kill people. Don't you see?
- ANDREWS: Sir, he's thick. Tell him to shurrup, sir.
- RONSON: I'm not thick. If it lived there all its life it must know, mustn't it, sir?
- BRIGGS: Know what?
- ANDREWS: Sir, he's nuts.
- RONSON: It must know about other ways of living, sir. Y' know, free, like the way people have stopped it livin'. It only kills people cos it's trapped an' people are always stood lookin' at it. If it was free it wouldn't bother people at all.
- BRIGGS: Well, I wouldn't be so sure about that, Ronson.
- ANDREWS: Sir's right. Bears kill y' cos it's in them t' kill y'.
- GIRL2: Agh come on, sir . . . let's go to the Children's Zoo.
- ANDREWS: Let's go to the big ones.
- BRIGGS: It's all right . . . we'll get round them all eventually.

Extract 3 (continued)

- GIRL1: Sir, we goin' to the Children's Zoo then.
- BRIGGS: If you want to.
- GIRL1: Come on.
- [BRIGGS *starts to walk away. The two girls link his arms, one either side. He stops.*]
- BRIGGS: Oh! [*taking their arms away*] Walk properly.
- GIRL2: Agh ey, sir, the other teachers let y' link them.
- [MRS KAY *is with another group. She sees BRIGGS.*]
- MRS KAY: Oh hello. How are you getting on? They plying you with questions?
- BRIGGS: Yes, they've been very good.
- MRS KAY: I'm just going for a cup of coffee. Do you want to join me?
- BRIGGS: Well I was just on my way to the Childrens Zoo with these.
- ANDREWS: It's all right, sir. We'll go on our own.
- MRS KAY: Oh come on. They'll be all right.
- BRIGGS: Well, I don't know if these people can be trusted on their own, Mrs Kay.
- MRS KAY: It's all right, Susan and Colin are walking round and the place is walled in. They'll be all right.
- ANDREWS: Go on, sir. You go an' get a cuppa. Y' can trust us.
- BRIGGS: Ah! Can I though? If I go off for a cup of coffee with Mrs Kay can you people be trusted to act responsibly?
- Chorus of 'Yes, sir'.*
- BRIGGS: All right Mrs Kay. We'll trust them to act responsibly.
- MRS KAY: Come on.

[END OF EXTRACT 3]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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