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X037/11/02

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2012

FRIDAY, 18 MAY
9.00 AM - 10.30 AM

DRAMA
INTERMEDIATE 2

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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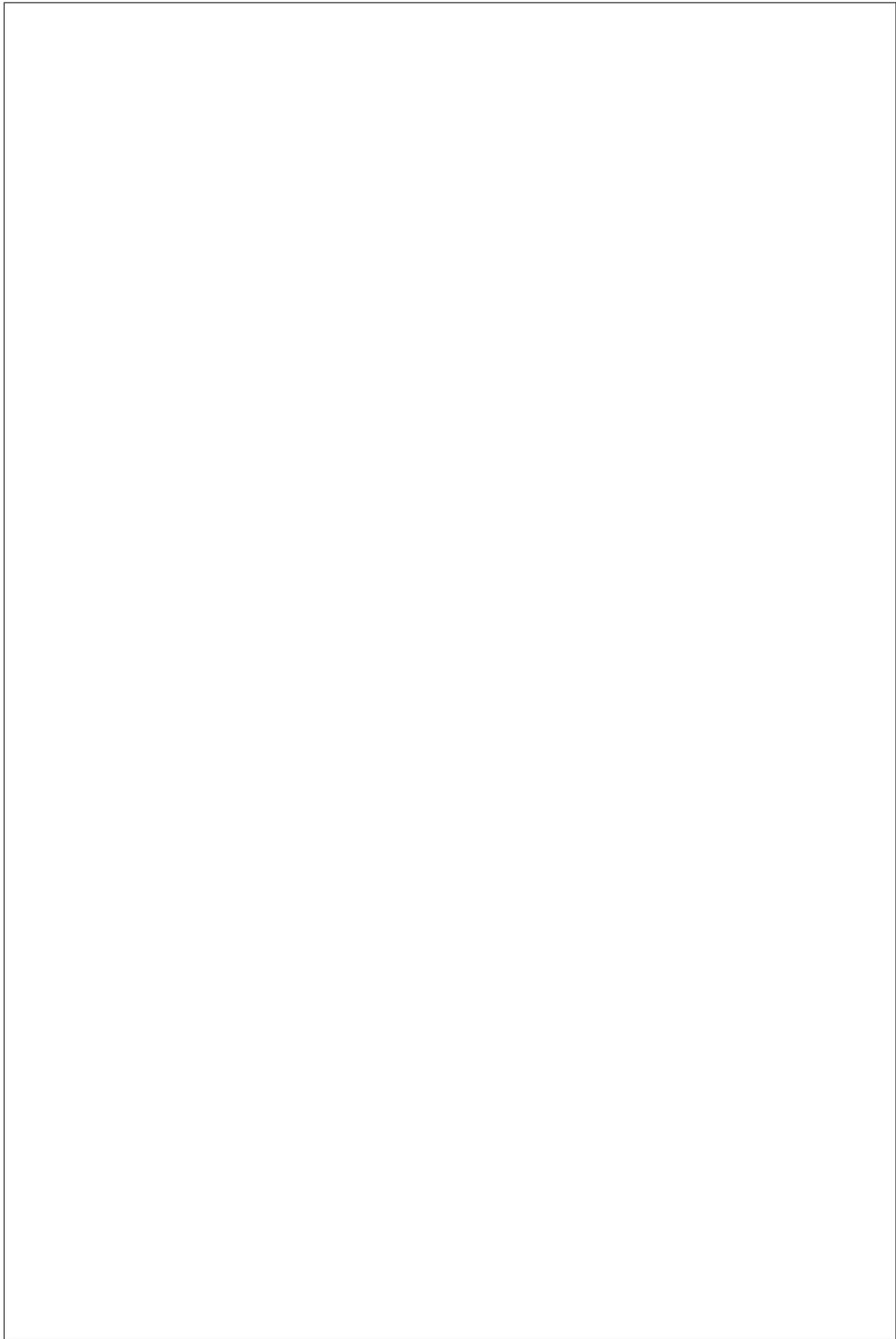
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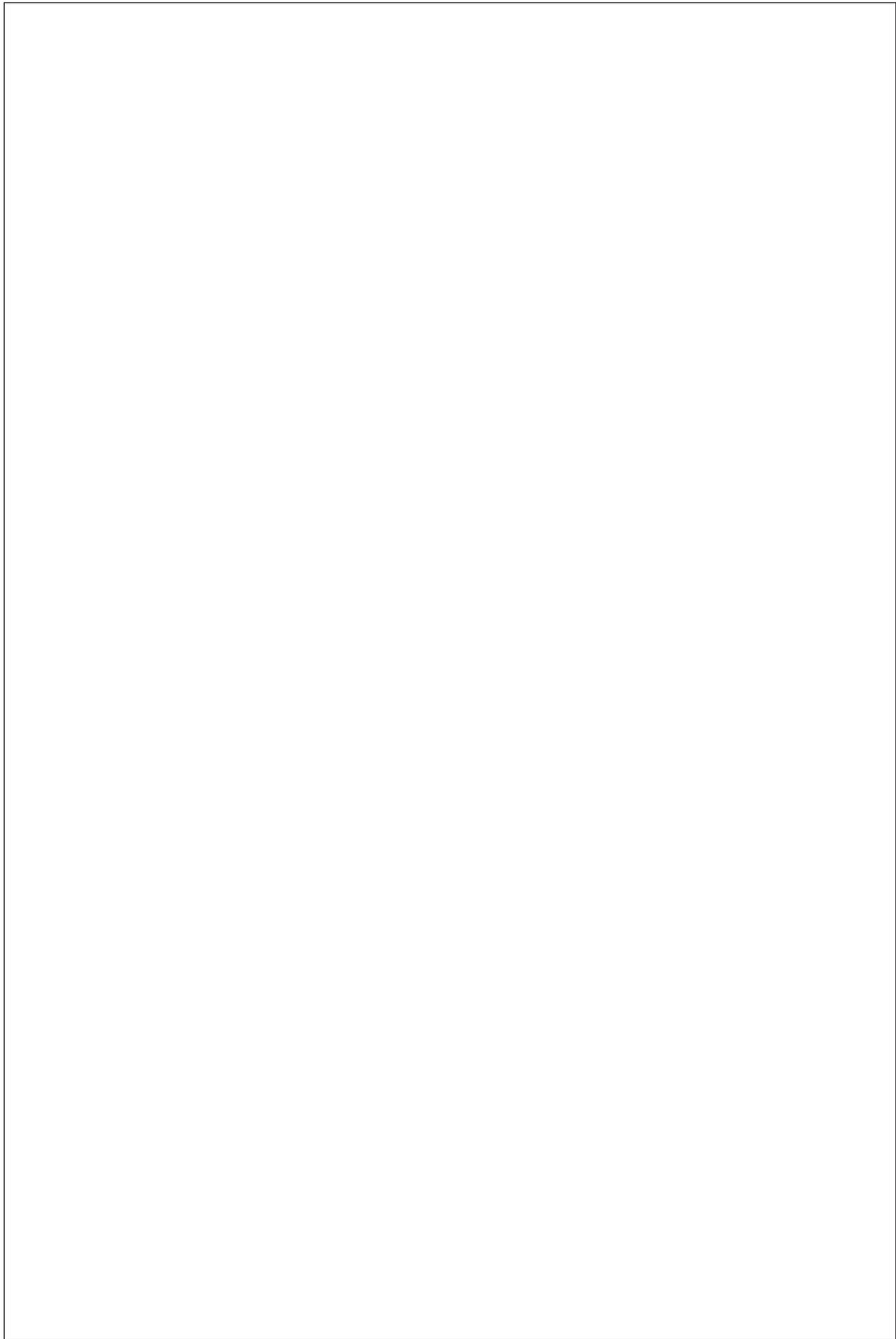
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50 marks are allocated to this paper.

Attempt **all** the questions.







X037/11/12

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2012

FRIDAY, 18 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 2012 examination will take place on **Friday 18 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

- GEORGE: Am I half stupid or are you doing this on purpose? You come on too early. You come on too late. Sometimes you don't come on at all. It seems to depend on the weather . . . or what mood you're in. I don't know! I mean, you're new here, Allan. I'll grant you that. Relatively new. Maybe I haven't quite worked you out. But tell me. A simple yes or no. Are you deliberately undermining me? Have you got something against me?
- ALLAN: You're getting very worked up about this.
- GEORGE: Have you got something against me?
- ALLAN: No.
- GEORGE: Because if you have, you can tell me.
- ALLAN: I've got nothing against you, George.
- GEORGE: Would you have preferred someone else to be the director?
- ALLAN: I can't think of a better director.
- GEORGE: Then, as director, can I remind you that we're going to be performing this play in front of an audience—a real audience, a live audience—one week from now? We've got the stage. We've got the seats. We've sold the tickets.
- ROSE: We haven't sold any tickets.
- GEORGE: Alright. We've given the tickets away. But they've still said they'll come—that's the same thing. They're expecting a performance. [*To* ALLAN.] And you seem to have set out to deliberately sabotage it.
- ALLAN: I came on a few lines early. My attention was wandering, that's all. Specs should have told me. He normally gives me my cue.
- GEORGE: Normally.
- ALLAN: In so far as anything about Specs is normal, yes.
- GEORGE: And where was Specs?
- ALLAN: He was there. [*Pointing.*] He was there . . .
- GEORGE: What was he doing?
- ALLAN: He was doing what he always does . . . at least, when the lights are on. He was reading. He had his head in a book.
- GEORGE: Which book? [*Pause.*] The book of the play?
- ALLAN: Obviously.
- GEORGE: He was reading the lines?
- ALLAN: Yes.
- GEORGE: Did he know what was going on?
- ALLAN: I suppose so. Why don't you ask him?
- GEORGE: I will ask him. I'll ask him now. [*Calling.*] Specs!
Specs doesn't come.

Extract 1 (continued)

ROSE: He's not coming.

GEORGE: Give him time.
Specs still doesn't come. Everyone is looking offstage.

ALLAN: We could be here all week.

GEORGE: You just have to be patient.

ALLAN: He's not moving.

GEORGE: He's got slow reactions.

ALLAN: Well, it's your rehearsal. But I should just point out that, at this rate, we're not even going to get to the next scene.

GEORGE: [*losing it*] Specs! Will you get out here!
At last Specs arrives. He is in charge of prompting and carries an ancient, hard-cover edition of the play with loose pages. He is not in costume. His glasses are hideously thick, distorting his eyes. Specs is a mess. He has a terrible stammer. But when he reads from books, he can speak normally.

SPECS: Yes, George?

ROSE: Look at him. You've frightened him. He's shaking like a leaf.

ALLAN: None of the leaves in this place ever shake.

ROSE: That's because they're made out of plastic. It's a Health and Safety measure.

ALLAN: I've never felt healthy here. Or particularly safe.

ROSE: Come here, Specs. I'll look after you.

ALLAN: Physical contact isn't allowed.

ROSE: I'm offering him proximity. It's not the same.

GEORGE: Specs. Listen to me. No one's going to hurt you. There's just one thing I want to know. Are you looking after Allan?

SPECS: Yes, George.

GEORGE: But you didn't give him his cue.

SPECS: No.

GEORGE: Why didn't you give him his cue?

SPECS: Because it wasn't the right time.

GEORGE: That's a good answer. That's the right answer. [*To ALLAN.*] He couldn't give you the cue because it wasn't your cue. So why are you trying to blame him?

ALLAN: I'm not trying to blame anyone.

GEORGE: Specs has been here longer than any of us. Specs knows what he's doing. You just have to trust him.

ALLAN: I do trust him.

Extract 1 (continued)

- GEORGE: You think he's dysfunctional.
- ALLAN: I never said that.
- GEORGE: He is dysfunctional. He's got a certificate to prove it. But he knows what he's doing. And he's body and soul behind this play. Aren't you, Specs?
Specs tries to speak but can't articulate.
- ALLAN: Out of interest, and with all respect, why did you choose him to be the prompter?
- GEORGE: I didn't choose him. He volunteered.
- ALLAN: He could have played Algernon. He could still play Algernon. He knows all the lines. And—correct me if I've got this wrong but—he's got this stammer when he talks but he doesn't stammer when he reads, so wouldn't he be better out here performing?
- GEORGE: That's not possible.
- ALLAN: Why not?
- GEORGE: He gets stage fright.
- ALLAN: He's scared of a lot of things.
- GEORGE: That's true. But he's not had an easy life. He was bullied when he was young.
- ALLAN: We were all bullied when we were young.
- GEORGE: Yeah—but for him it started in the maternity ward. His mother rejected him. Even the nurses didn't want to know. The other babies used to gang up on him and steal his pacifier. Nineteen years later and his mother's still got post-natal depression. You can't blame her. The only friends he's ever had have been in this place and we don't much like him either.
- ROSE: I think he's alright.
- GEORGE: Rose, there's nothing alright about Specs. Why are you pretending otherwise?
- ROSE: I'm just trying to be kind.
- GEORGE: If you want to be kind, you'll get back to the scene and let him get back to the wings. That's what he likes. It's being out of sight, isn't it, Specs?
- SPECS: Yes, George.
- GEORGE: Right then. Shall we take it from the top?
- ALLAN: Do we have to?
- GEORGE: Okay. We'll take it from the middle.
- ALLAN: Suppose we take it from where we left off?
- ROSE: Wait a minute. Wait a minute . . .
- GEORGE: What is it now, Rose?
- ROSE: Can I ask you something?

Extract 1 (continued)

GEORGE: Can't it wait?

ROSE: No. It's something I don't understand.

GEORGE: [*exasperated*] Go on.

ROSE: It's about this handbag.

GEORGE: The handbag.

ROSE: Yes.

GEORGE: What about it?

ROSE: I was just wondering how big it was. I mean, how would you fit in?

GEORGE: Well, it was a big handbag. In those days, women had big handbags.

ROSE: Those days.

GEORGE: When the play was written.

ROSE: When was that?

GEORGE: I don't know. Ask Specs. He was the one who found it.

ROSE: Specs?

SPECS: Eighteen nine—
His stammer is so bad, he can't finish the date.

GEORGE: [*interrupting*] It doesn't matter when it was written. It was a long time ago.

ALLAN: And it's by Oscar Wilde.

GEORGE: [*pleasantly surprised*] That's right.

ALLAN: He wore a green carnation. He was Irish. He wrote plays. And he was queer.

ROSE: He wasn't a queer. He was gay. There's nothing wrong with that.

ALLAN: I know his sort.

ROSE: There's no need for negative stereotyping.

ALLAN: His name was Oscar Wilde and he liked boys. He liked working-class boys. He took them back to his place and he took advantage of them. What am I supposed to call him?

ROSE: A homosexual. From the Greek.

ALLAN: From the Greek . . . what? What he did or what he called it?

SPECS: Both.

ALLAN: It makes me sick. If you ask me, they shouldn't have allowed him out to write comedies. They should have put him in jail.

SPECS: They— [*Trying to tell ALLAN what they did.*]

[END OF EXTRACT 1]

[Turn over for Extract 2 on *Page eight*

Extract 2

[*There is a pause.*]

Life grows simpler. One day I shall decide to give up this luxury of pushing air in and out of myself. A day or two later I shall say to myself: What? Still here? Still? Not even that? *What*, then? What? Is nothing essential . . . ?

1ST: Bones are one thing; breathing is another . . .

2ND: So you say . . .

[*There is a silence. The three sit, ruminating. The TRAVELLER and the GIRL appear. They stand at the entrance, looking at the three figures sitting motionless, a pathetic statuesque group. After a while the WOMAN looks up, turns her head and sees the TRAVELLER.*]

TRAVELLER: Don't be afraid, I'm your son.

[*She makes no response, but sits looking at him. The 1ST MAN jumps to his feet.*]

1ST: Didn't I tell you! I told you! The prisoners. They're back [*with tears in his eyes*]. Didn't I tell you? . . . [*to the WOMAN*] Well? Well?

[*She gets up and faces the TRAVELLER.*]

WOMAN: My . . . son?

TRAVELLER: Don't you remember? Don't you remember that boy you sent out with a light in his eyes? And a song on his lips? And a hope in his heart? Don't you remember?

WOMAN: I don't know . . . I'm not sure . . . Wait . . . Yes, wait . . . I think . . .

2ND: We have no son.

[*They look at him. He remains seated.*]

1ST: My dear chap . . .

2ND: We have no son. Get out and leave us alone.

[*The WOMAN turns to him.*]

WOMAN: What are you saying . . . ? Would you take this from me too? You pretend things have always been like this, but I know better. I have memories. Not many, but some, odd scraps. It wasn't always like this . . . Trees, do you deny there were trees? The world was full of things, full. I only have to remember them . . . Wait. Already, you see, already I remember something else. The sounds of the trees—Not leaves, something besides leaves. Birds. *Birds.*

2ND: No.

1ST: Birds?

WOMAN: Do you deny there were birds? [*To the TRAVELLER.*] Give me time, just give me time. I'll remember everything.

2ND: There were no birds!

Extract 2 (continued)

- WOMAN: I remember . . .
- 2ND We've lived long enough without birds. Why complicate things? There are no birds, there are no trees, we have no son, still we live. *Still. What do you want?* To get them back, to lose them again? We live, that's enough. Let that be an end of it.
- TRAVELLER: It's not enough.
- 2ND: We live.
- TRAVELLER: It isn't enough just to *live*.
- 2ND: Enough for me.
- TRAVELLER: This?
- 2ND: I live. Do I not? . . . Can you do more?
- TRAVELLER: Yes.
- 2ND: Then go and do it somewhere else.
- 1ST: My dear chap, what are you saying?
- 2ND: I'm saying I am not interested.
- 1ST: But—*progress*. My dear chap, *progress* . . . He's here to help us . . .
[*The 2ND MAN puts his hands over his face and begins to shake.*]
- TRAVELLER: What's the matter with him?
- 1ST: Laughing . . . He'll stop.
- 2ND: Help me to do what? Breathe? Look. See. I'm breathing already. He's too late. Stand up on my legs? But I'm on my legs. Look, here I am. [*Getting up*] What, then. What more? To breathe twice as fast? To stand on only *one* leg? Will you teach me to fly?
[*He shakes.*]
What then? What? What? What?
[*The TRAVELLER says nothing.*]
- WOMAN: There were other things, all sorts of things . . .
- 2ND: There were other things. And we lived. Now there's nothing. And we live . . . I am not going through all that again!! Get out! Leave us alone. We don't want you! don't you understand?
[*There is a pause.*]
Yes, I remember. I remember everything. And I am not going through all that again!!
[*He turns to the TRAVELLER.*]
I'll tell you my ambition.
[*He shakes a moment.*]

Extract 2 (continued)

- 2ND : I'll tell you my ambition. To stand, here, where I am, with my eyes closed, until I wish to sit down, and then to sit, there, with my eyes closed, until I wish to lie down, and then to lie, there, and sleep until I can say: Here I am at the beginning of another day; only a few hours, only a few hours and I shall be at the end of this day too, somehow, I don't know how, somehow . . . That's all I ask. Take your complications elsewhere. Try next door. Teach someone else to fly! Not me!! Not me!!
- [*A pause.*]
- Leave us alone for the love of . . . !
- 1ST: He doesn't mean it. He's, he's . . .
- [*The TRAVELLER turns to go.*]
- You're not going! Listen. I agree. I agree with you. I'll help. I'll come with you . . . Tomorrow . . .
- TRAVELLER: [*quietly*] You stupid bastards. Do you think you have any choice?
- [*The TRAVELLER looks at him, and goes out, leaving them standing, statuesque. The GIRL is waiting; the TRAVELLER comes up to her.*]
- GIRL: Are we going? Can we go now?
- TRAVELLER: We'd better find somewhere to sleep. Tomorrow we'll start.
- GIRL: Start what?
- TRAVELLER: Building. Again. Come on.
- [*They begin to walk off. There is a growl, and a pattering of feet. The GIRL screams, terrified, as the dog rushes at the man. There is a scuffle. The TRAVELLER raises his clenched fists again and again bringing them down with all his force. The WOMAN gives a kind of scream from the house. There is silence, except for the TRAVELLER'S panting as he looks down at the dog.*]
- [*The WOMAN stands at the entrance, staring out into the night.*]
- WOMAN: Nemmy . . . Nemmy . . . They've killed him. They've killed my dog . . . They've killed my dog . . .
- [*He walks off with the GIRL.*]
- [*The TRAVELLER and the GIRL. The TRAVELLER is looking across the city.*]
- GIRL: I'm tired.
- TRAVELLER: Just a moment. Just give me a moment . . .
- GIRL: They don't want you, do they? Then why stay here? I don't need anyone else. I've put myself in your hands. You can do whatever you like with me. You can kill me, when you feel like it . . . Isn't that enough for you? Isn't it possible for people to live on their own?

Extract 2 (continued)

TRAVELLER: No . . .

GIRL: Are you crying again?

TRAVELLER: No.

GIRL: Then what's the matter?

TRAVELLER: I'd forgotten what it would be like.

GIRL: What?

TRAVELLER: Do you know how long it'll take to build this city? And it may happen again. And again. And again . . .

[*Pause.*]

GIRL: How long have there been people?

TRAVELLER: Not long . . .

GIRL: I'm tired.

TRAVELLER: I'm coming.

[*He turns to her; she puts her arms round his waist, and they begin to walk off. He stops, and looks round.*]

We can use these stones.

GIRL: Tomorrow

[*Together they walk off.*]

[*END OF EXTRACT 2*]

[**Turn over for Extract 3 on Page twelve**]

Extract 3

- BELL-BELL: Maybe you felt free because your father died.
- GWENDA: What an extraordinary thing to say! I loved Daddy more than life itself. No, I was spiritually healed. Dear, Les. He's in Soweto now, the natives adore him.
- KATRINA: Not long to go now—his brain went.
- GWENDA: Daddy left his money to the Queen Mother, but Clarence House wrote to our solicitor and graciously gave it back to his next of kin, which was me. I decided to devote myself to the poor and ignorant . . .
- KATRINA: Cheek!
- GWENDA: . . . as a sort of memorial to Daddy.
- BELL-BELL: And you turned to religion?
- GWENDA: Oh, I could no more do without my religion than I could do without my continental quilt. [*Coaxingly.*] Bell-Bell, let me lay my hands on you.
- BELL-BELL: [*firmly*] No thanks. No mumbo-jumbo. That sort of thing doesn't last. I want to get out and stay out.
- GWENDA: How about you, Kat?
- KATRINA: It didn't work last time.
- GWENDA: But I'm getting better all the time, Kat. Yesterday I found a broken-winged sparrow on my compost heap and do you know, within half an hour of my stroking its little fluttering wing, it had flown away over Acton as if it had never had a day's illness in its life.
- KATRINA: All right you can do it, but don't press down so hard this time.
- KATRINA *kneels in front of GWENDA who throws back her head in rapture.*
GWENDA *lays both hands on KATRINA's head.*
- GWENDA: Dear Lord. Thank you for allowing Katrina and Bell-Bell to leave their homes. They beg for forgiveness for their sins . . .
- BELL-BELL: I certainly don't. [*She busies herself with rummage.*]
- GWENDA: I speak to you as a dear friend, a Christian, one of a despised minority. Yes, I'm a Christian, Lord and I'm proud of it, Lord.
- BELL-BELL: [*ironic*] Hallelujah!
- KATRINA: Yes, Hallelujah!
- GWENDA: I'm no last-minute, death-bed convert.
- BELL-BELL: No, Sir!
- GWENDA: I'm a twenty-four hour, round-the-clock Christian!
- BELL-BELL: Yes, Siree!
- GWENDA: And Katrina's trying, Lord, she's trying.
- BELL-BELL: She's very trying, Lord.
- KATRINA: Bell-Bell! This is *my* prayer!

Extract 3 (continued)

BELL-BELL *laughs and turns back.*

GWENDA: Heal her, Lord, heal her. Free her from this curse. Send down your all powerful love.

KATRINA: Oh Barry!

GWENDA: Enfold her in your all powerful arms.

KATRINA: Barry, take me in your arms.

GWENDA: Fill her with your love.

KATRINA: Fill me, Barry.

GWENDA: Take possession of her, Lord!

KATRINA: Possess me, Barry, possess me!

GWENDA: I can feel it coming, Kat!

She makes one last effort as if passing a huge turd.

KATRINA: Gwenda! You're pulling my hair!

FLISS *enters and crosses to BELL-BELL.*

FLISS: What's going on?

BELL-BELL: Spiritual healing.

FLISS: Acton's answer to Saint Francis of Assisi. [*She giggles.*] Gwenda! Gwenda!

GWENDA: [*With a shuddering sigh, her body limp, arms hanging.*] I'm sorry, Kat. It's no good I can't concentrate, not with an atheist in the room.

FLISS: Gwenda, come and help me with Margaret. She can't get out of the car, she says her legs have gone.

GWENDA: Then you'll have to take her home, we haven't got time to look after invalids.

FLISS: She'll be fine in a few minutes, she's just worked herself up into a state.

GWENDA *doesn't move.*

Come on, Gwenda! She's feeling sick and she's sitting in your car, on your sheepskin seat covers!

GWENDA: She's causing trouble before she's stepped foot in the place and we were having such a lovely time.

FLISS *and GWENDA go out. A siren is heard. KATRINA and BELL-BELL stand at the door and look out.*

KATRINA: Have you met Margaret Gittings?

BELL-BELL: Not face to face. We ring each other up.

KATRINA: Why don't you ring me up?

BELL-BELL: I do, sometimes. Your phone's engaged a lot.

KATRINA: I know, I ring dial a disc until I've learnt the words.

Extract 3 (continued)

Pause. BELL-BELL looks out of the door.

BELL-BELL: What did you think of the streets?

KATRINA: What streets?

BELL-BELL: The streets outside.

KATRINA: I didn't look at them, I counted Maurice's dandruff instead. He makes me sit in the back of the car in case we have an accident.

BELL-BELL: [*quietly*] The streets are awful—awful. I don't know how people can bear to walk about in them.

There is laughter offstage, shouts, then GWENDA and FLISS enter carrying MARGARET between them. KATRINA sits down on the piano stool. She turns her back. MARGARET is a working-class woman. She has a loud voice and an assertive manner.

MARGARET: Which one is Bell-Bell?

BELL-BELL: It's me.

MARGARET: Me legs have gone, Bell-Bell. Thought I was doing all right.

GWENDA raises her eyebrows.

Put me down then!

FLISS: Where do you want to be?

MARGARET: Floor'll do.

They put her down under the crucifix. She lies on her back, then sits up and sees the crucifix.

Christ Almighty, look at that! Puts the fear of God in you, don't it?

GWENDA: It's meant to.

MARGARET: Well, I did it! I bleedin' well did it!

GWENDA: Did what?

MARGARET: Well, I did it! I bleedin' [*She starts to break down.*] I ain't been further than putting the milk bottles out for bleedin' years. Now here I am, half a mile away, at a bleedin' rummage sale. [*She tries to control herself.*]

BELL-BELL: I'm glad to see you, Margaret. I couldn't have come without you.

MARGARET: Don't start me off, Bell-Bell. [*She cries.*] She always starts me off she does. It's a wonder I ain't been electrocuted before now. I only have to hear her voice on the phone and I'm off.

KATRINA: Phones don't run on electricity.

MARGARET: You're Katrina, ain't you?

KATRINA: What if I am?

MARGARET: You look like Shirley bleedin' Temple.

GWENDA: Can you get up now, Margaret? We need the floor.

Extract 3 (continued)

- MARGARET: You ain't selling the floorboards, are you? [*She laughs.*]
- GWENDA: [*to FLISS*] What did I tell you?
- FLISS: [*laughing*] See if you can stand up, eh?
- BELL-BELL and FLISS help MARGARET up until she stands with their support.
- MARGARET: I can't yet, not on my own. Put me down on a chair.
- FLISS: Gwenda.
- GWENDA: What?
- FLISS: A chair.
- GWENDA: [*Fetching a chair*] Paralysis is quite common amongst hysterics.
- MARGARET: Who's hysterical?
- GWENDA: You are.
- MARGARET: If anybody's hysterical, it's you.
- GWENDA: I am *not* hysterical!
- MARGARET: Well you make me laugh. [*She laughs loudly.*]
- GWENDA: Are you going to sit around all day?
- MARGARET: I hope not, I want to have a good look through the rummage, get myself a new winter wardrobe together. Specially now I'm making public appearances. [*She looks at KATRINA's show-biz dresses.*] Them Shirley Bassey dresses for sale?
- KATRINA: Only to good homes. They've been all over the country those dresses.
- GWENDA: But it's time you let them go, isn't it, Kat? After what happened in Leicester.
- MARGARET: What happened in Leicester?
- KATRINA: [*alarmed*] Gwenda, don't!
- KATRINA and GWENDA look at each other.
- MARGARET: 'ere Fliss; will you bring my stuff in?
- FLISS: Yes. Katrina and Bell-Bell can help me. Come on.
- KATRINA: We can't go outside.
- BELL-BELL: Is it just to the car?
- FLISS: It's only a few yards.
- BELL-BELL: Will you come with us?
- FLISS: I'll walk to the car with you and you can walk back together.
- BELL-BELL: All right.
- KATRINA: I'm not going out there. [*She goes to GWENDA.*] I can only go outside with Maurice or Gwenda, nobody else.

Extract 3 (continued)

GWENDA: [to FLISS] It's early days yet.

FLISS: Four and a half years is not early days! Come on, Katrina, you'll be with me and Bell-Bell.

BELL-BELL: Isabel. [*She walks to the door.*]

FLISS: You're not coming, Katrina?

KATRINA: No.

BELL-BELL: Gwenda started calling me Bell-bell, but it's not my name. It's Isabel.
FLISS and BELL-BELL go out. *There is a long pause.*

MARGARET: Why didn't you pick me up, Gwenda?

GWENDA: I knocked three times.

MARGARET: You're a bleedin' liar! I stood at my window all morning waiting and you didn't come. I sent our Darren out to look for you, thought you might have been hijacked. Why didn't you want me to come?

KATRINA: It's because you're a troublemaker.

MARGARET: Look here, chocolate box, the only trouble I've caused for the last fifteen years has been to myself. I ain't been nowhere to cause trouble.

GWENDA: Until today.

MARGARET: Yeah, until today.
FLISS enters carrying carrier bags.

FLISS: Where did you get all these toys from Margaret?

MARGARET: They're my Darren's. 'e ain't touched 'em for years. He's a hard little bleeder, now. It's all Doc Martins and tennis ball haircuts now. Still least he keeps himself clean. [*She sees BELL-BELL entering carrying a toy garage.*] Here's our Isabel! [*She slaps her legs.*] Come on you bleeders, move!

GWENDA: Would you like me to lay my hands on you?

MARGARET: No thank you, I ain't bleedin' Lazarus. It's only me nerves.
MARGARET gets up to go to BELL-BELL and takes the garage off her.
Congratulations, Isabel on having the bottle to get out there on your own.

BELL-BELL: It wasn't for long.

MARGARET: It's a start, innit?

FLISS: Well done, Isabel.

MARGARET: Have a fag, Bell?

BELL-BELL: I shouldn't—but I will.

KATRINA: It's no smoking in here by order of the church.

Extract 3 (continued)

MARGARET: [*Turning notice back to front.*] Well smoking's allowed now by order of me. [*She looks at the crucifix.*] He wouldn't mind, dead neurotic he was, if fag's 'ad been around when he was alive, he'd 'ave been on sixty a day.

GWENDA: Our Lord would not have allowed a cigarette to touch his lips. And he was *not* neurotic.

MARGARET: 'Course he was. Hearin' voices in his head. Wandering about in the bleedin' desert. They'd lock the poor bleeder up nowadays and give him electric shocks.

GWENDA: Margaret, as a practising Christian . . .

MARGARET: Well keep on practising, Gwenda.

GWENDA: I can't stand here and take that lying down! Our Lord—

MARGARET: [*cutting in*] He's your Lord, not mine.

GWENDA: He'd be yours if you let him. We all need something.

Rummage sale opera. After the opera the WOMEN take their places behind their own area of table. GWENDA looks at her watch and stands by the door as if to open it on the stroke of two.

The opera:

ALL: One pound, two pounds, three pounds, four pounds, do you think, maybe I could ask for more? It's just that this one's ten p, that one's twenty-five and this one's torn so fifteen's plenty.

FLISS: *Beano, Dandy* come in handy
When you're in regression.

BELL-BELL: Plastic flowers last for hours
Cheery for depression

KATRINA: Sequins, spangles, furs and bangles
Pretty compensation

MARGARET: [*playing with toys*] Dolly, teddy, getting ready
For a conversation

GWENDA: Cardigans and panties
Dressing-gowns and hankies
Underskirts and trousers
Overalls and blouses

FLISS: *Kevin Keegan's Life* and
How to be a Wife and
Ten of Enid Blyton
Kids have used to write in

BELL-BELL: Candlesticks and toastrack

GWENDA: Buttons off this old mac

MAGARET: Action Man keeps falling
He's on his knees and crawling
Supposed to be a hero
His sex appeal is zero

Extract 3 (continued)

GWENDA: Denim jeans and shirts
Dirty mini-skirts
Stained and smelly knickers

MARGARET: They must be the vicar's

FLISS: Murder Mysteries, Katy Did
Little Sisters, A to Z
Barbara Cartland's here to see
If there's honey left for tea

ALL: Knives and forks and coloured chalks
Caps and coats and broken boats
To be offered to the poor
Pray they'll pour in through the door

GWENDA: Guard the saucers with your life
Bell-Bell careful with that knife
Margaret take it seriously

KATRINA: Gwenda, I'm sure I've caught a flea
There is a knock on the door.

COMPANY: Door!
Oh!
No!
Help!

GWENDA *throws open the doors.*

[END OF EXTRACT 3]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

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