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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 adjacent to your chosen textual extract.
- 5 Answers to Section C should be written in the space provided on Pages 58 to 63. 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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*Marks*

*ANTIGONE*—Sophocles

CREON: Old man—all of you! So,  
you shoot your arrows at my head like archers at the target—  
I even have *him* loosed on me, this fortune-teller.  
Oh his ilk has tried to sell me short  
and ship me off for years. Well,  
drive your bargains, traffic—much as you like—  
in the gold of India, silver-gold of Sardis.  
You'll never bury that body in the grave,  
not even if Zeus's eagles rip the corpse  
and wing their rotten pickings off to the throne of god!  
Never, not even in fear of such defilement  
will I tolerate his burial, that traitor.  
Well I know, we can't defile the gods—  
no mortal has the power.

No,  
reverend old Tiresias, all men fall,  
it's only human, but the wisest fall obscenely  
when they glorify obscene advice with rhetoric—  
all for their own gain.

TIRESIAS: Oh god, is there a man alive  
who knows, who actually believes . . .

CREON: What now?  
What earth-shattering truth are you about to utter?

TIRESIAS: . . . just how much a sense of judgement, wisdom  
is the greatest gift we have?

CREON: Just as much, as I'd say,  
as a twisted mind is the worst affliction known.

TIRESIAS: You are the one who's sick, Creon, sick to death.

CREON: I am in no mood to trade insults with a seer.

TIRESIAS: You have already, calling my prophecies a lie.

CREON: Why not?  
You and the whole breed of seers are mad for money!

TIRESIAS: And the whole race of tyrants lusts for filthy gain.

CREON: This slander of yours—  
are you aware you're speaking to the king?

TIRESIAS: Well aware. Who helped you save the city?

CREON: You—  
you have your skills, old seer, but you lust for injustice!

TIRESIAS: You will drive me to utter the dreadful secret in my heart.

CREON: Spit it out! Just don't speak it out for profit.

TIRESIAS: Profit? No, not a bit of profit, not for you.

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

*ANTIGONE—Sophocles (continued)*

CREON: Know full well, you'll never buy off my resolve.

TIRESIAS: Then know this too, learn this by heart!  
The chariot of the sun will not race through  
so many circuits more, before you have surrendered  
one born of your own loins, your own flesh and blood,  
a corpse for corpses given in return, since you have thrust  
to the world below a child sprung for the world above,  
ruthlessly lodged a living soul within the grave—  
then you've robbed the gods below the earth,  
keeping a dead body here in the bright air,  
unburied, unsung, unhallowed by the rites.

You, you have no business with the dead,  
nor do the gods above—this is violence  
you have forced upon the heavens.  
And so the avengers, the dark destroyers late  
but true to the mark, now lie in wait for you,  
the Furies sent by the gods and the god of death  
to strike you down with the pains that you perfected!

There. Reflect on that, tell me I've been bribed.  
The day comes soon, no long test of time, not now,  
when the mourning cries for men and women break  
throughout your halls. Great hatred rises against you—  
cities in tumult, all whose mutilated sons  
the dogs have graced with burial, or the wild beasts  
or a wheeling crow that wings the ungodly stench of carrion  
back to each city, each warrior's hearth and home.

These arrows for your heart! Since you've raked me  
I loose them like an archer in my anger,  
arrows deadly true. You'll never escape  
their burning, searing force.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare

- VIOLA: Most sweet lady—
- OLIVIA: A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?
- VIOLA: In Orsino's bosom.
- OLIVIA: In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?
- VIOLA: To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
- OLIVIA: O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?
- VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face.
- OLIVIA: Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done?
- VIOLA: Excellently done—if God did all.
- OLIVIA: 'Tis in grain, sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.
- VIOLA: 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.  
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.
- OLIVIA: O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will. As, item: two lips, indifferent red; item: two grey eyes, with lids to them; item: one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?
- VIOLA: I see you what you are, you are too proud.  
But if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you—O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned  
The nonpareil of beauty!
- OLIVIA: How does he love me?
- VIOLA: With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
- OLIVIA: Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him.  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,  
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.  
He might have took his answer long ago.
- VIOLA: If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
I would not understand it.

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



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

**Mark**

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen

- PASTOR MANDERS: Ah, but I'm not talking about bachelor establishments. By a home, I mean family life, where a man lives with his wife and children.
- OSVALD : Yes, or with his children and his children's mother.
- PASTOR MANDERS: But good heavens . . . !
- OSVALD : Well?
- PASTOR MANDERS: Lives with—with his children's mother?
- OSVALD : Yes. Would you rather he abandoned his children's mother?
- PASTOR MANDERS: So these are illicit relationships you're referring to? What are known as "irregular unions".
- OSVALD: I've never noticed anything particularly irregular about these people's lives together.
- PASTOR MANDERS: But how could a young man or a young woman with any sort of decent upbringing bear to live like that—and quite openly, too?
- OSVALD: But what else can they do—a poor young artist or a young girl? It costs a good deal of money to get married. What are they to do?
- PASTOR MANDERS: What are they to do? Well, Mr Alving, I'll tell you what they can do. They should keep away from each other from the beginning, that's what they should do.
- OSVALD: That sort of advice wouldn't get you very far with warm-blooded young lovers.
- MRS ALVING: No, it wouldn't.
- PASTOR MANDERS: And to think that the authorities permit such things—allow them to go on quite openly! How right I was to be so deeply concerned about your son! In circles where open immorality is accepted—and even honoured—
- OSVALD: Let me tell you something, Pastor: I often used to spend Sunday at some of these "irregular" homes—
- PASTOR MANDERS: On Sunday, too!
- OSVALD: Yes, the day when one should relax—but I've never heard an objectionable word, and certainly never seen anything that could be called immoral. No, but do you know when I *have* come across immorality in artistic circles?
- PASTOR MANDERS: No, thank heaven!
- OSVALD: Let me tell you, then: I've met it when one or two of your model husbands and fathers have come abroad to have a little look round on their own account, and have done the artists the honour of calling on them in their humble lodgings. Then we learned a thing or two; those gentlemen could tell us about places and things we'd never dreamed of.
- PASTOR MANDERS: What? Do you mean to tell me that respectable men from here would . . .
- OSVALD: Haven't you ever heard these respectable men, when they got home again, holding forth about how rampant immorality is abroad?

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

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

- PASTOR MANDERS: Yes, of course.
- MRS ALVING: I have, too.
- OSVALD: Well, you can take their word for it—some of them are experts! Oh, I can't bear to hear the wonderful, free life over there degraded like that!
- MRS ALVING: You mustn't get so excited, Oswald, it only upsets you.
- OSVALD: No, you're right, Mother, it isn't good for me. It's because I'm so infernally tired, you see. I'll go out and have a little walk before lunch. Forgive me, Mr Manders; I know you can never agree with me about it, but I had to speak out.
- MRS ALVING: My poor boy!
- PASTOR MANDERS: You may well say that! So this is what he's come to! He called himself the Prodigal Son . . . oh, the pity of it—the pity of it! And what have you to say to all that?
- MRS ALVING: I say that Oswald was right in every single word.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Right? Right to have standards like that?
- MRS ALVING: Living all alone here, I've come to think along those same lines, Mr Manders, though I've never had the courage to put it into words. Now, thank goodness, my boy can speak for me.
- PASTOR MANDERS: You are much to be pitied, Mrs Alving. But now I must have a serious talk with you. I'm not here now as your man of business and adviser, nor even as your late husband's old friend. I stand here as a priest; just as I stood before you at the most critical moment of your life.
- MRS ALVING: And what has the priest to say to me?
- PASTOR MANDERS: First let me refresh your memory. This is an appropriate moment—tomorrow is the tenth anniversary of your husband's death. Tomorrow a memorial is to be unveiled in his honour; tomorrow I shall have to speak to all the assembled company. But today I want to speak to you alone.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST*—Oscar Wilde

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: [*to GWENDOLEN*] 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.

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.

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.

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

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

- 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.
- LADY BRACKNELL: Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr. Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice . . . as far as any improvement in his ailment goes. I should be much obliged if you would ask Mr. Bunbury, from me, to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday, for I rely on you to arrange my music for me. It is my last reception, and one wants something that will encourage conversation, particularly at the end of the season when every one has practically said whatever they had to say, which, in most cases, was probably not much.
- ALGERNON: I'll speak to Bunbury, Aunt Augusta, if he is still conscious, and I think I can promise you he'll be alright by Saturday. Of course the music is a great difficulty. You see, if one plays good music, people don't listen, and if one plays bad music people don't talk. But I'll run over the programme I've drawn out, if you will kindly come into the next room for a moment.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN*—Bertolt Brecht

- THE COOK: It's all dark, nobody up yet.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Except it's parson's house. Have to crawl out of bed to ring bells. Then he'll have hot soup.
- THE COOK: What from when whole village is burnt, we seen it.
- MOTHER COURAGE: It's lived in, though, dog was barking.
- THE COOK: S'pose parson's got, he'll give nowt.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Maybe if we sing . . .
- THE COOK: I've had enough. Got a letter from Utrecht saying mother died of cholera and inn's mine. Here's letter if you don't believe me. No business of yours the way aunty goes on about my mode of existence, but have a look.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Lamb, I'm too tired of always being on the go. I feel like butcher's dog, dragging meat round customers and getting nowt off it. I got nowt left to sell, and folk got nowt left to buy nowt with. Saxony a fellow in rags tried landing me a stack of old books for two eggs, Württemberg they wanted to swap their plough for a titchy bag of salt. What's to plough for? Nowt growing no more, just brambles. In Pomerania villages are s'posed to have started in eating the younger kids, and nuns have been caught sticking folk up.
- THE COOK: World's dying out.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Sometimes I sees meself driving through hell with me cart selling brimstone, or across heaven with packed lunches for hungry souls. Give me my kids what's left, let's find some place they ain't shooting, and I'd like a few more years undisturbed.
- THE COOK: You and me could get that inn going, Courage, think it over. Made up me mind in the night, I did: back to Utrecht with or without you, and starting today.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Have to talk to Kattrin. That's a bit quick for me; I'm against making decisions all freezing cold and nowt inside you. Kattrin! Kattrin, got something to tell you. Cook and I want to go to Utrecht. He's been left an inn there. That'd be a settled place for you, let you meet a few people. Lots of 'em respect somebody mature, looks ain't everything. I'd like it too. I get on with cook. Say one thing for him, got a head for business. We'd have our meals for sure, not bad, eh? And your own bed too; like that, wouldn't you? Road's no life really. God knows how you might finish up. Lousy already, you are. Have to make up our minds, see, we could move with the Swedes, up north, they're somewhere up that way. Reckon that's fixed, Kattrin.

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

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

THE COOK : Anna, I got something private to say to you.

MOTHER COURAGE: Get back in cart, Kattrin.

THE COOK: I had to interrupt, cause you don't understand, far as I can see. I didn't think there was need to say it, sticks out a mile. But if it don't, then let me tell you straight, no question of taking her along, not on your life. You get me, eh.

MOTHER COURAGE: You mean I'm to leave Kattrin back here?

THE COOK: Use your imagination. Inn's got no room. It ain't one of the sort got three bar parlours. Put our backs in it we two'll get a living, but not three, no chance of that. She can keep cart.

MOTHER COURAGE: Thought she might find husband in Utrecht.

THE COOK: Go on, make me laugh. Find a husband, how? Dumb and that scar on top of it. And at her age?

MOTHER COURAGE: Don't talk so loud.

THE COOK: Loud or soft, no getting over facts. And that's another reason why I can't have her in the inn. Customers don't want to be looking at that all the time. Can't blame them.

MOTHER COURAGE: Shut your big mouth. I said not so loud.

THE COOK: Light's on in parson's house. We can try singing.

MOTHER COURAGE: Cooky, how's she to pull the cart on her own? War scares her. She'll never stand it. The dreams she must have . . . I hear her nights groaning. Mostly after a battle. What's she seeing in those dreams, I'd like to know. She's got a soft heart. Lately I found she'd got another hedgehog tucked away what we'd run over.

[END OF EXTRACT]

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

**Mark**

*THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA*—Federico Garcia Lorca

PRUDENCIA: I'm going now. It's been a long visit.

BERNARDA: Wait, Prudencia! We never see each other.

PRUDENCIA: Has the last call for the rosary sounded?

PONCIA: Not yet.

BERNARDA: How is your husband getting on?

PRUDENCIA: The same.

BERNARDA: We don't see him, either.

PRUDENCIA: You know how he is. Ever since he fought with his brothers over the inheritance, he hasn't used the front door. He puts up a ladder and climbs over the wall and the corral.

BERNARDA: He's a real man! And with your daughter?

PRUDENCIA: He has not forgiven her.

BERNARDA: He is right.

PRUDENCIA: I don't know what to tell you. I suffer because of it.

BERNARDA: A daughter who disobeys stops being a daughter and becomes an enemy.

PRUDENCIA: I just let the water flow. The only comfort I have left is to take refuge in the church, but since my eyes are failing, I'll have to stop coming, because the children tease me.

PRUDENCIA: What is that?

BERNARDA: The breeding stallion, locked up and kicking the wall. Shackle him and let him out in the corral! He must be hot.

PRUDENCIA: Are you going to breed him with your new mares?

BERNARDA: At sunrise.

PRUDENCIA: You've been good at building up your herd.

BERNARDA: Thanks to money and a lot of unpleasantness.

PONCIA: But she has the best herd in this part of the country. It's too bad prices are down.

BERNARDA: Would you like some cheese and honey?

PRUDENCIA: I have no appetite.

PONCIA: For God's sake!

PRUDENCIA: It made my heart pound!

BERNARDA: Must I say things twice? Let him out so he can roll around in the piles of straw. Well, shut the mares in the stable, but turn him loose before he kicks down the walls! Oh, what a life!

PRUDENCIA: Struggling like a man.

BERNARDA: That's the way it is.

Where are you going?

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

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

ADELA: For a drink of water.

BERNARDA: Bring a pitcher of cool water! [*To ADELA*] You may sit down.

PRUDENCIA: What about Angustias, when will she get married?

BERNARDA: They are coming to ask for her hand in three days.

PRUDENCIA: You must be pleased!

ANGUSTIAS: Of course!

ADELA: [*to MAGDALENA*] Now you've spilled the salt!

MAGDALENA: Your luck can't get any worse than it is now.

AMELIA: It's always a bad sign.

BERNARDA: That's enough!

PRUDENCIA: [*to ANGUSTIAS*] Has he given you the ring yet?

ANGUSTIAS: Do look at it.

PRUDENCIA: It's lovely. Three pearls! In my day, pearls meant tears.

ANGUSTIAS: But things have changed now.

ADELA: I don't think so. Things always mean the same. Engagement rings are supposed to be diamonds.

PRUDENCIA: It's more appropriate.

BERNARDA: With pearls or without them, things are what you make of them.

MARTIRIO: Or what God makes of them.

PRUDENCIA: Your furniture, they tell me, is lovely.

BERNARDA: I spent sixteen thousand *reales*.

PONCIA: The best is the mirrored wardrobe.

PRUDENCIA: I never saw one of those fancy things.

BERNARDA: All we had was a chest.

PRUDENCIA: What's important is that things work out.

ADELA: And you never know.

BERNARDA: There's no reason why it shouldn't.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*THE CRUCIBLE*—Arthur Miller

HERRICK: Good morning, Excellency.

DANFORTH: Where is Mr Parris?

HERRICK: I'll fetch him.

DANFORTH: Marshal.  
When did Reverend Hale arrive?

HERRICK: It were toward midnight, I think.

DANFORTH: What is he about here?

HERRICK: He goes among them that will hang, sir. And he prays with them. He sits with Goody Nurse now. And Mr Parris with him.

DANFORTH: Indeed. That man have no authority to enter here, Marshal. Why have you let him in?

HERRICK: Why, Mr Parris command me, sir. I cannot deny him.

DANFORTH: Are you drunk, Marshal?

HERRICK: No, sir; it is a bitter night, and I have no fire here.

DANFORTH: Fetch Mr Parris.

HERRICK: Aye, sir.

DANFORTH: There is a prodigious stench in this place.

HERRICK: I have only now cleared the people out for you.

DANFORTH: Beware hard drink, Marshal.

HERRICK: Aye, sir.

HATHORNE: Let you question Hale, Excellency; I should not be surprised he have been preaching in Andover lately.

DANFORTH: We'll come to that; speak nothing of Andover. Parris prays with him. That's strange.

HATHORNE: Excellency, I wonder if it be wise to let Mr Parris so continuously with the prisoners. I think, sometimes, the man has a mad look these days.

DANFORTH: Mad?

HATHORNE: I met him yesterday coming out of his house, and I bid him good morning—and he wept and went his way. I think it is not well the village sees him so unsteady.

DANFORTH: Perhaps he have some sorrow.

CHEEVER: I think it be the cows, sir.

DANFORTH: Cows?

CHEEVER: There be so many cows wanderin' the highroads, now their masters are in the jails, and much disagreement who they will belong to now. I know Mr Parris be arguin' with farmers all yesterday—there is great contention, sir, about the cows. Contention make him weep, sir; it were always a man that weep for contention.

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

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

- PARRIS: Oh, good morning, sir, thank you for coming, I beg your pardon wakin' you so early. Good morning, Judge Hathorne.
- DANFORTH: Reverend Hale have no right to enter this—
- PARRIS: Excellency, a moment.
- HATHORNE: Do you leave him alone with the prisoners?
- DANFORTH: What's his business here?
- PARRIS: Excellency, hear me. It is a providence. Reverend Hale has returned to bring Rebecca Nurse to God.
- DANFORTH: He bids her confess?
- PARRIS: Hear me. Rebecca have not given me a word this three month since she came. Now she sits with him, and her sister and Martha Corey and two or three others, and he pleads with them, confess their crimes and save their lives.
- DANFORTH: Why—this is indeed a providence. And they soften, they soften?
- PARRIS: Not yet, not yet. But I thought to summon you, sir, that we might think on whether it be not wise, to—I had thought to put a question, sir, and I hope you will not—
- DANFORTH: Mr Parris, be plain, what troubles you?
- PARRIS: There is news, sir, that the court—the court must reckon with. My niece, sir, my niece—I believe she has vanished.
- DANFORTH: Vanished!
- PARRIS: I had thought to advise you of it earlier in the week, but—
- DANFORTH: Why? How long is she gone?
- PARRIS: This be the third night. You see, sir, she told me she would stay a night with Mercy Lewis. And next day, when she does not return, I send to Mr Lewis to inquire. Mercy told me she would sleep in *my* house for a night.
- DANFORTH: They are both gone?!
- PARRIS: They are, sir.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*A TASTE OF HONEY*—Shelagh Delaney

HELEN: Oh! My God! Look what the wind's blown in. What do you want?

PETER: Just passing by, you know. Thought I'd take a look at your new headquarters.

HELEN: Just passing . . . How did you find my address?

PETER: I found it. Did you think you could escape me, dear?

JO: So that's what she was running away from.

PETER: Who's this?

HELEN: My daughter.

PETER: Oh! Hello there. That puts another ten years on her.

JO: What's this one called?

HELEN: Smith.

JO: You told me not to trust men calling themselves Smith.

HELEN: Oh go and have your bath.

JO: I don't know where the bathroom is.

HELEN: It's in a little hole in the corridor.

JO: Is he staying?

PETER: Yes, I'm staying.

JO: Then I'll go for my bath later.

HELEN: What did you want to follow me here for?

PETER: You know what I want.

HELEN: Give over! Jo, go and see to that coffee! He would show up just when I've got her hanging round my neck.

PETER: Do what your mother tells you.

JO: Ordering me about like a servant! The kettle's not boiling. I suppose she hasn't told you about me.

PETER: Christ!

HELEN: Go and lay the table.

JO: No.

HELEN: Well, do something. Turn yourself into a bloody termite and crawl into the wall or something, but make yourself scarce.

PETER: Get rid of her.

HELEN: I can't. Anyway, nobody asked you to come here.

PETER: Why did you come here? I had to chase all over town looking for you, only to finish up in this dump.

HELEN: Oh shut up! I've got a cold.

PETER: What on earth made you choose such a ghastly district?

HELEN: I can't afford to be so classy.

PETER: Tenements, cemetery, slaughterhouse.

HELEN: Oh we've got the lot here.

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

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

PETER: Nobody could live in a place like this.  
JO: Only about fifty thousand people.  
PETER: And a snotty-nosed daughter.  
HELEN: I said nobody asked you to come. Oh my God! I'll have to have a dose of something. My head's swimming. Why did you?  
PETER: Why did I what?  
HELEN: Follow me here?  
PETER: Now you know you're glad to see me, kid.  
HELEN: No I'm not. The only consolation I can find in your immediate presence is your ultimate absence.  
PETER: In that case, I'll stay.  
HELEN: I warned you. I told you I was throwing my hand in. Now didn't I?  
PETER: You did.  
HELEN: Oh! Throw that cigar away. It looks bloody ridiculous stuck in your mouth like a horizontal chimney.  
PETER: Your nose is damp. Here, have this.  
HELEN: Oh go away!  
PETER: Give it a good blow.  
HELEN: Leave it alone.  
PETER: Blow your nose, woman. And while you're at it blow a few of those cobwebs out of your head. You can't afford to lose a man like me.  
HELEN: Can't I?  
PETER: This is the old firm. You can't renege on the old firm.  
HELEN: I'm a free lance. Besides, I'm thinking of giving it up.  
PETER: What?  
HELEN: Sex! Men!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*WAITING FOR GODOT*—Samuel Beckett

VLADIMIR: Then let him dance.  
POZZO: Do you hear, hog?  
ESTRAGON: He never refuses?  
POZZO: He refused once. Dance, misery?  
ESTRAGON: Is that all?  
POZZO: Encore!  
ESTRAGON: Pooh! I'd do as well myself. With a little practice.  
POZZO: He used to dance the farandole, the fling, the brawl, the jig, the fandango, and even the hornpipe. He capered. For joy. Now that's the best he can do. Do you know what he calls it?  
ESTRAGON: The Scapegoat's Agony.  
VLADIMIR: The Hard Stool.  
POZZO: The Net. He thinks he's entangled in a net.  
VLADIMIR: There's something about it . . .  
POZZO: Woaa!  
ESTRAGON: Tell us about the time he refused.  
POZZO: With pleasure, with pleasure. Wait. What have I done with my spray? Well now isn't that . . . I can't find my pulverizer!  
ESTRAGON: My left lung is very weak! But my right lung is as sound as a bell!  
POZZO: No matter! What was I saying. Wait. Well now isn't that . . . Help me!  
ESTRAGON: Wait!  
VLADIMIR: Wait!  
POZZO: Wait!  
ESTRAGON: Ah!  
VLADIMIR: He has it.  
POZZO: Well?  
ESTRAGON: Why doesn't he put down his bags?  
VLADIMIR: Rubbish!  
POZZO: Are you sure?  
VLADIMIR: Damn it, Haven't you already told us!  
POZZO: I've already told you?  
ESTRAGON: He's already told us?  
VLADIMIR: Anyway he has put them down.  
ESTRAGON: So he has. And what of it?  
VLADIMIR: Since he has put down his bags it is impossible we should have asked why he does not do so.

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

*WAITING FOR GODOT*—Samuel Beckett (*continued*)

POZZO: Stoutly reasoned!

ESTRAGON: And why has he put them down?

POZZO: Answer us that.

VLADIMIR: In order to dance.

ESTRAGON: True!

POZZO: True!

ESTRAGON: Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful!

VLADIMIR: Tell him to think.

POZZO: Give him his hat.

VLADIMIR: His hat?

POZZO: He can't think without his hat.

VLADIMIR: Give him his hat.

ESTRAGON: Me! After what he did to me! Never!

VLADIMIR: I'll give it to him.

ESTRAGON: Tell him to go and fetch it.

POZZO: It's better to give it to him.

VLADIMIR: I'll give it to him.

POZZO: You must put it on his head.

ESTRAGON: Tell him to take it.

POZZO: It's better to put it on his head.

VLADIMIR: I'll put it on his head.

ESTRAGON: What's he waiting for?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY*—Harold Pinter

STANLEY: Get out.  
Get that drink out. These are unlicensed premises.

GOLDBERG: You're in a terrible humour today, Mr Webber. And on your birthday too, with the good lady getting her strength up to give you a party.

STANLEY: I told you to get those bottles out.

GOLDBERG: Mr Webber, sit down a minute.

STANLEY: Let me—just make this clear. You don't bother me. To me, you're nothing but a dirty joke. But I have a responsibility towards the people in this house. They've been down here too long. They've lost their sense of smell. I haven't. And nobody's going to take advantage of them while I'm here. Anyway, this house isn't your cup of tea. There's nothing here for you, from any angle, any angle. So why don't you just go, without any more fuss?

GOLDBERG: Mr Webber, sit down.

STANLEY: It's no good starting any kind of trouble.

GOLDBERG: Sit down.

STANLEY: Why should I?

GOLDBERG: If you want to know the truth, Webber, you're beginning to get on my breasts.

STANLEY: Really? Well, that's—

GOLDBERG: Sit down.

STANLEY: No.

GOLDBERG: McCann.

MCCANN: Nat?

GOLDBERG: Ask him to sit down.

MCCANN: Yes, Nat. Do you mind sitting down?

STANLEY: Yes, I do mind.

MCCANN: Yes now, but—it'd be better if you did.

STANLEY: Why don't you sit down?

MCCANN: No, not me—you.

STANLEY: No thanks.

MCCANN: Nat.

GOLDBERG: What?

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

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY*—Harold Pinter (*continued*)

MCCANN: He won't sit down.

GOLDBERG: Well, ask him.

MCCANN: I've asked him.

GOLDBERG: Ask him again.

MCCANN: Sit down.

STANLEY: Why?

MCCANN: You'd be more comfortable.

STANLEY: So would you.

MCCANN: All right. If you will I will.

STANLEY: You first.

MCCANN: Well?

STANLEY: Right. Now you've both had a rest you can get out!

MCCANN: That's a dirty trick! I'll kick the shite out of him!

GOLDBERG: No! I have stood up.

STANLEY: Sit down again!

GOLDBERG: Once I'm up I'm up.

STANLEY: Same here.

MCCANN: You've made Mr Goldberg stand up.

STANLEY: It'll do him good!

MCCANN: Get in that seat.

GOLDBERG: McCann.

MCCANN: Get down in that seat!

GOLDBERG: Webber. Sit down.

STANLEY: You'd better be careful.

GOLDBERG: Webber, what were you doing yesterday?

STANLEY: Yesterday?

GOLDBERG: And the day before. What did you do the day before that?

STANLEY: What do you mean?

GOLDBERG: Why are you wasting everybody's time, Webber? Why are you getting in everybody's way?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel

MAG: God forgive you!

JOE: Stop! Stop! God's truth—

MAG: God forgive you! Mocking's catching!

JOE: Come on—quit the fooling.

MAG: I'll give you a stammer.

JOE: Mag—please—sorry—please—oooooh—

MAG: I'll stammer you—

JOE: You're hurting my—

MAG: That'll teach you!

JOE: You've ripped off a button—

MAG: You're a right-looking sketch!

MAN: On Saturday, June 25, at 11.00 am an inquest was held.

WOMAN: After various witnesses had given evidence about the movements of the deceased on the morning of Saturday, June 4, Doctor Watson said that the State Pathologist's report bore out his initial opinion—that death was due to asphyxiation as a result of drowning.

MAN: There was no evidence as to how the deceased got into the water. William Anthony Clerkin's boat was perfectly sound.

WOMAN: Sergeant Finlay stated that the temperature on that afternoon was 77 degrees. And there was no wind.

MAN: An open verdict was returned.

WOMAN: On the following Sunday, June 5, at 12 noon, a solemn requiem mass was said by Father Kelly, president of Saint Kevin's, and a short panegyric was preached by him. The mass was attended by a large turn-out of the townspeople and also by pupils of the Convent of Mercy and Saint Kevin's.

MAN: The bodies were buried in separate graves in the local cemetery, each in the family plot.

JOE: This day three weeks.

MAG: Mrs. Joseph Brennan.

JOE: As long as you're not Big Bridie Brogan.

MAG: Who?

JOE: The one who died of pernicious something or other.

MAG: I made it all up.

JOE: Thought you did.

MAG: The flat'll be lovely and cozy at night. But you'll have to stick a bit of cardboard under the table to keep it steady. And all the junk'll have to be thrown into the spare room.

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

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel (*continued*)

JOE: What junk?

MAG: Your books and things and all that.

JOE: The slide rule cost me thirty-seven and sixpence—It's staying in the kitchen. And you agreed that the dog sleeps inside.

MAG: When do we get him?

JOE: He's not pupped yet. I was only promised him.

MAG: Maybe he'll be a she.

JOE: It's a dog I'm promised—the pick of the litter.

MAG: We'll call him . . . Austin!

JOE: For God's sake—

MAG: Austin's his name. Or else he sleeps out.

JOE: Never heard of a bull terrier called that.

MAG: And in the daytime he can sit at the door and guard the pram. Look—

JOE: Where?

MAG: The line of boarders.

JOE: What are they up to now?

MAG: Going to the chapel for a visit.

JOE: 14, 16, 18, 20—

MAG: It seems so remote—so long ago . . .

JOE: —26, 28, 30, 32—

MAG: And at home last week, every time I heard the convent bell, I cried: I felt so lost. I would have given anything to be part of them—to be in the middle of them.

JOE: And three nuns.

MAG: We were so safe . . . we had so much fun . . .

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

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

- SANDY: Is something wrong? What's happened to you, Mary? Your face is all funny.
- MARY: N—no, it's n—*not!*
- SANDY: Yes, it is.
- LLOYD: Ah! Miss Brodie's brood, I believe. We met at the Gallery.
- GIRLS: Yes, Mr. Lloyd.
- JENNY: Would you like a rosebud?
- LLOYD: A what?
- SANDY: It's the favourite sweet of little Princess Margaret Rose.
- LLOYD: Unmistakably Brodie. And you, I suppose, are the pretty one. Good afternoon, girls.
- GIRLS: Good afternoon, Mr. Lloyd.
- SANDY: Mary, you are definitely upset about something.
- MARY: It's m—my *brother!* I'm ups—set about m—my brother.
- SANDY: You're *never* upset about your brother. But you are upset about something.
- MONICA: Tell or I'll pinch you. *Tell.*
- MARY: No! I won't tell. I love Miss Brodie and I won't tell!
- SANDY: What about Miss Brodie?
- MONICA: Tell or we'll shut you in the cubby again!
- MARY: You wouldn't d—d—dare!
- MONICA: *Tell.*
- MARY: It's n—n—none of y—your b—business— *Please!* Please! Let m—m—me out!
- SANDY: Now Mary, dear . . . if something has happened to Miss Brodie, you should tell us. I'll *help* you, Mary. What have you done now?
- MARY: She was s—s—s—so angry!
- SANDY: Well, Mary, you know how you *are*. What have you done now?
- MARY: N—nothing! I just w—w—went in!
- JENNY: In *where?*
- MARY: Th—the classroom.
- MONICA: So?
- MARY: So th—there th—they *were!*
- SANDY: There *who* were?
- JENNY: Oh! Miss Brodie and Mr. Lowther.

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

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

MARY: No! M—M—Mister L—Lloyd! Th—they were kissing!

MONICA: Mr. *Lloyd*?

SANDY: Mr. *Lloyd*?

MARY: I saw th—they! K—kissing! T—t—t—*together!*. He had his arm around her.

JENNY: Mr. Lloyd! Mr. Lloyd's in love with Miss Brodie!

MARY: And sh—sh—she's in l—l—love with M—M—Mister Lloyd!

MONICA: What about Mr. Lowther then?

SANDY: Mr. Lloyd is an artist . . . and Miss Brodie is artistic, too. Perhaps Miss Brodie really loves Mr. Lloyd but he's married to another so she's working it off on Mr. Lowther. Listen, Mary. Was it a long, lingering kiss?

MARY: I sh—sh—shouldn't h—have t—told you.

SANDY: It wasn't very elite of you. But since you did, was it a long, lingering kiss?

MARY: Yes.

MONICA: Was it like this?

MARY: That's it! That's it!

MACKAY: It's nearly five o'clock. Time you girls were away. What were you doing, Monica!

MONICA: Just playing, Miss Mackay.

SANDY: Playing opera.

MACKAY: Opera?

SANDY: Yes, Miss Mackay. We've been studying "Traviata."

MACKAY: Monica, show me what you were doing. Go on. Show me.

[END OF EXTRACT]

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

**Mark**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Your answer to Section C should be written on *Pages fifty-eight to sixty-three*.  
Additional paper can be obtained from the invigilator.

**SECTION C**

	<i>Marks</i>
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