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NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2009

MONDAY, 18 MAY
1.00 PM – 3.30 PM

DRAMA
HIGHER
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)

--

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 62. If there is not enough space for you to complete your answer **additional paper** can be obtained from the invigilator.
- 6 Before leaving the examination room you must give this book to the invigilator. If you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Answer **one** question from your prescribed text in Section A, below.
- Write a Dramatic Commentary next to the extract from your prescribed text **or** the CST text “*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*” in Section B of this Answer Book.
- Answer **one** question from Section C, starting on *Page fifty-eight* of this Answer Book.

SECTION A

Your answer to Section A should be written on *Pages two to seven*. Additional paper can be obtained from the invigilator.

<i>Marks</i>

SECTION B
INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Your answer to Question 5(a) should be written on *Pages eight and nine*.

Your answer to Question 5(b) should be written opposite your chosen textual extract.

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Ground Plan

Marks

Marks

ANTIGONE—Sophocles

- CREON: What now? What's worse than this?
- MESSENGER: The queen is dead.
The mother of this dead boy . . . mother to the end—
poor thing, her wounds are fresh.
- CREON: No, no,
harbor of Death, so choked, so hard to cleanse!—
why me? why are you killing me?
Herald of pain, more words, more grief?
I died once, you kill me again and again!
What's the report, boy . . . some good news for me?
My wife dead? O dear god!
Slaughter heaped on slaughter?
- MESSENGER: See for yourself:
now they bring her body from the palace.
- CREON: Oh no,
another, a second loss to break the heart.
What next, what fate still waits for me?
I just held my son in my arms and now,
look, a new corpse rising before my eyes—
wretched, helpless mother—O my son!
- MESSENGER: She stabbed herself at the altar,
then her eyes went dark, after she'd raised
a cry for the noble fate of Megareus, the hero
killed in the first assault, then for Haemon,
then with her dying breath she called down
torments on your head—you killed her sons.
- CREON: Oh the dread,
I shudder with dread! Why not kill me too?—
run me through with a good sharp sword?
Oh god, the misery, anguish—
I, I'm churning with it, going under.
- MESSENGER: Yes, and the dead, the woman lying there,
piles the guilt of all their deaths on you.
- CREON: How did she end her life, what bloody stroke?
- MESSENGER: She drove home to the heart with her own hand,
once she learned her son was dead . . . that agony.
- CREON: And the guilt is all mine—
can never be fixed on another man,
no escape for me. I killed you,
I, god help me, I admit it all!
Take me away, quickly, out of sight.
I don't even exist—I'm no one. Nothing.
- LEADER: Good advice, if there's any good in suffering.
Quickest is best when troubles block the way.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

TWELFTH NIGHT—William Shakespeare

DUKE: Here comes the Countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLIVIA: What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA: Madam—

DUKE: Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA: What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—

VIOLA: My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA: If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE: Still so cruel?

OLIVIA: Still so constant, lord.

DUKE: What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd—What shall I do?

OLIVIA: Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

DUKE: Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven, I swear I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love.
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA: And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA: Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA: After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witness above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

TWELFTH NIGHT—William Shakespeare (*continued*)

OLIVIA : Ay me detested! how am I beguil'd!
VIOLA: Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
OLIVIA: Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
 Call forth the holy father.
DUKE: Come, away!
OLIVIA: Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay!
DUKE : Husband?
OLIVIA: Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
DUKE : Her husband, sirrah?
VIOLA: No, my lord, not I.
OLIVIA : Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
 Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up,
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

GHOSTS—Henrik Ibsen

- OSVALD: Has she gone?
- MRS ALVING : Yes.
- OSVALD: I think that was stupid.
- MRS ALVING : Oswald, my dear, has this upset you very much?
- OSVALD : All this about Father, do you mean?
- MRS ALVING : Yes, about your poor father. I'm so afraid it may have been too much for you.
- OSVALD: What makes you think that? Of course it came as a great shock, but after all I don't see that it can really matter so much to me.
- MRS ALVING : Not matter? That your father was so desperately unhappy?
- OSVALD: Of course I'm sorry for him—I should be for anyone—but . . .
- MRS ALVING: Is that all? Your own father?
- OSVALD: Oh, "my father—my father"! I never knew anything about my father. All I remember about him is that he once made me sick.
- MRS ALVING: That's a terrible thought! Surely whatever happens a child should feel some love for his father.
- OSVALD: Even when the child has nothing to thank his father for—when he's never even known him? Can you really cling to an old superstition like that? You're so intelligent about things as a rule.
- MRS ALVING: You call it just a superstition . . . !
- OSVALD: Yes, can't you see, Mother? It's only one of those current ideas that the world gets hold of, and—
- MRS ALVING: Ghosts!
- OSVALD: Yes, you might call them ghosts.
- MRS ALVING: Then, Oswald, don't you love me, either?
- OSVALD: I do know you, at any rate.
- MRS ALVING: Yes you know me—but is that all?
- OSVALD: And of course I know how fond of me you are, and naturally I'm grateful to you for that. And you can be particularly useful to me now that I'm ill.
- MRS ALVING: Yes I can, can't I, Oswald? Oh, I'm almost thankful that this illness has sent you home to me, because it's easy to see that you're not really mine yet—I shall have to win you over.
- OSVALD: Oh yes—yes . . . all that's just so much talk! You must remember, Mother, that I'm a sick man; I can't be bothered much with other people—I have enough to do to think about myself.
- MRS ALVING: I'll be patient, and easily pleased.
- OSVALD: And cheerful, too, Mother.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

GHOSTS—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

- MRS ALVING: Yes my dear, you're quite right. Now have I taken away all your remorse and self-reproach?
- OSVALD: Yes, you have. But now who's going to take away my fear?
- MRS ALVING: Fear?
- OSVALD: Regina would have done it for a single kind word.
- MRS ALVING: I don't understand . . . What is this about fear? And about Regina?
- OSVALD: Is it very late, Mother?
- MRS ALVING: It's almost morning. The dawn's beginning to break on the hills. It's going to be a fine day, Oswald—in a little while you'll see the sun!
- OSVALD: I'm glad of that. Oh, perhaps there'll be lots of things for me to be glad about—and to live for . . .
- MRS ALVING: I'm sure there will be.
- OSVALD: Even if I can't work?
- MRS ALVING: Oh my dear boy, you'll soon be able to work again. Now that you haven't got to go on brooding over all those depressing ideas of yours.
- OSVALD: Yes, it's a great relief that you could rid me of all that. And when I've settled one thing more . . . Mother, we must have a talk together.
- MRS ALVING: Yes, let's.
- OSVALD: And then the sun'll be up. And then you'll know—and I shan't have this fear any longer.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Oscar Wilde

- MERRIMAN: Shall I lay tea here as usual, Miss?
- CECILY: Yes, as usual.
- GWENDOLEN: Are there many interesting walks in the vicinity, Miss Cardew?
- CECILY: Oh! yes! a great many. From the top of one of the hills quite close one can see five counties.
- GWENDOLEN: Five counties! I don't think I should like that; I hate crowds.
- CECILY: I suppose that is why you live in town?
- GWENDOLEN: Quite a well-kept garden this is, Miss Cardew.
- CECILY: So glad you like it, Miss Fairfax.
- GWENDOLEN: I had no idea there were any flowers in the country.
- CECILY: Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London.
- GWENDOLEN: Personally I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anyone who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death.
- CECILY: Ah! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present. It is almost an epidemic amongst them, I have been told. May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?
- GWENDOLEN: Thank you. Detestable girl. But I require tea!
- CECILY: Sugar?
- GWENDOLEN: No, thank you. Sugar is not fashionable anymore.
- CECILY: Cake or bread and butter?
- GWENDOLEN: Bread and butter, please. Cake is rarely seen at the best houses nowadays.
- CECILY: Hand that to Miss Fairfax.
- GWENDOLEN: You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar, and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition, and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far.
- CECILY: To save my poor, innocent, trusting boy from the machinations of any other girl there are no lengths to which I would not go.
- GWENDOLEN: From the moment I saw you I distrusted you. I felt that you were false and deceitful. I am never deceived in such matters. My first impressions of people are invariably right.
- CECILY: It seems to me, Miss Fairfax, that I am trespassing on your valuable time. No doubt you have many other calls of a similar character to make in the neighbourhood.

Enter JACK.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

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

GWENDOLEN: Ernest! My own Ernest!

JACK: Gwendolen! Darling!

GWENDOLEN: A moment! May I ask if you are engaged to be married to this young lady?

JACK: To dear little Cecily! Of course not! What could have put such an idea into your pretty little head?

GWENDOLEN: Thank you. You may!

CECILY: I knew there must be some misunderstanding, Miss Fairfax. The gentleman whose arm is at present round your waist is my guardian, Mr John Worthing.

GWENDOLEN: I beg your pardon?

CECILY: This is Uncle Jack.

GWENDOLEN: Jack! Oh!

Enter ALGERNON

CECILY: Here is Ernest.

ALGERNON: My own love!

CECILY: A moment, Ernest! May I ask you—are you engaged to be married to this young lady?

ALGERNON: To what young lady? Good heavens! Gwendolen!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht

Due to copyright restrictions, Prescribed Text 5 has been removed.

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA—Federico Garcia Lorca

MARTIRIO : Adela! Adela!
 [*ADELA appears.*]

ADELA: Why are you looking for me?

MARTIRIO: Stay away from that man!

ADELA: Who are you to tell me that?

MARTIRIO: That's no place for a decent woman!

ADELA: How you'd love to be there yourself!

MARTIRIO: The time has come for me to speak! Things can't go on like this!

ADELA: This is only the beginning. I had the strength to go forward—the looks and the courage you don't have! I saw death under this roof, and I went out to look for what is mine, what belongs to me.

MARTIRIO: That heartless man came here for someone else. You have come between them!

ADELA: He came for the money, but his eyes were always for me.

MARTIRIO: I won't allow you to snatch him away! He is going to marry Angustias.

ADELA: You know better than I that he doesn't love her.

MARTIRIO: I know.

ADELA: You know, because you've seen that he loves me!

MARTIRIO: Yes.

ADELA: He loves me! He loves me!

MARTIRIO: Stick a knife in me if you like, but don't say that to me again!

ADELA: That's why you're trying to keep me from going off with him. You don't care if he embraces a woman he doesn't love. Me neither. Yes, he could spend a hundred years with Angustias, but if he embraces me, it seems terrible to you, because you love him, too! You love him!

MARTIRIO: Yes! Let me say it openly. Yes! Let my breast explode like a bitter pomegranate! I love him!

ADELA: Martirio, Martirio, it's not my fault!

MARTIRIO: Don't embrace me! Don't try to soften my eyes. My blood is no longer your blood! I try to think of you as a sister, but I see you only as a woman!

ADELA: There's no solution here. If one of us has to drown, let her drown! Pepe el Romano is mine! He takes me into the reeds at the edge of the river!

MARTIRIO: Never!

ADELA: I can't stand the horror of this house any more, not after knowing the taste of his mouth! I will be what he wants me to be. With the whole town against me, branding me with their fiery fingers, persecuted by people who claim to be decent, and right in front of them I will put on a crown of thorns, like any mistress of a married man!

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

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

MARTIRIO: Be quiet!

ADELA: Yes! Yes! Let's go sleep. Let him marry Angustias. I don't care any more. But I will go to a little house, alone, where he will see me whenever he wants, whenever he feels the need.

MARTIRIO: That won't happen as long as I have one drop of blood in my body!

ADELA: Not you—you're weak—I could bring a wild stallion to his knees with the strength in my little finger!

MARTIRIO: Don't raise your voice, I can't stand it! My heart is full of something so vicious I can't keep it from smothering me!

ADELA: They teach us to love our sisters. God must have abandoned me out in the middle of the darkness, because I see you as if I had never seen you before!

MARTIRIO: Where are you going?

ADELA: Get away from the door!

MARTIRIO: Get past if you can!

ADELA: Get away!

MARTIRIO: Mother! Mother!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE CRUCIBLE—Arthur Miller

ELIZABETH: I see what I see, John.

PROCTOR: You will not judge me more, Elizabeth. I have good reason to think before I charge fraud on Abigail, and I will think on it. Let you look at your own improvement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and—

ELIZABETH: And I.

PROCTOR: Spare me! You forget nothin' and forgive nothin'. Learn charity, woman. I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven month since she is gone. I have not moved from there to there without I think to please you, and still an everlasting funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted, every moment judged for lies, as though I come into a court when I come into this house!

ELIZABETH: John, you are not open with me. You saw her with a crowd, you said. Now you—

PROCTOR: I'll plead my honesty no more, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: John, I am only—

PROCTOR: No more! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted, and, like a Christian, I confessed. Confessed! Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day. But you're not, you're not, and let you remember it! Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not.

ELIZABETH: I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you. I never thought you but a good man, John—only somewhat bewildered.

PROCTOR: Oh, Elizabeth, your justice would freeze beer! How do you go to Salem when I forbid it? Do you mock me? I'll whip you if you dare leave this house again!

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

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

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

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

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

ELIZABETH: Aye, indeed we must.

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

PROCTOR: Mary. Is it true? There be fourteen women arrested?

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

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

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE CRUCIBLE—Arthur Miller (*continued*)

MARY WARREN: Goody Osburn—will hang!

PROCTOR: Hang! Hang, y'say?

MARY WARREN: Aye.

PROCTOR: The Deputy Governor will permit it?

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

PROCTOR: Confessed! To what?

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

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

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

PROCTOR: How, choked you?

MARY WARREN: She sent her spirit out.

ELIZABETH: Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you—

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

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

MARY WARREN: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she came into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then—then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then—I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice—and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

A TASTE OF HONEY—Shelagh Delaney

HELEN: Well! This is the place.
JO: And I don't like it.
HELEN: When I find somewhere for us to live I have to consider something far more important than your feelings . . . the rent. It's all I can afford.
JO: You can afford something better than this old ruin.
HELEN: When you start earning you can start moaning.
JO: Can't be soon enough for me. I'm cold and my shoes let water . . . what a place . . . and we're supposed to be living off her immoral earnings.
HELEN: I'm careful. Anyway, what's wrong with this place? Everything in it's falling apart, it's true, and we've no heating—but there's a lovely view of the gasworks, we share a bathroom with the community and this wallpaper's contemporary. What more do you want? Anyway it'll do for us. Pass me a glass, Jo.
JO: Where are they?
HELEN: I don't know.
JO: You packed 'em. She'd lose her head if it was loose.
HELEN: Here they are. I put 'em in my bag for safety. Pass me that bottle—it's in the carrier.
JO: Why should I run round after you?
HELEN: Children owe their parents these little attentions.
JO: I don't owe you a thing.
HELEN: Except respect, and I don't seem to get any of that.
JO: Drink, drink, drink, that's all you're fit for. You make me sick.
HELEN: Others may pray for their daily bread, I pray for . . .
JO: Is that the bedroom?
HELEN: It is. Your health, Jo.
JO: We're sharing a bed again, I see.
HELEN: Of course, you know I can't bear to be parted from you.
JO: What I wouldn't give for a room of my own! God! It's freezing! Isn't there any sort of fire anywhere, Helen?
HELEN: Yes, there's a gas-propelled thing somewhere.
JO: Where?
HELEN: Where? What were you given eyes for? Do you want me to carry you about? Don't stand there shivering; have some of this if you're so cold.
JO: You know I don't like it.
HELEN: Have you tried it?
JO: No.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

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

- HELEN: Then get it down you! “Where!” she says. She can never see anything till she falls over it. Now, where’s it got to? I know I saw it here somewhere . . . one of those shilling in the slot affairs; the landlady pointed it out to me as part of the furniture and fittings. I don’t know. Oh! It’ll turn up. What’s up with you now?
- JO: I don’t like the smell of it.
- HELEN: You don’t smell it, you drink it! It consoles you.
- JO: What do you need consoling about?
- HELEN: Life! Come on, give it to me if you’ve done with it. I’ll soon put it in a safe place.
- JO: You’re knocking it back worse than ever.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett

Due to copyright restrictions, Prescribed Text 9 has been removed.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter

Due to copyright restrictions, Prescribed Text 10 has been removed.

LOVERS—Brian Friel

HANNA: Look at—the invalid tray! Not a crumb on it! Six rounds of a sliced-pan and a boiled egg! Thanks be to God she gets no fresh air or she'd eat up the town! That'll be prissy Cissy.

ANDY: Hello, Cissy.

CISSY: Good night. Andrew. You're not alone, are you?

ANDY: Hanna's inside. How's things, Cissy?

CISSY: Struggling away, Andrew, thanks be to God. Sure as long as we have our health.

ANDY: That's it, Cissy.

CISSY: Thanks be to God, indeed. I'll go on up then, Andrew.

ANDY: Right—right.

CISSY: You'll be up later for the prayers?

ANDY: Aye.

CISSY: Thanks be to God.
[HANNA enters.]
Hello, Hanna. How's Mammy tonight?

HANNA: As ever.

CISSY: Sure that's grand.

ANDY: Thanks be to God.

CISSY: Just, Andrew—thanks be to God. Well . . . I'll see you both at ten.

ANDY: Joyful mysteries tonight, Cissy, isn't it?

CISSY: Thursday—so it is! Oh, you're coming closer and closer to us, Andrew Tracey!
[CISSY leaves.]

HANNA: Sweet wee wasp!

ANDY: Tired?

HANNA: Done out.

ANDY: D'you think was Cissy ever courted?

HANNA: Who cares?

ANDY: Imagine a man putting a hand on her knee. "Thanks be to God, mister." You're in bad aul' form, Hanna.

HANNA: Not now.

ANDY: What's wrong? Is there something the matter?

HANNA: Sick—sick—sick—sick of the whole thing; that's the matter! I can't stand it much longer!

ANDY: Take a clove rock, Hanna.

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

LOVERS—Brian Friel (*continued*)

HANNA: What in the name of God are we going to do?

ANDY: I've asked you half a dozen times to—

HANNA: It's her I'm talking about! Her up there! What do we do with her?

ANDY: When we're married she can come with us to Riverview. I've said that all—

HANNA: Never! Never! The day I get married I'm getting shot of her for good. And no matter what you say now, you know fine well you don't want her hanging round your neck either.

ANDY: I hear they took old Maggie Donaldson into Saint Patrick's.

HANNA: She's not sick enough for hospital. And they've no spare beds for cranks.

ANDY: The Nazareth nuns! Let her sell this place and go into the Nazareth House with the money.

HANNA: She wouldn't go to them above all people.

ANDY: What else is there?

HANNA: I don't know, Andy. Honest to God, I just don't know.

ANDY: Well, damnit all, you don't expect me to come in here, do you? I mean to say, I have a place and all of my own, ready and furnished and everything! And leaping sky-high everytime you hear a bloody bell isn't my idea of married bliss! My God, you don't expect that of me, do you? Well, do you?

HANNA: Bitch! That's what she is—an aul' bitch!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Muriel Spark

- BRODIE: Jenny!
- JENNY AND MARY: Hullo, Miss Brodie. H—h—hello, M—Miss B—Brodie!
- BRODIE: Jenny is like a heroine from a novel by Mr. D. H. Lawrence. She has got instinct. When you are seventeen or eighteen, Jenny, you will come to the moment of your great fulfillment.
- JENNY: Yes, honestly I think so, Miss Brodie.
- BRODIE: You will know love.
- JENNY: Yes, I expect so.
- BRODIE: How pleasant it was yesterday having you girls together again at Cramond. It is seeing you all together that one misses. Ah, well. Now that you have graduated into a world of highly trained specialists—that is to say, teachers who've chosen to limit themselves to one subject—perhaps I can learn from you. I should like to study Greek. You girls can take turns instructing me . . . Who amongst you is the most promising in the study of Greek?
- JENNY: Oh, Sandy, of course. Sandy's a brain.
- BRODIE: Very well, Sandy shall begin. John Stuart Mill used to rise at dawn to learn Greek at the age of five, and what John Stuart Mill could do as an infant at dawn, I can do on a Saturday afternoon in my prime.
- JENNY: Come along.
- MARY: Wh—wh—why?
- JENNY: Because we aren't *wanted*. You *know* how Sandy is!
- BRODIE: Have you noticed. Sandy, how Jenny has altered? She seems older.
- SANDY: *I'm* older, too.
- BRODIE: Of course you are, dear. But—Jenny has *developed*.
- SANDY: Well, she has got the change.
- BRODIE: Educated women refer to that function of nature as menarche. *Now*. Tell me about Mr. Lloyd. And Jenny's portrait. Is it beautiful?
- SANDY: It's all right.
- BRODIE: Your wrists, Sandy. Remember your wrists.
- SANDY: I saw a picture of his wife. She looked like a woman who wasn't going to have a prime. There is a portrait he has done of his family. It starts with himself, very tall, then his wife. Then all the children graded downwards to the baby on the floor. It's a little amusing.
- BRODIE: What makes it amusing?
- SANDY: They all look like *you*.
- BRODIE: Like me?
- SANDY: Even the baby. Everybody he *paints* looks like *you*.
- BRODIE: Does the painting of Jenny resemble me?

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Muriel Spark (*continued*)

- SANDY: Oh yes.
- BRODIE: Mr Lloyd is bound to paint Jenny many times. She is the *crème de la crème*.
- SANDY: He might want to paint me too.
- BRODIE: I doubt if having your portrait painted is going to be your career, Sandy.
- SANDY: What do *you* think it will be Miss Brodie?
- BRODIE: Your career?
- SANDY: Yes. What do you think it will be?
- BRODIE: Well . . . you are quite intelligent of course. This is the Twentieth Century. There are many outlets for an intelligent woman.
- Sandy dear you are not concentrating. Thusly. Now try it. Again, but more slowly. Better. Better. Actually, Sandy, you have something more than mere intelligence. You have got *insight*. Slowly, slowly. Again. *Much* better. You know, Sandy, it is on you and Jenny that I pin all my hopes. It is you and Jenny who are coming through. The fact is, *you* have got insight, though perhaps not quite spiritual, and *Jenny* has got instinct.
- SANDY: Though perhaps not quite spiritual . . .

[END OF EXTRACT]

Moves and interpretative notes for actors	Justification	Technical effects

Mark

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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

SECTION C

	<i>Marks</i>

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