

X037/202

NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2009

THURSDAY, 21 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 2009 examination will take place on **Thursday 21 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

- ELLA: You can tell a birthday's coming, it's like a flying saucer appearing on the radar, blip-blip-blip. Only the blips actually sound like this—
- DAD: Have you heard about this new pizza place just opened up, sounds wonderful?
- MUM: So, Ella, you like bowling now!
- DAD: So what kind of wild animals do you like the most?
- MUM: Ella, have you read the reviews for this new alien-invasion movie?
- ELLA: It happens every year, and I know a birthday party's coming, more than I know that Christmas is coming when Mr Knowles in our street puts the cut-out Santa on his roof. And the parties come like spring after winter. This'll sound far-fetched but I think I can remember even the earliest ones.
- MUM: Oddgy woddgy widdle bubba.
- DAD: Widdle bubba's gunna be a big gwirl.
- MUM: Hapfly burfuffday Mummy's beggest widdle big girl.
- DAD: Lotsa widdle pwezzies for you hoo—
- ELLA: Although it might be hard *not* to remember that kind of thing.
- DAD: How many fingers?
- MUM: Five!
- DAD: Five!
- ELLA: That's right, five, I can count.
- MUM: Let's all run around the garden because Ella is five!
Everyone runs around the garden like fairies.
Come on Ella, you wanted a fairy party.
- DAD: Flying, everyone's flying.
- ELLA: Bombs away!
She joins in.
- DAD: Seven candles and seven presents for a seventh birthday.
- MUM: You'll never blow out so many candles.
- ELLA: Wanna bet.
She does.
- MUM: Oh, well done.
- DAD: Now everyone run around like wild animals on the veldt.
- ELLA: Seven, that was the animal party.
- DAD: Come on, Ella the giraffe.
They all run around like animals.
- ELLA: Rooooooaar! [*Everyone's thrown by her.*] I changed my mind, I'm a cheetah!
- MUM: Ten, who'd have thought?

[Turn over

Extract 1 (continued)

ELLA: Yep, time flies.

MUM: Come on, everyone, we're all travelling through space.

ELLA: Yes, it's an intergalactic party.

DAD: Earth to Ella, are we having fun yet?

ELLA: Ella to space patrol gammi phi: this is great.

They all run around like they're flying through interstellar space.

And running around is great but it's even more fun standing on the sidelines and watching everyone else, all the guests, school friends, neighbours, Mum and Dad's friends, but no relatives, because we don't have relatives, except for an aunt who lives in Paraguay and a second cousin who's been working in Dar-es-Salaam for years.

DAD: "We're a very far-flung family."

MUM: Everyone's feeling alright?

ELLA: Yes we're just fine.

MUM: No one's feeling nervous?

ELLA: No, honestly.

MUM: Are you all comfortable in there?

ELLA: Eleven was a kind of follow-on from seven and ten. The tent was for me to use when studying native animals in the wild and also for possible expeditions on the Martian surface.

MUM: I can't believe you'll get any sleep.

ELLA: It's a birthday sleepover, you don't sleep, except we did and when Dad wanted us to run around the garden in the morning to get the blood flowing, we couldn't even walk properly, we'd been so crammed in.

DAD : Quick run around the garden, get the blood flowing.

They stagger around, stiff and sore from being crammed in a little tent.

Okay now, everyone, you've got your teams, now into the lanes.

ELLA: Last year.

MUM: Let's go bowling!

ELLA: Sixteen. We are all facing the same way, chucking balls down the lanes, but it was still basically running around. But this year, seventeen, a restaurant, that's what we settled on. Four of us, Mum, Dad, Jinny and me. No running around in groups, something a bit grown-up. I can't take the credit for the idea. It was Jinny.

She'd just arrived at my school. I didn't have much to do with her at first. I don't actually have much to do with anyone, actually. Mum and Dad invite lots of kids I'm at school with to my parties, but I'm not really close to any of them. Too busy thinking. Which was what led me to Jinny. At my school we're all very busy. Very productive. Very positive.

Extract 1 (continued)

- TEACHER: Now, everyone, we've been studying galaxy formation. Who wants to show us their results?
- PUPIL: Galaxies are formed by matter being drawn together by gravity.
- TEACHER: Good, next?
- PUPIL: They can take a large range of structures. Spiral, cloud, disc.
- TEACHER: Good. What else?
- PUPIL: They are all moving apart from each other and have been since the Big Bang.
- TEACHER: Very good. What about you Ella? Ella?
- ELLA: Well . . . I started off with gravity, which led me to time and how it's relative to gravity. If you leave a body, time decreases along with gravity. Time can move slower. Isn't that amazing? A clock slows down as you leave the Earth. So time is not constant. And galaxies, because they're so far away, appear to us as they were billions of years ago. When we look at them we're looking back in time.
- TEACHER: You haven't really stuck to the question, have you?
- ELLA: No.
- TEACHER: Now. Fairies as used by Shakespeare in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ella, what have you found?
- ELLA: Well, I read about fairies in lots of different places and they're not as cute as we think. They're spirits of chaos, they can be evil, destructive.
- TEACHER: But Shakespeare?
- ELLA: He must have known, he knew all about folklore. I read about another figure from folklore, called Tom O'Bedlam, he is in *King Lear*, so I read *that* and it's incredible, so—
- TEACHER: Now who's got something that's relevant to the topic?
- PUPIL: Fairies were specific to particular areas and they had specific jobs.
- TEACHER: The discovery of new trade routes by the Portuguese—some facts. Ella?
- ELLA: What about all the discoverers who didn't make it? Do you know how many thousands of shipwrecks there are, all over the world, ships that found nothing, discovered nothing but got lost in storms or ran aground. The seas are full of them. Isn't that an amazing idea?
- TEACHER: Ella, your mind really does wander all over the place. I think you need to talk things over with our school counsellor.
- ELLA: So I was sitting outside the counsellor's office and Jinny walks down the corridor and sits next to me and starts talking.
- JINNY: All I did was make a joke. And they think I need help. Maybe I do. All I do is make jokes, maybe that's a sign of some problem. But I can't help it, I just see the funny side. We were in science and Miss Elvsted was explaining entropy and said, "The universe tends toward a state of uniform chaos," and I said, "Sounds like my bedroom," and she got really angry, and here I am. It probably is annoying. Why you here?

Extract 1 (continued)

ELLA: I'm fascinated by the wrong things.

JINNY: Like what?

ELLA: Shipwrecks, the age of the Earth, the size of the universe, the relativity of time to gravity.

JINNY: Big ideas.

ELLA: Yes, big and kind of terrifying, but really exciting at the same time, makes me giddy. We're living in this fantastic mess that we're lucky to survive in. And that's amazing, isn't it?

JINNY: It is. I hope we both survive the counsellor. It's like waiting to go into Room 101.

[END OF EXTRACT 1]

Extract 2

EDDIE: [moving up steps into doorway] Well, I'll see ya, fellas.
[CATHERINE enters from kitchen, crosses down to window, looks out.]

LOUIS: You workin' tomorrow?

EDDIE: Yeah, there's another day yet on that ship. See ya, Louis.
[EDDIE goes into the house, as light rises in the apartment. CATHERINE is waving to LOUIS from the window and turns to him.]

CATHERINE: Hi, Eddie!
[EDDIE is pleased and therefore shy about it; he hangs up his cap and jacket.]

EDDIE: Where you goin' all dressed up?

CATHERINE: [running her hands over her skirt] I just got it. You like it?

EDDIE: Yeah, it's nice. And what happened to you hair?

CATHERINE: You like it? I fixed it different. [Calling to kitchen] He's here, B.!

EDDIE: Beautiful. Turn around, lemme see in the back. [She turns for him.]
Oh, if your mother was alive to see you now! She wouldn't believe it.

CATHERINE: You like it, huh?

EDDIE: You look like one of them girls that went to college. Where you goin'?

CATHERINE: [taking his arm] Wait'll B. comes in, I'll tell you something. Here, sit down. [She is walking him to the armchair. Calling offstage] Hurry up, will you, B.?

EDDIE: [sitting] What's goin' on?

CATHERINE: I'll get you a beer, all right?

EDDIE: Well, tell me what happened. Come over here, talk to me.

CATHERINE: I want to wait till B. comes in. [She sits on her heels beside him.] Guess how much we paid for the skirt.

EDDIE: I think it's too short, ain't it?

CATHERINE: [standing] No! not when I stand up.

EDDIE: Yeah, but you gotta sit down sometimes.

CATHERINE: Eddie, it's the style now. [She walks to show him.] I mean, if you see me walkin' down the street—

EDDIE: Listen, you been givin' me the willies the way you walk down the street, I mean it.

CATHERINE: Why?

EDDIE: Catherine, I don't want to be a pest, but I'm tellin' you you're walkin' wavy.

CATHERINE: I'm walkin' wavy?

[Turn over

Extract 2 (continued)

- EDDIE: Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavy! I don't like the looks they're givin' you in the candy store. And with them new high heels on the sidewalk—clack, clack, clack. The heads are turnin' like windmills.
- CATHERINE: But those guys look at all the girls, you know that.
- EDDIE: You ain't 'all the girls'.
- CATHERINE: [*almost in tears because he disapproves*] What do you want me to do? You want me to—
- EDDIE: Now don't get mad, kid.
- CATHERINE: Well, I don't know what you want from me.
- EDDIE: Katie, I promised your mother on her deathbed. I'm responsible for you. You're a baby, you don't understand these things. I mean like when you stand here by the window, wavin' outside.
- CATHERINE: I was wavin' to Louis!
- EDDIE: Listen, I could tell you things about Louis which you wouldn't wave to him no more.
- CATHERINE: [*trying to joke him out of his warning*] Eddie, I wish there was one guy you couldn't tell me things about!
- EDDIE: Catherine, do me a favour, will you? You're getting to be a big girl now, you gotta keep yourself more, you can't be so friendly, kid. [*Calls*] Hey, B., what're you doin' in there? [*To CATHERINE*] Get her in here, will you? I got news for her.
- CATHERINE: [*starting out*] What?
- EDDIE: Her cousins landed.
- CATHERINE: [*clapping her hands together*] No! [*She turns instantly and starts for the kitchen.*] B.! Your cousins!
- [*BEATRICE enters, wiping her hands with a towel.*]
- BEATRICE: [*in the face of CATHERINE's shout*] What?
- CATHERINE: Your cousins got in!
- BEATRICE: [*astounded, turns to EDDIE*] What are you talkin' about? Where?
- EDDIE: I was just knockin' off work before and Tony Bereli come over to me; he says the ship is in the North River.
- BEATRICE: [*—her hands are clasped at her breast; she seems half in fear, half in unutterable joy*] They're all right?
- EDDIE: He didn't see them yet, they're still on board. But as soon as they get off he'll meet them. He figures about ten o'clock they'll be here.
- BEATRICE: [*sits, almost weak from tension*] And they'll let them off the ship all right? That's fixed, heh?
- EDDIE: Sure, they give them regular seamen papers and they walk off with the crew. Don't worry about it, B., there's nothin' to it. Couple of hours they'll be here.

Extract 2 (continued)

- BEATRICE: What happened? They wasn't supposed to be till next Thursday.
- EDDIE: I don't know; they put them on any ship they can get them on. Maybe the other ship they was supposed to take there was some danger—What you cryin' about?
- BEATRICE: [*astounded and afraid*] I'm—I just—I can't believe it! I didn't even buy a new tablecloth; I was gonna wash the walls—
- EDDIE: Listen, they'll think it's a millionaire's house compared to the way they live. Don't worry about the walls. They'll be thankful. [*To CATHERINE*] Whyn't you run down buy a tablecloth. Go ahead, here. [*He is reaching into his pocket.*]
- CATHERINE: There's no stores open now.
- EDDIE: [*To BEATRICE*] You was gonna put a new cover on the chair.
- BEATRICE: I know—well, I thought it was gonna be next week! I was gonna clean the walls, I was gonna wax the floors. [*She stands disturbed.*]
- CATHERINE: [*pointing upwards*] Maybe Mrs Dondero upstairs—
- BEATRICE: [*of the tablecloth*] No, hers is worse than this one. [*Suddenly*] My god, I don't even have nothin' to eat for them! [*She starts for the kitchen.*]
- EDDIE: [*reaching out and grabbing her arm*] Hey, hey! Take it easy.
- BEATRICE: No, I'm just nervous, that's all. [*To CATHERINE*] I'll make the fish.
- EDDIE: You're savin' their lives, what're you worryin' about the tablecloth? They probably didn't see a tablecloth in their whole life where they come from.
- BEATRICE: [*looking into his eyes*] I'm just worried about you, that's all I'm worried about.
- EDDIE: Listen, as long as they know where they're gonna sleep.
- BEATRICE: I told them in the letters. They're sleepin' on the floor.
- EDDIE: Beatrice, all I'm worried about is you got such a heart that I'll end up on the floor with you, and they'll be in our bed.
- BEATRICE: All right, stop it.
- EDDIE: Because as soon as you see a tired relative, I end up on the floor.
- BEATRICE: When did you end up on the floor?
- EDDIE: When your father's house burned down I didn't end up on the floor?
- BEATRICE: Well, their house burned down!
- EDDIE: Yeah but it didn't keep burnin' for two weeks!
- BEATRICE: All right, look, I'll tell them to go someplace else. [*She starts into the kitchen.*]
- EDDIE: Now wait a minute. Beatrice! [*She halts. He goes to her.*] I just don't want you bein' pushed around, that's all. You got too big a heart. [*He touches her hand.*] What're you so touchy?
- BEATRICE: I'm just afraid if it don't turn out good you'll be mad at me.

Extract 2 (continued)

EDDIE: Listen, if everybody keeps his mouth shut, nothin' can happen. They'll pay for their board.

BEATRICE: Oh, I told them.

EDDIE: Then what the hell. [*Pause. He moves.*] It's an honour B. I mean it. I was just thinkin' before, comin' home, suppose my father didn't come to this country, and I was starvin' like them over there . . . and I had people in America could keep me a couple of months? The man would be honoured to lend me a place to sleep.

BEATRICE: [*—there are tears in her eyes. She turns to CATHERINE*] You see what he is? [*She turns and grabs EDDIE's face in her hands.*] Mmm! You're an angel! God'll bless you. [*He is gratefully smiling.*] You'll see, you'll get a blessing for this!

EDDIE: [*laughing*] I'll settle for my own bed.

[*END OF EXTRACT 2*]

Extract 3

These Are My Mountains

(words and music: James Copeland)

For these are my mountains
And this is my glen
The braes of my childhood
Will see me again
No land's ever claimed me
Though far I did roam
For these are my mountains
And I'm coming home.

For fame and for fortune
I've wandered the earth
But now I've come back to
The land of my birth
I've gathered life's treasures
But only to find
They're less than the pleasures
I first left behind.

Repeat verse.

MC: Later on we're going to have a few songs like that one—if you know the words, join in—and then we're going to have a dance, and in between we'll be telling a story. It's a story that has a beginning, a middle, but, as yet, no end—

GAELIC SINGER: [*begins to sing a quiet Jacobite song in Gaelic*].

Och! A Thearlaich òig Stiubhairt,
Is e do chùis rinn mo leir eadh,
Thug thu bhuan gach ni bh'agam,
Aun au cogadh na t-aobhar:
Cha chrodh, a's cha chaoirich—

MC: It begins, I suppose, with 1746—Culloden and all that. The Highlands were in a bit of a mess. Speaking—or singing—the Gaelic language was forbidden. [*Singing stops.*] Wearing the plaid was forbidden. [*SINGER takes off her plaid, sits.*] Things were all set for a change. So Scene One—Strathnaver 1813.

[*Drum roll. Page of book turned, a cottage pops up from in between the next two pages.*]

[*ENTER two Strathnaver girls, singing*]

GIRLS: Hé mandu's truagh nach tigeadh
Hé mandu siod 'gam iarraidh
Hé mandu gille's litir
He ri oro each is diollaid
Heman dubh hi ri oro
Hó ró hù ó

[Turn over

Extract 3 (continued)

PEARL: *[As they sing, a YOUNG HIGHLANDER comes on, watches them, talks to audience.]*

YH: The women were great at making it all seem fine. But it was no easy time to be alive in. Sir John Sinclair of Caithness had invented the Great Sheep; that is to say, he had introduced the Cheviot to the North. Already in Assynt the Sutherland family had cleared the people off their land—and the people were not too pleased about it.

FIRST WOMAN: Ach blethers—

SECOND WOMAN: Cha chuir iad dragh oirnne co diubh. (They won't bother us here).

FIRST WOMAN: The Countess has always been very kind to us.

YH: Aye, and she's away in England.

FIRST WOMAN: Why wouldn't she be?

YH: With her fancy palaces and feasts for Kings and fine French wines—and it's our rent she's spending.

FIRST WOMAN: Rent! You never pay any rent—

YH: Where would I get the money to pay rent? *[To audience.]* If it's not bad weather flattening the barley, it's mildew in the potatoes, and last year it was both together . . . And now they're talking about bringing in soldiers to clear us off the land completely . . .

SECOND WOMAN: Saighdearan? De mu dheidhinn saighdearan? (Soldiers—what do you mean, soldiers?)

YH: There were one hundred and fifty of them arrived in a boat off Lochinver.

FIRST WOMAN: Would you get on with some work?

SECOND WOMAN: Seo-lion an cogan. (Here fill up the bucket.)

[They sing on, as YH goes to a corner of the cottage to pee in the bucket. They watch him and laugh. Suddenly he panics, does up his trousers and rushes over.]

YH: Here—there's a couple of gentlemen coming up the strath.

FIRST WOMAN: Gentlemen?

YH: *[to audience]*. The two gentlemen were James Loch and Patrick Sellar, factor and under-factor to the Sutherland estates.

FIRST WOMAN: Oh, look at the style of me . . .

YH: *[handing them the bucket]*. You might find a good use for this. *[Goes.]*

SECOND WOMAN: I hope they have not come to improve us.

FIRST WOMAN: Bi samhach. (Behave yourself). *[Giggles.]*

[Enter PATRICK SELLAR and JAMES LOCH, looking very grand. SELLAR sniffs the bucket, ignores the women, who are huddled under their shawls.]

Extract 3 (continued)

- SELLAR: [with a Lowland Scots accent]. Macdonald has told me, Mr. Loch, there are three hundred illegal stills in Strathnaver at this very moment. They claim they have no money for rent—clearly they have enough to purchase the barley. The whole thing smacks of a terrible degeneracy in the character of these aboriginals. . .
- LOCH: The Marquis is not unaware of the responsibility his wealth places upon him, Mr. Sellar. The future and lasting interest and honour of his family, as well as their immediate income, must be kept in view.
[They freeze. A phrase on the fiddle. Two SPEAKERS intervene between them, speak quickly to the audience.]
- SPEAKER 1: Their immediate income was over £120,000 per annum. In those days that was quite a lot of money.
- SPEAKER 2: George Granville, Second Marquis of Stafford, inherited a huge estate in Yorkshire; he inherited another at Trentham in the Potteries; and he inherited a third at Lilleshall in Shropshire, that had coal-mines on it.
- SPEAKER 1: He also inherited the Bridgewater Canal. And, on Loch's advice, he bought a large slice of the Liverpool–Manchester Railway.
- SPEAKER 2: From his wife, Elizabeth Gordon, Countess of Sutherland, he acquired three-quarters of a million acres of Sutherland—in which he wanted to invest some capital.
[Another phrase on the fiddle: they slip away. SELLAR and LOCH re-animate.]
- SELLAR: The common people of Sutherland are a parcel of beggars with no stock, but cunning and lazy.
- LOCH: They are living in a form of slavery to their own indolence. Nothing could be more at variance with the general interests of society and the individual happiness of the people themselves, than the present state of Highland manners and customs. To be happy, the people must be productive.
- SELLAR: They require to be thoroughly brought to the coast, where industry will pay, and to be convinced that they must worship industry or starve. The present enchantment which keeps them down must be broken.
- LOCH: The coast of Sutherland abounds with many different kinds of fish. [LOCH takes off his hat, and speaks directly to the audience.] Believe it or not, Loch and Sellar actually used these words. [Puts his hat on again] Not only white fish, but herring too. With this in mind, His Lordship is considering several sites for new villages on the East Coast—Culgower, Helmsdale, Golspie, Brora, Skelbo and Knockglass—Helmsdale in particular is a perfect natural harbour for a fishing station. And there is said to be coal at Brora.

[Turn over

Extract 3 (continued)

- SELLAR: You will really not find this estate pleasant or profitable until by draining to your coast-line or by emigration you have got your mildewed districts cleared. They are just in that state of society for a savage country, such as the woods of Upper Canada—His Lordship should consider seriously the possibility of subsidising their departures. They might even be inclined to carry a swarm of dependants with them.
- LOCH: I gather you yourself Mr. Sellar, have a scheme for a sheep-walk in this area.
- SELLAR: The highlands of Scotland may sell £200,000 worth of lean cattle this year. The same ground, under the Cheviot, may produce as much as £900,000 worth of fine wool. The effects of such arrangements in advancing this estate in wealth, civilisation, comfort, industry, virtue and happiness are palpable.
- [*Fiddle in—Tune, ‘Bonnie Dundee’, quietly behind.*]
- LOCH: Your offer for this area, Mr. Sellar, falls a little short of what I had hoped.
- SELLAR: The present rents, when they can be collected, amount to no more than £142 per annum.

[*END OF EXTRACT 3*]

[*END OF QUESTION PAPER*]

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