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NATIONAL TUESDAY, 21 MAY  
QUALIFICATIONS 1.00 PM – 3.30 PM  
2013

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)

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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 opposite 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.





*Marks*









**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*

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*Marks*



<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**

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare

MALVOLIO: To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY: Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW: Pistol him, pistol him!

SIR TOBY: Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO: There is example for't. The Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW: Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN: O peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO: Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TOBY: O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO: Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY: Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN: O peace, peace!

MALVOLIO: And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby.

SIR TOBY: Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN: O peace, peace, peace! Now, now!

MALVOLIO: Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—

SIR TOBY: Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN: Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!

MALVOLIO: I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with a austere regards of control—

SIR TOBY: And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO: Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech'—

SIR TOBY: What, what?

MALVOLIO: 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY: Out, scab!

FABIAN: Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO: 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight'—

SIR ANDREW: That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO: 'One Sir Andrew.'

SIR ANDREW: I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

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

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare (*continued*)

MALVOLIO: What employment have we here?

FABIAN: Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY: O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO: By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

SIR ANDREW: Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

MALVOLIO: *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes.*  
Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady! To whom should this be?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen

MRS ALVING: Everything burnt—right to the ground.  
REGINA: It's still burning in the basement.  
MRS ALVING: Why doesn't Oswald come back? There's nothing to save.  
REGINA: Shall I go down and take him his hat?  
MRS ALVING: Hasn't he even got his hat?  
REGINA: No, it's still hanging there.  
MRS ALVING: Leave it. He'd better come back now; I'll go and find him myself.  
[*She goes out.*]  
PASTOR MANDERS: [*coming in*] Isn't Mrs Alving here?  
REGINA: No, she's just gone down the garden.  
PASTOR MANDERS: This is the most terrible night I've ever spent.  
REGINA: Yes—a dreadful calamity, isn't it, sir?  
PASTOR MANDERS: Don't speak of it. I can hardly bear to think about it.  
REGINA: But how can it have happened?  
PASTOR MANDERS: Don't ask me, Miss Engstrand. How should I know? Are *you* suggesting too . . .? Isn't it enough that your father—?  
REGINA: What about him?  
PASTOR MANDERS: Oh, he's driving me out of my mind!  
ENGSTRAND: [*coming in*] Pastor . . .!  
PASTOR MANDERS: Have you followed me even here?  
ENGSTRAND: Yes, God help me, but I *must* . . . Oh Lor' this is a sad affair, sir!  
PASTOR MANDERS: Terrible—terrible . . .!  
REGINA: What's all this?  
ENGSTRAND: Well, you see, it's all because of that service . . . We've got him now, my girl! And to think it was *my* fault that Pastor Manders is responsible for a thing like this.  
PASTOR MANDERS: But, Engstrand, I assure you . . .!  
ENGSTRAND: But nobody else touched the candles except you, sir.  
PASTOR MANDERS: Yes, so you keep saying. But I'm sure I don't remember ever having a candle in my hand.  
ENGSTRAND: But I saw you, quite distinctly, sir, take a candle and snuff it in your fingers, and throw the wick away into the shavings.  
PASTOR MANDERS: You watched me do it?  
ENGSTRAND: Yes, I distinctly saw it.  
PASTOR MANDERS: I simply can't understand it. You see, I never do snuff candles in my fingers.

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

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

ENGSTRAND: Yes, it did seem odd at the time. But is it really so dangerous, sir?

PASTOR MANDERS: Oh, don't *ask* me!

ENGSTRAND: And you hadn't insured it either, had you, sir?

PASTOR MANDERS: No no no—you heard me say so.

ENGSTRAND: Not insured! And then to go and set light to the whole place—oh Lord, oh Lord, what a calamity!

PASTOR MANDERS: You may well say so, Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND: And to think that a thing like that should happen to a charitable institution that was to have been a blessing to the whole neighbourhood, as they say. I shouldn't think the newspapers'll be very kind to you, sir.

PASTOR MANDERS: No, that's just what I've been thinking. That's almost the worst part of the whole thing . . . all the spiteful insinuations and attacks. Oh, it's terrible to think about!

MRS ALVING: [*coming in*] I can't get him away from the fire.

PASTOR MANDERS: Ah, there you are, Mrs Alving.

MRS ALVING: So you won't have to make your speech, Mr Manders.

PASTOR MANDERS: Oh, I should have been only too happy . . .

MRS ALVING: It's just as well things have happened like this. That Orphanage would never have come to any good.

[*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

- LADY BRACKNELL: Prism! Come here, Prism! Prism! Where is that baby?  
Twenty-eight years ago, Prism, you left Lord Bracknell's house, Number 104, Upper Grosvenor Street, in charge of a perambulator that contained a baby of the male sex. You never returned. A few weeks later, through the elaborate investigations of the Metropolitan police, the perambulator was discovered at midnight, standing by itself in a remote corner of Bayswater. It contained the manuscript of a three-volume novel of more than usually revolting sentimentality. But the baby was not there! Prism! Where is that baby?
- MISS PRISM: Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know. I only wish I did. The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is for ever branded on my memory, I prepared as usual to take the baby out in its perambulator. I had also with me a somewhat old, but capacious hand-bag in which I had intended to place the manuscript of a work of fiction that I had written during my few unoccupied hours. In a moment of mental abstraction, for which I never can forgive myself, I deposited the manuscript in the basinette, and placed the baby in the hand-bag.
- JACK: But where did you deposit the hand-bag?
- MISS PRISM: Do not ask me, Mr Worthing.
- JACK: Miss Prism, this is a matter of no small importance to me. I insist on knowing where you deposited the hand-bag that contained that infant.
- MISS PRISM: I left it in the cloakroom of one of the larger railway stations in London.
- JACK: What railway station?
- MISS PRISM: Victoria. The Brighton line.
- JACK: I must retire to my room for a moment. Gwendolen, wait here for me.
- GWENDOLEN: If you are not too long, I will wait here for you all my life.  
[EXIT JACK]
- CHASUBLE: What do you think this means, Lady Bracknell?
- LADY BRACKNELL: I dare not even suspect, Dr Chasuble. I need hardly tell you that in families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur. They are hardly considered the thing.
- CECILY: Uncle Jack seems strangely agitated.
- CHASUBLE: Your guardian has a very emotional nature.
- LADY BRACKNELL: The noise is extremely unpleasant. It sounds as if he was having an argument. I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar, and often convincing.

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

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

- CHASUBLE: It has stopped now.
- LADY BRACKNELL: I wish he would arrive at some conclusion.
- GWENDOLEN: This suspense is terrible. I hope it will last.
- [*ENTER JACK*]
- JACK: Is this the hand-bag, Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The happiness of more than one life depends on your answer.
- MISS PRISM: It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage, an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extravagant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years.
- JACK: Miss Prism, more is restored to you than this hand-bag. I was the baby you placed in it.
- MISS PRISM: You?
- JACK: Yes . . . mother!
- MISS PRISM: Mr Worthing! I am unmarried.
- JACK: Unmarried! I do not deny that is a serious blow. But after all, who has the right to cast a stone against one who has suffered? Cannot repentance wipe out an act of folly? Why should there be one law for men, and another for women? Mother, I forgive you.

[*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 CHAPLAIN: Is that all right to let her go with the clerk?

MOTHER COURAGE: She's not that pretty they'd want to ruin her.

THE CHAPLAIN: I admire the way you run your business and always win through. I see why they called you Courage.

MOTHER COURAGE: Poor folk got to have courage. Why, they're lost. Simply getting up in morning takes some doing in their situation. Or ploughing a field, and in a war at that. Mere fact they bring kids into world shows they got courage, cause there's no hope for them. They have to hang one another and slaughter one another, so just looking each other in face must call for courage. Being able to put up with emperor and pope shows supernatural courage, cause those two cost 'em their lives. You might chop us a bit of kindling.

THE CHAPLAIN: I happen to be a pastor of souls, not a woodcutter.

MOTHER COURAGE: I got no soul, you see. Need firewood, though.

THE CHAPLAIN: Where's that stumpy pipe from?

MOTHER COURAGE: Just a pipe.

THE CHAPLAIN: What d'you mean, 'just', it's a quite particular pipe, that.

MOTHER COURAGE: Aha?

THE CHAPLAIN: That stumpy pipe belongs to the Oxenstierna Regiment's cook.

MOTHER COURAGE: If you know that already why ask, Mr Clever?

THE CHAPLAIN: Because I didn't know if you were aware what you're smoking. You might just have been rummaging around in your things, come across some old pipe or other, and used it out of sheer absence of mind.

MOTHER COURAGE: And why not?

THE CHAPLAIN: Because you didn't. You're smoking that deliberately.

MOTHER COURAGE: And why shouldn't I?

THE CHAPLAIN: Courage, I'm warning you. It's my duty. Probably you'll never clap eyes on the gentleman again, and that's no loss but your good fortune. He didn't make at all a reliable impression on me. Quite the opposite.

MOTHER COURAGE: Really? Nice fellow that.

THE CHAPLAIN: So he's what you would call a nice fellow? I wouldn't. Far be it from me to bear him the least ill-will, but nice is not what I would call him. More like one of those Don Juans, a slippery one. Have a look at that pipe if you don't believe me. You must admit it tells you a good deal about his character.

MOTHER COURAGE: Nowt that I can see. Worn out, I'd call it.

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

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

- THE CHAPLAIN: Practically bitten through, you mean. A man of wrath. That is the pipe of an unscrupulous man of wrath; you must see that if you have any discrimination left.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Don't chop my chopping block in two.
- THE CHAPLAIN: I told you I'm not a woodcutter by trade. I studied to be a pastor of souls. My talent and abilities are being abused in this place, by manual labour. My God-given endowments are denied expression. It's a sin. You have never heard me preach. One sermon of mine can put a regiment in such a frame of mind it'll treat the enemy like a flock of sheep. Life to them is a smelly old foot-cloth which they fling away in a vision of final victory. God has given me the gift of speech. I can preach so you'll lose all sense of sight and hearing.
- MOTHER COURAGE: I don't wish to lose my sense of sight and hearing. Where'd that leave me?
- THE CHAPLAIN: Courage, I have often thought that your dry way of talking conceals more than just a warm heart. You too are human and need warmth.
- MOTHER COURAGE: Best way for us to get this tent warm is have plenty of firewood.

[*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

- PONCIA: Bernarda, something monstrous is happening here. I don't want to blame you, but you haven't allowed your daughters any freedom. Martirio is romantic, no matter what you say. Why didn't you let her marry Enrique Humanas? Why did you send him a message not to come to her window, the very day he was coming?
- BERNARDA: And I would do it a thousand times again! My blood will never mix with that of the Humanas family—not as long as I live! His father was a field hand.
- PONCIA: This is what comes of putting on airs!
- BERNARDA: I do because I can afford to! And you don't because you know very well what you come from.
- PONCIA: Don't remind me of that! I'm old now. I've always been grateful for your protection.
- BERNARDA: It wouldn't seem so!
- PONCIA: Martirio will forget about this.
- BERNARDA: And if she doesn't forget, the worse for her! I don't think this is the 'something monstrous' happening here. Nothing is happening here. That's what you'd like. And if something does happen some day, rest assured it will not go beyond these walls!
- PONCIA: I don't know about that—there are also people in town who can read hidden thoughts from a distance.
- BERNARDA: How you'd like to see my daughters and me on our way to the whorehouse!
- PONCIA: No one can know her own fate.
- BERNARDA: I know my fate—and that of my daughters. We'll leave the brothel to a certain woman who is already dead.
- PONCIA: Bernarda, respect the memory of my mother!
- BERNARDA: Stop hounding me, you with your evil thoughts!
- PONCIA: It's best if I don't get mixed up in anything.
- BERNARDA: That's what you should do: work and keep your mouth shut. It is the obligation of those who are paid to work.
- PONCIA: But I can't. Don't you think that Pepe would be better off married to Martirio or—Yes! to Adela?
- BERNARDA: I do *not* think so.
- PONCIA: Adela. She's el Romano's real fiancée.
- BERNARDA: Things are never the way we would like them to be.
- PONCIA: But it's very hard for people to turn away from their true inclinations. For Pepe to be with Angustias seems wrong—to me, and to other people, and even to the air. Who knows if they'll get their way!

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

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

- BERNARDA: Here we go again! You go out of your way to give me bad dreams. And I don't want to listen to you, because if things turn out the way you say, I will have to claw you to pieces!
- PONCIA: The blood wouldn't get as far as the river!
- BERNARDA: Fortunately, my daughters respect me and have never gone against my will.
- PONCIA: That's true. But as soon as you turn them loose, they'll be up on the roof.
- BERNARDA: I will bring them down soon enough, by throwing stones at them!
- PONCIA: Of course you are the strongest!
- BERNARDA: I've always been able to hold my own.
- PONCIA: But it's strange! At her age! Look at how taken Angustias is with her fiancé! And he seems to be smitten, too! Yesterday, my oldest son told me that at half past four in the morning, when he went by with his oxen, they were still talking!
- BERNARDA: At half past four?
- ANGUSTIAS: [*entering*] That's a lie!
- PONCIA: That's what I was told.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*THE CRUCIBLE*—Arthur Miller

HALE: Good evening.

PROCTOR: Why, Mr Hale! Good evening to you, sir. Come in, come in.

HALE: I hope I do not startle you.

ELIZABETH: No, no, it's only that I heard no horse—

HALE: You are Goodwife Proctor.

PROCTOR: Aye; Elizabeth.

HALE: I hope you're not off to bed yet.

PROCTOR: No, no. We are not used to visitors after dark, but you're welcome here. Will you sit you down, sir?

HALE: I will. Let you sit, Goodwife Proctor.

PROCTOR: Will you drink cider, Mr Hale?

HALE: No, it rebels my stomach; I have some further travelling yet tonight. Sit you down, sir. I will not keep you long, but I have some business with you.

PROCTOR: Business of the court?

HALE: No—no, I come of my own, without the court's authority. Hear me. I know not if you are aware, but your wife's name is—mentioned in the court.

PROCTOR: We know it, sir. Our Mary Warren told us. We are entirely amazed.

HALE: I am a stranger here, as you know. And in my ignorance I find it hard to draw a clear opinion of them that come accused before the court. And so this afternoon, and now tonight, I go from house to house—I come now from Rebecca Nurse's house and—

ELIZABETH: Rebecca's charged!

HALE: God forbid such a one be charged. She is, however—mentioned somewhat.

ELIZABETH: You will never believe, I hope, that Rebecca trafficked with the Devil.

HALE: Woman, it is possible.

PROCTOR: Surely you cannot think so.

HALE: This is a strange time, Mister. No man may longer doubt the powers of the dark are gathered in monstrous attack upon this village. There is too much evidence now to deny it. You will agree, sir?

PROCTOR: I—have no knowledge in that line. But it's hard to think so pious a woman be secretly a Devil's bitch after seventy year of such good prayer.

HALE: Aye. But the Devil is a wily one, you cannot deny it. However, she is far from accused, and I know she will not be. I thought, sir, to put some questions as to the Christian characters of this house, if you'll permit me.

PROCTOR: Why, we—have no fear of questions, sir.

HALE: Good, then. In the book of record that Mr Parris keeps, I note that you are rarely in the church on Sabbath Day.

PROCTOR: No, sir, you are mistaken.

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

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

- HALE: Twenty-six time in seventeen month, sir. I must call that rare. Will you tell me why you are so absent?
- PROCTOR: Mr Hale, I never knew I must account to that man for I come to church or stay at home. My wife were sick this winter.
- HALE: So I am told. But you, Mister, why could you not come alone?
- PROCTOR: I surely did come when I could, and when I could not I prayed in this house.
- HALE: Mr Proctor, your house is not a church; your theology must tell you that.
- PROCTOR: It does, sir, it does; and it tells me that a minister may pray to God without he have golden candlesticks upon the altar.
- HALE: What golden candlesticks?
- PROCTOR: Since we built the church there were pewter candlesticks upon the altar; Francis Nurse made them, y'know, and a sweeter hand never touched the metal. But Parris came, and for twenty week he preach nothin' but golden candlesticks until he had them. I labour the earth from dawn of day to blink of night, and I tell you true, when I look to heaven and see my money glaring at his elbows—it hurt my prayer, sir, it hurt my prayer. I think, sometimes, the man dreams cathedrals, not clapboard meetin' houses.

[*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: You're a bit late coming home from school, aren't you?

JO: I met a friend.

HELEN: Well, he certainly knows how to put stars in your eyes.

JO: What makes you think it's a he?

HELEN: Well, I certainly hope it isn't a she who makes you walk round in this state.

JO: He's a sailor.

HELEN: I hope you exercised proper control over his nautical ardour. I've met a few sailors myself.

JO: He's lovely.

HELEN: Is he?

JO: He's got beautiful brown eyes and gorgeous curly hair.

HELEN: Has he got long legs?

JO: They're all right.

HELEN: How old is he?

JO: Twenty-two. He's doing his national service, but before that he was a male nurse.

HELEN: A male nurse, eh? That's interesting. Where did he do his nursing?

JO: In a hospital, of course! Where else do they have nurses?

HELEN: Does he ever get any free samples? We could do with a few contacts for things like that.

JO: Oh shut up, Helen. Have a look in that paper and see what's on at the pictures tomorrow night.

HELEN: Where is it? Oh yes . . . *I was a Teenage* . . . what? You can't go there anyway, it's a proper little flea pit. *The Ten Commandments*, here that'd do you good. *Desire Under the* . . . oh! What a funny place to have desire! You might as well have it at home as anywhere else, mightn't you? No, there's nothing here that I fancy.

JO: You never go to the pictures.

HELEN: I used to but the cinema has become more and more like the theatre, it's all mauling and muttering, can't hear what they're saying half the time and when you do it's not worth listening to. Look at that advertisement. It's pornographic. In my opinion such a frank and open display of the female form can only induce little boys of all ages to add vulgar comments in pencil. I ask you, what sort of an inflated woman is that? She's got bosom, bosom and still more bosom. I bet every inch of her chest is worth it's weight in gold. Let's have a look at you. I wonder if I could turn you into a mountain of voluptuous temptation?

JO: Why?

HELEN: I'd put you on films.

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

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

JO: I'd sooner be put on't streets. It's more honest.

HELEN: You might have to do that yet.

JO: Where did this magazine come from?

HELEN: Woman downstairs give it me.

JO: I didn't think you'd buy it.

HELEN: Why buy when it's cheaper to borrow?

JO: What day was I born on?

HELEN: I don't know.

JO: You should remember such an important event.

HELEN: I've always done my best to forget that.

JO: How old was I when your husband threw you out?

HELEN: Change the subject. When I think of her father and my husband it makes me wonder why I ever bothered, it does really.

JO: He was rich, wasn't he . . .

HELEN: He was a rat!

JO: He was your husband. Why did you marry him?

HELEN: At the time I had nothing better to do. Then he divorced me; that was your fault.

[*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: There you are again at last!

ESTRAGON: I'm accursed!

VLADIMIR: Where were you! I thought you were gone for ever.

ESTRAGON: They're coming!

VLADIMIR: Who?

ESTRAGON: I don't know.

VLADIMIR: How many?

ESTRAGON: I don't know.

VLADIMIR: It's Godot! At last! Gogo! It's Godot! We're saved! Let's go and meet him! Gogo! Come back! There you are again again!

ESTRAGON: I'm in hell!

VLADIMIR: Where were you?

ESTRAGON: They're coming there too!

VLADIMIR: We're surrounded! Imbecile! There's no way out there. There! Not a soul in sight! Of you go. Quick! You won't? Well, I can understand that. Wait till I see. Your only hope left is to disappear.

ESTRAGON: Where?

VLADIMIR: Behind the tree. Quick! Behind the tree. Decidedly this tree will not have been of the slightest use to us.

ESTRAGON: I lost my head. Forgive me. It won't happen again. Tell me what to do.

VLADIMIR: There's nothing to do.

ESTRAGON: You go and stand there. There, don't move, and watch out. Back to back like in the good old days! Do you see anything coming?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: Do you see anything coming?

VLADIMIR: No.

ESTRAGON: Nor I.

VLADIMIR: You must have had a vision.

ESTRAGON: What?

VLADIMIR: You must have had a vision!

ESTRAGON: No need to shout!

VLADIMIR: }  
ESTRAGON: } Do you—

VLADIMIR: Oh, pardon!

ESTRAGON: Carry on.

VLADIMIR: No no, after you.

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

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

ESTRAGON: No no, you first.  
VLADIMIR: I interrupted you.  
ESTRAGON: On the contrary.  
VLADIMIR: Ceremonious ape!  
ESTRAGON: Punctilious pig!  
VLADIMIR: Finish your phrase, I tell you!  
ESTRAGON: Finish your own!  
VLADIMIR: Moron!  
ESTRAGON: That's the idea, let's abuse each other.  
VLADIMIR: Moron!  
ESTRAGON: Vermin!  
VLADIMIR: Abortion!  
ESTRAGON: Morpion!  
VLADIMIR: Sewer-rat!  
ESTRAGON: Curate!  
VLADIMIR: Cretin!  
ESTRAGON: Crritic!  
VLADIMIR: Oh!  
ESTRAGON: Now let's make it up.  
VLADIMIR: Gogo!  
ESTRAGON: Didi!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY*—Harold Pinter

GOLDBERG: What's your trade?  
STANLEY: I play the piano.  
GOLDBERG: How many fingers do you use?  
STANLEY: No hands!  
GOLDBERG: No society would touch you. Not even a building society.  
MCCANN: You're a traitor to the cloth.  
GOLDBERG: What do you use for pyjamas?  
STANLEY: Nothing.  
GOLDBERG: You verminate the sheet of your birth.  
MCCANN: What about the Albigensenist heresy?  
GOLDBERG: Who watered the wicket in Melbourne?  
MCCANN: What about the blessed Oliver Plunkett?  
GOLDBERG: Speak up, Webber. Why did the chicken cross the road?  
STANLEY: He wanted to—he wanted to—he wanted to . . .  
MCCANN: He doesn't know!  
GOLDBERG: Why did the chicken cross the road?  
STANLEY: He wanted to—he wanted to . . .  
GOLDBERG: Why did the chicken cross the road?  
STANLEY: He wanted . . .  
MCCANN: He doesn't know. He doesn't know which came first!  
GOLDBERG: Which came first?  
MCCANN: Chicken? Egg? Which came first?  
GOLDBERG:  
and Which came first? Which came first? Which came first?  
MCCANN:  
GOLDBERG: He doesn't know. Do you know your own face?  
MCCANN: Wake him up. Stick a needle in his eye.  
GOLDBERG: You're a plague, Webber. You're an overthrow.  
MCCANN: You're what's left!  
GOLDBERG: But we've got the answer to you. We can sterilise you.  
MCCANN: What about Drogheda?  
GOLDBERG: Your bite is dead. Only your pong is left.  
MCCANN: You betrayed our land.  
GOLDBERG: You betray our breed.  
MCCANN: Who are you, Webber?

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

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

GOLDBERG: What makes you think you exist?  
MCCANN: You're dead.  
GOLDBERG: You're dead. You can't live, you can't think, you can't love. You're dead. You're a plague gone bad. There's no juice in you. You're nothing but an odour!  
Steady McCann.  
STANLEY: Uuuuuhhhh!  
MCCANN: Right, Judas.  
GOLDBERG: Steady, McCann.  
MCCANN: Come on!  
STANLEY: Uuuuuuuhhhh!  
MCCANN: He's sweating.  
STANLEY: Uuuuuhhhh!  
GOLDBERG: Easy, McCann.  
MCCANN: The bastard sweatpig is sweating.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel

- MAG: I was doing my hair this morning, and d'you know what I found in the comb? A grey hair! I'm old! Two months pregnant and I'm as grey as a badger! Isn't it a scream! I think a young face and silver hair is more attractive than an old face and black hair. But if I had to choose between a young face and black hair and an old face and silver hair I think I'd prefer the young face. You have a young face. You're only a boy. You're only a baby really. I'll have two babies to take care of. Joe, we'll be happy, Joe, won't we? It's such a beautiful morning. So still. I think this is the most important moment in my life. And I think, I think sometimes that happiness, real happiness, was never discovered until we discovered it. Isn't that silly? And I want to share it with everyone—everywhere.
- JOE: Stupid.
- MAG: What?
- JOE: A fat lot you have to give.
- MAG: I didn't say give!
- JOE: You did!
- MAG: I did not!
- JOE: I heard you!
- MAG: Liar! I said 'share'!
- JOE: Share what?
- MAG: You wouldn't understand!
- JOE: Understand what?
- MAG: Anything! 'Cos you're just a selfish, cold, horrible, priggish, conceited donkey! Stuck in your old books as if they were the most important thing in the world; and your—your—your intended waiting like a dog for you to toss her a kind word!
- JOE: I only asked.
- MAG: You hate me—that's it—you're going to marry me just to crush me! I've heard of men like you—sadicists! I've read about them in books! But I never thought for a second—  
Oh, my God—!
- JOE: What?
- MAG: Ooooooooooh—!
- JOE: What—what—what is it, Maggie?
- MAG: Joe—!
- JOE: Mag, are you sick? Are you sick, Mag?
- MAG: Labour has commenced.
- JOE: Sweet God! How d'you know? What's happening? I'll get help! Don't move! Doctor Watson warned you to stop cycling! How d'you feel? I'll carry you. Don't move—don't move!
- MAG: I . . . think—

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

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel (*continued*)

JOE: Don't talk! Don't move! Where did you leave your bike?

MAG: Stay with me, Joe, please. Hold my hand.

JOE: God, this is fierce! On top of a bloody hill! You're all right, Mag, aren't you? Aren't you all right?

MAG: Dear Joe. I'm fine, thank you, Joe.

JOE: What's happening? Tell me.

MAG: Nothing to be alarmed about. False pains.

JOE: False . . . ?

MAG: Gone again. For the time being.

JOE: They'll be back?

MAG: Oh, yes. But maybe not for a month.

JOE: God, I'm not worth tuppence.

MAG: I'm sorry for calling you names.

JOE: Maybe you should go home, Mag, eh?

MAG: I'm fine. Really. Go on with your work.

JOE: God, I don't know.

MAG: Please. I'll just rest.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*PASSING PLACES*—Stephen Greenhorn

BRIAN: What a view.

MIRREN: That's Muck. And Eigg. Rum behind that. And that's the Cuillins on Skye.

BRIAN: Doesn't look very far.

MIRREN: No not really.

BRIAN: You think your friend will be able to fix this?

MIRREN: Serge? I don't know.

BRIAN: What about Iona? What does she do?

MIRREN: She's a geologist. She's writing a book.

BRIAN: What about?

ALEX: Rocks.

MIRREN: Something to do with continental drift.

BRIAN: That's interesting.

ALEX: It's rocks.

It's a shame they couldn't use some of that high quality aggregate to improve the roads round here.

MIRREN: What's wrong with them?

ALEX: They're too narrow.

MIRREN: Single-track with passing places.

ALEX: They're crap.

MIRREN: They're fine. If you use them properly.

ALEX: Meaning what?

MIRREN: Meaning it's your driving that's crap.

ALEX: . . . !

MIRREN: You batter along the road as fast as you can and then screech to a halt as soon as you see anything coming towards you.

ALEX: We're in a hurry.

MIRREN: But there's no point in racing and stopping. You want to go at a comfortable speed. When you see a car coming, all you do is judge how fast they're going, work out where you'll meet and adjust your speed slightly so that you meet at a passing place.

ALEX: Really.

MIRREN: They're passing places. Not stopping places. You shouldn't have to stop. Just slow down a bit.

BRIAN: It's Zen.

MIRREN: You need to learn to adjust.

BRIAN: Zen and the art of single-track roads. Optimising the way you meet other traffic. Minimising the disturbance to either side. Oneness.

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

*PASSING PLACES*— Stephen Greenhorn (*continued*)

MIRREN: Common-sense.

BRIAN: It's that yoga stuff, Alex. Breathing, that's the secret. You need to control it. You need to learn how to breathe.

ALEX: I know how to breathe. I've been doing it for years.

BRIAN: It's just a suggestion.

ALEX: Well, I suggest that unless you want to walk the rest of the way you let me worry about the driving.

MIRREN: That's fair enough, Brian. Let Alex worry.

:

D'you think we've cooled down again yet?

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**











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