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**X037/12/01**

NATIONAL THURSDAY, 15 MAY  
QUALIFICATIONS 9.00 AM - 11.30 AM  
2014

DRAMA  
HIGHER  
Answer Book

Fill in these boxes and read what is printed below.

Full name of centre

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Town

--

Forename(s)

--

Surname

--

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.



## 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 “*Tally’s Blood*” 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>









Marks

Blank writing area consisting of 20 horizontal lines.

**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*

*ANTIGONE*—Sophocles

CREON: Money! Nothing worse  
in our lives, so current, rampant, so corrupting.  
Money—you demolish cities, root men from their homes,  
you train and twist good minds and set them on  
to the most atrocious schemes. No limit,  
you make them adept at every kind of outrage,  
every godless crime—money!

Everyone—  
the whole crew bribed to commit this crime,  
they've made one thing sure at least:  
sooner or later they will pay the price.

You—  
I swear to Zeus as I still believe in Zeus,  
if you don't find the man who buried that corpse,  
the very man, and produce him before my eyes,  
simple death won't be enough for you,  
not till we string you up alive  
and wring the immorality out of you.  
Then you can steal the rest of your days,  
better informed about where to make a killing.  
You'll have learned, at last, it doesn't pay  
to itch for rewards from every hand that beckons.  
Filthy profits wreck most men, you'll see—  
they'll never save your life.

SENTRY: Please,  
may I say a word or two, or just turn and go?

CREON: Can't you tell? Everything you say offends me.

SENTRY: Where does it hurt you, in the ears or in the heart?

CREON: And who are you to pinpoint my displeasure?

SENTRY: The culprit grates on your feelings,  
I just annoy your ears.

CREON: Still talking?  
You talk too much! A born nuisance—

SENTRY: Maybe so,  
but I never did this thing, so help me!

CREON: Yes you did—  
what's more, you squandered your life for silver!

SENTRY: Oh it's terrible when the one who does the judging  
judges things all wrong.

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

*ANTIGONE*—Sophocles (*continued*)

CREON: Well now,  
you just be clever about your judgements—  
if you fail to produce the criminals for me,  
you'll swear your dirty money brought you pain.

SENTRY: I hope he's found. Best thing by far.  
But caught or not, that's in the lap of fortune:  
I'll never come back, you've seen the last of me.  
I'm saved, even now, and I never thought,  
I never hoped—  
dear gods, I owe you all my thanks!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare

- SIR TOBY: Jove bless thee, Master Parson.
- CLOWN: *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is': so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is 'that' but 'that'? and 'is' but 'is'?
- SIR TOBY: To him, Sir Topas.
- CLOWN: What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!
- SIR TOBY: The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.
- MALVOLIO: Who calls there?
- CLOWN: Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
- MALVOLIO: Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
- CLOWN: Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
- SIR TOBY: Well said, Master Parson.
- MALVOLIO: Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.
- CLOWN: Fie, thou dishonest Satan! (I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy.) Say'st thou that house is dark?
- MALVOLIO: As hell, Sir Topas.
- CLOWN: Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?
- MALVOLIO: I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.
- CLOWN: Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
- MALVOLIO: I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
- CLOWN: What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?
- MALVOLIO: That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
- CLOWN: What think'st thou of his opinion?
- MALVOLIO: I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
- CLOWN: Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

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

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

MALVOLIO: Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY: My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN: Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA: Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen

- OSVALD: Because the doctor told me it might not be fatal at once. He called it a kind of softening of the brain, or something of the sort. I think it sounds such a nice expression; it always makes me think of cherry-coloured velvet curtains—something soft to stroke.
- MRS ALVING: Oswald!
- OSVALD: And now you've taken Regina away from me. If only I'd had her—I know she would have given me a helping hand.
- MRS ALVING: My darling boy—what do you mean? Is there any help in the world that I wouldn't be glad to give you?
- OSVALD: When I got over the attack that I had in France, the doctor told me that when the next one came—and it *would* come—then there'd be no more hope.
- MRS ALVING: How callous of him to—
- OSVALD: I insisted on it. I told him I had arrangements to make. And so I had. Look at these Mother.
- MRS ALVING: What are they?
- OSWALD: Morphia.
- MRS ALVING: Oswald . . . oh my dear!
- OSVALD: I've managed to scrape together twelve tablets.
- MRS ALVING: Give me that box, Oswald!
- OSVALD: Not yet, Mother.
- MRS ALVING: I shall never get over this.
- OSVALD: You must. If I'd had Regina here, and if I'd told her how things were with me and begged her to give me a helping hand at the last, she'd have helped me, I'm sure of that.
- MRS ALVING: Never.
- OSVALD: When the horror overtook me, and she saw me lying there helpless, like a little new-born baby—beyond help, lost, hopeless—past all cure—
- MRS ALVING: Regina would never have done it—never in her life.
- OSWALD: Regina would have done it. Regina was so wonderfully carefree—and she'd soon have got tired of looking after an invalid like me.
- MRS ALVING: Then thank heaven Regina isn't here.
- OSVALD: So now it's you who'll have to give me the helping hand, Mother.
- MRS ALVING: I?
- OSVALD: Who better than you?
- MRS ALVING: I? Your mother?
- OSVALD: For that very reason.

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

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

MRS ALVING: But I gave you your life!

OSVALD: I never asked you for life. And what sort of a life have you given me! I won't have it—you can take it back.

MRS ALVING: Help! Help!

OSVALD: Don't leave me! Where are you going?

MRS ALVING: To fetch the doctor for you, Oswald. Let me go out.

OSVALD: You're not going out! And no one's coming in.

[*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

- CHASUBLE: Dear Mr Worthing, I trust this garb of woe does not betoken some terrible calamity?
- JACK: My brother.
- MISS PRISM: More shameful debts and extravagance?
- CHASUBLE: Still leading his life of pleasure?
- JACK: Dead!
- CHASUBLE: Your brother Ernest dead?
- JACK: Quite dead.
- MISS PRISM: What a lesson for him! I trust he will profit by it.
- CHASUBLE: Mr Worthing, I offer you my sincere condolence. You have at least the consolation of knowing that you were always the most generous and forgiving of brothers.
- JACK: Poor Ernest! He had many faults, but it is a sad, sad blow.
- CHASUBLE: Very sad indeed. Were you with him at the end?
- JACK: No. He died abroad; in Paris, in fact. I had a telegram last night from the manager of the Grand Hotel.
- CHASUBLE: Was the cause of death mentioned?
- JACK: A severe chill, it seems.
- MISS PRISM: As a man sows, so shall he reap.
- CHASUBLE: Charity, dear Miss Prism, charity! None of us are perfect. I myself am peculiarly susceptible to draughts. Will the interment take place here?
- JACK: No. He seems to have expressed a desire to be buried in Paris.
- CHASUBLE: In Paris! I fear that hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last. You would no doubt wish me to make some slight allusion to this tragic domestic affliction next Sunday. My sermon on the meaning of the manna in the wilderness can be adapted to almost any occasion, joyful, or, as in the present case, distressing. I have preached it at harvest celebrations, christenings, confirmations, on days of humiliation and festal days. The last time I delivered it was in the Cathedral, as a charity sermon on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Discontent among the Upper Orders. The Bishop, who was present, was much struck by some of the analogies I drew.
- JACK: Ah! that reminds me, you mentioned christenings I think, Dr Chasuble? I suppose you know how to christen all right? I mean, of course, you are continually christening, aren't you?
- MISS PRISM: It is, I regret to say, one of the Rector's most constant duties in this parish. I have often spoken to the poorer classes on the subject. But they don't seem to know what thrift is.

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

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

- CHASUBLE: But is there any particular infant in whom you are interested, Mr Worthing? Your brother was, I believe, unmarried, was he not?
- JACK: Oh yes.
- MISS PRISM: People who live entirely for pleasure usually are.
- JACK: But it is not for any child, dear Doctor. I am very fond of children. No! the fact is, I would like to be christened myself, this afternoon, if you have nothing better to do.
- CHASUBLE: But surely, Mr Worthing, you have been christened already?
- JACK: I don't remember anything about it.

[*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

MOTHER COURAGE: Can't pay, that it? No money, no schnapps. They give us victory parades, but catch them giving men their pay.

SOLDIER: I want my schnapps. I missed the looting. That double-crossing general only allowed an hour's looting in the town. He ain't an inhuman monster, he said. Town must of paid him.

THE CHAPLAIN: There are people still lying in that yard. The peasant's family. Somebody give me a hand. I need linen.

MOTHER COURAGE: I got none. All my bandages was sold to regiment. I ain't tearing up my officer's shirts for that lot.

THE CHAPLAIN: I need linen, I tell you.

MOTHER COURAGE: I'm giving nowt. They'll never pay, and why, nowt to pay with.

THE CHAPLAIN: Why d'you stay around during the gunfire?

PEASANT WOMAN: Farm.

MOTHER COURAGE: Catch them abandoning anything. But now I'm s'posed to foot the bill. I won't do it.

FIRST SOLDIER: Those are Protestants. What they have to be Protestants for?

MOTHER COURAGE: They ain't bothering about faith. They lost their farm.

SECOND SOLDIER: They're no Protestants. They're Catholics like us.

FIRST SOLDIER: No way of sorting 'em out in a bombardment.

A PEASANT: My arm's gone.

THE CHAPLAIN: Where's that linen?

MOTHER COURAGE: I can't give nowt. What with expenses, taxes, loan interest and bribes. You gone plain crazy? Put that plank away or I'll paste you one, you cow. I'm giving nowt, don't want to, got to think of meself. My officers' shirts! Half a florin apiece! I'm ruined.

THE PEASANT: The baby's in there still.

THE CHAPLAIN: Don't move. They'll get it out.

MOTHER COURAGE: Stop her, roof may fall in.

THE CHAPLAIN: I'm not going back in there.

MOTHER COURAGE: Don't waste my precious linen.

How nice, found another baby to cart around? Give it to its ma this instant, unless you'd have me fighting for hours to get it off you, like last time, d'you hear? Don't stand there gawping, you go back and tell them cut out that music, we can see it's a victory with our own eyes. All your victories mean to me is losses.

<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: Blood's coming through.

MOTHER COURAGE: Look at her, happy as a queen in all this misery; give it back at once, its mother's coming round. Psia krew! Thought you'd score another victory, you animal? Now pay.

FIRST SOLDIER: I got nowt.

MOTHER COURAGE: Then leave that coat, it's stolen any road.

THE CHAPLAIN: There's still someone under there.

[*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: You have nothing to complain about. The whole town came!
- BERNARDA: Yes—to fill my house with their sweaty underclothes and poisoned tongues!
- AMELIA: Mother, don't talk like that!
- BERNARDA: That's the way you must talk in this damned town without a river, this town of wells! Where you always drink the water fearing that it's poisoned!
- PONCIA: Look what they've done to the floor!
- BERNARDA: You would think a herd of goats had walked on it!  
Adela, give me a fan.
- ADELA: Here you are.
- BERNARDA: Is this the fan you give to a widow? Give me a black one, and learn to respect your father's memory!
- MARTIRIO: Take mine.
- BERNARDA: What about you?
- MARTIRIO: I don't feel warm.
- BERNARDA: Well, look for another—you're going to need one. During our eight years of mourning, no wind from the street will enter this house! Pretend we have sealed up the doors and windows with bricks. That was how it was in my father's house, and in my grandfather's house. In the meantime you can begin to embroider your trousseaus. I have twenty bolts of linen in the chest from which you can cut sheets. Magdalena can embroider them.
- MAGDALENA: It's all the same to me.
- ADELA: If you don't want to embroider them, they'll go without embroidering. That way yours will stand out.
- MAGDALENA: Neither mine nor yours. I know I'm not going to get married. I'd rather carry sacks to the mill. Anything but sit in this dark room, day after day!
- BERNARDA: That's what it means to be a woman.
- MAGDALENA: To hell with being a woman!
- BERNARDA: Here you do what I tell you to do! You can't run to your father with your stories any more. A needle and thread for females: a mule and a whip for males. That's how it is for people born with means.  
[ADELA *exits.*]
- VOICE: Bernarda! Let me out!
- BERNARDA: Let her out now!  
[*The MAID enters.*]
- MAID: I could hardly hold her. Your mother is eighty years old, but she's as strong as an oak.

<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: She takes after my grandfather. He was just the same.
- MAID: Several times during the funeral I had to cover her mouth with an empty sack because she wanted to call out to you, to give her at least some dishwater to drink, and dog meat. That's what she says you give her.
- MARTIRIO: She's up to no good.
- BERNARDA: She can let off steam out in the patio.
- MAID: She took her rings and the amethyst earrings out of her trunk. She put them on and told me she wants to get married.
- BERNARDA: Go with her, and be sure she doesn't go near the well.
- MAID: Don't worry, she won't throw herself in!
- BERNARDA: It's not that—out there, the neighbours can see her from their window.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*THE CRUCIBLE*—Arthur Miller

- PARRIS: I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.
- ABIGAIL: A dress?
- PARRIS: Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw—someone naked running through the trees!
- ABIGAIL: No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!
- PARRIS: I saw it! Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for now my ministry's at stake, my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life. Whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.
- ABIGAIL: There is nothin' more. I swear it, uncle.
- PARRIS: Abigail, I have fought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back—now give me upright answer. Your name in the town—it is entirely white, is it not?
- ABIGAIL: Why, I am sure it is, sir. There be no blush about my name.
- PARRIS: Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for your being discharged from Goody Proctor's service? I have heard it said, and I tell you as I heard it, that she comes so rarely to the church this year for she will not sit so close to something soiled. What signified that remark?
- ABIGAIL: She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It's a bitter woman, a lying, cold, snivelling woman, and I will not work for such a woman!
- PARRIS: She may be. And yet it has troubled me that you are now seven months out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.
- ABIGAIL: They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that. I will not black my face for any of them! Do you begrudge my bed, uncle?
- PARRIS: No—no.
- ABIGAIL: My name is good in the village! I will not have it said my name is soiled! Goody Proctor is a gossiping liar!  
[*Enter* MRS ANN PUTNAM.]
- PARRIS: No—no, I cannot have anyone. Why, Goody Putnam, come in.
- MRS PUTNAM: It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you.
- PARRIS: No, Goody Putnam, it is—
- MRS PUTNAM: How high did she fly, how high?
- PARRIS: No, no, she never flew—

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

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

MRS PUTNAM: Why, it's sure she did. Mr Collins saw her goin' over Ingersoll's barn, and come down light as bird, he says!

PARRIS: Now, look you, Goody Putnam, she never—[*Enter* THOMAS PUTNAM.]  
Oh, good morning, Mr Putnam.

PUTNAM: It is a providence the thing is out now! It is a providence.

[*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

BOY: Jo!

BOY: Joee!

JO: Coming.

JO: Oh! It's you! Come in. Just when I'm feeling and looking a mess.

BOY: What's wrong? You been crying?

JO: No.

BOY: You have. Your eyes are red.

JO: I don't cry. I've got a cold.

BOY: I think you have, too. Yes, you've got a bit of a temperature. Have you been eating?

JO: No.

BOY: You're a fine sight. Where's the kitchen?

JO: Through there. What are you going to do?

BOY: Fix you a cold cure. Where do you keep the milk?

JO: Under the sink. I hate milk.

BOY: I hate dirt. And this is just the dirtiest place I've ever seen. The children round here are filthy.

JO: It's their parents' fault. What are you putting in that milk?

BOY: A pill.

JO: I bet it's an opium pellet. I've heard about men like you.

BOY: There isn't another man like me anywhere. I'm one on his own.

JO: So am I.

BOY: Who was that fancy bit I saw stepping out of here a few minutes ago?

JO: If she was dressed up like Hope Gardens it was my mother.

BOY: And who is the Pirate King?

JO: She's marrying him. Poor devil!

BOY: You'll make a pretty bridesmaid.

JO: Bridesmaid! I'd sooner go to my own funeral.

BOY: You'd better drink this first.

JO: I don't like it.

BOY: Get it down you.

JO: But look, it's got skin on the top.

BOY: Don't whine. I'm not spending the evening with a running-nosed wreck. Finish your milk.

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

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

JO: Did you treat your patients in hospital like this?

BOY: Not unless they were difficult. Your mother looks very young, Jo, to have a daughter as old as you.

JO: She can still have children.

BOY: Well, that's an interesting bit of news. Why should I worry if she can have children or not?

JO: Do you fancy her?

BOY: That isn't the sort of question you ask your fiancé.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*WAITING FOR GODOT*—Samuel Beckett

ESTRAGON: Let me see.

VLADIMIR: Let me see. Ah!

ESTRAGON: Well?

VLADIMIR: What was I saying, we could go on from there.

ESTRAGON: What were you saying when?

VLADIMIR: At the very beginning.

ESTRAGON: The beginning of WHAT?

VLADIMIR: This evening . . . I was saying . . . I was saying . . .

ESTRAGON: I'm not a historian.

VLADIMIR: Wait . . . we embraced . . . we were happy . . . happy . . . what do we do now that we're happy . . . go on waiting . . . waiting . . . let me think . . . it's coming . . . go on waiting . . . now that we're happy . . . let me see . . . ah! The tree!

ESTRAGON: The tree?

VLADIMIR: Do you not remember?

ESTRAGON: I'm tired.

VLADIMIR: Look at it.

ESTRAGON: I see nothing.

VLADIMIR: But yesterday evening it was all black and bare. And now it's covered with leaves.

ESTRAGON: Leaves?

VLADIMIR: In a single night.

ESTRAGON: It must be the Spring.

VLADIMIR: But in a single night!

ESTRAGON: I tell you we weren't here yesterday. Another of your nightmares.

VLADIMIR: And where were we yesterday evening according to you?

ESTRAGON: How do I know? In another compartment. There's no lack of void.

VLADIMIR: Good. We weren't here yesterday evening. Now what did we do yesterday evening?

ESTRAGON: Do?

VLADIMIR: Try and remember.

ESTRAGON: Do . . . I suppose we blathered.

VLADIMIR: About what?

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

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

ESTRAGON: Oh . . . this and that, I suppose, nothing in particular. Yes, now I remember, yesterday evening we spent blathering about nothing in particular. That's been going on now for half a century.

VLADIMIR: You don't remember any fact, any circumstance?

ESTRAGON: Don't torment me, Didi.

VLADIMIR: The sun, The moon. Do you not remember?

ESTRAGON: They must have been there, as usual.

VLADIMIR: You didn't notice anything out of the ordinary?

ESTRAGON: Alas!

[*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: They won't come. Someone's taking the Michael. Forget all about it. It's a false alarm. A false alarm. Where's my tea?

MEG: I took it away. You didn't want it.

STANLEY: What do you mean, you took it away?

MEG: I took it away.

STANLEY: What did you take it away for?

MEG: You didn't want it!

STANLEY: Who said I didn't want it?

MEG: You did!

STANLEY: Who gave you the right to take away my tea?

MEG: You wouldn't drink it.

STANLEY: Who do you think you're talking to?

MEG: What?

STANLEY: Come here.

MEG: What do you mean?

STANLEY: Come over here.

MEG: No.

STANLEY: I want to ask you something. Come on. All right. I can ask it from here just as well. Tell me, Mrs Boles, when you address yourself to me, do you ever ask yourself who exactly you are talking to? Eh?

MEG: Didn't you enjoy your breakfast, Stan? Stan? When are you going to play the piano again? Like you used to? I used to like watching you play the piano. When are you going to play it again?

STANLEY: I can't, can I?

MEG: Why not?

STANLEY: I haven't got a piano, have I?

MEG: No, I meant like when you were working. That piano.

STANLEY: Go and do your shopping.

MEG: But you wouldn't have to go away if you got a job, would you? You could play the piano on the pier.

STANLEY: I've . . . er . . . I've been offered a job, as a matter of fact.

MEG: What?

STANLEY: Yes. I'm considering a job at the moment.

MEG: You're not.

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

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter (continued)*

STANLEY: A good one, too. A night club. In Berlin.  
MEG: Berlin?  
STANLEY: Berlin. A night club. Playing the piano. A fabulous salary. And all found.  
MEG: How long for?  
STANLEY: We don't stay in Berlin. Then we go to Athens.  
MEG: How long for?  
STANLEY: Yes. Then we pay a flying visit to . . . er . . . whasisname . . .  
MEG: Where?  
STANLEY: Constantinople. Zagreb. Vladivostock. It's a round the world tour.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel

MRS WILSON: We're going to say the Rosary a bit earlier tonight, dear. Cissy has a bit of a headache.

HANNA: Whatever suits Cissy suits me!

CISSY: She's looking lovely tonight, Hanna, isn't she? It must be the good care you're taking of her.

MRS WILSON: I'm blessed, Cissy dear, and I know it. A good daughter is a gift of God. Thank you. That's fine, dear, thank you. Just fine.

HANNA: Pillows.

MRS WILSON: What's that, dear?

HANNA: D'you want me to beat up the pillows?

MRS WILSON: No. I'm grand. A wee bit of discomfort's good for me.

CISSY: Invalids is all saints—that's what I say.

MRS WILSON: Here's the matches dear.

MRS WILSON: Cissy, could I trouble you to give Andrew a call?

CISSY: Pleasure.

MRS WILSON: And maybe you'd be good enough to move Saint Philomena round a wee bit so that she's facing me . . . just a little to the left . . . so that we're looking at each . . . That's it. Lovely. Thank you, dear.

CISSY: Andrew!

MRS WILSON: God be praised a thousand times. Saint Vibiana, Virgin and Martyr, protect us. Saint Hyacintha de Mariscottis, look after us this day and this night.

CISSY: The Rosary!

ANDY: Coming.

MRS WILSON: And my jewels, dear.

HANNA: What are you saying?

MRS WILSON: Could you hand me my beads, please? God bless you. Another day is nearly o'er. A journey closer to the heavenly shore.

[*Enter CISSY.*]

CISSY: He's coming. Thanks be to God.

MRS WILSON: Amen to that. Poor Hanna's run off her feet, isn't she?

CISSY: A labour of love.

[*ANDY enters.*]

MRS WILSON: Ah, Andrew!

ANDY: How are you tonight, Mrs Wilson?

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

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel (*continued*)

MRS WILSON: Grand, Andrew, thanks. I have Saint Philomena during the day and I have you all at night.

ANDY: Very nice.

MRS WILSON: Are you going to join us in the prayers?

HANNA: Didn't you send down for him!

MRS WILSON: Thank you, Andrew. As Father Peyton says: the family that prays together stays together.

HANNA: Get started.

MRS WILSON: And Father Peyton is right, isn't he, Andrew?

ANDY: Right, Mrs Wilson.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*TALLY'S BLOOD*—Ann Marie di Mambro

MASSIMO: Oh who's that lovely wee girl?

ROSINELLA: Turn round hen.

MASSIMO: Isn't she lovely?

ROSINELLA: And do you see the lovely wee shoes she's got?

MASSIMO: Oh would you look at those. You know what they call them, don't you? Those are 'kissing shoes'.

ROSINELLA: And we've got the wee ribbons to match. AND a new school bag for starting the school. Go get it, Lucia?

[LUCIA leaves]

MASSIMO: I thought you went to Glasgow to buy yourself a new coat?

ROSINELLA: So I did. But when I saw that wee dress I just had to get her it. My heart's breaking for that wee lassie these days.

MASSIMO: She's just a wean. She'll no can understand.

ROSINELLA: But she's lovely in it, isn't she?

MASSIMO: Don't get me wrong, I don't grudge the wean a frock. God forbid. It's just you I'm worried about. Last year when I gave you money for a coat you bought jumpers to send to Italy.

ROSINELLA: So?

MASSIMO: So what have I to do with you, you daft wee besom, you?

[LUCIA enters]

MASSIMO: Oh is this what I got? Let me see. Oh that's great so it is. Just what I'm looking for, for bringing home the tatties. Oh here it's awfy wee. You better just take it Lucia.

LUCIA: Uncle Massimo, you're awful silly!

ROSINELLA: Now away you go, Lucia, and take off your lovely dress.

LUCIA: I want to keep it on.

ROSINELLA: You need to take it off, love.

LUCIA: No.

MASSIMO: Keep it nice for something special.

LUCIA: No.

ROSINELLA: If you take it off now I'll let you wear it to mass this Sunday.

LUCIA: I want to keep it on.

ROSINELLA: Come on, hen.

LUCIA: No, no, no.

MASSIMO: Do what your Auntie Rosinella tells you, darling, now come on.

ROSINELLA: Come on, Lucia.

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

*TALLY'S BLOOD*—Ann Marie di Mambro (*continued*)

LUCIA: No, no, no, leave me alone. I want to keep it on. I want to keep it on.  
No—no—no—

MASSIMO: Maybe you're being too hard on her.

ROSINELLA: Me?

MASSIMO: Why not let her keep it on for a wee while, eh?

ROSINELLA: Just a wee while, then. OK.

LUCIA: OK.

MASSIMO: Just this once.

LUCIA: OK.

ROSINELLA: Seeing it's new.

[*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-two*.  
Additional paper can be obtained from the Invigilator.

**SECTION C**

<i>Marks</i>









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