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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.



## 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 “*Passing Places*” 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>









Lined writing area for the answer.

**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

- SENTRY: And so the hours dragged by  
until the sun stood dead above our heads,  
a huge white ball in the noon sky, beating,  
blazing down, and then it happened—  
suddenly, a whirlwind!  
Twisting a great dust-storm up from the earth,  
a black plague of the heavens, filling the plain,  
ripping the leaves off every tree in sight,  
choking the air and sky. We squinted hard  
and took our whipping from the gods.
- And after the storm passed—it seemed endless—  
there, we saw the girl!  
And she cried out a sharp, piercing cry,  
like a bird come back to an empty nest,  
peering into its bed, and all the babies gone . . .  
Just so, when she sees the corpse bare  
she bursts into a long, shattering wail  
and calls down withering curses on the heads  
of all who did the work. And she scoops up dry dust,  
handfuls, quickly, and lifting a fine bronze urn,  
lifting it high and pouring, she crowns the dead  
with three full libations.
- Soon as we saw  
we rushed her, closed on the kill like hunters,  
and she, she didn't flinch. We interrogated her,  
charging her with offenses past and present—  
she stood up to it all, denied nothing. I tell you,  
it made me ache and laugh in the same breath,  
It's pure joy to escape the worst yourself,  
it hurts a man to bring down his friends.  
But all that, I'm afraid, means less to me  
than my own skin. That's the way I'm made.
- CREON: You,  
with your eyes fixed on the ground—speak up.  
Do you deny you did this, yes or no?
- ANTIGONE: I did it. I don't deny a thing.
- CREON: You, get out, wherever you please—  
you're clear of a very heavy charge.  
You, tell me briefly, no long speeches—  
were you aware a decree had forbidden this?
- ANTIGONE: Well aware. How could I avoid it? It was public.

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

*ANTIGONE*—Sophocles (*continued*)

CREON: And still you had the gall to break this law?

ANTIGONE: Of course I did. It wasn't Zeus, not in the least,  
who made this proclamation—not to me.  
Nor did that Justice, dwelling with the gods  
beneath the earth, ordain such laws for men.  
Nor did I think your edict had such force  
that you, a mere mortal, could override the gods,  
the great unwritten, unshakable traditions.  
They are alive, not just today or yesterday:  
they live forever, from the first of time,  
and no one knows when they first saw the light.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*TWELFTH NIGHT*—William Shakespeare

- MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?
- SIR TOBY: We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!
- MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
- SIR TOBY: *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*
- MARIA: Nay, good Sir Toby.
- CLOWN: *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*
- MALVOLIO: Is't even so?
- SIR TOBY: *But I will never die.*
- CLOWN: *Sir Toby, there you lie.*
- MALVOLIO: This is much credit to you.
- SIR TOBY: *Shall I bid him go?*
- CLOWN: *What and if you do?*
- SIR TOBY: *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*
- CLOWN: *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*
- SIR TOBY: Out o' time, sir? ye lie! Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
- CLOWN: Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.
- SIR TOBY: Th'art i' th' right. Go sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!
- MALVOLIO: Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.
- MARIA: Go shake your ears.
- SIR ANDREW: 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.
- SIR TOBY: Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

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

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

- MARIA: Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the Count's was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
- SIR TOBY: Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.
- MARIA: Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.
- SIR ANDREW: O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.
- SIR TOBY: What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?
- SIR ANDREW: I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.
- MARIA: The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen

- PASTOR MANDERS: No one's to blame for the way things have turned out. And at least one thing's certain: your marriage was solemnized in full accordance with law and order.
- MRS ALVING: Oh, law and order! Yes, I often think they're the cause of all the trouble in the world.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Mrs Alving, that's very wicked of you.
- MRS ALVING: Perhaps. But I'm not putting up with all those duties and obligations any longer. I simply can't. I must somehow free myself.
- PASTOR MANDERS: What do you mean by that?
- MRS ALVING: I should never have hushed up the truth about my husband's life. But in those days, I dared not do anything else—I was too much of a coward.
- PASTOR MANDERS: A coward?
- MRS ALVING: Yes, if people had got to know about it, they'd have said: 'Poor man, it's only natural he should kick over the traces, when he has a wife who runs away from him.'
- PASTOR MANDERS: They'd have had a certain amount of right to say that.
- MRS ALVING: If I were the woman I ought to be, I should take Oswald on one side and say: 'Listen, my boy, your father was a dissolute man—'
- PASTOR MANDERS: Heaven forbid!
- MRS ALVING: And then I should have told him everything that I've told you—word for word.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Mrs Alving, I'm really shocked at you.
- MRS ALVING: Yes, I know; I know perfectly well how you feel—when I think about it, I'm shocked at myself. I'm such a coward.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Do you call it cowardice to do your plain duty? Have you forgotten that a child should love and honour his father and mother?
- MRS ALVING: Don't lets generalize; let us ask 'Should Oswald love and honour Captain Alving?'
- PASTOR MANDERS: Don't you, as a mother, hear a voice in your heart forbidding you to destroy your son's ideals?
- MRS ALVING: But the truth . . .
- PASTOR MANDERS: But his ideals . . .
- MRS ALVING: Oh, ideals—ideals! If only I weren't the coward that I am!

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

*GHOSTS*—Henrik Ibsen (*continued*)

- PASTOR MANDERS: Don't reject ideals, Mrs Alving—they can take a cruel revenge. Take Oswald's case in particular: I'm afraid that Oswald hasn't very many ideals, but I can see already that his father is something of an ideal to him.
- MRS ALVING: Yes, you're right.
- PASTOR MANDERS: And this picture of his father is something that you yourself have fostered and encouraged in him by your letters.
- MRS ALVING: Yes, thanks to my regard for duty, I've been lying to my boy for years on end. What a coward—what a coward I've been.
- PASTOR MANDERS: You've planted a beautiful illusion in your son's mind, Mrs Alving—and that's something to be proud of.
- MRS ALVING: Hm, I wonder if it was really such a good thing after all. Anyhow, I won't have any carrying on with Regina—he's not going to ruin that poor girl's life.
- PASTOR MANDERS: Good heavens no, that would be terrible.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

- JACK: Well, the only small satisfaction I have in the whole of this wretched business is that your friend Bunbury is quite exploded. You won't be able to run down to the country quite so often as you used to do, dear Algy. And a very good thing too.
- ALGERNON: Your brother is a little off colour, isn't he, dear Jack? You won't be able to disappear to London quite so frequently as your wicked custom was. And not a bad thing either.
- JACK: As for your conduct towards Miss Cardew, I must say that your taking in a sweet, simple, innocent girl like that is quite inexcusable. To say nothing of the fact that she is my ward.
- ALGERNON: I can see no possible defence at all for your deceiving a brilliant, clever, thoroughly experienced young lady like Miss Fairfax. To say nothing of the fact that she is my cousin.
- JACK: I wanted to be engaged to Gwendolen, that is all. I love her.
- ALGERNON: Well, I simply wanted to be engaged to Cecily. I adore her.
- JACK: There is certainly no chance of your marrying Miss Cardew.
- ALGERNON: I don't think there is much likelihood, Jack, of you and Miss Fairfax being united.
- JACK: Well, that is no business of yours.
- ALGERNON: If it was my business, I wouldn't talk about it. (*Begins to eat muffins.*) It is very vulgar to talk about one's business. Only people like stockbrokers do that, and then merely at dinner parties.
- JACK: How can you sit there, calmly eating muffins when we are in this horrible trouble, I can't make out. You seem to be perfectly heartless.
- ALGERNON: Well, I can't eat muffins in an agitated manner. The butter would probably get on my cuffs. One should always eat muffins quite calmly. It is the only way to eat them.
- JACK: I say it's perfectly heartless your eating muffins at all, under the circumstances.
- ALGERNON: When I am in trouble, eating is the only thing that consoles me. Indeed, when I am in really great trouble, as any one who knows me intimately will tell you, I refuse everything except food and drink. At the present moment I am eating muffins because I am unhappy. Besides, I am particularly fond of muffins.
- JACK: Well, that is no reason why you should eat them all in that greedy way.
- ALGERNON: I wish you would have tea-cake instead. I don't like tea-cake.

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

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

- JACK: Good heavens! I suppose a man may eat his own muffins in his own garden.
- ALGERNON: But you have just said it was perfectly heartless to eat muffins.
- JACK: I said it was perfectly heartless of you, under the circumstances. That is a very different thing.
- ALGERNON: That may be. But the muffins are the same.
- JACK: Algy, I wish to goodness you would go.
- ALGERNON: You can't possibly ask me to go without having some dinner. It's absurd. I never go without my dinner. No one ever does, except vegetarians and people like that. Besides I have just made arrangements with Dr Chasuble to be christened at a quarter to six under the name of Ernest.
- JACK: My dear fellow, the sooner you give up that nonsense the better. I made arrangements this morning with Dr Chasuble to be christened myself at 5.30, and I naturally will take the name of Ernest. Gwendolen would wish it. We can't both be christened Ernest. It's absurd. Besides, I have a perfect right to be christened if I like. There is no evidence at all that I have ever been christened by anybody. I should think it extremely probable I never was, and so does Dr Chasuble. It is entirely different in your case. You have been christened already.
- ALGERNON: Yes, but I have not been christened for years.

[*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: Talk proper to me, do you mind, and don't you dare say I'm pulling your leg in front of my unsullied children, 'tain't decent, I got no time for you. My honest face, that's me licence with the Second Regiment, and if it's too difficult for you to read there's nowt I can do about it. Nobody's putting a stamp on that.

RECRUITER: Sergeant, methinks I smell insubordination in this individual. What's needed in our camp is obedience.

MOTHER COURAGE: Sausage, if you ask me.

SERGEANT: Name.

MOTHER COURAGE: Anna Fierling.

SERGEANT: You all called Fierling then?

MOTHER COURAGE: What d'you mean? It's me called Fierling, not them.

SERGEANT: Aren't all this lot your children?

MOTHER COURAGE: You bet they are, but why should they all have to be called the same, eh? For instance, that one's called Eilif Nojocki—Why? his father always claimed he was called Kojocki or Mojocki or something. The boy remembers him clearly, except that the one he remembers was someone else, a Frenchie with a little beard. Aside from that he's got his father's wits; that man knew how to snatch a peasant's pants off his bum without him noticing. This way each of us has his own name, see.

SERGEANT: What, each one different?

MOTHER COURAGE: Don't tell me you ain't never come across that.

SERGEANT: So I s'pose he's a Chinaman?

MOTHER COURAGE: Wrong. Swiss.

SERGEANT: After the Frenchman?

MOTHER COURAGE: What Frenchman? I never heard tell of no Frenchman. You keep muddling thing up, we'll be hanging around here till dark. A Swiss, but called Fejos, and the name has nowt to do with his father. He was called something quite different and was a fortifications engineer, only drunk all the time.

SERGEANT: How in hell can he be called Fejos?

MOTHER COURAGE: I don't like to be rude, sergeant, but you ain't got much imagination, have you? Course he's called Fejos, because when he arrived I was with a Hungarian, very decent fellow, had terrible kidney trouble though he never touched a drop. The boy takes after him.

SERGEANT: But he wasn't his father . . .

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

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

MOTHER COURAGE: Took after him just the same. I call him Swiss Cheese. And that's Kattrin Haupt, she's half German.

SERGEANT: Nice family, I must say.

MOTHER COURAGE: Aye, me cart and me have seen the world.

SERGEANT: I'm writing all this down. And you're from Bamberg in Bavaria; how d'you come to be here?

MOTHER COURAGE: Can't wait till war chooses to visit Bamberg, can I?

RECRUITER: You two should be called Jacob Ox and Esau Ox, pulling the cart like that, I s'pose you never get out of harness?

EILIF: Ma, can I clobber him one? I wouldn't half like to.

MOTHER COURAGE: And I says you can't; just you stop where you are. And now two fine officers like you, I bet you could use a good pistol, or a belt buckle, yours is on its last legs, sergeant.

SERGEANT: I could use something else. Those boys are healthy as young birch trees, I observe: chests like barrels, solid leg muscles. So why are they dodging their military service, may I ask?

MOTHER COURAGE: Nowt doing, sergeant. Yours is no trade for my kids.

[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

BERNARDA: That damned will!

PONCIA: What a lot of money was left to Angustias!

BERNARDA: Yes.

PONCIA: And to the others, so much less!

BERNARDA: You've said that to me three times now, and I didn't choose to answer you. So much less, a lot less—don't remind me of it again!

[ANGUSTIAS *enters.*]

BERNARDA: Angustias!

ANGUSTIAS: Mother.

BERNARDA: Have you dared to powder your face? Have you dared even to *wash* your face, on the day of your father's death?

ANGUSTIAS: He was not my father! Mine died some time ago. Don't you remember him any more?

BERNARDA: You owe more to that man, the father of your sisters, than you do to your own. Thanks to that man, your future is assured.

ANGUSTIAS: We'll see about that!

BERNARDA: If only out of decency. Out of respect!

ANGUSTIAS: Mother, let me go!

BERNARDA: Go? After you've taken that powder off your face! Weakling! Hussy! You're the image of your aunts!

Now get out!

PONCIA: Bernarda, don't be so hard on her!

BERNARDA: My mother may have gone mad, but I am in control of myself. I know exactly what I'm doing.

[*The other DAUGHTERS enter.*]

MAGDALENA: What is going on?

BERNARDA: Nothing is going on.

MAGDALENA: If you're arguing about the inheritance—you're the richest, you keep it all.

ANGUSTIAS: Keep your tongue in its place!

BERNARDA: Don't entertain the illusion that you are going to be a match for me! Until I leave this house feet first, I will make the decisions—my own, and yours!

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

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

MARIA JOSEFA: Bernarda, where is my mantilla? I don't want any of you to have anything of mine. Not my rings nor my black moiré dress. Because none of you is going to get married. Not one! Bernarda, give me my pearl necklace!

BERNARDA: Why did you let her in?

MAID: She got away from me!

MARIA JOSEFA: I escaped because I want to get married, because I want to get married to a beautiful man from the edge of the sea. Since the men around here run away from women.

BERNARDA: Be quiet, Mother!

MARIA JOSEFA: No, I won't be quiet! I don't like to see these old maids, itching to get married, their hearts turning to dust. I want to go back to my own village! Bernarda, I want a man so I can get married and be happy!

BERNARDA: Lock her up!

MARIA JOSEFA: Let me come out, Bernarda!

BERNARDA: Help her! All of you!

MARIA JOSEFA: I want to get away from here! Bernarda! To get married at the edge of the sea, at the edge of the sea!

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*THE CRUCIBLE*—Arthur Miller

ELIZABETH: What keeps you so late? It's almost dark.

PROCTOR: I were planting far out to the forest edge.

ELIZABETH: Oh, you're done then.

PROCTOR: Aye, the farm is seeded. The boys asleep?

ELIZABETH: They will be soon.

PROCTOR: Pray now for a fair summer.

ELIZABETH: Aye.

PROCTOR: Are you well today?

ELIZABETH: I am. It is a rabbit.

PROCTOR: Oh, is it! In Jonathan's trap?

ELIZABETH: No, she walked into the house this afternoon; I found her sittin' in the corner like she come to visit.

PROCTOR: Oh, that's a good sign walkin' in.

ELIZABETH: Pray God. It hurt my heart to strip her, poor rabbit.

PROCTOR: It's well seasoned.

ELIZABETH: I took great care. She's tender?

PROCTOR: Aye. I think we'll see green fields soon. It's warm as blood beneath the clods.

ELIZABETH: That's well.

PROCTOR: If the crop is good I'll buy George Jacob's heifer. How would that please you?

ELIZABETH: Aye, it would.

PROCTOR: I mean to please you, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: I know it, John.

PROCTOR: Cider?

ELIZABETH: Aye!

PROCTOR: This farm's a continent when you go foot by foot droppin' seeds in it.

ELIZABETH: It must be.

PROCTOR: You ought to bring some flowers in the house.

ELIZABETH: Oh, I forgot! I will tomorrow.

PROCTOR: It's winter in here yet. On Sunday let you come with me, and we'll walk the farm together; I never see such a load of flowers on the earth. Lilacs have a purple smell. Lilac is the smell of nightfall, I think. Massachusetts is a beauty in the spring!

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

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

ELIZABETH: Aye it is.

PROCTOR: I think you're sad again. Are you?

ELIZABETH: You come so late I thought you'd gone to Salem this afternoon.

PROCTOR: Why? I have no business in Salem.

ELIZABETH: You did speak of going, earlier this week.

PROCTOR: I thought better of it since.

ELIZABETH: Mary Warren's there today.

PROCTOR: Why'd you let her? You heard me forbid her go to Salem any more!

ELIZABETH: I couldn't stop her.

PROCTOR: It is a fault, it is a fault, Elizabeth—you're the mistress here, not Mary Warren.

ELIZABETH: She frightened all my strength away.

[*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

JO: Your generation has some very peculiar ideas, that's all I can say.

PETER: Could I have my photographs back, please?

JO: There . . .

PETER: You don't like your mother much do you?

JO: She doesn't much care for me either.

PETER: I can understand that.

JO: I like that one with the shaggy hair cut. She's got nice legs too. Nearly as nice as mine.

PETER: Would you care for a smoke?

JO: Thanks.

HELEN: Jo! Where's my hat?

JO: I don't know. Where you left it. It's no use getting impatient, Peter. The art work takes a long time. Are you sure you lost your eye during the war? What happened?

PETER: Go and tell your mother I'll wait for her in the pub.

JO: Are you married?

PETER: No, I'm still available.

HELEN: But only just.

PETER: Helen, you look utterly fantastic.

HELEN: Thanks. Put that cigarette out, Jo, you've got enough bad habits without adding to your repertoire. Do you like my hat, Peter?

PETER: Bang-on darling!

HELEN: What are all these books doing all over the place? Are you planning a moonlight flit, Jo? Stop it, Peter.

PETER: Got your blue garters on?

HELEN: Now, Peter. Come on, Jo, shift these books.

JO: I'm sorting them.

PETER: How do I look?

HELEN: Peter!

JO: Have you forgotten I'm leaving school this week?

HELEN: Peter, give it here. Stop fooling about. It took me ages to get this hat on right, Jo, do as you're told.

JO: All right.

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

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

- HELEN: Peter! Don't do that. Give it to me. It's my best one. Put it down.
- PETER: No bloody sense of humour.
- HELEN: What has she got there? Look at 'em. *Selected Nursery Rhymes*, Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, *Pinocchio*. Well, you certainly go in for the more advanced types of literature. And what's this? The Holy Bible!
- JO: You ought to read it. I think it's good.
- HELEN: The extent of my credulity always depends on the extent of my alcoholic intake. Eat, drink and be merry—
- JO: And live to regret it.
- PETER: God! We've got a founder member of the Lord's Day Observance Society here.
- JO: What are you marrying him for?
- HELEN: He's got a wallet full of reasons.
- JO: Yes. I've just seen 'em too.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*WAITING FOR GODOT*—Samuel Beckett

Text extract removed due to copyright issues.

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

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

Text extract removed due to copyright issues.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY*—Harold Pinter

Text extract removed due to copyright issues.

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

*THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—Harold Pinter (continued)*

Text extract removed due to copyright issues.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel

- MAG: I love this view of Ballymore: the town and the fields and the lake; and the people. When I'm up here and look down on them, I want to run down and hug them all and kiss them. But then when I'm down among them I feel like doing that into their faces. I bet you that's how God feels at times, too. Wouldn't you think so?
- JOE: I don't know how God feels.
- MAG: Why not?
- JOE: Because I'm not God.
- MAG: Oh, you're so clever! Well, I'll tell you something: there are occasions in my life when *I* know how God feels.
- JOE: Good for you.
- MAG: And one of those occasions is now. At this moment God feels . . . expansive . . . and beneficent . . . and philanthropy.
- JOE: Philanthropic.
- MAG: And we will not be put into bad humour by grubby little pedants.
- JOE: Look, Mag: we came up here to study. What are you going to do first?
- MAG: French. And then maths. And then Spanish. And then English language and literature. After lunch geography and history of the world. I have planned a programme for myself. The important thing about revising for an examination is to have a method. What are you starting with?
- JOE: Maths.
- MAG: Then what?
- JOE: That's all.
- MAG: Only maths?
- JOE: Huh-huh.
- MAG: Then that's what I'll do too. My God, if the volume of a cone doesn't come up, I'm scootified! Not that I care—I can afford to go down in one subject. Joe . . .
- JOE: What?
- MAG: What's the real difference between language and literature?
- JOE: You're not serious, Maggie!
- MAG: Don't—don't—don't tell me . . . I remember now . . . One is talking and the other is . . . books!
- JOE: Talking . . . ?
- MAG: That's it.
- JOE: That's no definition! Language is—

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

*LOVERS*—Brian Friel (*continued*)

MAG: Don't say another word. I have it in my head. But if you start lecturing, I'll lose it again. I have my own way of remembering things. Joe, last night again Papa asked me to let him get the flat painted for us before we move in.

JOE: I said I'll paint the flat.

MAG: That's what I told him. And I was thinking, Joe . . .

JOE: What?

MAG: If we put a lace curtain across the kitchen window, we wouldn't actually *see* down into the slaughterhouse yard.

JOE: And if we wore earplugs all the time, we wouldn't actually *hear* the mooing and the shooting!

MAG: And even if a curtain did make the room darker, it'd still be lovely.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]

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

**Mark**

*PASSING PLACES*—Stephen Greenhorn

BRIAN: It's one of those whiskies where you can't pronounce its name till you're on your fourth glass.

ALEX: You sound pretty fluent.

BRIAN: Lovely meal.

IONA: Thanks.

MIRREN: It was delicious.

IONA: An old family recipe. From back home.

BRIAN: How did you end up here, Iona? From Canada?

IONA: I used to work in the oil industry. Came out to Aberdeen. Spent some time on the rigs then decided I wanted to write.

BRIAN: But why Skye?

IONA: It was the geology first. It's amazing. It's like a crossroads of different rock types and periods. Those mountains are the collision of two different eras. We're right on the edge of the European plate and it's grinding against and buckling under the pressure of the plate moving in under the Atlantic. Like two sides in a war that lasts for millions of years. And this is the front line.

BRIAN: Is that what you're writing about?

IONA: Partly . . .

MIRREN: Makes you a war correspondent.

BRIAN: Geology's answer to Kate Adie!

MIRREN: Alex thinks it's all just rocks.

IONA: It is. But some rocks are very interesting.

ALEX: You're here because of our interesting rocks.

IONA: There's other things too.

ALEX: Like what?

IONA: The people. The quality of life. And because it's so beautiful.

ALEX: Oh.

IONA: Have you been here before?

ALEX: No.

IONA: Wouldn't you say it's beautiful?

ALEX: I suppose it's alright.

IONA: Alright!

ALEX: It's very nice.

IONA: Nice! It's beautiful. Why don't you admit it?

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

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

ALEX: I just did.  
IONA: You said it was 'nice'.  
ALEX: Same thing.  
IONA: No way it's beautiful.  
ALEX: Fine. It is.  
IONA: So why not say so?  
ALEX: Because . . .  
IONA: Because?  
ALEX: I can't.

[*END OF EXTRACT*]



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

**Mark**











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