

# **X037/11/12**

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NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2013

TUESDAY, 21 MAY  
9.00 AM - 10.30 AM

DRAMA  
INTERMEDIATE 2  
Dramatic Extracts



**INTERMEDIATE 2**  
**DRAMA**  
**INSTRUCTIONS TO CENTRES**

The question paper represents 50% of the total course assessment at Intermediate 2, and is marked out of 50. The 2013 examination will take place on **Tuesday 21 May** between 9.00 am and 10.30 am.

The paper involves the dramatic and theatrical analysis of a short dramatic extract from a choice of three given extracts. Candidates are required to show knowledge and understanding of textual analysis, dramatic analysis, use of role-play/improvisation and two or more of theatre production skills.

Enclosed are three extracts from dramatic scripts. Candidates should choose **one** extract on which to base their exam response. Time should be allowed for candidates to undertake a practical exploration of the extracts in class prior to completing the question paper. Candidates are not expected to study the play from which the extract is taken, and should therefore only refer to the extract in the exam.

## Extract 1

- KEN: Marriages aren't made in heaven. Not these days.
- DOREEN: We've always been all right.
- KEN: I know that, but that doesn't mean everybody is. Look at Jean and Norman.
- DOREEN: What about Jean and Norman?
- KEN: We were only saying a few minutes ago that they were always fighting. They're thinking of splitting up you know.
- DOREEN: I don't think it'll come to that.
- KEN: I wouldn't be too sure.
- KEN *looks out of the window and sees JEAN walking down the path.*
- Talk of the devil!
- DOREEN: What is it?
- KEN: Jean's here.
- JEAN *enters the kitchen.*
- JEAN: Hello Ken, Doreen.
- DOREEN: Hello Jean.
- KEN: Cup of tea?
- JEAN: No thanks. Doreen, bad news.
- DOREEN: Oh?
- JEAN: We've just been to mum's. She's been rushed to hospital. We had to break a window to get in and she was lying on the bedroom floor. She's unconscious. I think you'd better come up to the hospital.
- DOREEN: Jean! What's wrong with her?
- JEAN: I don't know. We'd better go straight away.
- DOREEN: All right.
- KEN: I'll stay here—you go Doreen.
- JEAN: Norman will take us. He's just gone to bring Sean here—if that's all right with you?
- DOREEN: That's all right.
- JEAN: Michelle's big enough to look after herself. It might be a long stay Doreen.
- DOREEN: Let's get moving then.
- KEN: Leave everything Doreen.
- DOREEN: I feel scared to go.
- KEN: Don't worry. Everything will be OK.
- DOREEN: I knew it was wrong to leave her in that house on her own.
- KEN: Just get a coat and get up to the hospital.
- DOREEN: We'll have to work something out. She can't go back to that house on her own.

**Extract 1 (continued)**

*A car horn sounds.*

JEAN: That's Norman. Come on Doreen . . .

DOREEN: I could see this coming you know. I knew it wasn't right for her to be on her own.

KEN: She's in good hands now anyway. She'll be as right as rain.

DOREEN: Let's hope so. She can't be left on her own in future, that's for sure.

NORMAN: There are some nice old folks homes in town. They get looked after well. What about that?

JEAN: That seems a good idea.

DOREEN: [*Firmly*] No, definitely not!

JEAN: Why not, Doreen?

KEN: Yes, why not love? They get the best of everything there. Mrs. Simms is in one—she loves every minute of it.

DOREEN: No. We're not shovelling her off to some old folks place just because she's getting old—she's our mother and she deserves better.

KEN: There's nothing wrong with these homes Doreen. They're ideal.

JEAN: They are you know; they're really smashing.

DOREEN: [*Getting upset*] She gave us life. She fed us and clothed us; she gave us a home and now it's our turn to do the same for her. She'll have to come and live with one of us.

KEN: Slow down a bit love. There's no need to get so excited.

DOREEN: She is family.

KEN: I know she is but there's nothing wrong with old people's homes. We're not neglecting her if we put her in one of them.

DOREEN: [*Turning to JEAN*] She's your mother as well Jean.

JEAN: I know, but . . . [*giving up*] Oh I can't sort it out. I don't know what the answer is.

NORMAN: We don't even know whether or not she'll want to move in with one of us.

KEN: That's true.

DOREEN: We'll ask her; we'll give her the chance.

KEN: Yes, but give her time. Let her make up her own mind.

DOREEN: I will. Apart from anything else, it costs money in these homes you know. Don't forget that.

KEN: Not a lot, surely.

NORMAN: I didn't know.

DOREEN: Oh yes.

KEN: Gran might have a few quid . . . but not much.

DOREEN: She'd have to sell her house if she moved into a home.

**Extract 1 (continued)**

- JEAN: Would she?
- DOREEN: She'd need the money.
- JEAN: It seems a shame to soak up the money from the house on something like that.
- KEN: It might have to be that way Jean.
- JEAN: [*Finding it difficult to say*] I know mum always wanted to leave something, and if the house went there'd be nothing.
- KEN: I see.
- DOREEN: That's a bit selfish Jean.
- JEAN: I'm only saying what I think. She told me she'd made her will out some time ago. She's left the house to us two you know Doreen.
- DOREEN: But if she needs the money, she needs the money.
- JEAN: I know, but . . .
- KEN: It's going to need some thinking about.
- DOREEN: We haven't got much time. We'll have to decide soon—before she comes out.
- NORMAN: Well—anything we can do, just say.
- JEAN: I still think it's a bad idea to sell the house.
- DOREEN: She'll have to live with one of us then.
- JEAN: That's going to be difficult you know Doreen.
- DOREEN: It's only difficult if we make it difficult Jean. We can't just wish she'd go away.
- JEAN: I know that.
- DOREEN: Well why are you being so awkward?
- KEN: [*Trying to break up the conversation*] Cup of tea anybody?
- NORMAN: Thought you were never going to ask Ken.
- KEN: Come on give us a hand Norman.
- NORMAN: Sure.
- They get up and go to the kitchen.*
- In the kitchen.*
- KEN: Thought we should give those two in there a bit of a chance to talk things over. I know it's all family, but they're more family than we are.
- NORMAN: Good idea. I'm out of my depth in conversations like that. I never know what to say.
- KEN: It's a touchy subject. Family and money . . . dynamite!
- Back in the lounge.*
- DOREEN: I think you're being very selfish Jean.

**Extract 1 (continued)**

- JEAN: Why?
- DOREEN: Well. All that about not wanting mum to have the money from the house.
- JEAN: I didn't say that.
- DOREEN: Not in so many words.
- JEAN: I didn't mean it that way either.
- DOREEN: Well what then?
- There is a long pause . . .*
- JEAN: It's just . . . Norman and me are thinking of separating. It's nothing new. We've talked about it for some time now. We thought we'd stay together while the children were young and let them have a mother and father in the same house. We've managed so far but now that the children are older and what have you, we think we might go our separate ways. At least try it. We can't go on picking away at each other like we do.
- DOREEN: I see.
- JEAN: To be honest. I was counting on some help from mum in the future.
- DOREEN: It's your problem Jean, not mum's.
- JEAN: I'm going to need somewhere to live you see. We were talking about a trial separation.
- DOREEN: Is all this definite?
- JEAN: No, not definite. To be honest—we don't know what we do think half the time. We're just trying to be reasonable and honest.
- DOREEN: Oh.
- JEAN: Sorry.
- DOREEN: I thought you and Norman were happy enough.
- JEAN: In a way. We used to have rows. We agreed we'd separate when the children were old enough to understand . . . [*Sitting back in her chair*] . . . I don't know, I'm lost . . .
- DOREEN: All that shouldn't spoil things for mum now. We have to do what's best for her.
- JEAN: I know.
- DOREEN: You'll have to sort yourself out Jean.
- JEAN: I know.
- I was thinking of asking you if you could put me up for a few weeks as well.
- DOREEN: For goodness sake Jean! We can't do that. Is all this separation business worth it? You've been married years. What would you do with yourself? It would be a mistake you know. You can't behave like a couple of teenagers. You're old enough to know better.

[END OF EXTRACT 1]

**[Turn over for Extract 2 on *Page eight***

## Extract 2

- MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
- BANQUO: How far is't called to Forres? What are these,  
So withered, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand  
me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.
- MACBETH: Speak if you can. What are you?
- 1ST WITCH: All hail Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
- 2ND WITCH: All hail Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
- 3RD WITCH: All hail Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!
- BANQUO: Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.
- 1ST WITCH: Hail!
- 2ND WITCH: Hail!
- 3RD WITCH: Hail!
- 1ST WITCH: Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
- 2ND WITCH: Not so happy, yet much happier.
- 3RD WITCH: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.  
So all hail Macbeth and Banquo!
- 1ST WITCH: Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
- MACBETH: Stay you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis,  
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence, or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.



**Extract 2 (continued)**

[WITCHES *vanish*.

- BANQUO: The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they  
vanished?
- MACBETH Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed.
- BANQUO: Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?
- MACBETH: Your children shall be kings.
- BANQUO: You shall be King.
- MACBETH: And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
- BANQUO: To th' selfsame tune and words. Who's here?  
*Enter ROSS and ANGUS.*
- ROSS: The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,  
In viewing, o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And poured them down before him.
- ANGUS: We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks,  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.
- ROSS: And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor;  
In which addition, hail most worthy Thane,  
For it is thine.
- BANQUO: [*Aside*] What, can the devil speak true?
- MACBETH: The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me  
In borrowed robes?

**[Turn over**

## Extract 2 (continued)

- ANGUS: Who was the Thane lives yet,  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserve to lose. Whether he was  
combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He laboured in his country's wrack, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him.
- MACBETH: [*Aside*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor.  
The greatest is behind. [*To ROSS and ANGUS*]  
Thanks for your pains.  
[*To BANQUO*] Do you not hope your children shall  
be kings,  
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?
- BANQUO: That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word I pray you.
- MACBETH: [*Aside*] Two truths are told  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. —I thank you gentlemen. —  
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.  
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.
- BANQUO: Look how our partner's rapt.
- MACBETH: [*Aside*] If chance will have me King, why chance  
may crown me  
Without my stir.



### Extract 3

[ANNA sees pile of sacks. She nudges the others, putting her finger to her lips.]

ANNA: [Whispering] Look! She must have crept in again by the back way. She's trying the same trick twice. This time the tables will be turned. [She tiptoes up to the sacks and whips off the top one as she shouts.]

ANNA: Got you! Ooooh! [MIKE jerks up, still dazed, raising his good arm as though to ward off a blow.] Oh my goodness!

GERDA: Can it be?

HELGA: It must be—one of the airmen!

[MIKE lowers his arm and watches them warily.]

ANNA: It's alright. We're friends. [She kneels.] Friends You understand?

MIKE: Yes. Thank you.

ANNA: You're hurt. Is it very bad?

MIKE: It'll be alright—if you'll just let me rest.

ANNA: Yes, of course. You are one of the British airmen, aren't you? [MIKE nods.] It's an honour to meet you. I am Anna, this is my sister Gerda, and my friend Helga.

MIKE: How do you do? My friends call me Mike.

ANNA: Then we shall too! We shall be glad to be your friends.

MIKE: Thank you. You won't give me away, will you?

ANNA: Give you away? Never!

GERDA: Never!

HELGA: We will help you!

[MIKE smiles wanly.]

GERDA: Please don't laugh at us. You may think we are only children but we can help.

ANNA: Yes, indeed. Our sister Manya acts as a courier for the partisans. She knows where to find them. She will take a message to them, and they will come and fetch you and hide you safely until you are well enough to make the journey back.

MIKE: To England?

GERDA: To England, certainly. The Underground will help you.

MIKE: I don't know what to say.

ANNA: Say nothing. Just rest. Gerda! Run quickly and tell Manya what has happened. [GERDA nods and runs quickly out.]

ANNA: While we wait we'll do our best to look after you.

HELGA: You must be hungry. I have some food in my satchel. [Runs to get it.] It isn't much, but will help until we can get something better. [Gives him a wrinkled apple and piece of black bread.]

### Extract 3 (continued)

- MIKE Thanks. You're an angel. [*He eats quickly.*] What is this place? I didn't think anyone lived here.
- GERDA: They don't. It's the Simons' farm. Or, at least, it was. There's no-one here now.
- ANNA: They came one day and took Mr. and Mrs. Simons away—and the children.
- MIKE: Who? The soldiers?
- ANNA: No. The Gestapo. [*She spits out the word.*]
- HELGA: No-one knows where they are or what happened to them.
- GERDA: They said they were Jews, and not fit to mix with the pure races.
- ANNA: But they were just like us. They had lived here all their lives. Mr. Simons was born here, on this very farm.
- HELGA: They were our friends. We went to school with the children, and when we came up to play, Mrs. Simons would give us little cakes and glasses of buttermilk.
- GERDA: But they took them away. No-one has heard of them since—we don't even know if they are still alive.
- ANNA: The next day the soldiers came with lorries and loaded up all the cattle and pigs, and the poultry, and took them away too.
- GERDA: So now there is no-one here. We come here to play because it's so quiet and we can do as we like without people telling us not to make a noise.  
[*There is a slight pause while MIKE finishes eating. He moves his arm and winces.*]
- ANNA: Are you badly hurt? We can get some water from the pump outside—and I could tear up my petticoat for bandages.
- MIKE: No, don't do that. It's alright. My leg got hurt when we were hit by flack on the way here; about half an hour before we were actually shot down. The rest of the crew fixed it up for me.
- HELGA: And your arm?
- MIKE: I wrenched it landing. It'll be O.K. I don't think it's broken.
- ANNA: The rest of the crew? What happened to them? Did they bale out too?
- MIKE: I don't know. We were badly on fire. The skipper knew we wouldn't make it home. He ordered everybody to bale out. I was hurt, and a bit groggy from the pain killer they'd given me, so the others pushed me out first. I remember falling, then the jerk when the parachute opened—after that it's all hazy. There was an almighty explosion—then nothing—nothing until I hit the ground. I can remember dragging myself into some bushes, and then I must have passed out. But the others—I don't know—they must have bought it. [*He shuts his eyes in pain.*]
- HELGA: We are so thoughtless. Here you are, hurt, and tired, and all we can do is chatter like monkeys, and ask questions. Lie down on the sacks and try to sleep. When Gerda comes back she will have news for us. Until then, try to sleep.

### Extract 3 (continued)

- MIKE: That'll be easy. I feel as though I've been dragging through those woods for weeks. [*He lies back. HELGA takes off her coat and covers MIKE. ANNA takes hers off, hands it to HELGA who puts it over MIKE.*]
- MIKE: [*Sleepily.*] Thanks. That's nice.  
[*HELGA and ANNA tiptoe quietly away and talk in whispers.*]
- ANNA: Poor thing. He's exhausted.
- HELGA: We should have told Gerda to bring some food back. He must be starving.
- ANNA: Perhaps she'll think of it for herself—if she doesn't Manya will.
- HELGA: He needs some more clothes too.
- ANNA: Manya will see to it.  
[*KATYA bursts into the barn.*]
- KATYA: Helga! Guess what?  
[*They turn "Ssshing" her, but it's too late. MIKE starts up in alarm.*]
- ANNA: Katya! Why do you have to be so noisy? Now you've woken him.
- KATYA: [*Sees MIKE.*] Oh no! It can't be! He's not one of the British airmen?
- HELGA: Yes, isn't it exciting?
- KATYA: Oh no! Whatever can we do?
- ANNA: We've already done it. Gerda has gone to tell Manya—and he was having a rest until you burst in.
- KATYA: That is terrible!
- ANNA: Have you taken leave of your senses, Katya? Why all the fuss?
- KATYA: Soldiers! That's what I came to tell you. They are searching the village.  
[*HELGA and ANNA gasp.*]
- ANNA: Are you sure? They are really searching—it's not just a routine check?
- KATYA: No. I met Jan in the woods. He told me. The Nazis found a parachute a few miles away. So they know someone is hidden somewhere. They are searching the whole area. All the houses, the fields, the woods . . . the barns . . .
- ANNA: Oh! What can we do?
- KATYA: You must get away quickly. You can reach the forest before they get here. I'll go with you. I know a big hollow tree where you can hide. They'll never find you there.
- HELGA: It's no good Katya. He has hurt his leg, he can hardly move at all—let alone climb a tree.
- KATYA: Then where can he hide? . . . Under the sacks.
- ANNA: That's the first place they will look.

### Extract 3 (continued)

- HELGA: Except they won't *look*. I've seen them searching before. With piles of sacks, or straw or anything like that, they just jab their bayonets in, and if there is anyone hidden there . . . well . . . [*She shudders.*]
- KATYA: How horrible.
- MIKE: You girls must go. At once. I'll be alright. You leave me here, then if they find me you won't get any blame for hiding me.
- KATYA: We can't leave you.
- MIKE: Don't worry. I'll be alright. I shall just have to resign myself to spending the rest of the war in a prison camp. Now, go . . . Go!
- ANNA: No, we can't do that. There must be some other way.
- MIKE: Please don't be silly. I can't move away fast enough, and there is nowhere to hide—you must leave me. It's the only way.
- ANNA: But they'll kill you.
- MIKE: No, they won't. I shall be sent to a Prisoner of War camp.
- ANNA: You don't know them as we do. We have lived with them for over four years now. We know them.
- MIKE: But . . .
- ANNA: Look at yourself. Only your shirt and trousers. No uniform. No identity papers. It will be the perfect excuse. They will say you are a spy, and you will be shot.
- MIKE: Are you serious?
- ANNA: I have never been more serious in my life. It has happened before.
- MIKE: Then go, and go quickly. If you are accused of harbouring a spy you will all be shot, or sent to a concentration camp.
- HELGA: There must be something we can do.

[END OF EXTRACT 3]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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