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Total

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**X037/11/02**

NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2015

TUESDAY, 28 APRIL  
9.00 AM - 10.30 AM

DRAMA  
INTERMEDIATE 2

**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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50 marks are allocated to this paper.

Attempt **all** the questions.







*Marks*

4. (a) What mood or atmosphere would you like to create in a presentation of this extract?  
Explain why.

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3

- (b) Explain **two** things an actor would do in order to create this mood or atmosphere.

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2





*Marks*

7. Who do you think would enjoy a presentation of the extract?  
Explain your answer.

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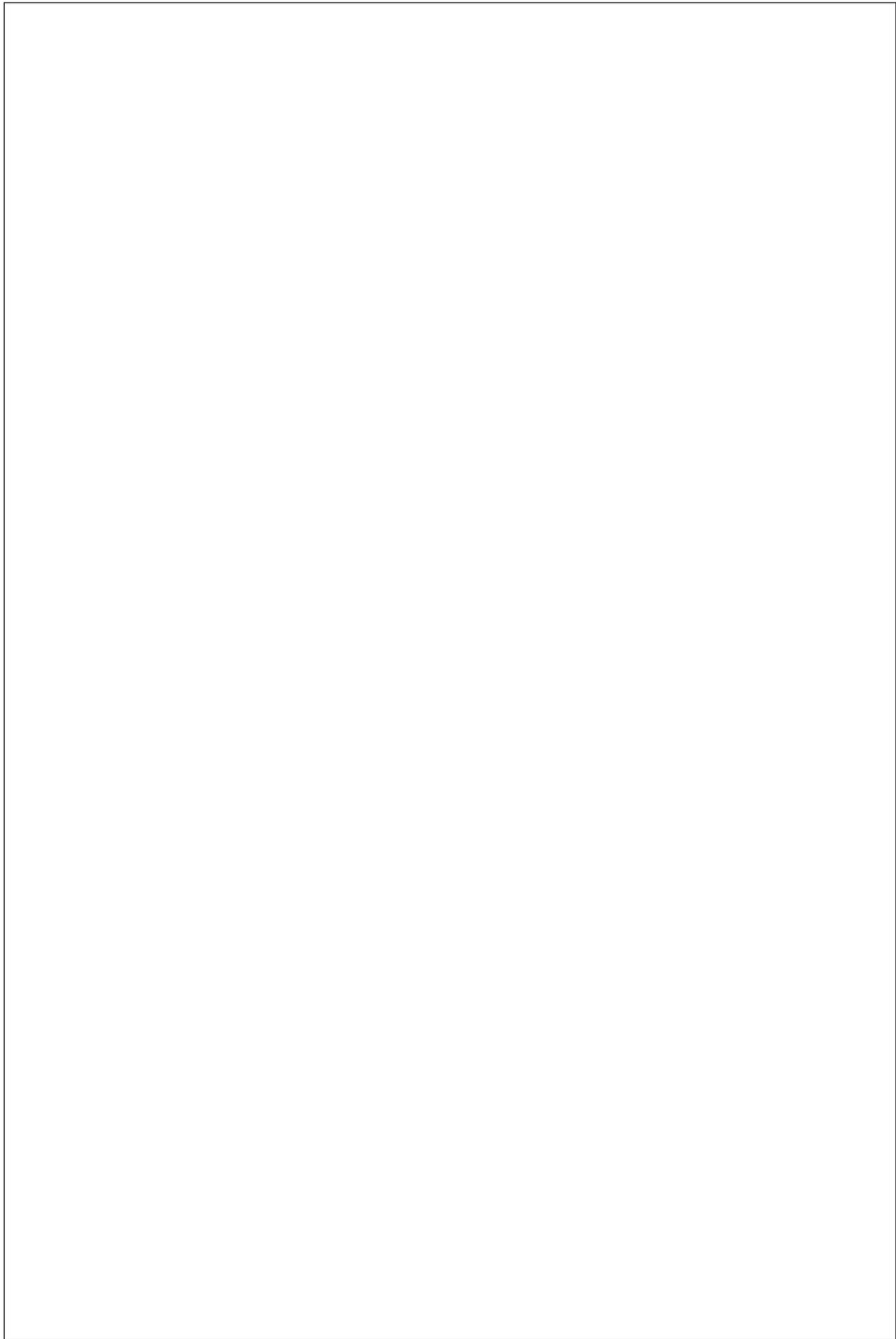
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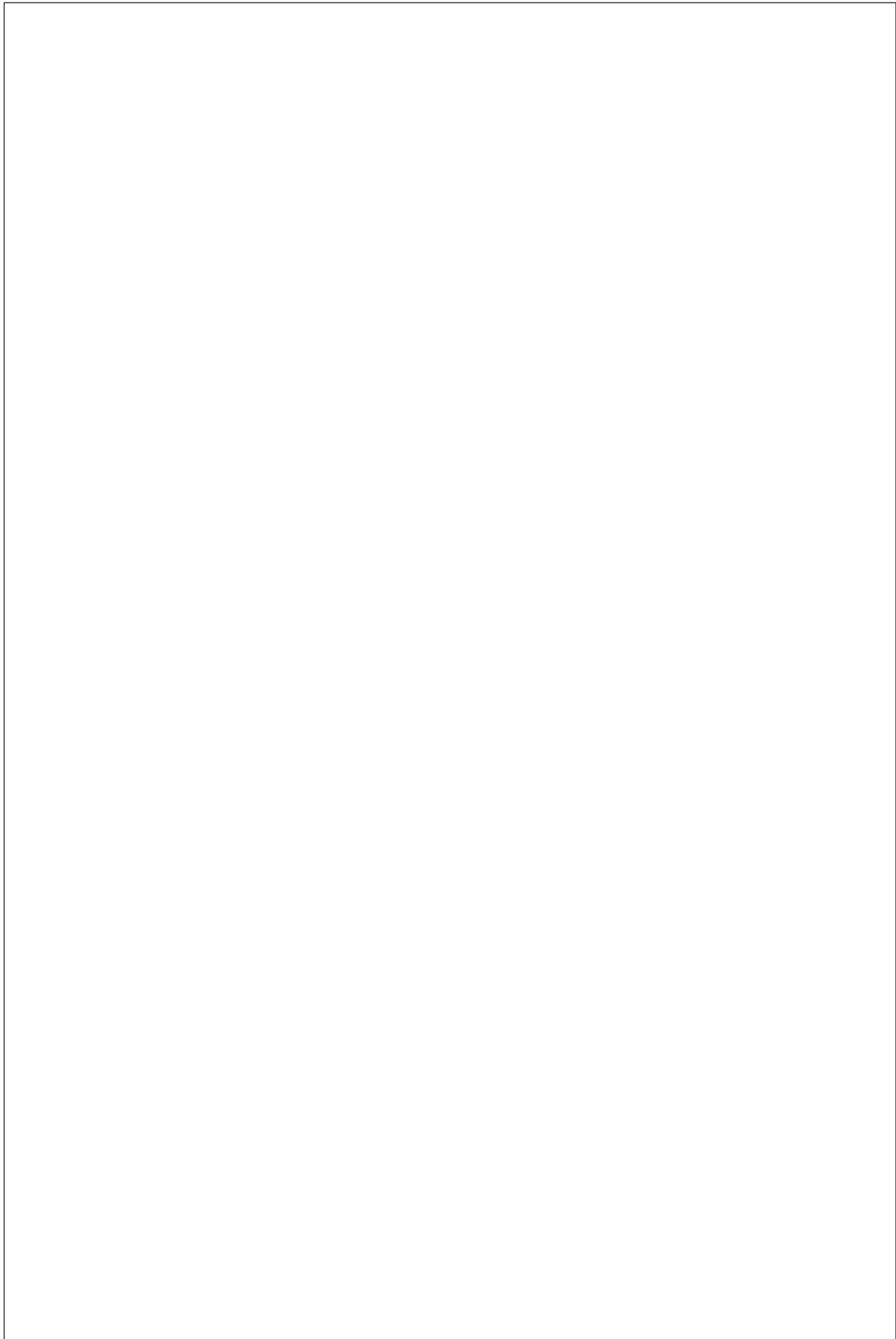
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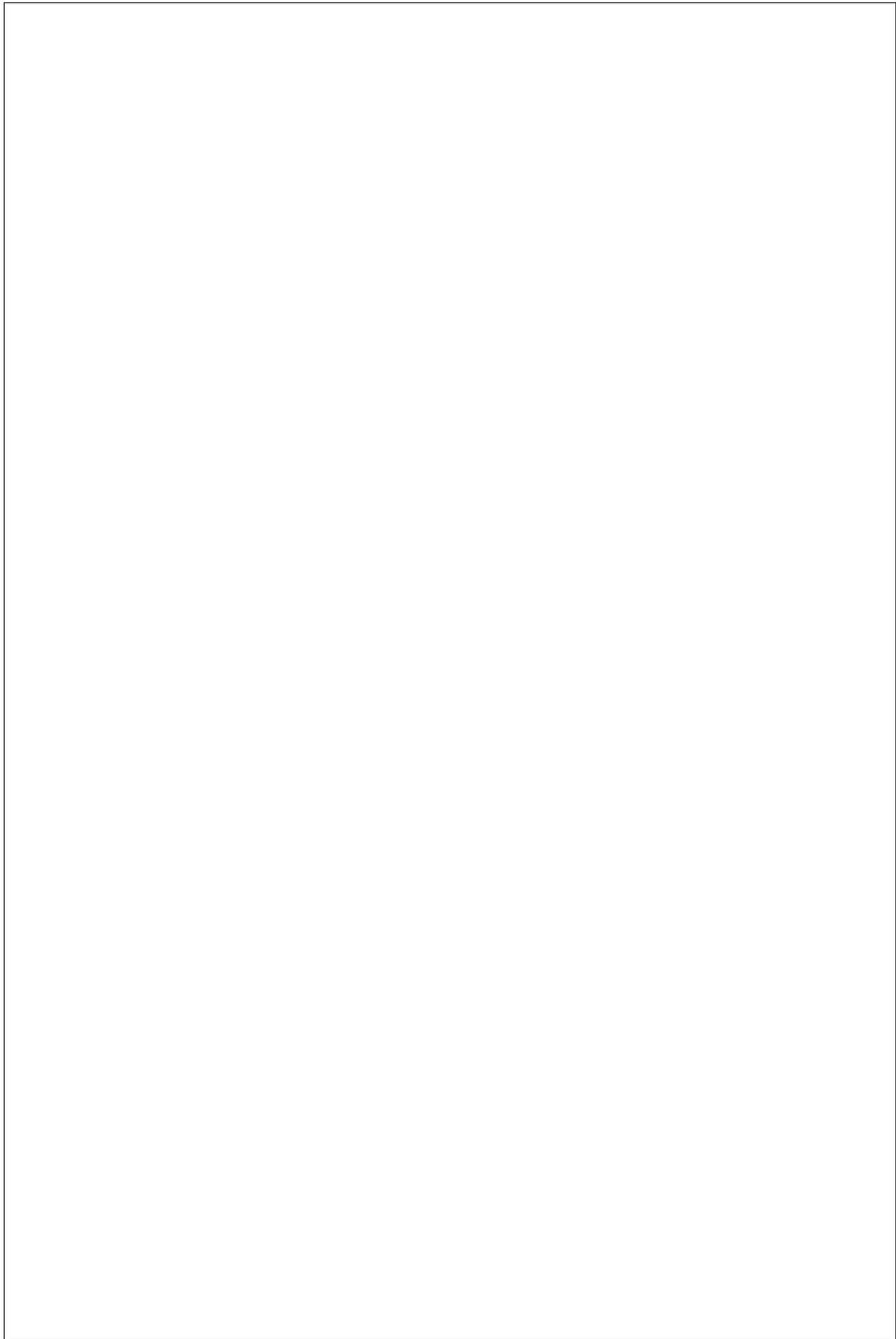
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**X037/11/12**

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NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2015

TUESDAY, 28 APRIL  
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 2015 examination will take place on **Tuesday 28 April** 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

- ANDREW: Line thirteen hundred and ninety-nine. Begin.
- TAPLOW: Chorus. We—are surprised at—
- ANDREW: [*Automatically.*] We marvel at.
- TAPLOW: We marvel at—thy tongue—how bold thou art—that you—
- ANDREW: Thou. [ANDREW'S interruptions are automatic. His thoughts are evidently far distant.]
- TAPLOW: Thou—can—
- ANDREW: Canst—
- TAPLOW: Canst—boastfully speak—
- ANDREW: Utter such a boastful speech—
- TAPLOW: Utter such a boastful speech—over—[*In a sudden rush of inspiration.*] —the bloody corpse of the husband you have slain—
- ANDREW *looks down at his text for the first time.* TAPLOW *looks apprehensive.*
- ANDREW: Taplow—I presume you are using a different text from mine—
- TAPLOW: No, Sir.
- ANDREW: That is strange for the line as I have it reads: *ἠτιζ τοιούδ ἐ π, ἀνδρι κομπαζειζ λόγου.* However diligently I search I can discover no “bloody”—no “corpse”—no “you have slain”. Simply “husband”—
- TAPLOW: Yes, sir. That’s right.
- ANDREW: Then why do you invent words that simply are not there?
- TAPLOW: I thought they sounded better, sir. More exciting. After all she did kill her husband, sir. [*With relish.*] She’s just been revealed with his dead body and Cassandra’s weltering in gore—
- ANDREW: I am delighted at this evidence, Taplow, of your interest in the rather more lurid aspects of dramaturgy, but I feel I must remind you that you are supposed to be construing Greek, not collaborating with Aeschylus.
- TAPLOW: [*Greatly daring.*] Yes, but still, sir, translator’s licence, sir—I didn’t get anything wrong—and after all it *is a play* and not just a bit of Greek construe.
- ANDREW: [*Momentarily at a loss.*] I seem to detect a note of end of term in your remarks. I am not denying that the *Agamemnon* is a play. It is perhaps the greatest play ever written—
- TAPLOW: [*Quickly.*] I wonder how many people in the form think that?
- Pause.* TAPLOW *is instantly frightened of what he has said.*
- Sorry, sir. Shall I go on?
- ANDREW *does not answer. He sits motionless staring at his book.*
- Shall I go on, sir?
- There is another pause.* ANDREW *raises his head slowly from his book.*

## Extract 1 (continued)

- ANDREW: [*Murmuring gently, not looking at TAPLOW.*] When I was a very young man, only two years older than you are now, Taplow, I wrote, for my own pleasure, a translation of the *Agamemnon*—a very free translation—I remember—in rhyming couplets.
- TAPLOW: The whole *Agamemnon*—in verse? That must have been hard work, sir.
- ANDREW: It was hard work; but I derived great joy from it. The play had so excited and moved me that I wished to communicate, however imperfectly, some of that emotion to others. When I had finished it, I remember, I thought it very beautiful—almost more beautiful than the original.
- TAPLOW: Was it ever published, sir?
- ANDREW: No. Yesterday I looked for the manuscript while I was packing my papers. I was unable to find it. I fear it is lost—like so many other things. Lost for good.
- TAPLOW: Hard luck, sir.
- ANDREW *is silent again.* TAPLOW *steals a timid glance at him.*
- Shall I go on, sir?
- ANDREW, *with a slight effort, lowers his eyes again to his text.*
- ANDREW: [*Raising his voice slightly.*] No. Go back and get that last line right.
- TAPLOW, *out of ANDREW'S vision, as he thinks, makes a disgusted grimace in his direction.*
- TAPLOW: That—thou canst utter such a boastful speech over thy husband—
- ANDREW: Yes. And, now, if you would be so kind, you will do the line again, without the facial contortion which you just found necessary to accompany it—
- TAPLOW *is just beginning the line again, when MILLIE appears hurriedly. She has on an apron.*
- MILLIE: The headmaster's just coming up the drive. Don't tell him I'm in. The fish pie isn't in the oven yet.
- She disappears.*
- TAPLOW, *who has jumped up on MILLIE'S entrance, turns hopefully to ANDREW.*
- TAPLOW: I'd better go, hadn't I, sir? I mean—I don't want to be in the way—
- ANDREW: We do not know yet that it is I the headmaster wishes to see. Other people live in this building.
- There is a knock at the door.*
- ANDREW: Come in.
- DR. FROBISHER *comes in. He looks more like a distinguished diplomat than a doctor of literature and classical scholar. He is in the middle fifties and goes to a very good tailor.*
- FROBISHER: Ah, Crocker-Harris, I've caught you in. I'm so glad. I hope I'm not disturbing you?

## Extract 1 (continued)

- ANDREW: I have been taking a pupil in extra work—
- FROBISHER: On the penultimate day of term? That argues either great conscientiousness on your part or considerable backwardness on his.
- ANDREW: Perhaps a combination of both—
- FROBISHER: Quite so, but as this is my only chance of speaking to you before tomorrow, I think that perhaps your pupil will be good enough to excuse us—*[He turns politely to TAPLOW.]*
- TAPLOW: Oh, yes, sir. That's really quite all right. *[He collects his books and dashes to the door.]*
- ANDREW: I'm extremely sorry, Taplow. You will please explain to your father exactly what occurred over this lost hour and tell him that I shall in due course be writing to him to return the money involved—
- TAPLOW: *[Hurriedly.]* Yes, sir. But please don't bother, sir. I know it's all right, sir. Thank you, sir.  
*He darts out.*
- FROBISHER: Have the Gilberts called on you, yet?
- ANDREW: The Gilberts, sir? Who are they?
- FROBISHER: Gilbert is your successor with the lower fifth. He is down here today with his wife, and as they will be taking over this flat I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if they came in to look it over.
- ANDREW: Of course not.
- FROBISHER: I've told you about him, I think. He is a very brilliant young man and won exceptionally high honours at Oxford.
- ANDREW: So I understand, sir.
- FROBISHER: Not, of course, as high as the honours you yourself won there. He didn't, for instance win the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse or the Gaisford.
- ANDREW: He won the Hertford Latin, then?
- FROBISHER: No. *[Mildly surprised.]* Did you win that, too?
- ANDREW *nods.*  
It's sometimes hard to remember that you are perhaps the most brilliant classical scholar we have ever had at the school—
- ANDREW: You are very kind.
- FROBISHER: *[Urbanely corrects his gaffe.]* Hard to remember, I mean—because of your other activities—your brilliant work on the school timetable, for instance, and also for your heroic battle for so long and against such odds with the soul-destroying lower fifth.
- ANDREW: I have not found that my soul has been destroyed by the lower fifth, headmaster.
- FROBISHER: I was joking, of course.
- ANDREW: Oh. I see.

**Extract 1 (continued)**

FROBISHER: Is your wife in?

ANDREW: Er—no. Not at the moment.

FROBISHER: I shall have a chance of saying goodbye to her tomorrow. I am rather glad I have got you to myself. I have a delicate matter—two rather delicate matters—to broach.

ANDREW: Please sit down.

FROBISHER: Thank you. [*He sits.*] Now you have been with us, in all, eighteen years, haven't you?

ANDREW *nods.*

It is extremely unlucky that you should have had to retire at so comparatively early an age and so short a time before you would have been eligible for a pension.

*The HEADMASTER is regarding his nails, as he speaks, studiously avoiding ANDREW'S gaze.*

ANDREW: Pension? [*After a pause.*] You have decided then, not to award me a pension?

FROBISHER: Not I, my dear fellow. It has nothing at all to do with me. It's the governors who, I'm afraid, have been forced to turn down your application. I put your case to them as well as I could, but they decided, with great regret, that they couldn't make an exception to the rule.

ANDREW: But I thought—my wife thought, that an exception was made some five years ago—

FROBISHER: Ah. In the case of Buller, you mean? True. But the circumstances with Buller were quite remarkable. It was, after all, in playing rigger against the school that he received that injury—

ANDREW: Yes. I remember.

FROBISHER: And then the governors received a petition from boys, old boys, and parents with over five hundred signatures.

ANDREW: I would have signed that petition myself, but through some oversight I was not asked—

FROBISHER: He was a splendid fellow, Buller. Splendid. Doing very well, too, now, I gather.

ANDREW: I'm delighted to hear it.

FROBISHER: Your own case, of course, is equally deserving. If not more so—for Buller was a younger man. Unfortunately—rules are rules—and are not made to be broken every few years; at any rate that is the governors' view.

ANDREW: I quite understand.

[END OF EXTRACT 1]

## Extract 2

- MRS BLACK: Aidan! Aidan Quinn! But you're with the 6th Royal Munsters.
- AIDAN: How did you get in?
- MRS BLACK: The door was open. The door's always open.
- AIDAN: [*aggressively*]. I've just folded up my blankets—I've just got up! Where's my mother? I woke up and there was no one here.
- MRS BLACK: I don't know, it's not like your mother to be out. Especially in a fog like that.
- AIDAN: So she *wants* to frighten me. She either wants me to think she has gone to the authorities or she has gone to the authorities.
- MRS BLACK: Why should she want to do that?
- AIDAN: Because I'm a deserter!
- MRS BLACK: I don't believe it, Aidan Quinn. That's an unholy lie.
- AIDAN: I see. You're one of those people who for the duration of the war will refuse to see what's in front of their eyes. Deserters, for example, or the unusual number of soldiers who return from the front missing an index-finger. Have you noticed that? Our "lads" are chopping off their own fingers.
- MRS BLACK: Oh Aidan—now I *know* you're making things up.
- AIDAN: So that they can't fire their rifles! Of course I never went to the front but I have an imagination. That is the whole problem with us Quinns. We have an imagination which we can ill afford.
- ELIZABETH *comes in*.
- Pause.*
- MRS BLACK *decides to carry on as if she has not seen AIDAN*.
- MRS BLACK: Oh Mrs Quinn. I got a letter! The War Office has found my son! What a thing it is for a mother to have her son restored to her after so long. I'm so happy I don't know myself.
- ELIZABETH: I'm very pleased for you, Mrs Black. So where is he?
- MRS BLACK: Oh I forget the name of the place. The letter said the hospital was nicely situated.
- ELIZABETH: So—you'll soon have your wounded hero back in your arms. Like me.
- AIDAN: I've already told Mrs Black I'm a deserter. What else was she to think—she walked in and saw me like this! [*Slight pause.*] Oh? You don't care? You don't care I made it public because you have just gone and betrayed me to the authorities! See! She doesn't deny it.
- ELIZABETH: Yes I've been to the authorities. I informed them that since my son is a deserter I am no longer entitled to my nine shillings a week Separation allowance. I handed in my book.
- AIDAN: You went to the authorities today?
- ELIZABETH: Yes. I opened a drawer this morning and the first thing I saw was my Allowance Book. I didn't want it in my house any more.

## Extract 2 (continued)

AIDAN: My own mother. What else did you say? Nothing probably—you wouldn't want any fuss, you'd rather I quietly disappeared. You've always wanted rid of me. That's why I joined the army in the first place.

ELIZABETH: No one listening to your tone of voice, Aidan, would imagine you joined the 6th Royal Munsters of your own free will and volition.

AIDAN: Yes—I volunteered. Ha! On the other hand I was aware you would rather have me dead than a post-office clerk.

ELIZABETH: I agree you had limited ability. I thought you might make an officer.

*ELIZABETH sits on her stool.*

AIDAN: I was a perfectly good post-office clerk! That was too ridiculous for words of course. It carried connotations of petty cash, as well as the ignominy of being a minor public servant. Your enthusiasm for the war on the other hand was fanatic. You talked of nothing else. You knew exactly how many of those awarded the VC were Catholics. You knew the official number of casualties in every major engagement. We were up to our waists in offal. Finally I volunteered. This was how I could stop being ridiculous.

ELIZABETH: You always were too sensitive. We loved you, Aidan.

AIDAN: Who's "we"? Don't say "we" like that! It makes me feel like I'm being dressed. Also—I would have preferred it if you had simply hated me. If you had simply hated me all the time that would at least have been consistent.

MRS BLACK: That's not your son, Mrs Quinn. Your son wouldn't have come home and announced—announced—he was a deserter. And the language he's used—"love"! In front of his own mother. That woman's not well. She's stopped eating. She can do without abuse from you.

AIDAN: [*forceful, pleading, desperate*]. Have you noticed how often things disappear from round about you? I don't mean only material things though I notice there is less and less here all the time. But now people are disappearing too. Why? What is it you do? Why for example did your husband simply vanish?

*AIDAN finishes up on his knees in front of her, appealing to her as a son. We see her wanting to respond—a mother.*

ELIZABETH: You could ask him.

AIDAN: I can't ask him. He's vanished!

ELIZABETH: We had an argument.

AIDAN: About what? Something petty?

ELIZABETH: [*points to the piano*]. That thing.

AIDAN: You argued about that all my life.

ELIZABETH: We argued all your life because I was too good for him! [*Pause.*] Or rather, he was too good for me. I was a liar.

*She clasps AIDAN'S head and takes it to her lap.*

**Extract 2 (continued)**

The piano was his wedding-present to me. He couldn't afford it and I couldn't play it. Though we led each other to believe the opposite. When I married I imagined I would never be poor again.

MAURA *comes in.*

MRS BLACK: Tell him nothing! He's polluted.

*Pause. They register MAURA's presence.*

MAURA: I'm going straight out again. I've come to get a bucket—we're collecting money for our relief fund at the shipyard gates. [*She goes to find a bucket.*]

MRS BLACK: He has to go! I thought this was a good house—now I wouldn't be surprised if I came in here and found you were keeping a pig. Not only has that animal deserted but he has to come back to pollute his home. If he was your son he would go of his own accord.

AIDAN: Go! Ha! Go where?

MRS BLACK: He's incriminating you, Mrs Quinn. If you get caught harbouring him you'll go to jail.

ELIZABETH: I will take the consequences, Mrs Black.

MAURA: You don't know what the consequences are! The consequences are six month's jail.

*MAURA has found a bucket and is on her predetermined way out when she is stopped by ELIZABETH's bombast.*

ELIZABETH: Six months is not an eternity. I carried him inside me for longer and that's a prison too, of a kind.

MAURA: And what would we do when we got out of prison?

ELIZABETH: Please, Maura.

MAURA: Once we were released, then what?

ELIZABETH: You have obviously thought this out.

MAURA: Yes!

ELIZABETH: That was wrong, do you understand?

MAURA: We would have no house. We would have no means of support. We would be defiled. What would we do then? Say it! Say what we would do!

ELIZABETH: There are times when it is wrong to think things through. There are times when the consequences are so overwhelming they make any actual decision look small.

*Pause.*

MAURA: I'm sorry. I can't stop thinking. It's a bad habit I have. And what are you going to do about the door? Of course we may not be the most popular people in the tenement but even so you could start thinking about how to stop people simply walking in.

**Extract 2 (continued)**

MAURA goes.

MRS BLACK: I won't say anything—it's nothing to do with me. None of this is any of my business! [*She goes out.*]

AIDAN: I'm safe. Why should anyone find me? The authorities only find someone if they receive co-operation from the people. This is what I discovered in Dublin. If the people don't want to supply the authorities with information the authorities don't know where to look.

ELIZABETH *touches him. The gesture is motherly but too much about her own sadness to be reassuring. She goes out.*

[*END OF EXTRACT 2*]

### Extract 3

*The staff room.*

NIXON: Thursday, November the ninth. Staff room. One of my biggest fears was that I was teaching the wrong book at O level. I had been doing *Twelfth Night* for ten weeks when I heard a rumour on the grapevine that the actual set book was *A Winter's Tale*. Mr Basford put me right on that, he also put me right on some other things.

[HOBBY *becomes* MR BASFORD.]

BASFORD: I hear that you've had a bit of a run in with Doug. Don't upset the caretakers, Jeff, they do a great job.

NIXON: I suppose we're all trapped in the same system. Kids. Staff. Caretakers. How are your lads doing at St George's?

BASFORD: Fine.

NIXON: You live out that way?

BASFORD: Me? No. I live down Greenacre Parade.

NIXON: That's this school's catchment area.

BASFORD: That's right.

NIXON: Why didn't they come to this school?

BASFORD: [*After a pause*] St George's gets people into Oxford. Thirty per cent get five or more O levels, that's why. Fifteen per cent get four here at Whitewall. Parents have the right to choose schools, and I'm choosing.

NIXON: But St George's is ten miles away . . . It must cost a fortune . . .

BASFORD: I'm making sure my kids have the best possible education.

NIXON: And you can afford it. What about kids like Gail Saunders, can their parents pay for them to travel to St George's? No. They can't even afford to pay out for a school trip . . .

BASFORD: So what am I supposed to do, make my lads disadvantaged because others are? Waken up, Jeff. Parents have a right to send kids to the school of their choice.

NIXON: And kids have a right to a good education regardless of whether their parents have the ability or willingness to choose for them. You know as well as I do that a lot of parents don't attach a great deal of importance to education, that doesn't mean that we ditch their kids . . .

BASFORD: Listen, Mr Nixon . . . When you have any family, what will you want for your kids? Will you want them to do drama, let's say, in an old hall with no facilities and books that are Sellotaped together or would you prefer they worked in an atmosphere where everything was new, and you could have what you wanted? You think about what you'd really want.

NIXON: But that's not the point. Surely all schools should be the same, have the same facilities, have the same cash, cash made readily available. Shouldn't we want the best for all kids, not just those whose parents can pay to send them to a good school whether it be fees or bus fare? All kids deserve the right to be educated to their potential.

### Extract 3 (continued)

BASFORD: And that's the sort of system we have now. A grade-six kid is grade-six potential.

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WHITHAM: Hey, Jeff, have you seen the *Times Ed*? Scale two going at St George's. Starts summer. A level theatre studies, drama studio . . . Video equipment . . .

NIXON: No, I'm not into that.

WHITHAM: Oh, you're not planning to stop here, are you? Everybody's trying to get out. They call this place Colditz at the County Hall. Don't be a mug Jeff, when you see a hole in the fence go for it. I've got an interview coming up, in local radio . . . Here, I'll leave it with you.

HOBBY: Mr Nixon?

GAIL: Sir?

HOBBY: Can I go to matron?

SALTY: Look, come away from the gas taps.

HOBBY: Sir?

SALTY: Just find a space.

GAIL: Sir, she's hit me.

HOBBY: Sir, I haven't.

SALTY: Find a space.

GAIL: Sir, she has.

HOBBY: When will we be back in the hall?

SALTY: Find a space!

GAIL: Are we doing the *Marat-Sade*?

HOBBY: Can I go to matron?

GAIL: Are we doing *Billy Liar*?

HOBBY: Sir, she's taken my pen.

GAIL: Sir, I haven't.

HOBBY: Sir, she has, sir.

GAIL: Sir, I haven't.

HOBBY: Sir, she's taken my book.

GAIL: Sir, I haven't.

HOBBY: Sir, she's taken my partner.

GAIL: Sir, I haven't.

HOBBY: Sir, she's taken my glasses.

GAIL: Sir?

HOBBY: Mr Nixon.

**Extract 3 (continued)**

GAIL: Sir?

HOBBY: Niko?

GAIL: Jeff?

HOBBY: Hey.

GAIL: You.

HOBBY: Sir.

NIXON: [*Shouting*] Right! Everybody, hands on heads, and fingers on lips.  
[*Music. Blackout.*]

[*END OF EXTRACT 3*]

[*END OF QUESTION PAPER*]

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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