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X037/201

Total

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NATIONAL
QUALIFICATIONS
2008

TUESDAY, 20 MAY
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

--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Scottish candidate number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Number of seat

--

50 marks are allocated to this paper.

Answer **all** the questions.



Tick (✓) the appropriate box to indicate which extract you chose to explore.

7

7

1. Choose **one** character from the extract that you want an audience to feel strongly about.

(a) why you have chosen **this** character;

(b) why you think an audience would react strongly.

Your explanations could refer to personality, purpose in the drama, relationships with other characters, status etc.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

[illegible]

5

[illegible]

5

- Justify your answer.

4

- You might refer, for example, to age, social class, status, attitudes or relationships.

You should **explain** your answer by referring to the text.

[illegible]

5

Marks

6. Describe **two different** moods or atmospheres in the extract.

You should refer to the text in your answer.

4

7. **Why** does the mood/atmosphere change?

You should refer to the text in your answer.

4

[Turn over

- [illegible]

6

Marks

9. Choose **one** point in the extract that you think is very important.

(a) Explain where this point comes.

1

(b) Outline your instructions to the actors to highlight the importance of this point.

3

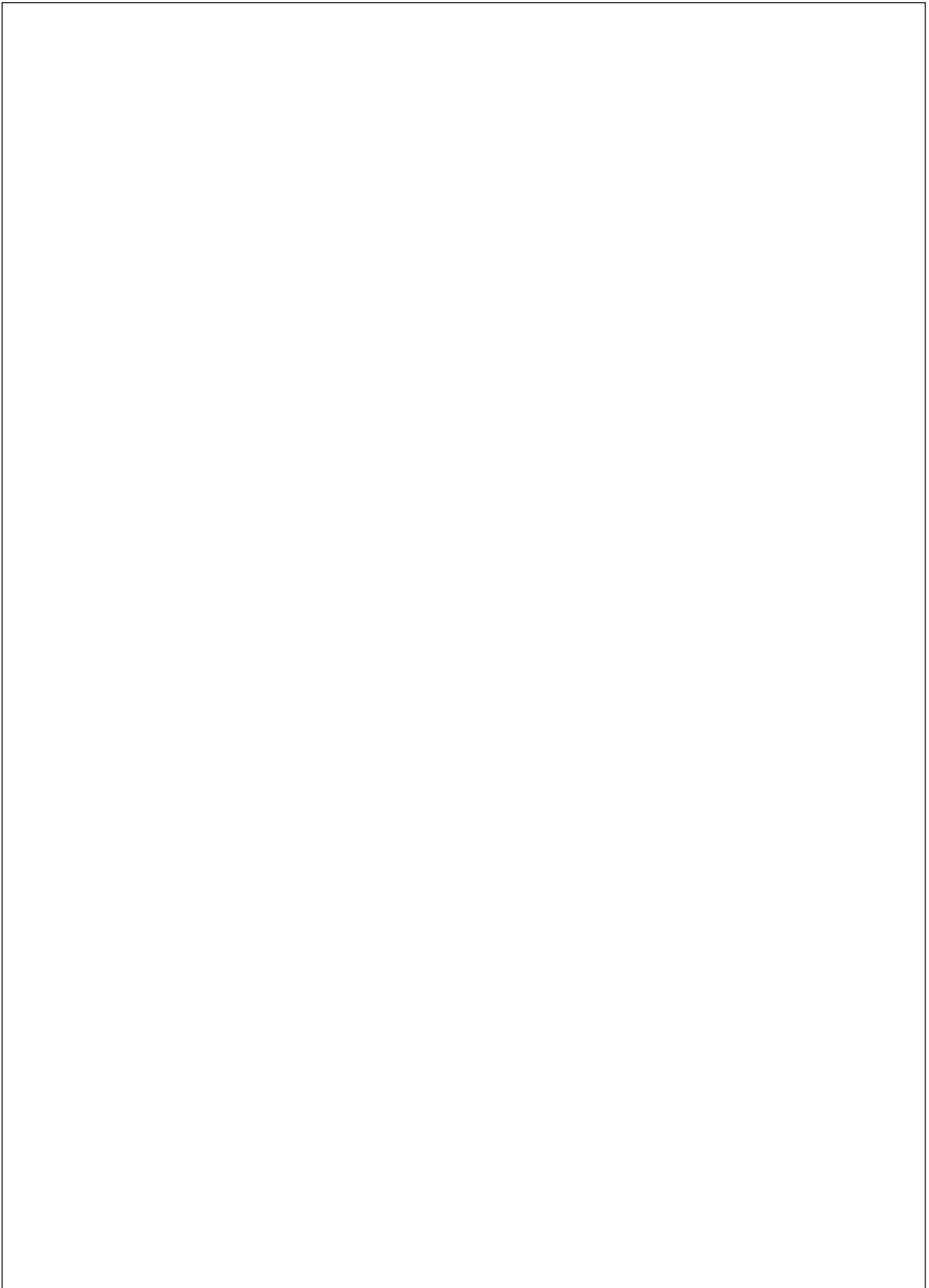
10. Draw a ground plan of your set at **this** point in the extract. Include the positions of the actors.

Use the space on the following page for your answer.

5

[Turn over

10. (continued)



[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

X037/202

NATIONAL
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2008

TUESDAY, 20 MAY
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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 2008 examination will take place on **Tuesday 20 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

Due to copyright restrictions, Dramatic Extract 1 has been removed.

Extract 2

EDWARD: Hello.

MICKEY: [*suspiciously*] Hello.

EDWARD: I've seen you before.

MICKEY: Where?

EDWARD: You were playing with some other boys near my house.

MICKEY: Do you live up in the park?

EDWARD: Yes. Are you going to come and play up there again?

MICKEY: No. I would do but I'm not allowed.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: 'Cos me mam says.

EDWARD: Well, my mummy doesn't allow me to play down here actually.

MICKEY: 'Gis a sweet.

EDWARD: All right. [*He offers a bag from his pocket.*]

MICKEY: [*shocked*] What?

EDWARD: Here.

MICKEY: [*trying to work out the catch. Suspiciously taking one*] Can I have another one. For our Sammy?

EDWARD: Yes, of course. Take as many as you want.

MICKEY: [*taking a handful*] Are you soft?

EDWARD: I don't think so.

MICKEY: Round here if y' ask for a sweet, y' have to ask about, about twenty million times. An' y' know what?

EDWARD: [*sitting beside Mickey*] What?

MICKEY: They still don't bleedin' give y' one. Sometimes our Sammy does but y' have to be dead careful if our Sammy gives y' a sweet.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: 'Cos if our Sammy gives y' a sweet he's usually weed on it first.

EDWARD: [*exploding in giggles*] Oh, that sounds like super fun.

MICKEY: It is. If y' our Sammy.

MICKEY: Our Sammy'll be here soon. I hope he's in a good mood. He's dead mean sometimes.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: It's 'cos he's got a plate in his head.

EDWARD: A plate. In his head?

Extract 2 (continued)

MICKEY: Yeh. When he was little, me Mam was at work an' our Donna Marie was supposed to be lookin' after him but he fell out the window an' broke his head. So they took him to the hospital an' put a plate in his head.

EDWARD: A plate. A dinner plate?

MICKEY: I don't think so, 'cos our Sammy's head's not really that big. I think it must have been one of them little plates that you have bread off.

EDWARD: A side plate?

MICKEY: No, it's on the top.

EDWARD: And . . . and can you see the shape of it, in his head?

MICKEY: I suppose, I suppose if y' looked under his hair.

EDWARD: [*after a reflective pause*] You know the most smashing things. Will you be my best friend?

MICKEY: Yeh. If y' want.

EDWARD: What's your name?

MICKEY: Michael Johnstone. But everyone calls me Mickey. What's yours?

EDWARD: Edward Lyons.

MICKEY: D' they call y' Eddie?

EDWARD: No.

MICKEY: Well, I will.

EDWARD: Will you?

MICKEY: Yeh. How old are y' Eddie?

EDWARD: Seven.

MICKEY: I'm older than you. I'm nearly eight.

EDWARD: Well, I'm nearly eight, really.

MICKEY: What's your birthday?

EDWARD: July the eighteenth.

MICKEY: So is mine.

EDWARD: Is it really?

MICKEY: Ey, we were born on the same day . . . that means we can be blood brothers. Do you wanna be my blood brother, Eddie?

EDWARD: Yes, please.

MICKEY: [*producing a penknife*] It hurts y' know. [*He puts a nick in his hand.*] Now, give us yours.

Mickey *nicks* Edward's hand, then they clamp hands together.

See, this means that we're blood brothers, an' that we always have to stand by each other. Now you say after me: "I will always defend my brother".

Extract 2 (continued)

EDWARD: I will always defend my brother . . .

MICKEY: And stand by him.

EDWARD: And stand by him.

MICKEY: An' share all my sweets with him.

EDWARD: And share . . .

Sammy leaps in front of them, gun in hand, pointed at them.

MICKEY: Hi ya, Sammy.

SAMMY: Give us a sweet.

MICKEY: Haven't got any.

EDWARD: Yes, you have . . .

Mickey frantically shakes his head, trying to shut Edward up.

Yea, I gave you one for Sammy, remember?

Sammy laughs at Edward's voice and Mickey's misfortune.

SAMMY: Y' little robbin' get.

MICKEY: No, I'm not. [*He hands over a sweet.*] An' anyway, you pinched my best gun.

Mickey tries to snatch the gun from Sammy but Sammy is too fast.

SAMMY: It's last anyway. It only fires caps. I'm gonna get a real gun soon, I'm gonna get an air gun.

Sammy goes into a fantasy shoot out. He doesn't notice Edward who has approached him and is craning to get a close look at his head.

[*Eventually noticing.*] What are you lookin' at?

EDWARD: Pardon.

MICKEY: That's Eddie. He lives up by the park.

SAMMY: He's a friggin' poshy.

MICKEY: No, he's not. He's my best friend.

SAMMY: [*snorting, deciding it's not worth the bother*] You're soft. Y' just soft little kids. [*In quiet disdain he moves away.*]

MICKEY: Where y' goin'?

SAMMY: [*looking at Mickey*] I'm gonna do another burial. Me worms have died again.

MICKEY: [*excitedly; to Edward*] Oh, y' comin' the funeral? Our Sammy is having a funeral. Can we come, Sammy?

Sammy puts his hand into his pocket and brings forth a handful of soil.

SAMMY: Look, they was alive an wrigglin' this mornin'. But by dinner time they was dead.

Mickey and Edward inspect the deceased worms in Sammy's hand.

Extract 2 (continued)

Mrs Johnstone *enters*.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Mickey . . . Mickey . . .

EDWARD: Is that your mummy?

MICKEY: Ma . . . Mam, this is my brother.

MRS JOHNSTONE [*stunned*] What?

MICKEY: My blood brother, Eddie.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Eddie, Eddie who?

EDWARD: Edward Lyons, Mrs Johnstone.

Mrs Johnstone *stands still, staring at him*.

MICKEY: Eddie's my best friend, Mam. He lives up by the park an' . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE: Mickey . . . get in the house.

MICKEY: What?

MRS JOHNSTONE: Sammy, you an' all. Both of y' get in.

SAMMY: But I'm older than him, I don't have to . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE: I said get, the pair of y'

MICKEY: [*going, almost in tears*] But I haven't done nothin'. I'll see y' Eddie.
Ta ra, Eddie . . .

Mickey *exits*.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Sammy!

SAMMY: Ah. [*To Edward.*] I'll get you.

EDWARD: Have I done something wrong, Mrs Johnstone?

MRS JOHNSTONE: Does your mother know that you're down here?

Edward *shakes his head*.

An' what would she say if she did know?

EDWARD: I . . . I think she'd be angry?

MRS JOHNSTONE: So don't you think you better get home before she finds out?

EDWARD: Yes.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Go on, then.

Edward *turns to go, then stops*.

EDWARD: Could I . . . would it be all right if I came to play with Mickey on another day? Or perhaps he could come to play at my house . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE: Don't you ever come round here again. Ever.

EDWARD: But . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE: Ever! Now go on. Beat it, go home before the bogey man gets y'.

[END OF EXTRACT 2]

Extract 3

PEARL: Was that a knock at the door?

ALAN: What would she knock for?

PEARL: Was it? [*She rushes to the window.*]

ALAN: She'd ring the bell.

PEARL: Don't get that dress too near the fire.

ALAN: She'd ring it loud and long.

PEARL: No one there.

ALAN: That's my gran for you. Always has to announce herself. "Here I am. Here I'm here." Rrrrrring.

PEARL: Don't burn that dress.
[*Clapping rhythm.*]

ALAN: Did you think it might be him?

PEARL: Better not be.
Don't get it too near.
[*She's still at the window.*]
All the curtains are shut now. All along the street.
[*She shivers.*]
It's cold.

ALAN: Tisn't.

PEARL: Something walked over my grave.

ALAN: I'd probably kill myself if I didn't have you. [*Very factual this.*]

PEARL: Eh?

ALAN: When you die, I'll die too.

PEARL: What for?

ALAN: I wouldn't want to be here without you. Wouldn't be any fun.

PEARL: I'm not planning to go yet. When I do, I'll let you know.

ALAN: Come down by the fire. I'll give you a cuddle.

PEARL: Maybe they've gone to bed. Eh? That pair over there. What do you think?

ALAN: I'll keep you warm.

PEARL: You'll burn that.

ALAN: I won't.

PEARL: I'm telling you.

ALAN: I will not.

PEARL: It'll be winter soon and we'll be all shut in. Feel that chill.

ALAN: Come down beside me.

Extract 3 (continued)

PEARL: I hate August. The end of all things, August. Never becoming. Always become. Dirty August. Plants all tired out. Breathless in the heat. And that chill right on the top of the air. Neither summer nor yet autumn either.

I hate the winter. You have to be still in winter. I can't be still. Oh God, I won't be still.

[A flash of lightning.]

Count, come on. One two three four five. *[Then the thunder comes.]* You didn't count.

[It's a lively memory this next. She enjoys it.]

When I was wee we'd sit at the window, all the lot of us. And I'd have Billy on my knee. And he was always scratching at his eczema. Scratching till his scabs bled. A right wee fidget. He'd rub at his eyes, Billy, till they rolled right back in his head. The winge that he was. Whining and whining. Though you'd not think it to look at him now. Great big man he is now. Always a joke on his lips. Though I question the taste of some of them. I like clean humour. There's many that think it's clever to be dirty. I'm not one of them. He's a one, your Uncle Billy. And he'd pull my hair sitting on my knee there, tyke that he was. And we'd count for the miles. Looking out the window in the dark.

[Flash.]

There's another one. One two three four. *[Thunder.]* It's moving in on us. Where is she? Your gran?

My God, I'm chilled to the bone. *[She's looking out the window again.]* There's sweat on my hands and I'm freezing. There's a light in that bedroom now. They've got the curtains open just a crack. That's where they are. That's where they are all right.

[Clapping rhythm.]

ALAN: What about your make-up?

PEARL: Eh?

ALAN: Are you not putting on any lipstick? You look ill without lipstick.

PEARL: Oh my God. *[She whisks round to the dressing-table.]* What can I be thinking of?

Look at that face. I can't go out with a face like that. That's naked, that face. That's a terrible face. That's tragic. We'll paint a smile on it. Eh? Will we?

ALAN: Tell me about Daddy.

PEARL: Not tonight.

ALAN: Please.

PEARL: I've a lipstick here that'll match that dress exactly. Would that be too much? What do you think?

ALAN: It's horrible.

PEARL: Is it?

Extract 3 (continued)

ALAN: It's as well one of us has got taste.

PEARL: Maybe you're right.

ALAN: A story about Daddy.
[Pearl *discards the lipstick.*]

PEARL: What would I do without you?

ALAN: Please.

PEARL: You keep me together and no mistake.

ALAN: One story.

PEARL: I'm going out with Callum. I'll not have your father's ghost out with me to keep me company.

ALAN: A funny story.

PEARL: How's that?
[*She purses her lips at him. Blows a kiss.*]

ALAN: Do your eyebrows like Joan Crawford.
[*Pearl draws them in very carefully.*]
I like a woman with a strong face. I like a handsome woman.

PEARL: Do you now?

ALAN: I do.

PEARL: I like a man that knows what he likes.

ALAN: Eyeshadow.

PEARL: Blue or green?

ALAN: Blue.

PEARL: I've gold here. "Shimmer of moondust." That's what it's called. Charm him with the magic of the night sky. What do you think?

ALAN: Don't be cheap.

PEARL: Blue then.
[*She puts on the blue.*]

Am I not a beauty?

ALAN: Your nose is shining.

PEARL: I'm not using powder.

ALAN: Everybody does.

PEARL: I don't have to do a thing just because everybody does it. I'm my own person. I'll be different if I want.

ALAN: You look common with your nose shining.

PEARL: Clogs up the pores.

ALAN: Suit yourself.

Extract 3 (continued)

PEARL: I don't mind adding sparkle. A bit of colour. Brighten up a dull day.
Rouge I'll have.

ALAN: If you want to look like a china doll.
[Pearl *puts the rouge down.*]

PEARL: You're a puritan, do you know that?

ALAN: Tell me a story.

PEARL: Will it make you feel better?
[*She's licking at a brush and rubbing into a block mascara. Brushing at her eyelashes. Alan's sitting beside her on the dressing-table stool—it's a long one—so that they're both reflected in the great big dressing-table mirror.*]

ALAN: What are those holes all over your nose. And there's wee black bits in them. And there's some on your chin.

PEARL: Oh God.

PEARL: Open pores.

ALAN: That's not very nice. You look like you're starting a beard. Powder'll cover that.

[Pearl *powders her nose and her chin.*]

PEARL: You know what you want, don't you?
And you make damn sure you get it.
My hands are numb. Cold as death, my hands. Feel.
[*She sticks them down his back. Alan screams.*]
Mind that dress.
[*Alan goes back to the fire.*]

ALAN: The story.
Go on.

PEARL: Your father and me . . .

ALAN: Wait a minute.
[*He pats the floor beside him. Pearl comes over, sits down. He cooies into her.*]

PEARL: Before you were thought of—before we were wed even—your father and me, we used to take Mrs Smith's dog for a walk. Her that always had the Great Danes. Sad things Great Danes, with their small hearts and their great big bodies and their short lives. Still, it outlived your father. It was here on this earth when your father was gone from it, and that's a fact. King was its name, though he's dead now right enough. Smelly thing he was, though your father was fond of him. Out on to the moors we'd go. And I'd love it for the open air. Even the rain I liked. And your father and me with our gloves on. Old brown leather gloves he had, with a yellow lining. I loved these gloves. Curled up at the wrist they were, for the leather had shrunk they'd been wet that often.

Extract 3 (continued)

ALAN: Get them out.

PEARL: What?

ALAN: Go on.

PEARL: Get them yourself. I'm not your servant.

[Alan gets the gloves from the dressing-table drawer. Gives them to her.]

They were good gloves these gloves. Aye, there's wear in them yet.

ALAN: I'm here. *[He's calling her back. Angrily.]*

PEARL: What?

ALAN: I'm here now.

[Urgently, he's calling her.]

PEARL: So you are.

ALAN: Then what happened?

PEARL: Eh?

ALAN: My dad and the dog. *[Impatiently.]* King. The dog.

[Pause.]

PEARL: We came to a stream. Now usually this stream, it's the merest trickle. It had been raining though, and the stream's turned into this torrent. Brown and brackish and muddy it was.

ALAN: You're exaggerating.

PEARL: I am not.

ALAN: It wasn't a torrent.

PEARL: How do you know? Were you there? Were you?

ALAN: Exaggerating's a kind of a lie.

PEARL: You tell the story.

ALAN: Not a torrent.

PEARL: Near enough, if I want it to be.

[She looks at him. Alan subsides.]

And I've got a new pair of shoes on. And nylons without a run in. And we're standing there contemplating the water. Me and your dad and King the dog. Bloody dog. And I wait for your father to carry me across.

[Pause.]

ALAN: Well.

PEARL: I'd be waiting yet.

ALAN: So?

PEARL: He picked up the dog. Carried the dog across.

ALAN: I bet you gave him what for.

Extract 3 (continued)

PEARL: Stood there waiting for me. On the other side. “I haven’t got all day,” he said. Looking at me. Him and that dog.

ALAN: I bet he got the worst word in your mouth.

PEARL: I couldn’t stop laughing. I couldn’t get across the stream for laughing. Stuck right in the middle I was. With the water swirling round my ankles.

[She’s laughing now.]

Alan. The ruination of a good pair of shoes. Oh God.

[She looks at her hand with the glove on it. And she’s thinking. Takes the glove off. The laughter’s stopped.]

Here.

[She passes the gloves to Alan.]

[END OF EXTRACT 3]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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