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Total

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**X037/201**

NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2011

WEDNESDAY, 18 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

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Number of seat

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50 marks are allocated to this paper.

Attempt **all** the questions.



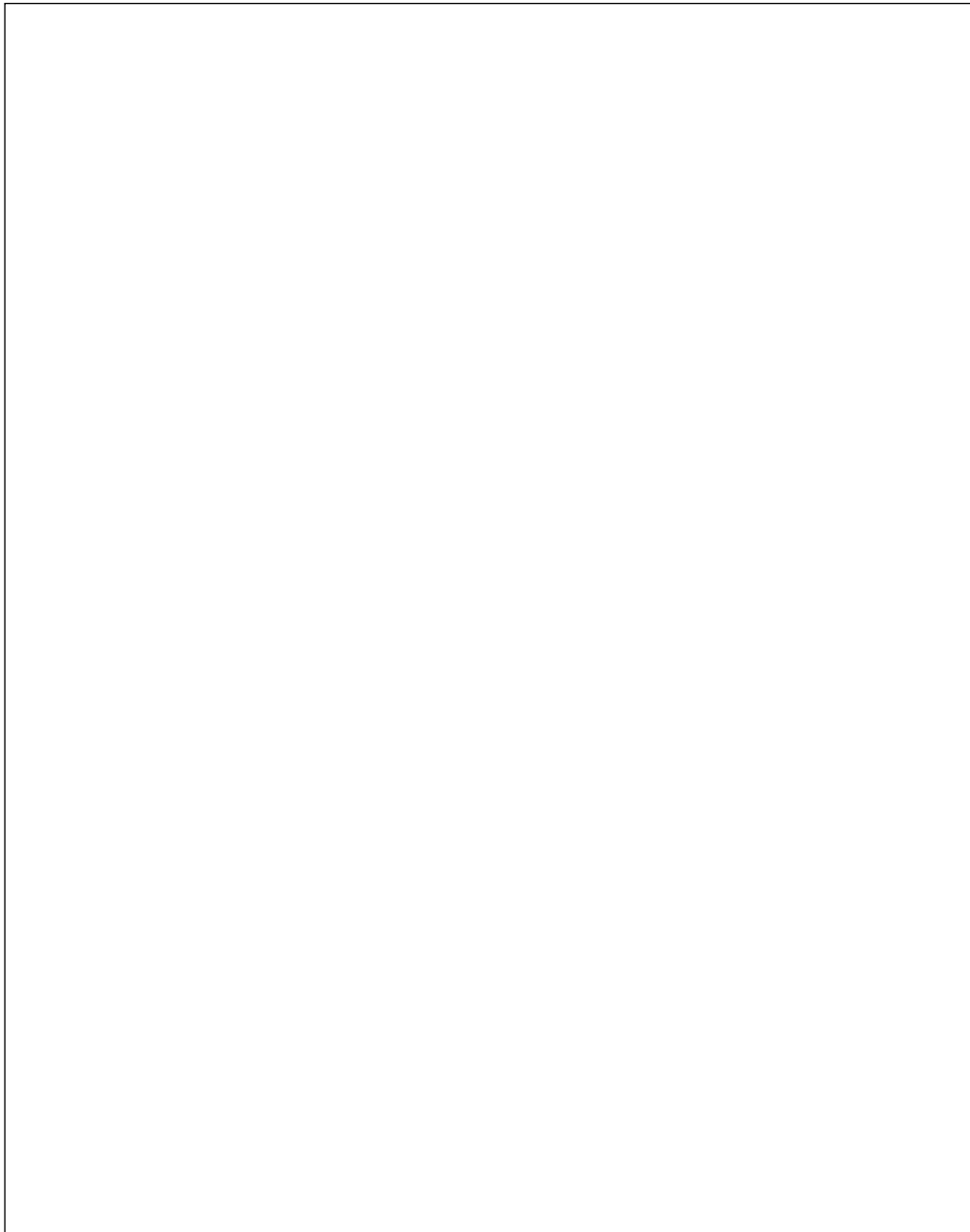




*Marks*

3. (a) Draw a ground plan in the space below for the moment you chose in Question 2.

Mark the positions of **all** the actors on stage at this moment.



6





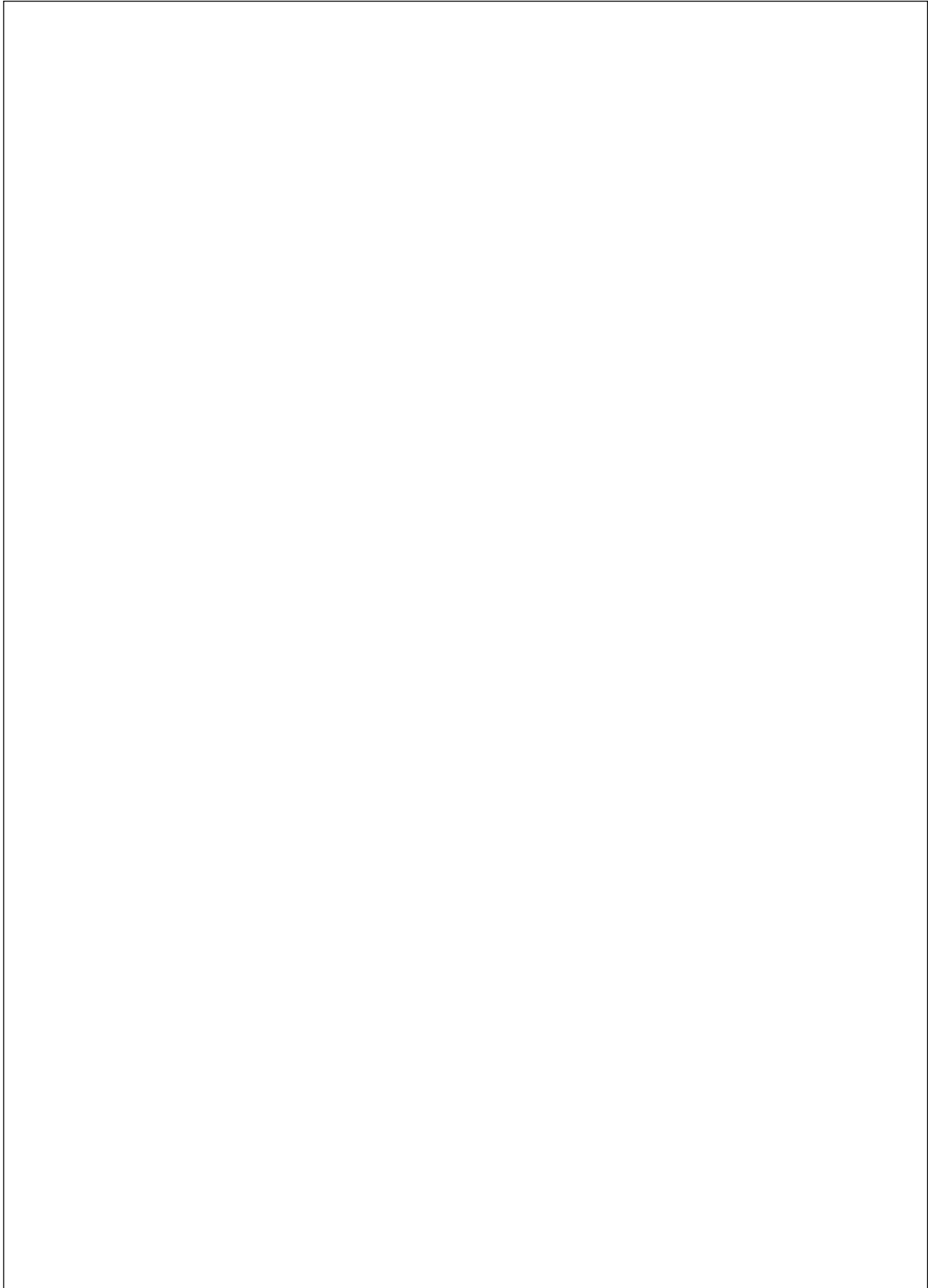


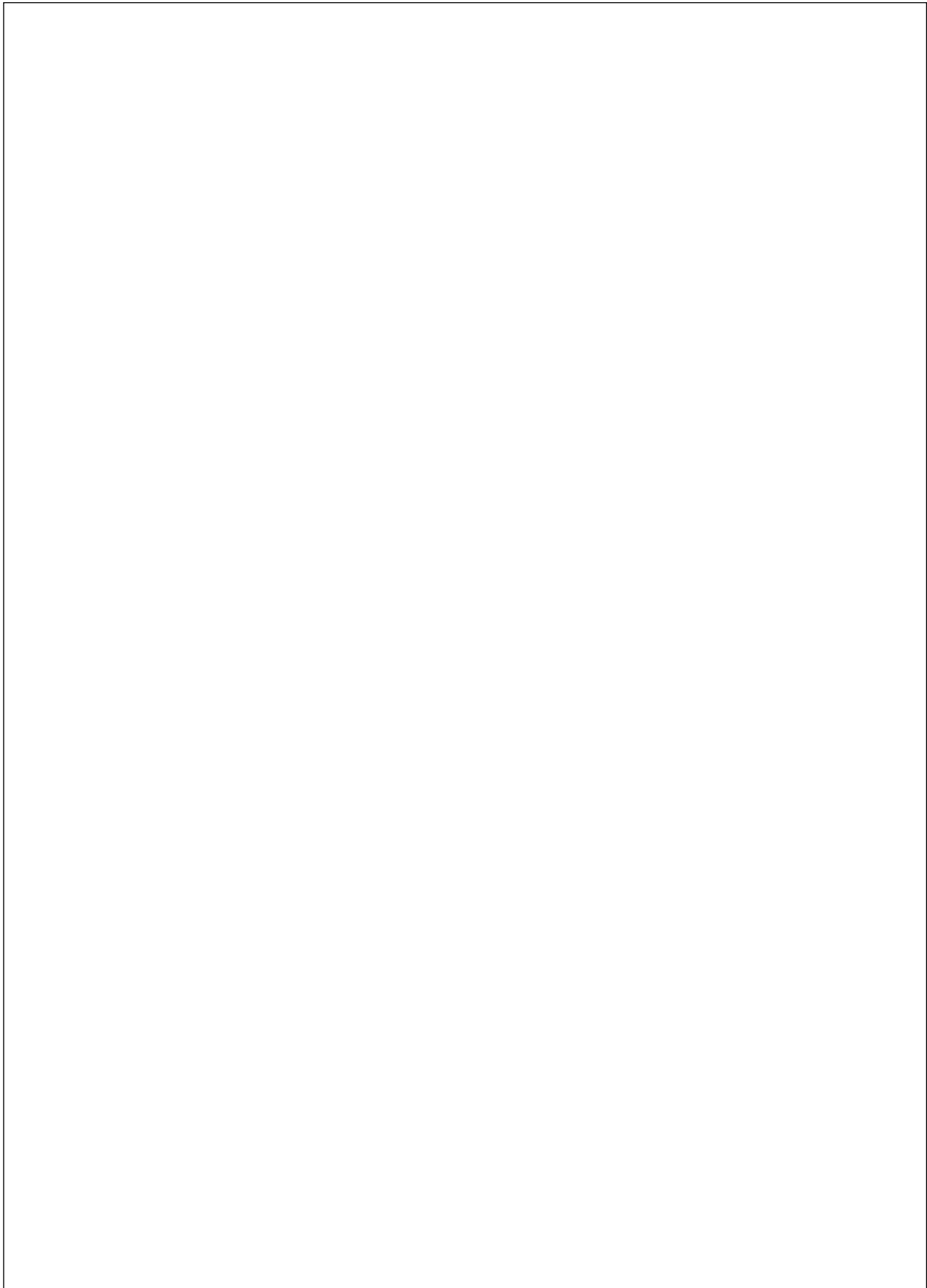












**X037/202**

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NATIONAL  
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2011

WEDNESDAY, 18 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 2011 examination will take place on **Wednesday 18 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

BUZZ: I'm Buzz.

SPEED: I'm Speed.

RUSSELL: Don't get touchy now, you two—Lift him!

JAKE: Nooooo!

POLLY: Stop!

CAROL: Stop!

NATASHA: You're gonna really hurt him.

RUSSELL: Trying my best.

NATASHA: Shane!

POLLY: But you can't! Please! He . . . he was telling us a story. Wasn't he, Tasha?

NATASHA: . . . What? Oh . . . yeah! A good story.

POLLY: And we want to know how it ends.

RUSSELL: I hate stories.

JAKE: Help! Help!

NATASHA: Shane! Tell him! Please!

*Slight pause.*

RUSSELL: What's it to be, Shane? Dangle or story?

*Pause.*

SHANE: . . . Story.

RUSSELL: But, Shane—

NATASHA: You heard!

*Slight pause.*

*Buzz and Speed let go of Jake.*

*Pause.*

RUSSELL: So?

*Pause.*

POLLY: It . . . It was about this Princess, wasn't it, Jake? Am I right? Yes? This Princess. What happened, Jake?

*Slight pause.*

That's right! Yes! She lived in a Castle. Well, I suppose all Princesses live in Castles, don't they?

NATASHA: Wouldn't be seen without one.

CAROL: No way.

*Slight pause.*

POLLY: And this Princess . . . she lived in a Castle with her father.

NATASHA: The King, right.

## Extract 1 (continued)

- POLLY: Exactly, Natasha! Thank you for reminding me. The Princess lived in a Castle with her father. Who was indeed the King.
- RUSSELL: Bloody riveting this!—Now, don't tell me. Her mother was, indeed, the Queen.
- POLLY: No. The Princess didn't have a mother. She died—
- RUSSELL: At childbirth! Boring!—Shane! Let's dangle the geek! He's not even telling it.
- NATASHA: The Queen had been murdered, if you must know.  
*Pause.*  
Very nastily.  
*Slight pause.*  
Horribly.
- BUZZ: . . . How?
- POLLY: One day . . . the Castle was attacked. By the King's enemies. The kingdom had been at war for a long time.
- SPEED: The King should have been prepared then.
- POLLY: Well . . . yes. He was. Usually. The King was a great soldier.
- BUZZ: So how come the enemy surprised him?
- NATASHA: . . . The baby Princess.
- CAROL: The Castle was celebrating. Right?
- POLLY: Exactly right, Carol. It was the day for celebrating the birth of the Princess! A holiday for everyone. The Castle was full of food and music and flowers.
- BUZZ: A good ol' booze-up.
- SPEED: Peanuts and sausages on sticks.
- CAROL: Everyone strutting their funky stuff.
- NATASHA: And that's when the enemy attacked!
- BUZZ: Bet the Castle was slaughtered.
- POLLY: The King was too good a soldier for that. In fact, the King defeated the enemy that day!
- BUZZ: But the Queen!
- SPEED: What happened to her?
- POLLY: She was shot in the heart with a single arrow.  
*Pause.*  
And then . . . her head was chopped off.  
*Pause.*  
And then . . . her head was eaten by a hungry pig.
- BUZZ: Wicked!



**Extract 1 (continued)**

- SPEED:            Awesome.
- CAROL:            I feel a bit sick.
- POLLY:            After that . . . the King never let his defences down again. Am I getting this right, Jake? The King banned pleasure from the Castle.
- BUZZ:             What? No telly?
- RUSSELL:          Wouldn't be telly in those days.
- POLLY:            No dancing. No singing. No flowers. Nothing pretty or frivolous at all. He thought these things would turn the Princess weak.
- RUSSELL:          [*to BUZZ and SPEED*] Like you two!
- POLLY:            And, as she had to rule after him one day, and possibly fight many battles, he had to train her to be strong. Right, Jake?
- JAKE *nods and murmurs.*
- Slight pause.*
- The King made the Princess wear a simple dress. And only one colour . . . black!
- CAROL:            Not even citrus lemon?
- POLLY:            No.
- NATASHA:          Bet her shoes were sensible too.
- POLLY:            Very sensible. And guess what she had to drink . . . Vinegar!
- BUZZ:             Disgusting!
- POLLY:            And eat . . . Plain bread!
- SPEED:            No butter?
- POLLY:            No.
- BUZZ:             What about margarine?
- POLLY:            No! Nothing! The King forbade it! And then, one night . . . Yes! That's it! I remember now! The Princess heard something thump against her window.
- BUZZ:             What was it?
- POLLY:            A bird.
- SPEED:            Is it dead?
- POLLY:            Its neck's broken.
- CAROL:            She buries it!
- POLLY:            In a secret corner of the Castle.
- BUZZ:             Why do girls bury things?
- SPEED:            Instead of cutting them up?
- JAKE:             . . . There's something inside the bird.
- POLLY:            What, Jake?

**Extract 1 (continued)**

BUZZ: Yeah, what?

SPEED: What?

CAROL: What?

*Slight pause.*

JAKE: . . . A flower seed.

POLLY: Of course. The bird's dinner! So, when the bird is buried—the seed grows!  
And next summer—

*Takes hairclip from pocket.*

Look! I'm going to wear it in my hair.

BUZZ: Don't let the King see.

POLLY: Too late!

CAROL: Yellow alert.

POLLY: The Princess says, "I'm sorry, Dad! Please! It's just a flower.  
Please—Ahhh!"

SPEED: What's happened?

POLLY: He's . . . he's hit me.

RUSSELL: Bully!

*Pause.*

POLLY: "What's that, Dad? Oh, no! No!

CAROL: What's he say?

BUZZ: What?

SPEED: What?

POLLY: . . . He doesn't want a daughter like me.

NATASHA: No!

JAKE: You're banished!

*Slight pause.*

POLLY: I leave the Castle. [*She walks around roof.*] And for a while . . . there's  
nothing. I don't know where I'm going. Just . . . a wasteland. I walk and  
walk. And then—yes!—I find a forest!

JAKE: She plants her flower.

POLLY: It's full of seeds.

*Buries hairclip beneath some rubbish.*

JAKE: And one year later . . .

POLLY: Hundreds of flowers!

JAKE: The following year!

POLLY: Thousands!

**Extract 1 (continued)**

JAKE: The next!

POLLY: Millions! Look at them! Millions of yellow flowers! As far as the eye can see! So beautiful! And I'm . . . I'm so happy here in the forest of a million yellow flowers. Smell them! And, what's that? There! Look! In the lake!

*Points at puddle.*

Dolphins! Splashing and playing together. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Yes!

*Pause.*

JAKE: And then, one day, a Prince arrives.

BUZZ: Me!

SPEED: No! Me!

JAKE: The Prince is the most handsome man in all the land.

RUSSELL: Someone call my name?

BUZZ: I said it first.

SPEED: No! I did!

RUSSELL: Shut it, you two!

[END OF EXTRACT 1]

**[Turn over**

## Extract 2

- MRS FRY: I have heard the most terrible tales of the suffering these poor women have to endure. I understand that the conditions they live in are quite appalling. Insufficient food and clothing, and no facilities to encourage cleanliness.
- DOBSON: After all, they are criminals ma'am.
- MRS FRY: They are human beings Mr Dobson. Whatever else they may or may not be, first and foremost they are human beings. Let us never forget that.
- DOBSON: That's as may be ma'am, but most of them behave like animals. They are a wicked lot ma'am. Stands to reason they aren't like ordinary decent folk, or they wouldn't be in here. They've only themselves to blame.
- MRS FRY: I wonder, Mr Dobson. Would you or I fare any better in like circumstances? Are we not all of us to blame for creating a society in which poor people often have no choice between committing a crime, or seeing their loved ones starve? [DOBSON *looks down and shuffles his feet.*]
- MRS FRY: [*Brisk change of mood*]. Come now, Mr Dobson. Kindly conduct me to the cells.
- DOBSON: Certainly ma'am. And don't worry ma'am, you will be quite safe with me. They won't try any funny business with me there.
- MRS FRY: No, Mr Dobson. I wish to enter the cells by myself.
- DOBSON: [*Horrified*]. Alone?
- MRS FRY: Quite alone.
- DOBSON: Oh no, ma'am. You can't ma'am. You don't know what they're like. They'd tear you to pieces. They're wild—like savages. I won't allow it ma'am. You can't possibly go in there by yourself.
- MRS FRY: I can Mr Dobson—and I shall.
- DOBSON: No, ma'am, please. Not without me to look after you.
- MRS FRY: Don't worry, Mr Dobson. There is nothing to fear. The Lord will protect me.
- DOBSON: He'll need to.
- MRS FRY: I'm waiting, Mr Dobson.
- DOBSON: [*Indicating pendant.*] At least leave that off, ma'am. The sight of that will be like a red rag to a bull; they'll go mad to get it. Give it to me ma'am.
- MRS FRY: Certainly not.
- DOBSON: I'll take care of it ma'am. Honest. You can trust me.
- MRS FRY: I'm sure I can Mr Dobson. But I must show those poor women that I trust them.
- DOBSON: That's just putting temptation in their way. It's nothing but foolishness . . . Oh, begging your pardon ma'am . . . I don't mean to be rude, but you aren't giving yourself a chance.
- MRS FRY: You must allow me to be the best judge of that.
- DOBSON: But ma'am, you don't understand . . .

## Extract 2 (continued)

MRS FRY: Please, Mr Dobson, no more arguments. My mind is quite made up. I am going to the cells. I am going exactly as I am, and I am going alone . . . Now, will you kindly show me the way.

DOBSON: Oh very well, then. If you insist. But I don't like it. It's not right, ma'am. It's not right.

*[The lights fade as DOBSON and MRS FRY move behind the screens. The lights in the cell come up and the inmates come to life. Once again as the chains and bolts sound the prisoners crouch waiting in the shadows, except the sisters who have not yet been in prison long enough for the door to loom large in their minds. It is a good exercise here for the cast to discuss and consider the different possible reasons for the door being opened and to act out the various reactions to these.]*

DOBSON: *[Off]*. Change your mind ma'am. Please ma'am. Let me come with you.

MRS FRY: *[As she enters]*. No thank you, Mr Dobson. I insist on being alone.

DOBSON: *[In doorway]*. Then I will wait right here, ma'am. I'll be just outside—and as soon as you shout I'll be in.

MRS FRY: I do not intend to shout Mr Dobson. It will not be necessary for you to wait. *[DOBSON continues to stand obstinately.]* You will oblige me if you will return to your office after you have locked me in. You may return for me in one hour.

DOBSON: Very well, ma'am, if you say so. But I won't be held responsible . . . Alright I'm going. But I don't like it. Not one little bit. It's all wrong.

*[MRS FRY stands at the top of the steps while the door is locked. DOBSON returns to his desk to doze again and MRS FRY slowly and confidently comes down the steps to the centre stage smiling gently. The prisoners watch her, puzzled, suspicious and potentially dangerous.]*

MRS FRY: Good afternoon.

ROSIE: Cor, look at that.

LILY: It's gold.

SKELTON: Solid gold!

MRS FRY: That's right. It's gold. It is a family heirloom. Would you like to see it. *[Takes chain off and holds it out to SKELTON who hesitates, half reaches for it, and then snatches her hand away and backs off suspicious and frightened.]*

SKELTON: NO! No I don't want to touch it!

*[MRS FRY turns and proffers it to the others. ROSIE and LILY back away but BELLA hesitantly steps forward and makes as if to take it.]*

SKELTON: Don't touch it! It's a trap!

BELLA: *[Whipping back]*. Oh Gawd! I never touched it! I never!

MRS FRY: Calm yourself. I haven't come here to play tricks on you.

BELLA: Then what have you come for?

SKELTON: Yes, who are you? What do you want with us?

MRS FRY: My name is Mrs Fry.

## Extract 2 (continued)

- EMILY: You are surely not under arrest?
- ROSIE: Stupid! Course she isn't. Didn't you hear him talking to her? "Yes ma'am, No ma'am, If you please, ma'am." . . . Huh! Catch him talking to the likes of us that way.
- EMILY: Then what are you doing here? Why have you come?
- MRS FRY: I have come to visit you. All of you.
- ROSIE: So that's it! Visit us! That's a good one. I haven't heard it called that before.
- BELLA: [*Viciously*]. Go on then, start laughing.
- MRS FRY: I see nothing to laugh at.
- LILY: No, you shouldn't have come on your own should you? It spoils the fun doesn't it when there's no-one to show off and make jokes with.
- ROSIE: Why don't you try Bedlam? You'll get a bigger laugh there.
- BELLA: That's what they all do you know. Laugh at us and make remarks to show how witty they are. [*Mimics.*] La, Lord Percy, I declare I would have sworn that that creature there was some newly discovered species of hairless monkey . . . Just as though we couldn't hear and see and didn't have no feelings! . . . Well then? Laugh! Do you hear? . . . Laugh. Laugh! And see if we care!
- MRS FRY: [*Putting down basket and crossing to BELLA and putting an arm around her.*] You poor child! How badly you have been hurt . . . Believe me, I haven't come to laugh at you. I have come to help you.
- BELLA: I don't understand. No-one wants to help us. No one cares what happens to us. [*She starts to cry.*]
- MRS FRY: Yes they do. I do, and I have many friends who feel the same way. [*She takes out her handkerchief to help BELLA dry her tears.*]
- LILY: [*To ROSIE*]. Look, she's touching her.
- ROSIE: And talking to her.
- LILY: She doesn't seem to notice that Bella's dirty and that she smells.
- ROSIE: She's talking to her—like a friend.
- LILY: As though she thought Bella was somebody who mattered.
- MRS FRY: [*Catching last sentence*]. Bella is somebody who matters. So are you. We are all of us God's children, and we all matter very much to him.
- SKELTON: I haven't noticed Him caring about us up to now.
- MRS FRY: Of course He cares. He has sent me to help you.

## Extract 2 (continued)

- SKELTON: Very generous of Him I'm sure. What does He think you can do for the likes of us? You—a lady who doesn't know what it is to have to go without—to be cold and hungry. Take a good look at me. Go on, look at my crippled hands, look at the scars and wrinkles on my face . . . What? Not turning away? I'll say this for you—you've got a strong stomach. Have a look at this then. Look at my legs, with their sores and boils and flesh rotting away . . . Now tell me what you think you and your God can do for me.
- MRS FRY: I shall bring some lotions and salves to try to ease the pain.
- SKELTON: You can't cure me though, can you? You can't give me back my health and strength.
- MRS FRY: No, I can't do that. But your body is only part of you. Your soul matters too.
- SKELTON: If you are thinking of saving my soul you can save yourself the trouble. It's not worth it.
- MRS FRY: God thinks it is.
- SKELTON: You won't do no good preaching at me. I got no time for praying! I'd give all the prayers you can pray and all the churches too, just for a full belly for the rest of my life, and a fire to warm my old bones by. If I could have that, it'd be heaven enough for me. I'd take my chance on what happens after I'm dead and gone. You can't frighten me by telling me I'll go to Hell. If there is a hell, it can't be worse than here.
- MRS FRY: [*Taking* MOTHER SKELTON'S *hands*]. Please don't be bitter. Bitterness hurts nobody but yourself, and you have been hurt enough.
- SKELTON: I don't have your faith that God cares what happens to me.
- MRS FRY: Please—
- SKELTON: But one thing I will believe—you care. I can see it in your face. You really care.
- EMILY: [*Coming forward.*] Can you really help us? Can you get us out of here?
- MRS FRY: I'm sorry my dear. That is beyond my powers.
- EMILY: [*Disappointed.*] Oh!
- MRS FRY: We may not like or agree with the laws of our country, but until we can change those laws we must abide by them.
- ANN: But we haven't done anything. I was ill, and a friend of ours gave Emily some mutton to make a broth for me, and the next thing we knew those horrid men came and dragged us here. They said that we had been receiving stolen property, and that my father was a sheep stealer—and would be hanged—but it's not true. It's not true! [*She bursts into tears.*]
- MRS FRY: There. There. Don't distress yourself. Dry your tears. You may not find justice here, but I give you my solemn word that I will do everything in my power to help you as much as I can.

## Extract 2 (continued)

ANN: It's not fair. My father is the most honest man who ever lived. He would starve rather than steal. Before his employer died, he had a position of great trust, where he could have made a fortune if he'd wanted to cheat or to be dishonest—but he didn't and we remained poor, and now we're being treated like criminals for something we know nothing about. There doesn't seem to be much point in honesty, does there?

MRS FRY: That's a foolish and dangerous way of talking, and I'm sure you will realise it as soon as you stop feeling sorry for yourself. No good can be done by merely complaining about a situation you can't alter, or by bewailing the past. We must see what we can do about the present and then look to the future. First things first, and first on my list is food.

ALL: Food!

*[Brief improvisation here of the prisoner's reactions to the thought of food and possibility that MRS FRY might be able to get some for them. During this SKELTON sneaks up to the basket and is clutching it to her making off with it when she is stopped in her tracks by hearing MRS FRY say . . .]*

MRS FRY: There is food for all of you in the basket I brought with me . . .

*[The prisoners all turn to where the basket was and see SKELTON defiantly clutching it. They look threatening and begin to protest but ELIZABETH FRY acts quickly and firmly to save the situation from developing into something ugly.]*

. . . Why thank you. How kind of you to fetch it for me.

*[SKELTON is non-plussed and just stands there. MRS FRY holds out her hand and in a friendly but very firm voice says "Thank you". SKELTON hesitates for a split second and then shuffles forward and hands over the basket.]*

MRS FRY: Now then, here are apples and meat pies for you.

LILY: Meat pies? Real meat pies?

BELLA: And apples! I haven't seen a bit of fruit since I was brought here.

*[MRS FRY hands out the food. ROSIE, BELLA, LILY and MOTHER SKELTON grab at it and eat ravenously. EMILY and ANN accept their's politely but do not eat. JENNY takes a step or two towards MRS FRY and watches longingly but fearfully.]*

MRS FRY: There is some for you too. Don't be afraid.

*[After a moments hesitation JENNY comes forward and takes the food.]*

JENNY: Thank you. Oh, thank you. *[She scuttles off as far away from the others as she can and eats quickly and furtively as though frightened it will be taken from her.]*

EMILY: You are very kind.

[END OF EXTRACT 2]



### Extract 3

- MOTHER: [*Pressing top of her head.*] Get me an aspirin, heh?
- CHRIS: Sure, and let's break out of this, heh, Mom? I thought the four of us might go out to dinner a couple of nights, maybe go dancing out at the shore.
- MOTHER: Fine. [*To KELLER*] We can do it tonight.
- KELLER: Swell with me!
- CHRIS: Sure, let's have some fun. [*To MOTHER*] You'll start with this aspirin. [*He goes up and into house with new spirit. Her smile vanishes.*]
- MOTHER: [*With an accusing undertone.*] Why did he invite her here?
- KELLER: Why does that bother you?
- MOTHER: She's been in New York three and a half years, why all of a sudden—?
- KELLER: Well, maybe—maybe he just wanted to see her.
- MOTHER: Nobody comes seven hundred miles "just to see".
- KELLER: What do you mean? He lived next door to the girl all his life, why shouldn't he want to see her again? [*MOTHER looks at him critically.*] Don't look at me like that, he didn't tell me any more than he told you.
- MOTHER: [*—a warning and a question.*] He's not going to marry her.
- KELLER: How do you know he's even thinking of it?
- MOTHER: It's got that about it.
- KELLER: [*Sharply watching her reaction.*] Well? So what?
- MOTHER: [*Alarmed.*] What's going on here, Joe?
- KELLER: Now listen, kid—
- MOTHER: [*Avoiding contact with him.*] She's not his girl, Joe; she knows she's not.
- KELLER: You can't read her mind.
- MOTHER: Then why is she still single? New York is full of men, why isn't she married? [*Pause.*] Probably a hundred people told her she's foolish, but she's waited.
- KELLER: How do you know why she waited?
- MOTHER: She knows that I know, that's why. She's faithful as a rock. In my worst moments, I think of her waiting, and I know again that I'm right.
- KELLER: Look, it's a nice day. What are we arguing for?
- MOTHER: [*Warningly.*] Nobody in this house dast take her faith away, Joe. Strangers might. But not his father, not his brother.
- KELLER: [*Exasperated.*] What do you want me to do? What do you want?
- MOTHER: I want you to act like he's coming back. Both of you. Don't think I haven't noticed you since Chris invited her. I won't stand for any nonsense.
- KELLER: But, Kate—
- MOTHER: Because if he's not coming back, then I'll kill myself! Laugh. Laugh at me. [*She points to tree.*] But why did that happen the very night she came back? Laugh, but there are meanings in such things. She goes to sleep in his room and his memorial breaks in pieces. Look at it; look. [*She sits on bench.*] Joe—

### Extract 3 (continued)

- KELLER: Calm yourself.
- MOTHER: Believe with me, Joe. I can't stand all alone.
- KELLER: Calm yourself.
- MOTHER: Only last week a man turned up in Detroit, missing longer than Larry. You read it yourself.
- KELLER: All right, all right, calm yourself.
- MOTHER: You above all have got to believe, you—
- KELLER: [*Rising.*] Why me above all?
- MOTHER: Just don't stop believing.
- KELLER: What does that mean, me above all?  
[*BERT comes rushing on.*]
- BERT: Mr Keller! Say, Mr Keller . . . [*Pointing up driveway.*] Tommy just said it again!
- KELLER: [*Not remembering any of it.*] Said what? Who?
- BERT: The dirty word.
- KELLER: Oh. Well—
- BERT: Gee, aren't you going to arrest him? I warned him.
- MOTHER: [*With suddenness.*] Stop that, Bert. Go home. [*BERT backs up, as she advances.*] There's no jail here.
- KELLER: [*As though to say, "Oh-what-the-hell-let-him-believe-there-is".*] Kate—
- MOTHER: [*Turning on KELLER furiously.*] There's no jail here! I want you to stop that jail business! [*He turns, shamed, but peeved.*]
- BERT: [*Past her to KELLER.*] He's right across the street.
- MOTHER: Go home, Bert. [*BERT turns around and goes up driveway. She is shaken. Her speech is bitten off, extremely urgent.*] I want you to stop that, Joe. That whole jail business!
- KELLER: [*Alarmed, therefore angered.*] Look at you, look at you shaking.
- MOTHER: [*Trying to control herself, moving about clasping her hands.*] I can't help it.
- KELLER: What have I got to hide? What the hell is the matter with you, Kate?
- MOTHER: I didn't say you had anything to hide, I'm just telling you stop it! Now stop it! [*As ANN and CHRIS appear on porch. ANN is twenty-six, gentle but despite herself capable of holding fast to what she knows. CHRIS opens door for her.*]
- ANN: Hya, Joe! [*She leads off a general laugh that is not self-conscious because they know one another too well.*]
- CHRIS: [*Bringing ANN down, with an outstretched, chivalrous arm.*] Take a breath of that air, kid. You never get air like that in New York.
- MOTHER: [*Genuinely overcome with it.*] Annie, where did you get that dress!
- ANN: I couldn't resist. I'm taking it right off before I ruin it. [*Swings around.*] How's that for three weeks' salary?

**Extract 3 (continued)**

- MOTHER: [To KELLER.] Isn't she the most—? [To ANN.] It's gorgeous, simply gor—
- CHRIS: [To MOTHER.] No kidding, now, isn't she the prettiest gal you ever saw?
- MOTHER: [Caught short by his obvious admiration, she finds herself reaching out for the glass of water and aspirin in his hand, and—.] You gained a little weight, didn't you, darling? [She gulps pill and drinks.]
- ANN: It comes and goes.
- KELLER: Look how nice her legs turned out.
- ANN: [As she runs to fence.] Boy, the poplars got thick, didn't they?  
[KELLER moves to settee and sits.]
- KELLER: Well, it's three years, Annie. We're gettin' old, kid.
- MOTHER: How does Mom like New York? [ANN keeps looking through trees.]
- ANN: [A little hurt.] Why'd they take our hammock away?
- KELLER: Oh, no, it broke. Couple of years ago.
- MOTHER: What broke? He had one of his light lunches and flopped into it.
- ANN: [Laughs and turns back towards JIM'S yard.] Oh, excuse me!  
[JIM has come to fence and is looking over it. He is smoking a cigar. As she cries out, he comes on around on stage.]
- JIM: How do you do. [To CHRIS.] She looks very intelligent!
- CHRIS: Ann, this is Jim—Doctor Bayliss.
- ANN: [Shaking JIM's hand.] Oh, sure, he writes a lot about you.
- JIM: Don't you believe it. He likes everybody. In the battalion he was known as Mother McKeller.
- ANN: I can believe it. You know—? [To MOTHER.] It's so strange seeing him come out of that yard. [To CHRIS.] I guess I never grew up. It almost seems that Mom and Pop are in there now. And you and my brother doing algebra, and Larry trying to copy my homework. Gosh, those dear dead days beyond recall.
- JIM: Well, I hope that doesn't mean you want me to move out?
- SUE: [Calling from offstage.] Jim, come in here! Mr Hubbard is on the phone!
- JIM: I told you I don't want—
- SUE: [Commandingly sweet.] Please, dear! Please!
- JIM: [Resigned.] All right, Susie. [Trailing off.] All right, all right . . . [To ANN.] I've only met you, Ann, but if I may offer you a piece of advice—When you marry, never—even in your mind—never count your husband's money.
- SUE: [From offstage.] Jim?
- JIM: At once! [Turns and goes off.] At once. [He exits.]

**Extract 3 (continued)**

- MOTHER:        [—ANN *is looking at her, she speaks meaningfully.*] I told her to take up the guitar. It'd be a common interest for them. [*They laugh.*] Well, he loves the guitar!
- [ANN, *as though to overcome MOTHER, becomes suddenly lively, crosses to KELLER on settee, sits on his lap.*]
- ANN:             Let's eat at the shore tonight! Raise some hell around here, like we used to before Larry went!
- MOTHER:        [*Emotionally.*] You think of him! You see? [*Triumphantly.*] She thinks of him!
- ANN:             [*With an uncomprehending smile.*] What do you mean, Kate?
- MOTHER:        Nothing. Just that you—remember him, he's in your thoughts.
- ANN:             That's a funny thing to say; how could I help remembering him?

[END OF EXTRACT 3]

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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