



National
Qualifications
2018

X724/77/12

English
Textual Analysis

FRIDAY, 11 MAY

2:50 PM – 4:20 PM

Total marks — 20

Attempt ONLY Part A OR Part B OR Part C OR Part D

PART A — POETRY — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART B — PROSE FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

PART D — DRAMA — 20 marks

Attempt the question.

Write your answers clearly in the answer booklet provided. In the answer booklet, you must clearly identify the question number you are attempting.

Use **blue or black ink**.

Before leaving the examination room you must give your answer booklet to the Invigilator; if you do not, you may lose all the marks for this paper.



* X 7 2 4 7 7 1 2 *

TEXTUAL ANALYSIS — 20 marks

Your answer should take the form of a CRITICAL ANALYSIS appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

Attempt ONLY Part A OR Part B OR Part C OR Part D.

PART A—POETRY

Read carefully *Bored* (1994) by Margaret Atwood and then answer the question that follows it.

Bored

All those times I was bored
out of my mind. Holding the log
while he sawed it. Holding
the string while he measured, boards,
5 distances between things, or pounded
stakes into the ground for rows and rows
of lettuces and beets, which I then (bored)
weeded. Or sat in the back
of the car, or sat still in boats,
10 sat, sat, while at the prow, stern, wheel
he drove, steered, paddled. It
wasn't even boredom, it was looking,
looking hard and up close at the small
details. Myopia¹. The worn gunwales²,
15 the intricate twill of the seat
cover. The acid crumbs of loam, the granular
pink rock, its igneous veins, the sea-fans
of dry moss, the blackish and then the greying
bristles on the back of his neck.
20 Sometimes he would whistle, sometimes
I would. The boring rhythm of doing
things over and over, carrying
the wood, drying
the dishes. Such minutiae. It's what
25 the animals spend most of their time at,
ferrying the sand, grain by grain, from their tunnels,
shuffling the leaves in their burrows. He pointed
such things out, and I would look
at the whorled texture of his square finger, earth under
30 the nail. Why do I remember it as sunnier
all the time then, although it more often
rained, and more birdsong?
I could hardly wait to get
the hell out of there to
35 anywhere else. Perhaps though
boredom is happier. It is for dogs or
groundhogs. Now I wouldn't be bored.
Now I would know too much.
Now I would know.

¹Myopia: short-sightedness

²gunwales: the upper edges of the side of a boat, pronounced *gunnels*

Question

Write a detailed critical response to this poem. As well as discussing those features of the poem which you find interesting, your response should include analysis of:

- the creation of the poetic voice
- the significance of the final seven lines.

[Turn over

OR

PART B — PROSE FICTION

Read carefully the following opening section of the short story *The Thing Around your Neck* (2009) by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie and then answer the question that follows it.

The Thing Around your Neck

You thought everybody in America had a car and a gun; your uncles and aunts and cousins thought so, too. Right after you won the American visa lottery, they told you: In a month, you will have a big car. Soon, a big house. But don't buy a gun like those Americans.

They trooped into the room in Lagos where you lived with your father and mother and three
5 siblings, leaning against the unpainted walls because there weren't enough chairs to go round, to say goodbye in loud voices and tell you with lowered voices what they wanted you to send them. In comparison to the big car and house (and possibly gun), the things they wanted were minor — handbags and shoes and perfumes and clothes. You said okay, no problem.

Your uncle in America, who had put in the names of all your family members for the American
10 visa lottery, said you could live with him until you got on your feet. He picked you up at the airport and bought you a big hot dog with yellow mustard that nauseated you. Introduction to America, he said with a laugh. He lived in a small white town in Maine, in a thirty-year-old house by a lake. He told you that the company he worked for had offered him a few thousand more than the average salary plus stock options because they were desperately trying to look diverse. They
15 included a photo of him in every brochure, even those that had nothing to do with his unit. He laughed and said the job was good, was worth living in an all-white town even though his wife had to drive an hour to find a hair salon that did black hair. The trick was to understand America, to know that America was give-and-take. You gave up a lot but you gained a lot, too.

He showed you how to apply for a cashier job in the gas station on Main Street and he enrolled
20 you in a community college, where the girls had thick thighs and wore bright-red nail polish, and self-tanner that made them look orange. They asked where you learned to speak English and if you had real houses back in Africa and if you'd seen a car before you came to America. They gawped at your hair. Does it stand up or fall down when you take out the braids? They wanted to know. All of it stands up? How? Why? Do you use a comb? You smiled tightly when they asked those
25 questions. Your uncle told you to expect it; a mixture of ignorance and arrogance, he called it. Then he told you how the neighbors said, a few months after he moved into his house, that the squirrels had started to disappear. They had heard that Africans ate all kinds of wild animals.

You laughed with your uncle and you felt at home in his house; his wife called you *nwanne*, sister, and his two school-age children called you Aunty. They spoke Igbo and ate *garri* for lunch and it
30 was like home. Until your uncle came into the cramped basement where you slept with old boxes and cartons and pulled you forcefully to him, squeezing your buttocks, moaning. He wasn't really your uncle; he was actually a brother of your father's sister's husband, not related by blood. After you pushed him away, he sat on your bed — it was his house, after all — and smiled and said you were no longer a child at twenty-two. If you let him, he would do many things for you. Smart
35 women did it all the time. How did you think those women back home in Lagos with well-paying jobs made it? Even women in New York City?

You locked yourself in the bathroom until he went back upstairs, and the next morning, you left, walking the long windy road, smelling the baby fish in the lake. You saw him drive past — he had always dropped you off at Main Street — and he didn't honk. You wondered what he would tell his
40 wife, why you had left. And you remembered what he said, that America was give-and-take.

You ended up in Connecticut, in another little town, because it was the last stop of the Greyhound bus you got on. You walked into the restaurant with the bright, clean awning and said you would

work for two dollars less than the other waitresses. The manager, Juan, had inky-black hair and smiled to show a gold tooth. He said he had never had a Nigerian employee but all immigrants
45 worked hard. He knew, he'd been there. He'd pay you a dollar less, but under the table; he didn't like all the taxes they were making him pay.

You could not afford to go to school, because now you paid rent for the tiny room with the stained carpet. Besides, the small Connecticut town didn't have a community college and credits at the state university cost too much. So you went to the public library, you looked up course
50 syllabi on school Web sites and read some of the books. Sometimes you sat on the lumpy mattress of your twin bed and thought about home — your aunts who hawked dried fish and plantains, cajoling customers to buy and then shouting insults when they didn't; your uncles who drank local gin and crammed their families and lives into single rooms; your friends who had come out to say goodbye before you left, to rejoice because you won the American visa lottery, to confess their
55 envy; your parents who often held hands as they walked to church on Sunday mornings, the neighbors from the next room laughing and teasing them; your father who brought back his boss's old newspapers from work and made your brothers read them; your mother whose salary was barely enough to pay your brothers' school fees at the secondary school where teachers gave an A when someone slipped them a brown envelope.

60 You had never needed to pay for an A, never slipped a brown envelope to a teacher in a secondary school. Still, you chose long brown envelopes to send half your month's earnings to your parents at the address of the parastatal where your mother was a cleaner; you always used the dollar notes that Juan gave you because those were crisp, unlike the tips. Every month. You wrapped the money carefully in white paper but you didn't write a letter. There was nothing to
65 write about.

In later weeks, though, you wanted to write because you had stories to tell. You wanted to write about the surprising openness of people in America, how eagerly they told you about their mother fighting cancer, about their sister-in-law's preemie, the kinds of things that one should hide or should reveal only to the family members who wished them well. You wanted to write
70 about the way people left so much food on their plates and crumpled a few dollar bills down, as though it was an offering, expiation for the wasted food. You wanted to write about the child who started to cry and pull at her blond hair and push menus off the table and instead of the parents making her shut up, they pleaded with her, a child of perhaps five years old, and then they all got up and left. You wanted to write about the rich people who wore shabby clothes and tattered
75 sneakers, who looked like the night watchmen in front of the large compounds in Lagos. You wanted to write that rich Americans were thin and poor Americans were fat and that many did not have a big house and car; you still were not sure about the guns, though, because they might have them inside their pockets.

It wasn't just to your parents you wanted to write, it was also to your friends, and cousins and
80 aunts and uncles. But you could never afford enough perfumes and clothes and handbags and shoes to go around and still pay your rent on what you earned at the waitressing job, so you wrote nobody.

Nobody knew where you were, because you told no one. Sometimes you felt invisible and tried to walk through your room wall into the hallway, and when you bumped into the wall, it left bruises
85 on your arms. Once, Juan asked if you had a man that hit you because he would take care of him and you laughed a mysterious laugh.

At night, something would wrap itself around your neck, something that very nearly choked you before you fell asleep.

Many people at the restaurant asked when you had come from Jamaica, because they thought
90 that every black person with a foreign accent was Jamaican. Or some who guessed that you were African told you that they loved elephants and wanted to go on a safari.

So when he asked you, in the dimness of the restaurant after you recited the daily specials, what African country you were from, you said Nigeria and expected him to say that he had donated

95 money to fight AIDS in Botswana. But he asked if you were Yoruba or Igbo, because you didn't have a Fulani face. You were surprised — you thought he must be a professor of anthropology at the state university, a little young in his late twenties or so, but who was to say? Igbo, you said. He asked your name and said Akunna was pretty. He did not ask what it meant, fortunately, because you were sick of how people said, "Father's Wealth?" You mean, like, your father will actually sell you to a husband?"

100 100 He told you that he had been to Ghana and Uganda and Tanzania, loved the poetry of Okot p'Bitek and the novels of Amos Tutuola and had read a lot about sub-Saharan African countries, their histories, their complexities. You wanted to feel disdain, to show it as you brought his order, because white people who liked Africa too much and those who liked Africa too little were the same — condescending. But he didn't shake his head in the superior way that Professor Cobble Dick back in the Maine community college did during a class discussion on decolonization in Africa. He didn't have that expression of Professor Cobble Dick's, that expression of a person who thought himself better than the people he knew about. He came in the next day and sat at the same table and when you asked if the chicken was okay, he asked if you had grown up in Lagos. He came in the third day and began talking before he ordered, about how he had visited 110 110 Bombay and now wanted to visit Lagos, to see how real people lived, like in the shantytowns, because he never did any of the silly tourist stuff when he was abroad. He talked and talked and you had to tell him it was against restaurant policy. He brushed your hand when you set the glass of water down. The fourth day, when you saw him arrive, you told Juan you didn't want that table anymore. After your shift that night, he was waiting outside, earphones stuck in his ears, asking 115 115 you to go out with him because your name rhymed with *hakuna matata* and *The Lion King* was the only maudlin movie he'd ever liked. You didn't know what *The Lion King* was. You looked at him in the bright light and noticed that his eyes were the color of extra-virgin olive oil, a greenish gold. Extra-virgin olive oil was the only thing you loved, truly loved, in America.

120 He was a senior at the state university. He told you how old he was and you asked why he had not graduated yet. This was America, after all, it was not like back home, where universities closed so often that people added three years to their normal course of study and lecturers went on strike after strike and still were not paid. He said he had taken a couple of years off to discover himself and travel, mostly to Africa and Asia. You asked him where he ended up finding himself and he laughed. You did not laugh. You did not know that people could simply choose not to go to school, 125 125 that people could dictate to life. You were used to accepting what life gave, writing down what life dictated.

130 You said no the following four days to going out with him, because you were uncomfortable with the way he looked at your face, that intense, consuming way he looked at your face that made you say goodbye to him but also made you reluctant to walk away. And then, the fifth night, you panicked when he was not standing at the door after your shift. You prayed for the first time in a long time and when he came up behind you and said hey, you said yes, you would go out with him, even before he asked. You were scared he would not ask again.

The next day, he took you to dinner at Chang's and your fortune cookie had two strips of paper. Both of them were blank.

135 135 He found the African store in the Hartford yellow pages and drove you there. Because of the way he walked around with the familiarity, tilting the bottle of palm wine to see how much sediment it had, the Ghanaian store owner asked him if he was African, like the white Kenyans or South Africans, and he said yes, but he'd been in America for a long time. He looked pleased that the store owner had believed him. You cooked that evening with the things you had bought, and after 140 140 he ate *garri* and *onugbu* soup, he threw up in your sink. You didn't mind, though, because now you would be able to cook *onugbu* soup with meat.

He didn't eat meat because he thought that it was wrong the way they killed animals; he said that they released fear toxins into the animals and the fear toxins made people paranoid. Back home, the meat pieces you ate, when there was meat, were the size of half your finger. But you did not

145 tell him that. You did not tell him either that the *dawadawa* cubes your mother cooked everything with, because curry and thyme were too expensive, had MSG, were MSG. He said MSG caused cancer, it was the reason he liked Chang's; Chang didn't cook with MSG.

150 Once, at Chang's, he told the waiter that he had recently visited Shanghai, that he spoke some Mandarin. The waiter warmed up and told him what soup was best and then asked him, "You have girlfriend in Shanghai now?" And he smiled and said nothing.

155 You lost your appetite, the region deep in your chest felt clogged. Later you told him why you were upset, that even though you went to Chang's so often together, even though you had kissed just before the menus came, the Chinese man had assumed you could not possibly be his girlfriend, and he had smiled and said nothing. Before he apologized, he gazed at you blankly and you knew that he did not understand.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of some of the ways in which Adichie presents the character's experiences as someone who has newly arrived in America.

[Turn over

OR

PART C — PROSE NON-FICTION

Read carefully the extract below from *At the Loch of the Green Corrie* (2010) by Andrew Greig and then answer the question that follows it.

In this extract, the writer Andrew Greig undertakes a fishing trip with his friends in memory of the poet Norman MacCaig. This prompts him to reflect on the nature of his friendship with another man, Graeme, and on friendship and love in general.

At the Loch of the Green Corrie

I propped the rod against my tent and carried on round Loch na Gainmlich towards the car. We wanted the wine and whisky left there, and I was at that stage of tiredness when it's as easy to keep going as stop. Possibly I needed a break from the day's companionship. At other times Peter or Andy would quietly withdraw, Peter into his book or Andy for a solitary stroll and stare.

- 5 The rough path rounded the loch. In the distance was the black dot of the car. I plodded on.

All day I had been thinking about Norman leaning forward, tapping me on the knee and saying fiercely 'I loved the man! Not like *that*, you understand? But I *loved* him.'

Like many of his generation, Norman had problems with gay men. They made him uneasy, he just didn't get it. So it was all the more striking, that fierce declaration of feeling. He meant what he
10 10 said: he loved AK Macleod.

'You understand?' And I did, on account of a man I once knew.

He was bulky, shambling, with a big tousled head. His hefty forearms and moth-devoured sweater were streaked with paint. When we first shook hands, his were big and red and fleshy-soft.

He was precariously going out with my girlfriend's school friend. I'd been given to know he was on
15 15 probation. He had yet to display enough consistency and commitment. Certainly the room he inhabited was a chaos of bottles, roach-filled ashtrays, clothes, books, records, drawings and above all paintings. I inhaled the heady aroma of oil paint, stale beer and hashish: the artistic life, far removed from the domestic order my girlfriend had civilised me to.

He swore freely at things that disappointed or angered him, which often included himself. He
20 20 talked passionately about Art. His conversation was full of question marks and exclamation marks. He was warm, baffled, hungry to know and understand the world. He was working-class, physical, direct, spontaneous and emotional. He had his culture's gift for anecdote and story-telling. Unadept at a discourse of abstract nouns, he was driven to his own ways of expressing what was inside him, which I found far more eloquent than mine.

25 Years later I reworked elements of him as Graeme in my first novel *Electric Brae*, and we might as well stick with that name. That book reads now as a kind of elegy, for there are other ways than death to lose a friend.

Graeme had a strong Scottish Central Belt accent. He loved and respected his parents (not so common among artistic types), while breaking with the way they and most of his former friends
30 30 led their lives. Despite his apparently Bohemian lifestyle, core values remained from his upbringing: honesty, earned respect, community, humour, work.

Art was his work, he was no dilettante. Difficult abstract art, big canvases of greys and blacks, heavily cross-hatched and scarred. *Andy, I dinni invent abstraction — I jist transcribe it!*

I didn't get it. I drank the Newcastle Brown, passed the joint, looked at his latest work and listened. So many evenings, with our girlfriends next door conducting their own version of what mattered, Graeme showed me Art books, talked of Expressionists, Abstract Expressionists,

Minimalists, Constructivists. All the while there was music: Hendrix, Coltrane, Miles Davis, Weather Report, Captain Beefheart.

He painted in front of me, painted as he talked, took the joint, asked me about things I was 40 supposed to understand — literature, poetry, philosophy, the meaning of life. One thing I could see: his art was not a con or a joke or an evasion. This baffling, problematic, difficult work was utterly and deeply felt. He *meant it*. He threw all of himself, heart and soul — words he had no problem using — into his canvases and conversation.

That commitment, I think now and bless him for it, slowly rubbed off on me.

45 He made my former school friends appear timid, dull and unadventurous, and my new philosophy and writing friends seem cerebral and colourless. We talked and our conversation went all over. I felt lit up, engaged, charged. He didn't just talk about *things*, Graeme. He talked from his emotional life, his core. He encountered the world full-on with his eyes, his hands and his heart, and he made no attempt to hide it.

50 Like Norman and AK, we lit each other up.

Of all the stories he presented me, this is the one at the head of the queue today. Graeme was sitting in a farmyard with an early girlfriend one sunny morning, feeling drowsy, laid-back, philosophical. He found himself watching a young blackbird, sitting on a low fence, fledgling feathers lifting and settling in the breeze. He saw the farm cat inching up behind it. It wasn't his 55 place to interfere. The cat went back on its haunches . . .

'Then my girlfriend said *Don't be stupid, man!* and she threw a stone and the bird flew off and the cat went hungry. I realised that's oor nature, having a choice. She was dead right, we are born to interfere. So we do it well.' Pause. 'What d'ye think, Andy?'

Then it was 1977 and his spacey jazz was replaced by shouty din. Punk sounded to me like Rock 60 'n' Roll had to my parents. But Graeme played it over and over till one night I abruptly registered music and meaning, just as my eyes finally got his difficult, passionate canvases.

Punk had only three chords — in the case of the lovelorn Wreckless Eric, sometimes just two — but at its best they were the right three chords.

I came to love that music's clarion call to anarchic freedom, outrage, experiment, but with 65 university over, the choice now seemed to be between signing on and being a waster, or going straight. 'Facing reality' my girlfriend called it, and I felt she should know.

I got a job as an advertising copywriter, the unglamorous sort, writing copy for hotels, industrial workwear, smokeless coal. My girlfriend suggested I could keep writing as a hobby. I winced, shrugged. I should have run for the hills.

70 We had many times together, the four of us. Holidays, meals, celebrations, arguments, scenes, hilarity. Graeme and I went out fishing together — coarse fishing, just mackerel — in a small tub of a boat neither of us could handle. We walked hills, clambered through scratchy woods, knocked up meals, got woozily high. I loved his company, as he loved mine. I was there when he got married, shook his hand, wondered at the settlement he'd made and thought I should 75 probably go the same way.

And there was that night. There had been wine, then many drinks in the pub across the loch, then back with a bottle of whisky. At some point we realised we'd left some of the carry-out down at the boat. Graeme and I stumbled out into the darkness, blundered giggling through the rhododendrons, slithered and rolled down onto the beach. I tripped over the boat and fell into 80 the bottom of it. I was looking up at the rotating stars, saw his shape bend over the gunwale, that big fuzzy head and shoulders.

It came out of me like a burp needing release.

'I love you, man.'

That was how we spoke back then.

85 'I know,' he said. He reached out. Grabbed my hand and, as he pulled me out of the boat, he added 'Great, isn't it?'

Then with the bottle we somehow got back to the cottage. It was there and true and nothing more needed said.

My much-debated marriage pleased him. Maybe it validated his own choice.

90 My subsequent breakdown, separation and divorce — that liberty, that yearning for the right life — he deeply disapproved of, as of course did his wife, who encountered much of my ex-wife's unhappiness. Now it was as though his life was a criticism of mine, and mine a rejection of his. I was embarrassed in his house; he was edgy and dismissive with my young girlfriend.

My life spun out of Edinburgh into relationships, situations and adventures he knew nothing of.

95 He kept making Art for a while, until teaching and children — he took his responsibilities seriously, as he believed a man should — gradually limited his time and energies to what was essential.

I called round a few times, took in the domestic order of their home, heard his latest music, ate their food and gave them an unilluminating account of what I was doing. We were pleasant, 100 awkward, polite. My words sounded like they were being relayed on a playback monitor. *What the hell are you doing, man?* was not said. Nor was *Is this really what you wanted?*

I expect we never again will speak to each other from the heart. Some things can be repaired, others gently put by.

105 A divorce, if it means anything other than failure, is about tunneling out of the prison camp we have ourselves made, passing under the wire and escaping through forests of pain and grieving — mostly other people's, don't you forget it — in search of the life you should be leading.

She later married the right man, had children. I met a lot of people, did not. Lovers, allies, consolations, adventures and friends came and went in the life I stumbled through for the next eighteen years. And now there has been falling in love again, so improbable, unmistakable and 110 destabilising, for we become accustomed to our pains and solitudes.

Graeme has the life that is his, and I hope it is good. Once I would have known, for he kept nothing back. We went the different ways that have defined our lives. Mine was the crueler, more selfish one, I have never doubted that. But it was mine and it was necessary.

And that burp, that blurt of love, never repeated? I am glad it was said and understood, for it was true. It also informed the moment a ravaged Norman MacCaig near the end of his long life leaned forward, prodded my knee in fervent emphasis, and said 'I loved that man. You understand?'

As I plod on over the moor, those faces arise, pale husks of themselves, like the moon by day floating over Quinag's flank.

Some people say, some people sing, that they have no regrets or remorse. They must be fools, or 120 more coldly enlightened than I am, or ever want to be.

The interior of the car smelled fousty and a little fruity. Everything was as we'd left it, a strew of clothes, newspaper, food wrappers. I considered putting on the radio to find out what was happening in the world. No, I already know what is happening right here. We try to keep up with everything, everywhere, and just get befuddled and left behind our real life. *He kept up with world events* — what sadder epitaph?

I picked up the wine and whisky, locked the car. Right now in Sheffield Lesley and Leo and Josh would be having their tea, leaning towards each other around the little table. The love she has for her children has no 'wait and see how it turns out'. It is an unnegotiable given. Imagine a bond like that between adults, an end to all these irresolutions. Yet she and I have been up the romance tower too often to look into each other's eyes and jump off the parapet, each believing 130 the other has the parachute.

But certainly you have to jump off something, I thought to her across four hundred miles, then set off back across the moor to my friends.

Question

Discuss the effectiveness of the ways in which Andrew Greig explores his understanding of love and friendship.

[Turn over

OR

PART D — DRAMA

Read carefully Episode Four below from *Machinal* (1928) by Sophie Treadwell and then answer the question that follows it.

The Young Woman — in an earlier episode — has married George H. Jones, the Vice-President of the company where she worked as a secretary. In this episode, the Young Woman has just given birth to a girl.

Characters in this extract:

YOUNG WOMAN
DOCTORS
NURSES
HUSBAND

Characters seen but not heard:

WOMAN IN WHEEL CHAIR
WOMAN IN BATHROBE
STRETCHER WAGON
NURSE WITH TRAY
NURSE WITH COVERED BASIN

Machinal — Episode Four

Scene: a room in a hospital: bed, chair. The door in the back now opens on a corridor; the window on a tall building going up.

Sounds: outside window — riveting machine.

At rise YOUNG WOMAN lies still in bed. The door is open. In the corridor, a stretcher wagon goes by.
5 Enter NURSE.

- NURSE: How are you feeling today? (No response from YOUNG WOMAN.) Better? (No response.) No pain? (No response. NURSE takes her watch in one hand, YOUNG WOMAN's wrist in the other — stands, then goes to chart at foot of bed — writes.) You're getting along fine. (No response.) Such a sweet baby you have, too. (No response.) Aren't you glad it's a girl? (YOUNG WOMAN makes sign with her head 'No'.) You're not! Oh, my! That's no way to talk! Men want boys — women ought to want girls. (No response.) Maybe you didn't want either, eh? (YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No'. Riveting machine.) You'll feel different when it begins to nurse. You'll just love it then. Your milk hasn't come yet — has it? (Sign — 'No'.) It will! (Sign — 'No'.) Oh, you don't know Doctor! (Goes to door — turns.) Anything else you want? (YOUNG WOMAN points to window.) Draft? (Sign — 'No'.) The noise? (YOUNG WOMAN signs 'Yes'.) Oh, that can't be helped. Hospital's got to have a new wing. We're the biggest Maternity Hospital in the world. I'll close the window, though. (YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No'.) No?
- 10
15
20 YOUNG WOMAN: (whispers.) I smell everything then.
- NURSE: (starting out the door — riveting machine.) Here's your man!

Enter HUSBAND with large bouquet. Crosses to bed.

HUSBAND: Well, how are we today? (YOUNG WOMAN — no response.)

NURSE: She's getting stronger!

25 HUSBAND: Of course she is!

NURSE: (taking flowers.) See what your husband brought you.

HUSBAND: Better put 'em in water right away. (Exit NURSE.) Everything O.K.? (YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No'.) Now see here, my dear, you've got to brace up, you know! And — and face things! Everybody's got to brace up and face things! That's what makes the world go round. I know all you've been through but — (YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No'.) Oh, yes I do! I know all about it! I was right outside all the time! (YOUNG WOMAN makes violent gestures of 'No'. Ignoring.) Oh yes! But you've got to brace up now! Make an effort! Pull yourself together! Start the up-hill climb! Oh I've been down — but I haven't stayed down. I've been licked but I haven't stayed licked! I've pulled myself up by my own bootstraps, and that's what you've got to do! Will power! That's what conquers! Look at me! Now you've got to brace up! Face the music! Stand the gaff! Take life by the horns! Look it in the face! — Having a baby's natural! Perfectly natural thing — why should —

40 YOUNG WOMAN chokes — points wildly to door. Enter NURSE with flowers in a vase.

NURSE: What's the matter?

HUSBAND: She's got that gagging again — like she had the last time I was here. YOUNG WOMAN gestures him out.

45 NURSE: Better go, sir.

HUSBAND: (at door.) I'll be back. YOUNG WOMAN gasping and gesturing.

NURSE: She needs rest.

HUSBAND: Tomorrow then. I'll be back tomorrow — tomorrow and every day — goodbye. (Exits.)

50 NURSE: You got a mighty nice husband, I guess you know that? (Writes on chart.) Gagging. Corridor life — WOMAN IN BATHROBE passes door. Enter DOCTOR, YOUNG DOCTOR, NURSE, wheeling surgeon's wagon with bottles, instruments, etc.

55 DOCTOR: How's the little lady today? (Crosses to bed.)

NURSE: She's better, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Of course she's better! She's all right — aren't you? (YOUNG WOMAN does not respond.) What's the matter? Can't you talk? (Drops her hand. Takes chart.)

NURSE: She's a little weak yet, Doctor.

60 DOCTOR: (at chart.) Milk hasn't come yet?

NURSE: No, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Put the child to breast. (YOUNG WOMAN — 'No — no!' — Riveting machine.) No? Don't you want to nurse your baby? (YOUNG WOMAN signs 'No'.) Why not? (No response.) These modern neurotic women, eh, Doctor? What are we going to do with 'em? (YOUNG DOCTOR laughs. NURSE smiles.) Bring the baby!

YOUNG WOMAN: No!

DOCTOR: Well — that's strong enough. I thought you were too weak to talk — that's better. You don't want your baby?

YOUNG WOMAN: No.

70 DOCTOR: What do you want?

YOUNG WOMAN: Let alone — let alone.

DOCTOR: Bring the baby.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor — she's behaved very badly every time, Doctor — very upset — maybe we better not.

75 DOCTOR: I decide what we better and better not here, Nurse!

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Bring the baby.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (with chart.) Gagging — you mean nausea.

80 NURSE: Yes, Doctor, but —

DOCTOR: No buts, nurse.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Nausea! — Change the diet! — What is her diet?

NURSE: Liquids.

85 DOCTOR: Give her solids.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor. She says she can't swallow solids.

DOCTOR: Give her solids.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor. (*Starts to go — riveting machine.*)

90 DOCTOR: Wait — I'll change her medicine. (*Takes pad and writes prescription in Latin. Hands it to NURSE.*) After meals. (*To door.*) Bring her baby.

Exit DOCTOR, followed by YOUNG DOCTOR and NURSE with surgeon's wagon.

NURSE: Yes, Doctor.

Exits.

95 YOUNG WOMAN: (alone.) Let me alone — let me alone — let me alone — I've submitted to enough — I won't submit to any more — crawl off — crawl off in the dark — Vixen crawled under the bed — way back in the corner under the bed — they were all drowned — puppies don't go to heaven — heaven — golden stairs — long stairs — long — too long — long golden stairs — climb those golden stairs — stairs — stairs — climb — tired — too tired — dead — no matter — nothing matters — dead — stairs — long stairs — all the dead going up — going up — to be in heaven — heaven — golden stairs — all the children coming down — coming down to be born — dead going up — children coming down — going up — stop — stop — no — no traffic cop — no — no traffic cop in heaven — traffic cop — traffic cop — can't you give us a smile — tired — too tired — no matter — it doesn't matter — St. Peter — St. Peter at the gate — you can't come in — no matter — it doesn't matter — I'll rest — I'll lie down — down — all written down — down in a big book — no matter — it doesn't

100

105

110

matter — I'll lie down — it weighs me — it's over me — it weighs — weighs — it's heavy — it's a heavy book — no matter — lie still — don't move — can't move — rest — forget — they say you forget — a girl — aren't you glad it's a girl — a little girl — with no hair — none — little curls all over his head — a little bald girl — curls — curls all over his head — what kind of hair had God? no matter — it doesn't matter — everybody loves God — they've got to — got to — got to love God — God is love — even if he's bad they got to love him — even if he's got fat hands — fat hands — no no — he wouldn't be God — His hands make you well — He lays on his hands — well — and happy — no matter — doesn't matter — far — too far — tired — too tired Vixen crawled off under bed — eight — there were eight — a woman crawled off under the bed — a woman has one — two three four — one two three four — one two three four — two plus two is four — two times four is eight Vixen had eight — one two three four five six seven eight — eight — Puffie had eight — all drowned — drowned — drowned in blood — blood — oh God! God — God never had one — Mary had one — in a manger — the lowly manger — God's on a high throne — far — too far — no matter — it doesn't matter — God Mary Mary God Mary — Virgin Mary — Mary had one — the Holy Ghost — George H. Jones — oh don't — please don't! Let me rest — now I can rest — the weight is gone — inside the weight is gone — it's only outside — outside — all around — weight — I'm under it — Vixen crawled under the bed — there were eight — I'll not submit any more — I'll not submit — I'll not submit —

120

125

130

The scene blacks out. The sound of riveting continues.

Question

Make a detailed analysis of the dramatic techniques used in this episode to give the audience access to the Young Woman's situation and feelings.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Part A Poetry – Poem, 'Bored' by Margaret Atwood, is taken from *Morning in the Burned House*. Published by Curtis Brown.

SQA has made every effort to trace the owners of copyright materials in this question paper, and seek permissions. We will be happy to incorporate any missing acknowledgements. Please contact question.papers@sqa.org.uk.

Part B Prose Fiction – Extract is taken from *The Thing Around Your Neck* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. ISBN 978 0007306231. Published by 4th Estate.

SQA has made every effort to trace the owners of copyright materials in this question paper, and seek permissions. We will be happy to incorporate any missing acknowledgements. Please contact question.papers@sqa.org.uk.

Part C Prose Non-Fiction – Extract is taken from *At the Loch of the Green Corrie* by Andrew Greig. ISBN 978 0857381361. Published by Quercus.

SQA has made every effort to trace the owners of copyright materials in this question paper, and seek permissions. We will be happy to incorporate any missing acknowledgements. Please contact question.papers@sqa.org.uk.

Part D Drama – Excerpt from MACHINAL © 1993 The Roman Catholic Church of the Diocese of Tucson, is reprinted with the permission of the publishers: www.nickhernbooks.co.uk.