



Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA

0411/13

Paper 1

May/June 2023

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

EXTRACT 1: FRANKENSTEIN

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Extract 1 is taken from Nick Dear's stage version of Mary Shelley's 1818 novel *Frankenstein*. The play was first performed at the National Theatre, London in 2011.

The play is set in Ingolstadt, in southern Germany, around the year 1818. It uses a fluid style of drama in which scenes run into one another. The extract printed here consists of a selection of scenes from the play, covering the first phase of the story of Frankenstein's Creature.

This is a story with a profound message about humanity and the dangers of human interference in the natural world.

There is no requirement for candidates to read the complete play text.

Characters

THE CREATURE

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, a scientist

GRETEL, a woman

GUSTAV, a beggar

KLAUS, a beggar

DE LACEY, a blind man

FELIX, his son

AGATHA, his daughter-in-law

SCENE ONE

[Europe, around 1818.

Darkness. There's the sound of a heartbeat.

BOM-BOOM.

Then another heartbeat, then another: BOM-BOOM. BOM-BOOM.

Sudden flash of brilliant white light. There is a vertical frame on which something like a human form is suspended. It moves. Rubber tubes, like drips, are inserted into it at various points.

5

Back to darkness.

BOM-BOOM. BOM-BOOM. BOM-BOOM.

Another blast of light. Struggling to free himself is the CREATURE, who is naked and leaking blood as he rips the tubes out of his veins.

10

BOM-BOOM. BOM-BOOM.

Then darkness.

Light: the CREATURE has got down from the frame. He squats on the floor. He seems confused. He has no speech and his movements are erratic. spurts of blood come from the sutures in his skin.

15

It goes dark again. Now we realise what's happening: it gets light when he opens his eyes.

The CREATURE seems to realise this too. He puts a hand clumsily to his eye. He holds it open. It stays light. He lets his hand fall and his eye closes again. It gets dark. With both hands he forces his eyes open and holds them open.

20

It gets light and it stays light.]

SCENE TWO

[The CREATURE crawls across the floor. He is in a dingy garret. He hauls himself shakily to his feet. He struggles to keep his balance and take a few steps.

25

He falls. He lies still. Then he tries again.

He pads back and forth uncertainly, taking harsh little breaths.

He licks at the blood on his skin.]

30

SCENE THREE

[The CREATURE plays with a kettle, sitting on the floor. He chews it and bangs it.

The CREATURE spins like a top, on his tailbone, pushing himself round and round and round. And round and round some more.

He stands, and is dizzy. He falls over. He laughs.

35

A man is approaching slowly and cautiously: VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, late twenties. He wears a long cloak. He watches the CREATURE intently.

VICTOR goes close to the CREATURE, who doesn't see him at first. VICTOR is curious, but then repulsed by the filthy, slimy being sprawled in front of him.

40

The CREATURE turns and sees VICTOR. He reaches out to him, babbling incoherently. He gives a ghastly smile. VICTOR is appalled. He backs off.

The CREATURE pursues VICTOR, moving swiftly across the floor.]

45

VICTOR: No ... keep away ... no ...

[The CREATURE gets to his feet – and now VICTOR is worried.]

CREATURE: Hawuurch!

VICTOR: Do as I say!

[The CREATURE lunges at VICTOR, as if to embrace him, or maybe to strangle him. VICTOR panics. He has nothing with which to defend himself. He pulls the cloak from his shoulders and throws it over the CREATURE, and runs from the building. 50
Blinded, the CREATURE roars, spinning round and round, confused. He pulls the cloak from his head. But VICTOR is gone.] 55

SCENE FOUR

[Night. The CREATURE makes his way through the streets of Ingolstadt – an early-industrial landscape, smoggy and strange. He's wrapped in the cloak, the cowl covering his head. Underneath he is naked. There are strange noises – sounds of forges, factories, coaches, animals. Electricity is in the air; we see prototypes of new machines. The CREATURE is lost and confused. There are passers-by, but they ignore him. 60
He passes a tavern. A group of townsmen are singing, drinking mugs of beer. This scares the CREATURE and he runs away. Then there is a sound which arrests him: a woman is screaming.] 65

GRETEL: Help! Help!

[The CREATURE stops and listens. The passers-by slip away. He is alone on the street.]

CREATURE: Hnungh?

[Now we see GRETEL, being beaten up in a dark alley.] 70

GRETEL:
CLIENT: Please, help me! Someone!
Give me what I've paid for. Now!

[The CREATURE doesn't know how to respond. He turns this way and that. GRETEL is being thrown about by her hair. The CREATURE walks slowly towards them and watches with curiosity. GRETEL sees him.] 75

GRETEL: Oh, thank you, mister, thank you!

[The man looks round and sees the CREATURE behind him. The CREATURE raises both hands in the air and spins round and round. It's scary – unintentionally so. The man runs. GRETEL picks herself up and dusts down her skirts. She doesn't get a good look at the CREATURE yet. 80
She swigs from a flagon of wine, and beckons him.]

What's your name? I'm Gretel.

[The CREATURE goes to her and immediately drops to his knees.] 85

Here, what are you playing at?

[GRETEL pulls him to his feet and pushes back the cowl from his head – but then she sees his face. She gasps, and takes a step backwards.]

The CREATURE stands with his arms at his sides, smiling. GRETEL backs away slowly, trying to stay as calm as she can.] 90

I'm not going to scream. I'm just going to walk away. All right, mister? Just walking away. All right?

[Finally GRETEL turns and runs. The CREATURE doesn't notice. He's busy examining the wine she left behind. He takes a swig. He spits it out: it's disgusting.] 95

SCENE FIVE

[The CREATURE is on the outskirts of the town. Dogs bark. He turns to look back. In the distance we can see the lights and towers of Ingolstadt.]

Several townsmen run towards him. They keep their distance. The CREATURE stares at them uncertainly.] 100

MAN: There it is!

[They throw stones at him, and he turns and runs.]

SCENE SIX

[Dawn. Countryside. The CREATURE is asleep on the ground, wrapped in the cloak. He wakes, stiffly. He moans and sits up. He stands and looks around.] 105

Sunlight plays through the leaves. The birds sing. He clutches at beams of light. He laughs.]

CREATURE: Huh, huh!

[He's Adam in the Garden of Eden – an innocent. He listens to the birdsong. He tries to flap his wings.] 110

He imitates birdsong.

Rain falls. The gentle touch of moisture pleases him. He washes himself in the rain. He dries himself with his cloak.]

SCENE EIGHT

[The CREATURE sits under a tree. He fidgets. He's bored.] 115

In the pocket of his cloak he finds a battered notebook: FRANKENSTEIN's journal. He looks at the writing from several different viewpoints but it remains meaningless.

He stuffs it back into his pocket. He stands and addresses us: a speech of confusion and sometimes distress, but without actual words. A soliloquy of grunts and wails.] 120

CREATURE: Wurrgh – ah – ah! Wurgh, wurgh. Chick chick. Awah? Yaya yaya! Yuh!

[Seeming to have made his point, he leaves.]

SCENE NINE

[Night. A beggar, GUSTAV, comes through the woods.] 125

GUSTAV [calls]: Klaus? Where are you?

[KLAUS, another beggar, is tending a fire.]

KLAUS: Over here! Come and get warm.

GUSTAV: I will. – What's in the pot?

KLAUS: Nice bit of rabbit. Where'd you get to? 130

GUSTAV: Ingolstadt.

KLAUS: Any luck?

GUSTAV: No. They're jittery as hell. The women and children are locked indoors. The men go armed with cudgels. What's going on?

KLAUS [shrugs]: Scared of their own shadows, they are, in Ingolstadt. 135

[They laugh and sit by the fire. KLAUS stirs the stew in the pot.]

GUSTAV: Tomorrow we'll move on. Try and beg some bread.

KLAUS: This is all right, though, nice bit of rabbit.

GUSTAV: A man needs bread.

KLAUS: I met a woman in Augsburg once, her husband was a baker. I hung around Augsburg for a very long time. 140

GUSTAV: Nice place, Augsburg.

KLAUS: Very nice place. Welcoming.

[The CREATURE approaches, drawn to the firelight.]

CREATURE: Gnnah. 145

[The beggars leap to their feet. The CREATURE advances towards them. They pull back, scared.]

GUSTAV: What's that? What is it?

KLAUS: I don't know!

GUSTAV [waving his arms]: Piss off! Bugger off! 150

KLAUS: Watch out!

CREATURE: Gnnah! Gnnah!

[The CREATURE points to the pan of food hanging over the fire.]

KLAUS: Run! Quick!

GUSTAV: But the food – 155

KLAUS: Leave it, Gustav! Run!

GUSTAV: A monster! Piss off! Bugger off!

KLAUS: Look at the state of him!

GUSTAV: Run!

[The beggars run away. The CREATURE tries to pick up the pan, but it's hot and burns his hand. He yelps with pain. But he wants the food. He experiments with the wooden spoon. He finds that with it he can bring food to his mouth. He eats. Now he examines the fire. It's nice. But when he puts his hand in it, it's not nice. 160

He sees that the beggars have left their knapsacks behind. He pulls out the contents – tattered clothes, a ball of string, a pipe, a Bible. None of these mean much to him. He lies down by the fire and goes to sleep.] 165

SCENE TEN

[Later that night. The beggars creep up on the sleeping CREATURE, brandishing sticks.] 170

KLAUS: There he is! Get him!

[They attack the CREATURE and beat him savagely.]

CREATURE: Waaagh!

GUSTAV: I'll teach you to scare us!

KLAUS: Eat our supper! 175

GUSTAV: Now piss off, you ugly bastard!

KLAUS: And don't come back!

[They drive the CREATURE away. The beggars collect up their belongings and exit hurriedly.]

SCENE TWELVE

[DE LACEY's cottage. FELIX, his son, guides blind DE LACEY to his chair, as his daughter-in-law AGATHA places food on the table.] 180

AGATHA: I'm leaving your food on the table. And there's some milk.

DE LACEY: Thank you, my dear. You treat me well.

FELIX: We're going to work, Father. We'll be back at nightfall.

AGATHA *[to DE LACEY]*: And you, behave yourself while we're gone. 185

DE LACEY *[chuckles]*: I'll try. – Have you managed to clear the top field?

FELIX: No. It's slow progress.

AGATHA: Harder than we thought. *[Cheerily.]* But we'll win in the end!

DE LACEY: We have to grow something or we'll starve.

AGATHA: We'll get faster when we know what we're doing. In a year or two, we'll be fine. We'll be farmers! 190

DE LACEY *[laughs]*: I never thought I'd be a farmer ...!

FELIX *[to AGATHA]*: Are you ready?

AGATHA: For the cold and the mud? Can't wait!

[She laughs, and kisses DE LACEY affectionately.] 195

Bye, old man!

FELIX: Goodbye, Father.

DE LACEY: Goodbye, Felix. You married a lovely girl.

FELIX: I know.

AGATHA: Bye! 200

[AGATHA and FELIX exit the hut. DE LACEY reaches behind him and takes up a guitar. He puts it across his knee and begins to play. FELIX and AGATHA come outside. The CREATURE looks on from a distance. He now wears ragged clothes under his cloak. He watches intently.] 205

FELIX:	How do you manage to stay so cheerful?	
AGATHA:	What choice is there? This is where we've ended up, this is what we have to do. Come on!	
FELIX:	Agatha. Do you know how beautiful you are? I swear I will love you for ever.	210
AGATHA:	You'd better!	
FELIX	<i>[kisses her, strokes her hair]</i> : When will you give me a son, beautiful wife?	
AGATHA	<i>[laughs and pulls away]</i> : Come! We've work to do!	
	<i>[FELIX and AGATHA exit, hand in hand. The CREATURE watches them go. Very cautiously he makes his way to the hut. He hovers in the doorway, captivated by the guitar music. DE LACEY, hearing something, stops playing.]</i>	215
DE LACEY:	Take the food if you want it. There's nothing else worth taking. Oh, there are books, I suppose. At least they have left me my books.	220
	<i>[DE LACEY leans his guitar against the wall. The CREATURE seems to grasp that he's not in danger.]</i>	
	You've no reason to harm me. I won't hurt you. I can't see you. I don't fight on any side. Go on, citizen, take the food.	
CREATURE:	Hnnargh?	225
	<i>[DE LACEY indicates the table. The CREATURE stuffs food in his mouth.]</i>	
DE LACEY:	Can't you talk? Maybe you can't. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Look at me – I'm blind. There was a cannonball and I – I went blind. Now my son looks after me. You look after them when they're little, they look after you when you're old. That's the way it is. But we fell on hard times, when the soldiers came through. When people are not oppressed, they're full of brotherly love; but when times are hard ... well, then you find out who your friends are, don't you?	230
	<i>[The CREATURE, having finished the food, picks up the guitar. He tries clumsily to strum it, but just makes a horrible noise. He claws hopelessly at the strings, then cries out in frustration.]</i>	235
CREATURE:	Waaarh! Pissoff buggeroff!	
DE LACEY:	I beg your pardon?	
CREATURE:	Pissoff buggeroff!	240
	<i>[The CREATURE plonks the guitar down in DE LACEY's lap.]</i>	
DE LACEY:	Oh, you want music? You want some more music?	
CREATURE:	Mm ... moo ...	
DE LACEY:	Music. It's a gift from God. Go on. Say it, Music.	
CREATURE:	Moo ... sic ...	245
DE LACEY:	You see, you pluck the strings, like this ...	
	<i>[DE LACEY plays the guitar. The CREATURE listens, transported.]</i>	

SCENE SIXTEEN

[*The cottage. Weeks later. DE LACEY and the CREATURE. The CREATURE is distracted by the snow swirling outside the window. The CREATURE has been learning to speak from DE LACEY.*] 250

CREATURE: White! What? White! What?
 DE LACEY: Where?
 CREATURE: In the air!
 DE LACEY: That's snow. It's not very interesting – a natural phenomenon, no more. Now please stop leaping about, we need to concentrate. 255
 CREATURE: Snow! Snow!
 DE LACEY: Sit! We've work to do.

[*The CREATURE sits at a pile of books, rather grumpily.*]

CREATURE Thank you. Today: original sin. 260
 DE LACEY: [*writing, with a scowl*]: Original sin.
 There are two schools of thought. One says that we are all made imperfect, and require the assistance of a higher authority – a deity – to overcome the sin of being born. The other school of thought – to which I subscribe – insists that when we leave the womb we are pure, that a babe in arms is untainted by sin, that evil is the product of social forces, and that God has nothing to do with how a man turns out, be it good or be it bad. 265

CREATURE: Me not do bad things.
 DE LACEY: I know you do not do bad things. You have a good heart. I know that. 270

CREATURE: Why my hungry?
 DE LACEY: Eh?
 CREATURE: Why my hungry? Why no food for me?
 DE LACEY: I give you half of my food.
 CREATURE: Still hungry. 275

DE LACEY: It is the condition of men to be hungry.
 CREATURE [*jabbing a finger at his books*]: Not kings! Not emperors!
 DE LACEY [*laughs*]: You're learning fast.
 CREATURE: Why my not a king?

DE LACEY: I don't know. Perhaps you are. 280
 CREATURE: Yes! A king! Is my name?
 DE LACEY: I don't know.

CREATURE: King what?
 DE LACEY: You have never told me your name.
 CREATURE: Gnaaagh! Never heard. Not know. 285
 DE LACEY: You are a poor lost thing.

CREATURE: Lost thing.
 DE LACEY: But I have taught you how to speak! How to read! There is hope. Who knows what you may accomplish?
 CREATURE [*shakes his head*]: Hate me. 290

DE LACEY: Who does?
 CREATURE: Men. Women. Childs. Dogs.
 DE LACEY: No, they don't.

CREATURE: Throw stones. Beat me. Everywhere! Everywhere!
 DE LACEY: Peasants are ignorant people. They do not read like you and I. 295
 It's an instinct to protect the home, the family. Perhaps they are – frightened of you?

CREATURE: My look bad?

[DE LACEY *is silent.*]

DE LACEY: Not like Agatha. 300
 AGATHA: Agatha?
 CREATURE: Beautiful wife!
 DE LACEY: Well, Agatha is beautiful, certainly – and Felix is kind. Let me
 introduce you to them.
 CREATURE: No. 305
 DE LACEY: Why not?
 CREATURE: Hate me.
 DE LACEY: No, they don't! They've never met you! Stay, and greet them, when
 they come home.

[*The CREATURE jumps up and runs outside.*] 310

CREATURE: Snow! Snow! Snow!

[*He exits.*]

SCENE EIGHTEEN

[*Months later. The CREATURE gives his arm to DE LACEY, and they walk in the woods. It's evening – the light is fading. A single bird calls, as a huge moon rises.*] 315

DE LACEY: The evenings grow warmer. Soon it will be spring. There's a cheery
 thought!
 CREATURE: Why?
 DE LACEY: Well – spring, you know! Ha ha!
 CREATURE: Spring makes you happy? Why? 320
 DE LACEY: Well, we're still alive!
 CREATURE: Why, how long are we meant to be alive for?
 DE LACEY: Let's turn for home now. It's getting dark.
 CREATURE: How can you tell? You have no eyes.
 DE LACEY: Hear that bird? It's a nightingale. That means it's getting dark. 325
 CREATURE: The bird makes the dark? That's impossible.
 DE LACEY: No, my friend, no. Don't you remember your Milton? 'The wakeful
 nightingale ...'
 CREATURE: The wakeful nightingale!

[*He recites.*] 330

'She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length 335
 Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'

DE LACEY: [*approving*]: It is night in the Garden of Eden. Do you see the moon?
 CREATURE: There. There it is.
 DE LACEY: Describe it to me. 340
 CREATURE: Solitary.
 DE LACEY: That's a good word. Good.
 CREATURE: And sad, like me.
 DE LACEY: Why is it sad?

CREATURE:	Because it is solitary.	345
DE LACEY:	Why are you sad?	
CREATURE:	Because with all that I read, all that I learn, I discover how much I do not know. Ideas batter me like hailstones. Questions but no answers. Who am I? Where am I from? Do I have a family?	
DE LACEY:	You have us. My son will not turn you away, I promise you. Come along and say hello to him.	350
CREATURE:	No!	
DE LACEY:	But why not? It's a simple request. What is your – ?	
	<i>[The CREATURE suddenly shoves DE LACEY and leaves his side.]</i>	
CREATURE:	Do not request it again.	355
	<i>[DE LACEY staggers, and recovers his balance. But he cannot see where he is. The CREATURE keeps his distance.]</i>	
	I have been reading Plutarch, <i>The Lives of the Emperors</i> .	
DE LACEY:	Ah, yes, the founders of ancient Rome – men who showed that the world could be improved!	360
CREATURE:	Why do men live in herds in cities? I cannot imagine a city. I cannot imagine Rome! The numbers are too great.	
DE LACEY:	We band together to help one another, and do good.	
CREATURE:	But then you massacre each other!	
DE LACEY:	Yes, it's inconsistent.	365
	<i>[The CREATURE spins round a couple of times.]</i>	
CREATURE:	I do not like inconsistent! Why must it be so?	
DE LACEY:	I don't know. That's the way it is.	
CREATURE:	But how do I find out the way that it is?	
DE LACEY:	I don't know. As you get older, you will learn to –	370
CREATURE:	<i>[angrily]</i> : De Lacey! All the time you say that you don't know – but you do know! Why do you grasp everything, and I nothing? Why must I learn it all, when it flies to you on the wind? – I am the one who stands outside the door. I see inside. But I daren't go in.	
DE LACEY:	What is it exactly that frightens you?	375
CREATURE:	Everything! Everything! – Why do you live in a hut in the woods? Why not a great city?	
DE LACEY:	Because I'm poor.	
CREATURE:	Why?	
DE LACEY:	Because an army came by, and they ransacked my university. And we were driven from the town.	380
CREATURE:	Am I poor?	
DE LACEY:	Yes. One day, though, you will find someone who will make you the wealthiest man in creation.	
CREATURE:	Will I?	385
DE LACEY:	Yes! A good man deserves it. You are a good man. Someone will love you, whoever you are.	
CREATURE:	What is love?	

SCENE TWENTY

[Summer. DE LACEY's cottage. He and the CREATURE are at the table. The CREATURE has FRANKENSTEIN's journal open in front of him.] 390

CREATURE:	I ran from a building. It was dark. I was frightened.	
DE LACEY:	Is that all you can remember?	
CREATURE:	I do not know how to remember.	
DE LACEY:	But you have a memory, you have remembrance –	395
CREATURE:	But how is it done? What is the process?	
DE LACEY:	I don't know how it's done!	
CREATURE:	Then how am I doing it?	
DE LACEY:	I do not know! You ran from a building? And this was in Ingolstadt?	
CREATURE:	But the author of this journal says he's from –	400
DE LACEY:	Geneva. He says he's from Geneva. [<i>Reads from the front page.</i>] 'Victor Frankenstein, citizen of Geneva –'	
DE LACEY:	Frankenstein?	
	<i>[He shakes his head.]</i>	
CREATURE:	Where is Geneva?	405
DE LACEY:	To the south and west, many days' ride. Read on.	
CREATURE:	'Preparing a frame for the experiment, with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles and veins, is a work of great difficulty. Should I attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organisation?'	
DE LACEY:	'A being like myself'? Meaning what? A man, a woman?	410
CREATURE:	De Lacey – I see things in my sleep!	
DE LACEY:	They are called dreams. What did you see?	
CREATURE:	Someone! Her hair was long ... and her eyes were –	
DE LACEY:	It was a good dream?	
CREATURE:	It was pleasing! Is that good?	415
DE LACEY:	A good dream doesn't mean it was morally good. It only means it wasn't a bad dream.	
CREATURE	<i>[worried]:</i> There are bad dreams?	
	<i>[FELIX and AGATHA are approaching the cottage. AGATHA is heavily pregnant.]</i>	420
AGATHA	<i>[calls]:</i> Hello!	
FELIX:	Father!	
DE LACEY:	It's Felix and Agatha. Stay and meet them.	
CREATURE:	No, I cannot!	
DE LACEY:	These are good people, they are not like the others! I don't know what you look like, my friend, but I know there is room in the world for fellowship, room in the world for love! Prejudice can be overcome! Stay! I will speak for you!	425
	<i>[The CREATURE stuffs the journal into his pocket. He looks for an escape route.]</i>	430
FELIX	<i>[outside]:</i> We're back!	
AGATHA	<i>[outside]:</i> Finished for today!	
DE LACEY:	I'm here! <i>[To the CREATURE.]</i> Hold my hand.	
CREATURE:	I must run!	
DE LACEY:	No, trust me! Trust me! Stay here – stay!	435
CREATURE:	They will hate me!	
DE LACEY:	No, I promise you, no!	
	<i>[The CREATURE is now trapped. DE LACEY holds his hand. FELIX comes in first, bearing armfuls of produce from the fields.]</i>	

FELIX:	Father!	440
DE LACEY:	This is my friend, he –	
	[FELIX <i>is speechless at the sight of the CREATURE. He drops his vegetables.</i>]	
CREATURE:	Good day, sir.	
	[<i>For a moment they remain still, as if spellbound. Then AGATHA enters. She immediately screams at the sight of the CREATURE.</i>]	445
AGATHA	[<i>screams</i>]: What is it?	
FELIX:	Get away from him! You! Get away!	
	[<i>The CREATURE tries to run, but DE LACEY holds on tight.</i>]	
CREATURE:	Gnaaaaaagh!	450
FELIX:	Let him go, you devil!	
DE LACEY:	Stay!	
AGATHA:	Felix!	
	[FELIX <i>takes a whip from his belt.</i>]	
FELIX:	Leave my father be!	455
DE LACEY:	No, no – there’s nothing wrong!	
AGATHA:	Aah, it’s revolting!	
FELIX:	Get out! Get out! Out!	
	[FELIX <i>lashes the CREATURE, who cowers under his blows.</i>]	
AGATHA:	Drive it out!	460
DE LACEY:	No! Felix! He’s –	
AGATHA:	Thrash it! Thrash it! Kill it!	
CREATURE	[<i>to DE LACEY</i>]: You promised!	
	[<i>The CREATURE is driven out. He runs away. DE LACEY has been thrown to the floor.</i>]	465
AGATHA:	Awful, awful beast! – Are you hurt?	
FELIX	[<i>helping DE LACEY up</i>]: You’re safe – we shan’t leave you again –	
DE LACEY	[<i>angrily</i>]: He was hungry! He did me no harm! Have you no compassion?	
FELIX:	It was a monster!	470
DE LACEY:	No man is a monster!	
AGATHA:	But it wasn’t a man!	
DE LACEY:	What have I done? Dear God, what have I done?	

SCENE TWENTY-ONE

	[<i>The CREATURE enters carrying aloft a blazing firebrand. He dances a war dance. His anger makes him inarticulate.</i>]	475
CREATURE:	Ugh ggrr ugh! Wayaargh! Wayaargh!	
	[<i>He approaches DE LACEY’s cottage.</i>]	

What do they do when they feel like this?
Heroes, Romans – what do they do?
I know.
They plot.
They revenge.

480

[He sets fire to the cottage. A wall of flame springs up.]

I sweep to my revenge!

[DE LACEY, FELIX and AGATHA are consumed by the flames. They scream for help. The CREATURE backs away. The cottagers burn.]

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EXTRACT 2: FATHER RETURNS

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The extract is taken from *Father Returns* by Japanese playwright Kikuchi Kan (1888–1948), translated into English by Mark Cody Poulton. The extract printed here consists of the entirety of this one-act play.

Father Returns is set around 1907 in a coastal town on Shikoku, one of the four main islands of Japan. However, the themes of the play are universal and may be interpreted for a range of times, places and cultures.

Characters

KURODA KEN'ICHIRO, age twenty-eight

SHINJIRO, his brother, age twenty-three

OTANE, their sister, age twenty

OTAKA, their mother, age fifty-one

SOTARO, their father, age fifty-eight

[A six-mat tatami room in a modest middle-class house. Upstage center is a chest on which sits an alarm clock, and downstage is a long wooden charcoal brazier where a kettle is steaming. A low dining table has been set out. KEN'ICHIRO has just returned from his work at City Hall; he has changed into a kimono and is relaxing, reading the newspaper. His mother, OTAKA, is sewing. It is early October, around seven in the evening, and already dark outside.]

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Time: Around 1907.

Place: A town on the coast of Shikoku.

- KEN'ICHIRO: Where's Otane gone, Mum? 10
 OTAKA: Off to deliver some sewing.
 KEN'ICHIRO: Don't tell me she's still doing that. Surely she doesn't have to anymore.
 OTAKA: Yes, but she'll need a decent kimono when she gets married.
 KEN'ICHIRO: *[Turning over a page of the paper]*: What became of that offer you told me about? 15
 OTAKA: They kept begging me to give her away, but it seems she didn't fancy the man at all.
 KEN'ICHIRO: He had money. Would have made a fine match.
 OTAKA: Maybe so, but one can have a small fortune and spend it all and, when all's said and done, still have nothing to show for it. Why, our house had some twenty, thirty thousand yen in bonds and real estate when I first came, but your dad blew it all away living high off the hog. He might just as well have fed it to the wind. *[KEN'ICHIRO says nothing, as if recalling unpleasant memories.]* I learned the hard way, so I'd rather Otane married for love than money. Even if her husband's poor, so long as he's got a good heart, life shouldn't be too hard on her. 20
 KEN'ICHIRO: Ah, but how much better it'd be if he had both. 25
 OTAKA: And if wishes were horses ... Otane may be pretty, but we're hardly well to do ... Besides, the smallest wedding outfit these days will easily cost you a couple of hundred yen.
 KEN'ICHIRO: Otane's had a hard time of it ever since she was a kid, and all because of dad. We ought to make sure at least she's married off properly. Once we've got a thousand saved up, I suggest we give her half of it. 35
 OTAKA: That's hardly necessary—even three hundred would do. I'll feel even more relieved when you get yourself a wife. Everyone says I had bad luck with a husband, but good luck with kids. I didn't know what I was going to do when your dad left us ... 40
 KEN'ICHIRO: *[Changing the subject]*: Shin's late.
 OTAKA: That's because he's on duty tonight. Shin said he's getting a raise this month.
 KEN'ICHIRO: Is that so? He did so well in high school I'd imagine he's not happy staying a primary school teacher. There's no telling how far he'll go if he sets his mind to it and studies some more. 45
 OTAKA: I've had someone on the lookout for a wife for you too, but so far no luck. The Sonoda girl would be a good match but her family's more respectable than ours, so they may not want us to have her.
 KEN'ICHIRO: Surely we can wait a couple more years at least. 50
 OTAKA: In any case, once Otane's married off we really do have to get you a wife. That'd fix everything. When your dad ran off, I was left with three babes in arms, wondering what on earth I was going to do.

KEN'ICHIRO:	There's no sense dwelling on the past. What's done is done.	
	<i>[The front door rattles open and SHINJIRŌ returns. For a mere primary school teacher, he is an impressive-looking young man.]</i>	55
SHINJIRŌ:	I'm back.	
OTAKA:	Welcome home.	
KEN'ICHIRO:	You're dreadfully late tonight.	
SHINJIRŌ:	I had so much to do I was at my wit's end. My shoulders ache something awful.	60
OTAKA:	We've been holding supper for you.	
KEN'ICHIRO:	You can have a bath after you've eaten.	
SHINJIRŌ:	<i>[Changing into a kimono]:</i> Where's Otane, Mum?	
OTAKA:	Went to deliver some sewing.	65
SHINJIRŌ:	Hey, Ken'ichi, I heard something interesting today. Principal Sugita told me that he'd seen somebody who looked like Dad in Furushinmachi.	
KEN'ICHIRO AND OTAKA:	Eh!?	
SHINJIRŌ:	Mr. Sugita was walking down the street in Furushinmachi—you know, where all the inns are—when he saw someone ahead, about sixty years old. The man looked vaguely familiar, so he caught up to him and had a good look at him from the side. He could almost swear it was Dad, Mr. Sugita said. If it's Sōtarō, then sure as you're born, he'll have a mole on his right cheek. If so, I'll hail him, he thought, but when he got closer, the man slunk off down that side street by the Water God's shrine.	70
OTAKA:	Mr. Sugita was an old friend of your dad's—the two took lance lessons together in the old days—so, if anybody ought to know him, it'd be him. Even so, it's been some twenty years now.	75
SHINJIRŌ:	That's what Mr. Sugita said. It's been twenty-odd years since he'd seen him, so he couldn't be sure, but then again, this was somebody he'd chummed around with since when they were kids, so he couldn't swear he was completely mistaken.	80
KEN'ICHIRO:	<i>[An uneasy light in his eyes]:</i> So Mr. Sugita didn't call out to him then.	85
SHINJIRŌ:	He said he was ready to say something if the man had a mole.	
OTAKA:	Well, I suppose Mr. Sugita was wrong after all. If your dad had come back to this town, then there's no way he wouldn't stop at the old homestead.	90
KEN'ICHIRO:	He'd never dare set foot in this door again, let me tell you.	
OTAKA:	Anyway, as far as I'm concerned, he's dead. It's been twenty years.	
SHINJIRŌ:	Didn't you say somebody ran into him in Okayama? When was that?	
OTAKA:	Why, that was ten years ago already. That was when the Kubo boy, Chūta, made a trip to Okayama. Your dad had brought some lions and tigers to town for a show, he said. He treated Chūta to dinner and asked about us. Chūta said he wore a gold watch on his obi and was all decked out in silk—cut a real figure, he did. But that's the last we've heard of him. I guess it must be twelve, thirteen years ago already.	95
SHINJIRŌ:	Dad was quite the eccentric, wasn't he.	
OTAKA:	Ever since he was young, he had no taste for the family studies but preferred to spend his time prospecting for gold and whatnot. So it wasn't just the high life that got him in debt. He lost a small fortune exporting patent medicines to China.	100
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KEN'ICHIRŌ OTAKA:	[<i>Looking even more perturbed</i>]: Let's eat, Mum. Yes, yes, let's eat. I clean forgot. [<i>Leaves for the kitchen. From offstage.</i>] Mr. Sugita must've been mistaken. If he was still alive he'd be getting on. Surely, he would've sent us a postcard at least.	110
KEN'ICHIRŌ SHINJIRŌ:	[<i>More seriously</i>]: When was it Mr. Sugita ran into that fellow? Last night about nine, he said.	
KEN'ICHIRŌ: SHINJIRŌ:	How was he dressed? Not very well, apparently. Didn't have a coat on.	
KEN'ICHIRŌ: SHINJIRŌ:	That so? How do you remember him?	115
KEN'ICHIRŌ: SHINJIRŌ:	I don't. Surely you do. You were eight then. Even I have a foggy memory of him.	
KEN'ICHIRŌ: SHINJIRŌ:	I don't. I used to, but I made a point of forgetting. Mr. Sugita talks about Dad a lot. Says he was quite good looking when he was young.	120
OTAKA	[<i>Bringing supper out of the kitchen</i>]: That's right. Your dad was very popular. When he was a page for his lordship, one of the ladies-in-waiting gave him a chop-stick box with a love poem inside.	125
SHINJIRŌ OTAKA:	[<i>Laughing</i>]: Why the hell would she do that? Hah hah hah hah. He was born in the Year of the Ox, so that'd make him fifty-eight now. If he'd stayed put here he'd be enjoying his retirement now. [<i>Pause. The three begin to eat.</i>] Otane should be home soon. It's getting quite cold out, isn't it?	130
SHINJIRŌ:	I heard a shrike today, mum, in that big elm at Jōganji. It's autumn already. ... Oh, I've got some news for you, Ken. I've decided to get my English certificate. There aren't any good math teachers, you know.	
KEN'ICHIRŌ: SHINJIRŌ:	Good idea. So you'll be going to the Ericsons'? That's what I thought. They're missionaries, so I don't have to pay them anything.	135
KEN'ICHIRŌ:	In any case, if you want to show the world you can stand on your own two feet, you know you can't rely on your dad's reputation. So hit the books. I was thinking of taking the senior civil service exam myself, but they've changed the rules, and now you have to be a high school graduate, so I've given up the idea. You graduated from high school, so you've got to give it your best shot.	140
	[<i>The front door opens and OTANE returns. She is a pale-complexioned young woman of above-average good looks.</i>]	145
OTANE: OTAKA: OTANE: OTAKA: OTANE	I'm home. You're late. They had more work for me. That's what held me up. Have some supper. [<i>Sits. Looking rather worried</i>]: When I got back to the house just now, Ken'ichi, there was this strange old man loitering across the road, just staring at our doorway.	150
	[<i>The other three start.</i>]	
KEN'ICHIRŌ: SHINJIRŌ: OTANE:	Hm. What did he look like? It was so dark I couldn't tell for sure, but he was tall.	155
	[<i>SHINJIRŌ goes over to the window and looks outside.</i>]	

KEN'ICHIRO:	Anybody there?	
SHINJIRO:	Uh uh. Nobody. [<i>The three children are silent.</i>]	
OTAKA:	It was the third day after Obon when he left home.	160
KEN'ICHIRO:	I'd rather you didn't bring up the past anymore, Mum.	
OTAKA:	I used to feel as bitter as you do, but as I get older, my heart's not as hard as it used to be.	
	<i>[All four eat their supper in silence. Suddenly, there is a rattling at the front door. KEN'ICHIRO's and OTAKA's faces register the greatest emotion, but the nature of that emotion differs radically.]</i>	165
MAN'S VOICE:	Hello?	
OTANE:	Yes? [<i>She makes no move to rise, however.</i>]	
MAN'S VOICE:	I wonder—is Otaka there?	
OTAKA:	Yes! [<i>Goes toward the front door as if sucked toward it. Henceforth, we can hear only their voices.</i>]	170
MAN	[<i>Offstage</i>]: Otaka, is it you?	
OTAKA	[<i>Offstage</i>]: It's you! My God ... how you've changed.	
	<i>[Their voices are filled with tears.]</i>	
MAN	[<i>Offstage</i>]: Well ... you look ... well. The children must be all grown up by now.	175
OTAKA	[<i>Offstage</i>]: Indeed. They've turned into fine young grownups. Come see for yourself.	
MAN	[<i>Offstage</i>]: Is it all right?	
OTAKA	[<i>Offstage</i>]: Of course it is.	180
	<i>[Returning home for the first time in twenty years, the haggard father, SOTARO, is led into the living room by his old wife. SHINJIRO and OTANE stare at their father, blinking in disbelief.]</i>	
SHINJIRO:	Is this Father? I'm Shinjiro.	
SOTARO:	Why, what a fine young man you've become! When I left, you were hardly a toddler.	185
OTANE:	Father, I'm Otane.	
SOTARO:	I'd heard there was a girl, but, my, you're a pretty one.	
OTAKA:	Well, my dear ... where to begin? It's a fine thing the children have turned out so well, don't you think?	190
SOTARO:	They say kids'll grow up even without their parents' help, and I guess they're right, aren't they? Hah hah hah. [<i>Laughs.</i>]	
	<i>[But no one joins him in his laughter, KEN'ICHIRO remains silent, leaning on the table.]</i>	
OTAKA:	Dear. Ken and Shin have both turned into fine young men. Ken passed the regular civil service exam when he was only twenty, and Shin here never fell lower than third place in middle school. The two of them now pull in about sixty yen a month. And Otane, well, as you can see, she's a fine-looking girl. We've had proposals from some fine places, let me tell you.	195
SOTARO:	Why, that's a fine thing indeed. I myself was doing quite well till about four, five years back. Had myself a troupe of some two dozen, touring the country. Then, when we were in Kure, our show tent burned down and we lost everything. After that nothing went right and before I knew it, I was an old man. I started to miss	200
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- my old wife and kids, so that's why I crept back here. Be good to me, 'cause I don't expect I'll have much longer to live. [*Looks at KEN'ICHIRO.*] What d'ye say, Ken'ichirō? Won't you pass the cup to me? Your dad's not much used to drinking the good stuff these days. Ah, but you'd be the only one to remember my face, wouldn't you? [*KEN'ICHIRO does not respond.*] 210
- OTAKA: Come, Ken. Listen to your dad. It's been years since the two of you met, so you ought to celebrate.
- SHINJIRŌ [*Takes the saké cup and offers it to SŌTARŌ*]: There you go.
- KEN'ICHIRO [*Abruptly*]: Stoppit. You've no right to give it to him. 215
- OTAKA: What are you saying? Ken!
- [*SŌTARŌ gives him a sharp look. SHINJIRŌ and OTANE hold down their heads and say nothing.*]
- KEN'ICHIRO [*Goads him*]: We have no father. How could *that* be our father?
- SŌTARŌ [*Barely restraining his rage*]: What did you say!? 220
- KEN'ICHIRO [*Coldly*]: If we had a father, then Mum wouldn't have led us all by the hand to the breakwater and made us jump in with her. I was eight then. Luckily, Mum picked a spot that was too shallow, otherwise we'd have all drowned. Had I a father, I wouldn't have had to go work as an errand boy when I was ten years old. It's because we had no father our childhood was so miserable. Shinjirō, have you forgotten how, when you were in primary school, you cried because we couldn't afford to buy any ink and paper? Or how you cried when we couldn't buy the textbooks you needed and your classmates made fun of you because you'd brought handwritten copies to school? How could we have a father? A real father wouldn't have let us suffer like that! 225
- [*OTAKA and OTANE weep; SHINJIRŌ fights back the tears. Even the old man begins to lose his rage and succumb to grief.*]
- SHINJIRŌ: But, Ken, see how much our mum's willing to forgive. Surely you can find it in you to let bygones be bygones. 235
- KEN'ICHIRO [*Even more coldly*]: Mum's a woman, so I don't know what she thinks, but if her husband's my father, then he's my enemy. When we were kids and times were bad or we were hungry and complained to Mum, she'd say, "It's all your dad's fault. If you're looking for somebody to blame, then blame your dad." If that man's our father, he's the one who's given us nothing but grief since when we were just kids. When I was ten and running errands for the prefectural office, our mum was at home making matchboxes to make ends meet. One month she didn't have any work and the three of us had to go without lunches. Have you forgotten? The reason I studied so hard was so I could show that bastard. I wanted to get back at the man who abandoned us. I wanted to prove to him that I could lose a father and still grow up to be a man. Do I remember him ever loving me? I don't think so! Till I was eight, he spent all his time out drinking, thanks to which he got up to his head in debts, then ran off with another woman. The love of a wife and three children still didn't amount to any more than that one woman. And when he disappeared, so did the passbook with sixteen yen in it that Mum had put away for me. 245
- SHINJIRŌ [*Holding back his tears*]: But brother! See how old Dad's become. 255

- KEN'ICHIRŌ: It's easy enough for you, Shin, to glibly call him "Dad"! Just because some stranger you've never seen before comes crawling into our house and says he's our father, you suddenly feel sorry for him?
- SHINJIRŌ: But Ken, we're his own flesh and blood. No matter what happens, our duty's— 260
- KEN'ICHIRŌ: To look after him, you say? Off he went and had the time of his life. Now he's old and can't get by any longer, he says, so he comes home. I don't care what you say. I haven't got a dad.
- SŌTARŌ [*Indignantly, but his anger is entirely feigned and carries no power or conviction*]: Ken'ichirō! How dare you speak like that to your own father! 265
- KEN'ICHIRŌ: You may be my father, but you sure didn't raise me! You threw away the right to be my father when your children died, there on the breakwater, twenty years ago. Whatever I am today I made myself. I don't owe anybody anything. 270
- [*Everyone falls silent. Only OTAKA's and OTANE's quiet sobbing can be heard.*]
- SŌTARŌ: Right then, I'll leave. I've been a man of some means, I'll have you know. I made a small fortune in the past, and no matter how far I've fallen I'm still able to feed myself. Well, sorry for the trouble I've caused you all. [*Indignantly makes to leave.*] 275
- SHINJIRŌ: Wait, please. I'll look after you, even if my brother won't. Ken'ichi's your own flesh and blood, so even he'll come 'round soon enough, I'm sure. Wait! I'll do whatever I can to look after you. 280
- KEN'ICHIRŌ: Shinjirō! What has this man ever done for you? I still bear the scars of his beatings, but what have you got to show for him? Nothing. Who paid for your primary school? Have you forgotten it was your big brother who paid for your tuition out of the wretched salary I made as an errand boy? The only real father you ever had was me. All right, go ahead and help that man out if that's what you want. But if you do, I'll never talk to you again. 285
- SHINJIRŌ: But—
- KEN'ICHIRŌ: If you don't like it, you can leave. And take that man with you.
- [*The women continue to cry. SHINJIRŌ says nothing.*] 290
- KEN'ICHIRŌ: Thanks to the fact we had no father, I scrimped and saved, working late into the night, just so my little brother and sister didn't have to suffer like I did. I put you both through middle school.
- SŌTARŌ [*Weakly*]: Say no more. I must've put you all out by coming back. I won't trouble you again. I've got enough wits about me to figure out how to fend for myself. I'll be off, then. Otaka! Look after yourself. I guess it's a good thing I left you, after all. 295
- SHINJIRŌ [*Following his father as he attempts to leave*]: Have you got enough cash on you, sir? Surely you haven't had supper yet.
- SŌTARŌ [*His eyes shining as if appealing to him*]: No, no. Thanks anyway. [*He stumbles at the entranceway and collapses on the lower step.*] 300
- OTAKA: Be careful!
- SHINJIRŌ [*Helping him up*]: Do you have some place to go?
- SŌTARŌ [*Remains seated, dejectedly*]: Who needs a home? I'll die on the road. ... [*As if to himself.*] I'd no right to come beating on your door, but still, I got older and weaker and found my feet naturally wending their way back to where I was born. It's been three days since I came back to town, and every night I'd stand outside the 305

	door here, but I couldn't bring myself to cross this threshold. ... All said and done, I'd have been better off if I hadn't come. Anybody would make a fool of a man who came home penniless. ... When I turned fifty, I started to long for my old home again, and I figured I'd bring back a thousand or two at least and beg your forgiveness, but when you're older it's that much harder to make a living. ... [<i>Stands up.</i>] No matter, I'll make do somehow. [<i>He weakly gets to his feet and, turning back, gazes at his old wife before opening the door and leaving. The other four family members remain silent for some time.</i>]	310
OTAKA	[<i>Appealingly</i>]: Ken'ichirō!	
OTANE:	Brother!	320
	[<i>There is a tense pause that lasts some time.</i>]	
KEN'ICHIRŌ:	Shin! Go, find Dad and bring him back.	
	[<i>SHINJIRŌ flies out the door. The other three wait anxiously. SHINJIRŌ presently returns, his face pale.</i>]	
SHINJIRŌ:	I took the street south and looked for him, but there was no sign of him. I'll go north this time. Come with me, brother.	325
KEN'ICHIRŌ	[<i>Anxiously</i>]: How could you have lost him! He can't be lost!	
	[<i>The two brothers madly rush out the door.</i>]	

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