



Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA

0411/12

Paper 1

May/June 2024

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

Taken from *Sorting Out Rachel* by David Williamson

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

The extract is taken from *Sorting Out Rachel* by David Williamson, the most prolific and performed Australian playwright. The play was first performed in Sydney in 2018.

Bruce is given an ultimatum by his secret grown-up daughter, Tess, whose mother 'Amy' was Bruce's former housekeeper. However, Bruce's older daughter, Julie, and her husband 'Craig' are counting on inheriting Bruce's wealth when he dies.

The play comprises two acts; the extract is taken from Act One.

Characters

BRUCE (70, a wealthy and ruthless businessman)

TESS (20, his younger daughter)

JULIE (41, his older daughter with Molly, Bruce's late wife)

CRAIG (45, Julie's husband)

RACHEL (17, Julie and Craig's daughter, Bruce's granddaughter)

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

[TESS, of part-European, part-First Nations ancestry, is waiting in a cafe in inner Sydney. BRUCE enters. He's big, bluff, and up-front. With BRUCE what you see is what you get.]

TESS: I was just about to go.
 BRUCE: Sydney parking! Can never find a spot. Don't know why I ever came here. 5
 TESS: Dad, you're practically around the corner. Walk. I had to come by bus and train. Took me over an hour.
 BRUCE: So what's this about? I thought you were never going to talk to me again.
 TESS: Not coming to Mum's funeral? I was livid.
 BRUCE: Molly was in hospital dying. 10
 TESS: Yes, and you were by her bedside. My mother was dying too.
 BRUCE: You had your mob up there with her. Hundreds of them.
 TESS: Here.

[She hands him a large envelope.]

BRUCE: What's this? 15
 TESS: Hundred-dollar bills. You've still been putting money into my account.
 BRUCE: Of course I have. You're my daughter.
 TESS: I don't want your money. I'm doing two part-time jobs. I'm okay.
 BRUCE: Okay, I didn't come to your mum's funeral but no need to go crazy on me. I'm the first to admit I haven't been a great father to you, but I came up to 20 see you both as often as I could and had to lie to get away with it.
 TESS: I don't want your money anymore. I'm doing okay.

[BRUCE shoves the envelope back to her.]

BRUCE: If I could've managed to be two places at once I would've been there. I sent a huge bunch of flowers. Take the money. You're my daughter. I love you just as much as I do Julie. 25

[Beat.]

TESS: You've never said that before.
 BRUCE: I'm not good at ... wearing my heart on my sleeve.
 TESS: You love me? 30
 BRUCE: Yes! So take the money!
 TESS: If you didn't love me you wouldn't give it?
 BRUCE: I'd still give it if I hated your guts, but liking you makes me feel better about it.
 TESS: It's gone down to liking now? 35
 BRUCE: Don't get all legalistic on me. Take the money.

[He shoves the envelope further towards her. She leaves it.]

Your mother was never like this. She was nice.
 TESS: I must've taken after you.
 BRUCE: So what is this about? Just to give me back the money? 40
 TESS: No. I've been doing a lot of thinking.
 BRUCE: About what?

TESS: About me being your daughter but not being your daughter. Or not being allowed to say I'm your daughter.

BRUCE: I couldn't do it any other way. 45

TESS: You could've but it would've meant being honest.

BRUCE: Molly would have been devastated.

TESS: You should've thought of that before you started sleeping with my mother.

BRUCE: Look. It wasn't how you think.

TESS: How was it? 50

BRUCE: Whatever else I was, I was never a user. I loved your mother.

TESS: Not enough to come to her funeral.

BRUCE: I loved her.

TESS: And Molly too?

BRUCE: Yes! 55

TESS: Yeah, sure.

BRUCE: Molly was a wonderful wife, but whatever engine drove her it was always on full throttle. If there was any organisation around she made it her business to become its president – your mother was –

TESS: Was what? 60

BRUCE: Funny, relaxed, took me as I was, but never scared to take the mickey out've me. But in a loving way. Look, I didn't plan for it to happen.

TESS: Well, it did. Can you imagine how my mother felt? Housekeeper and nanny for Molly all those years, knowing that she's cheating with her husband?

BRUCE: I felt guilt too, but it was still manageable until – 65

TESS: She decided to get pregnant with me?

BRUCE: After nearly ten years. I never worked out why.

TESS: She wanted a child! And she was sick of waiting. So of course you fled to the big city.

BRUCE: Everyone would have asked who the father was. 70

TESS: She never told. Mind you, all my mob guessed.

BRUCE: [with a sigh]: Which is why I had to go. How are you doing?

TESS: Struggling. Course is a nightmare. Wish you hadn't talked me into it.

BRUCE: You'll make it. Do you need extra tuition?

TESS: Teaching's fine. First-class. Problem is my brain's not first-class. 75

BRUCE: You'll get there. You've been thinking?

TESS: Yes.

BRUCE: When any woman says they've been thinking, that's ominous.

TESS: There are issues, Dad. Can't ignore them forever.

BRUCE: What issues? 80

TESS: Hurt, anger.

BRUCE: Towards me?

TESS: I have a sister who had a full-time father. Who dealt with her issues day to day. Who encouraged and comforted her. Who gave her everything money could buy. All I got was this occasional visit and another stupid doll. Or a dumb kid's book.

BRUCE: At least I came. 85

TESS: And Mum was more upset than ever when you left.

BRUCE: I tried my best. And she seemed to be coping.

TESS: She was coping. My mum was no crybaby. She got on with her life –

BRUCE: She started painting. 90

TESS: She ran a gallery for years and did a good job. But underneath there was a sadness. She still loved you. And I had a father I couldn't talk about. And a sister who didn't know I existed.

BRUCE: I couldn't hurt Molly. 95

TESS: Molly's dead. Look, I'm sure you feel grief, and I don't want to be insensitive, but it's time you acknowledged me as your daughter.

BRUCE: It wouldn't be fair to Julie.

TESS: I'm as much your daughter as she is.
 BRUCE: Yeah, but – 100

TESS: I am not going to have furtive meetings in out-of-the-way cafes with my father for the rest of my life.
 BRUCE: I can't suddenly tell Julie she's got a young sister.
 TESS: Then I will.
 BRUCE: You'd do that? 105
 TESS: I'm sick of being a shadow person.
 BRUCE: Tess –
 TESS: Don't worry. I don't want to become buddy buddy with my sister. She's nearly twice my age and I have no interest in finding out the details of her life. I don't want meetings and tears and all that. Frankly, I have no interest in her or her family whatsoever. I have my own mob who are far more meaningful to me than anything she could offer. I just want her to know I exist.
 BRUCE: What purpose would it serve?
 TESS: To let her know that she's got a sister who's led a poor life compared to hers. 115
 BRUCE: You want to inflict hurt?
 TESS: She should know that there was someone equally entitled to all she got but who didn't get it. And I'd rather you tell her than me. And there's another reason the truth has to be known.
 BRUCE: What?
 TESS: Money. Your money. When you die. You must be worth millions.
 BRUCE: You needn't worry. I'll leave you a generous amount. It'll be hidden and channelled through a trust.
 TESS: Wrong. Whatever Julie gets, I get. 125
 BRUCE: That's crazy.
 TESS: I'm just as much your child.
 BRUCE: Tess, that would mean full-on drama.
 TESS: Yes, it will. You'll acknowledge me and leave me half of the estate or I'll go to court and dispute the will.
 BRUCE: You think any court would uphold that?
 TESS: After it's public that I'm your daughter? What's your net worth?
 BRUCE: That's my business.
 TESS: No, it's my business too. What's your net worth?
 BRUCE: Round about sixty million. 130
 TESS: [She stares at him.]
 BRUCE: Wow! I knew you were well-off, but not *that* well-off. And Julie's getting it *all*?
 TESS: You're getting some.
 BRUCE: Sorry, no. Sixty million? That puts a whole new perspective on this.
 TESS: What on earth would you do with thirty million? 140
 BRUCE: I wouldn't spend it on cars or houses or boats like my sister probably would. I'd do something useful with it.
 TESS: Useful? What, give it away? To some useless charity?
 BRUCE: You know how many first-year students in medicine at my uni are indigenous? One. Me. That's it. That kind of money shouldn't be wasted on mansions and cars and yachts for Julie. It could start a foundation to provide medical scholarships for indigenous students and help make it a much more level playing field.
 TESS: You can't tell me how to distribute my money.
 BRUCE: No, but the courts can make you give me half. I'm not vain, or crazy enough to spend it all on myself. And neither should Julie. Giving all your money to Julie is obscene and stupid. 145
 TESS: 150

BRUCE: All parents hand their money on.
 TESS: They don't actually. Many very, very wealthy parents realise that too much unearned money won't make their children happier. 155

BRUCE: She's assumed all her life she's going to get it.
 TESS: Here's another option. Instead of waiting till you die, set up the foundation now and see your money doing good while you're still around to get the plaudits. Do it this way and I'll let you keep your secret. I haven't been acknowledged for so long now I guess I can wait another few years. 160

BRUCE: I don't believe in charity. It creates dependency.
 TESS: This foundation will do the exact reverse. All nursing and medical graduates from the program pledge to serve in rural communities for four years. 165

BRUCE: I'd have to sell most of my assets to fund it.
 TESS: And have the joy of seeing your foundation delivering results while you're still alive.

BRUCE: How would I explain this to Julie?
 TESS: Tell her you've finally decided to help humanity instead of ripping it off. You've always been good at lying.

BRUCE: If I did this you'd shut up? Till I died?
 TESS: Set it up now and you'll be around to make sure it works. 170

[BRUCE is silent.]

Wouldn't you feel better if you actually *did* do something useful with your money?

BRUCE: Julie gets nothing?
 TESS: You give Julie a couple of million and the rest goes into the foundation. 175

BRUCE: She'd be devastated.
 TESS: Three million. She should be so lucky.
 BRUCE: And you'd totally keep quiet.
 TESS: Yep, and you'll become a public hero. 180

[BRUCE ponders all this.]

In fact, acknowledge me now. And when you die, Julie and I get thirty million each and I use my money to start the foundation.

BRUCE: Some choice.
 TESS: Option one makes more sense to me. You see the foundation up and running, get the public accolades, Julie never gets to know you betrayed her mother, but still gets three million. It seems a no-brainer to me. Dad, it's your money. It's totally up to you. I'll give you two weeks to decide. If you do nothing, I'll announce who I am and contest the will. 185

[BRUCE starts to get up, remembers the envelope full of money on the table and reaches out to get it. But he's not fast enough. TESS grabs it first.] 190

BRUCE: Now I know how rich you are, I'm keeping it.
 Your mother was so kind and reasonable. I can't believe you're her daughter.
 TESS: It shouldn't be hard to believe I'm yours. 195

[BRUCE looks at her with grudging admiration.]

SCENE TWO

[The living, dining area of an affluent suburban home. CRAIG is sitting on a sofa, drink in hand, staring straight ahead. He looks at his watch and gets irritated.]

200

CRAIG: Julie!

[JULIE enters from the kitchen area.]

JULIE: Thanks for helping with the dishes.

CRAIG: I had a miserable day. Cut me some slack.

205

JULIE: My day wasn't fun either.

CRAIG: Could you get Rachel out of her room? She was supposed to be here ten minutes ago.

JULIE: You get her!

CRAIG: Neither of us should have to get her. She knew she had to be here ten minutes ago.

210

JULIE: She's probably finishing her homework.

CRAIG: She's more likely shredding some friend's reputation on social media.

JULIE [with a sigh]: More than likely. I just keep hoping reality will finally hit.

CRAIG: Reality? Rachel?

JULIE: She surely knows time's running out for her to get the score to get her into any decent uni course.

215

CRAIG: On her results so far, getting into a diploma of finger painting would be a stretch.

JULIE: If I dare suggest she should get working on anything she bites my head off. She's just so angry all the time and it could be partly our fault.

220

CRAIG: How do you figure that out?

JULIE: Anger is a response to hurt.

CRAIG: We've given her everything she's ever asked for.

JULIE: Not compared with the girls she goes to school with.

CRAIG: They're all spoilt, pampered princesses.

225

JULIE: They're lovely girls from lovely families.

CRAIG: They're appalling little snobs. Rachel had that incredible tantrum just last year. Said we had to shift because we're the only parents at her school who live in Haberfield. It's not exactly a slum.

JULIE: It's just the travel. Two bus trips, when all her friends live walking distance from school in Bellevue Hill.

230

CRAIG: It wasn't the travel. It was the social stigma of living in a house that's worth barely more than two million dollars. And if that's all she's got to be angry about ...

JULIE: That's not why she's angry.

235

[She looks around and lowers her voice to make sure RACHEL can't overhear her.]

CRAIG: At a deep psychic level she doesn't feel loved.

JULIE: You've got to be kidding me.

CRAIG: I saw this documentary.

240

JULIE: No!

CRAIG: Attachment behaviour. Psychologists can tell within the first week if a mother feels real warmth to her baby.

JULIE: You certainly did.

CRAIG: Did I really? I can distinctly remember waking up and the poor little thing was crying and my first thought was 'shut up'. Is that loving? I think not.

245

CRAIG: What tired, exhausted mother hasn't felt that?
 JULIE: The mother may be making all the right gestures on the surface, but the baby can sense if it's fake. If it's an act.

CRAIG: Your face was positively gooey with mother love. I thought to myself, 'Craig, you have just sunk to distant third in the family hierarchy'. 250
 JULIE: If babies don't feel love, they have a lifelong deficit. They crave for the love they never got and feel intense anger at the mother who didn't give it.

CRAIG: Stop this!
 JULIE: And it went on long after her infancy. Remember when she wouldn't eat her broccoli, and I lost my temper and said, 'You sit there and eat it all or there'll be no ice creams for two weeks'? Is that a loving mother? 255

CRAIG: It's a totally normal mother exasperated with a daughter who is fast becoming a little brat.

JULIE: You were thinking of her as a brat? At the age of only three? 260
 CRAIG: Well, she was. Honey, I did love her. I still do. But she's become a pain and it's not due to lack of affection.

JULIE: We need family counselling.
 CRAIG: No!
 JULIE: We just let this drag on? 265
 CRAIG: I've got other things to worry about.

JULIE: Like what?
 CRAIG: Like keeping my job.
 JULIE: Your job?
 CRAIG: I got a letter from the chair of the board. They keep demanding higher and higher profits at the club. 270
 JULIE: They threatened your job?
 CRAIG: They put it in weasel language, but yes. Definitely. Do the impossible or we'll move you on was the real message.

JULIE: That's not fair.
 CRAIG: If I lost this job we'd be in real trouble.
 JULIE: You'd get another.
 CRAIG: Clubs are closing down everywhere. Or if they aren't, what I do is being done by computers.

JULIE: Our business was down eight percent last year. 280
 CRAIG: You must be worried too?
 JULIE: We've got absolutely no long-term worries about money.
 CRAIG: Your father has to die first, which the old boy looks like he's never going to do.

JULIE: Craig, don't talk like that.
 CRAIG: Honestly, would you really miss him? 285
 JULIE: He was a great dad when I was growing up.
 CRAIG: Sixty million? It'll transform our lives. Never have to work again.
 JULIE: Stop it. Our life here is fine. This house is perfectly fine. My car's a little old, but yours is fine.

CRAIG: Even how we live now is dependent on us keeping our jobs.
 JULIE: Dad would help if we lost them.
 CRAIG: The best way he could help would be to step in front of a bus.
 JULIE: Just stop it. It's really upsetting me.
 CRAIG: Sixty million waiting to fall into our laps. He drinks far too much. He has a heart rhythm problem. He only has to forget his blood-thinning medication for a day or two and wham! Massive stroke. 290

JULIE: I said stop it!
 CRAIG: They start forgetting their medication at his age, their balance goes and their night vision. He could fall off a ladder or take the wrong exit on a roundabout and wham! All over, red rover.
 JULIE: Craig, you're really not funny. 300

CRAIG: There's a really nasty flu coming up this year. And another super-hot summer. Thousands of old boys are going to die of heat stroke. 305

JULIE: Craig, you're being disgusting.

CRAIG: Sixty million! Where is Rachel?

JULIE: I'll give her another minute or two.

CRAIG: You insisted on this family conference and she's ten minutes late already. I don't want to miss 'Family Feud'.

JULIE: It's rubbish. 310

CRAIG: It's reassuring to watch daughters almost as bad as ours.

[*Their daughter, RACHEL, sweeps into the room, sits down without saying a word and glares at them.*]

JULIE: Finished your homework, Shell?

RACHEL: Don't call me Shell. I'm not a baby anymore. 315

JULIE: Have you finished your homework, love?

RACHEL: Is there something difficult about saying the word Rachel?

CRAIG: Don't talk to your mother like that.

JULIE: Craig, it's okay.

CRAIG: It's not okay. She's just rude and it happens far too often. 320

RACHEL: I'm supposed to enjoy it when I'm called baby names?

CRAIG: If you don't like it, you ask us not to do it civilly.

RACHEL: I did!

CRAIG: You didn't.

RACHEL: I know what I said and how I said it. 325

JULIE: Craig, leave her alone.

CRAIG: You heard how she spoke to you.

JULIE: If she's angry there are reasons.

RACHEL: What reasons?

JULIE: We'll talk about it later. 330

CRAIG: Have you finished your homework?

RACHEL: How can I do homework when I'm so depressed?!

JULIE: Rachel, don't say that! Please.

RACHEL: Do you care? Do you really? Either of you?

JULIE: Darling, if anything happened to you my whole life would be destroyed. 335

CRAIG: Why are you depressed?

RACHEL: Have you ever had friends be totally, totally mean to you?

JULIE: Who's been mean to you?

RACHEL: There are only three girls in our form who haven't been invited to Angie's party and I'm one of them. 340

JULIE: But, darling, you didn't invite her to your party.

RACHEL: Only because you guys limited the number to eight!

CRAIG: It was an expensive restaurant.

RACHEL: Dad, it was just ordinary.

CRAIG: You didn't pay the bill. 345

RACHEL: Sandy's parents took fifteen of us to Aria.

CRAIG: He's a surgeon.

JULIE: We could've spent a little more, Craig.

CRAIG: Honey, you don't have to juggle the credit cards!

JULIE: [to RACHEL]: Darling, we're not meaning to pressure you over the homework, but –

RACHEL: Then don't keep harping on it when I'm totally stressed out!

JULIE: You'll be sitting your finals in a little over six months.

CRAIG: You've got to get on with it!

RACHEL: I'm so far behind I wouldn't know where to start. 350

CRAIG: Start by doing your assignments.

RACHEL: Wouldn't make any difference. I get marked down whatever I hand in. My teachers all hate me.

CRAIG: Rubbish!

RACHEL: They only give good marks to their pets. 360

CRAIG: They're not going to love you to death when you don't do any of their assignments!

JULIE: Don't shout at your daughter.

RACHEL: He always does, doesn't he?! So what's this about? What's the storm in a teacup this time? 365

CRAIG: It's not about you.

JULIE: Granddad has decided he wants to come and stay.

RACHEL: Stay? Stay here? For how long?

CRAIG: We're not sure.

JULIE: He's feeling very lonely since Mum died. He wants to get to know you better. 370

RACHEL: The feeling's not mutual.

JULIE: Rachel, stop that! You're his only grandchild.

RACHEL: Would that there were others to share the burden.

CRAIG: Let's face it, he is a pain in the butt. 375

JULIE: He's been extremely generous to us and to Rachel. He paid the deposit on this house – in fact the truth is he all but bought this house for us.

CRAIG: Now come on. We put up –

JULIE: About fifteen percent of the purchase price.

CRAIG: I'm grateful, I'm grateful. 380

JULIE: And, Rachel, he's paid for your education all the way through and given you a brand new car on your seventeenth birthday.

RACHEL: Just a little Jatz. Which I can't even drive on a learner's plate without one of you two being right beside me, gasping with terror every time I go over twenty-five. 385

JULIE: [disbelief at her ingratititude]: Just a brand new Jatz?

RACHEL: He's as wealthy as anything. I told him I'd love an Audi A1. And he totally ignored it.

JULIE: If you don't show him a little consideration over Molly's death I'll be very angry. 390

CRAIG: [to RACHEL]: Yes, make an effort.

JULIE: It's nice to finally be supported.

CRAIG: If we totally rile him he'll leave all his dough ...

JULIE: Oh, give him credit for his good points.

RACHEL: I refuse to genuflect or fawn. 395

JULIE: Rachel, all he asks of you is the occasional email to let him know how you're doing.

RACHEL: Gratitude is fine as long as it isn't dragged out of you.

CRAIG: He'll walk in here and within ten seconds he'll say, 'You must be thanking your lucky stars that you got this place when you did. It's worth four times as much now.' And follow up by letting us know what miserable failures we are. 400

JULIE: Okay, okay, he can be a pain in the bum –

CRAIG: Can be?

JULIE: Okay. He mostly is a pain in the bum, but given what a difference he's made to our lives, maybe we can afford to be nice to him for just a little while? 405

RACHEL: There are sixty million reasons you can't afford *not* to be nice to him.

JULIE: Rachel, must you be so –

RACHEL: Honest? Perceptive? 410

JULIE: Cynical. You assume the worst of everyone and everything.

RACHEL: Saves you spending your life being disappointed.

JULIE: No-one loves a cynic.
 RACHEL: Then how come my blog's got over a thousand followers?
 JULIE: If you'd put the same energy into your schoolwork as the blog you'd be doing brilliantly. 415
 RACHEL: Stop doing the only thing that makes me feel good about myself? Thanks.
 CRAIG: We're just saying –
 RACHEL: I know perfectly well what you're saying. It's my duty to lead a totally boring life and start right now. 420
 CRAIG: You can't make a living writing a blog.
 RACHEL: That really shows how much you don't know. If I get up over ten thousand followers, I can get product endorsement revenue. The top bloggers earn fifty times more than you do.
 CRAIG: You can't be seriously contemplating a future blogging! 425
 JULIE: Craig, we don't know how the world of the future is going to work. Don't condemn. [To RACHEL] But, darling, please keep all your options open. Please work harder at school.
 RACHEL: Don't pressure me! If I decide to go there I will get the marks to go there!
 CRAIG: Is there any chance this might happen? 430
 RACHEL: Yes, there is. But not if I'm constantly pressured.
 CRAIG: Well, don't take too long or it'll be too late.
 RACHEL: See? Pressure, pressure!
 JULIE: Craig, why don't you listen to your daughter sometimes? [To RACHEL] Darling, I'm delighted to hear you are seriously thinking of putting in an effort. 435
 RACHEL [exploding]: I'd do it more quickly if you'd both just stop talking about it!
 [She storms back in the direction of her room.]

SCENE THREE

[Granddad BRUCE has arrived. He's followed into the living room by JULIE and CRAIG, who are all welcoming smiles. BRUCE looks around.] 440
 BRUCE: You must be thanking your lucky stars that you got this place when you did. It's worth four times as much now.
 JULIE: Yes, we're very lucky.
 BRUCE: Be worth a fortune now. Over two million.
 CRAIG: Yes, probably. 445
 BRUCE: Get it valued. You'd be amazed.
 JULIE: We've always been so grateful that you helped us to buy it.
 BRUCE: I think I did a little more than just helped.
 JULIE: Sorry, Dad. Yes, you paid for most of it.
 CRAIG: Forever grateful, Bruce. It changed our life. 450
 BRUCE: Absolutely no need to thank me. Just walking in here and seeing the two of you housed and secure and knowing I made it possible is a huge buzz for me. Generosity is its own reward.
 JULIE: Just be assured, Dad, we don't forget. Ever. And Rachel's school fees all these years. That's been just so generous. 455
 BRUCE: And the allowance.
 JULIE: Of course. The allowance.
 BRUCE: And the car.
 JULIE: She loves that little car.
 BRUCE: Nice that somebody tells me that. Never seem to hear it from her. 460
 JULIE: She can be a little forgetful of things like that.
 BRUCE: Maybe an email or two wouldn't be too much to ask.
 JULIE: She's promised to pick up her game.

CRAIG: We were hoping of course that your help with Rachel would only be temporary, but – 465

BRUCE: Until you two got on your feet which unfortunately never seemed to happen. You both seemed to have plans but they didn't ever seem to materialise.

CRAIG: It's a very competitive world out there.

BRUCE: I guess there's no point pushing yourself too hard when your father-in-law is there to pick up the slack. But Rachel shouldn't just assume it's her right to have me support her. 470

CRAIG: Of course not.

JULIE: It would be a huge help if you did, Dad. We're really not in a position to do all that much for her.

CRAIG: Reality is reality. 475

BRUCE: The reality is that you're both young enough to get out there and start your own business. No-one ever gets rich on wages.

JULIE: We've often thought of it, Dad, but the risks –

BRUCE: Nothing risked, nothing gained. When that bad weather knocked us out, I didn't sit around crying like the rest. I bought up as much land as I could at bargain rates from the quitters, stocked up with cattle, and I was on my way to being rich. Then I sold up everything, developed two top retirement villages that have been very good to me. Business is a white-knuckle roller-coaster ride and not everyone's up for it. Are you sure it's okay for me to stay for a little while? 480

JULIE: That's fine. Your bed's made up.

BRUCE: Sorry, I'm still a bit of a mess. You just assume a marriage is going to go on forever and when she passed – I still can't stop thinking about her. Your mother was a wonderful woman. Out in the real world no one ever tried to tell me what to do, but your mother – if I got up from the couch and didn't put the cushions back in the right place ... Or dirty boots on the carpet. Or gobbling my food. 485

[*Tears start coming from his eyes.*]

JULIE: Sorry. Sorry. 495

BRUCE: That's fine, Dad. I'll get you a tissue.

Got my own, love.

[*He wipes his eyes.*]

CRAIG: She made me feel part of the family right from the start.

BRUCE: To be honest, it took a little time for her to get used to you.

JULIE: Dad, Craig's grandfather was Lebanese. 500

BRUCE: Hey, it's not an issue either way. Molly was fine when she found out he was Christian. Truth was she was more broad-minded than me. She was hugely sympathetic to indigenous people.

JULIE: She took on Amy as a housekeeper and Amy became part of the family for over fifteen years. 505

BRUCE: [*uneasy*]: Yeah.

JULIE: When we finally sold up and moved to the Sydney apartment, I can remember Molly and Amy hugging each other and bawling their eyes out.

BRUCE: Yeah, they got on fine.

JULIE: More than got on, Dad. They were best friends. She had a little daughter after we left, didn't she? 510

BRUCE: Yeah, I believe.

JULIE: One of my old school friends emailed that she's down here studying nursing? She must have done well at school.

CRAIG: Not necessarily. They have this quota thing. Even if you're only part-indigenous. 515

BRUCE [a touch sharply]: They still have to do just as well as anyone else or they fail. [Changing the subject] Look, as well as catching up with everyone, there is something I have to discuss with you both.

CRAIG: As a matter of fact, I wanted to talk to you about something too. But let's all just get settled in first. 520

BRUCE: Yes, let's. You've framed a photo of your mother and I?

JULIE: It's been there for ages, Dad.

BRUCE: I'm glad I found this here. I was starting to feel –

JULIE: Feel what, Dad? 525

BRUCE: That the red carpet only came out for Molly and me because of the ... inheritance.

JULIE: Dad, no.

CRAIG: Bruce, of course not.

JULIE: Dad, I assure you that's not the case. 530

BRUCE: I know you all loved Molly, and after she passed I did seriously wonder whether I'd be ... a welcome presence here. I know I can be irritating sometimes.

CRAIG: No.

BRUCE: Molly used to say I was a bit too fond of giving lectures and blowing my own trumpet. So many people just assume it all fell into my lap. Well, it didn't. Fighting off the sharks, getting knockback after knockback, dealing with crooked contractors. It wasn't easy. 535

CRAIG: Bruce, you've always been a role model.

BRUCE: Not really, or you wouldn't be still on wages. I'd like to think that I'd be welcome here even if I was leaving you absolutely nothing. 540

CRAIG: You would, Bruce. You certainly would.

BRUCE: Of course I am leaving you something. I drink too much, don't exercise enough. I was hoping my granddaughter might say hello sooner or later. I saw the curtain pulled back and her face in the window as I was coming up the path. 545

CRAIG: She gets very involved with her homework.

BRUCE: That's a surprise, given the last set of school results I was finally allowed to see.

JULIE: I'll get her. 550

BRUCE: No, don't. Kids shouldn't have to be forced to be polite.

[RACHEL comes into the room.]

RACHEL: Hello, Granddad.

BRUCE: Hello, Rachel. Nice to see you at last.

RACHEL: Sarcasm? I was working. 555

BRUCE: That's good. But it is considered polite to drop in and say hello when a guest arrives.

RACHEL: Everyone's on my back today and I'm sick of it!

BRUCE: I'm not on your back. I'm just letting you know I would've appreciated you saying hello when I arrived. 560

RACHEL: [flaring]: Maybe you might ask why I didn't!

BRUCE: Okay, why didn't you?

RACHEL: [emotional, almost in tears]: Because I was in a state of shock. I've been trolled. Viciously trolled. Unbelievably viciously trolled.

BRUCE: Which means what? 565

RACHEL: Which means someone read my blog and posted that –

[She sobs.]

JULIE: I can't even say it.
 RACHEL: [alarmed, running to her]: What, darling? What?
 I can't even say it, Mum. It's just too horrible. That – that – I can't say it. That my blog was the most leaden, unfunny, trivial and clichéd that had ever been posted and that I'm a total waste of valuable ecological resources. I'm emotionally battered. You've forgotten? Already? What you said? Last Friday. That if I did make it to university and boarded at a college you'd be relieved. Just at the time in my life when I'm under peak stress, what's the message? 'I hate you and the sooner you're out of here the better.'

JULIE: I honestly didn't mean it that way. You were being a little horror.
 RACHEL: Yes, I was upset. Six months to final exams when every precious second counts, I'm asked to do stupid things like unstack dishwashers, emptying the kitty litter, making my bed – what the ... If I don't mind sleeping in it, why on earth does it matter whether it's made or not?!

JULIE: It just looks untidy. If it really is a problem, then I'll make it.
 RACHEL: Fine. And, Dad, if you try and load me up with any more of your stupid chores I'll tell you where to stick them!

CRAIG: Rachel –
 RACHEL: If you really want me to get to uni, you'd get me a computer that wasn't made in the Stone Age like I've been asking you for months now.

CRAIG: You only asked last week, and your computer's fine.
 RACHEL: Is it? Just come along to school and see what all the other kids have got. If you're really concerned about me getting to uni I'd already have that computer. And, Dad. No more stupid chores. Right?

[She starts to walk out but BRUCE has had enough.]

BRUCE: You need the time? So how do you find the time to do this blog thing?
 RACHEL: My blog is the only thing stopping me going mad in this house where demand on demand on demand is made of me. Which reminds me, Mum. I don't want to hear any more comments like, 'What about your homework?', when you see me working on my blog. It's my sanity, right?

[She turns to leave again.]

BRUCE: Rachel. You've just been extremely rude and aggressive to your mother and father and me.
 RACHEL: What century do you live in, Granddad? If you want to see rude and aggressive, check out how my friends treat their parents.
 BRUCE: Pity their parents. Unless you modify your behaviour greatly, future assistance from me has to be in great doubt.
 RACHEL: Lovely. He's in our door twenty minutes and he's hurling threats around. Grandparents are supposed to be supportive. Obviously not mine!

[She exits, slamming the door behind her. There's a silence.]

JULIE: Dad, that's really awful to threaten her like that.
 CRAIG: She was behaving very badly.
 JULIE: And I'd just taken you through the reasons why, Dad. That anger comes from a deep sense of insecurity. She never got unconditional love. I might have appeared to be warm, but it was never spontaneous.

BRUCE: If ever there was a loving mother it was you.
 JULIE: I put on a good act. A lot has happened in our understanding of child rearing since your day.

BRUCE: You doted on Rachel. Denied her nothing. Still spoiling her rotten.
 JULIE: [angry]: Dad! What you just saw was a cry of pain.

BRUCE: No, it was a tough little cookie fighting very effectively to get what she wanted. I've been dealing with people like her all my life. 620

CRAIG: It is a stressful year.

BRUCE: Let's have a look at what she achieved in just five minutes. No more chores. An expensive new computer on the way. If you catch her wasting time with her 'blog' you won't dare to reprimand her. Mum will make her bed. She'll be all sweetness and contrition in order to get it back.

JULIE: That's very callous. 625

[JULIE leaves to comfort RACHEL.]

CRAIG: Bruce. She is stressed.

BRUCE: So is every kid doing final year, but they don't all behave like that. And if speaking my mind means I'm not welcome ... 630

CRAIG: Of course you're welcome here.

BRUCE: This was a mistake. I think I'll go.

CRAIG: [panic stricken]: No, please no. I want you to stay. I've got a proposition to put to you.

BRUCE: A proposition.

CRAIG: You've been very generous to us in the past and I'd be the last to ask for any more help. But I took your point about how much pleasure it gives you to see us settled here in the house you made possible, and I thought that there's a fairly painless way for you to have the pleasure of seeing your daughter and I enjoying an even better lifestyle. 635

BRUCE: Ah. Sounds interesting.

CRAIG: But let's not rush things. You were saying you needed to talk to us too.

BRUCE: Yes, that's right.

CRAIG: Maybe you're already thinking on the same lines as I am.

BRUCE: Could be, Craig. Could be, but let's hold any discussion over for the moment. 645

[JULIE comes back into the living room her eyes blazing.]

JULIE: She's crying her eyes out, Dad. If you're going to stay I have to ask you to please be a little more sensitive.

BRUCE: I'd better go then, because if I see any more behaviour like that I'm not going to let it ride. 650

JULIE: Perhaps you'd better go then.

CRAIG: [alarmed]: Julie! Your father's got something he'd like to discuss. And I've got something I'd like to discuss with him. I'm sure this will all settle down.

JULIE: It'd better!

[She goes back to comfort RACHEL.] 655

CRAIG: Bruce, this'll all blow over. Do stay.

BRUCE: Might be better. There's a bit of sorting out to do.

[CRAIG nods, a little apprehensively. Not sure of what BRUCE's tough tone implies. BRUCE nods at him reassuringly.]

END OF ACT ONE

EXTRACT 2

Taken from *Hanjo* by Yukio Mishima

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

Hanjo, Hanako in the play, is the nickname of the main character, a woman who fell in love with a man who left her and never returned. The couple had exchanged fans as tokens of their love. In this version Mishima has the girl waiting for him staring at the fan till she goes mad. She falls into the hands of Jitsuko Honda, an older woman, who refuses to be loved by any man and makes Hanjo her captive instead.

Noh is an ancient Japanese dramatic form dating from the fourteenth century. The original Japanese Noh play, *Hanjo*, has been reinterpreted by Yukio Mishima for a twentieth-century audience.

Mishima suggests that his plays should be adapted to suit modern locations wherever they may be performed.

Characters

HANAKO (*a mad girl*)

JITSUKO HONDA (*an older unmarried woman*)

YOSHIO (*a young man*)

[JITSUKO HONDA's house. Autumn. From afternoon to evening. The room is in disorder with evident preparations for a journey. JITSUKO, seated in an easy-chair, reads a newspaper. She puts down the newspaper, stands up impatiently, only to sit again and read.]

JITSUKO [to herself]: It's come to nothing, all that I've been through. I could tear this newspaper to shreds ... But tearing it up would do no good. No, the best thing for me would be to read it aloud, the way people do, with animation and interest, as if it happened to someone else. I should read it in a manner befitting the esteemed daughter of a father who believes that his is the only household unvisited by human unhappiness and a mother who is convinced that her husband is the only man in the world, as a devoted daughter might read to her parents by way of entertainment after dinner. [as if there are others present] Generous Father, the richest man in town, Mother dear, your esteemed daughter, whom you still send money for her painting lessons and who is unmarried at forty, will now read you an interesting article. [She reads.] "Tragic love of mad girl. Old-fashioned romance at railway station ... A beautiful mad girl may be seen every day, rain or shine, sitting on a bench in the waiting-room of a certain station with an opened fan in her arms. She peers into the face of every man who alights at the station, only to return each time disappointed to her bench. In reply to a reporter's questions she said that this was Hanjo's fan.¹ A man she met at a certain place exchanged fans with her as a pledge that they should meet again. The mad girl holds a man's fan with a snow scene painted on it. The faithless man has her fan with a moonflower design. The man has never returned, and the girl has gone mad with longing. Her name is Hanako, and, according to a station attendant, she lives at the house of the lady artist Miss Jitsuko Honda, at Number 35 X Street."

Living at the house of Miss Jitsuko Honda, did it say? All I've gone through up to now has been so much foam on the water.

And it has been for nothing. After all I have been through I thought that Hanako would never leave my hands. And in spite of that – [She starts frantically cutting the newspaper with scissors into tiny snowflake-like fragments.] I suppose that it was fated to happen sooner or later. I could not bind Hanako to me. If I had tried, she would surely long since have faded into nothing. I had no choice but to do what I did.

Sooner or later people are bound now to start talking about the beautiful mad girl with the fan, and next it will come to the ears of Yoshio, that faithless creature. [She rises wildly.] The only thing is to go on a trip somewhere. The only thing to do is to run away without a moment's delay, for as long as possible, just the two of us, and hide until the sensation dies down. If he were utterly devoid of any feeling for her there would not be so much to be afraid of, but vanity may call him back, for all I know. We'll leave tonight. Just the two of us, for some faraway place ... Then, if we are overtaken [she laughs] it won't matter much if I die. Yes, that will be quite all right. [She begins again to make preparations for the journey.]

[HANAKO enters.]

JITSUKO [pretending to be calm]: Oh, you're back already.
HANAKO [extremely beautiful but heavily made up, and overdressed in a somewhat soiled costume. She holds a large fan with a snow scene painted on it.]: It

	will be all right, won't it, if I leave the door open? So that if Yoshio comes	50
JITSUKO:	he can go right in.	
HANAKO:	Yes, leave it open. For now – But winter is coming on.	
	It's autumn, isn't it. An autumn fan, an autumn fan, a fan for autumn. [She weeps.]	
JITSUKO	[<i>putting her arms about HANAKO's shoulders</i>]: There's no need to cry.	55
HANAKO:	Yoshio will surely come for you one day.	
	Today I waited again at the station, all day long, all day long. I think that	
	I've come to life through waiting for him. I looked at the faces of the people	
	getting off the train. None of them looked like his. They were all faces of	
	other people. I don't think anyone has a living face except Yoshio. The	60
	faces of all the other men in the world are dead. They are all skeletons.	
	Many, many people with skulls instead of heads and brief cases in their	
	hands got off at the station. I was so tired. Jitsuko.	
JITSUKO:	I have never once waited for anything.	
HANAKO:	It doesn't matter with you. There's no need for you to wait. But some	65
	people must wait. <i>My body is filled with waiting. The evening dusk always</i>	
	<i>comes to the moonflower and the morning to the morning-glory, but I wait.</i>	
	<i>Don't they say that human beings go on living by waiting and making other</i>	
	<i>people wait? If you gave your whole life to waiting, how would it be?</i>	
JITSUKO:	You are beautiful. I can't believe that there is anyone in the world more	70
	beautiful than you.	
HANAKO	[<i>She is not listening.</i>]: Today, too, I sat all day on a wooden bench. How	
	hard that bench is. I had intended waiting for him on soft grass. When he	
	came I would jump up and he would brush my dress for me. "Oh, see how	
	your dress is stained by the grass."	75
HANAKO	[<i>not listening</i>]: Spring, summer, autumn ... Which comes first, summer or	
	autumn? If my fan were here now and the moonflowers alive, wouldn't	
	summer come? [<i>playing with the fan, opening and shutting it</i>]	
JITSUKO:	Hanako, let's go on a trip.	
HANAKO	[<i>shielding her face with an exaggerated gesture</i>]: Why? Why?	80
JITSUKO:	We'll go look for Yoshio. Why don't we leave as soon as possible, tonight	
	even? You'll never find him by waiting that way. Let's go all through Japan	
	looking for him. From village to village, from town to town, travelling, the	
	two of us – how enjoyable it will be. Soon it will be the season for autumn	
	leaves. The mountains will all turn crimson. I want to see how healthy you	
	look when the autumn tints are reflected on the paleness of your face. If	
	we go, I'll help you with all my heart to search for him. On the train I'll ask	
	every young man if he is Yoshio.	85
HANAKO:	No ... no ...	
JITSUKO:	Why don't you want to go?	90
HANAKO:	Isn't it like running away from something?	
JITSUKO	[<i>starting</i>]: Running away?	
HANAKO:	It's because you don't wait, because you're a person who never waits.	95
	People who don't wait run away. I shall wait here. I won't listen to another	
	word you say. Don't be angry, will you? If only I had stayed in the town	
	where I met him and not gone away, he might have come again. But you	
	dragged me here ... [<i>She notices the scraps of newspaper on the floor.</i>]	
	What's this?	
JITSUKO	[<i>paling</i>]: It isn't anything.	
HANAKO:	It's snow! I'm sure it's snow. Dirty snow ... [<i>For a few minutes she scoops</i>	100
	<i>up the paper, then scatters it around her.</i>] See! The snow has fallen. The	
	snow has fallen, it's winter already. We don't have to go on any trip. Just	
	pretend that we've been travelling since autumn, and now that winter's	
	come we've returned.	
JITSUKO:	No, it's no use, Hanako, we must go away.	105

HANAKO: No, no.

JITSUKO: Do you understand? [She pushes HANAKO into a chair, and leaning over her she speaks in a persuasive tone.] You have waited enough and become so beautiful that if he should meet you he would never be able to leave you again. Do you understand? You must stop waiting and go to look for him. 110

HANAKO: No, I will not move from here. I will not move for the rest of my life. The world is so big that no matter how much I search for him it won't do any good. I will wait here and not stir. As long as I stay still, he in his wanderings will surely come to me. The motionless star and the moving star will meet. 115

JITSUKO: What if he is also waiting and not moving?

HANAKO: You don't know men.

JITSUKO: Hanako, please don't be unreasonable. I beg of you.

HANAKO: Oh, I'm so tired. You haven't any consideration for how tired I am, have you, Jitsuko? Every day I must sit on a hard wooden bench waiting for him. Day after day. I am tired. I don't look it perhaps. I suppose that I look like a big, glossy rose. But I am really very tired. I'll rest for a while. It will do me good to lay my head a little on the pillow and sleep for an hour or two. On that island there is no need for clocks. Today I shall throw away my clock. 120

JITSUKO: [sadly]: Why?

HANAKO: Then the train will never leave. 125

[Exit HANAKO. JITSUKO stands still for a moment. She looks at the scraps of paper and begins to sweep them together toward the door with a broom. She is about to throw them away when she notices a man standing in the door.] 130

JITSUKO: Who is it?

YOSHIO: Is Hanako here?

JITSUKO: [drawing herself up]: There's nobody here by that name.

YOSHIO: I'm sure that she's here. [He produces a newspaper from his pocket.] I read about her in this morning's newspaper. 135

JITSUKO: The newspapers must be going in for misinformation, as usual.

YOSHIO: [stepping farther in]: Please let me see Hanako.

JITSUKO: [already realizing, but asking anyway]: Who are you?

YOSHIO: If you say that Yoshio is here, she'll know who I am. 140

JITSUKO: That name has been familiar to me for a long time. A hateful name with a disagreeable ring to it. In the first place I have no way of knowing whether or not you are the real Yoshio.

YOSHIO: If you have any doubts, look at this. It's her fan, with moonflowers painted on it. 145

JITSUKO: I wonder where you could have picked it up.

YOSHIO: I thought that you would say something like that. Now, if you would be so kind as to take me to her.

JITSUKO: When you saw the newspaper article you suddenly fancied yourself the hero of a love story and came rushing here – wasn't that it? To a woman you had abandoned for three years. 150

YOSHIO: I managed things extremely badly, I know. But about a year ago I at last became free, and I went to the town where I left her. She was no longer there. People said that after she had gone out of her mind, a lady took her off to Tokyo. That was all I could find out. 155

JITSUKO: Yes, it was I, a woman on the verge of forty. I went to that town about a year and a half ago. They were talking about her at a restaurant to which I was invited. One summer, they said, she and a young man from Tokyo met. The man promised to come again, and exchanged fans with her by

YOSHIO:	way of a pledge. Every day she would look at the fan and think of him, and her days were spent waiting for his return. The poor thing finally lost her mind. When I heard this story I begged to see her. She sat in a room like a dark prison, her eyes cast down, clutching a fan in her small white hands, apparently unaware even when I entered. When I spoke, she at last lifted her face. The beauty of that innocent face. I fell in love at first sight. I returned with her to Tokyo. At the time I made a vow to myself never to let her be stolen from me by that faithless man.	160
JITSUKO:	Since then, for the past year and a half, she's been in your hands, I take it. I'll thank you not to adopt that tone, exactly as if you had left one of your belongings in my keeping.	165
YOSHIO:	Then you won't let me see her ... In other words, her happiness is not what you desire.	170
JITSUKO:	I desire exactly what she desires, and she has no desire whatever for happiness.	
YOSHIO	[with a defiant smile]: Then, just supposing I came here in order to make her unhappy again ...	175
JITSUKO:	Her unhappiness is beautiful and perfect. No one can intrude.	
YOSHIO:	Then there is no need to be so afraid of letting me see her.	
JITSUKO:	Afraid? Yes, I value my good fortune.	
YOSHIO:	At last you've come out with the truth.	180
JITSUKO:	You have no comprehension of what my good fortune is. I am a woman who has never been loved by anyone, even when I was a child. I never have waited for anything. To this day I have always been alone. And that is not the worst. If by a remote chance someone were to love me, I have come to think that I would probably hate him in return. I can't allow any man to love me ... That was why I began my life of dreaming – dreaming of making a captive of someone who was very deeply in love, but not with me. What do you think of that? Someone who would live, most beautifully, in place of me, my helpless love. As long as that person's love is unrequited, the heart is mine.	185
YOSHIO:	Is that what your good fortune involves?	190
JITSUKO:	Yes.	
YOSHIO:	People who aren't loved think up horrible things, don't they?	
JITSUKO:	All love is horrible, and there are no rules. Even a love as free of pain as yours some day will experience the same horror. I like each day to light a flame of hope on the all but extinguished wick of her faint desires. But do not expect me to have hopes of my own.	195
YOSHIO:	One thing clear to me at any rate is that you and I are enemies. Well, then, what do you give her? Is it hope? By making a decoy of me? That would seem to be all. I think that I can give her the world.	200
JITSUKO:	You lie. All you can do is to steal the world from her. Her world has come in pieces, and it would amount only to being tied to you – a stupid and, what's more, deceitful husband.	
YOSHIO:	That may be, for all I care. You can't tell unless you've tried.	
JITSUKO:	I won't let her be tried any further. She is a flawless, inviolable gem. A deranged gem. There must be someone more suitable for worthless rubble like you.	205
YOSHIO:	Say it plainly. You're afraid to let me see her.	
JITSUKO:	You don't know, do you, what stratagems an unloved woman will go to so as not to be left alone? You are obviously a person who has never once been alone.	210
YOSHIO:	Come now, take me to Hanako.	
JITSUKO:	As a special favour, please don't shout.	
YOSHIO:	If you don't take me to her, I'll go myself.	
JITSUKO:	Youth, passion – in fact, a complete set of equipment to put in your pocket,	215

and the confidence that any lock can be opened. I'm no match for you. Do you see the suitcases? I was just thinking that we would have to go off on a journey somewhere to escape from you.

YOSHIO: Does Hanako want to go away?

JITSUKO: No. She was acting peevish and went off to have a nap. 220

YOSHIO: She still has her wits about her.

JITSUKO: No, it is a sign of her madness.

YOSHIO: You certainly try your best to make Hanako out to be insane. I suppose that suits your convenience.

JITSUKO: I have only known Hanako since she lost her mind. That has made her supremely beautiful. The commonplace dreams she had when she was sane have now been completely purified and have become precious, strange jewels that lie beyond your comprehension. [suddenly intense] Please go at once. 225

YOSHIO: What new suggestion is this after all we've gone over? 230

JITSUKO: I am afraid. I am afraid.

YOSHIO: I can well understand that you would be.

JITSUKO: Just supposing she should return to her senses ...

YOSHIO: Compared to you any madman is in his senses.

JITSUKO: If she should go off and abandon me ... 235

YOSHIO: I will make her abandon you.

JITSUKO: I shall die.

YOSHIO: You – die? I don't think that will make Hanako unhappy. Now if I were to die ...

JITSUKO: You think Hanako would be stricken with grief? No – that would be the best thing you could do. Please do die. That will give her a reason to go on living. 240

YOSHIO: Which will give you a reason for living. No, thank you kindly. [He goes toward the bedroom.]

JITSUKO: Don't go there! 245

YOSHIO: Hanako, I've come!

JITSUKO: Go away, please. After killing me.

YOSHIO: Hanako! Hanako!

JITSUKO: [crouching before him]: Go away, go away.

YOSHIO: [softly, sidestepping her]: Hanako! Here's the fan. The fan with the moonflowers. [He opens the fan and goes toward the bedroom door.] 250

JITSUKO: Oh-h-h! [She cowers on the floor, hiding her face.]

[The door of the bedroom opens and HANAKO appears. She holds against her breast the fan with the snow scene. A long pause. HANAKO slowly approaches YOSHIO.] 255

YOSHIO: It's I, Yoshio. I've kept you waiting for me such a long time, I know. I'm sorry, Hanako. I've taken good care of your fan.

HANAKO: My ... fan ...

YOSHIO: Yes, with the moonflowers on it. And that fan you have with the snow scene is mine. 260

HANAKO: My fan ... your fan. What happened to the fan? Were you looking for a fan?

YOSHIO: No. For you. For Hanako.

HANAKO: I ... the fan ...

YOSHIO: Don't you understand me? Hanako! [He places his hand on her shoulder and shakes her. As he does so JITSUKO, having recovered her strength, stands motionless and stares at them.] 265

HANAKO: Yoshio?

YOSHIO: Yes, I am Yoshio.

HANAKO	[A long pause. She shakes her head almost imperceptibly.]: No you are not. You are not.	270
YOSHIO:	What are you saying? Have you forgotten me?	
HANAKO:	You look very much like him. Your face is exactly like his, just as I've seen it in dreams. And yet you are different. The faces of all the men in the world are dead, and only Yoshio's face was alive. You are not Yoshio. Your face is dead.	275
YOSHIO:	What!	
HANAKO:	You too are a skeleton. Your face is only bones. Why do you look at me that way with your hollow eyes of bone?	
YOSHIO:	Look steadily. Look at me steadily.	280
HANAKO:	I am looking. I am looking more steadily than you. [to JITSUKO] Jitsuko, you're trying to deceive me again, aren't you? To deceive me and take me away with you on a trip, against my wishes. You sent for this total stranger and got him to say that he was Yoshio. You're trying to make me give up the idea of waiting, yesterday, today, tomorrow, waiting the same way – aren't you? But I won't give it up. I'll wait longer. I still have in me the strength to wait a long, long time. I am alive. I can tell a dead man's face as soon as I see one.	285
JITSUKO	[to YOSHIO, gently]: Please go. You had best resign yourself to it.	
YOSHIO	[longingly]: Hanako!	290
[HANAKO, without turning back, walks to an easy-chair where she sits, facing the audience. YOSHIO watches her. A long pause. YOSHIO suddenly rushes out.]		
HANAKO:	Come here.	
JITSUKO:	Yes.	295
[It begins to grow dark outside.]		
HANAKO:	It's evening already, isn't it?	
JITSUKO:	Yes.	
HANAKO:	Jitsuko, why do we have to go away?	
JITSUKO:	We don't have to go any more. We'll stay here always.	300
HANAKO:	Will we? Oh, I'm so glad ... Jitsuko –	
JITSUKO:	Yes?	
HANAKO:	That man who came here before. Who was he?	
JITSUKO:	Did someone come?	
HANAKO:	Yes, I'm sure someone came. He had some business, I think.	305
JITSUKO:	Yes.	
HANAKO:	He was saying something in a loud voice. I hate people who talk in such loud voices.	
JITSUKO:	Yes, I hate them too.	
HANAKO	[She is playing with the fan again.]: That's what waiting is ... Waiting, waiting ... and soon the day ends.	310
JITSUKO:	You wait. I'm not waiting for anything.	
HANAKO:	I wait.	
JITSUKO:	I wait for nothing.	
HANAKO:	I wait ... and today has grown dark too.	315
JITSUKO	[her eyes flashing]: Oh, wonderful life!	

CURTAIN

¹ Hanjo was the name of a Chinese court lady of ancient times whose fan was celebrated in poetry.

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