



# **Cambridge IGCSE™**

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**DRAMA**

**0411/12**

Paper 1

**May/June 2024**

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

**2 hours 30 minutes**



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**INSTRUCTIONS**

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- This copy of the pre-release material is for you to use in your responses.

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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*.

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JITSUKO

*[her eyes flashing]*: Oh, wonderful life!

CURTAIN



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