



Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA

0411/13

Paper 1

October/November 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

Adapted from *Night Light* by John Lazarus

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

Night Light by Canadian playwright John Lazarus was first performed in Vancouver, Canada, in September 1986.

The play has two settings: a schoolyard and a child's bedroom. It focuses on bullying, peer pressure, night terrors and finding courage to take a stand against terror.

The extract is from the first part of the play.

CHARACTERS

FARLEY, aged 10

VICTOR, aged 10

TARA, Victor's sister, aged about 7

MONSTER, green, reptilian, one-eyed, emerges from Tara's bedroom dresser when she is frightened

[Schoolyard

Enter FARLEY, bouncing a soccer ball and carrying a sheet of paper: his Socials exam]

FARLEY:

Six out of ten. What kind of a dumb mark is six outa ten. Dad's gonna kill me. Again.

5

[He crumples the exam, throws it away. Starts to leave, pauses, retrieves the exam paper, de-crumples it]

Well, it's better than the three outa ten I got last time. Yeah, but he won't care. 'It's gotta be at least an eight or it doesn't count.' Gee, that six almost looks like an eight. [looks around him. The coast is clear. Takes out pencil] He never checks the questions anyway, he only looks at the mark.

10

[FARLEY forges an '8' over the '6'. Enter VICTOR, reading a book. FARLEY pockets the exam paper, blocks VICTOR's way]

Hey, Victor.

15

VICTOR

[not pleased]: Hi, Farley.

FARLEY:

Where you going? You going home, Victor?

VICTOR:

Leave me alone, Farley.

FARLEY:

Whatcha get on the Socials test?

VICTOR:

None of your business.

20

FARLEY:

Get an eight?

VICTOR:

None of your business.

[FARLEY grabs VICTOR's backpack, runs up the jungle gym with it]

Gimme back my backpack!

25

FARLEY:

No.

VICTOR:

Farley—

FARLEY:

[pulls out book]: What's this, Victor?

VICTOR:

It's my Science book. Give it back.

[FARLEY tosses it over VICTOR's head, so that it hits the ground, and resumes rummaging in the backpack]

30

FARLEY:

Say Victor is a nerd.

[FARLEY tosses another book: same result]

VICTOR:

No.

FARLEY:

Say it.

[He tosses another book; continues scattering VICTOR's books]

35

VICTOR:

If I say it, will you give me my backpack back?

FARLEY:

Maybe.

VICTOR

[inaudibly]: Victor is a nerd.

FARLEY:

Say it again, louder.

VICTOR:

Victor is a nerd.

40

[By now VICTOR has gathered up his books, FARLEY tosses one more]

TARA [entering]: Victor!

[VICTOR grabs for the last book, and all the others fall to the floor]

VICTOR: Whatcha doing? 45
Nothing. Go away.

TARA: Why are your books on the ground?

VICTOR: Tara, Mummy wants you at home.

TARA: She does not.

VICTOR: Well, go home anyways. 50
TARA: Is Farley picking on you again?

VICTOR: No. We're playing.

TARA: Why don't you get your backpack back?

FARLEY: Yeah, Victor, come and get it.

TARA: Get him, Victor, come on. [starts pushing VICTOR towards the jungle 55
gym]

VICTOR: Will you be quiet?

TARA: Get him, Victor, go for it!

VICTOR: Tara, I don't want to hurt him.

FARLEY: Come on, Victor. Make my day. 60
VICTOR: Farley, leave me alone— Don't hit me! Don't hit me!

[FARLEY jumps off the jungle gym, attacks VICTOR, pins his arm behind him]

TARA: Come on, Victor, you're bigger than him. Get him! 65
[pinned; to TARA]: Pleeeze go home!

VICTOR: You're a wimp, Victor. [exit]

FARLEY: [letting go]: Ha! Even your little sister knows you're a wimp.

VICTOR: You know, it just so happens that our father happens to have gone into the hospital today, and you shouldn't—

FARLEY: Aaaawww. Aaaawww. Is Daddy in the hospital? 70
VICTOR: Knock it off!

FARLEY: Or what?

VICTOR: Nothing, nothing, don't hit me.

[VICTOR resumes gathering books. FARLEY sits and watches. Brief silence] 75

FARLEY: So whadidja get on the Socials test?

VICTOR: I did okay.

FARLEY: Tell me. Whadidja get? Ja get an eight?

VICTOR: I did okay.

FARLEY: You wanna know what I got? 80
VICTOR: To be quite frank, I don't care.

FARLEY: Quite Frank? Whaddaya mean you don't care, Quite Frank?

VICTOR: All right, what did you get?

FARLEY: I got an eight out of ten. [shows him the exam]

VICTOR: That's not an eight. It's a six that's been changed to look like an eight. 85
FARLEY: What did you get? I told you what I got. You tell me what you got or I'll hit you.

VICTOR: I got a ten.

FARLEY: Ten?

VICTOR: I'm sorry. 90
FARLEY: Well, you know what? Since you're so smart? You know what you

can do? [shoves a notebook at him] You can do my Math homework tonight. Or else.

VICTOR: Okay.
 FARLEY: And since you got a ten in the Socials, that means you'll get perfect 95
 on the Math. Right?
 VICTOR: Just 'cause I got a ten on one thing doesn't mean I'll get a—
 FARLEY: You better. I expect a perfect mark. I always expect the best from you, Victor. Victor, Victor, Boa Constrictor. Hah! [exit]

[VICTOR picks up his books and exits]

100

[Bedroom

Enter TARA, ready for bed, carrying her favourite doll, a stuffed cloth robot named Kosmo]

TARA: Okay, Kosmo. See anything? Let's just look around. Under here, okay? [sticks Kosmo's head under a pile of clothes so that the doll can 'look'] All clear? Good. Now you check in the drawers, okay? [pokes Kosmo's head into the dresser drawers] All clear? Good. [stands by the dresser, a short distance from the bed] Now the leap. Ready? [leaps onto the bed. Stamps on the bed to scare away anything beneath] Hear anything? Good. Okay, now you look under the bed. Go! [shoves Kosmo under the bed] All clear? Lemme double-check. [looks under the bed, yelps, pulls back. Looks again. Finds a Teddy bear, pulls it out] Silly Kosmo! It was only Irving the Bear. Now don't be scared, Kosmo. There's nothing to be scared of, so you just go straight to sleep. They're not gonna hurt Daddy in the hospital. They're just gonna stick a needle in him to make him sleep, an' then they'll cut him open and stick more needles and threads in him, so there's nothing to worry about, okay? [climbs into bed; watches dresser] So you just shut your eyes and go to sleep. No staring around the room, trying to scare yourself, okay? 'Cause there's no Monster, okay? Don't be scared, there's no great big gross ugly Monster, watching you—waiting for you to go to sleep so it can come down on the bed an' bite you open and stick needles and threads in you—

105

110

115

120

[One MONSTER hand begins to emerge out of a dresser drawer]

Mum-meee ...

125

[The other MONSTER hand emerges over top of the dresser]

Mummeee!

VICTOR [enters]: Will you be quiet?
 TARA: Look! Look at the dresser! There's a Monster! Its hands are sticking out!
 VICTOR: There's nothing! There isn't anything there, Tara.
 TARA: What?
 VICTOR: There is no Monster in your dresser, okay? Gimme a break, don't pull this stuff tonight.

130

[The MONSTER's hands fade back into the dresser]

135

First you get Farley beating me up this afternoon, thank you very much, so now I have to do Farley's homework on top of my own homework—and now you're giving me monsters.

TARA: I don't care, there was a Monster! There was!
 VICTOR: And Mummy is trying to take a nap. She had a long hard day, all right? She had to drive Daddy to the hospital and everything. 140

TARA: I know that.
 VICTOR: Other people in this house are having problems, all right? Other people are scared too, all right? So quiet down and go to sleep. [starts to exit] 145

TARA: Don't go away, it might come back!
 VICTOR: Aw, Tara—
 TARA: Can I go climb into bed with Mummy? I won't wake her up.
 VICTOR: Oh, sure you won't. Anyway, remember the new rule? No climbing into bed with Mummy and Daddy any more. 150

TARA: Daddy's not here.
 VICTOR: Well, so what? What do you want me to do about it?
 TARA: I want a night light.
 VICTOR: A night light?
 TARA: Yeah. 155

VICTOR: You're too old for a night light.
 TARA: No I'm not. Daddy has one in the hospital.
 VICTOR: Those are for calling the nurse.
 TARA: The nurse? What do they have to call the nurse for? You mean if their insides are falling out? 160

VICTOR: What? Daddy's insides are not gonna fall out! It's just a hernia operation. To keep his insides from falling out.

TARA: [newly worried]: It is?
 VICTOR: It's a simple, routine operation, they do them all the time. Things nev—hardly ever go wrong. 165

TARA: Hardly ever? Whaddaya mean, hardly ever?
 VICTOR: Nothing. Never mind. Things never go wrong, okay? Just drop it, okay?

TARA: But what if he has the operation, and then he wakes up and it's all dark and there might be monsters—or what if they missed a stitch and his insides are falling out? 170

[As she has been speaking, the MONSTER hands have reappeared out of the dresser. Now she screams]

VICTOR: It's back! It's back! Look out!
 TARA: What?
 VICTOR: The monster's back in the dresser! 175

VICTOR: What's the matter with you, anyway, you're afraid of a dresser? It's just a dresser full of clothes.

[VICTOR pulls a shirt out of the dresser. The MONSTER's hands are grabbing at him, but he does not notice] 180

TARA: Dooon't!
 VICTOR: [leans over the dresser, the MONSTER's hands grabbing at him]: Look. There's nothing here. See? All there is is drawers with some clothes in it. Shirts, shorts, underwear ...

TARA: Victor, look out, it's grabbing you!
 VICTOR: [his head virtually hidden by the MONSTER hands enveloping him and mushing him about]: Eeugghh. Tara, how many times does Mummy have to tell you not to put your dirty socks back in the dresser— 185

TARA: Victor, don't you even see it? Can't you feel it on you? 190

VICTOR [mockingly throws a sock at her]: Tara, you're such a wimp. Such a coward.

TARA [angry now]: Oooh! You sound just like Farley.

[TARA throws the sock back at him. The MONSTER hands, alarmed by her anger, pull back into the dresser]

195

Hey. It's gone.

VICTOR: Okay. So are you okay, or what? You gonna go to sleep so I can go do Farley's Math?

TARA: Hypnotise me?

VICTOR: Hypnotise you?

TARA: Please?

200

[VICTOR takes a garment and slings it over his shoulders as a cape. Tears his Velcroed watch from his wrist and uses it to make hypnotic passes. Fake accent, as he backs towards the door]

VICTOR: You are getteeng drowwwsy. Your eyeleeds are all getteeng heavvveee ...

205

[Etc., ad lib, until TARA yawns and settles down with Kosmo. VICTOR takes off the garment, leaves it on top of the dresser and exits. TARA opens her eyes long enough to see the MONSTER's hand emerge and pull the garment back into the drawer. She yanks the bedclothes over her head]

210

[Schoolyard

FARLEY and VICTOR, FARLEY using his soccer ball as a threat or a weapon]

FARLEY: Hey. You're in real trouble.

215

VICTOR: What? Why? Whaddaya want from me? I been doing your Math homework every night.

FARLEY: Yeah. An' now there's a big test coming up, an' I'm not ready.

VICTOR: That isn't my fault.

FARLEY: Well, you gotta sit next to me.

220

VICTOR: What?

FARLEY: You gotta ask Miss Donaldson to move your seat. So I can look over your shoulder in the test.

VICTOR: I'm not gonna cheat.

FARLEY: 'I'm not gonna cheat.' You think you're so smart you never have to cheat or anything.

225

VICTOR: It has nothing to do with—

FARLEY: You're not so smart, you know, Victor. When my father was in school, he was so smart he skipped Grade Six Math.

VICTOR: Your father's smart?

230

FARLEY: Whaddaya so surprised?

VICTOR: Um, I'm not surprised, I just—

FARLEY: He's a mining engineer. He works with big computers. Hundreds of people's lives depend on how smart my father is. He can do long division in his head. Can you do long division in your head?

235

VICTOR: No.

FARLEY: I can't even do long division on paper an' he can do it in his head, that's how smart he is.

VICTOR: Well, that's, uh, that's great, Farley.

FARLEY: Whaddaya mean, it's great? It stinks. I'm gonna flunk this test. So you gotta sit next to me. 240

VICTOR: I'm not gonna cheat. And you don't have to flunk. Listen—

FARLEY: Are you kidding? It's whole numbers an' decimal fractions. Decimal fractions. I got enough trouble with real fractions.

VICTOR: Decimal fractions are real fractions. A decimal just means a tenth. 245

FARLEY: Button your face! Who asked you?

VICTOR: But it's easy! It's just like dollars and cents. You know how a dollar is—

[FARLEY knocks VICTOR's book to the ground]

Hey! What's that for?

FARLEY: I just want ya to sit next to me on the test. Not to coach me. I don't need your crummy help. [picks up VICTOR's book, keeps it from him] I don't need your crummy books an'—[FARLEY stops, stares at the book] What on earth is this? *Mommy, I'm Scared: A Book on Children's Fears.* 250

VICTOR: Farley— 255

FARLEY: What a stupid book. 'Mommy, I'm so scared!' 'Mommy, I'm so scaaared!'

VICTOR: It's for Tara. I told you, my father's in the hospital.

FARLEY: 'Oooh, Mommy, I'm so scared, is Daddy gonna drop dead and never kiss me any more?' 260

VICTOR [loses temper]: You don't understand anything!

[VICTOR aggressively grabs book. FARLEY shoves his soccer ball into VICTOR's stomach, winding him. VICTOR doubles over]

FARLEY: 'Mommy, I'm so scared ...' Victor, I'm so scared.

[FARLEY grabs back soccer ball, slams book into VICTOR's stomach in its place. Exit, leaving VICTOR catching his breath] 265

[chants] Victor, I'm so sca-ared— Victor, I'm so scaared ...

[VICTOR slowly gets up and exits]

[Bedroom
TARA and VICTOR come into the bedroom, TARA carrying Kosmo] 270

TARA: Yay, Victor! I love presents.

VICTOR: Well, this isn't anything really special. I found it in the basement for you.

TARA: What?

VICTOR [producing night light]: Ta-daaahh! 275

TARA: What is it?

VICTOR: It's your night light!

TARA: It's got a Snooky Bunny on it. Oh, Victor, Snooky Bunny is for babies.

VICTOR: Hey, thanks, this used to be my Snooky Bunny.

TARA: You had a Snooky Bunny night light? 280

VICTOR [trying to get night light to work]: When I was really little. Don't tell anybody. Especially not Farley. Oh, phooey, it doesn't work.

TARA: Daddy can fix it when he comes home tonight.

VICTOR: Uh, no. Mummy phoned while you were taking your bath—

TARA: Yeah, an' I'm allowed to stay up and see Daddy all better when he gets home. 285

VICTOR: No, Mummy says the doctor says he isn't coming home for a couple of days.

TARA: What? He's s'posed to be home tonight, the operation's over!

VICTOR: Well, nobody said tonight for sure. They thought probably tonight. If everything went fine. 290

TARA: Something went wrong. You told me nothing ever goes wrong.

VICTOR: Nothing went wrong!

TARA: Liar!

VICTOR: He's fine, the operation went perfectly. He just has a little temperature. 295

Sometimes that means there's germs, where they cut him open.

TARA: You mean he could die?

VICTOR: No.

TARA: Victor? Is he gonna die?

VICTOR: No, he's not gonna die! If there's germs they get rid of them and he'll be fine. He'll be fine. It's nothing. Honest. He'll be home in a couple of days. I have to go do my homework. 300

[Exit. TARA is left sitting alone on the bed. She lies down and tries to prepare for sleep]

TARA: He'll be fine, Kosmo. It's nothing. He'll be home soon. They'll get rid of these germs that got in there. He's just a tiny bit sick—'cause those germs are growing, that's all—growing an' growing an' growing—an' climbing up out of the place where they cut him open— 305

[As she speaks, the MONSTER rises up out of the dresser, its eye closed] 310

Kosmo! There it is again! An' it looks like a germ!

[The MONSTER opens its eye. TARA screams]

MONSTER: Victorrr! Victorrr!

TARA: Grrrr.

[screams]: Victor the Monster's here an' it's staring at me I'm scared 315

Daddy help me I'm scared Victor I'm scaaaaared!

VICTOR: [runs in, carrying the Mommy book]: Tara, for Pete's sake will you be quiet?

TARA: There! On the dresser! The Monster!

VICTOR: Oh, it's those stupid hands again? 320

TARA: It isn't just hands this time, there's a whole face!

VICTOR: [staring straight at the MONSTER, who cheerfully stares back]: Tara, you know there isn't really a Monster there, don't you?

TARA: Yes there is so!

VICTOR: There is not, there's nothing there. 325

TARA: It's right in front of you! It's staring you right in the face!

VICTOR: [nose to nose, eye to eye, practically touching]: Well, I don't see anything.

TARA: Well, I do!

MONSTER: Grrrr. 330

TARA: What am I gonna dooo?

VICTOR: All right, look, don't start wailing. I got this book out of the library—

TARA: Aw, Victor, I don't want some dumb book.

VICTOR: It's about what to do when you're scared. You wanna know how to keep the Monster from hurting you? 335

TARA: Yeah.

VICTOR: It says you should draw pictures of the Monster.
 MONSTER [approvingly]: Mmmm.
 TARA: Pictures? Why?
 VICTOR: I don't know. 340
 TARA: Okay.
 VICTOR: Okay. So, uh, what colour is it?
 TARA: [takes papers and felts, spreads them out, starts drawing]: It's kind of an ugly greeny browny colour.
 MONSTER: Hmph. 345
 VICTOR: [looking over her shoulder]: Yeah? Okay. Uh, what's its skin like?
 TARA: It's all scabby, wrinkly, lumpy an' very gross.
 MONSTER: Ahhhh.
 VICTOR: Eugh. So, uh, what colour eyes?
 TARA: It only has one eye. In the middle. 350

[MONSTER bats its eyelashes]

VICTOR: Really? That is bizarre. What colour?
 TARA: It's got all red streaks in the white part, and it's sort of green but mostly black, and it has thick eyelashes.

[MONSTER bats its eyelashes] 355

VICTOR: Does it have a mouth?
 TARA: It has a red mouth an' big white teeth.
 MONSTER [shows its teeth]: Grrrr.
 TARA: Oh, Victor, it's growling and showing its teeth what do I do!
 VICTOR: Um, uh—draw them. 360
 TARA: Draw the teeth?
 VICTOR: Yeah.
 TARA: 'Cause maybe it's showing its teeth 'cause it wants me to draw them?
 VICTOR: I dunno.
 TARA: [drawing]: Okay. 365
 MONSTER [batting eyelashes]: Purrr.
 VICTOR: Stopped growling?
 TARA: Yeah.
 VICTOR: Good. [admiring picture] Hey, that's pretty good.
 TARA: No it isn't. It's yucky, 'cause the Monster's yucky. 370
 MONSTER: Grrr.
 VICTOR: Is it finished?
 TARA: Yeah.
 VICTOR: Right. So now you tear it up.
 TARA: What? 375
 MONSTER: Huh?
 VICTOR: That's what it says in the book. It says now you're s'posed to get mad at the Monster and tear up the picture.
 MONSTER: Hmph!
 VICTOR: 'Cause the book says you can't be mad and scared at the same time. 380
 TARA: So if you get mad at it and tear it up, you won't be as afraid of it. So go ahead, tear it up.
 MONSTER: Grrr.
 TARA: I can't!
 VICTOR: Yes, you can. Slap it. 385

[She slaps at the picture. The MONSTER reacts as if slapped]

MONSTER:	Grrraaarrgh!	
VICTOR:	Punch it in the mouth!	
[TARA punches the MONSTER's picture. The MONSTER reacts]		
	Poke it in the eye!	390
[TARA stabs the picture with a pen; the MONSTER reacts, putting a hand over its eye]		
Now: rip it up!		
TARA	[doing so]: You mean bad Monster I'm gonna tear you up an' rip you up an' tear you into pieces until you are dead and gone and far away forever!	395
[As she does this, the MONSTER feels the tearing personally. Torn and flayed and in pain, it sinks into the dresser and is gone. Pause at the end of all this, with torn pieces of paper fluttering down and TARA catching her breath]		
VICTOR:	All right. That was neat. So what happened to the Monster?	400
TARA	[looks]: It's gone.	
VICTOR:	Really?	
TARA:	Well, it might be hiding in the dresser. You go check.	
VICTOR:	Okay, I'll check. [crosses to the dresser, rummages about in the drawers] Is it grabbing me like last time?	405
TARA:	No.	
VICTOR:	Come and see. Come on.	
[TARA gets up and crosses hesitantly, hanging onto Kosmo]		
VICTOR	[head and arms in dresser drawer]: Uh oh— Oh, no—	410
TARA:	What? Victor, what?	
[A hand comes up out of the drawer and grabs VICTOR by the throat. He makes loud choking sounds]		
VICTOR:	Grrraaarr! Gllgggkkk! Help! Help!	
[TARA begins shouting. VICTOR stands up away from the dresser, revealing that the hand is his own. He starts to laugh]		
TARA:	Oh, very funny, Victor.	
[But this amuses and emboldens her: She crosses to the dresser and looks inside, but is still tentative about reaching in]		
VICTOR:	No Monster.	420
TARA:	No Monster. It worked. I didn't think it would actually work.	
VICTOR	Now you gotta do Farley. You gotta draw a picture of Farley an' tear it up.	
TARA	[laughs]: All right, Victor! So now Farley's dead an' gone forever too, eh?	425
VICTOR:	No, I think this only works on monsters. Farley'll be there tomorrow	

	like always, waiting in the schoolyard with his stupid soccer ball. Tearing up paper isn't any good with Farley. Nothing's any good with Farley.	430
TARA:	Doesn't the book have anything else?	
VICTOR:	Oh, it has this whole chapter on bullies, but it's kind of dumb. It says bullies are more scared than anybody. More scared than the people they're beating up on. Doesn't make any sense.	
TARA:	But does it tell you what to do?	435
VICTOR:	It has this weird thing called 'The Scientist and Monkey Technique.'	
	I'm s'posed to pretend I'm a scientist and Farley is a monkey.	
TARA:	That'd be easy with Farley.	
VICTOR:	Yeah, he's got the face, eh.	440
TARA:	Try it on me. Try it on me.	
VICTOR:	Oh, it's silly.	
TARA:	Aw, come on. I'll be Farley. Please?	
VICTOR:	Oh, all right. You be Farley and I'll be me. I'm walking through the schoolyard and you stop me.	
TARA	[as FARLEY, stands up on bed to be level with him]: Hey, Victor, Victor, Bow Kastickter. You're a nerd.	445
VICTOR	[checks his watch, makes notes]: Okay, it's eight fourteen and thirty-two seconds and I'm a nerd. Thank you, Farley.	
TARA:	Ooh, Nerd Face, what're ya doing, extra homework for the teacher?	450
VICTOR:	That's very good, Farley. Extra homework for the teacher ... Seven seconds.	
TARA	[jumps on VICTOR's back, rides him around]: If you don't put that pen down, I'm gonna beat you up and knock your head off and punch you in the stomach and trip you up and pull your hair and put my hand down your throat and pull out your tonsils!	455
VICTOR	[still making notes with TARA on his shoulders]: Gonna beat me up and knock my head off and pull my hair and trip me up and—pull out my tonsils?	
TARA	[slides off him to the floor]: Yeah, you're right, Victor, this is no fun.	460
VICTOR	[alert]: What do you mean? What do you mean, no fun?	
TARA:	It's boring.	
VICTOR:	Yeah? Really? Are you bored?	
TARA:	Well, sure. I just keep saying mean things and you don't get mad or scared or anything, it's really stupid.	
VICTOR:	Yeah! Yeah! That's the whole idea. [gathers up notebook, pencil, etc.] That's what'll happen to Farley, I'll do this and he'll get fed up and then he'll leave me alone. This is great! This is gonna work! [runs out]	465
TARA:	Victor—No, Victor, wait! [grabs Kosmo, runs out after him]	
	[Schoolyard Enter FARLEY as a semi-robot, with a bag of chips]	470
FARLEY:	Here's Farley, the famous computerised robot, looking for evildoers and good-for-nothings. My genius father put a computer inside my head, and made my body bulletproof. So now I can figure out everything, and get shot without feeling it, and see around corners, and— [sees bad guys. Emits computer noises. In robot monotone] You have three seconds to surrender, Slime Face ...	
	[FARLEY is shot, but unhurt by bullets. Shoots, including behind his head. Twirls and replaces gun]	475
	[back to normal voice] And so I'm the perfect defender machine! But	480

now my father is being held prisoner by terrible bad guys. And I can't figure out where they are. So I reprogramme myself, by inserting a special silicone computer chip. [eats potato chip. Emits computer noises. *In robot monotone*] Decimal numbers and whole fractions loading into computer, decimal numbers and whole fractions loading into computer ... [normal voice] And now I know where they are! A-ha! Found you, you creeps! It's okay, Dad, I'll save you—Whoops, thanks for the warning, Dad! I'm surrounded by evildoers!

485

[He eats another chip, turns into death-dealing, invincible robot. Computer noises and gun battle]

490

There. Got them all. We're safe now. It's okay, Dad. [picks up father in his arms] It's okay, don't cry. I know you're proud of me. 'Cause I'm as smart as your computers. And I'm proud of you, Dad, 'cause you're the one who programmed me.

VICTOR [enters, sees FARLEY, checks his watch, writes]: Twelve-oh-six and Farley's standing there holding his arms out—twelve-oh-six and five seconds and he sees me—

495

FARLEY: Victor!

VICTOR: Whaat!

FARLEY [approaching]: Victor, Victor good ol' Victor. How ya doin'?

500

VICTOR: Twelve-oh-six and twenty seconds and I'm—good ol' Victor?

FARLEY: Listen, Victor, I been thinking what you said about sitting next to me on the Math test.

VICTOR: Look, I already told you, Farley, I'm not gonna—

FARLEY: No no no. You were right.

505

VICTOR: I was?

FARLEY: We shouldn't cheat like that.

VICTOR: We shouldn't?

FARLEY: No, 'cause if we cheat like that, Miss Donaldson'll know. So let's cheat like this: you write out your Math notes on a crib sheet—

510

VICTOR: Wait a minute—

FARLEY: An' I'll hide it in my pocket an' look at it during the test, okay, ol' buddy?

VICTOR: I can't do that.

FARLEY: Whaddaya mean you can't do that?

VICTOR: Twelve-oh-seven and thirteen seconds, asks what I mean I can't do that —

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FARLEY: I oughta hit you.

VICTOR: Nineteen seconds, says he oughta hit me.

FARLEY: What?

VICTOR: Twenty-three seconds: says 'What?'

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FARLEY: Victor, you are gettin' weirder all the time.

VICTOR: 'Weirder all the time,' thirty-one seconds.

FARLEY: Victor, look!

[FARLEY grabs VICTOR's lunchbag, runs]

VICTOR: Thirty-five seconds: steals my lunch.

525

FARLEY: This where ya keep your Math notes, Victor? In with your baby food?

VICTOR [getting smug]: Thirty-nine seconds, thinks I keep my Math notes with baby food.

FARLEY [taking out a sandwich]: Baloney sandwich. Yuck.

VICTOR: Forty-two seconds: baloney sandwich. Yuck.

530

FARLEY: Howja like me to trash your lunch every day from now on?

VICTOR: Forty-five seconds: scariest thing he can think of is squashing my lunch every—

FARLEY [producing night light from bag]: Whoa. Hey! What's this here? A Snooky Bunny night light? Gee, most kids grow outa theirs when they're still babies. But you still got yours, eh? Aaaawww. Widdle Victor scared of the dark. 535

[VICTOR silently makes notes]

Oh, you're not saying anything? So it's true? You're scared of the dark? Okay, Victor, have your little Snooky Bunny night light back. [FARLEY tosses the night light to VICTOR] Whatcha doin', writing a book or something? 540

[VICTOR doesn't answer. FARLEY grabs him]

Whatcha doing?

VICTOR: It's an experiment. 545

FARLEY: Oh. An experiment. How about if I do an experiment? [grabs clipboard]

VICTOR: What if I experiment with keeping your clipboard?

FARLEY: I need it!

VICTOR: Too bad, eh.

[VICTOR reaches for watch; FARLEY grabs VICTOR's wrist] 550

How many seconds now, Victor? Nice watch, Victor. Your sick father buy you that watch? Let's see. [de-Velcros the watch from VICTOR's wrist]

VICTOR: No! It's mine!

[FARLEY runs to the jungle gym, climbs it. VICTOR chases him. FARLEY holds the watch over VICTOR's head. VICTOR jumps for it] 555

FARLEY: Sixty-eight seconds! Victor jumps!

VICTOR [overlapping]: Farley, gimme back my watch!

FARLEY: One million seconds, Victor jumps higher! Ha ha haaa! [runs off]

VICTOR: Far-leyyy! [angrily stomps out of schoolyard and into bedroom] 560

[Schoolyard]

[VICTOR perches on jungle gym. They watch each other]

FARLEY: Victor. So. What are you gonna give me today?

Let's see ... You already gave me your lunch, that was nyahh—you gave me your clipboard, that was really boring—you tried to give me your little Snooky Bunny night light, but I figured you really needed that, eh—but you know what I really liked? This watch. Boy, this watch is ex. I'm gonna keep that for a long, long time. So what else you got for me? 565

VICTOR: How come you're always so scared, Farley?

FARLEY: Scared? Who's scared?

VICTOR: You're scared.

FARLEY: Are you crazy? You're the one who's always running from me.

VICTOR: Am I?

FARLEY: Yeah. Well, I'm not the one who's a coward.

VICTOR: Sure you are. You're scared of Math. Scared you're gonna flunk. And 575

you will, too, you're not gonna pass. So you're never gonna be as smart as your father. He's gonna think you're a dummy.

FARLEY
VICTOR: Don't you touch me or else! 580
FARLEY [stops]: Or else what?
VICTOR: Or else your father finds out I did all your Math.
FARLEY: You're gonna tell? Tattle-tale!
VICTOR: I don't have to tell. I just have to stop helping you. Which is what I'm gonna do. And he'll figure it out for himself, when you flunk this test, an' when you start bringing home zeros instead of tens. He's a smart guy, right? He'll say, 'What's going on, Farley? How come you got perfect in Math and now you're getting zeroes? Who's been doing your Math, Farley?'
FARLEY: I'll tell him you were. 590
VICTOR: And then he'll kill you.
FARLEY: Maybe I'll kill you first.
VICTOR: No, you won't. 'Cause if you want to pass, you need my help.
FARLEY: I don't need no help.
VICTOR: It's up to you, Farley. [exit] 595

[Bedroom

TARA, alone, cuddles Kosmo on her bed
As she talks, she grows more frightened. As she grows more frightened, the MONSTER rises up out of the dresser]

TARA: Ohh, no! Not you again! 600
MONSTER: Grrr.
TARA [runs behind bed]: Oh, no you don't!
MONSTER: Grrrr.
TARA: Victor an' I showed you. We drew you an' tore you up.
MONSTER: Grrrr.
TARA [frightened]: So don't you come back here trying to scare me. You can't scare me. 605

EXTRACT 2

Adapted from *The Clock* by Asif Currimbhoy

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

The Clock is a play by Asif Currimbhoy (1928–1994), an Indian writer of more than thirty plays dealing with life, truth and his compassion for humanity.

It was first published in 1961 and included experimental lighting, voices off and monologues.

Set in the dingy apartment of a 45-year-old salesman, bitter and weary with the meaninglessness of his life and work, the play presents the eve of his birthday and yet another new year.

The extract is taken from the opening sections of the play.

CHARACTERS

HENRY, a tired salesman

MARY, his wife

JOE, his former neighbour

[The scene consists of small living-cum-bed-room with a convertible divan against the wall. A screen separates the room from a passage leading to the kitchen.

The room is shabby and cheaply furnished. In the centre wall of the room there is an immense illuminated wall-clock with a maddening "tick-tock". A calendar is suspended under the clock. It is the 31st December. The clock chimes ten times.

A man enters with a brief-case. He is about 45 years old with a tired look about him. He drops the brief-case, removes his overcoat, and plonks down heavily on the divan, stretching out without removing his dirty shoes.

The sound of dishes being washed in the kitchen behind the screen stops momentarily ...]

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MARY'S VOICE:

Is that you Henry?

HENRY

[wearily]: Yes.

MARY:

You're late.

HENRY:

I'm tired.

MARY:

Why are you late?

HENRY:

Get me a drink.

MARY:

Get it yourself. I'm tired too.

20

[HENRY rolls out of the divan and wearily goes up to the refrigerator where he takes out a cold bottle.

He opens the bottle-cap, lies on the divan and begins to drink from the bottle.]

HENRY

[absently, without looking up at the clock]: What time is it?

MARY:

Ten o'clock.

HENRY:

What day is it?

MARY:

Thirty-first December.

HENRY:

What year is it?

MARY:

Huh? Whart's wrong with you anyway.

HENRY:

I've quite lost track of time. Hasn't it ever happened to you that sometimes you just forget the year and have to consciously think to remember it? I just don't feel like thinking, that's all.

MARY:

You couldn't even if you tried. Sometimes I think ...

HENRY:

Do you know it's my birthday tomorrow.

MARY:

Happy birthday.

HENRY:

Don't overdo it honey. Life is a one way street with neat little blocks sliced up in years.

MARY:

Huh?

HENRY:

We got to celebrate today.

MARY:

Oh that's nice. What will it be—the birthday or the New Year?

HENRY:

Neither.

MARY:

You got to celebrate *something*.

HENRY

[quietly]: Why?

MARY

[slightly nonplussed]: Because ... well because you just got to celebrate something. It's the natural thing to do.

HENRY:

Alright we'll celebrate something else. My job. I've chucked it up today.

MARY:

What did you say?

HENRY:

I said I chucked up my job today. Resigned. Finished with it, you understand.

MARY:

No. No, I don't.

HENRY:	Well, here I was sitting up at the bar this evening. I felt that if I came home late after a few drinks, things would somehow straighten themselves out. They never do.	55
MARY	[steely voice]: Well?	
HENRY:	Well, I was trying to decide whether I should quit my job or not. The more I weighed up the situation, the more difficult the decision became. Then I thought of a bright idea. Let me leave it to fate, I said, and taking out a coin, I flipped for it. Heads I resign, tails I stick on. When the coin came to rest, the verdict was heads. So I wrote out my resignation ... [hesitating] ... on a post-card ... and ... and ... dropped it in the post-box.	60
MARY:	Just like that.	
HENRY:	Yes, just like that.	65
	<i>[There is silence for a minute. MARY retires without a word and goes back to the kitchen where she starts washing again. After a minute the washing stops and MARY's voice is heard.]</i>	
MARY:	That's great. Just great. Might I ask why you resigned ... that is, if I'm not being too curious.	70
HENRY:	No, not at all. You have a right to know. It's a long, long story, adding up to the last twenty years of service as a salesman. But the sum total is that I'm fed up ... fed up right up to here [he indicates his throat forcefully].	
MARY	[angrily]: So I get fed up too, running the house and looking after the kids. Have you ever seen me flip pancakes around the kitchen so as to decide whether I should go home to mother or not?	75
	<i>[There is the sound of children's voice quarrelling followed by a bawl.]</i>	
HENRY	[irritably]: Make them shut up!	
	<i>[MARY goes to the bedroom. There is a temporary lull, followed by crying again. She re-enters.]</i>	80
HENRY	[grumbling, mumbling]: Every day it's the same. I come home tired and hear them bawling.	
MARY:	They're kids. Children fight: you can't stop them.	
HENRY:	I know.	85
MARY	[concerned]: What's wrong Henry? You've been snappy with everyone these days.	
HENRY:	Don't know. The year's coming to an end, and I haven't been able to make the deadline. I can't make the additional quota by midnight.	
MARY:	If you don't make the target, does it mean you get fired?	90
HENRY:	No, but it affects my increment, and my future.	
MARY:	Is that enough reason to resign? You could make it up next year.	
HENRY	[fiercely turning to her]: Don't you see Mary, I worry about deadlines and quotas and bigger and better sales drives.	
MARY:	Why only the other day	95
	<i>[While MARY is talking, Henry gets up and walks to the window. The sound of MARY's voice trails off. HENRY soliloquises.]</i>	
HENRY:	Why don't they understand. There are some things I just can't do. Why do they keep pushing me all the time. Why don't they leave me alone. There must be some way out	100

All I want out of life is the right to live as I choose. Is that asking too much? I don't want to be bullied and I don't want to play second fiddle. Somehow it's always been a fight because I happened to be the underdog every time ... and now I'm tired

Sometimes when I get up in the morning, I feel kinda ... drugged. I can't bring myself to get out a bed, and start the day's living all over again. I keep thinking of tomorrow and the day after the day after that ... until I've counted through all the days of the week, and all the weeks of the year ... getting up, dressing, going to work, returning home, going to sleep ... sorta purposeless, don't you think? ... No, there won't be no footprints in the sands of time when I'm gone.

I keep lying here and thinking and thinking of things that don't matter at all ... like a dog going around trying to bite his own tail. I know it's a waste of time and it don't get me nowhere, but I can't seem to be able to do anything about it. Important things don't interest me any more 'cause I don't figure in them. Sometimes I think it's better to stop thinking ... nothing seems to make sense anyway

[HENRY returns to the divan and lies down. He picks up one of his children's Superman comics and flips through the pages. His wife's voice is heard again as if in continuation of her earlier speech.]

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MARY: ... and do you know what she said? She said ... [*interrupts herself*]. Henry! Stop reading that silly comic and listen to me.

HENRY: Henry. That's a very ordinary name. Why couldn't my folks have thought of giving me a better name. Something more original ... more ... more outstanding if you know what I mean.

MARY: Your dad's name was Henry.

HENRY: Yeah. He must have known I'd grow up to be no more successful than he.

MARY: Don't blame your failure on your old man, or for that matter on anyone else.

HENRY: Ever since I quit college without getting a degree, I've been quitting everything else without ever finishing the job.

MARY: And I suppose you blame me for having to quit college.

HENRY: Well, you could hardly have expected me to support a pregnant wife with a full university load.

MARY: You've never forgiven me that have you? You've remembered it all these years. And every time you've failed to make the grade, you've nursed that one mistake as the cause of it all.

HENRY: Yeah. You can't expect to have fun and be safe from children all the time.

MARY: It's too late to think of that now.

HENRY: [*looking at the calendar and clock*]: Yes, too late.

MARY: You've got the kids to think of now.

HENRY: [*angrily*]: The kids! the kids! the kids! That's all you can think of. You keep flinging it at me. [*Mimicking her*] Tired hungry little mouths and a brute of a father who cares a damn about feeding them.

MARY: Then why don't you earn more money? Everyone else does.

HENRY: I'm trying my best.

MARY: Well it ain't good enough. You've been speaking about yourself all along but have you ever thought of me? Why I never bought that dress or that hat I desired? Why I never accepted invitations because we couldn't afford to reciprocate them? I deserve a break too, and every time you throw over a job it goes further and further.

HENRY: It's not been easy for me.

MARY:	What do you know about how tough it is to be without money? When you run out of money, you feel you've made a sacrifice. But you tell me what you know about running a house. Buying cheap food, mending torn clothes over and over again, turning the electric heater off when it's not yet warm enough, seeing the kids get thinner and thinner because there ain't enough good food to eat around the house. It's been an endless round of cooking and cleaning and washing and scr	155
	...	160
	<i>[She is interrupted by the ring of the doorbell. She goes and opens the door. Voices are heard. JOE enters.]</i>	
HENRY:	Why hello Joe. How've you been? Long time no see.	165
JOE:	I'm fine, thanks, Henry. It's good to see you again.	
HENRY:	Drink?	
JOE:	Something soft.	
HENRY	<i>[opening a couple of bottles and handing one out]:</i> How're things?	
JOE:	Well, I was just passing and I thought of dropping in ... for old times sake ... seein' that we used to be neighbours.	170
HENRY:	It's been a long time Joe.	
JOE:	Ten years.	
HENRY:	No, eleven.	
JOE:	Was it? I can't remember now.	175
HENRY:	I remember very well. We had a bet as to who'd be the first to move out of this dump.	
JOE	<i>[strained laugh]:</i> Really? I quite forget now.	
HENRY	<i>[persistent]:</i> Oh, but I remember. I lost the bet but you wouldn't accept the money.	
JOE:	Oh, well, you know what it was like in those days, Henry. I was lucky. Just plain lucky, that's all.	180
HENRY:	How's Nancy? I remember how she used to complain about your long hours of work at the store.	
JOE:	She don't complain none now. I quit the job.	185
HENRY	<i>[surprised]:</i> Chucked your job?	
JOE:	Not really. In a way I made my boss quit his job. I bought his business.	
HENRY	<i>[giving a long whistle of astonishment]:</i> No kidding? How did you swing that?	
JOE	<i>[pleased and proud]:</i> Luck. I was just plain lucky. You know I'd been working in the store for a long time. Eighteen years. My boss was pretty old and wanted to retire. I didn't earn much but I'd been saving bit by bit over the years. He sold me his business for a song ... Luck. That's what I call it.	190
HENRY:	You don't come across people or opportunities like that these days. That's what I keep telling Mary. Small business is too much of a risk now-a-days. She's after me all the time to make more and more money.	195
JOE:	Women are all the same. The more you make, the more they want.	
HENRY:	Yeah.	200
JOE	<i>[hesitating]:</i> You ... you seem a bit changed, Henry.	
HENRY:	Changed? One does not change Joe. It's all there when one starts. One just gets more and more involved in it as time goes by until you become just the opposite of what you wanted to be.	
	<i>[The words taper off, and his voice takes on a fixed, monotonous character, as though he were talking or thinking to himself]</i>	205

There ain't no short-cut to success in life, is there Joe? It don't come quick and sometimes it don't come at all. Out of those who have it, there are even fewer who recognise it. Sure, one works for it all the time, and sometimes at the end of it all, one feels that perhaps it wasn't worth it after all.

210

It's true, isn't it, that you've got to take chances in order to make a success. And taking chances always involves sacrifice ... a sacrifice of others who are dependent on you for living... .

215

I've been plugging all these years. I felt something must give ... that I'd make the break-through sometime. Just a touch of success that's what I wanted. Even the law of averages must operate, I said, touching wood. But the chance never came. Nothing paid off.

JOE: You used to have ambition and pep and all that.

220

HENRY: I still got it Joe; that's what makes it so bad.

JOE: You also look kind-of older and more tired now. How've you been making out Henry.

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HENRY: Fine. Just fine.

JOE: Look here Henry. I'm an old friend. You know what that means. If there's anything you want me to do ...

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HENRY: [interrupts]: No Joe, nothing. I'm doing alright. Well, you know, there are the usual ups and downs ... like in every other business ... but on the whole it's not bad. Boss gave me a fat increment the other day ... said he liked my work.

235

JOE: That's good Henry.

HENRY: But I want something bigger and more satisfying. I've been telling Mary that it's high time we moved out of this dump ... like you did. Go to another town with better prospects. Why only the other day I turned down a big job that was offered on the West Coast. Why? Because Mary did not like the idea of moving out. She keeps talking about roots all the time. Like we were *trees* or some-thing'.

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JOE: Women are all alike.

HENRY: You can say that again.

JOE: Yep. All the same. [Looks at the clock chiming eleven o'clock] Gosh! I'm late. The old woman will be waiting for me. Say 'bye to Mary from me, will ya? See you.

245

HENRY: 'Bye Joe.

[JOE leaves. MARY comes in.]

MARY: Oh, is Joe already gone?

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HENRY: Yes.

MARY: He looks quite prosperous. Why can't you be like him?

HENRY: You never let-up, do you? In a way it's come to him quite easily and naturally. Guess I wasn't cut out to be a salesman.

MARY: Fine time to realise it. If you ask me I think you're making a problem out of nothing, and you feel it grow only because you don't want to face it. You're 45 years old, and all you've learnt has been to sell. It would have been easy getting another job if you were a specialist or engineer. But you're one of those dime-a-dozen, salesmen. What are you going to do?

255

HENRY: Why is it so tough to make an *ordinary* living? After all there's only one life, and it's an awful waste to spend it struggling all the time.

MARY: [quietly]: But you wouldn't be satisfied making an *ordinary* living, would you Henry? You'd always be hankering for ... the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

HENRY	[angrily]: And why not? Why not, I say.	260
MARY:	Because this hankering don't get you nowhere. It eats into you ... changes you ... so that you set yourself against everybody.	
HENRY:	It ain't my fault. I'm made that way.	
MARY	[quietly]: Tell me Henry, how are we going to live without money?	
	[Silence] Well?	265
HENRY	[irritably]: Don't you think I've been sweating it out, lying awake ...	
MARY:	Do you know how much money we got left in the Bank, Henry? Just about two months salary. [Laughs bitterly] Our savings over the last twenty-five years. What are we going to do when that's gone?	
	[HENRY broods sullenly]	270
	The kids are growing Henry. And growing kids means growing expenses.	
HENRY:	That's all a job ever means. Tied to your job; tied to your family. [Looking in her direction] Mary ... Mary ... I'm sick of my job. I'm sick of worrying about you and the kids. I'm sick of it all. I get all knotted up in here [he clutches on to his belly] ... a sort of slow, hollow, hateful feeling. All I want is to be free a little while.	275
MARY	[with growing apprehension]: You can't be serious, Henry. Every man's got to work. There's no other way out	
	[HENRY is silent]	280
	[affirmatively]: Henry, there's only one thing left to be done. [He raises his face and looks at her.] You've got to make that sales target.	
HENRY:	That's not possible.	
MARY:	Why?	
HENRY:	It's too large, and there ain't enough time left.	285
MARY:	You haven't tried Joe, have you? [He is silent] ... Well, have you?	
HENRY:	No, and I don't intend to.	
MARY:	Why?	
HENRY:	I don't want any favours from him.	
MARY:	Why?	290
HENRY:	Because I gave him to understand that I was doing well.	
MARY:	Why?	
HENRY	[angrily]: Why? Why? Why? That's all you can ask.	
MARY:	I don't understand your answers.	
HENRY:	Simply because he's successful and I ain't. That's why!	295
MARY	[angrily]: That's not good enough. I gotta ask the grocer for extra credit. Ask for bills to be sent later. I gotta do baby-sitting for other peoples kids. I got my pride too.	
	[MARY is crying and dashes off to the kitchen. HENRY is alone.]	
HENRY:	I remember the last time you cried. It wasn't so long ago. It must have been about something I'd said or done. What was it now? Ah, yes, I remember, the strap of your shoe had broken again. Such a silly little thing. But you sat down and wept as though it were the last straw. You didn't want to spend the money to buy a new shoe. Gave my heart a wrench.	300
	[HENRY gets up from the divan and goes to the phone. He looks up the directory and dials.]	305

HENRY

[speaking on the phone]: Hello ... is that you Joe? ... surprised? ... Yes, you must have just got in Joe, there was something I wanted to ask you ... it just so happens that I'm in a bit of a fix ... No, it's not a loan I need or anything like that just now: it wouldn't solve the problem I've got some products to sell which you might be able to take into your store ... strictly a business deal ... Oh, about five thousand dollars Is it so much? ... Yes, I know but I'm in a bit of a tight spot, you understand Can't you squeeze it in? ... Please ... it means an awful lot to me ... I won't ask you again ... [his voice takes on a slight whine] ... How much? Only two-thousand ... that wouldn't help at all ... three-thousand ... Look Joe I'm not bargaining. [Slowly getting angry and resentful] ... for Pete's sake, what do you want me to do: get down on my hands and knees? ... I must sell five-thousand worth before midnight or nothing at all ... No, I'm not laying down conditions ... I realise you want to help me ... [Losing his patience] Oh forget it! ... Yeah, yeah, I know ... business is business ... sure, sure, no hard feeling ... no, none at all. 'bye Joe.

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[He rings off, breathing hard, and looks up at the ticking clock. He is sweating and wipes his brow. Then he peers over the screen to make sure that his wife is not listening, after which he dials the phone once again.]

HENRY

[speaking softly and almost surreptitiously]: Hello? Is that you Jean? ... Yes, it's me No, nothing's wrong Jean, about this evening when we were having a drink at the bar, do you remember the letter I gave you to hand over to the boss in the morning.... Yes, I know you thought it was great, so did I at that time. Look honey, I don't want you to give it in I said I don't want you to give it in to the boss ... no ... I didn't know it meant so much to you Don't make too much of it ... Jean, Jean ... I ... Hello? hello? [He taps the receiver] Jean?

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