



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1: Drama and theatre

Insert

Question 15

Lorca: Yerma

From Act Two, Scene Two

	YERMA <i>ushers MARIA out. She leaves quietly.</i> YERMA <i>turns towards the door through which JUAN went to eat. (entering).</i> Pssst!	
SECOND GIRL	(<i>turning</i>). What?	
YERMA	I waited until she went. My mother's expecting you.	5
SECOND GIRL.	Is she alone?	
YERMA.	With two of her neighbours.	
SECOND GIRL.	Tell her I won't be long.	
YERMA.	You aren't scared to go, are you?	
SECOND GIRL.	I'll be there.	10
YERMA.	Right, then.	
	Tell them to wait, even if I'm late!	
	<i>Enter VICTOR.</i>	
VICTOR.	Is Juan at home?	
YERMA.	Yes.	15
SECOND GIRL	(<i>conspiratorially</i>). I'll see you, then. I'll bring the blouse.	
YERMA.	Whenever you like.	
	<i>Exit SECOND GIRL.</i>	
	Sit down.	
VICTOR.	Thanks, I'm fine.	20
YERMA	(<i>calling</i>). Juan!	
VICTOR.	I've come to say goodbye. (<i>He is rather edgy but quickly recovers his composure.</i>)	
YERMA.	You are going with your brothers then?	
VICTOR.	It's what my father wants.	25
YERMA.	He must be very old.	
VICTOR.	Yes, he is.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
YERMA.	It's best for you to move somewhere else.	
VICTOR.	One place is just like another.	30
YERMA.	If I were you, I'd go as far away as you can from here.	
VICTOR.	It makes no difference. The sheep and the wool are the same wherever you go.	
YERMA.	That's the way men think. Women are different. I never heard any man say: 'Oh, these apples are nice.' You go about your work blind to any kind of nicety. For myself I can honestly say I hate the taste of the water in our wells.	35
VICTOR.	Maybe you're right.	
	<i>The stage is in soft shadow.</i>	
YERMA.	Victor.	40
VICTOR.	What is it?	
YERMA.	Why are you really going? Everyone here likes you.	
VICTOR.	I've always done the right thing.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
YERMA.	Oh, yes, you've always acted properly. Do you remember, when you were young and strong, you carried me in your arms? We can never tell how things will turn out.	45
VICTOR.	Things change.	
YERMA.	Some things don't. There are things hidden away that never change because no one else knows.	50
VICTOR.	True enough.	

	<i>Enter the SECOND SISTER-IN-LAW. She goes slowly to the door and stands there, silhouetted against the fading light.</i>	55
YERMA.	And if they came to light and cried out, they'd fill the world with their sound.	
VICTOR.	But nothing would be gained. The stream where it flows, sheep in their pens, the moon in the sky, a man with his plough.	60
YERMA.	If only we paid attention to the teaching of the old and wise!	
	<i>The long, melancholy sound of shepherds' horns is heard.</i>	
VICTOR.	The sheep!	
	<i>Enter JUAN.</i>	65
JUAN.	So, you're off?	
VICTOR.	I want to reach the pass by dawn.	
JUAN.	No complaints then.	
VICTOR.	No. The price was fair enough.	
JUAN	(to YERMA). I've bought his sheep.	70
YERMA.	What?	
VICTOR	(to YERMA). They are yours now.	
YERMA.	I didn't know.	
JUAN	(satisfied). Just so.	
VICTOR.	Your husband's going to make a fortune.	75
YERMA.	The man who works hard reaps what he sows.	
	<i>The SISTER-IN-LAW at the door comes in.</i>	
JUAN.	We don't have room enough for all these sheep.	
YERMA	(darkly). You've land enough.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	80
JUAN.	I'll come as far as the stream.	
VICTOR.	I wish this house every happiness.	
	<i>He holds out his hand to YERMA.</i>	
YERMA.	God willing! Health and happiness to you!	
	<i>VICTOR starts to leave. YERMA makes a slight movement. VICTOR turns.</i>	85
VICTOR.	Yes?	
YERMA	(strongly). Nothing. Just happiness!	
VICTOR.	Thank you.	
	<i>Exit both men. YERMA is greatly upset, staring at the hand which VICTOR has just held. She moves quickly stage left and picks up a shawl.</i>	90
SECOND GIRL	(entering silently, covering YERMA's head with the shawl). Let's go.	
YERMA.	I'm coming.	95
	<i>They leave furtively. The stage is almost dark. The FIRST SISTER-IN-LAW enters with an oil-lamp, the only source of light on the stage. She moves to the side of the stage, looking for YERMA. The sound of sheep-bells is heard.</i>	100
FIRST SISTER-IN-LAW	(quietly). Yerma!	
	<i>The SECOND SISTER-IN-LAW enters. They look at each other and go to the door.</i>	
SECOND SISTER-IN-LAW	(louder). Yerma!	
FIRST SISTER-IN-LAW	(going to the door and calling out in a commanding voice). Yerma!	105
	<i>The sound of sheep-bells and shepherd's horns. The stage is in darkness.</i>	

Question 16 **Williams: *The Glass Menagerie***

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Question 17

Berkoff: *Metamorphosis*

From the section entitled 'Next Scene – Evening'

GRETA:	He's not eaten now for two days. [MRS. SAMSA <i>groans. Fade out on freeze of depression.</i> <i>[Image – eating – silent mime.]</i>	
GREGOR:	<i>I can hear you!</i> You think I can't understand you – simply because you can't understand me, but I can, I can – I can hear every sound you make – every moan.	5
MRS. S:	There is one potato left, that's for Father. <i>[Mimes plate which she pushes around the table. She very carefully mimes the edge of the plate between forefinger and thumb and pushes it away – the heads of the FAMILY move in rhythm to the plate so we never 'lose' it.]</i>	10
GRETA:	Yes, go on, Father, you have the last potato.	
MR. S:	I've had quite sufficient, Mother. Here you are, Greta. <i>[Slides it to her.]</i>	
GRETA:	I don't need any more food. I wish you'd eat it, Mother. <i>[She returns the potato to MOTHER who refuses it and pushes it back to GRETA.]</i>	15
MRS. S:	I want no more of this silly nonsense. <i>[The potato is pushed round faster and faster until eventually GRETA misses it and it falls on the floor.]</i>	20
GRETA:	Oh, I'm sorry, it was all my fault.	
MRS. S:	No it wasn't – it's nobody's fault – dear me, what a to-do about a potato – it won't go to waste – we'll save it for Gregor. <i>[FATHER glares at her – she realizes her blunder.]</i> Look, Father, why don't you let Greta go out and get a beer for you?	25
GRETA:	Yes – let me get a beer, Father – like you used to have after supper.	
MR. S:	No thank you, Greta.	
GRETA:	Come on – you know you like a beer after your supper.	
MR. S:	If there's not enough money for potatoes, there's not enough money for beer. <i>[Loud moan from GREGOR's room.]</i>	30
MRS. S:	<i>[whispers]</i> Did you hear that?	
GRETA:	Perhaps he can understand what we're saying.	
MR. S:	Of course not.	35
GRETA:	How do you know? How can you tell? Perhaps he listens to us.	
MR. S:	Then maybe he should listen, won't hurt him to know.	
MRS. S:	Father!	
MR. S:	Well, maybe he should know what this indisposition of his has caused us – and then he'd appreciate what we're doing for him and how we're suffering on his account.	40
MRS. S:	What about Gregor? I don't suppose you think he's suffering! Shut up in his room – not seeing a soul – not knowing what's going to happen – you owe him a lot, don't forget that.	
MR. S:	I do!	45
MRS. S:	Yes, all of us. How he toiled day and night to be a commercial traveller – travelling up and down the country to all those awful places to take orders. <i>[All sigh.]</i>	
GRETA:	And the letters he wrote – those miserable letters from those cold	50

Turn over ►

	hotel rooms. <i>[All sigh.]</i>	
MRS. S:	We simply took it for granted. And how he longed to hear you play the violin again. Yes, always knowing that he would earn enough to support us, and so often he wasn't even home to enjoy it. <i>[GREGOR, finding this all too much, gives a loud sigh, but they are too occupied to notice.]</i>	55
FAMILY:	Yes.	
MR. S:	<i>[wistfully]</i> He was becoming a good salesman, that lad – he could've really reached a high position in his firm and earned a royal salary.	60
MRS. S:	And that secret plan to send you to the Conservatorium to study. <i>[They all stare ahead, lost in their thoughts. The lights fade. There is a sound of laughter and glasses. As the lights come up, we see GREGOR as he was the Christmas before. The FAMILY are all merry. When GREGOR steps into the past, a strange light illuminates the scene. They pose three times, there are flashes. We see each one as a series of photographs which come to life when GREGOR speaks.]</i>	65
	<i>[Images – photos: awkwardness, happiness, summer, youth. Kneeling – standing.]</i>	70
GREGOR:	And now I would like to propose a small toast! <i>[Everyone takes glasses.]</i> First of all: to our dear mother for the most wonderful Christmas dinners. <i>[All clap and 'Hear, hear'.]</i> To our dear father – and may he spend his last years comfortably smoking Havana cigars! <i>[More reaction.]</i> And now a toast to my talented sister and a little secret ...	75
MRS. S:	Oh, Gregor – do tell us, what is it?	
GREGOR:	Not really sure that I should yet ...	
GRETA:	Oh Gregor, don't be a tease – now you've gone so far, you must ...	80
GREGOR:	Well, I'm determined that one day our little one should play the violin in the grand orchestra ... and, despite great expense, I am sending her to study at the Conservatorium. <i>[Absolute silence follows this announcement then they all speak together.]</i>	85
MRS. S:	Oh, Gregor, what a wonderful, wonderful thing you give us.	
GRETA:	I can't believe it, my lovely brother, I'm so happy.	
MR. S:	The Conservatorium! My word! Soon we'll be seeing the great Greta Samsa playing at the concert hall and saying that's our very own daughter. <i>[Images – they watch her playing at the concert – they eat chocolates, nervously passing the box – excited by GRETA's playing – biting fingernails – and then they dance – amidst laughter – cartwheels and somersaults. The music is by Puccini.]</i>	90
	<i>[Everybody gets up and hugs GREGOR – violin music plays and they all dance. Gradually they dance further and further apart until the music slowly winds down. They are back in their previous positions.]</i>	95
MR. S:	Dreams – dreams – he never did send Greta to the Conservatorium.	100
MRS. S:	But he meant well.	
GREGOR:	<i>[as scene fades]</i> Why didn't she go? Because you took the money ... you took the money that was meant for Greta. <i>[Blackout.]</i>	105

Question 18 **Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good***

Extract from Act One, Scene Eleven of Wertenbaker: *Our Country's Good* cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright restrictions.

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Question 19

Churchill: *Cloud Nine*

From Act One, Scene One

BETTY:	Clive?	
CLIVE:	Betty. Joshua!	
	[JOSHUA <i>comes with a drink for CLIVE.</i>]	
BETTY:	I thought you would never come. The day's so long without you.	
CLIVE:	Long ride in the bush.	5
BETTY:	Is anything wrong? I heard drums.	
CLIVE:	Nothing serious. Beauty is a damned good mare. I must get some new boots sent from home. These ones have never been right. I have a blister.	
BETTY:	My poor dear foot.	10
CLIVE:	It's nothing.	
BETTY:	Oh but it's sore.	
CLIVE:	We are not in this country to enjoy ourselves. Must have ridden fifty miles. Spoke to three different headmen who would all gladly chop off each other's heads and wear them round their waists.	15
BETTY:	Clive!	
CLIVE:	Don't be squeamish, Betty, let me have my joke. And what has my little dove done today?	
BETTY:	I've read a little.	
CLIVE:	Good. Is it good?	20
BETTY:	It's poetry.	
CLIVE:	You're so delicate and sensitive.	
BETTY:	And I played the piano. Shall I send for the children?	
CLIVE:	Yes, in a minute. I've a piece of news for you.	
BETTY:	Good news?	25
CLIVE:	You'll certainly think it's good. A visitor.	
BETTY:	From home?	
CLIVE:	No. Well of course originally from home.	
BETTY:	Man or woman?	
CLIVE:	Man.	30
BETTY:	I can't imagine.	
CLIVE:	Something of an explorer. Bit of a poet. Odd chap but brave as a lion. And a great admirer of yours.	
BETTY:	What do you mean? Whoever can it be?	
CLIVE:	With an H and a B. And does conjuring tricks for little Edward.	35
BETTY:	That sounds like Mr Bagley.	
CLIVE:	Harry Bagley.	
BETTY:	He certainly doesn't admire me, Clive, what a thing to say. How could I possibly guess from that. He's hardly explored anything at all, he's just been up a river, he's done nothing at all compared to what you do. You should have said a heavy drinker and a bit of a bore.	40
CLIVE:	But you like him well enough. You don't mind him coming?	
BETTY:	Anyone at all to break the monotony.	
CLIVE:	But you have your mother. You have Ellen.	45
BETTY:	Ellen is a governess. My mother is my mother.	
CLIVE:	I hoped when she came to visit she would be company for you.	
BETTY:	I don't think mother is on a visit. I think she lives with us.	
CLIVE:	I think she does.	
BETTY:	Clive you are so good.	50
CLIVE:	But are you bored my love?	

BETTY:	It's just that I miss you when you're away. We're not in this country to enjoy ourselves. If I lack society that is my form of service.	
CLIVE:	That's a brave girl. So today has been all right? No fainting? No hysteria?	55
BETTY:	I have been very tranquil.	
CLIVE:	Ah what a haven of peace to come home to. The coolth, the calm, the beauty.	
BETTY:	There is one thing, Clive, if you don't mind.	60
CLIVE:	What can I do for you, my dear?	
BETTY:	It's about Joshua.	
CLIVE:	I wouldn't leave you alone here with a quiet mind if it weren't for Joshua.	
BETTY:	Joshua doesn't like me.	65
CLIVE:	Joshua has been my boy for eight years. He has saved my life. I have saved his life. He is devoted to me and to mine. I have said this before.	
BETTY:	He is rude to me. He doesn't do what I say. Speak to him.	
CLIVE:	Tell me what happened.	70
BETTY:	He said something improper.	
CLIVE:	Well, what?	
BETTY:	I don't like to repeat it.	
CLIVE:	I must insist.	
BETTY:	I had left my book inside on the piano. I was in the hammock. I asked him to fetch it.	75
CLIVE:	And did he not fetch it?	
BETTY:	Yes, he did eventually.	
CLIVE:	And what did he say?	
BETTY:	Clive –	80
CLIVE:	Betty.	
BETTY:	He said Fetch it yourself. You've got legs under that dress.	
CLIVE:	Joshua! [JOSHUA comes.]	
JOSHUA:	Joshua, madam says you spoke impolitely to her this afternoon. Sir?	85
CLIVE:	When she asked you to pass her book from the piano.	
JOSHUA:	She has the book, sir.	
BETTY:	I have the book now, but when I told you –	
CLIVE:	Betty, please, let me handle this. You didn't pass it at once?	90
JOSHUA:	No sir, I made a joke first.	
CLIVE:	What was that?	
JOSHUA:	I said my legs were tired, sir. That was funny because the book was very near, it would not make my legs tired to get it.	
BETTY:	That's not true.	95
JOSHUA:	Did madam hear me wrong?	
CLIVE:	She heard something else.	
JOSHUA:	What was that, madam?	
BETTY:	Never mind.	
CLIVE:	Now Joshua, it won't do you know. Madam doesn't like that kind of joke. You must do what madam says, just do what she says and don't answer back. You know your place, Joshua. I don't have to say any more.	100
JOSHUA:	No sir.	
BETTY:	I expect an apology.	105
JOSHUA:	I apologise, madam.	
CLIVE:	There now. It won't happen again, my dear. I'm very shocked	

Joshua, very shocked.

CLIVE: [CLIVE *winks at* JOSHUA, *unseen by* BETTY. JOSHUA goes.]
I think another drink, and send for the children, and isn't that Harry riding down the hill? Wave, wave. Just in time before dark. Cuts it fine, the blighter. Always a hothead, Harry. 110

BETTY: Can he see us?

CLIVE: Stand further forward. He'll see your white dress. There, he waved back. 115

Question 20	Teale: <i>Brontë</i>	
	From Act Two	
CHARLOTTE:	Thank you. Thank you, Mr Nicholls. Good night. <i>He exits.</i>	
	BRANWELL <i>slumps back into a chair as the sisters try to restrain him.</i> ANNE <i>begins to wash the wound on BRANWELL's head.</i> EMILY <i>loosens his collar.</i> BERTHA <i>appears on the stairs.</i> As BRANWELL <i>speaks,</i> BERTHA <i>writhes and CHARLOTTE tears cloth for bandages.</i>	5
BRANWELL:	I used once to be loved by a beautiful woman. But she had a husband and he had a gun. (<i>Reaching for ANNE as if she were his mistress.</i>) Tell her, tell her I think of her night and day. Her flesh, her smell, the deep, dark places where I drank. Where I drowned in her –	10
BERTHA:	Flesh, smell, deep dark places where I ...	
CHARLOTTE:	(<i>shouts</i>). Stop it. Stop it. That's enough.	
ANNE:	The wound is large but shallow. It will heal.	15
CHARLOTTE:	Take him upstairs. Remove anything from his room that might be used to cause harm and then lock the door.	
EMILY:	I will stay with him. He is frightened. He should not be left alone. <i>Lights change. Nine months later, ANNE, EMILY and CHARLOTTE in the bedroom. They have just opened the post. ANNE and EMILY are reading proofs.</i>	20
EMILY:	It seems that 'Wuthering' is a strange, uninviting word known to no one outside this village. They suggest 'Windy' as a better-known alternative.	25
ANNE:	And Wildedge Hall is a real place. I suppose Wildfell shall do just as well.	
CHARLOTTE:	There has been some kind of mistake. They have sent me another cheque for a hundred pounds forgetting they have paid me already. There are more reviews. Read them and tell me if there is anything to be learned. If not, place them in the fire before I am tempted to make myself wretched again.	30
ANNE:	(<i>reading CHARLOTTE's letter</i>). I enclose a cheque on account of unprecedented demand, such that a second print run will be necessary before the end of the month.	35
CHARLOTTE:	(<i>putting on glasses</i>). Let me see.	
ANNE:	(<i>reading a review</i>). A work of genius. Utterly compelling. Flawless. Inspired. For power of expression we know not <i>his</i> equal.	
CHARLOTTE:	(<i>reading</i>). <i>Jane Eyre</i> has been the talk of literary London. There is not a conversation to be had that does not involve its heroine. There is much curiosity about its author. Any information <i>he</i> would care to provide would be gratefully received.	40
ANNE:	(<i>reading</i>). I wish you had not sent me <i>Jane Eyre</i> . It interested me so much I have lost a whole day and half a night's work on my last chapter with the printers waiting for copy. It enthralled me utterly, some of the love passages made me cry, much to the astonishment of my servant who came in with the coals. (<i>ANNE turns over the page.</i>) ... William	45
		50

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	Makepeace Thackeray.	
	CHARLOTTE <i>snatches the letter in disbelief.</i>	
CHARLOTTE:	Oh!	
	BRANWELL <i>enters half-dressed. He is pale and drawn. His hands tremble. The sisters hide the reviews and proofs beneath a pillow.</i>	55
BRANWELL:	I have a request which will no doubt annoy but which cannot be helped on account of my purse being mislaid and not yet found. If you could see your way between you to lending me a few pence, or perhaps a full shilling. I would not ask but –	60
EMILY:	<i>(going to her purse).</i> How much do you –	
ANNE:	It is the third time this week. You cannot keep –	
BRANWELL:	<i>(suddenly imperious).</i> Do not speak of me as if I were not in the room. Do not speak of me as if I were some kind of idiot. It may not be long before you shall all, all of you regret your disrespect towards your brother. I have, this very week, completed the manuscript of my novel which I will shortly be sending to the publishers. There may soon come the time when you are coming to <i>me</i> in hope of a little generosity. A little kindness.	65
	EMILY <i>gives him the money. He bows and is about to leave. (entering with letter in hand).</i> It is a summons to court on account of debts incurred to the sum of ninety pounds.	70
PATRICK:	Ninety?	
BRANWELL:		
PATRICK:	If they are not paid, the debtor will be sent to York Prison direct from the magistrate's court on Friday.	75
BRANWELL:	It is not possible. There is some mistake.	
PATRICK:	That's what it says.	
BRANWELL:	But it was forty only a few weeks ago.	
PATRICK:	When debts are left unpaid they increase according to the terms on which the loan was agreed.	80
BRANWELL:	Agreed. There was no agreement.	
PATRICK:	But you signed a piece of paper no doubt.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
BRANWELL:	<i>(suddenly furious).</i> It is robbery. <i>They</i> are the ones who should be prosecuted. Profiting by the misfortune of others. The very people who can least afford ... <i>(He crumples.)</i> Dear God, help me. Don't let them. Don't make me. I cannot...	85
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(standing).</i> I have a cheque. It is money that was owed to me by my last employer.	90
PATRICK:	Ninety pounds! How is it possible –	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(sharply).</i> It will pay the debt.	
BRANWELL:	Thank you. Bless you.	
	<i>He kisses CHARLOTTE's hand. She remains frozen.</i>	
	It will never happen again.	95
	<i>Lights change. All exit except EMILY. CATHY enters.</i>	
CATHY:	This bird was not shot. It was not. Tell me Heathcliff did not shoot it, Nelly. He promised he wouldn't. I made him promise. <i>(Examining the feathers.)</i> But there is blood. And more. Did he shoot my lapwings, did he?	100
	<i>August 1848. There is a pile of freshly printed copies of Wuthering Heights and The Tenant of Wildfell Hall on the table. The sisters are reading reviews.</i>	
ANNE:	<i>(reading).</i> <i>The Tenant of Wildfell Hall</i> contains conversations such as we had hoped never to see printed in the English language. The custom of indicating a profanity with a dash	105

EMILY:	has been abandoned by Mr Bell who deems it necessary for us to read each obscenity at length. (<i>reading</i>). Coarse and loathsome ... vulgar in extreme ... <i>Wuthering Heights</i> displays a morbid fascination with the grosser, animal part of our nature.	110
ANNE: EMILY:	Have you noticed that our harshest critics are all women? (<i>reading</i>). You invite us to pity the man Heathcliff, telling us woeful tales of his orphan childhood. Do you mean us to excuse this monster who has not a drop of remorse in his body on account of his childhood beatings?	115
CHARLOTTE: EMILY:	I said to myself I thought him too much the devil. What is the devil? How is he made? Does he drop from the womb fully formed?	
CHARLOTTE:	(<i>bristling</i>). He is made as any man, by his own doings. By the way he chooses to live his life.	120
EMILY:	Do you think any man would <i>choose</i> to make his own life wretched along with all around him?	

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