



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

Insert

Question 15

Lorca: *Yerma*

From Act Three, Scene Two

PAGAN WOMAN:	You've got your feet ... you could walk away.	
YERMA:	Walk away?	
PAGAN WOMAN:	When I saw you in the procession, my heart missed a beat. The women come here to meet other men, and the saint performs the miracle. My son's sat there behind the shrine, waiting for you. My house needs a woman. Go with him and we'll live together, the three of us. My son's got good blood, like me. Come in my house and there's still the smell of a cradle. The ashes of your bed will turn to bread and salt for raising children. Come on! Don't matter what people think. As for your husband, we've got the guts and the weapons to stop him even crossing the street.	5 10
YERMA:	No, no! I'd never do that! Stop it! I can't go looking for someone else. Do you think I could go with another man? What would become of my name? Water can't turn back, nor the moon appear at midday. Leave me. I'll go on as I am. Do you really think I could turn to another man? That I could crawl to him and beg for what is mine by right? Know who I am! Don't speak to me again! I look for no one!	15 20
PAGAN WOMAN:	But water takes away a person's thirst.	
YERMA:	My thirst is the thirst of a parched field ploughed by a thousand oxen. And all you offer is a small glass of water. My pain is such, it's no longer of my flesh.	25
PAGAN WOMAN:	(<i>strongly</i>). Then just carry on. It's your choice. Like the thistles in the desert... nothing but prickles, dried up!	
YERMA:	(<i>strongly</i>). Yes, dried up! I know! Dry! No need for you to rub it in! No need to gloat, like children do, when they see a dying animal. Since the day I got married, that word has been on my mind. But it's the first time I've heard it, the first time it's been said to my face. The first time I've known it's true.	30 35
PAGAN WOMAN:	I don't pity you, girl. Oh, no! I'll find someone else for my son. <i>Exit PAGAN WOMAN. In the distance the chanting of pilgrims. YERMA crosses to the cart and JUAN emerges from behind it.</i>	40
YERMA:	So that's where you've been?	
JUAN:	Yes.	
YERMA:	Listening?	
JUAN:	Yes.	
YERMA:	Then you must have heard?	45
JUAN:	I did.	
YERMA:	No matter! Go and join the singers! <i>She sits on the blankets.</i>	
JUAN:	It's time I had my say.	
YERMA:	All right, speak!	50
JUAN:	And complained!	
YERMA:	About what?	
JUAN:	This bitterness in my throat.	

YERMA:	You mean in my bones!	
JUAN:	Time for me to stand up to this constant longing for empty, impossible dreams, for things that have no substance.	55
YERMA:	<i>(forcefully)</i> . Impossible dreams! No substance! Is that what you think?	
JUAN:	Things that haven't happened, that neither you nor I can control.	60
YERMA:	<i>(violently)</i> . Go on! Go on!	
JUAN:	Things I don't care about. Do you hear? I don't care! I need to tell you that. What matters to me is what I've got in my own two hands, what I can see with my own two eyes.	65
YERMA:	<i>(kneeling, desperate)</i> . I know, I know! It's just that I wanted to hear you say it... When the truth is hidden away, inside a person, no one can be sure. But when it comes out and raises its arms, we see how enormous it is, how it can shout at us! He doesn't care! Now I've heard him say it!	70
JUAN:	<i>(drawing near)</i> . Just tell yourself it had to be so. Listen! <i>(He puts his arms around her to lift her up.)</i> Lots of women would be happy with your kind of life. Without children, life is sweeter. I'm happy without them. It's not our fault.	75
YERMA:	So what did you want me for?	
JUAN:	For yourself.	
YERMA:	<i>(agitated)</i> . So you wanted a home, a quiet life, a woman. Nothing more. Right?	80
JUAN:	Yes, like everyone else.	
YERMA:	And what about the rest? What about your child?	
JUAN:	<i>(strongly)</i> . I told you I don't care. Don't keep on! Do I have to shout it out loud for you to understand, to see if for once you can't be at peace?	85
YERMA:	So you never even considered a child when you saw how much I wanted one?	
JUAN:	Never!	
	<i>YERMA and JUAN are on the ground.</i>	90
YERMA:	Then I can never hope for one.	
JUAN:	No.	
YERMA:	Nor you.	
JUAN:	No. Accept it!	
YERMA:	Barren!	95
JUAN:	A quiet life. The two of us, nice to each other. Come here!	
	<i>He puts his arms around her.</i>	
YERMA:	What do you want?	
JUAN:	I want you. The moonlight makes you look so beautiful!	100
YERMA:	You want me the way you want meat at meal-times!	
JUAN:	Kiss me! Like this!	
YERMA:	No! Never!	105
	<i>YERMA cries out. Her hands are tight around JUAN's throat. He falls back. She tightens her grip until he suffocates. The pilgrims' chorus begins.</i>	
YERMA:	Barren, barren! But sure! Sure in that knowledge!	

And now alone! (*She gets up. People begin to arrive.*) 110
Now I'll be able to sleep and not wake up suddenly,
wondering if my blood speaks to me of the birth of new
blood. This body will be dry for ever. What do you want
to know, all of you? Stay away from me! I've murdered
my child! I've murdered my own child! 115
A group forms in the background. The pilgrims'
chorus is heard.

Question 16 Williams: *The Glass Menagerie*

	From the end of Scene Seven	
JIM:	Ha-ha!	
LAURA:	Oh, my goodness!	
JIM:	Ha-ha-ha!	
	<i>[They suddenly bump into the table, and the glass piece on it falls to the floor. Jim stops the dance.]</i>	5
	What did we hit on?	
LAURA:	Table.	
JIM:	Did something fall off it? I think —	
LAURA:	Yes.	
JIM:	I hope that it wasn't the little glass horse with the horn!	10
LAURA:	Yes. <i>[She stoops to pick it up.]</i>	
JIM:	Aw, aw, aw. Is it broken?	
LAURA:	Now it is just like all the other horses.	
JIM:	It's lost its —	
LAURA:	Horn! It doesn't matter. Maybe it's a blessing in disguise.	15
JIM:	You'll never forgive me. I bet that that was your favorite piece of glass.	
LAURA:	I don't have favorites much. It's no tragedy, Freckles. Glass breaks so easily. No matter how careful you are. The traffic jars the shelves and things fall off them.	20
JIM:	Still I'm awfully sorry that I was the cause.	
LAURA:	<i>[smiling]</i> I'll just imagine he had an operation. The horn was removed to make him feel less — freakish!	
	<i>[They both laugh.]</i>	
	Now he will feel more at home with the other horses, the ones that don't have horns...	25
JIM:	Ha-ha, that's very funny! <i>[Suddenly he is serious.]</i> I'm glad to see that you have a sense of humor. You know — you're — well — very different! Surprisingly different from anyone else I know! <i>[His voice becomes soft and hesitant with a genuine feeling.]</i> Do you mind me telling you that?	30
	<i>[Laura is abashed beyond speech.]</i>	
	I mean it in a nice way —	
	<i>[Laura nods shyly, looking away.]</i>	
	You make me feel sort of — I don't know how to put it! I'm usually pretty good at expressing things, but — this is something that I don't know how to say!	35
	<i>[Laura touches her throat and clears it — turns the broken unicorn in her hands. His voice becomes softer.]</i>	
	Has anyone ever told you that you were pretty?	40
	<i>[There is a pause, and the music rises slightly. Laura looks up slowly, with wonder, and shakes her head.]</i>	
	Well, you are! In a very different way from anyone else. And all the nicer because of the difference, too.	
	<i>[His voice becomes low and husky. Laura turns away, nearly faint with the novelty of her emotions.]</i>	45
	I wish that you were my sister. I'd teach you to have some confidence in yourself. The different people are not like other people, but being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other people are not such wonderful people. They're one hundred times one thousand.	50
	You're one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here. They're common as — weeds, but — you — well, you're — <i>Blue Roses!</i>	

Turn over ►

	<i>[Image on screen: Blue Roses.]</i>	
	<i>[The music changes.]</i>	
LAURA:	But blue is wrong for — roses...	55
JIM:	It's right for you! You're — pretty!	
LAURA:	In what respect am I pretty?	
JIM:	In all respects — believe me! Your eyes — your hair — are pretty! Your hands are pretty! <i>[He catches hold of her hand.]</i> You think I'm making this up because I'm invited to dinner and have to be nice. Oh, I could do that! I could put on an act for you, Laura, and say lots of things without being very sincere. But this time I am. I'm talking to you sincerely. I happened to notice you had this inferiority complex that keeps you from feeling comfortable with people. Somebody needs to build your confidence up and make you proud instead of shy and turning away and — blushing. Somebody — ought to — <i>kiss</i> you, Laura!	60
	<i>[His hand slips slowly up her arm to her shoulder as the music swells tumultuously. He suddenly turns her about and kisses her on the lips. When he releases her, Laura sinks on the sofa with a bright, dazed look. Jim backs away and fishes in his pocket for a cigarette.]</i>	65
	<i>[Legend on screen: 'A souvenir.']</i> Stumblejohn!	
	<i>[He lights the cigarette, avoiding her look. There is a peal of girlish laughter from Amanda in the kitchenette. Laura slowly raises and opens her hand. It still contains the little broken glass animal. She looks at it with a tender, bewildered expression.]</i>	70
	Stumblejohn! I shouldn't have done that — that was way off the beam. You don't smoke, do you?	
	<i>[She looks up, smiling, not hearing the question. He sits beside her rather gingerly. She looks at him speechlessly — waiting. He coughs decorously and moves a little farther aside as he considers the situation and senses her feelings, dimly, with perturbation. He speaks gently.]</i>	75
	Would you — care for a — mint?	80
	<i>[She doesn't seem to hear him but her look grows brighter even.]</i> Peppermint? Life Saver? My pocket's a regular drugstore — wherever I go... <i>[He pops a mint in his mouth. Then he gulps and decides to make a clean breast of it. He speaks slowly and gingerly.]</i> Laura, you know, if I had a sister like you, I'd do the same thing as Tom. I'd bring out fellows and — introduce her to them. The right type of boys — of a type to — appreciate her. Only — well — he made a mistake about me. Maybe I've got no call to be saying this. That may not have been the idea in having me over. But what if it was? There's nothing wrong about that. The only trouble is that in my case — I'm not in a situation to — do the right thing. I can't take down your number and say I'll phone. I can't call up next week and — ask for a date. I thought I had better explain the situation in case you — misunderstood it and — I hurt your feelings...	85
	<i>[There is a pause. Slowly, very slowly, Laura's look changes, her eyes returning slowly from his to the glass figure in her palm. Amanda utters another gay laugh in the kitchenette.]</i>	90
LAURA:	<i>[faintly]:</i> You — won't — call again?	95
JIM:	No, Laura, I can't. <i>[He rises from the sofa.]</i> As I was just explaining, I've — got strings on me. Laura, I've — been going steady! I go out all the time with a girl named Betty. She's a home-girl like you, and Catholic, and Irish, and in a great many ways we — get along fine. I met her last summer on a moonlight boat trip up the river to Alton,	100
		105

	on the Majestic. Well — right away from the start it was — love! [<i>Legend: Love!</i>]	110
	[<i>Laura sways slightly forward and grips the arm of the sofa. He fails to notice, now enrapt in his own comfortable being.</i>] Being in love has made a new man of me! [<i>Leaning stiffly forward, clutching the arm of the sofa, Laura struggles visibly with her storm. But Jim is oblivious; she is a long way off.</i>]	115
	The power of love is really pretty tremendous! Love is something that — changes the whole world, Laura! [<i>The storm abates a little and Laura leans back. He notices her again.</i>] It happened that Betty's aunt took sick, she got a wire and had to go to Centralia. So Tom — when he asked me to dinner — I naturally just accepted the invitation, not knowing that you — that he — that I — [<i>He stops awkwardly.</i>] Huh — I'm a stumblejohn! [<i>He flops back on the sofa. The holy candles on the altar of Laura's face have been snuffed out. There is a look of almost infinite desolation. Jim glances at her uneasily.</i>]	120
	I wish that you would — say something. [<i>She bites her lip which was trembling and then bravely smiles. She opens her hand again on the broken glass figure. Then she gently takes his hand and raises it level with her own. She carefully places the unicorn in the palm of his hand, then pushes his fingers closed upon it.</i>]	125
	What are you — doing that for? You want me to have him? Laura? [<i>She nods.</i>] What for?	130
LAURA:	A — souvenir... [<i>She rises unsteadily and crouches beside the Victrola to wind it up.</i>] [<i>Legend on screen: 'Things have a way of turning out so badly!' Or image: 'Gentleman caller waving goodbye — gaily.'</i>]	135

Question 17

Berkoff: *Metamorphosis*

From the early part of the play

GREGOR:	Yes — yes — thank you, Mother — I'm getting up now. <i>[The ticking stops suddenly — the silence accentuates the stillness — their world of eating and normality ceases. They move now in very slow motion beginning to show anguish.]</i> <i>[Image — FAMILY silently mouth their concern. They hold gestures in listening.]</i>	5
	What's happened to me — everything seems the same — it's still raining outside — Oh, my leg — what's wrong with my legs? Turn over and go back to sleep, it's a bad dream — I can't turn over — I can't turn! <i>[FAMILY turn on stools complete circles rather than walking up to his area. The stools are metal with shiny tops.]</i>	10
FAMILY:	Gregor!	
GREGOR:	Shut my eyes — I'm dreaming. <i>[to his legs and arms as if wishing them to dissolve]</i> Go away! It's nonsense — it must go away — spots on my belly? Ooh! They're itching. <i>[Scratches furiously.]</i> Must sleep — but I can't sleep on my back! <i>[FAMILY turn other way on stools — their faces return showing anxiety — 'Never has he been late before' — expression of dismay, fear, wonderment.]</i>	20
FAMILY:	Gregor!	25
GREGOR:	<i>[Interjections become more frequent from FAMILY.]</i> I have to work — it's quarter to seven — why didn't I hear the alarm — the next train goes at seven and my samples are not even packed and even if I caught the train there'd be a row — I knew I was sick yesterday. <i>[FAMILY turn different directions on stools like computer wheels.]</i>	30
GRETA:	Gregor — aren't you feeling well? Are you needing something?	35
GREGOR:	I'm just ready — won't be a minute.	
GRETA:	Open the door, Gregor — please do.	
GREGOR:	Yes, soon — soon. <i>[Very loud knock on door, the FAMILY rise.]</i> <i>[Three loud knocks followed by the CHIEF CLERK who makes a long entrance while the FAMILY speak — sharing the next speech.]</i> <i>[Image — they repeat this speech once still, once in panic — figure of eight round stools.]</i>	40
MR. S:	Oh dear — that's bound to be somebody from the warehouse/	45
GRETA:	The porter would have reported his failure to turn up/	
MRS. S:	That porter was the boss's boot-licker, spineless and stupid/it's sure to be him...	50
CLERK:	<i>[enters]</i> No, Mr. Samsa, it's the Chief Clerk.	

	[FAMILY <i>all sit in shock.</i>]	
	Young Mr. Samsa's not been in this morning —	
	[CHIEF CLERK <i>doffs imaginary hat — he walks along the line of the FAMILY to MRS. S. from stage L to R.</i>]	55
	Ah, Mrs. Samsa, good morning — thought I'd drop round, see what the trouble is.	
	[Pause — <i>silence as they turn to face CHIEF CLERK.</i>]	
GREGOR:	[<i>slow</i>] Snoop... Chief Clerk himself.	60
	[CHIEF CLERK <i>wears steel-tipped tap shoes so he can tap the floor like an impatient clock — he taps the floor until MRS.S says 'I'm terribly sorry' since there is a pause that allows that impatience.</i>]	
MRS. S:	I'm terribly sorry, but our son's not feeling well — I don't quite know what's wrong — it's very unlike him — he's very conscientious as you know — thinks of nothing but his work.	65
	[CHIEF CLERK <i>moves menacingly in from L. They turn slowly. The FAMILY shrink back on their chairs — freeze in attitudes of fear and oppression by authority represented by the CHIEF CLERK.</i>]	70
CLERK:	Hmmm!	
	[<i>Image — FAMILY threatened by CHIEF CLERK.</i>]	
GREGOR:	What a villain — it is impossible to be a couple of hours late without sending the Chief Clerk himself to investigate — giving my family something fresh to worry about, it'll soon go away — like those little pains I had, caused by awkward postures which soon disappeared when I woke up. [<i>Starts rocking.</i>] Mustn't hit my head... mustn't lose consciousness now.	75
	[CHIEF CLERK <i>moves now to stage L in front of and round stool and now oppresses MR. SAMSA.</i>]	80
MRS. S:	Gregor! The Chief Clerk's here!	85
GRETA:	He's worried.	
MR. S:	Why you are not at work.	
	[CHIEF CLERK <i>is now on stage L. FAMILY shrink in opposite position and freeze.</i>]	
GREGOR:	I know, I know. I only want to get up quietly without disturbing anyone, put my clothes on, and have my breakfast. [GREGOR, <i>who has been on his back the whole time, now attempts to shift to his front.</i>]	90
	Must push — push — harder — Harder. [<i>Thumps over completely on his front.</i>]	95
	[FAMILY <i>sit bolt upright after crash.</i>]	
CLERK:	Sounds like someone fell in the next room.	
	[MR. and MRS. SAMSA <i>thread these next speeches inside each other, MR. SAMSA walking up and down stage with GRETA punctuating the odd 'Gregor'. Whilst downstage MRS. SAMSA attempts to smooth the CHIEF CLERK's fears. This is the first time the FAMILY actually move to his room area. Movements are steady. Symmetrical, beating, harmonious patterns — not yet driven into confusion, more concerned.</i>]	100
	[<i>Image — ordered confusion as they walk to cage and CHIEF CLERK eats GREGOR's breakfast.</i>]	105
	[MR. SAMSA and GRETA <i>move to GREGOR's area. A</i>	

	<i>synonymous pattern emerges — they freeze on the point of impact, on the end of MRS. SAMSA's speech — a split second pause — a picture — frozen — of concern.]</i>	110
MR. S:	Excuse me. [<i>Goes to GREGOR's room.</i>] Gregor — the Chief Clerk himself has come down to see you.	
GRETA:	Gregor.	
MRS. S:	He's not really well, believe me. [<i>Freeze.</i>]	115
MR. S:	Wants to know why you didn't go in today.	
MRS. S:	What else would make him miss the train? [<i>Freeze.</i>]	
MR. S:	We don't know what to say to him.	
GRETA:	Gregor.	120
MRS. S:	He thinks of nothing but his work. [<i>Freeze.</i>]	
GRETA:	Gregor.	
MR. S:	Besides, he wants to talk to you privately.	
GRETA:	Gregor.	
MRS. S:	It makes me almost cross the way he never goes out in the evenings. [<i>Freeze.</i>]	125
GRETA:	Gregor.	
MR. S:	So please open the door.	
MRS. S:	Dancing and things like that.	
MR. S:	He won't mind if your room's untidy.	130
MRS. S:	He just sits reading or studying the railway timetables. [<i>Freeze.</i>]	
GRETA:	[<i>to GREGOR</i>] Please Gregor — you'll get in trouble.	

Question 18

Wertebaker: *Our Country's Good*

From Act One, Scene Five

An Audition

Ralph Clark, Meg Long. *Meg Long is very old and very smelly. She hovers over Ralph.*

- MEG: We heard you was looking for some women,
Lieutenant. Here I am. 5
- RALPH: I've asked to see some women to play certain parts in
a play.
- MEG: I can play, Lieutenant, I can play with any part you
like. There ain't nothing puts Meg off. That's how I got my
name: Shitty Meg. 10
- RALPH: The play has four particular parts for young women.
- MEG: You don't want a young woman for your peculiar,
Lieutenant, they don't know nothing. Shut your eyes and I'll
play you as tight as a virgin.
- RALPH: You don't understand, Long. Here's the play. It's
called *The Recruiting Officer*. 15
- MEG: Oh, I can do that too.
- RALPH: What?
- MEG: Recruiting. Anybody you like. (*She whispers.*) You want
women: you ask Meg. Who do you want? 20
- RALPH: I want to try some out.
- MEG: Good idea, Lieutenant, good idea. Ha! Ha! Ha!
- RALPH: Now if you don't mind —
Meg *doesn't move*.
Long! 25
- MEG: (*frightened but still holding her ground*) We thought you was
a madge cull.
- RALPH: What?
- MEG: You know, a fluter, a mollie. (*Impatiently.*) A prissy cove,
a girl! You having no she-lag on the ship. Nor here, neither. 30
On the ship maybe you was seasick. But all these months
here. And now we hear how you want a lot of women all at
once. Well, I'm glad to hear that, Lieutenant, I am. You let
me know when you want Meg, old Shitty Meg.
- SIDEWAY: *She goes off quickly and Robert Sideway comes straight on.* 35
Ah, Mr Clark.
He does a flourish.
- RALPH: I am calling you Mr Clark as one calls Mr Garrick Mr
Garrick, we have not had the pleasure of meeting before. 40
I've seen you on the ship.
- SIDEWAY: Different circumstances, Mr Clark, best forgotten. I
was once a gentleman. My fortune has turned. The wheel...
You are doing a play, I hear, ah, Drury Lane, Mr Garrick,
the lovely Peg Woffington. (*Conspiratorially.*) He was so cruel
to her. She was so pale — 45
- RALPH: You say you were a gentleman, Sideway?
- SIDEWAY: Top of my profession, Mr Clark, pickpocket, born
and bred in Bermondsey. Do you know London, Sir, don't
you miss it? In these my darkest hours, I remember my
happy days in that great city. London Bridge at dawn — 50
hand on cold iron for good luck. Down Cheapside with the
market traders — never refuse a mince pie. Into St Paul's

Turn over ►

	churchyard — I do love a good church — and begin work in Bond Street. There, I've spotted her, rich, plump, not of the best class, stands in front of the shop, plucking up courage, I pluck her. Time for coffee until five o'clock and the pinnacle, the glory of the day: Drury Lane. The coaches, the actors scuttling, the gentlemen watching, the ladies tittering, the perfumes, the clothes, the handkerchiefs.	55
	<i>He hands Ralph the handkerchief he has just stolen from him.</i> Here, Mr Clark, you see the skill. Ah, Mr Clark, I beg you, I entreat you, to let me perform on your stage, to let me feel once again the thrill of a play about to begin. Ah, I see ladies approaching: our future Woffingtons, Siddons. Dabby Bryant <i>comes on, with a shrinking</i> Mary Brenham <i>in tow.</i> Sideways bows.	60
	Ladies. I shall await your word of command, Mr Clark, I shall be in the wings. Sideway <i>scuttles off.</i>	70
DABBY:	You asked to see Mary Brenham, Lieutenant. Here she is.	
RALPH:	Yes — the Governor has asked me to put on a play. (To Mary.) You know what a play is?	
DABBY:	I've seen lots of plays, Lieutenant, so has Mary.	75
RALPH:	Have you, Brenham?	
MARY:	(<i>inaudibly.</i>) Yes.	
RALPH:	Can you remember which plays you've seen?	
MARY:	(<i>inaudibly.</i>) No.	
DABBY:	I can't remember what they were called, but I always knew when they were going to end badly. I knew right from the beginning. How does this one end, Lieutenant?	80
RALPH:	It ends happily. It's called <i>The Recruiting Officer.</i>	
DABBY:	Mary wants to be in your play, Lieutenant, and so do I.	85
RALPH:	Do you think you have a talent for acting, Brenham?	
DABBY:	Of course she does, and so do I. I want to play Mary's friend.	
RALPH:	Do you know <i>The Recruiting Officer</i> , Bryant?	
DABBY:	No, but in all those plays, there's always a friend. That's because a girl has to talk to someone and she talks to her friend. So I'll be Mary's friend.	90
RALPH:	Silvia — that's the part I want to try Brenham for — doesn't have a friend. She has a cousin. But they don't like each other.	95
DABBY:	Oh. Mary doesn't always like me.	
RALPH:	The Reverend Johnson told me you can read and write, Brenham?	
DABBY:	She went to school until she was ten. She used to read to us on the ship. We loved it. It put us to sleep.	100
RALPH:	Shall we try reading some of the play? <i>Ralph hands her the book.</i> Mary reads silently, moving her lips. I meant read it aloud. As you did on the ship. I'll help you, I'll read Justice Balance. That's your father.	

Question 19

Churchill: *Cloud Nine*

From Act One, Scene Two

MAUD:	[BETTY and MAUD come, with JOSHUA carrying hamper.] I never would have thought a guinea fowl could taste so like a turkey.	
BETTY:	I had to explain to the cook three times.	
MAUD:	You did very well dear.	5
	[JOSHUA sits apart with gun. EDWARD and HARRY with VICTORIA on his shoulder, singing <i>The First Noël</i> . MAUD and BETTY are unpacking the hamper. CLIVE arrives separately.]	
MAUD:	This tablecloth was one of my mama's.	10
BETTY:	Uncle Harry playing horsy.	
EDWARD:	Crackers crackers.	
BETTY:	Not yet, Edward.	
CLIVE:	And now the moment we all have been waiting for. [CLIVE opens champagne. General acclaim.]	15
CLIVE:	Oh dear, stained my trousers, never mind.	
EDWARD:	Can I have some?	
MAUD:	Oh no Edward, not for you.	
CLIVE:	Give him half a glass.	
MAUD:	If your father says so.	20
CLIVE:	All rise please. To Her Majesty Queen Victoria, God bless her, and her husband and all her dear children.	
ALL:	The Queen.	
EDWARD:	Crackers crackers. [General cracker pulling, hats. CLIVE and HARRY discuss champagne.]	25
HARRY:	Excellent, Clive, wherever did you get it?	
CLIVE:	I know a chap in French Equatorial Africa.	
EDWARD:	I won, I won mama. [ELLEN arrives.]	30
BETTY:	Give a hat to Joshua, he'd like it. [EDWARD takes hat to JOSHUA. BETTY takes a ball from the hamper and plays catch with ELLEN. Murmurs of surprise and congratulations from the men whenever they catch the ball.]	35
EDWARD:	Mama, don't play. You know you can't catch a ball.	
BETTY:	He's perfectly right. I can't throw either. [BETTY sits down. ELLEN has the ball.]	
EDWARD:	Ellen, don't you play either. You're no good. You spoil it. [EDWARD takes VICTORIA from HARRY and gives her to ELLEN. He takes the ball and throws it to HARRY. HARRY, CLIVE and EDWARD play ball.]	40
BETTY:	Ellen come and sit with me. We'll be spectators and clap. [EDWARD misses the ball.]	45
CLIVE:	Butterfingers.	
EDWARD:	I'm not.	
HARRY:	Throw straight now.	
EDWARD:	I did, I did.	
CLIVE:	Keep your eye on the ball.	50
EDWARD:	You can't throw.	
CLIVE:	Don't be a baby.	

Turn over ►

EDWARD:	I'm not, throw a hard one, throw a hard one —	
CLIVE:	Butterfingers. What will Uncle Harry think of you?	
EDWARD:	It's your fault. You can't throw. I hate you.	55
	<i>[He throws the ball wildly in the direction of JOSHUA.]</i>	
CLIVE:	Now you've lost the ball. He's lost the ball.	
EDWARD:	It's Joshua's fault. Joshua's butterfingers.	
CLIVE:	I don't think I want to play any more. Joshua, find the ball will you?	60
EDWARD:	Yes, please play. I'll find the ball. Please play.	
CLIVE:	You're so silly and you can't catch. You'll be no good at cricket.	
MAUD:	Why don't we play hide and seek?	
EDWARD:	Because it's a baby game.	65
BETTY:	You've hurt Edward's feelings.	
CLIVE:	A boy has no business having feelings.	
HARRY:	Hide and seek, I'll be it. Everybody must hide. This is the base, you have to get home to base.	
EDWARD:	Hide and seek, hide and seek.	70
HARRY:	Can we persuade the ladies to join us?	
MAUD:	I'm playing. I love games.	
BETTY:	I always get found straight away.	
ELLEN:	Come on, Betty, do. Vicky wants to play.	
EDWARD:	You won't find me ever.	75
	<i>[They all go except CLIVE, HARRY, JOSHUA.]</i>	
HARRY:	It is safe, I suppose?	
CLIVE:	They won't go far. This is very much my territory and it's broad daylight. Joshua will keep an open eye.	
HARRY:	Well I must give them a hundred. You don't know what this means to me, Clive. A chap can only go on so long alone. I can climb mountains and go down rivers, but what's it for? For Christmas and England and games and women singing. This is the empire, Clive. It's not me putting a flag in new lands. It's you. The empire is one big family. I'm one of its black sheep, Clive. And I know you think my life is rather dashing. But I want you to know I admire you. This is the empire, Clive, and I serve it. With all my heart.	80
CLIVE:	I think that's about a hundred.	
HARRY:	Ready or not, here I come!	90
	<i>[He goes.]</i>	
CLIVE:	Harry Bagley is a fine man, Joshua. You should be proud to know him. He will be in history books.	
JOSHUA:	Sir, while we are alone.	
CLIVE:	Joshua of course, what is it? You always have my ear. Any time.	95
JOSHUA:	Sir, I have some information. The stable boys are not to be trusted. They whisper. They go out at night. They visit their people. Their people are not my people. I do not visit my people.	
CLIVE:	Thank you, Joshua. They certainly look after Beauty. I'll be sorry to have to replace them.	100
JOSHUA:	They carry knives.	
CLIVE:	Thank you, Joshua.	
JOSHUA:	And, sir.	
CLIVE:	I appreciate this, Joshua, very much.	105
JOSHUA:	Your wife.	
CLIVE:	Ah, yes?	
JOSHUA:	She also thinks Harry Bagley is a fine man.	

CLIVE: Thank you, Joshua.
JOSHUA: Are you going to hide? 110
CLIVE: Yes, yes I am. Thank you. Keep your eyes open Joshua.
JOSHUA: I do, sir.

Question 20

Teale: *Brontë*

From the end of Act Two

PATRICK:	There is something I need to tell you. It will no doubt surprise you as it did myself. You have received a proposal of marriage. I told him that you have no intention of marrying and though he seems at present somewhat cast down by the news it will, no doubt, pass. This morning he handed in his resignation so it will not be long before his departure.	5
CHARLOTTE:	Resignation?	
PATRICK:	It will be a little awkward for a day or two but he will be gone soon enough.	10
CHARLOTTE:	Who is it?	
PATRICK:	Mr Bell Nicholls.	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(astonished)</i> . Mr Bell Nicholls.	
PATRICK:	He tells me he has loved you for some years. That he meant to propose to you some time ago but that the tragic events of these last months deemed it unfitting, so he does so now.	15
CHARLOTTE:	Mr Nicholls.	
PATRICK:	I told him there was no prospect. None at all. That I considered it an impertinence that he should entertain such a notion. That he was quite deluded to imagine himself a fitting suitor to a woman of your standing. Your achievements. He has, as I said, given his notice so you need not fear for further embarrassment. The matter is quite closed. Let us speak of it no more.	20
	BERTHA <i>rolls and stretches on the floor joyously</i> . <i>Lights change. Three months later. CHARLOTTE alone in the kitchen, writing. A knock at the door. CHARLOTTE opens it to BELL NICHOLLS. He has a book in hand and looks extremely embarrassed.</i>	25
BELL NICHOLLS:	Forgive me for calling uninvited. I hope you received my letter. I wrote to say that I might... that I would be passing through the parish on Christmas Eve, that is today, and thought to return a book which I took by mistake, having borrowed it from your father some time ago and forgotten to —	30
CHARLOTTE:	The answer is 'yes'.	
BELL NICHOLLS:	I'm sorry?	
CHARLOTTE:	To your question.	
BELL NICHOLLS:	I'm not sure I —	40
CHARLOTTE:	My father was mistaken in his assumption.	
BELL NICHOLLS:	You mean —	
CHARLOTTE:	I will give him the book.	
BELL NICHOLLS:	Yes... Thank you.	
CHARLOTTE:	And I will tell him that I wish to be married. It may take some time to persuade him. We will have to be patient.	45
BELL NICHOLLS:	Indeed.	
CHARLOTTE:	I shall have unexceptional expectations. I am not young or beautiful and have long since grown out of fantasies of a perfect union —	50
BELL NICHOLLS:	Of course.	

CHARLOTTE:	I realise there is much to be sacrificed. I shall endeavour to make a good wife. I do not, as you know... love you, but it will be my hope that through perseverance and attention to duty my feelings will... in the fullness of time... ripen towards —	55
BELL NICHOLLS:	(<i>embarrassed</i>). Yes. Yes. Indeed.	
CHARLOTTE:	Very well.	
BELL NICHOLLS:	I am overcome with gratitude and yet I scarcely believe my ears. You have not answered my letters, not one, nor sought any kind of contact since —	60
CHARLOTTE:	My life at present is spent too much alone. Much as I value my writing it has come, perhaps, at the expense of other things. A life lived, not in the head, but in the real world, such as it is.	65
BELL NICHOLLS:	(<i>overcome</i>). You are certain. You will not come to regret your —	
CHARLOTTE:	All my life I have longed to be admired, to be revered for some extraordinary achievement. And yet the more I live, the more I come to suspect that happiness is not to be found in the praise, the adulation of strangers. That in fact this need to be special, to be exceptional, may be the very cause of one's loneliness, setting you apart as it does. That it is in our ordinariness, in our imperfection, in the detail of life, that contentment is found. At least I am hoping so.	70
BELL NICHOLLS:	Thank you. Thank you.	75
CHARLOTTE:	Your letters. They moved me. I had not expected to ever inspire such... such —	
BELL NICHOLLS:	Forgive me.	80
CHARLOTTE:	I will give Father the book. <i>Lights change. CHARLOTTE is writing at the table. BELL NICHOLLS hangs up his coat and comes to read over her shoulder.</i>	
	My dear friend. Since I came home from honeymoon I have not had an unemployed moment. My life is changed indeed. I have no time for thinking. His bent is so much towards matters of real life and usefulness, so little inclined to the contemplative. He has just now returned from a meeting of the weavers who hope to form some kind of union. He has great hopes but will not say so. My husband is not a poet or a poetical man and yet I am happy.	85
	Arthur has just glanced over my shoulder. He thinks I have written too freely and says you must promise to burn my letter. You must comply or in future you shall receive such letters as he writes to all save myself. Plain statements of fact without so much as a single flourish. If a phrase of affection steals in it does so on tiptoe, blushing.	90
	My health has been very good since my honeymoon, until about ten days ago indigestion and continual faint sickness have been my portion.	95
EMILY:	Charlotte died just nine months after her marriage.	
	Three weeks before her thirty-ninth birthday.	
ANNE:	She was pregnant and suffering from an acute form of morning sickness. A condition that might easily be cured today.	100
	<i>EMILY and ANNE are beginning to unbutton their Victorian clothes. CHARLOTTE continues to read from the biography.</i>	105

CHARLOTTE:	To speak truth my sufferings are very great. My nights indescribable. Sickness and pain with scarce a reprieve. My husband is the tenderest nurse, the kindest support, the best earthly companion that woman ever had. His patience never fails and is tried by sad days and broken nights. My heart is knit to him entirely.	110
	<i>All exit as CATHY enters with the pillow, talking. She climbs up onto the table.</i>	115
CATHY:	Wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. Riding the wind, higher and higher. Making us run. <i>She throws handfuls of feathers into the air.</i>	
	Fly. Fly. Fly away from here. You must be gone. Away. Away now quickly before they catch you.	120
	<i>Blackout.</i>	
	<i>The End.</i>	

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