



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

7262/W

Insert

[Turn over]

Question 15 Lorca: 'Yerma'

From Act One, Scene Two

YERMA: Does your mother
live in the top
house?

SECOND GIRL: That's her, yes.

YERMA: The very last one? **5**

SECOND GIRL: Yes.

YERMA: What's her name?

SECOND GIRL: Dolores. Why?

YERMA: No reason.

SECOND GIRL: Then why ask? **10**

YERMA: It doesn't matter...
it's just that...

SECOND GIRL: Oh, well, I'd best be
off... to feed my
husband. [She **15**
laughs.] Such a pity

I can't still call him
my boyfriend! [She
laughs.] Anyway,
here goes harum- 20
scarum! [Exit
laughing happily.]
Bye!

VICTOR: [VICTOR's voice
singing offstage.] 25
Why do you sleep
alone, shepherd?
Why do you sleep
alone, shepherd?
On my quilt of wool 30
You'd sleep much
better.
Why do you sleep
alone, shepherd?
[YERMA listens.] 35

[Turn over]

VICTOR:

**Why do you sleep
alone, shepherd?
On my quilt of wool
You'd sleep much
better. 40**

**Your quilt is made of
dark stone,
shepherd.**

**Your shirt is stiff with
frost, shepherd. 45**

**Grey reeds of winter
at your head,
The dark of night
around your bed.**

**The roots of oak-
trees lie, shepherd, 50
Hard beneath your
pillow, shepherd.**

**Hear a woman's
voice come near, 55
It's just the broken
sound of water.**

**Oh, shepherd,
shepherd,**

Why does the mountain need you,
shepherd? 60

Mountain with its
bitter herbs.

No child to wake you
up at home! 65

Only the thorn of
mountain broom!

[YERMA starts to
leave but meets VICTOR as he
enters.] 70

VICTOR: [cheerfully] So
where's my pretty
girl off to? 75

YERMA: Was that you
singing?

VICTOR: It was.

[Turn over]

- YERMA:** It was good. I've never heard you sing before. 80
- VICTOR:** No?
- YERMA:** Your voice is so strong. Like a stream of water filling your mouth. 85
- VICTOR:** That's because I'm a happy person.
- YERMA:** I know.
- VICTOR:** And you are sad. 90
- YERMA:** Not by nature. But now I've every reason to be sad.
- VICTOR:** Your husband's even sadder than you. 95
- YERMA:** True. His character's very dry.

VICTOR: He's always been the same. [Pause. YERMA is sitting.] **100**
WERE YOU TAKING HIM HIS FOOD?

YERMA: Yes. [She looks at him. Pause.] What's that? [She points to his face.] **105**

VICTOR: What?

YERMA: [She gets up, goes to him.] Here! On your cheek. It looks like a burn. **110**

VICTOR: It's nothing.

YERMA: It's just that...
 [Pause.]

VICTOR: Bit of sunburn, that's all. **115**

YERMA: Maybe...

[Turn over]

[Pause. The silence is intense. A great struggle takes place between them even though they are quite motionless.] 120

YERMA: **[trembling] Listen!**

VICTOR: **What?** 125

YERMA: **Can't you hear someone crying?**

VICTOR: **[listening] No.**

YERMA: **I thought I heard a child.** 130

VICTOR: **Where?**

YERMA: **Quite close.
Struggling for breath.**

VICTOR: **There are lots of kids nearby. They come to pinch the fruit.** 135

YERMA: **No. It's a small baby.**

[Pause.]

VICTOR: I can't hear.

YERMA: Then I must be
imagining things. 140

[She looks at him
intensely. **VICTOR**
looks at her but
slowly looks away,
as if afraid. Enter
JUAN.] 145

JUAN: Are you still here?

YERMA: Just talking.

VICTOR: I'll be off, then. 150
[Exits.]

JUAN: You should be at
home.

YERMA: I was enjoying
myself. 155

[Turn over]

- JUAN:** What do you mean enjoying yourself?
- YERMA:** Just listening to the birds.
- JUAN:** All right. But you'll give people cause for talk. 160
- YERMA:** [strongly] Juan, what are you getting at? 165
- JUAN:** It's not your fault. But you know what people are like.
- YERMA:** People can rot in hell! 170
- JUAN:** You shouldn't speak like that. It's an ugly thing in a woman!
- YERMA:** If only I were a woman! 175

JUAN: This conversation
has to stop. Go
home!

[Pause.]

YERMA: Right. Shall I wait
up? **180**

JUAN: I'll be here all night,
watering the fields.
There's not much
water, but it's mine **185**
till the sun comes up,
and I have to make
sure no one steals it.
You go to bed and
get some sleep. **190**

YERMA: **[strongly]** Yes. I'll
get some sleep!

[Exit YERMA.]

[Turn over]

Question 16**Williams: 'The Glass Menagerie'****From Scene Three****TOM: I don't want to hear any more!**

[He tears the portieres open. The dining-room area is lit with a turgid smoky red glow. Now we see Amanda; her hair is in metal curlers and she is wearing a very old bathrobe, much too large for her slight figure, a relic of the faithless Mr Wingfield. The upright typewriter now stands on the drop-leaf table, along with a wild disarray of manuscripts. The quarrel was probably precipitated

5

10

15

by Amanda's interruption
of Tom's creative labor. 20

A chair lies overthrown on
the floor. Their
gesticulating shadows are
cast on the ceiling by the
fiery glow.] 25

AMANDA: You will hear more, you —

TOM: No, I won't hear more, I'm
going out!

AMANDA: You come right back in —

TOM: Out, out, out! Because 30
I'm —

AMANDA: Come back here, Tom
Wingfield! I'm not
through talking to you!

TOM: Oh, go— 35

LAURA: [desperately] — Tom!

[Turn over]

AMANDA: You're going to listen, and no more insolence from you! I'm at the end of my patience! 40

[He comes back toward her.]

TOM: What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you, what I'm *doing* — what I *want* to do — having a little *difference* between them! 45
50
You don't think that —

AMANDA: I think you've been doing things that you're ashamed of. That's why you act like this. I don't believe that you go every night to the movies. Nobody goes to the 55

movies night after night. 60

Nobody in their right
minds goes to the movies
as often as you pretend

to. People don't go to the
movies at nearly 65

midnight, and movies
don't let out at two A.M.

Come in stumbling.

Muttering to yourself like
a maniac! You get three 70

hours' sleep and then go
to work. Oh, I can picture

the way you're doing
down there. Moping,
doping, because you're in 75

no condition.

TOM: [wildly] No, I'm in no
condition!

[Turn over]

- AMANDA:** What right have you got
to jeopardize your job? 80
Jeopardize the security of
us all? How do you think
we'd manage if you were
—
- TOM:** Listen! You think I'm 85
crazy about the
warehouse? [He bends
fiercely toward her slight
figure.] You think I'm in
love with the Continental 90
Shoemakers? You think I
want to spend fifty-five
years down there in that
— *celotex interior!* with
— *fluorescent – tubes!* 95
Look! I'd rather
somebody picked up a
crowbar and battered out
my brains — than go back
mornings! I go! Every 100
time you come in yelling
that Goddamn '*Rise and*

***Shine!* ‘*Rise and Shine!*’**
I say to myself, ‘How
***lucky dead* people are!’ 105**
But I get up. I go! For
sixty-five dollars a month
I give up all that I dream
of doing and being *ever!*
And you say self — *self’s* 110
all I ever think of. Why,
listen, if self is what I
thought of, Mother, I’d be
where he is — GONE!
[He points to his father’s 115
picture.] As far as the
system of transportation
reaches! [He starts past
her. She grabs his arm.]
Don’t grab at me, Mother! 120

AMANDA: Where are you going?

TOM: I’m going to the *movies!*

AMANDA: I don’t believe that lie!

[Turn over]

[Tom crouches toward her, overtowering her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping.] 125

TOM: I'm going to opium dens!
 Yes, opium dens, dens of
 vice and criminals' 130
 hangouts, Mother. I've
 joined the Hogan Gang,
 I'm a hired assassin,
 I carry a tommy gun in a
 violin case! I run a string 135
 of cat houses in the
 Valley! They call me
 Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm
 leading a double-life, a
 simple, honest warehouse 140
 worker by day, by night a
 dynamic *czar* of the
underworld, Mother. I go
 to gambling casinos, I
 spin away fortunes on the 145
 roulette table! I wear a
 patch over one eye and a

false mustache,
 sometimes I put on green
 whiskers. On those 150
 occasions they call me —
El Diablo! Oh, I could tell
 you many things to make
 you sleepless! My
 enemies plan to dynamite 155
 this place. They're going
 to blow us all sky-high
 some night! I'll be glad,
 very happy, and so will
 you! You'll go up, up on a 160
 broomstick, over Blue
 Mountain with seventeen
 gentlemen callers! You
 ugly — babbling old —
witch... 165

[Turn over]

[He goes through a series
 of violent, clumsy
 movements, seizing his
 overcoat, lunging to the
 door, pulling it fiercely 170
 open. The women watch
 him, aghast. His arm
 catches in the sleeve of
 the coat as he struggles
 to pull it on. For a 175
 moment he is pinioned by
 the bulky garment. With
 an outraged groan he
 tears the coat off again,
 splitting the shoulder of it, 180
 and hurls it across the
 room. It strikes against
 the shelf of Laura's glass
 collection, and there is a
 tinkle of shattering glass. 185
 Laura cries out as if
 wounded.]
 [Music.]

**[Screen legend:
‘The Glass Menagerie.’] 190**

LAURA: **[shrilly] *My glass!* —
menagerie... [She covers
her face and turns away.]**

**[But Amanda is still
stunned and stupefied by 195
the ‘ugly witch’ so that
she barely notices this
occurrence. Now she
recovers her speech.]**

AMANDA: **[In an awful voice.] 200
I won’t speak to you —
until you apologize!**

**[She crosses through the
portieres and draws them
together behind her. Tom 205
is left with Laura.**

[Turn over]

**Laura clings weakly to the
mantel with her face
averted. Tom stares at
her stupidly for a moment. 210
Then he crosses to the
shelf. He drops
awkwardly on his knees
to collect the fallen glass,
glancing at Laura as if he 215
would speak but
couldn't.]**

**['The Glass Menagerie'
music steals in as the
scene dims out.] 220**

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[Turn over]

Question 17 Berkoff: 'Metamorphosis'

From Act One

[As GREGOR comes to stop behind GRETA — FAMILY mime actions of domestic life in time to ticking resembling those automatic figures in wax-works — they repeat same combinations of gestures — only when they speak do they freeze the movement.] 5 10

GRETA: Milk, Gregor?

[Image — actors as marionettes. FATHER smokes cigar and drinks. MOTHER sews. GRETA reads her school books.] 15

GREGOR: Thanks — you're up late,
why aren't you in bed?

GRETA: I thought I'd wait up for you. What's the matter? 20

GREGOR: My back's aching — must
be carrying these samples
all day.

[Freeze action during next
five speeches.] 25

MR. S: Did you sell much?

GREGOR: Not as much as last week.

MR. S: [disappointed] Oh! —
never mind — it'll be
better tomorrow. 30

GREGOR: Perhaps.

MR. S: Of course it will.

[Continue action.]

[Turn over]

- GREGOR:** Ssh... listen... 35
- GRETA:** What?
- GREGOR:** It's raining again — hear it beating on the window gutter?
- MRS. S:** [listening] It's been raining for ages. 40
- GREGOR:** Oh God! [Sits down wearily.]
- GRETA:** What is it?
- GREGOR:** I'm so exhausted. 45
- MR. S:** Go to bed then.
- GREGOR:** Always tired — travelling day in, day out.
[Image — the feet of the FAMILY race while they sit — faces reveal the agony of GREGOR's life — they become chorus for his statements.] 50
- On top of worrying about 55

**train connections —
snatching odd meals, (and
if I arrive late at some
small town, trudging the
streets looking for an
hotel). [Repeat this
sentence twice, once fast,
once slow.]** 60

MRS. S: I thought you preferred it
to the warehouse. 65

GREGOR: Not any more — a man
needs his sleep.

GRETA: Well, go to bed then.

GREGOR: [ignoring her] The other
travellers have it easy — 70
they're still at breakfast
when I've returned with
the morning's orders.

[Turn over]

[Image of above — music.]

Sometimes it's still dark 75

out when I leave and the

mornings are so empty

and bitterly cold... I think

that's why I've got a stiff

back. 80

GRETA: Why don't you leave?

GREGOR: I will one day — rest

assured, as soon as I've

paid off father's debt to

him, I'll go right up to the 85

chief himself and tell him

what I think of him.

**GRETA: [giggling] Oh that would
be fun — imagine his face.**

[Image — FATHER's 90

image of CHIEF CLERK.]

GREGOR: It would knock him

sideways if I did that...

[Image of CLERK — tilting

sideways.] 95

He's such a strange little man... he's got an irritating habit of sitting high at his desk and talking down to me — and I have to crane my neck because he's hard of hearing. 100

GRETA: Is there much to pay off?

GREGOR: It should take another five years. 105

MRS. S: Oh! As long as that!

GREGOR: Then I'll cut myself loose!

GRETA: Good, and if you're lucky it might be sooner. 110

GREGOR: And that's another thing — you're always making casual acquaintances.

[Turn over]

[Image of FAMILY going to meet and then parting, never quite succeeding in the act — music.] 115

And before you've time to become friends you're off again. [Moves his joints in time to ticking... first intimations of insect state.] 120

I don't know what's happening to me — all my joints feel stiff. 125

GRETA: Perhaps you shouldn't go in tomorrow — don't go in — I'll get a doctor for you in the morning.

MR. S: } 130
MRS. S: } **NO!**

GRETA: Why not?

MR. S: It would look suspicious.

GREGOR: I've not had a day's illness in five years.

- MR. S:** The Chief Clerk himself would come here with the insurance doctor and put it all down to laziness. 135
- GREGOR:** I mean I feel quite well really so they wouldn't be wrong, would they? 140
- GRETA:** But you look so tired and pale.
- MR. S:** That's the penalty for being a good salesman. 145
- FAMILY:** *Oh Gregor, you're so good to us!*
- MR. S:** You go to bed now.
- GRETA:** And have a good night's sleep. 150
- MRS. S:** And I'll make you a lovely breakfast in the morning.

[Turn over]

- GREGOR:** I could sleep for ever.
 [Moves slowly back to
 cage.] 155
 Goodnight, Greta.
 [Collapses into cage
 which is unlit — he is on
 his back motionless.]
- FAMILY:** [in harmony] Goodnight, 160
 Gregor.
- [Blackout.]
 [Fast ticking starts — day
 begins. A hard light
 snaps on downstage — 165
 everything works by the
 clock — movements again
 are purely functional,
 speech patterns are
 geared to movement and 170
 ticking.]
 [Cyclorama lit in white —
 FAMILY in three white
 spots. GREGOR a black
 silhouette, feet up — arm 175

moving in and out.]
[Image — FAMILY at
breakfast, GREGOR on his
back, the still stiff insect
before waking.] 180

[The mime of FAMILY
eating, looking up,
wondering where
GREGOR is, in unison
linked as a chorus.] 185

MR. S: It's half past six. Where's
Gregor?

[Turn over]

Question 18

Wertebaker: 'Our Country's Good'

From Act Two, Scene Eleven

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[Turn over]

Question 19 Churchill: 'Cloud Nine'**From Act Two, Scene One**

EDWARD: I wish you hadn't said that about me. It's not true.

LIN: It's not true and I never said it and I never thought it and I never will think it again. **5**

EDWARD: Someone might have heard you.

LIN: Shut up about it then. **10**
[BETTY and VICTORIA come up.]

BETTY: It's quite a nasty bump.

VICTORIA: He's not even crying.

BETTY: I think that's very worrying. You and Edward always cried. **15**

Perhaps he's got
concussion.

VICTORIA: Of course he hasn't
mummy. 20

BETTY: That other little boy was
very rough. Should you
speak to somebody about
him? 25

VICTORIA: Tommy was hitting him
with a spade.

BETTY: Well he's a real little boy.
And so brave not to cry.
You must watch him for
signs of drowsiness. 30

And nausea. If he's sick
in the night, phone an
ambulance. Well, you're
looking very well darling,
a bit tired, a bit peaky. 35

[Turn over]

I think the fresh air
 agrees with Edward. He
 likes the open air life
 because of growing up in 40
 Africa. He misses the
 sunshine, don't you,
 darling? We'll soon have
 Edward back on his feet.
 What fun it is here. 45

VICTORIA: This is Lin. And Cathy.

BETTY: Oh Cathy what a lovely
 painting. What is it?
 Well I think it's a house
 on fire. I think all that red 50
 is a fire. Is that right? Or
 do I see legs, is it a
 horse? Can I have the
 lovely painting or is it for
 mummy? Children have 55
 such imagination, it
 makes them so
 exhausting. [To LIN.] I'm
 sure you're wonderful,

just like Victoria. I had help with my children. One does need help. That was in Africa of course so there wasn't the servant problem. This is my son Edward. This is –

EDWARD: Lin.

BETTY: Lin, this is Lin. Edward is doing something such fun, he's working in the park as a gardener. He does look exactly like a gardener.

EDWARD: I am a gardener.

BETTY: He's certainly making a stab at it. Well it will be a story to tell. I expect he will write a novel about it,

[Turn over]

or perhaps a television series. Well what a pretty child Cathy is. Victoria was a pretty child just like a little doll – you can't be certain how they'll grow up. I think Victoria's very pretty but she doesn't make the most of herself, do you darling, it's not the fashion I'm told but there are still women who dress out of 'Vogue', well we hope that's not what Martin looks for, though in many ways I wish it was, I don't know what it is Martin looks for and nor does he I'm afraid poor Martin. Well I am rattling on. I like your skirt dear but your shoes won't do at all. Well do

80

85

90

95

100

they have lady gardeners,
Edward, because I'm 105
going to leave your father
and I think I might need
to get a job, not a
gardener really of course.
I haven't got green 110
fingers I'm afraid,
everything I touch
shrivels straight up.
Vicky gave me a
poinsettia last Christmas 115
and the leaves all fell off
on Boxing Day. Well
good heavens, look
what's happened to that
lovely painting. 120

[CATHY has slowly and
carefully been going over
the whole sheet with
black paint. She has
almost finished.] 125

[Turn over]

- LIN:** What you do that for silly? It was nice.
- CATHY:** I like your earrings.
- VICTORIA:** Did you say you're leaving Daddy? 130
- BETTY:** Do you darling? Shall I put them on you? My ears aren't pierced, I never wanted that, they just clip on the lobe. 135
- LIN:** She'll get paint on you, mind.
- BETTY:** There's a pretty girl. It doesn't hurt does it? Well you'll grow up to know you have to suffer a little bit for beauty. 140
- CATHY:** Look mum I'm pretty, I'm pretty, I'm pretty.
- LIN:** Stop showing off Cathy. 145

VICTORIA: It's time we went home.
Tommy, time to go home.
Last go then, all right.

EDWARD: Mum did I hear you right
just now? 150

CATHY: I want my ears pierced.

BETTY: Ooh, not till you're big.

CATHY: I know a girl got her ears
pierced and she's three.
She's got real gold. 155

BETTY: I don't expect she's
English, darling. Can I
give her a sweetie?
I know they're not very
good for the teeth, Vicky 160
gets terribly cross with
me. What does mummy
say?

LIN: Just one, thank you very
much. 165

[Turn over]

- CATHY:** I like your beads.
- BETTY:** Yes they are pretty. Here you are.
- [It is the necklace from
ACT ONE.] 170
- CATHY:** Look at me, look at me.
Vicky, Vicky, Vicky look
at me.
- LIN:** You look lovely, come on
now. 175
- CATHY:** And your hat, and your
hat.
- LIN:** No, that's enough.
- BETTY:** Of course she can have
my hat. 180
- CATHY:** Yes, yes, hat, hat. Look
look look.
- LIN:** That's enough, please,
stop it now. Hat off, bye
bye hat. 185

CATHY: Give me my hat.

LIN: Bye bye beads.

BETTY: It's just fun.

LIN: It's very nice of you.

CATHY: I want my beads. 190

LIN: Where's the other earring?

CATHY: I want my beads.

[CATHY has the other earring in her hand. 195

Meanwhile VICTORIA and EDWARD look for it.]

EDWARD: Is it on the floor?

VICTORIA: Don't step on it.

EDWARD: Where? 200

CATHY: I want my beads. I want my beads.

LIN: You'll have a smack.

[Turn over]

ANNE: I used to think we
could change things.
That by telling the **20**
truth we would make a
better world.

CHARLOTTE: Maybe we will.

ANNE: There are people living
in poverty, terrible **25**
injustice and suffering
and we... we write.

CHARLOTTE: It isn't a choice.
I didn't choose –

ANNE: What do we want? **30**
What is it for?
[Beat.]

CHARLOTTE: To make life bearable.
[Silence.]

CHARLOTTE: Did you manage to **35**
describe the woods?

[Turn over]

- ANNE:** Not well enough. You never saw anything so beautiful... and yet another week and the leaves will be gone. 40
- [EMILY enters through the back door, dragging coal. She coughs, staggering a little. CHARLOTTE goes to take the coals. EMILY pushes her away.] 45
- EMILY:** Leave me be. 50
- [EMILY continues. She completes her journey and begins to put coals into the fire.]
- CHARLOTTE:** Tomorrow we will contact the doctor. 55
- EMILY:** No.

- CHARLOTTE:** You are unwell. You should be in bed. You need to be – 60
- EMILY:** If you send for him I will not see him.
- ANNE:** Let me go to him with a list of your symptoms and get some medicine. 65
- EMILY:** [gentler] If you must.
- CHARLOTTE:** He needs to see her. It is pointless for us to go. 70
- EMILY:** [sharply] No. I told you. I do not wish it.
- [EMILY pushes CHARLOTTE away as she tries to help.] 75

[Turn over]

- CHARLOTTE:** [suddenly] Why won't you allow me to do anything for you? Why must I always be pushed away? Why can I not love you? What is it in me? What's wrong with me? 80
- EMILY:** You want... too much. 85
- CHARLOTTE:** What?
- EMILY:** Too much of me.
[EMILY leaves, slowly meeting CATHY. During the following dialogue, CATHY lies on the floor. EMILY lies with her head on CATHY's chest.] 90
- [ANNE and CHARLOTTE are still in the kitchen.] 95

ANNE: I think she wants to...

CHARLOTTE: What?

ANNE: To go. 100

CHARLOTTE: Go?

ANNE: I think that's what she wants.

CHARLOTTE: Go where?

ANNE: Away. 105

CHARLOTTE: I don't understand.

ANNE: From us.

CHARLOTTE: Go? She never went anywhere in her life. She couldn't. She wouldn't. She doesn't know how to. She – 110

ANNE: I mean... from all of us.

CHARLOTTE: What do you – 115

[Turn over]

- ANNE:** From this. She has let the hawk go. When it returned she would not feed it or let it come to her. **120**
Yesterday... it flew away.
- CHARLOTTE:** Don't say so. Don't say so.
- [EMILY is fighting for breath. CATHY speaks in broken sentences.] **125**
- CATHY:** I am tired, tired of being. Weary to **130**
escape, to be gone, to that higher, to be always there, not seeing it dimly but with it and in it and, **135**
soon, so soon I shall be beyond, beyond and... Tired, so tired of

being... Soon, soon I
shall be – 140

[CHARLOTTE speaks
over CATHY's
dismembered words.]

CHARLOTTE: Don't leave me. You
mustn't leave me. I 145
have always known.
Always, since I first
saw... first read.

When I first read the
poems I felt... I knew 150
that this touched
deep, went beyond.

That these strange
savage prayers were
of a kind... unknown 155
to me. That words had
been made to hold all
that is, that was, that
could be.

[Turn over]

That could be, were 160
 we not as we are. And
 I felt a sickness, a
 burning shame,
 because I knew that
 my own attempts to fly 165
 had been... as
 nothing. Everything I
 had ever written was...
 Like a bird that thinks
 its cage the universe I 170
 was trapped, tethered,
 bound. But you have
 flown and I have
 watched you and in
 watching come to 175
 know, to know what it
 might be... to fly. For
 that I have loved and
 loathed you but you
 have been the nearest 180
 thing to my heart in all
 this world.

[EMILY dies.]

CHARLOTTE: Did you hear me? Can you hear me? 185

[CHARLOTTE shakes EMILY. She cries out.]

CHARLOTTE: No.

[PATRICK and ANNE kneel beside the body to pray. ANNE weeps.] 190

[EMILY and then CATHY rise slowly and exit in opposite directions.] 195

[CHARLOTTE goes to EMILY's writing desk and pulls out the contents, opening bundles of paper. She is searching for something.] 200

[Turn over]

**CATHY speaks
fragments of the
poems as they are
read.] 205**

**CHARLOTTE: I am happiest when
most away... bear my
soul from its home of
clay... 210**

**[CHARLOTTE finds the
manuscript of EMILY's
unfinished novel.]**

**ANNE: It is almost certain that 215
at the time of Emily's
death, there existed a
second novel.**

END OF SOURCES

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