



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

Insert

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?	
SECOND GIRL:	Yes.	
YERMA:	What's her name?	5
SECOND GIRL:	Dolores. Why?	
YERMA:	No reason.	
SECOND GIRL:	Then why ask?	
YERMA:	It doesn't matter...it's just that...	
SECOND GIRL:	Oh, well, I'd best be off...to feed my husband. (<i>She laughs.</i>) Such a pity I can't still call him my boyfriend! (<i>She laughs.</i>) Anyway, here goes harum-scarum! (<i>Exit laughing happily.</i>) Bye!	10
VICTOR:	VICTOR's voice singing offstage. Why do you sleep alone, shepherd? Why do you sleep alone, shepherd? On my quilt of wool You'd sleep much better. Why do you sleep alone, shepherd? YERMA listens.	15 20
VICTOR:	Why do you sleep alone, shepherd? On my quilt of wool You'd sleep much better. Your quilt is made of dark stone, shepherd. Your shirt is stiff with frost, shepherd. Grey reeds of winter at your head, The dark of night around your bed. The roots of oak-trees lie, shepherd, Hard beneath your pillow, shepherd. Hear a woman's voice come near, It's just the broken sound of water. Oh, shepherd, shepherd, Why does the mountain need you, shepherd? Mountain with its bitter herbs. No child to wake you up at home! Only the thorn of mountain broom! YERMA starts to leave but meets VICTOR as he enters. (cheerfully): So where's my pretty girl off to?	25 30 35
VICTOR	Was that you singing?	
YERMA:	It was.	40
VICTOR:	It was good. I've never heard you sing before.	
YERMA:	No?	
VICTOR:	Your voice is so strong. Like a stream of water filling your mouth.	
YERMA:	That's because I'm a happy person.	45
VICTOR:	I know.	
YERMA:	And you are sad.	
VICTOR:	Not by nature. But now I've every reason to be sad.	
YERMA:	Your husband's even sadder than you.	
VICTOR:	True. His character's very dry.	50
YERMA:	He's always been the same. (<i>Pause. YERMA is sitting.</i>) Were you taking him his food?	

YERMA:	Yes. (<i>She looks at him. Pause.</i>) What's that? (<i>She points to his face.</i>)	
VICTOR:	What?	55
YERMA:	(<i>she gets up, goes to him</i>). Here! On your cheek. It looks like a burn.	
VICTOR:	It's nothing.	
YERMA:	It's just that...(Pause.)	
VICTOR:	Bit of sunburn, that's all.	60
YERMA:	Maybe... <i>Pause. The silence is intense. A great struggle takes place between them even though they are quite motionless.</i>	
YERMA	(<i>trembling</i>): Listen!	65
VICTOR:	What?	
YERMA:	Can't you hear someone crying?	
VICTOR	(<i>listening</i>): No.	
YERMA:	I thought I heard a child.	
VICTOR:	Where?	70
YERMA:	Quite close. Struggling for breath.	
VICTOR:	There are lots of kids nearby. They come to pinch the fruit.	
YERMA:	No. It's a small baby. <i>Pause.</i>	75
VICTOR:	I can't hear.	
YERMA:	Then I must be imagining things. <i>She looks at him intensely. VICTOR looks at her but slowly looks away, as if afraid. Enter JUAN.</i>	
JUAN:	Are you still here?	80
YERMA:	Just talking.	
VICTOR:	I'll be off, then. (<i>Exits.</i>)	
JUAN:	You should be at home.	
YERMA:	I was enjoying myself.	
JUAN:	What do you mean enjoying yourself?	85
YERMA:	Just listening to the birds.	
JUAN:	All right. But you'll give people cause for talk.	
YERMA	(<i>strongly</i>): Juan, what are you getting at?	
JUAN:	It's not your fault. But you know what people are like.	
YERMA:	People can rot in hell!	90
JUAN:	You shouldn't speak like that. It's an ugly thing in a woman!	
YERMA:	If only I were a woman!	
JUAN:	This conversation has to stop. Go home! <i>Pause.</i>	95
YERMA:	Right. Shall I wait up?	
JUAN:	I'll be here all night, watering the fields. There's not much water, but it's mine till the sun comes up, and I have to make sure no one steals it. You go to bed and get some sleep.	100
YERMA	(<i>strongly</i>): Yes. I'll get some sleep! <i>Exit YERMA.</i>	

Question 16

Williams: *The Glass Menagerie*

From Scene Three

TOM:	I don't want to hear any more! [<i>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 by Amanda's interruption of Tom's creative labor. A chair lies overthrown on the floor. Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.</i>]	5
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 I'm—	
AMANDA:	Come back here, Tom Wingfield! I'm not through talking to you!	15
TOM:	Oh, go—	
LAURA	[<i>desperately</i>]: – Tom!	
AMANDA:	You're going to listen, and no more insolence from you! I'm at the end of my patience! [<i>He comes back toward her.</i>]	20
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 <i>doing</i> – what I <i>want</i> to do – having a little <i>difference</i> between them! 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 movies night after night. Nobody in their right minds goes to the movies as often as you pretend to. People don't go to the movies at nearly midnight, and movies don't let out at two A.M. Come in stumbling. Muttering to yourself like a maniac! You get three hours' sleep and then go to work. Oh, I can picture the way you're doing down there. Moping, doping, because you're in no condition.	25
TOM	[<i>wildly</i>]: No, I'm in no condition!	
AMANDA:	What right have you got to jeopardize your job? Jeopardize the security of us all? How do you think we'd manage if you were—	35
TOM:	Listen! You think I'm crazy about the <i>warehouse</i> ? [<i>He bends fiercely toward her slight figure.</i>] You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years down there in that – <i>celotex interior!</i> with – <i>fluorescent – tubes!</i> Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains – than go back mornings! I <i>go!</i> Every time you come in yelling that Goddamn ' <i>Rise and Shine!</i> ' ' <i>Rise and Shine!</i> ' I say to myself, 'How <i>lucky dead</i> people are!' But I get up. I <i>go!</i> For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being <i>ever!</i> And you say self – <i>self's</i> all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is – GONE! [<i>He points to his father's picture.</i>] As far as the system of transportation reaches! [<i>He starts past her. She grabs his arm.</i>] Don't grab at me, Mother!	40
AMANDA:	Where are you going?	45
TOM:	I'm going to the <i>movies!</i>	50

AMANDA:	I don't believe that lie! [<i>Tom crouches toward her, overtowering her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping.</i>]	55
TOM:	I'm going to opium dens! Yes, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' 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 of cat houses in the Valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a double-life, a simple, honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic <i>czar</i> of the <i>underworld</i> , Mother. I go to gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false mustache, sometimes I put on green whiskers. On those occasions they call me – <i>El Diablo!</i> Oh, I could tell you many things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite 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 broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You ugly – babbling old – <i>witch</i> ... [<i>He goes through a series of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his overcoat, lunging to the door, pulling it fiercely open. The women watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull it on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment. With an outraged groan he tears the coat off again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes against the shelf of Laura's glass collection, and there is a tinkle of shattering glass. Laura cries out as if wounded.</i>] [<i>Music.</i>]	60 65 70 75 80
LAURA	[<i>Screen legend: 'The Glass Menagerie.'</i>] [<i>shrilly</i>]: My glass! – menagerie ... [She covers her face and turns away.] [<i>But Amanda is still stunned and stupefied by the 'ugly witch' so that she barely notices this occurrence. Now she recovers her speech.</i>]	85
AMANDA	[<i>in an awful voice</i>]: I won't speak to you – until you apologize! [<i>She crosses through the portieres and draws them together behind her. Tom is left with Laura. Laura clings weakly to the mantel with her face averted. Tom stares at her stupidly for a moment. Then he crosses to the shelf. He drops awkwardly on his knees to collect the fallen glass, glancing at Laura as if he would speak but couldn't.</i>] [<i>'The Glass Menagerie' music steals in as the scene dims out.</i>]	90

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.]

- GRETA: Milk, Gregor? 5
 [Image — actors as marionettes. FATHER smokes cigar and drinks. MOTHER sews. GRETA reads her school books.]
- 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?
 GREGOR: My back's aching — must be carrying these samples all day. 10
 [Freeze action during next five speeches.]
- MR. S: Did you sell much?
 GREGOR: Not as much as last week.
 MR. S: [disappointed] Oh! — never mind — it'll be better tomorrow.
 GREGOR: Perhaps. 15
 MR. S: Of course it will.
 [Continue action.]
- GREGOR: Ssh ... listen ...
 GRETA: What?
 GREGOR: It's raining again — hear it beating on the window gutter? 20
 MRS. S: [listening] It's been raining for ages.
 GREGOR: Oh God! [Sits down wearily.]
 GRETA: What is it?
 GREGOR: I'm so exhausted.
 MR. S: Go to bed then. 25
 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.]
- On top of worrying about 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.] 30
- MRS. S: I thought you preferred it to the warehouse.
 GREGOR: Not any more — a man needs his sleep.
 GRETA: Well, go to bed then. 35
 GREGOR: [ignoring her] The other travellers have it easy — they're still at breakfast when I've returned with the morning's orders.
 [Image of above — music.]
 Sometimes it's still dark out when I leave and the mornings are so empty and bitterly cold ... I think that's why I've got a stiff back. 40
- 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 chief himself and tell him what I think of him.
- GRETA: [giggling] Oh that would be fun — imagine his face. 45
 [Image — FATHER's image of CHIEF CLERK.]
- GREGOR: It would knock him sideways if I did that ...
 [Image of CLERK — tilting sideways.]
 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. 50
- GRETA: Is there much to pay off?

GREGOR:	It should take another five years.	
MRS. S:	Oh! As long as that!	
GREGOR:	Then I'll cut myself loose!	55
GRETA:	Good, and if you're lucky it might be sooner.	
GREGOR:	And that's another thing — you're always making casual acquaintances.	
	<i>[Image of FAMILY going to meet and then parting, never quite succeeding in the act — music.]</i>	60
	And before you've time to become friends you're off again. <i>[Moves his joints in time to ticking ... first intimations of insect state.]</i> I don't know what's happening to me — all my joints feel stiff.	
GRETA:	Perhaps you shouldn't go in tomorrow — don't go in — I'll get a doctor for you in the morning.	65
MR. S:	NO!	
MRS. S: }		
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.	70
GREGOR:	I mean I feel quite well really so they wouldn't be wrong, would they?	
GRETA:	But you look so tired and pale.	
MR. S:	That's the penalty for being a good salesman.	
FAMILY:	<i>Oh Gregor, you're so good to us!</i>	75
MR. S:	You go to bed now.	
GRETA:	And have a good night's sleep.	
MRS. S:	And I'll make you a lovely breakfast in the morning.	
GREGOR:	I could sleep for ever. <i>[Moves slowly back to cage.]</i>	
	Goodnight, Greta. <i>[Collapses into cage which is unlit — he is on his back motionless.]</i>	80
FAMILY:	<i>[in harmony]</i> Goodnight, Gregor.	
	<i>[Blackout.]</i>	
	<i>[Fast ticking starts — day begins. A hard light snaps on downstage — everything works by the clock — movements again are purely functional, speech patterns are geared to movement and ticking.]</i>	85
	<i>[Cyclorama lit in white — FAMILY in three white spots. GREGOR a black silhouette, feet up — arm moving in and out.]</i>	
	<i>[Image — FAMILY at breakfast, GREGOR on his back, the still stiff insect before waking.]</i>	90
	<i>[The mime of FAMILY eating, looking up, wondering where GREGOR is, in unison linked as a chorus.]</i>	
MR. S:	It's half past six. Where's Gregor?	

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

From Act Two, Scene Eleven

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright restrictions.

There are no sources printed on this page

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.	
EDWARD:	Someone might have heard you.	
LIN:	Shut up about it then.	5
	[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. Perhaps he's got concussion.	10
VICTORIA:	Of course he hasn't mummy.	
BETTY:	That other little boy was very rough. Should you speak to somebody about him?	
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. 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. I think the fresh air agrees with Edward. He likes the open air life because of growing up in Africa. He misses the sunshine, don't you, darling? We'll soon have Edward back on his feet. What fun it is here.	15
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 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 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 –	20
EDWARD:	Lin.	30
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, 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 <i>Vogue</i> , 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 they have lady gardeners, Edward, because I'm 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 fingers I'm afraid, everything I touch shrivels straight up. Vicky gave me a poinsettia last Christmas and the leaves all fell off on Boxing Day. Well good heavens, look what's happened to that lovely painting.	35
	[CATHY has slowly and carefully been going over the whole sheet with black paint. She has almost finished.]	40
		45
		50

LIN:	What you do that for silly? It was nice.	
CATHY:	I like your earrings.	
VICTORIA:	Did you say you're leaving Daddy?	55
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.	
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.	60
CATHY:	Look mum I'm pretty, I'm pretty, I'm pretty.	
LIN:	Stop showing off Cathy.	
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?	65
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.	
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 gets terribly cross with me. What does mummy say?	70
LIN:	Just one, thank you very much.	
CATHY:	I like your beads.	
BETTY:	Yes they are pretty. Here you are. [<i>It is the necklace from ACT ONE.</i>]	75
CATHY:	Look at me, look at me. Vicky, Vicky, Vicky look at me.	
LIN:	You look lovely, come on now.	
CATHY:	And your hat, and your hat.	
LIN:	No, that's enough.	80
BETTY:	Of course she can have my hat.	
CATHY:	Yes, yes, hat, hat. Look look look.	
LIN:	That's enough, please, stop it now. Hat off, bye bye hat.	
CATHY:	Give me my hat.	
LIN:	Bye bye beads.	85
BETTY:	It's just fun.	
LIN:	It's very nice of you.	
CATHY:	I want my beads.	
LIN:	Where's the other earring?	
CATHY:	I want my beads. [<i>CATHY has the other earring in her hand. Meanwhile VICTORIA and EDWARD look for it.</i>]	90
EDWARD:	Is it on the floor?	
VICTORIA:	Don't step on it.	
EDWARD:	Where?	95
CATHY:	I want my beads. I want my beads.	
LIN:	You'll have a smack.	

Question 20

Teale: *Brontë*

From Act Two

CHARLOTTE:	...If it is an illness to write, we are already sick beyond cure.	
ANNE:	Why do we do it?	
CHARLOTTE:	Because we have to.	
ANNE:	But why us? Why always? As far back as I remember.	
CHARLOTTE:	I don't know...Maybe it is only compensation for having lived so very little. But I do know, when it works...there is no place on this earth I would rather be.	5
ANNE:	I used to think we could change things. That by telling the truth we would make a better world.	
CHARLOTTE:	Maybe we will.	10
ANNE:	There are people living in poverty, terrible injustice and suffering and we...we write.	
CHARLOTTE:	It isn't a choice. I didn't choose –	
ANNE:	What do we want? What is it for?	
	<i>Beat.</i>	15
CHARLOTTE:	To make life bearable.	
	<i>Silence.</i>	
CHARLOTTE:	Did you manage to describe the woods?	
ANNE:	Not well enough. You never saw anything so beautiful...and yet another week and the leaves will be gone.	20
	<i>EMILY enters through the back door, dragging coal. She coughs, staggering a little. CHARLOTTE goes to take the coals. EMILY pushes her away.</i>	
EMILY:	Leave me be.	
	<i>EMILY continues. She completes her journey and begins to put coals into the fire.</i>	25
CHARLOTTE:	Tomorrow we will contact the doctor.	
EMILY:	No.	
CHARLOTTE:	You are unwell. You should be in bed. You need to be –	
EMILY:	If you send for him I will not see him.	30
ANNE:	Let me go to him with a list of your symptoms and get some medicine.	
EMILY:	<i>(gentler)</i> . If you must.	
CHARLOTTE:	He needs to see her. It is pointless for us to go.	
EMILY:	<i>(sharply)</i> . No. I told you. I do not wish it.	35
	<i>EMILY pushes CHARLOTTE away as she tries to help.</i>	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(suddenly)</i> 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?	
EMILY:	You want...too much.	40
CHARLOTTE:	What?	
EMILY:	Too much of me.	
	<i>EMILY leaves, slowly meeting CATHY. During the following dialogue, CATHY lies on the floor. EMILY lies with her head on CATHY's chest.</i>	45
	<i>ANNE and CHARLOTTE are still in the kitchen.</i>	
ANNE:	I think she wants to...	
CHARLOTTE:	What?	
ANNE:	To go.	
CHARLOTTE:	Go?	50
ANNE:	I think that's what she wants.	
CHARLOTTE:	Go where?	

ANNE:	Away.	
CHARLOTTE:	I don't understand.	
ANNE:	From us.	55
CHARLOTTE:	Go? She never went anywhere in her life. She couldn't. She wouldn't. She doesn't know how to. She –	
ANNE:	I mean...from all of us.	
CHARLOTTE:	What do you –	
ANNE:	From this. She has let the hawk go. When it returned she would not feed it or let it come to her. Yesterday...it flew away.	60
CHARLOTTE:	Don't say so. Don't say so.	
CATHY:	<i>EMILY is fighting for breath. CATHY speaks in broken sentences.</i> I am tired, tired of being. Weary to escape, to be gone, to that higher, to be always there, not seeing it dimly but with it and in it and, soon, so soon I shall be beyond, beyond and...Tired, so tired of being...Soon, soon I shall be –	65
CHARLOTTE:	<i>CHARLOTTE speaks over CATHY's dismembered words.</i> Don't leave me. You mustn't leave me. I have always known. Always, since I first saw...first read. When I first read the poems I felt...I knew that this touched deep, went beyond. That these strange savage prayers were of a kind...unknown to me. That words had been made to hold all that is, that was, that could be. That could be, were we not as we are. And I felt a sickness, a burning shame, because I knew that my own attempts to fly had been...as nothing. Everything I had ever written was...Like a bird that thinks its cage the universe I was trapped, tethered, bound. But you have flown and I have watched you and in watching come to know, to know what it might be...to fly. For that I have loved and loathed you but you have been the nearest thing to my heart in all this world.	70
	<i>EMILY dies.</i>	75
CHARLOTTE:	Did you hear me? Can you hear me?	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>CHARLOTTE shakes EMILY. She cries out.</i>	
CHARLOTTE:	No.	85
	<i>PATRICK and ANNE kneel beside the body to pray. ANNE weeps.</i>	
	<i>EMILY and then CATHY rise slowly and exit in opposite directions. CHARLOTTE goes to EMILY's writing desk and pulls out the contents, opening bundles of paper. She is searching for something. CATHY speaks fragments of the poems as they are read.</i>	90
CHARLOTTE:	I am happiest when most away...bear my soul from its home of clay...	
	<i>CHARLOTTE finds the manuscript of EMILY's unfinished novel.</i>	95
ANNE:	It is almost certain that at the time of Emily's death, there existed a second novel.	

END OF SOURCES

There are no sources printed on this page

There are no sources printed on this page

There are no sources printed on this page

Copyright information

For confidentiality purposes, acknowledgements of third-party copyright material are published in a separate booklet which is available for free download from www.aqa.org.uk after the live examination series.

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders may have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements. If you have any queries please contact the Copyright Team.

Copyright © 2020 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.

