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A-level

# DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

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Insert

## Question 15

Lorca: *Yerma*

From Act One, Scene One

YERMA:	You don't let me take care of you.	
JUAN:	But there's nothing wrong with me. It's all in your head. I work hard and every year I'm that much older. That's all there is to it.	
YERMA:	Every year...Every year just the two of us...	5
JUAN:	( <i>smiling</i> ). That's right. Nice and peaceful. The work going well and no children to waste our money on.	
YERMA:	No children! ... Juan!	
JUAN:	What?	
YERMA:	Do I love you or not?	10
JUAN:	Of course you do.	
YERMA:	I know young women who trembled and sobbed before they went to bed with their husbands. Did I sob the first time I went to bed with you? Didn't I sing as I turned back the sheets? And didn't I say: 'These bedclothes have the scent of apple'?	15
JUAN:	You did.	
YERMA:	My mother was the one who cried...because I wasn't sorry to leave home. She was right. No one ever got married with such joy. But even so...	20
JUAN:	Yes, yes. I've got far too much work to have to listen day after day to what...	
YERMA:	No. Don't tell me what they say. I can see with my own eyes it can't be true...The rain only has to fall on the stones to soften them and encourage the mustard seeds to grow. People say they serve no purpose, but I can see how they wave their yellow flowers in the breeze.	25
JUAN:	You've just got to hope.	
YERMA:	And love too!	30
	<i>YERMA embraces and kisses him, taking the initiative.</i>	
JUAN:	If there's something you want, just tell me. I'll get it. You know I don't like you going out.	
YERMA:	I never go out.	
JUAN:	You are better off here.	35
YERMA:	I know.	
JUAN:	People go out when they've nothing to do.	
YERMA:	( <i>darkly</i> ). Of course.	
	<i>JUAN leaves and YERMA goes to her sewing-basket. She passes her hand across her belly, raises her arms in a beautiful yawn and sits down to sew.</i>	40
	Where do you come from, my love, my child? From the mountain's cold, hard crest? What do you need, my love, my child? The warm feel of your dress. ( <i>She threads the needle.</i> )	45
	Let the branches wave their arms in the sun! Let the fountains leap, the water run!	

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	( <i>As if she were talking to a child.</i> ) The dog barks on the patio, The wind sings in branches fair. The oxen low to the drover, And the moon plays with my hair. Oh, far-off child, tell me your quest! ( <i>Pause.</i> )	50
	The white slopes of your breasts. Let the branches wave their arms in the sun! Let the fountains leap, the water run!	55
	( <i>Sewing.</i> ) I tell you, my child, I tell you, For you I shall broken be. Oh, how this waist is aching, To have you cradled inside me. Oh, when will you come, oh child of mine? ( <i>Pause.</i> )	60
	When your flesh smells of jasmine. Let the branches wave their arms in the sun! Let the fountains leap, the water run!	
	YERMA <i>continues singing.</i> MARIA <i>enters with a bundle of cloth.</i>	65
MARIA:	Where've you been?	
YERMA:	The shop.	
MARIA:	At this early hour?	
YERMA:	If need be, I'd have sat on the doorstep all night. I bet you can't guess what I've bought.	70
MARIA:	Coffee for breakfast? Sugar, bread?	
YERMA:	I bought this lace, three yards of cotton, ribbon, different coloured wools to make tassels. My husband gave me the money without a word of complaint.	75
MARIA:	You must be making a blouse.	
YERMA:	Oh, no. It's because...you know!	
MARIA:	Well...what?	
YERMA:	Because...it's happened!	
	MARIA <i>stands with her head bowed.</i> YERMA <i>gets up and looks at her in astonishment.</i>	80
YERMA:	It's only been five months!	
MARIA:	I know.	
YERMA:	Are you quite sure?	
MARIA:	Of course!	85
YERMA:	( <i>with curiosity</i> ). So how do you feel?	
MARIA:	I don't know. Anxious.	
YERMA:	Anxious! ( <i>Gripping her.</i> ) When did it happen? Tell me! Were you surprised?	
MARIA:	I think so, yes.	90
YERMA:	You must have been singing. But I sing too. Tell me...	
MARIA:	Don't ask. Have you ever held a live bird?	
YERMA:	Yes.	
MARIA:	That's what it's like. But deep inside... in your blood.	95

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YERMA: Such a beautiful thing! (*She looks at her as if transported.*)

MARIA: I'm so confused. I don't know anything.

YERMA: About what? 100

MARIA: About what to do. I'll talk to my mother.

YERMA: What for? She's far too old. She'll have forgotten it all. You shouldn't be on your feet too much, and when you breathe, breathe softly, as if you were holding a rose in your mouth. 105

MARIA: They say that later on he kicks you gently with his little feet.

YERMA: That's when you really start to love him... when you say to yourself: this is *my* child!

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

From the end of Scene One and including the beginning of Scene Two

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## Question 17

Berkoff: *Metamorphosis*

From 'Evening'

*[Image — FATHER wrestles with his son — the age-old desire of the father wishing to kill his male offspring. GREGOR is thrown into his cage.]*

*[Lights hard on in this scene as if a reflection of the previous thought.]*

5

MR. S: Investments...! That certain investments have survived the wreck of our misfortune.

GRETA: }  
MRS. S: }

MR. S: The money that Gregor brought home was not used after all — I had been shrewd enough at the time to invest some of it...

10

GRETA: }  
MRS. S: }

MR. S: *[holding up a letter]* And now the brokers inform me that the investments have grown!

MRS. S: Oh, Father — how fortunate — we're beginning to need so many things.

15

*[Image — MOTHER and DAUGHTER buying, trying on hats, giggling — hope — running through huge shopping emporium.]*

MR. S: Whilst, however, it is sufficient for the rent, etc., as well as putting some by for a rainy day...

20

GRETA: }  
MRS. S: }

MR. S: It'll still be necessary to earn enough for our expenses.

MRS. S: Of course.

25

GRETA: Let me work! I'm longing to go out to work.

MR. S: Yes, you could always take in washing as your mother did in the bad old days.

MRS. S: But it's only till Gregor gets better.

*[Image — the store disappears — hat is removed.]*

30

MR. S: We don't know that.

*[Gasps as he realizes what he has just said. GREGOR twists in cage. FAMILY slowly sink, their faces pulled into masks of terror. Long silence.]*

MRS. S: Taking in washing won't bring in much.

35

MR. S: I'll help until I find a little job — the old brain hasn't quite gone rusty — might do some book-keeping or stock-checking at a warehouse. I should have started fresh again instead of depending on him.

40

MRS. S: Who was to know?

MR. S: I should have! There was always something about Gregor that was strange.

MRS. S: Gregor! Strange!

MR. S: Gregor, yes, Gregor — although he worked hard, he never seemed to be a part of it — don't think he wanted to — stood outside it somehow — as if he was saying: "This is nothing to do with me"...he didn't really like work, he downright resented it.

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MRS. S:	How can you say that when he worked so hard?	50
MR. S:	Oh, I know he worked hard — but did you ever see his face sometimes after he'd come home, it was hard with resentment — saying, it's for you I'm doing this.	
MRS. S:	Stop feeling guilty, Father, because we lived off him — he kept this house from crumbling!	55
MR. S:	I don't want to hear you talking like that.	
MRS. S:	If he toiled and slaved at something he resented, perhaps that's why he's left us now! <i>[Image — the two women start trembling — fists raised, FATHER primed to destroy.]</i> <i>[Their eyes lock in mutual hatred. Sound of whispering from room. They go to separate areas and take on attitude of sleep.]</i>	60

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

From Act Two, Scene Five: The Second Rehearsal

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## Question 19

Churchill: *Cloud Nine*

From Act One, Scene Four and Five

	[BETTY <i>comes out followed by</i> EDWARD.]	
BETTY:	What's the matter? What's happening?	
CLIVE:	Something terrible has happened. No, I mean some relatives of Joshua's met with an accident.	
JOSHUA:	May I go sir?	5
CLIVE:	Yes, yes of course. Good God, what a terrible thing. Bring us a drink will you Joshua?	
	[JOSHUA <i>goes.</i> ]	
EDWARD:	What? What?	
BETTY:	Edward, go and do your lessons.	10
EDWARD:	What is it, Uncle Harry?	
HARRY:	Go and do your lessons.	
ELLEN:	Edward, come in here at once.	
EDWARD:	What's happened, Uncle Harry?	
	[HARRY <i>has moved aside</i> , EDWARD <i>follows him</i> . ELLEN <i>comes out.</i> ]	15
HARRY:	Go away. Go inside. Ellen!	
ELLEN:	Go inside, Edward. I shall tell your mother.	
BETTY:	Go inside, Edward at once. I shall tell your father.	
CLIVE:	Go inside, Edward. And Betty you go inside too.	20
	[BETTY, EDWARD <i>and</i> ELLEN <i>go</i> . MAUD <i>comes out.</i> ]	
CLIVE:	Go inside. And Ellen, you come outside.	
	[ELLEN <i>comes out.</i> ]	
	Mr Bagley has something to say to you.	
HARRY:	Ellen. I don't suppose you would marry me?	25
ELLEN:	What if I said yes?	
CLIVE:	Run along now, you two want to be alone.	
	[HARRY <i>and</i> ELLEN <i>go out</i> . JOSHUA <i>brings</i> CLIVE <i>a drink.</i> ]	
JOSHUA:	The governess and your wife, sir.	
CLIVE:	What's that, Joshua?	30
JOSHUA:	She talks of love to your wife, sir. I have seen them. Bad women.	
CLIVE:	Joshua, you go too far. Get out of my sight.	

## SCENE FIVE

*The verandah. A table with a white cloth. A wedding cake and a large knife. Bottles and glasses. JOSHUA is putting things on the table. EDWARD has the doll. JOSHUA sees him with it. He holds out his hand. EDWARD gives him the doll. JOSHUA takes the knife and cuts the doll open and shakes the sawdust out of it. JOSHUA throws the doll under the table.*

35

MAUD:	Come along Edward, this is such fun.	
	[ <i>Everyone enters, triumphal arch for</i> HARRY <i>and</i> ELLEN.]	40
MAUD:	Your mama's wedding was a splendid occasion, Edward. I cried and cried.	
	[ELLEN <i>and</i> BETTY <i>go aside.</i> ]	
ELLEN:	Betty, what happens with a man? I don't know what to do.	45

Turn over ►

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BETTY:	You just keep still.	
ELLEN:	And what does he do?	
BETTY:	Harry will know what to do.	
ELLEN:	And is it enjoyable?	
BETTY:	Ellen, you're not getting married to enjoy yourself.	50
ELLEN:	Don't forget me, Betty. [ELLEN goes.]	
BETTY:	I think my necklace has been stolen Clive. I did so want to wear it at the wedding.	
EDWARD:	It was Joshua. Joshua took it.	55
CLIVE	Joshua?	
EDWARD:	He did, he did, I saw him with it.	
HARRY:	Edward, that's not true.	
EDWARD:	It is, it is.	
HARRY:	Edward, I'm afraid you took it yourself.	60
EDWARD:	I did not.	
HARRY:	I have seen him with it.	
CLIVE:	Edward, is that true? Where is it? Did you take your mother's necklace? And to try and blame Joshua, good God. [EDWARD runs off.]	65
BETTY:	Edward, come back. Have you got my necklace?	
HARRY:	I should leave him alone. He'll bring it back.	
BETTY:	I wanted to wear it. I wanted to look my best at your wedding.	
HARRY:	You always look your best to me.	70
BETTY:	I shall get drunk. [MRS SAUNDERS comes.]	
MRS SAUNDERS:	The sale of my property is completed. I shall leave tomorrow.	
CLIVE:	That's just as well. Whose protection will you seek this time?	75
MRS SAUNDERS:	I shall go to England and buy a farm there. I shall introduce threshing machines.	
CLIVE:	Amazing spirit. [He kisses her. BETTY launches herself on MRS SAUNDERS. They fall to the ground.]	80
CLIVE:	Betty – Caroline – I don't deserve this – Harry, Harry. [HARRY and CLIVE separate them. HARRY holding MRS SAUNDERS, CLIVE BETTY.]	
CLIVE:	Mrs Saunders, how can you abuse my hospitality? How dare you touch my wife? You must leave here at once.	85
BETTY:	Go away, go away. You are a wicked woman.	
MAUD:	Mrs Saunders, I am shocked. This is your hostess.	
CLIVE:	Pack your bags and leave the house this instant.	
MRS SAUNDERS:	I was leaving anyway. There's no place for me here. I have made arrangements to leave tomorrow, and tomorrow is when I will leave. I wish you joy, Mr Bagley. [MRS SAUNDERS goes.]	90
CLIVE:	No place for her anywhere I should think. Shocking behaviour.	95
BETTY:	Oh Clive, forgive me, and love me like you used to.	
CLIVE:	Were you jealous my dove? My own dear wife!	
MAUD:	Ah, Mr Bagley, one flesh, you see. [EDWARD comes back with the necklace.]	
CLIVE:	Good God, Edward, it's true.	100
EDWARD:	I was minding it for mama because of the troubles.	

CLIVE:	Well done, Edward, that was very manly of you. See Betty? Edward was protecting his mama's jewels from the rebels. What a hysterical fuss over nothing. Well done, little man. It is quite safe now. The bad men are dead. Edward, you may do up the necklace for mama. [EDWARD does up BETTY's necklace, supervised by CLIVE, JOSHUA is drinking steadily. ELLEN comes back.]	105
MAUD:	Ah, here's the bride. Come along, Ellen, you don't cry at your own wedding, only at other people's.	110
CLIVE:	Now, speeches, speeches. Who is going to make a speech? Harry, make a speech.	
HARRY:	I'm no speaker. You're the one for that.	
ALL:	Speech, speech.	
HARRY:	My dear friends – what can I say – the empire – the family – the married state to which I have always aspired – your shining example of domestic bliss – my great good fortune in winning Ellen's love – happiest day of my life. [Applause.]	115
CLIVE:	Cut the cake, cut the cake. [HARRY and ELLEN take the knife to cut the cake. HARRY steps on the doll under the table.]	120
HARRY:	What's this?	
ELLEN:	Oh look.	
BETTY:	Edward.	125
EDWARD:	It was Joshua. It was Joshua. I saw him.	
CLIVE:	Don't tell lies again. [He hits EDWARD across the side of the head.] Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking – [Cheers.]	130
	Harry, my friend. So brave and strong and supple. Ellen, from neath her veil so shyly peeking. I wish you joy. A toast – the happy couple. Dangers are past. Our enemies are killed. – Put your arm round her, Harry, have a kiss – All murmuring of discontent is stilled. Long may you live in peace and joy and bliss. [While he is speaking JOSHUA raises his gun to shoot CLIVE. Only EDWARD sees. He does nothing to warn the others. He put his hands over his ears.]	135
		140

## Question 20

Teale: *Brontë*

From Act One

CHARLOTTE:	We had expected you yesterday, and the day before. We have had no letter since your first saying only that you had arrived. ( <i>Pause.</i> ) I will call Father.	
BRANWELL:	Not yet.	
EMILY:	Are you unwell?	5
BRANWELL:	I am in excellent health although a little dishevelled on account of an unfortunate incident which could not be helped but has somewhat undone our best-laid plans. <i>Pause.</i>	
CHARLOTTE:	The Academy. They did not accept you? They did not like the pictures?	10
BRANWELL:	They did not see the pictures.	
EMILY:	They did not see you?	
BRANWELL:	They did not see the pictures on account of the theft of my purse on the day of my arrival.	15
EMILY:	But you wrote to say that all was well.	
BRANWELL:	After I had posted the letter.	
CHARLOTTE:	But why did you not –	
BRANWELL:	( <i>agitated</i> ). I can tell you now, London is not so great as they would have you believe. There are some fine buildings to be sure but the people are all of them in a hurry to be someplace else. Looking past like you didn't exist. Noses in the air, as if you smelt of cabbages because you are not carrying a fancy cane or an expensive hat. ( <i>Getting heated.</i> ) They have no right to do so, as on their own streets there are those who look as if they haven't washed for weeks. Sitting in the gutter like so much rubbish to be left to rot.	20
EMILY:	You went to the Academy...but they would not see you?	25
BRANWELL:	( <i>barks at her</i> ). I told you. I could not go. My purse was taken and –	30
CHARLOTTE:	You bought yourself a new cravat.	
BRANWELL:	You must tell Father...and the others. Tell them I am gone to bed and will not be disturbed. Tell them I am much shaken and do not wish to discuss it. Do you understand? I will not be interrogated by my sisters who have no idea what it takes to leave home and make their way. CHARLOTTE <i>stares back at him as he turns and leaves the room.</i> BERTHA <i>enters.</i>	35
CHARLOTTE:	That night she wept into his pillow. The next day she refused to eat. For weeks she spoke to no one, waiting only for news of the commander's return. She locked the bedroom door and closed the shutters. BERTHA <i>falls to her knees. She emits a low, hollow, mirthless laugh. She rolls on the floor, still laughing.</i> Lights change. BRANWELL <i>enters carrying a letter.</i>	40
BRANWELL:	I have just received a letter of some import.	45
CHARLOTTE:	What does it say?	
BRANWELL:	Some excellent news which concerns us all. I am to be part of the greatest adventure of the century. I am to witness history unfolding beneath my nose. Life as we know it will never be the same. A man will be able to wake up in	50

ANNE:	London and go to sleep in Edinburgh. A letter may be delivered in Leeds on the very day it was written in York. Tell us. What is it?	55
BRANWELL:	The railways are to be the lifeblood, the arteries of this country. No man need live a life of rural isolation, of ignorance and seclusion. No man need ever again long to know what lies beyond –	
CHARLOTTE:	We are waiting.	60
BRANWELL:	I have here in my hand my letter of employment to commence on the first of the month when the line is to be opened by the Major of Bradford and the Right Honourable –	
CHARLOTTE:	What is it? What is the job?	
BRANWELL:	Assistant to the Clerk in charge of Sowerby Bridge Railway Station on the Leeds to Manchester Railway. <i>Pause.</i>	65
CHARLOTTE:	Sowerby Bridge?	
	<i>Lights change. BRANWELL gets out paper and writes furiously during the following exchange.</i>	70
EMILY:	He was happy. We should have been happy for him.	
CHARLOTTE:	He was not.	
EMILY:	How do we know?	
CHARLOTTE:	It was at Sowerby Bridge he began to drink himself into a stupor each day. Writing endless letters to <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> begging them to publish his poetry. Because he knew that we were disappointed. He knew that he had failed us. That we were ashamed.	75
EMILY:	( <i>reading from a biography</i> ). Dear sir. When I was a child I read your periodical and it laid a hold upon my mind which has, in succeeding years, consecrated into a sacred feeling.	
BRANWELL:	'A sacred feeling.'	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>As the argument between the sisters continues, BRANWELL pours forth his frustration in letters to prospective publishers.</i>	85
BRANWELL:	My resolution is to devote my life and ability to you, and to literature –	
	EMILY addresses CHARLOTTE as BRANWELL continues.	90
	For God's sake, do not coldly refuse my aid. Do not turn from the truth but allow me to prove myself. ( <i>Writes and speaks under his breath.</i> ) Do not turn from the truth but allow me to prove myself.	
EMILY:	He had been infected by that sickness, the belief that life has no meaning unless it is turned into art, into fiction, spun into words. Acclaimed by others.	95
CHARLOTTE:	Is it really so ridiculous to want for him a life of greater purpose, a higher calling, the respect, the esteem of others?	100
EMILY:	Perhaps we were lucky.	
ANNE:	How so?	
EMILY:	Perhaps it is we who should be grateful.	
CHARLOTTE:	For what?	
EMILY:	Obscurity, invisibility. That nothing was expected of us. Nothing at all. ( <i>Beat.</i> ) Whatever we did was our secret. Was our own.	105
	<i>Lights change. June 1842. CHARLOTTE picks up a</i>	

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	<i>notebook of EMILY's poems, which she has found. She looks about her to check that she is alone.</i>	110
CHARLOTTE:	Happiest when most away. I can bear my soul from its home of clay... When I am not and none beside, Nor earth nor sea nor cloudless sky, But only spirit wandering wide, Through infinite immensity.	115
	EMILY <i>enters</i> . You must forgive me. I have done something which I should not but I came upon them and began to read before I knew what they were. Once I had begun, I could not stop.	120
EMILY:	Give them to me.	
CHARLOTTE:	You may be angry with me as is your right but hear me out.	
EMILY:	Now.	

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