



**A-level**

**DRAMA AND THEATRE**

**Component 1 Drama and theatre**

**7262/W**

**Insert**

**[Turn over]**

**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 5  
missed a beat. The  
women come here to meet  
other men, and the saint  
performs the miracle. My  
son's sat there behind 10  
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 15  
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 20  
salt for raising children.  
Come on! Don't matter

what people think. As for  
your husband, we've got  
the guts and the weapons 25  
to stop him even crossing  
the street.

**YERMA:** No, no! I'd never do that!  
Stop it! I can't go looking  
for someone else. Do 30  
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. 35  
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 40  
by right? Know who I am!  
Don't speak to me again!  
I look for no one!

**PAGAN  
WOMAN:** But water takes away a  
person's thirst. 45

**[Turn over]**

**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, 50 it's no longer of my flesh.

**PAGAN WOMAN:** [strongly]. Then just carry on. It's your choice. Like the thistles in the desert... nothing but prickles, dried 55 up!

**YERMA:** [strongly]. Yes, dried up! I know! Dry! No need for you to rub it in! No need to gloat, like children do, 60 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, 65 the first time it's been said to my face. The first time I've known it's true.

**PAGAN**

**WOMAN:** I don't pity you, girl. Oh,  
no! I'll find someone else 70  
for my son.

[Exit PAGAN WOMAN. In  
the distance the chanting  
of pilgrims. YERMA  
crosses to the cart and 75  
JUAN emerges from  
behind it.]

**YERMA:** So that's where you've  
been?

**JUAN:** Yes. 80

**YERMA:** Listening?

**JUAN:** Yes.

**YERMA:** Then you must have  
heard?

**JUAN:** I did. 85

**YERMA:** No matter! Go and  
join the singers!  
[She sits on the blankets.]

**JUAN:** It's time I had my say.

**YERMA:** All right, speak! 90

**JUAN:** And complained!

**YERMA:** About what?

[Turn over]

**JUAN:** This bitterness in my throat.

**YERMA:** You mean in my bones! 95

**JUAN:** Time for me to stand up to this constant longing for empty, impossible dreams, for things that have no substance. 100

**YERMA:** [forcefully]. Impossible dreams! No substance! Is that what you think?

**JUAN:** Things that haven't happened, that neither you nor I can control. 105

**YERMA:** [violently]. 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. 110

**YERMA:** [kneeling, desperate]. 115  
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 120  
 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 125  
 heard him say it!

**JUAN:** [drawing near]. Just tell  
 yourself it had to be so.  
 Listen! [He puts his arms  
 around her to lift her up.] 130  
 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 135  
 fault.

**YERMA:** So what did you want me  
 for?

**JUAN:** For yourself.

**YERMA:** [agitated]. So you wanted 140  
 a home, a quiet life, a  
 woman. Nothing more.  
 Right?

**JUAN:** Yes, like everyone else.

[Turn over]

**YERMA:** And what about the rest? 145  
What about your child?

**JUAN:** [strongly]. I told you I  
don't care. Don't keep  
on! Do I have to shout  
it out loud for you to 150  
understand, to see if  
for once you can't be at  
peace?

**YERMA:** So you never even  
considered a child when 155  
you saw how much I  
wanted one?

**JUAN:** Never!  
[YERMA and JUAN are on  
the ground.] 160

**YERMA:** Then I can never hope for  
one.

**JUAN:** No.

**YERMA:** Nor you.

**JUAN:** No. Accept it! 165

**YERMA:** Barren!

**JUAN:** A quiet life. The two of  
us, nice to each other.  
Come here!  
[He puts his arms around 170  
her.]



**YERMA:** What do you want?

**JUAN:** I want you. The moonlight  
makes you look so  
beautiful! 175

**YERMA:** You want me the way you  
want meat at mealtimes!

**JUAN:** Kiss me! Like this!

**YERMA:** No! Never!

[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.] 180

**YERMA:** Barren, barren! But sure!  
Sure in that knowledge!

And now alone! [She  
gets up. People begin to  
arrive.] 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. 185 190 195

[Turn over]

**What do you want to  
know, all of you? Stay  
away from me! I've  
murdered my child! I've  
murdered my own child! 200  
[A group forms in  
the background. The  
pilgrims' chorus is heard.]**

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**[Turn over]**

# QUESTION 16 WILLIAMS: 'The Glass Menagerie'

From the end of Scene Seven

JIM:	Ha-ha!	
LAURA:	Oh, my goodness!	
JIM:	Ha-ha-ha!	
	[They suddenly bump into the table, and the glass piece on it falls to the floor. Jim stops the dance.]	5
	What did we hit on?	
LAURA:	Table.	10
JIM:	Did something fall off it? I think —	
LAURA:	Yes.	
JIM:	I hope that it wasn't the little glass horse with the horn!	15
LAURA:	Yes. [She stoops to pick it up.]	
JIM:	Aw, aw, aw. Is it broken?	
LAURA:	Now it is just like all the other horses.	20
JIM:	It's lost its —	

- LAURA:** Horn! It doesn't matter.  
Maybe it's a blessing in disguise. 25
- 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. 30  
Glass breaks so easily. No matter how careful you are. The traffic jars the shelves and things fall off them.
- JIM:** Still I'm awfully sorry that I 35  
was the cause.
- LAURA:** [smiling] I'll just imagine  
he had an operation. The horn was removed to make him feel less — freakish! 40  
[They both laugh.]  
Now he will feel more at home with the other horses, the ones that don't have horns... 45

**[Turn over]**

**JIM:** Ha-ha, that's very funny!  
 [Suddenly he is serious.]  
 I'm glad to see that you  
 have a sense of humor.  
 You know — you're — 50  
 well — very different!  
 Surprisingly different  
 from anyone else I know!  
 [His voice becomes  
 soft and hesitant with a 55  
 genuine feeling.] Do you  
 mind me telling you that?  
 [Laura is abashed beyond  
 speech.]  
 I mean it in a nice way — 60  
 [Laura nods shyly,  
 looking away.]  
 You make me feel sort  
 of — I don't know how  
 to put it! I'm usually 65  
 pretty good at expressing  
 things, but — this is  
 something that I don't  
 know how to say!  
 [Laura touches her throat 70  
 and clears it — turns the  
 broken unicorn in her

hands. His voice becomes softer.]

Has anyone ever told you 75  
that you were pretty?

[There is a pause, and  
the music rises slightly.

Laura looks up slowly, with  
wonder, and shakes her 80  
head.]

Well, you are! In a very  
different way from anyone  
else. And all the nicer  
because of the difference, 85  
too.

[His voice becomes low  
and husky. Laura turns  
away, nearly faint with the  
novelty of her emotions.] 90

I wish that you were my  
sister. I'd teach you to  
have some confidence in  
yourself. The different  
people are not like other 95  
people, but being different  
is nothing to be ashamed

[Turn over]

of. Because other people  
are not such wonderful  
people. They're one 100  
hundred times one  
thousand. You're one  
times one! They walk  
all over the earth. You  
just stay here. They're 105  
common as — weeds, but  
— you — well, you're —  
Blue Roses!

[Image on screen: Blue  
Roses.] 110

[The music changes.]

LAURA: But blue is wrong for —  
roses...

JIM: It's right for you! You're  
— pretty! 115

LAURA: In what respect am I  
pretty?

JIM: In all respects — believe  
me! Your eyes — your  
hair — are pretty! Your 120  
hands are pretty! [He  
catches hold of her  
hand.] You think I'm  
making this up because



I'm invited to dinner and 125  
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 130  
sincere. But this time I  
am. I'm talking to you  
sincerely. I happened  
to notice you had this  
inferiority complex that 135  
keeps you from feeling  
comfortable with people.  
Somebody needs to  
build your confidence  
up and make you proud 140  
instead of shy and turning  
away and — blushing.  
Somebody — ought to —  
kiss you, Laura!  
[His hand slips slowly up 145  
her arm to her shoulder  
as the music swells  
tumultuously. He

**[Turn over]**

suddenly turns her about  
 and kisses her on the 150  
 lips. When he releases  
 her, Laura sinks on the  
 sofa with a bright, dazed  
 look. Jim backs away  
 and fishes in his pocket 155  
 for a cigarette.]  
 [Legend on screen:  
 'A souvenir.']  
 Stumblejohn!  
 [He lights the cigarette, 160  
 avoiding her look. There  
 is a peal of girlish  
 laughter from Amanda  
 in the kitchenette.  
 Laura slowly raises 165  
 and opens her hand. It  
 still contains the little  
 broken glass animal. She  
 looks at it with a tender,  
 bewildered expression.] 170  
 Stumblejohn! I shouldn't  
 have done that — that  
 was way off the beam.  
 You don't smoke,  
 do you? 175

[She looks up, smiling,  
 not hearing the question.  
 He sits beside her rather  
 gingerly. She looks at  
 him speechlessly — 180  
 waiting. He coughs  
 decorously and moves a  
 little farther aside as he  
 considers the situation  
 and senses her feelings, 185  
 dimly, with perturbation.  
 He speaks gently.]  
 Would you — care for a —  
 mint?  
 [She doesn't seem to 190  
 hear him but her look  
 grows brighter even.]  
 Peppermint? Life Saver?  
 My pocket's a regular  
 drugstore — wherever I 195  
 go... [He pops a mint in  
 his mouth. Then he gulps  
 and decides to make a  
 clean breast of it.

[Turn over]

He speaks slowly and 200  
 gingerly.] 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 205  
 her to them. The right  
 type of boys — of a type  
 to — appreciate her.  
 Only — well — he made  
 a mistake about me. 210  
 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 215  
 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 220  
 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 225  
 situation in case you —

misunderstood it and — I  
hurt your feelings...

[There is a pause. Slowly,  
very slowly, Laura's 230

look changes, her eyes  
returning slowly from  
his to the glass figure in  
her palm. Amanda utters  
another gay laugh in 235  
the kitchenette.]

**LAURA:** [faintly]: You — won't —  
call again?

**JIM:** No, Laura, I can't. [He  
rises from the sofa.] As 240

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 245

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 250  
summer on a moonlight

[Turn over]

boat trip up the river to  
 Alton, on the Majestic.  
 Well — right away from  
 the start it was — love! 255  
 [Legend: Love!]  
 [Laura sways slightly  
 forward and grips the arm  
 of the sofa. He fails to  
 notice, now enrapt in his 260  
 own comfortable being.]  
 Being in love has made a  
 new man of me!  
 [Leaning stiffly forward,  
 clutching the arm of the 265  
 sofa, Laura struggles  
 visibly with her storm.  
 But Jim is oblivious; she  
 is a long way off.]  
 The power of love is 270  
 really pretty tremendous!  
 Love is something that —  
 changes the whole world,  
 Laura!  
 [The storm abates a little 275  
 and Laura leans back.  
 He notices her again.]  
 It happened that Betty's

aunt took sick, she got  
 a wire and had to go to 280  
 Centralia. So Tom —  
 when he asked me to  
 dinner — I naturally just  
 accepted the invitation,  
 not knowing that you — 285  
 that he — that I — [He  
 stops awkwardly.] Huh —  
 I'm a stumblejohn!  
 [He flops back on the  
 sofa. The holy candles on 290  
 the altar of Laura's face  
 have been snuffed out.  
 There is a look of almost  
 infinite desolation. Jim  
 glances at her uneasily.] 295  
 I wish that you would —  
 say something.  
 [She bites her lip which  
 was trembling and then  
 bravely smiles. She 300  
 opens her hand again on  
 the broken glass figure.

[Turn over]



Then she gently takes  
 his hand and raises it  
 level with her own. She 305  
 carefully places the  
 unicorn in the palm of his  
 hand, then pushes his  
 fingers closed upon it.]  
 What are you — doing 310  
 that for? You want me to  
 have him?

Laura?

[She nods.]

What for? 315

**LAURA:** A — souvenir...

[She rises unsteadily  
 and crouches beside the  
 Victrola to wind it up.]

[Legend on screen: 320

‘Things have a way of  
 turning out so badly!’  
 Or image: ‘Gentleman  
 caller waving goodbye —  
 gaily.’]



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**[Turn over]**

**QUESTION 17 BERKOFF:**  
**‘Metamorphosis’**

**From the early part of the play**

**GREGOR:** Yes — yes — thank you,  
 Mother — I’m getting up  
 now.  
 [The ticking stops  
 suddenly — the silence **5**  
 accentuates the stillness  
 — their world of eating  
 and normality ceases.  
 They move now in very  
 slow motion beginning to **10**  
 show anguish.]  
 [Image — FAMILY silently  
 mouth their concern.  
 They hold gestures in  
 listening.] **15**  
 What’s happened to me  
 — everything seems the  
 same — it’s still raining  
 outside — Oh, my leg —  
 what’s wrong with my **20**  
 legs? Turn over and go  
 back to sleep, it’s a bad  
 dream — I can’t turn over

— I can't turn!

[FAMILY turn on stools  
complete circles rather  
than walking up to his area.  
The stools are metal with  
shiny tops.] 25

FAMILY: Gregor! 30

GREGOR: Shut my eyes — I'm  
dreaming. [to his legs and  
arms as if wishing them to  
dissolve] Go away! It's  
nonsense — it must go 35

away — spots on my belly?  
Ooh! They're itching.  
[Scratches furiously.] Must  
sleep — but I can't sleep  
on my back! 40

[FAMILY turn other way on  
stools — their faces return  
showing anxiety — 'Never  
has he been late before' —  
expression of dismay, fear, 45  
wonderment.]

[Turn over]

**FAMILY:** Gregor!  
[Interjections become  
more frequent from  
**FAMILY.]** 50

**GREGOR:** 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 55  
are not even packed and  
even if I caught the train  
there'd be a row — I knew  
I was sick yesterday.  
[**FAMILY** turn different 60  
directions on stools like  
computer wheels.]

**GRETA:** Gregor — aren't you  
feeling well? Are you  
needing something? 65

**GREGOR:** I'm just ready — won't be  
a minute.

**GRETA:** Open the door, Gregor —  
please do.

**GREGOR:** Yes, soon — soon. 70  
[Very loud knock on door,  
the **FAMILY** rise.]  
[Three loud knocks

followed by the CHIEF  
CLERK who makes a long 75  
entrance while the FAMILY  
speak — sharing the next  
speech.]

[Image — they repeat this  
speech once still, once 80  
in panic — figure of eight  
round stools.]

MR. S: Oh dear — that's bound  
to be somebody from the  
warehouse/ 85

GRETA: The porter would have  
reported his failure to  
turn up/

MRS. S: That porter was the boss's  
boot-licker, spineless and 90  
stupid/it's sure to be him...

CLERK: [enters] No, Mr. Samsa, it's  
the Chief Clerk.

[FAMILY all sit in shock.]  
Young Mr. Samsa's not 95  
been in this morning —  
[CHIEF CLERK doffs  
imaginary hat — he walks

[Turn over]

along the line of the  
**FAMILY to MRS. S. from** 100  
 stage L to R.]

Ah, Mrs. Samsa, good  
 morning — thought I'd  
 drop round, see what the  
 trouble is. 105

[Pause — silence as  
 they turn to face **CHIEF  
 CLERK.**]

**GREGOR:** [slow] Snoop... Chief  
 Clerk himself. 110

[**CHIEF CLERK** wears  
 steel-tipped tap shoes  
 so he can tap the floor  
 like an impatient clock  
 — he taps the floor until 115  
**MRS. S** says 'I'm terribly  
 sorry' since there is a  
 pause that allows that  
 impatience.]

**MRS. S:** I'm terribly sorry, but 120  
 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 125

know — thinks of nothing but his work.

[CHIEF CLERK moves menacingly in from L.

They turn slowly. The 130

FAMILY shrink back on their chairs — freeze

in attitudes of fear and oppression by authority represented by the CHIEF CLERK.] 135

CLERK: Hmmm!

[Image — FAMILY threatened by CHIEF CLERK.] 140

GREGOR: What a villain — it is impossible to be a couple of hours late without sending the Chief Clerk himself to investigate 145

— giving my family something fresh to worry about, it'll soon go away — like those little pains I had, caused by 150

[Turn over]

awkward postures  
 which soon disappeared  
 when I woke up. [Starts  
 rocking.] Mustn't hit  
 my head... mustn't lose 155  
 consciousness now.

[CHIEF CLERK moves  
 now to stage L in front of  
 and round stool and now  
 oppresses MR. SAMSA.] 160

MRS. S: Gregor! The Chief Clerk's  
 here!

GRETA: He's worried.

MR. S: Why you are not at work.  
 [CHIEF CLERK is now on 165  
 stage L. FAMILY shrink  
 in opposite position and  
 freeze.]

GREGOR: I know, I know. I only  
 want to get up quietly 170  
 without disturbing

anyone, put my clothes  
 on, and have my  
 breakfast. [GREGOR,  
 who has been on his 175  
 back the whole time, now  
 attempts to shift to his



front.]

Must push — push  
— harder — Harder. 180

[Thumps over completely  
on his front.]

[FAMILY sit bolt upright  
after crash.]

CLERK: Sounds like someone fell 185  
in the next room.

[MR. and MRS. SAMSA  
thread these next  
speeches inside each  
other, MR. SAMSA 190  
walking up and down  
stage with GRETA

punctuating the odd  
'Gregor'. Whilst  
downstage MRS. SAMSA 195

attempts to smooth the  
CHIEF CLERK's fears.  
This is the first time  
the FAMILY actually  
move to his room area. 200

Movements are steady.

[Turn over]

Symmetrical, beating,  
harmonious patterns  
— not yet driven  
into confusion, more  
concerned.] 205

[Image — ordered  
confusion as they walk  
to cage and CHIEF  
CLERK eats GREGOR's  
breakfast.] 210

[MR. SAMSA and GRETA  
move to GREGOR's area.  
A 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.] 215  
220

MR. S: Excuse me. [Goes  
to GREGOR's room.]  
Gregor — the Chief Clerk  
himself has come down  
to see you. 225

GRETA: Gregor.

MRS. S: He's not really well,  
believe me. [Freeze.]

**MR. S:** Wants to know why you  
didn't go in today. 230

**MRS. S:** What else would make  
him miss the train?  
[Freeze.]

**MR. S:** We don't know what to  
say to him. 235

**GRETA:** Gregor.

**MRS. S:** He thinks of nothing but  
his work. [Freeze.]

**GRETA:** Gregor.

**MR. S:** Besides, he wants to talk 240  
to you privately.

**GRETA:** Gregor.

**MRS. S:** It makes me almost cross  
the way he never goes out  
in the evenings. [Freeze.] 245

**GRETA:** Gregor.

**MR. S:** So please open the door.

**MRS. S:** Dancing and things like  
that.

**MR. S:** He won't mind if your 250  
room's untidy.

**[Turn over]**

**MRS. S:** He just sits reading or studying the railway timetables. [Freeze.]

**GRETA:** [to GREGOR] Please Gregor — you'll get in trouble.

255

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**[Turn over]**

## QUESTION 18 WERTENBAKER: '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.]

5

MEG: We heard you was  
looking for some women,  
Lieutenant. Here I am.

RALPH: I've asked to see some  
women to play certain  
parts in a play.

10

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.

15

RALPH: The play has four  
particular parts for young  
women.

20

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. 25

**RALPH:** You don't understand,  
Long. Here's the play.  
It's called 'The Recruiting  
Officer'. 30

**MEG:** Oh, I can do that too.

**RALPH:** What?

**MEG:** Recruiting. Anybody you  
like. [She whispers.] You  
want women: you ask Meg. 35  
Who do you want?

**RALPH:** I want to try some out.

**MEG:** Good idea, Lieutenant,  
good idea. Ha! Ha! Ha!

**RALPH:** Now if you don't mind — 40  
[Meg doesn't move.]  
Long!

**MEG:** [frightened but still holding  
her ground] We thought  
you was a madge cull. 45

**RALPH:** What?

[Turn over]

**MEG:** You know, a flutter, a  
mollie. [Impatiently.] A  
prissy cove, a girl! You  
having no she-lag on the 50  
ship. Nor here, neither.  
On the ship maybe you  
was seasick. But all  
these months here. And  
now we hear how you 55  
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 60  
Shitty Meg.  
[She goes off quickly and  
Robert Sideway comes  
straight on.]

**SIDEWAY:** Ah, Mr Clark. 65  
[He does a flourish.]  
I am calling you Mr Clark  
as one calls Mr Garrick  
Mr Garrick, we have  
not had the pleasure of 70  
meeting before.

**RALPH:** I've seen you on the ship.



- SIDEWAY:** Different circumstances,  
Mr Clark, best forgotten.  
I was once a gentleman. 75  
My fortune has turned.  
The wheel...  
You are doing a play,  
I hear, ah, Drury Lane,  
Mr Garrick, the lovely 80  
Peg Woffington.  
[Conspiratorially.] He was  
so cruel to her. She was  
so pale —
- RALPH:** You say you were a 85  
gentleman, Sideway?
- SIDEWAY:** Top of my profession, Mr  
Clark, pickpocket, born  
and bred in Bermondsey.  
Do you know London, 90  
Sir, don't you miss it? In  
these my darkest hours, I  
remember my happy days  
in that great city. London  
Bridge at dawn — hand on 95  
cold iron for good luck.

[Turn over]

Down Cheapside with the  
 market traders — never  
 refuse a mince pie. Into  
 St Paul's churchyard — I 100  
 do love a good church  
 — and begin work in  
 Bond Street. There,  
 I've spotted her, rich,  
 plump, not of the best 105  
 class, stands in front  
 of the shop, plucking  
 up courage, I pluck her.  
 Time for coffee until five  
 o'clock and the pinnacle, 110  
 the glory of the day:  
 Drury Lane. The coaches,  
 the actors scuttling, the  
 gentlemen watching,  
 the ladies tittering, the 115  
 perfumes, the clothes, the  
 handkerchiefs.  
 [He hands Ralph the  
 handkerchief he has just  
 stolen from him.] 120  
 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 125  
again the thrill of a play  
about to begin. Ah, I  
see ladies approaching:  
our future Woffingtons,  
Siddons. 130

[Dabby Bryant comes  
on, with a shrinking  
Mary Brenham in tow.  
Sideways bows.]  
Ladies. 135

I shall await your word  
of command, Mr Clark, I  
shall be in the wings.

[Sideway scuttles off.]

DABBY: You asked to see Mary 140  
Brenham, Lieutenant.  
Here she is.

RALPH: Yes — the Governor has  
asked me to put on a play.  
[To Mary.] You know 145  
what a play is?

DABBY: I've seen lots of plays,  
Lieutenant, so has Mary.

[Turn over]

<b>RALPH:</b>	<b>Have you, Brenham?</b>	
<b>MARY:</b>	<b>[inaudibly.] Yes.</b>	<b>150</b>
<b>RALPH:</b>	<b>Can you remember which plays you've seen?</b>	
<b>MARY:</b>	<b>[inaudibly.] No.</b>	
<b>DABBY:</b>	<b>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?</b>	<b>155</b>
<b>RALPH:</b>	<b>It ends happily. It's called 'The Recruiting Officer'.</b>	<b>160</b>
<b>DABBY:</b>	<b>Mary wants to be in your play, Lieutenant, and so do I.</b>	<b>165</b>
<b>RALPH:</b>	<b>Do you think you have a talent for acting, Brenham?</b>	
<b>DABBY:</b>	<b>Of course she does, and so do I. I want to play Mary's friend.</b>	<b>170</b>
<b>RALPH:</b>	<b>Do you know 'The Recruiting Officer', Bryant?</b>	
<b>DABBY:</b>	<b>No, but in all those plays,</b>	<b>175</b>

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. 180

**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. 185

**DABBY:** Oh. Mary doesn't always  
like me.

**RALPH:** The Reverend Johnson  
told me you can read and  
write, Brenham? 190

**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. 195

**RALPH:** Shall we try reading some  
of the play?  
[Ralph hands her the  
book. Mary reads silently,  
moving her lips.] 200  
I meant read it aloud.

[Turn over]

**As you did on the ship.  
I'll help you, I'll read  
Justice Balance. That's  
your father.**

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**[Turn over]**

**QUESTION 19 CHURCHILL:**  
**‘Cloud Nine’**

**From Act One, Scene Two**

**[BETTY and MAUD come, with JOSHUA carrying hamper.]**

**MAUD:** I never would have  
 thought a guinea fowl **5**  
 could taste so like a  
 turkey.

**BETTY:** I had to explain to the  
 cook three times.

**MAUD:** You did very well dear. **10**  
**[JOSHUA sits apart with gun. EDWARD and HARRY with VICTORIA on his shoulder, singing The First Noël. MAUD and BETTY are unpacking the hamper. CLIVE arrives separately.]** **15**

**MAUD:** This tablecloth was one  
 of my mama's. **20**

**BETTY:** Uncle Harry playing  
 horsy.

**EDWARD:** Crackers crackers.



**BETTY:** Not yet, Edward.

**CLIVE:** And now the moment we all 25  
have been waiting for.  
[CLIVE opens champagne.  
General acclaim.]

**CLIVE:** Oh dear, stained my  
trousers, never mind. 30

**EDWARD:** Can I have some?

**MAUD:** Oh no Edward, not for you.

**CLIVE:** Give him half a glass.

**MAUD:** If your father says so.

**CLIVE:** All rise please. To Her 35  
Majesty Queen Victoria,  
God bless her, and her  
husband and all her dear  
children.

**ALL:** The Queen. 40

**EDWARD:** Crackers crackers.  
[General cracker pulling,  
hats. CLIVE and HARRY  
discuss champagne.]

**HARRY:** Excellent, Clive, wherever 45  
did you get it?

**CLIVE:** I know a chap in French  
Equatorial Africa.

[Turn over]

**EDWARD:** I won, I won mama.  
[ELLEN arrives.] 50

**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.] 55

**EDWARD:** Mama, don't play. You know you can't catch a ball.

**BETTY:** He's perfectly right. I can't throw either. 60  
[BETTY sits down. ELLEN has the ball.]

**EDWARD:** Ellen, don't you play either. You're no good. You spoil it. 65

[EDWARD takes VICTORIA from HARRY and gives her to ELLEN. He takes the ball and throws it to HARRY.] 70

75

HARRY, CLIVE and  
EDWARD play ball.]

BETTY: Ellen come and sit with me.  
We'll be spectators and  
clap. 80

[EDWARD misses the ball.]

CLIVE: Butterfingers.

EDWARD: I'm not.

HARRY: Throw straight now.

EDWARD: I did, I did. 85

CLIVE: Keep your eye on the ball.

EDWARD: You can't throw.

CLIVE: Don't be a baby.

EDWARD: I'm not, throw a hard one,  
throw a hard one — 90

CLIVE: Butterfingers. What will  
Uncle Harry think of you?

EDWARD: It's your fault. You can't  
throw. I hate you.

[He throws the ball wildly in 95  
the direction of JOSHUA.]

CLIVE: Now you've lost the ball.  
He's lost the ball.

[Turn over]

- EDWARD:** It's Joshua's fault.  
Joshua's butterfingers. 100
- CLIVE:** I don't think I want to play  
any more. Joshua, find  
the ball will you?
- EDWARD:** Yes, please play. I'll find  
the ball. Please play. 105
- 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? 110
- EDWARD:** Because it's a baby  
game.
- BETTY:** You've hurt Edward's  
feelings.
- CLIVE:** A boy has no business 115  
having feelings.
- HARRY:** Hide and seek, I'll be it.  
Everybody must hide.  
This is the base, you have  
to get home to base. 120
- EDWARD:** Hide and seek, hide and  
seek.
- HARRY:** Can we persuade the  
ladies to join us?
- MAUD:** I'm playing. I love games. 125

**BETTY:** I always get found straight away.

**ELLEN:** Come on, Betty, do. Vicky wants to play.

**EDWARD:** You won't find me ever. 130  
[They all go except CLIVE, HARRY, JOSHUA.]

**HARRY:** It is safe, I suppose?

**CLIVE:** They won't go far. This 135  
is very much my territory  
and it's broad daylight.  
Joshua will keep an open  
eye.

**HARRY:** Well I must give them a 140  
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 145

for? For Christmas and  
England and games and  
women singing. This is  
the empire, Clive. It's not  
me putting a flag in new 150

[Turn over]

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 155  
 dashing. But I want you  
 to know I admire you.  
 This is the empire, Clive,  
 and I serve it. With all my  
 heart. 160

**CLIVE:** I think that's about a  
 hundred.

**HARRY:** Ready or not, here I  
 come!

[He goes.] 165

**CLIVE:** Harry Bagley is a fine  
 man, Joshua. You should  
 be proud to know him.  
 He will be in history  
 books. 170

**JOSHUA:** Sir, while we are alone.

**CLIVE:** Joshua of course, what is  
 it? You always have my  
 ear. Any time.

**JOSHUA:** Sir, I have some 175  
 information. The stable  
 boys are not to be

trusted. They whisper.  
 They go out at night.  
 They visit their people. 180  
 Their people are not my  
 people. I do not visit my  
 people.

CLIVE: Thank you, Joshua.  
 They certainly look after 185  
 Beauty. I'll be sorry to  
 have to replace them.

JOSHUA: They carry knives.

CLIVE: Thank you, Joshua.

JOSHUA: And, sir. 190

CLIVE: I appreciate this, Joshua,  
 very much.

JOSHUA: Your wife.

CLIVE: Ah, yes?

JOSHUA: She also thinks Harry 195  
 Bagley is a fine man.

CLIVE: Thank you, Joshua.

JOSHUA: Are you going to hide?

CLIVE: Yes, yes I am. Thank you.  
 Keep your eyes open 200  
 Joshua.

JOSHUA: I do, sir.

[Turn over]



## 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.

# CHARLOTTE: Resignation?

**PATRICK:** It will be a little awkward for a day or two but he will be gone soon enough. 20

**CHARLOTTE:** Who is it?

**PATRICK:** Mr Bell Nicholls.



**CHARLOTTE:** [astonished]. Mr Bell 25  
Nicholls.

**PATRICK:** He tells me he has  
loved you for some  
years. That he meant 30  
to propose to you some  
time ago but that the  
tragic events of these  
last months deemed it  
unfitting, so he does so  
now. 35

**CHARLOTTE:** Mr Nicholls.

**PATRICK:** I told him there was  
no prospect. None at  
all. That I considered 40  
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 45  
your standing. Your  
achievements. He has,  
as I said, given his

**[Turn over]**

notice so you need  
not fear for further 50  
embarrassment. The  
matter is quite closed.  
Let us speak of it no  
more.

[BERTHA rolls 55  
and stretches on  
the floor joyously.  
Lights change.

Three months later.  
CHARLOTTE alone in 60  
the kitchen, writing.

A knock at the door.  
CHARLOTTE opens it  
to BELL NICHOLLS.  
He has a book in hand 65  
and looks extremely  
embarrassed.]

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** Forgive me for calling  
uninvited. I hope  
you received my 70  
letter. I wrote to say  
that I might... that I  
would be passing  
through the parish on

Christmas Eve, that is 75  
today, and thought to  
return a book which I  
took by mistake, having  
borrowed it from your  
father some time ago 80  
and forgotten to —

**CHARLOTTE:** The answer is 'yes'.

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** I'm sorry?

**CHARLOTTE:** To your question.

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** I'm not sure I — 85

**CHARLOTTE:** My father was mistaken  
in his assumption.

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** You mean —

**CHARLOTTE:** I will give him the book.

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** Yes... Thank you. 90

**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. 95

[Turn over]

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** Indeed.

**CHARLOTTE:** I shall have  
unexceptional  
expectations. I am  
not young or beautiful 100  
and have long since  
grown out of fantasies  
of a perfect union —

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** Of course.

**CHARLOTTE:** I realise there is much 105  
to be sacrificed. I  
shall endeavour to  
make a good wife. I  
do not, as you know...  
love you, but it will be 110  
my hope that through  
perseverance and  
attention to duty my  
feelings will... in the  
fullness of time... 115  
ripen towards —

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** [embarrassed]. Yes.  
Yes. Indeed.

**CHARLOTTE:** Very well.

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** I am overcome with 120  
gratitude and yet I  
scarcely believe my  
ears. You have not  
answered my letters,  
not one, nor sought 125  
any kind of contact  
since —

**CHARLOTTE:** My life at present  
is spent too much  
alone. Much as I 130  
value my writing it  
has come, perhaps, at  
the expense of other  
things. A life lived,  
not in the head, but in 135  
the real world, such as  
it is.

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** [overcome]. You are  
certain. You will not  
come to regret your — 140

**[Turn over]**

**CHARLOTTE:** All my life I have  
 longed to be admired,  
 to be revered for  
 some extraordinary  
 achievement. And 145  
 yet the more I live,  
 the more I come  
 to suspect that  
 happiness is not  
 to be found in the 150  
 praise, the adulation  
 of strangers. That  
 in fact this need to  
 be special, to be  
 exceptional, may 155  
 be the very cause  
 of one's loneliness,  
 setting you apart as  
 it does. That it is  
 in our ordinariness, 160  
 in our imperfection,  
 in the detail of life,  
 that contentment is  
 found. At least I am  
 hoping so. 165

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** Thank you. Thank you.

**CHARLOTTE:** Your letters. They moved me. I had not expected to ever inspire such... 170  
such —

**BELL**

**NICHOLLS:** Forgive me.

**CHARLOTTE:** I will give Father the book. 175

[Lights change.

**CHARLOTTE** is writing at the table. **BELL**

**NICHOLLS** hangs up his coat and comes to read over her shoulder.] 180

My dear friend. Since I came home from honeymoon I have not had an unemployed moment. My life is changed indeed. 185

I have no time for thinking. His bent is so much towards 190

[Turn over]

matters of real life  
 and usefulness, so  
 little inclined to the  
 contemplative. He  
 has just now returned 195  
 from a meeting of the  
 weavers who hope  
 to form some kind of  
 union. He has great  
 hopes but will not 200  
 say so. My husband  
 is not a poet or a  
 poetical man and yet I  
 am happy.  
 Arthur has just 205  
 glanced over my  
 shoulder. He thinks  
 I have written too  
 freely and says you  
 must promise to burn 210  
 my letter. You must  
 comply or in future  
 you shall receive such  
 letters as he writes to  
 all save myself. Plain 215  
 statements of fact  
 without so much as



a single flourish. If  
a phrase of affection  
steals in it does so on 220  
tiptoe, blushing.

My health has been  
very good since  
my honeymoon,  
until about ten days 225  
ago indigestion  
and continual faint  
sickness have been  
my portion.

EMILY: Charlotte died just 230  
nine months after  
her marriage. Three  
weeks before her  
thirty-ninth birthday.

ANNE: She was pregnant 235  
and suffering from an  
acute form of morning  
sickness. A condition  
that might easily be  
cured today. 240

[Turn over]

[EMILY and ANNE are beginning to unbutton their Victorian clothes. CHARLOTTE continues to read from the biography.] 245

CHARLOTTE: To speak truth my sufferings are very great. My nights indescribable. 250

Sickness and pain with scarce a reprieve. My husband is the tenderest nurse, the kindest 255

support, the best earthly companion that woman ever had. His patience never fails and is tried by 260

sad days and broken nights. My heart is knit to him entirely. [All exit as CATHY enters with the pillow, 265 talking. She climbs up onto the table.]

**CATHY:**                    Wheeling over our  
                                 heads in the middle  
                                 of the moor. Riding                    270  
                                 the wind, higher  
                                 and higher. Making  
                                 us run.  
                                 [She throws handfuls  
                                 of feathers into                    275  
                                 the air.]  
                                 Fly. Fly. Fly away  
                                 from here. You must  
                                 be gone. Away. Away  
                                 now quickly before                    280  
                                 they catch you.  
                                 [Blackout.]  
                                 [The End.]

**END OF SOURCES**

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