



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

7262/W

Insert

[Turn over]

QUESTION 15 LORCA: 'Yerma'**From Act One, Scene One**

- YERMA:** You are so lucky!
- MARIA:** But you know so much more
than me.
- YERMA:** For all the good it does!
- MARIA:** But why is that? You married **5**
along with the rest, but you
are the only one...
- YERMA:** Yes, but there's still time. Elena
waited for three years, and some
of the older women from my **10**
mother's time, even longer. But,
yes, two years and twenty
days... it's far too long! It's not
fair to be wasting away. Some
nights I go out to the patio in my **15**
bare feet just to feel the earth. I
don't know why. If I go on like
this, I'll make myself ill.
- MARIA:** Come here to me! You talk as if
you were old already. As far as **20**
I can see, there's not much point
complaining. One of my
mother's sisters waited fourteen
years. The boy was perfect!
- YERMA:** [eagerly]. Tell me! **25**
- MARIA:** He cried as loud as a young bull,
like a thousand crickets singing
at once, and he'd pee on us and

- pull our hair. By the time he was
four months old, he used to
scratch our faces. 30
- YERMA:** [laughing]. Things like that
don't hurt.
- MARIA:** Believe me!
- YERMA:** Look! I've watched my sister 35
feeding her child, and her breast
was scratched and sore. But the
pain she felt was fresh and good
and healthy.
- MARIA:** People say that children ruin 40
your life.
- YERMA:** Not true! Only weak,
complaining women say such
things. I can't think why they
have them. It's not like getting a 45
bunch of roses. We have to
suffer to see them grow up.
They draw half our blood from
us. But it's good and healthy
and beautiful. We women have 50
blood for four or five children.
But when they don't come, it
turns to poison, like mine's
doing now.
- MARIA:** I don't know what's wrong with 55
me.
- YERMA:** It's a well-known fact. First-time
mothers are always frightened.

[Turn over]

MARIA: [timidly]. I was wondering... You sew so well... 60

YERMA: [takes the bundle from her]. I'll make two little suits. What's this?

MARIA: Oh, that's for nappies.

YERMA: Right. [She sits down.] 65

MARIA: I'd best be going.
[She goes up to YERMA and YERMA lovingly runs her hands over MARIA's belly].

YERMA: Remember, don't run over the stones in the road. 70

MARIA: Goodbye.
[She kisses YERMA and leaves.]

YERMA: Call again soon!
[YERMA goes back to her sewing. She picks up the scissors and begins to cut the material. Enter VICTOR.] 75
Victor!

VICTOR: [serious and solemn]. Is Juan around? 80

YERMA: Out in the fields.

VICTOR: What are you making?

YERMA: Oh, just some nappies.

VICTOR: [smiling]. I don't believe it! 85

YERMA: [laughing]. I'm going to edge them with lace.

VICTOR: If it's a girl, you can name her after yourself.

YERMA:	[trembling]. What?	90
VICTOR:	Congratulations!	
YERMA:	[almost choking]. No, no! They aren't for me. They are for Maria!	
VICTOR:	Then you can follow her example. This house needs a child.	95
YERMA:	[anguished]. Yes, it does!	
VICTOR:	So just get on with it. Tell your husband to stop working so much. All right, he wants to make money, but who's he going to leave it to? I'm going to see to my sheep. Tell Juan to pick up the two he's bought from me. As for the other thing, tell him to dig deep!	100
	[Exit VICTOR, smiling.]	
YERMA:	[strongly]. Yes! Dig deep! 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? When your flesh smells of jasmine!	105
		110
		115

[Turn over]

[YERMA gets up. Her thoughts are elsewhere. She goes over to the spot where VICTOR has been standing. She breathes deeply, 120 as if breathing in mountain air. She crosses to the other side of the room, as though looking for something, sits once more and picks up her sewing. She starts 125 to sew, her eyes gazing at a fixed point.]

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[Turn over]

QUESTION 16 WILLIAMS: 'The Glass Menagerie'

**From Scene Two and beginning
of Scene Three**

- AMANDA:** Laura, where have you been going when you've gone out pretending that you were going to business college?
- LAURA:** I've just been going out walking. **5**
- AMANDA:** That's not true.
- LAURA:** It is. I just went walking.
- AMANDA:** Walking? Walking? In winter? Deliberately courting pneumonia in that light coat? Where did you walk to, Laura? **10**
- LAURA:** All sorts of places — mostly in the park.
- AMANDA:** Even after you'd started catching that cold? **15**
- LAURA:** It was the lesser of two evils, Mother.
[Screen image: Winter scene in a park.]
I couldn't go back there. I — **20**
threw up — on the floor!
- AMANDA:** From half past seven till after five every day you mean to tell me you walked around in the park, because you wanted to make me **25**
think that you were still going to

- Rubican's Business College?**
- LAURA:** It wasn't as bad as it sounds. I went inside places to get warmed up. 30
- AMANDA:** Inside where?
- LAURA:** I went in the art museum and the bird houses at the Zoo. I visited the penguins every day! 35
- Sometimes I did without lunch and went to the movies. Lately I've been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel Box, that big glass house where they raise the tropical flowers. 40
- AMANDA:** You did all this to deceive me, just for deception?
- [Laura looks down.] Why?
- LAURA:** Mother, when you're disappointed, you get that awful suffering look on your face, like the picture of Jesus' mother in the museum! 45
- AMANDA:** Hush!
- LAURA:** I couldn't face it. 50
- [There is a pause. A whisper of strings is heard. Legend on screen: 'The Crust of Humility.']
- AMANDA:** [hopelessly fingering the huge pocketbook]: So what are we going to do the rest of our lives? 55

[Turn over]

Stay home and watch the
 parades go by? Amuse
 ourselves with the glass
 menagerie, darling? Eternally 60
 play those worn-out phonograph
 records your father left as a
 painful reminder of him? We
 won't have a business career
 — we've given that up because it 65
 gave us nervous indigestion!
 [She laughs wearily.] What is
 there left but dependency all our
 lives? I know so well what
 becomes of unmarried women 70
 who aren't prepared to occupy a
 position. I've seen such pitiful
 cases in the South — barely
 tolerated spinsters living upon
 the grudging patron-age of 75
 sister's husband or brother's
 wife! — stuck away in some little
 mouse-trap of a room —
 encouraged by one in-law to visit
 another — little birdlike women 80
 without any nest — eating the
 crust of humility all their life!
 Is that the future that we've
 mapped out for ourselves? I
 swear it's the only alternative I 85
 can think of! [She pauses.] It
 isn't a very pleasant alternative,

is it? [She pauses again.] Of course — some girls *do marry*.
[Laura twists her hands nervously.] 90

Haven't you ever liked some boy?

LAURA: Yes. I liked one once. [She rises.] I came across his picture a while ago. 95

AMANDA: [with some interest]: He gave you his picture?

LAURA: No, it's in the yearbook.

AMANDA: [disappointed]: Oh — a high school boy. 100

[Screen image: Jim as the high school hero bearing a silver cup.]

LAURA: Yes. His name was Jim. [She lifts the heavy annual from the clawfoot table.] Here he is in 'The Pirates of Penzance.' 105

AMANDA: [absently]: The what?

LAURA: The operetta the senior class put on. He had a wonderful voice and we sat across the aisle from each other Mondays, 110

Wednesdays and Fridays in the Aud. Here he is with the silver cup for debating! See his grin? 115

AMANDA: [absently]: He must have had a jolly disposition.

[Turn over]

- LAURA:** He used to call me — Blue
Roses. 120
[Screen image: Blue roses.]
- AMANDA:** Why did he call you such a name
as that?
- LAURA:** When I had that attack of
pleurosis — he asked me what 125
was the matter when I came
back. I said pleurosis — he
thought that I said Blue Roses!
So that's what he always called
me after that. Whenever he saw 130
me, he'd holler, 'Hello, Blue
Roses!' I didn't care for the girl
that he went out with. Emily
Meisenbach. Emily was the
best-dressed girl at Soldan. She 135
never struck me, though, as
being sincere... It says in the —
Personal Section they're
engaged. That's — six years
ago! They must be married by 140
now.
- AMANDA:** Girls that aren't cut out for
business careers usually wind
up married to some nice man.
[She gets up with a spark of 145
revival.] Sister, that's what
you'll do!
[Laura utters a startled, doubtful
laugh. She reaches quickly for a

	piece of glass.]	150
LAURA:	But, Mother —	
AMANDA:	Yes? [She goes over to the photograph.]	
LAURA:	[in a tone of frightened apology]: I'm — crippled!	155
AMANDA:	Nonsense! Laura, I've told you never, never to use that word. Why, you're not crippled, you just have a little defect — hardly noticeable, even! When people have some slight disadvantage like that, they cultivate other things to make up for it — develop charm — and vivacity — and — <i>charm!</i> That's all you have to do! [She turns again to the photograph.] One thing your father had plenty of — was charm!	160
	[The scene fades out with music.]	165
		170

[Scene Three]

	[Legend on screen: 'After the fiasco — ']	
	[Tom speaks from the fire- escape landing.]	175
TOM:	After the fiasco at Rubicam's Business College, the idea of	

[Turn over]

**getting a gentleman caller for
Laura began to play a more and 180
more important part in Mother's
calculations. It became an
obsession. Like some archetype
of the universal unconscious, the
image of the gentleman caller 185
haunted our small apartment...
[Screen image: A young man at
the door of a house with
flowers.]
An evening at home rarely 190
passed without some allusion to
this image, this specter, this
hope...**

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[Turn over]

QUESTION 17 BERKOFF: 'Metamorphosis'

From 'Next Scene — Evening'

Next Scene — Evening

[Lights come up downstage...
FAMILY in last positions.]

MRS. S: For a few moments that morning I
thought I was dreaming but the
dream stayed. 5

GREGOR: What a quiet life our family has
been leading, and as he sat there
motionless, staring into the
darkness, he felt great pride he'd
been able to provide for his
parents and sister in such a fine
flat. 10

GRETA: They'll think Gregor's deserted
them, they'll worry. 15
[Live scratch.]

GREGOR: But what if all the quiet, the
comfort, the contentment were to
end in horror?

MR. S: If only we could have sat down
quietly and worked out a solution
— the Chief Clerk created the
panic. 20

GREGOR: I must keep moving, crawl up and
down my room. 25

MR. S: Sssh! Listen!
[They both come into the

FATHER who is in the centre and form a protective triangle.]

[Image — **FAMILY** security bound by fear.] 30

GRETA:

What?

MR. S:

You hear — he's moving about.

[Move here to stool. They sit silently hearing his scratching up and down the room. Takes his stool upstage, sits.] 35

He must have woken up.

MRS. S:

Poor Gregor! He must be thirsty — he's had nothing to drink all day — I'll give him some milk — he likes milk in the evening.

[Forgetting for a moment his insect state.] Oh no! [Starts weeping.] 40 45

GRETA:

Mother, that doesn't help, it doesn't help us to be upset — it'll only make him upset too if he hears you.

MRS. S:

Yes — you're right — I must be strong — must — be — strong. He'll be hungry too. What do you think he eats? 50

[**MR SAMSA** shakes his head in helplessness.] 55

Well give him the milk.

[Turn over]

[She mimes bowl of milk — hands it over to FATHER who hands it to GRETA — GRETA moves a step upstage and freezes in her tracks.] 60

MR. S: Gregor.
[GRETA unable to go further.]

MRS. S: Father! Father, don't let her go in there — take it to him! 65

MR. S: [looks sheepish, hating the idea] Oh, well...

GRETA: [sitting again] It's all right — I'll do it — just give me a minute more. 70

MRS. S: How can you sit there and let your daughter go in there?

MR. S: You go in there then — you've been crying over him — he's still your beloved son. 75

MRS. S: Our son!

MR. S: Our son! You can't call him our son any more — not that thing in there! Our son's left us.

MRS. S: Don't say that, he's coming back to us — we can't desert him now — he probably needs us more than ever. He's so alone — what can he be thinking in there, that we find him disgusting — we mustn't show him that. 80

GRETA: We mustn't feel that. 85

- MRS. S:** No, never!
[Scratching noises.]
- GRETA:** Listen, Mother — he's probably starving. 90
- MR. S:** [rising determined] We'll go... with you.
- GRETA:** [calls gently through door]
Gregor? 95
[Scratching stops.]
Here's some milk for you.
[They have all walked upstairs to watch GRETA perform the action of opening the door and shoving the saucer in — a hard top light illuminates his room. This scene dissolves into his mind's eye. He leaves his cage — sliding down and becomes 'normal'. He has returned as GREGOR, stimulated by the reminder of gentle and past reminders of milk.] 100
- GREGOR:** I like milk in the morning — it's my favourite drink — Mother leaves it for me every morning at four a.m. to catch the five a.m. train — daily. 105
- MR. S:** [FAMILY waving goodbye.]
Sell lots, lad. 110
- GREGOR:** Goodbye, Father.
- GRETA:** Good luck, Gregor.
- GREGOR:** Goodbye, Greta.

[Turn over]

- MRS. S:** Don't forget to drink your milk.
- GREGOR:** No, Mother. 120
- MRS. S:** Nice basin of fresh milk with little white sops of bread in it.
[GREGOR mimes glass, it turns into a basin, he drinks it and spits it out in revulsion — his body changes back into insect stance (reminded by bowl).] 125
- MRS. S:** Why isn't he drinking it? [She is now in the present.]
- MR. S:** Come on, son — drink it up. 130
- GRETA:** Oh Gregor — you know you like it.
- MRS. S:** It's your favourite drink.
- GRETA:** He's probably ashamed to drink it with us listening to him — let's go away. 135
[They tiptoe downstage and continue moving during next speech which marks distance and time. GREGOR has left the normal state that the milk association first drew him to and is back to beetle state.] 140
- GREGOR:** I don't like milk any more — it's revolting to me — bring me something more to my taste — you don't have to look at me, Greta — I'll hide under the bed — but I desperately need some food — I'm starving to death! 145

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[Turn over]

QUESTION 18 WERTENBAKER: 'Our Country's Good'

From Act One, Scenes Nine and Ten

RALPH: I'm not a convict: I don't sin.

KETCH: To be sure. Forgive me, sir. But if we're in God's power, then surely he makes us sin. I was given a guardian angel when I was born, 5
like all good Catholics, why didn't my guardian angel look after me better? But I think he must've stayed in Ireland. I think the devil tempted my mother to London and 10
both our guardian angels stayed behind. Have you ever been to Ireland, sir? It's a beautiful country. If I'd been an angel I wouldn't have left it either. And 15
when we came within six fields of Westminster, the devils took over. But it's God's judgement I'm frightened of. And the women's. They're so hard. Why is that? 20

RALPH: Why have you come here?

KETCH: I'm coming to that, sir.

RALPH: Hurry up, then.

KETCH: I'm speaking as fast as I can, sir —

RALPH: Ketch — 25

KETCH: James, sir, James, Daniel, Patrick, after my three uncles. Good men

they were too, didn't go to
 London. If my mother hadn't
 brought us to London, may God 30
 give peace to her soul and breathe
 pity into the hearts of hard women
 — because the docks are in
 London and if I hadn't worked on
 the docks, on that day, May 23rd, 35
 1785, do you remember it, Sir?
 Shadwell Dock. If only we hadn't
 left, then I wouldn't have been
 there, then nothing would have
 happened, I wouldn't have become 40
 a coal heaver on Shadwell Dock
 and been there on the 23rd of May
 when we refused to unload
 because they were paying us so
 badly, Sir. I wasn't even near the 45
 sailor who got killed. He shouldn't
 have done the unloading, that was
 wrong of the sailors, but I didn't
 kill him, maybe one blow, not to
 look stupid, you know, just to 50
 show I was with the lads, even if I
 wasn't, but I didn't kill him. And
 they caught five at random, Sir,
 and I was among the five, and they
 found the cudgel, but I just had 55
 that to look good, that's all, and
 when they said to me later you can
 hang or you can give the names,

[Turn over]

- what was I to do, what would you
have done, Sir? 60
- RALPH:** I wouldn't have been in that
situation, Freeman.
- KETCH:** To be sure, forgive me, Sir. I only
told on the ones I saw, I didn't tell
anything that wasn't true, death is 65
a horrible thing, that poor sailor.
- RALPH:** Freeman, I'm going to go to bed
now —
- KETCH:** I understand, Sir, I understand.
And when it happened again, here. 70
And I had hopes of making a good
life here. It's because I'm so
friendly, see, so I go along, and
then I'm the one who gets caught.
That theft, I didn't do it, I was just 75
there, keeping a look out, just to
help some friends, you know. But
when they say to you, hang or be
hanged, what do you do?
Someone has to do it. I try to do it 80
well.
God had mercy on the whore, the
thief, the lame, surely he'll forgive
the hang — it's the women —
they're without mercy — not like 85
you and me, Sir, men. What I
wanted to say, Sir, is that I heard
them talking about the play.
[Pause.]

Some players came into our village once. They were loved like the angels, Lieutenant, like the angels. And the way the women watched them — the light of a spring dawn in their eyes. 90
Lieutenant — I want to be an actor. 95

Scene Ten

WISEHAMMER AND MARY BRENHAM EXCHANGE WORDS

[Mary is copying 'The Recruiting Officer' in the afternoon light. 100

John Wisehammer is carrying bricks and piling them to one side. He begins to hover over her.]

MARY: 'I would rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend' — 105

WISEHAMMER: Friend. That's a good word. Short, but full of promise. 110

MARY: 'That you would take the coach this moment and go into the country.'

WISEHAMMER: Country can mean opposite things. It renews you with trees and grass, you go rest in the country, or it crushes you with power: you die for your country, your country doesn't want you, 115

[Turn over]

- you're thrown out of your country. 120
 [Pause.]
 I like words.
 [Pause.]
 My father cleared the houses of
 the dead to sell the old clothes to 125
 the poorhouses by the Thames.
 He found a dictionary —
 Johnson's dictionary — it was as
 big as a Bible. It went from 'A' to
 'L'. I started with the A's. 130
 Abecedarian: someone who
 teaches the alphabet or rudiments
 of literature. Abject: a man
 without hope.
- MARY: What does indulgent mean? 135
 WISEHAMMER: How is it used?
 MARY: [reads] 'You have been so careful,
 so indulgent to me.'
- WISEHAMMER: It means ready to overlook faults.
 [Pause.] 140
 You have to be careful with words
 that begin with 'in'. It can turn
 everything upside down.
 Injustice. Most of that word is
 taken up with justice, but the 'in' 145
 twists it inside out and makes it
 the ugliest word in the English
 language.
- MARY: Guilty is an uglier word.
 WISEHAMMER: Innocent ought to be a beautiful 150

word, but it isn't, it's full of
sorrow. Anguish.
[Mary goes back to her copying.]
MARY: I don't have much time. We start
this in a few days. **155**
 [Wisehammer looks over her
shoulder.]
 I have the biggest part.
WISEHAMMER: You have a beautiful hand.
MARY: There is so much to copy. So **160**
 many words.
WISEHAMMER: I can write.
MARY: Why don't you tell Lieutenant
Clark? He's doing it.
WISEHAMMER: No... no... I'm — **165**
MARY: Afraid?
WISEHAMMER: Diffident.
MARY: I'll tell him. Well, I won't. My
friend Dabby will. She's —
WISEHAMMER: Bold. **170**
 [Pause.]
 Shy is not a bad word, it's soft.
MARY: But shame is a hard one.
WISEHAMMER: Words with two L's are the worst.
 Lonely, loveless. **175**
MARY: Love is a good word.
WISEHAMMER: That's because it only has one L.
 I like words with one L: Luck.
 Latitudinarian.
 [Mary laughs.] **180**
WISEHAMMER: Laughter.

[Turn over]

QUESTION 19 CHURCHILL: 'Cloud Nine'

From Act One, Scene One

**[Low bright sun. Verandah.
Flagpole with union jack. The
Family — CLIVE, BETTY,
EDWARD, VICTORIA, MAUD,
ELLEN, JOSHUA]**

5

ALL:

**[sing.] Come gather, sons of
England, come gather in your
pride.**

**Now meet the world united, now
face it side by side;**

10

**Ye who the earth's wide corners,
from veldt to prairie, roam.**

**From bush and jungle muster all
who call old England 'home'.**

**Then gather round for England,
Rally to the flag,**

15

**From North and South and East
and West**

Come one and all for England!

CLIVE:

**This is my family. Though far
from home**

20

**We serve the Queen wherever we
may roam**

**I am a father to the natives here,
And father to my family so dear.**

25

**[He presents BETTY. She is
played by a man.]**

My wife is all I dreamt a wife
 should be,
 And everything she is she owes 30
 to me.

BETTY: I live for Clive. The whole aim of
 my life
 Is to be what he looks for in a 35
 wife.

I am a man's creation as you see,
 And what men want is what I
 want to be.

[CLIVE presents JOSHUA. He is
 played by a white.] 40

CLIVE: My boy's a jewel. Really has the
 knack.

You'd hardly notice that the
 fellow's black.

JOSHUA: My skin is black but oh my soul 45
 is white.

I hate my tribe. My master is my
 light.

I only live for him. As you can
 see, 50

What white men want is what I
 want to be.

[CLIVE presents EDWARD. He is
 played by a woman.]

CLIVE: My son is young. I'm doing all I 55
 can

To teach him to grow up to be a
 man.

[Turn over]

EDWARD: What father wants I'd dearly like
to be. 60
I find it rather hard as you can
see.
[CLIVE presents VICTORIA, who
is a dummy, MAUD, and ELLEN.]

CLIVE: No need for any speeches by the 65
rest.
My daughter, mother-in-law, and
governess.

ALL: [sing.] O'er countless numbers 70
she, our Queen,
Victoria reigns supreme;
O'er Afric's sunny plains, and
o'er
Canadian frozen stream;
The forge of war shall weld the 75
chains of brotherhood secure;
So to all time in ev'ry clime our
Empire shall endure.
Then gather round for England,
Rally to the flag, 80
From North and South and East
and West
Come one and all for England!
[All go except BETTY. CLIVE
comes.] 85

BETTY: Clive?
CLIVE: Betty. Joshua!
[JOSHUA comes with a drink for
CLIVE.]

BETTY: I thought you would never come. 90
The day's so long without you.

CLIVE: Long ride in the bush.

BETTY: Is anything wrong? I heard
drums.

CLIVE: Nothing serious. Beauty is a 95
damned good mare. I must get
some new boots sent from home.
These ones have never been
right. I have a blister.

BETTY: My poor dear foot. 100

CLIVE: It's nothing.

BETTY: Oh but it's sore.

CLIVE: We are not in this country to
enjoy ourselves. Must have
ridden fifty miles. Spoke to three 105
different headmen who would all
gladly chop off each other's
heads and wear them round their
waists.

BETTY: Clive! 110

CLIVE: Don't be squeamish, Betty, let
me have my joke. And what has
my little dove done today?

BETTY: I've read a little.

CLIVE: Good. Is it good? 115

BETTY: It's poetry.

CLIVE: You're so delicate and sensitive.

BETTY: And I played the piano. Shall I
send for the children?

[Turn over]

- CLIVE:** Yes, in a minute. I've a piece of news for you. 120
- BETTY:** Good news?
- CLIVE:** You'll certainly think it's good. A visitor.
- BETTY:** From home? 125
- CLIVE:** No. Well of course originally from home.
- BETTY:** Man or woman?
- CLIVE:** Man.
- BETTY:** I can't imagine. 130
- CLIVE:** Something of an explorer. Bit of a poet. Odd chap but brave as a lion. And a great admirer of yours.
- BETTY:** What do you mean? Whoever can it be? 135
- CLIVE:** With an H and a B. And does conjuring tricks for little Edward.
- BETTY:** That sounds like Mr Bagley.
- CLIVE:** Harry Bagley. 140
- BETTY:** He certainly doesn't admire me, Clive, what a thing to say. How could I possibly guess from that. He's hardly explored anything at all, he's just been up a river, he's done nothing at all compared to what you do. You should have said a heavy drinker and a bit of a bore. 145
- CLIVE:** But you like him well enough. 150

You don't mind him coming?
BETTY: Anyone at all to break the
 monotony.
CLIVE: But you have your mother. You
 have Ellen. 155
BETTY: Ellen is a governess. My mother
 is my mother.
CLIVE: I hoped when she came to visit
 she would be company for you.
BETTY: I don't think mother is on a visit. 160
 I think she lives with us.
CLIVE: I think she does.
BETTY: Clive you are so good.
CLIVE: But are you bored my love?
BETTY: It's just that I miss you when 165
 you're away. We're not in this
 country to enjoy ourselves. If I
 lack society that is my form of
 service.
CLIVE: That's a brave girl. So today has 170
 been all right? No fainting? No
 hysteria?
BETTY: I have been very tranquil.
CLIVE: Ah what a haven of peace to
 come home to. The coolth, the 175
 calm, the beauty.

[Turn over]

QUESTION 20 TEALE: 'Brontë'**From Act One**

[The stage looks like a rehearsal room towards the end of rehearsals. Objects from the world of the play silted up around the room along with various pieces of Victorian furniture. Everywhere there are books. Some old. Some modern books about the Brontës. While the audience enters the actors are already onstage wearing modern rehearsal clothes. They will change into Victorian costumes during the Prologue. They are sitting at a table studying books about the Brontës.]

- EMILY:** How did it happen?
- ANNE:** How was it possible?
- CHARLOTTE:** Three Victorian spinsters living in isolation on the Yorkshire moors.
- EMILY:** [examining a picture in a book]. It's hard to believe that they really dressed like this, for walking on the moors, carrying in coal, scrubbing floors.

ANNE: Writing books.

CHARLOTTE: Here's the painting done by their brother Branwell, now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery. 30
 [She takes a biography from the actor playing BRANWELL BRONTË and looks at the cover, on which is BRANWELL's painting of the sisters.] 35
 There is a smudge in the middle where he has painted himself out.
 She looks too fat. 40
 [The actors peer at the portrait.]

ANNE: Too miserable.

EMILY: Too pinched.

CHARLOTTE: Not that they were pretty. Not at all. 45

ANNE: Their lives would have been different if they had been. They would have married.

EMILY: Died in childbirth.

CHARLOTTE: Or had lots of children and never written another word. 50

ANNE: Perhaps the odd recipe, a letter here and there, but nothing we — [To the audience.] would know about. 55

CHARLOTTE: They would be gone.

ANNE: Lost.

CHARLOTTE: Sunk without trace.

[Turn over]

EMILY: In the deep dark river that claims us all. 60
[Beat.]

ANNE: We have no mother. Can none of us remember her. That's why our books are peopled by orphans. Children abandoned. 65

EMILY: Lost.

CHARLOTTE: Alone.

ANNE: We cannot imagine what it would have been like to have kisses and cuddles. A woman's soft touch. Her warmth and forgiveness. 70

CHARLOTTE: Perhaps that is why we're so uncommonly close. So uneasy with strangers. 75

ANNE: Perhaps that is why we have little patience with children. Why we are utterly ill-suited to the only job available to us.

ALL: Governess. 80

ANNE: There are stories about our mother, things we've been told. A bird was once trapped in the house. It flew again and again at the window. Broke its wing, its beak, its leg. She kept it and nursed it back to life. 85

- CHARLOTTE:** No mother. Can't remember.
Not a word, not a look. Not a
smile. 90
- EMILY:** We were lucky.
- CHARLOTTE:** Lucky?
- ANNE:** How so?
- EMILY:** She was not there to criticise.
To insist on ladylike manners, 95
pretty clothes and gentle speech.
To organise tea parties with
eligible men. We were allowed to
read whatever we found.
Whatever we could get hold of. 100
[The actor playing PATRICK
BRONTË brings a pile of books
and places them on the table.
Leaves. CHARLOTTE, EMILY
and ANNE read the spines.] 105
Milton. Byron. Shelley.
- CHARLOTTE:** Scott. Homer. Shakespeare.
Brontë. Patrick Brontë... Yes.
[Pause.] Our name printed on
the spine in beautiful curling 110
letters.
- [PATRICK joins them.]
- ANNE:** Our father, born Brunty, an Irish
peasant, had himself published,
at some expense, a volume of 115
poems and a book of sermons
that sit alongside the rest.

[Turn over]

- PATRICK:** The word. It is this alone which separates us from animals. The power not only to live but to **120**
know that we are living. That is to think. To shape ourselves. To make of our lives what we would. To inspire others with what we say, what we believe. Look to **125**
God, to the great men of history. Look to art, to literature.
- ANNE:** [looking through the pile of books.] Horace, Bunyan, Johnson. **130**
- CHARLOTTE:** Thackeray. William Makepeace Thackeray.
- EMILY:** It did not occur to us that these books were written by men. Not yet. **135**
- ANNE:** We did not know that we too would be remembered. We could never have imagined, never have dreamed —
- CHARLOTTE:** Or perhaps I could. Perhaps I was always waiting. Preparing. The thousands of pages covered with words. The letters, the diaries, the books. Who were they for if not for you. [To the audience.] You who know me better than any who ever saw my face. **140**
145

- ANNE:** I am not so interesting to you.
[To the audience.] Or only as a sister. My books will be read as background to their great works. 150
- EMILY:** You are fascinated by me but I am the hardest to find out about. My book is like a chained door that will only give enough to let you glimpse inside and wonder what it might be like to enter. There are no letters. No diary. My sister Charlotte, after my death, rewrote my poems and burned my second novel. 160
- CHARLOTTE:** We don't know that for certain.
- EMILY:** I had been writing all that summer. There are letters from my publisher urging me not to hurry the ending. 165
- CHARLOTTE:** It is not proven.
- EMILY:** It was written.
- CHARLOTTE:** [suddenly angry]. Emily. Do you know what they said about you? Can you imagine what it was like? 170
- [Beat. CHARLOTTE and EMILY stare at one another.] 175
- Our home, the parsonage, came with the job. If our father were to lose it we would be homeless. Where would we go?

[Turn over]

ANNE:	Who would we be?	180
EMILY:	We cannot imagine. This house. This place. This is our world.	
ANNE:	Our books are covered in flour and spatters of gravy. The library have complained.	185
CHARLOTTE:	Not to us. We are not allowed to go there. Fathers and sons only.	
EMILY:	But our brother tells us that a carrot peeling was found, lying like a bookmark, by the librarian.	190
CHARLOTTE:	Upstairs, Branwell has his own study. We three girls sleep together.	
EMILY:	There is a tiny room at the top of the stairs, little more than a cupboard, which I have made my own.	195
CHARLOTTE:	That is to say that although there is no lock on the door we do not go in there, ever.	200
ANNE:	Immediately in front of the house lies the graveyard, then church and then the town. Five thousand inhabitants working mostly in the textile mills in the valley below. Sanitary conditions are poor. Nearly half of all children die before their sixth birthday. The average age of death for a labourer, just	205
		210

twenty-six. Our father is kept very busy.

[PATRICK is heard conducting the funeral service.]

PATRICK: Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live... [Etc. He continues on under the following lines.] **215**

EMILY: Some days there are four, five people buried. **220**

CHARLOTTE: Among them our mother and two older sisters.

ANNE: I run my fingers over the letters on the gravestone.

EMILY: You can hear the sound of shovels from our house. And Father's voice. We know these words by heart as do most of his congregation. **225**

CHARLOTTE: Few people can read. Even fewer write. **230**
[Beat.]

EMILY: Beyond the house is the moor.

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WP/H/LM/Jun23/7262/W/E4