



**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** 5  
**married 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** 10  
**women from my 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** 15  
**nights I go out to the patio**

in my bare feet just to feel  
the earth. I don't know why.  
If I go on like this, I'll make  
myself ill. 20

**MARIA:** Come here to me! You talk  
as if you were old already.  
As far as I can see, there's  
not much point  
complaining. One of my 25  
mother's sisters waited  
fourteen years. The boy  
was perfect!

**YERMA:** [eagerly]. Tell me!

**MARIA:** He cried as loud as a young 30  
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 35  
scratch our faces.

[Turn over]

**YERMA:** [laughing]. Things like that don't hurt.

**MARIA:** Believe me!

**YERMA:** Look! I've watched my sister feeding her child, and her breast was scratched and sore. But the pain she felt was fresh and good and healthy. 40  
45

**MARIA:** People say that children ruin 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 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 50  
55

have blood for four or five  
children. But when they  
don't come, it turns to 60  
poison, like mine's doing  
now.

**MARIA:** I don't know what's wrong  
with me.

**YERMA:** It's a well-known fact. 65  
First-time mothers are  
always frightened.

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

**YERMA:** [takes the bundle from her]. 70  
I'll make two little suits.  
What's this?

**MARIA:** Oh, that's for nappies.

**YERMA:** Right. [She sits down.]

[Turn over]

**MARIA:** I'd best be going. 75

[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. 80

**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. 85

Enter VICTOR.]

Victor! 90

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

**YERMA:** Out in the fields.

**VICTOR:** What are you making?

**YERMA:** Oh, just some nappies. **95**

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

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

**VICTOR:** If it's a girl, you can name her after yourself. **100**

**YERMA:** [trembling]. What?

**VICTOR:** Congratulations!

**YERMA:** [almost choking]. No, no! They aren't for me. They are for Maria! **105**

**VICTOR:** Then you can follow her example. This house needs a child.

**YERMA:** [anguished]. Yes, it does!

**[Turn over]**

**VICTOR:** So just get on with it. Tell 110  
 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 115  
 my sheep. Tell Juan to pick  
 up the two he's bought from  
 me. As for the other thing,  
 tell him to dig deep!

**[Exit VICTOR, smiling.]** 120

**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, 125  
 To have you cradled inside  
 me.  
 Oh, when will you come, oh  
 child of mine?  
 When your flesh smells of 130  
 jasmine!



**[YERMA gets up. Her thoughts are elsewhere. She goes over to the spot where VICTOR has been standing. She breathes deeply, 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 to sew, her eyes gazing at a fixed point.]**

**[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? **5**

**LAURA:** I've just been going out  
walking.

**AMANDA:** That's not true.

**LAURA:** It is. I just went walking.

**AMANDA:** Walking? Walking? In **10**  
winter? Deliberately  
courting pneumonia in

that light coat? Where did you walk to, Laura?

**LAURA:** All sorts of places — 15  
mostly in the park.

**AMANDA:** Even after you'd started catching that cold?

**LAURA:** It was the lesser of two evils, Mother. 20

[Screen image: Winter scene in a park.]

I couldn't go back there. I — threw up — on the floor! 25

**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 think that you 30

[Turn over]

**were still going to  
Rubican's Business  
College?**

**LAURA: It wasn't as bad as it 35  
sounds. I went inside  
places to get warmed up.**

**AMANDA: Inside where?**

**LAURA: I went in the art museum  
and the bird houses at the 40  
Zoo. I visited the**

**penguins every day!  
Sometimes I did without  
lunch and went to the  
movies. Lately I've been 45**

**spending most of my  
afternoons in the Jewel  
Box, that big glass house  
where they raise the  
tropical flowers. 50**

**AMANDA: You did all this to deceive  
me, just for deception?**

[Laura looks down.]  
Why?

**LAURA:** Mother, when you're 55  
disappointed, you get that  
awful suffering look on  
your face, like the picture  
of Jesus' mother in the  
museum! 60

**AMANDA:** Hush!

**LAURA:** I couldn't face it.  
[There is a pause. A  
whisper of strings is  
heard. Legend on screen: 65  
'The Crust of Humility.' ]

**AMANDA:** [hopelessly fingering the  
huge pocketbook]: So  
what are we going to do  
the rest of our lives? Stay 70  
home and watch the

[Turn over]

parades go by? Amuse  
 ourselves with the glass  
 menagerie, darling?  
 Eternally play those 75  
 worn-out phonograph  
 records your father left as  
 a painful reminder of him?  
 We won't have a business  
 career — we've given that 80  
 up because it gave us  
 nervous indigestion!  
 [She laughs wearily.]  
 What is there left but  
 dependency all our lives? 85  
 I know so well what  
 becomes of unmarried  
 women who aren't  
 prepared to occupy a  
 position. I've seen such 90  
 pitiful cases in the South  
 — barely tolerated  
 spinsters living upon the

grudging patron-age of  
 sister's husband or 95  
 brother's wife! — stuck  
 away in some little  
 mouse-trap of a room —  
 encouraged by one in-law  
 to visit another — little 100  
 birdlike women without  
 any nest — eating the  
 crust of humility all their  
 life! Is that the future that  
 we've mapped out for 105  
 ourselves? I swear it's  
 the only alternative I can  
 think of! [She pauses.] It  
 isn't a very pleasant  
 alternative, is it? [She 110  
 pauses again.] Of course  
 — some girls *do marry*.  
 [Laura twists her hands  
 nervously.] Haven't you  
 ever liked some boy? 115

[Turn over]

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

**AMANDA:** [with some interest]: He  
 gave you his picture? 120

**LAURA:** No, it's in the yearbook.

**AMANDA:** [disappointed]: Oh — a  
 high school boy.  
 [Screen image: Jim as the  
 high school hero bearing 125  
 a silver cup.]

**LAURA:** Yes. His name was Jim.  
 [She lifts the heavy  
 annual from the clawfoot  
 table.] Here he is in 'The 130  
 Pirates of Penzance'.

**AMANDA:** [absently]: The what?

**LAURA:** The operetta the senior  
 class put on. He had a  
 wonderful voice and we 135



sat across the aisle from  
each other Mondays,  
Wednesdays and Fridays  
in the Aud. Here he is  
with the silver cup for 140  
debating! See his grin?

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

**LAURA:** He used to call me — Blue  
Roses. 145

[Screen image: Blue  
roses.]

**AMANDA:** Why did he call you such  
a name as that?

**LAURA:** When I had that attack of 150  
pleurosis — he asked me  
what was the matter when  
I came back. I said  
pleurosis — he thought  
that I said Blue Roses! So 155

[Turn over]

that's what he always  
 called me after that.  
 Whenever he saw me,  
 he'd holler, 'Hello, Blue  
 Roses!' I didn't care for 160  
 the girl that he went out  
 with. Emily Meisenbach.  
 Emily was the  
 best-dressed girl at  
 Soldan. She never struck 165  
 me, though, as being  
 sincere... It says in the  
 Personal Section —  
 they're engaged. That's  
 — six years ago! They 170  
 must be married by now.

**AMANDA:** Girls that aren't cut out  
 for business careers  
 usually wind up married  
 to some nice man. [She 175  
 gets up with a spark of  
 revival.] Sister, that's

what you'll do! [Laura utters a startled, doubtful laugh. She reaches quickly for a piece of glass.] 180

**LAURA:** But, Mother —

**AMANDA:** Yes? [She goes over to the photograph.] 185

**LAURA:** [in a tone of frightened apology]: I'm — crippled!

**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 190 195

[Turn over]

things to make up for it —  
 develop charm — and  
 vivacity — and — *charm!* 200

That's all you have to do!  
 [She turns again to the  
 photograph.] One thing  
 your father had plenty of  
 — was charm! 205

[The scene fades out with  
 music.]

[Scene Three]

[Legend on screen: 'After  
 the fiasco — '] 210

[Tom speaks from the  
 fire-escape landing.]

**TOM:** After the fiasco at  
 Rubicam's Business  
 College, the idea of 215

getting a gentleman caller  
 for Laura began to play a  
 more and more important  
 part in Mother's  
 calculations. It became 220  
 an obsession. Like some  
 archetype of the universal  
 unconscious, the image of  
 the gentleman caller  
 haunted our small 225  
 apartment...

[Screen image: A young  
 man at the door of a  
 house with flowers.]

An evening at home rarely 230  
 passed without some  
 allusion to this image, this  
 specter, this hope...

[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 15**

**GRETA:** They'll think Gregor's  
deserted them, they'll  
worry. 20  
[Live scratch.]

**GREGOR:** But what if all the quiet,  
the comfort, the  
contentment were to end  
in horror? 25

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

**GREGOR:** I must keep moving, crawl 30  
up and down my room.

**MR. S:** Sssh! Listen!  
[They both come into the  
**FATHER** who is in the  
centre and form a 35  
protective triangle.]  
[Image — **FAMILY**  
security bound by fear.]

[Turn over]

**GRETA:** What?

**MR. S:** You hear — he's moving about. 40

[Move here to stool. They sit silently hearing his scratching up and down the room. Takes his stool upstage, sits.] 45  
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. 50

[Forgetting for a moment his insect state.] Oh no!  
[Starts weeping.] 55

**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. 60

**MRS. S:** Yes — you're right — I  
must be strong — must —  
be — strong. He'll be  
hungry too. What do you  
think he eats? 65

[MR SAMSA shakes his  
head in helplessness.]  
Well give him the milk.  
[She mimes bowl of milk  
— hands it over to 70  
FATHER who hands it to  
GRETA — GRETA moves  
a step upstage and  
freezes in her tracks.]

**MR. S:** Gregor. 75  
[GRETA unable to go  
further.]

[Turn over]

- MRS. S:** Father! Father, don't let her go in there — take it to him! 80
- 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. 85
- 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. 90
- MRS. S:** Our son!
- MR. S:** Our son! You can't call him our son any more — 95

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 — 100  
he probably needs us  
more than ever. He's so  
alone — what can he be  
thinking in there, that we  
find him disgusting — we 105  
mustn't show him that.

**GRETA:** We mustn't feel that.

**MRS. S:** No, never!  
[Scratching noises.]

**GRETA:** Listen, Mother — he's 110  
probably starving.

**MR. S:** [rising determined] We'll  
go... with you.

[Turn over]

- GRETA:** [calls gently through door] 115  
**Gregor?**  
 [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.] 120 125 130
- GREGOR:** I like milk in the morning — it's my favourite drink 135

— Mother leaves it for me  
every morning at four a.m.  
to catch the five a.m. train  
— daily.

[FAMILY waving  
goodbye.] 140

MR. S: Sell lots, lad.

GREGOR: Goodbye, Father.

GRETA: Good luck, Gregor.

GREGOR: Goodbye, Greta. 145

MRS. S: Don't forget to drink your  
milk.

GREGOR: No, Mother.

MRS. S: Nice basin of fresh milk  
with little white sops of  
bread in it. 150

[Turn over]

**[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).]** 155

**MRS. S:** Why isn't he drinking it?  
**[She is now in the present.]** 160

**MR. S:** Come on, son — drink it up.

**GRETA:** Oh Gregor — you know you like it. 165

**MRS. S:** It's your favourite drink.

**GRETA:** He's probably ashamed to drink it with us listening to him — let's go away.  
**[They tiptoe downstage and continue moving]** 170

during next speech which  
marks distance and time.  
**GREGOR** has left the  
normal state that the milk 175  
association first drew him  
to and is back to beetle  
state.]

**GREGOR:** I don't like milk any more  
— it's revolting to me — 180  
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 185  
some food — I'm starving  
to death!

**[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 5  
surely he makes us  
sin. I was given a  
guardian angel when I  
was born, like all  
good Catholics, why 10  
didn't my guardian  
angel look after me  
better? But I think he  
must've stayed in  
Ireland. I think the 15  
devil tempted my  
mother to London



and both our  
 guardian angels  
 stayed behind. Have 20  
 you ever been to  
 Ireland, sir? It's a  
 beautiful country. If  
 I'd been an angel I  
 wouldn't have left it 25  
 either. And when we  
 came within six fields  
 of Westminster, the  
 devils took over. But  
 it's God's judgement 30  
 I'm frightened of.  
 And the women's.  
 They're so hard. Why  
 is that?

**RALPH:** Why have you come 35  
 here?

**KETCH:** I'm coming to that, sir.

**[Turn over]**

**RALPH:** Hurry up, then.

**KETCH:** I'm speaking as fast  
as I can, sir — 40

**RALPH:** Ketch —

**KETCH:** James, sir, James,  
Daniel, Patrick, after  
my three uncles.  
Good men they were 45  
too, didn't go to  
London. If my mother  
hadn't brought us to  
London, may God  
give peace to her soul 50  
and breathe pity into  
the hearts of hard  
women — because  
the docks are in  
London and if I hadn't 55  
worked on the docks,  
on that day, May 23rd,  
1785, do you

remember it, Sir?  
Shadwell Dock. If 60  
only we hadn't left,  
then I wouldn't have  
been there, then  
nothing would have  
happened, I wouldn't 65  
have become a coal  
heaver on Shadwell  
Dock and been there  
on the 23rd of May  
when we refused to 70  
unload because they  
were paying us so  
badly, Sir. I wasn't  
even near the sailor  
who got killed. He 75  
shouldn't have done  
the unloading, that  
was wrong of the  
sailors, but I didn't kill

[Turn over]

him, maybe one blow, 80  
 not to look stupid,  
 you know, just to  
 show I was with the  
 lads, even if I wasn't,  
 but I didn't kill him. 85  
 And they caught five  
 at random, Sir, and I  
 was among the five,  
 and they found the  
 cudgel, but I just had 90  
 that to look good,  
 that's all, and when  
 they said to me later  
 you can hang or you  
 can give the names, 95  
 what was I to do, what  
 would you have done,  
 Sir?

**RALPH:**

I wouldn't have been  
 in that situation, 100  
 Freeman.

- KETCH:** To be sure, forgive me, Sir. I only told on the ones I saw, I didn't tell anything 105 that wasn't true, death is a horrible thing, that poor sailor.
- RALPH:** Freeman, I'm going to go to bed now — 110
- KETCH:** I understand, Sir, I understand. And when it happened again, here. And I had hopes of making 115 a good life here. It's because I'm so friendly, see, so I go along, and then I'm the one who gets 120 caught. That theft, I

**[Turn over]**

didn't do it, I was just  
there, keeping a look  
out, just to help some  
friends, you know. 125

But when they say to  
you, hang or be  
hanged, what do you  
do? Someone has to  
do it. I try to do it 130

well. God had mercy  
on the whore, the  
thief, the lame, surely  
he'll forgive the hang  
— it's the women — 135

they're without mercy  
— not like you and  
me, Sir, men. What I  
wanted to say, Sir, is  
that I heard them 140

talking about the play.

[Pause.]

Some players came

into our village once.  
 They were loved like 145  
 the angels,  
 Lieutenant, like the  
 angels. And the way  
 the women watched  
 them — the light of a 150  
 spring dawn in their  
 eyes. Lieutenant — I  
 want to be an actor.

### Scene Ten

**WISEHAMMER AND 155**  
**MARY BRENHAM**  
**EXCHANGE WORDS**  
 [Mary is copying 'The  
 Recruiting Officer' in  
 the afternoon light. 160  
 John Wisehammer is  
 carrying bricks and  
 piling them to one

**[Turn over]**

side. He begins to  
hover over her.] 165

**MARY:** 'I would rather  
counsel than  
command; I don't  
propose this with the  
authority of a parent, 170  
but as the advice of  
your friend' —

**WISEHAMMER:** Friend. That's a good  
word. Short, but full  
of promise. 175

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

**WISEHAMMER:** Country can mean 180  
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, you're thrown out of your country. 185

[Pause.]  
I like words.  
[Pause.]  
My father cleared the houses of the dead to sell the old clothes to 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. 195 200

[Turn over]

- Abecedarian:** 205  
 someone who teaches the alphabet or rudiments of literature. **Abject:** a man without hope. 210
- MARY:** What does indulgent mean?
- WISEHAMMER:** How is it used?
- MARY:** [reads] 'You have been so careful, so indulgent to me.' 215
- WISEHAMMER:** It means ready to overlook faults.  
 [Pause.]  
 You have to be 220  
 careful with words that begin with 'in'. It can turn everything upside down.
- Injustice. Most of** 225

that word is taken up  
with justice, but the  
'in' twists it inside out  
and makes it the  
ugliest word in the **230**  
English language.

**MARY:** Guilty is an uglier  
word.

**WISEHAMMER:** Innocent ought to be  
a beautiful word, but **235**  
it isn't, it's full of  
sorrow. Anguish.  
[Mary goes back to  
her copying.]

**MARY:** I don't have much **240**  
time. We start this in  
a few days.

[Wisehammer looks  
over her shoulder.]

I have the biggest **245**  
part.

[Turn over]

**WISEHAMMER:** You have a beautiful hand.

**MARY:** There is so much to copy. So many words. **250**

**WISEHAMMER:** I can write.

**MARY:** Why don't you tell Lieutenant Clark? He's doing it. **255**

**WISEHAMMER:** No... no... I'm —

**MARY:** Afraid?

**WISEHAMMER:** Diffident.

**MARY:** I'll tell him. Well, I won't. My friend Dabby will. She's — **260**

**WISEHAMMER:** Bold.  
[Pause.]  
Shy is not a bad word, it's soft. **265**

**MARY:** But shame is a hard one.

**WISEHAMMER:** Words with two L's are the worst.  
Lonely, loveless. 270

**MARY:** Love is a good word.

**WISEHAMMER:** That's because it only has one L. I like words with one L:  
Luck. Latitudinarian. 275  
[Mary laughs.]

**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, 5  
JOSHUA]**

**ALL: [sing.] Come gather, sons  
of England, come gather in  
your pride.  
Now meet the world united, 10  
now face it side by side;  
Ye who the earth's wide  
corners, from veldt to  
prairie, roam.  
From bush and jungle 15  
muster all who call old  
England 'home'.**

Then gather round for  
 England,  
 Rally to the flag, 20  
 From North and South and  
 East and West  
 Come one and all for  
 England!

**CLIVE:** This is my family. Though 25  
 far from home  
 We serve the Queen  
 wherever we may roam  
 I am a father to the natives  
 here, 30  
 And father to my family so  
 dear.  
 [He presents BETTY. She  
 is played by a man.]  
 My wife is all I dreamt a 35  
 wife should be,  
 And everything she is she  
 owes to me.

[Turn over]

- BETTY:** I live for Clive. The whole  
aim of my life 40  
Is to be what he looks for  
in a wife.  
I am a man's creation as  
you see,  
And what men want is 45  
what I want to be.  
[CLIVE presents JOSHUA.  
He is played by a white.]
- CLIVE:** My boy's a jewel. Really  
has the knack. 50  
You'd hardly notice that  
the fellow's black.
- JOSHUA:** My skin is black but oh my  
soul is white.  
I hate my tribe. My master 55  
is my light.  
I only live for him. As you  
can see,



What white men want is  
what I want to be. 60

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

**CLIVE:** My son is young. I'm  
doing all I can  
To teach him to grow up to 65  
be a man.

**EDWARD:** What father wants I'd  
dearly like to be.  
I find it rather hard as you  
can see. 70

[CLIVE presents  
VICTORIA, who is a  
dummy, MAUD, and  
ELLEN.]

**CLIVE:** No need for any speeches 75  
by the rest.  
My daughter, mother-in-  
law, and governess.

[Turn over]

**ALL:** [sing.] O'er countless  
 numbers she, our Queen, 80  
 Victoria reigns supreme;  
 O'er Afric's sunny plains,  
 and o'er Canadian frozen  
 stream;  
 The forge of war shall weld 85  
 the chains of brotherhood  
 secure;  
 So to all time in ev'ry clime  
 our Empire shall endure.  
 Then gather round for 90  
 England,  
 Rally to the flag,  
 From North and South and  
 East and West  
 Come one and all for 95  
 England!  
 [All go except BETTY.  
 CLIVE comes.]

**BETTY:** Clive?

**CLIVE:** Betty. Joshua! 100  
[JOSHUA comes with a  
drink for CLIVE.]

**BETTY:** I thought you would never  
come. The day's so long  
without you. 105

**CLIVE:** Long ride in the bush.

**BETTY:** Is anything wrong? I heard  
drums.

**CLIVE:** Nothing serious. Beauty is  
a damned good mare. I 110  
must get some new boots  
sent from home. These  
ones have never been  
right. I have a blister.

**BETTY:** My poor dear foot. 115

**CLIVE:** It's nothing.

**BETTY:** Oh but it's sore.

[Turn over]

- CLIVE:** We are not in this country to enjoy ourselves. Must have ridden fifty miles. 120  
Spoke to three different headmen who would all gladly chop off each other's heads and wear them round their waists. 125
- BETTY:** Clive!
- CLIVE:** Don't be squeamish, Betty, let me have my joke. And what has my little dove done today? 130
- BETTY:** I've read a little.
- CLIVE:** Good. Is it good?
- BETTY:** It's poetry.
- CLIVE:** You're so delicate and sensitive. 135

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

**CLIVE:** Yes, in a minute. I've a  
piece of news for you. 140

**BETTY:** Good news?

**CLIVE:** You'll certainly think it's  
good. A visitor.

**BETTY:** From home?

**CLIVE:** No. Well of course 145  
originally from home.

**BETTY:** Man or woman?

**CLIVE:** Man.

**BETTY:** I can't imagine.

**CLIVE:** Something of an explorer. 150  
Bit of a poet. Odd chap  
but brave as a lion. And a  
great admirer of yours.

**[Turn over]**

- BETTY:** What do you mean?  
Whoever can it be? 155
- CLIVE:** With an H and a B. And  
does conjuring tricks for  
little Edward.
- BETTY:** That sounds like Mr Bagley.
- CLIVE:** Harry Bagley. 160
- BETTY:** He certainly doesn't  
admire me, Clive, what a  
thing to say. How could I  
possibly guess from that.  
He's hardly explored 165  
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 170  
and a bit of a bore.

**CLIVE:** But you like him well enough. You don't mind him coming?

**BETTY:** Anyone at all to break the monotony. 175

**CLIVE:** But you have your mother. You have Ellen.

**BETTY:** Ellen is a governess. My mother is my mother. 180

**CLIVE:** I hoped when she came to visit she would be company for you.

**BETTY:** I don't think mother is on a visit. I think she lives with us. 185

**CLIVE:** I think she does.

**BETTY:** Clive you are so good.

[Turn over]

- CLIVE:** But are you bored my  
love? 190
- BETTY:** It's just that I miss you  
when you're away. We're  
not in this country to enjoy  
ourselves. If I lack society  
that is my form of service. 195
- CLIVE:** That's a brave girl. So  
today has been all right?  
No fainting? No hysteria?
- BETTY:** I have been very tranquil.
- CLIVE:** Ah what a haven of peace 200  
to come home to. The  
coolth, the calm, the  
beauty.



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**[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**

**5**

**around the room along with various pieces of Victorian furniture.**

**Everywhere there are books. Some old.**

**10**

**Some modern books about the Brontës.**

**While the audience enters the actors are already onstage**

**15**

**wearing modern rehearsal clothes. They**

**will change into  
Victorian costumes  
during the Prologue. 20  
They are sitting at a  
table studying books  
about the Brontës.]**

**EMILY: How did it happen?**

**ANNE: How was it possible? 25**

**CHARLOTTE: Three Victorian  
spinsters living in  
isolation on the  
Yorkshire moors.**

**EMILY: [examining a picture in 30**

**a book]. It's hard to  
believe that they really  
dressed like this, for  
walking on the moors,  
carrying in coal, 35  
scrubbing floors.**

**[Turn over]**

**ANNE:** Writing books.

**CHARLOTTE:** Here's the painting done by their brother Branwell, now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery. **40**

[She takes a biography from the actor playing **BRANWELL BRONTË** **45**

and looks at the cover, on which is **BRANWELL's** painting of the sisters.]

There is a smudge in **50** the middle where he has painted himself out. She looks too fat.

[The actors peer at the portrait.] **55**

**ANNE:** Too miserable.

**EMILY:** Too pinched.

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

**ANNE:** Their lives would have been different if they had been. They would have married. 60

**EMILY:** Died in childbirth.

**CHARLOTTE:** Or had lots of children and never written another word. 65

**ANNE:** Perhaps the odd recipe, a letter here and there, but nothing we — [To the audience.] would know about. 70

**CHARLOTTE:** They would be gone.

**ANNE:** Lost.

**CHARLOTTE:** Sunk without trace. 75

[Turn over]

- EMILY:** In the deep dark river  
that claims us all.  
[Beat.]
- ANNE:** We have no mother.  
Can none of us 80  
remember her. That's  
why our books are  
peopled by orphans.  
Children abandoned.
- EMILY:** Lost. 85
- CHARLOTTE:** Alone.
- ANNE:** We cannot imagine  
what it would have  
been like to have  
kisses and cuddles. A 90  
woman's soft touch.  
Her warmth and  
forgiveness.
- CHARLOTTE:** Perhaps that is why  
we're so uncommonly 95

close. So uneasy with  
strangers.

**ANNE:** Perhaps that is why we  
have little patience with  
children. Why we are 100  
utterly ill-suited to the  
only job available to us.

**ALL:** Governess.

**ANNE:** There are stories about  
our mother, things 105  
we've been told. A bird  
was once trapped in  
the house. It flew again  
and again at the  
window. Broke its 110  
wing, its beak, its leg.  
She kept it and nursed  
it back to life.

**[Turn over]**

**CHARLOTTE:** No mother. Can't remember. Not a word, 115 not a look. Not a smile.

**EMILY:** We were lucky.

**CHARLOTTE:** Lucky?

**ANNE:** How so?

**EMILY:** She was not there to 120

criticise. To insist on

ladylike manners,

pretty clothes and

gentle speech. To

organise tea parties 125

with eligible men. We

were allowed to read

whatever we found.

Whatever we could get

hold of. 130

[The actor playing

**PATRICK BRONTË**

brings a pile of books

and places them on the



table. Leaves. 135

**CHARLOTTE, EMILY  
and ANNE read the  
spines.]**

**Milton. Byron. Shelley.**

**CHARLOTTE: Scott. Homer. 140**

**Shakespeare. Brontë.**

**Patrick Brontë... Yes.**

**[Pause.] Our name  
printed on the spine in**

**beautiful curling 145**

**letters.**

**[PATRICK joins them.]**

**ANNE:**

**Our father, born**

**Brunty, an Irish**

**peasant, had himself 150**

**published, at some**

**expense, a volume of**

**poems and a book of**

**sermons that sit**

**alongside the rest. 155**

**[Turn over]**

- PATRICK:** The word. It is this alone which separates us from animals. The power not only to live but to *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 God, to the great men of history. Look to art, to literature. 160 165 170
- ANNE:** [looking through the pile of books.] Horace, Bunyan, Johnson.
- CHARLOTTE:** Thackeray. William Makepeace Thackeray. 175

- EMILY:** It did not occur to us that these books were written by men. Not yet. 180
- ANNE:** We did not know that we too would be remembered. We could never have imagined, never have dreamed — 185
- 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 190 195

**[Turn over]**

any who ever saw my face.

**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. 200

**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 205 210 215

poems and burned my  
second novel.

**CHARLOTTE:** We don't know that for 220  
certain.

**EMILY:** I had been writing all  
that summer. There  
are letters from my  
publisher urging me 225  
not to hurry the ending.

**CHARLOTTE:** It is not proven.

**EMILY:** It was written.

**CHARLOTTE:** [suddenly angry].  
Emily. Do you know 230  
what they said about  
you? Can you imagine  
what it was like?  
[Beat. CHARLOTTE  
and EMILY stare at one 235  
another.]

[Turn over]

Our home, the  
 parsonage, came with  
 the job. If our father  
 were to lose it we 240  
 would be homeless.  
 Where would we go?

**ANNE:** Who would we be?

**EMILY:** We cannot imagine.  
 This house. This 245  
 place. This is our  
 world.

**ANNE:** Our books are covered  
 in flour and spatters of  
 gravy. The library have 250  
 complained.

**CHARLOTTE:** Not to us. We are not  
 allowed to go there.  
 Fathers and sons only.

**EMILY:** But our brother tells us 255  
 that a carrot peeling

was found, lying like a bookmark, by the librarian.

**CHARLOTTE:** Upstairs, Branwell has 260  
his own study. We  
three girls sleep  
together.

**EMILY:** There is a tiny room at  
the top of the stairs, 265  
little more than a  
cupboard, which I have  
made my own.

**CHARLOTTE:** That is to say that  
although there is no 270  
lock on the door we do  
not go in there, ever.

**ANNE:** Immediately in front of  
the house lies the  
graveyard, then church 275  
and then the town.

**[Turn over]**

**Five thousand  
 inhabitants working  
 mostly in the textile  
 mills in the valley 280  
 below. Sanitary  
 conditions are poor.  
 Nearly half of all  
 children die before  
 their sixth birthday. 285  
 The average age of  
 death for a labourer,  
 just twenty-six. Our  
 father is kept very  
 busy. 290**

**[PATRICK is heard  
 conducting the funeral  
 service.]**

**PATRICK: Man that is born of  
 woman has but a short 295  
 time to live... [Etc. He**



**continues on under the following lines.]**

**EMILY:** Some days there are  
four, five people **300**  
buried.

**CHARLOTTE:** Among them our  
mother and two older  
sisters.

**ANNE:** I run my fingers over **305**  
the letters on the  
gravestone.

**EMILY:** You can hear the  
sound of shovels from  
our house. And **310**  
Father's voice. We  
know these words by  
heart as do most of his  
congregation.

**[Turn over]**

**CHARLOTTE:** Few people can read. 315  
Even fewer write.  
[Beat.]

**EMILY:** Beyond the house is  
the moor.

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