



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

7262/W

INSERT

[Turn over]

QUESTION 15 LORCA: 'Yerma'**From Act One, Scene Two****YERMA: Can I ask you something?****PAGAN****WOMAN: Let's see. [Looks at her.] I know what you're going to ask. But there's nothing to be said. [She gets up.]** 5**YERMA: [stopping her]. Why not? Talking to you has cheered me up. For such a long time I've wanted to talk to someone like you. I want to understand, and you can tell me ...** 10**PAGAN****WOMAN: What?**

YERMA: [lowering her voice]. Why
 am I childless? Must I 15
 spend the best years of my
 life feeding the chickens or
 putting up curtains? No, I
 shan't! You have to tell me
 what I need to do. I'll do 20
 anything you say, even
 stick needles into my eyes.

PAGAN

WOMAN: But I know nothing. All I
 did was lie on my back and
 sing. Children just come, 25
 like water. Now no one can
 say you don't have a
 beautiful body. When you
 go by, the horse neighs at
 the end of the road. But 30
 best leave it, girl! I'd rather
 say nothing than say too
 much.

[Turn over]

YERMA: Why won't you tell me? It's
the only thing I talk to my husband about. 35

PAGAN

WOMAN: Tell me. Are you fond of
him?

YERMA: What do you mean?

PAGAN

WOMAN: I mean, do you love him? 40
Do you want to be with
him?

YERMA: I don't know.

PAGAN

WOMAN: Does he make you tremble
when he stands close? Do 45
you go weak at the knees
when his lips touch yours?
Answer me!

YERMA: I've never felt like that, no.

PAGAN

WOMAN: Not even when you've danced with him? 50

YERMA: [recalling]. There was one time ... with Victor ...

PAGAN

WOMAN: Go on!

YERMA: He took me by the waist. I 55
couldn't speak. I was stuck
for words. And another
time ... I was fourteen and
he was big and strong ...

he picked me up to cross a 60
stream, and I trembled so
much my teeth were
chattering. I was always so
shy.

PAGAN

WOMAN: And with your husband? 65

[Turn over]

YERMA: That's different. My father arranged the marriage and I agreed. Gladly, believe me! The first day that we were engaged, I thought about ... having children. I looked at myself in his eyes, and I saw myself, so small, so helpless, as if I was my own little girl. 70 75

PAGAN

WOMAN: Different from me, then. It's probably why you've not got pregnant. You see, men like to have fun. They like to let our hair down and have us drink from their mouths. It's the way of the world. 80

YERMA: For you, not me! Things go around in my head, lots of 85

things, and I know that
 they'll all come true in my
 child. I gave myself to my
 husband for him, for my
 child, and I'll go on doing it 90
 to see if he comes. But
 never for pleasure.

PAGAN

WOMAN: That's why you're empty.

YERMA: Not empty, no! I'm filling
 up with hate! Tell me if you 95
 think I'm to blame. Must I
 look in a man for nothing
 more than the man
 himself? If that's the case,
 what must I think when he 100
 turns away from me in bed
 and goes to sleep and
 leaves me staring sadly at
 the ceiling? Must I only
 think of him, or of the 105

[Turn over]

beautiful fruit this body of mine might produce? Tell me, for pity's sake! [She falls to her knees.]

PAGAN

WOMAN: Oh, what an open flower 110
you are! What a beautiful
creature! But don't make
me say any more! It's a
matter of honour. And I
shan't blacken anyone's 115
name. You'll find out the
truth. But you have to stop
being so innocent.

YERMA: [sadly.] Girls brought up in
the countryside, like me ... 120
the doors are closed on us.
A hint here, a wink there ...
because they think there
are things we shouldn't
know. You are just the 125

same. You won't speak,
 you turn your back on me
 with your know-all air. You
 know it all, but you refuse
 to help someone dying of 130
 thirst.

PAGAN

WOMAN: I'd speak to someone who
 was calm. But not you. I
 know from experience.

YERMA: God help me, then! 135

PAGAN

WOMAN: No, God won't help you.
 I've never been one for
 God! When will you learn
 He doesn't exist? It's men
 who have to help you out. 140

YERMA: Why are you telling me
 this? Why?

[Turn over]

PAGAN

WOMAN: [making to leave]. Maybe there should be a God, even a small one, so he could aim his bolts of lightning at men with rotten seed ... those who turn the joy of the fields into putrid water.

145

150

YERMA: I don't understand.

PAGAN

WOMAN: I know what I'm saying. Anyway, cheer up. Hope for the best. You are still young. What do you expect me to do?
[Exit PAGAN WOMAN.
Enter two GIRLS.]

155

FIRST

GIRL: I've never seen so many people.

160

YERMA: With all the work there is,
the men can't leave the
olive groves. We have to
take them their food. Only
the old folk are left at **165**
home.

SECOND

GIRL: Are you going back to the
village?

YERMA: Yes.

FIRST

GIRL: I'd better hurry. I left the **170**
baby asleep and there's no
one else at home.

YERMA: Then get a move on! You
can't leave children alone.
I hope you don't keep pigs! **175**

FIRST

GIRL: No, but you're right. I'm
off.

[Turn over]

YERMA: Hurry! That's how accidents happen. Did you make sure the door was locked? 180

FIRST GIRL: Of course I did!

YERMA: You've got no idea what it is to be so small and helpless. Something we think quite harmless could easily be the death of him. A small needle, a sip of water. 185

FIRST GIRL: True enough. I'm going. Trouble is, I don't always think. 190

YERMA: Quickly then!

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[Turn over]

QUESTION 16

WILLIAMS: 'The Glass Menagerie'

From Scene Seven

JIM: No, Ma'am. All these fuses look okay to me.

AMANDA: Tom!

TOM: Yes, Mother?

AMANDA: That light bill I gave you several days ago. The one I told you we got the notices about? **5**

[Legend on screen: 'Ha!']

TOM: Oh – yeah. **10**

AMANDA: You didn't neglect to pay it by any chance?

TOM: Why, I –

AMANDA: Didn't! I might have
known it! 15

JIM: Shakespeare probably
wrote a poem on that light
bill, Mrs Wingfield.

AMANDA: I might have known better
than to trust him with it! 20
There's such a high price
for negligence in this
world!

JIM: Maybe the poem will win a
ten-dollar prize. 25

AMANDA: We'll just have to spend
the remainder of the
evening in the nineteenth
century, before Mr Edison
made the Mazda lamp! 30

JIM: Candlelight is my
favourite kind of light.

[Turn over]

- AMANDA:** That shows you're romantic! But that's no excuse for Tom. Well, we got through dinner. Very considerate of them to let us get through dinner before they plunged us into everlasting darkness, wasn't it, Mr O'Connor? 35
- JIM:** Ha-ha!
- AMANDA:** Tom, as a penalty for your carelessness you can help me with the dishes. 45
- JIM:** Let me give you a hand.
- AMANDA:** Indeed you will not!
- JIM:** I ought to be good for something.
- AMANDA:** Good for something? 50
[Her tone is rhapsodic.]
You? Why, Mr O'Connor,

nobody, *nobody's* given
me this much
entertainment in years – 55
as you have!

JIM: Aw, now, Mrs Wingfield!

AMANDA: I'm not exaggerating, not
one bit! But Sister is all
by her lonesome. You go 60
keep her company in the
parlor! I'll give you this
lovely old candelabrum
that used to be on the
altar at the Church of the 65
Heavenly Rest. It was
melted a little out of
shape when the church
burnt down. Lightning
struck it one spring. 70
Gypsy Jones was holding
a revival at the time and
he intimated that the

[Turn over]

church was destroyed
because the 75
Episcopalians gave card
parties.

JIM: Ha-ha.

AMANDA: And how about you
coaxing Sister to drink a 80
little wine? I think it
would be good for her!
Can you carry both at
once?

JIM: Sure. I'm Superman! 85

AMANDA: Now, Thomas, get into
this apron!

[Jim comes into the
dining room, carrying the
candelabrum, its candles 90
lighted, in one hand and a
glass of wine in the other.
The door of the

**kitchenette swings closed
on Amanda's gay 95**

**laughter; the flickering
light approaches the
portieres. Laura sits up
nervously as Jim enters.**

**She can hardly speak 100
from the almost
intolerable strain of being
alone with a stranger.]**

**[Screen legend: 'I don't
suppose you remember 105
me at all!']**

**[At first, before Jim's
warmth overcomes her
paralyzing shyness,
Laura's voice is thin and 110
breathless, as though she
had just run up a steep
flight of stairs. Jim's
attitude is gently**

[Turn over]

humorous. While the 115
incident is apparently
unimportant, it is to Laura
the climax of her secret
life.]

JIM: Hello there, Laura. 120

LAURA: [faintly:] Hello.

[She clears her throat.]

JIM: How are you feeling now?
Better?

LAURA: Yes. Yes, thank you. 125

JIM: This is for you. A little
dandelion wine. [He
extends the glass toward
her with extravagant
gallantry.] 130

LAURA: Thank you.

JIM: Drink it – but don't get
drunk!

[He laughs heartily. Laura
takes the glass 135
uncertainly; she laughs
shyly.]

Where shall I set the
candles?

LAURA: Oh – oh, anywhere ... 140

JIM: How about here on the
floor? Any objections?

LAURA: No.

JIM: I'll spread a newspaper
under to catch the 145
drippings. I like to sit on
the floor. Mind if I do?

LAURA: Oh, no.

JIM: Give me a pillow?

LAURA: What? 150

[Turn over]

JIM: A pillow!

LAURA: Oh ... [She hands him one quickly.]

JIM: How about you? Don't you like to sit on the floor? 155

LAURA: Oh – yes.

JIM: Why don't you then?

LAURA: I – will.

JIM: Take a pillow! 160

[Laura does. She sits on the floor on the other side of the candelabrum. Jim crosses his legs and smiles engagingly at her.] 165
I can't hardly see you sitting way over there.

LAURA: I can – see you.

JIM: I know, but that's not fair,
I'm in the limelight. 170

[Laura moves her pillow
closer.]

**Good! Now I can see you!
Comfortable?**

LAURA: Yes. 175

JIM: So am I. Comfortable as a
cow! Will you have some
gum?

LAURA: No, thank you.

JIM: I think that I will indulge, 180
with your permission. [He
musingly unwraps a stick
of gum and holds it up.]
Think of the fortune made
by the guy that invented 185
the first piece of chewing
gum. Amazing, huh? The

[Turn over]

Wrigley Building is one of the sights of Chicago – I saw it when I went up to the Century of Progress. Did you take in the Century of Progress? 190

LAURA: No, I didn't.

JIM: Well, it was quite a wonderful exposition. What impressed me most was the Hall of Science. Gives you an idea of what the future will be in America, even more wonderful than the present time is! [There is a pause. Jim smiles at her.] Your brother tells me you're shy. Is that right, Laura? 195
200
205

LAURA: I – don't know.

JIM: I judge you to be an old-fashioned type of girl. 210
Well, I think that's a pretty good type to be. Hope you don't think I'm being too personal – do you?

LAURA: [hastily, out of 215
embarrassment]: I believe I will take a piece of gum, if you – don't mind. [clearing her throat.] Mr O'Connor, 220
have you – kept up with your singing?

JIM: Singing? Me?

LAURA: Yes. I remember what a beautiful voice you had. 225

[Turn over]

JIM: When did you hear me
sing?

[Laura does not answer,
and in the long pause
which follows a man's
voice is heard singing
offstage.] 230

VOICE:

O blow, ye winds,
heigh-ho, 235
A-roving I will go!
I'm off to my love
With a boxing glove –
Ten thousand miles away!

JIM: You say you've heard me 240
sing?

LAURA: Oh, yes! Yes, very often
... I – don't suppose – you
remember me – at all?

JIM: [smiling doubtfully]: You 245
 know I have an idea I've
 seen you before. I had
 that idea soon as you
 opened the door. It
 seemed almost like I was 250
 about to remember your
 name. But the name that I
 started to call you –
 wasn't a name! And so I
 stopped myself before I 255
 said it.

LAURA: Wasn't it – Blue Roses?

JIM: [springing up, grinning]:
 Blue Roses! My gosh,
 yes – Blue Roses! That's 260
 what I had on my tongue
 when you opened the
 door! Isn't it funny what
 tricks your memory

[Turn over]

plays? I didn't connect 265
you with high school
somehow or other. But
that's where it was; it was
high school. I didn't even
know you were 270
Shakespeare's sister!
Gosh, I'm sorry.

LAURA: I didn't expect you to.
You – barely knew me!

JIM: But we did have a 275
speaking acquaintance,
huh?

LAURA: Yes, we – spoke to each
other.

JIM: When did you recognize 280
me?

LAURA: Oh, right away!

JIM: **Soon as I came in the
door?**

LAURA: **When I heard your name I 285
thought it was probably
you. I knew that Tom
used to know you a little
in high school. So when
you came in the door – 290
well, then I was – sure.**

JIM: **Why didn't you say
something, then?**

LAURA: **[breathlessly]: I didn't
know what to say, I was – 295
too surprised!**

JIM: **For goodness' sakes!
You know, this sure is
funny!**

LAURA: **Yes! Yes, isn't it, though 300
...**

[Turn over]

QUESTION 17

BERKOFF: 'Metamorphosis'

From the end of the scene, 'Next scene – evening' and the beginning of the scene, 'New scene, almost sub-titled 'Optimism'.'

**GRETA: Goodnight, Father ...
Mother.**

**GREGOR: I've not left you – I'm
coming back soon – I
didn't resent anything, 5
even if I didn't keep much
money for myself, I didn't
resent it. Oh God, you
make me so ashamed, I
could hide away for ever. 10
If only I could speak to
you, if I could thank you
Greta for looking after me,**

perhaps you'd all get used
to me – I can't stand just 15
silence – I must speak – I
must – I must gather all my
strength together and
speak to her.

MRS. S: [from sleep area] It's time 20
to feed him, Greta.

[GRETA goes to his room
– she is about to enter
when GREGOR stands up
and attempts to speak but 25
only succeeds in making a
strangling sound.]

GRETA: Oh, no, no. [Rushes
away.]

[Turn over]

GREGOR: I won't try to speak again – 30
 I know I'm repulsive and I'll
 go on being repulsive –
 how brave you are Greta to
 come here at all – don't
 come any more. I don't 35
 like you, Greta, opening
 my window twice a day as
 if there were some
 intolerable stench in here –
 why did you run away like 40
 that – you should be used
 to me by now ... (*Anyone
 would think I was lying in
 wait to bite you.*)

GRETA: He must be terribly lonely 45
 – he tried to speak to me
 ... but he couldn't – he
 could only make a
 squeaking noise and I ran
 out, as if he were 50
 something filthy and

disgusting, my own
Gregor.

MRS. S: You're very brave, Greta.

GRETA: Usually he hides from me 55
before I clear his room as
if he knows how
loathsome he is.

MRS. S: She's very good to him the
way she ministers to him. 60

GRETA: But today he just stood
there in front of me – I felt
sick.

MR. S: Perhaps he was trying to
thank her – he was always 65
very polite.

GRETA: He just stares out of the
window – stares out at his
old world.

[Turn over]

GREGOR: It's growing dimmer – it 70
looks like a desert waste
of grey sky and grey land
– everything's grey ...
everything.

[Fade.] 75

**[New scene almost
sub-titled 'Optimism'.
They are all gay in spirits
since they expect a
change in fortune. They 80
practically dance the
opening – MR. SAMSA has
found a job.]**

MR. S: All right ...! Up we get.

**[The FAMILY are all 85
working on polishing the
brass-work on
MR. SAMSA's uniform as a
bank messenger.]**

GRETA: [looking into button] I can see my face clearly. 90

MRS. S: They certainly give you a smart uniform.

[MR. SAMSA is getting ready, combing his hair and preening himself.] 95

MR. S: [jovially] I suppose the lowly office of bank messenger entitles you to look like a general. 100

GRETA: There we are – all ready.
[They dress him with elaborate care. Objects are drawn in space and thrown to him.] 105

MRS. S: } Hat! Coat! Gloves!
GRETA: }

[Turn over]

MRS. S: Oh, Father! How handsome you look.

MR. S: Are you sure you'll be all right whilst I'm out? 110

GRETA: } Of course we will.

MRS. S: }

MR. S: I don't like leaving you two alone in the house.

MRS. S: Oh, Father, we're perfectly safe. 115

GRETA: Gregor's no trouble, he's not going to bite us.

[Image – music changes. They become involved in their own thoughts and drift apart – the room becomes heavy and dark and oppressive, the cage at the back is lit as though 120

by silent coloured lighting 125
– their motions increase in
weight and intensity –
GREGOR slowly climbs up
the walls of his cage – the
FAMILY seem 130
contaminated by
GREGOR, particularly
GRETA.]

MR. S: What's he been doing?

GRETA: He seems to be sleeping a 135
lot – at least he's very
quiet and he's been eating
all his food.

MR. S: Humph!

GRETA: Sometimes he likes to 140
look out of the window – I
know he does that

[Turn over]

because I hear him creep
under the bed when he
hears me opening the 145
door, just so I shouldn't
see him.

MRS. S: Poor, poor Gregor – he
must be so lonely and
bored. 150

GRETA: No, I don't think he is.
Lately he's formed the
habit of crawling over the
walls and ceiling.

MR. S: How do you know? 155
You're surely not in there
when he does it.

GRETA: [During her speech
GREGOR has started very
slowly to climb his cage.] 160
Oh, no, he leaves traces –
like footprints, from the
sticky stuff on his feet – I

**think he likes hanging
from the ceiling best – it 165
makes him feel free and
light, he doesn't have
much room on the floor.**

**MRS. S: I must go in and see him –
perhaps he needs me. 170**

**MR. S: In his state all he wants is
feeding – he probably
wouldn't thank you to
have you see him like that.**

**[Image – the lights and 175
obsessional quality of
everyone changes and
normalizes.]**

**MRS. S: But he is still my son –
don't you understand? 180
No matter what happens
he is my unfortunate child**

[Turn over]

and I must see him. [She suddenly breaks away.]

MR. S: If you behave like this, I'll 185
throw off my coat and stay
here!

MRS. S: [resigned] No ... No ... I
shan't go in – I don't think
I could bear it. Go to 190
work, Father – you look
very smart – don't you
worry about me.

MR. S: Understand, dear, that it's
for your own good. 195

MRS. S: Yes, yes, yes.

MR. S: [to GRETA] Hold on to the
key.

GRETA: Yes, Father.

[He goes.] 200

[Image – the listless automatic waving as FATHER leaves and a strong light revealing the swaying huge body of the GREGOR beetle – the anticipation of horror.] 205

[By this time GREGOR has climbed on to the ceiling of his cage and just hangs there. MOTHER and GRETA are waving goodbye to FATHER. GREGOR speaks, rocking in time to the waves. (This speech is a grim foreshadowing of events and the separation of animal from human. The acceptance of his state 210 215 220

[Turn over]

**which now almost gives
him pleasure. Hang your
legs over the cross bar
and cup your toes into the
side bars to give your
body a braced, arched
look.)]** **225**

QUESTION 18

WERTENBAKER: 'Our Country's Good'

From Act One, Scene Eight

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QUESTION 19**CHURCHILL: 'Cloud Nine'****From Act Two, Scene Four**

VICTORIA: So I said to the professor, I don't think this is an occasion for invoking the concept of structural causality – oh hello mummy. **5**

BETTY: I'm going to ask you a question, both of you. I have a little money from your grandmother. And **10** the three of you are living in that tiny flat with two children. I wonder if we could get a house and all live in it together? It **15** would give you more room.

VICTORIA: But I'm going to
Manchester anyway.

LIN: We'd have a garden, 20
Vicky.

BETTY: You do seem to have
such fun all of you.

VICTORIA: I don't want to.

BETTY: I didn't think you would. 25

LIN: Come on, Vicky, she
knows we sleep together,
and Eddy.

BETTY: I think I've known for
quite a while but I'm not 30
sure. I don't usually think
about it, so I don't know if
I know about it or not.

VICTORIA: I don't want to live with
my mother. 35

[Turn over]

LIN: Don't think of her as your mother, think of her as Betty.

VICTORIA: But she thinks of herself as my mother. 40

BETTY: I am your mother.

VICTORIA: But mummy we don't even like each other.

BETTY: We might begin to. 45
[CATHY comes on howling with a nosebleed.]

LIN: Oh Cathy what happened?

BETTY: She's been assaulted. 50

VICTORIA: It's a nosebleed.

CATHY: Took my ice cream.

LIN: Who did?

CATHY: Took my money.

[MARTIN comes.] 55

MARTIN: Is everything all right?

LIN: I thought you were
looking after her.

CATHY: They hit me. I can't play.
They said I'm a girl. 60

BETTY: Those dreadful boys, the
gang, the Dead Hand.

MARTIN: What do you mean you
thought I was looking
after her? 65

LIN: Last I saw her she was
with you getting an ice
cream. It's your
afternoon.

[Turn over]

- MARTIN:** Then she went off to play. 70
She goes off to play. You
don't keep an eye on her
every minute.
- LIN:** She doesn't get beaten up
when I'm looking after 75
her.
- CATHY:** Took my money.
- MARTIN:** Why the hell should I look
after your child anyway?
I just want Tommy. Why 80
should he live with you
and Vicky all week?
- LIN:** I don't mind if you don't
want to look after her but
don't say you will and 85
then this happens.
- VICTORIA:** When I get to Manchester
everything's going to be
different anyway, Lin's

staying here, and you're 90
staying here, we're all
going to have to sit down
and talk it through.

MARTIN: I'd really enjoy that.

CATHY: Hit me on the face. 95

LIN: You were the one looking
after her and look at her
now, that's all.

MARTIN: I've had enough of you
telling me. 100

LIN: Yes you know it all.

MARTIN: Now stop it. I work very
hard at not being like this,
I could do with some
credit. 105

LIN: Ok, you're quite nice, try
and enjoy it. Don't make

[Turn over]

me sorry for you Martin,
it's hard for me too.
We've better things to do 110
than quarrel. I've got to
go and sort those little
bastards out for a start.
Where are they, Cathy?

CATHY: Don't kill them, mum, hit 115
them. Give them a
nosebleed, mum.

[LIN goes.]

VICTORIA: Tommy's asleep in the
pushchair. We'd better 120
wake him up or he won't
sleep tonight.

MARTIN: Sometimes I keep him up
watching television till he
falls asleep on the sofa 125
so I can hold him. Come

on, Cathy, we'll get another ice cream.

CATHY: Chocolate sauce and nuts. 130

VICTORIA: Betty, would you like an ice cream?

BETTY: No thank you, the cold hurts my teeth, but what a nice thought, Vicky, thank you. 135

[VICTORIA goes. BETTY alone. GERRY comes.]

BETTY: I think you used to be Edward's flatmate. 140

GERRY: You're his mother. He's talked about you.

[Turn over]

- BETTY:** Well never mind.
Children are always
wrong about their **145**
parents. It's great
problem knowing where
to live and who to share
with. I live by myself
now. **150**
- GERRY:** Good, So do I. You can
do what you like.
- BETTY:** I don't really know what I
like.
- GERRY:** You'll soon find out. **155**
- BETTY:** What do you like?
- GERRY:** Waking up at four in the
morning.
- BETTY:** I like listening to music in
bed and sometimes for **160**
supper I just have a big
piece of bread and dip it

in very hot lime pickle.
So you don't get lonely
by yourself? Perhaps 165
you have a lot of visitors.
I've been thinking I
should have some
visitors, I could give a
little dinner party. Would 170
you come? There
wouldn't just be bread
and lime pickle.

GERRY: Thank you very much.

BETTY: Or don't wait to be asked 175
to dinner. Just drop in
informally. I'll give you
the address shall I? I
don't usually give strange
men my address but then 180
you're not a strange man,
you're a friend of

[Turn over]

Edward's. I suppose I
 seem a different
 generation to you but 185
 you are older than
 Edward. I was married for
 so many years it's quite
 hard to know how to get
 acquainted. But if there 190
 isn't a right way to do
 things you have to invent
 one. I always thought my
 mother was far too old to
 be attractive but when 195
 you get to an age yourself
 it feels quite different.

GERRY: I think you could be quite
 attractive.

BETTY: If what? 200

GERRY: If you stop worrying.

BETTY: I think when I do more
 things I worry about them

less. So perhaps you
could help me do more. 205

GERRY: I might be going to live
with Edward again.

BETTY: That's nice, but I'm rather
surprised if he wants to
share a flat. He's rather 210
involved with a young
woman he lives with, or
two young women, I don't
understand Edward but
never mind. 215

GERRY: I'm very involved with
him.

BETTY: I think Edward did try to
tell me once but I didn't
listen. So what I'm being 220
told now is that Edward is
'gay' is that right? And

[Turn over]

**you are too. And I've
being making rather a
fool of myself. But 225
Edward does also sleep
with women.**

GERRY: He does, yes, I don't.

**BETTY: Well people always say
it's the mother's fault but 230
I don't intend to start
blaming myself. He
seems perfectly happy.**

**GERRY: I could still come and see
you. 235**

**BETTY: So you could, yes. I'd
like that. I've never tried
to pick up a man before.**

GERRY: Not everyone's gay.

BETTY: No, that's lucky isn't it. 240

[GERRY goes. CLIVE comes.]

CLIVE: You are not that sort of woman, Betty. I can't believe you are. I can't feel the same about you as I did. And Africa is to be communist I suppose. I used to be proud to be British. There was a high ideal. I came out onto the verandah and looked at the stars. **245**

[CLIVE goes. BETTY from Act One comes. BETTY and BETTY embrace.] **255**

[Turn over]

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

[Later the same night. EMILY staggers into the hallway carrying BRANWELL on her back. He slips from her shoulders to the ground. He is very drunk and still drinking.]

5

CHARLOTTE and ANNE try to help him to his feet. He shakes them off and swaggers into the kitchen. From the beginning of the scene, CHARLOTTE and BRANWELL are

10**15**

pitted against one
another.]

BRANWELL: To what do I owe this 20
great and unexpected
pleasure? My three
dear sisters awake at
two o'clock in the
morning to welcome 25
me back into the
bosom of –

ANNE: We need cold water.
Fetch a towel. I'll get
the bucket. 30

[ANNE and EMILY go
to get a towel and
bucket of water.]

BRANWELL: Cold water! A bucket!
Is that any way to 35

[Turn over]

**greet your beloved
brother who you have
not seen this last –**

**CHARLOTTE: You're drunk and
reeking. 40**

**BRANWELL: I have indeed had a
drink, or two, with my
friends who are in fine
high spirits on
account of my 45
unexpected return.
They at least have
missed me and are
pleased to –**

**ANNE: We have been waiting 50
for you. A meal was
prepared.**

Father was expecting –

BRANWELL: I have no appetite.

CHARLOTTE: I should think not. 55

BRANWELL: I cannot eat because I am sick with grief.

CHARLOTTE: Because you have been dismissed from your post and are in disgrace. 60

BRANWELL: Disgrace! Disgrace. Listen how she says the word. Like filth in the mouth that must be spat out for fear of contamination. 65

CHARLOTTE: We must go to bed. You can explain yourself in the morning. 70

[Turn over]

BRANWELL: Explain myself. Oh, I shall look forward to that. Because, dear Charlotte, everything must be 'explained', must it not? 75

[ANNE has returned with a bucket of water.] 80

ANNE: Help me sit him down.

BRANWELL: I am loved by a beautiful, an exceptional woman. A woman of great distinction. Of the highest sensibility – 85

CHARLOTTE: Who has defiled herself in her own home, under the nose of her children, her 90

husband. Who has
sinned against God
and all that is –

[BRANWELL suddenly 95
grabs CHARLOTTE's
skirt, pulling her up
against him.]

BRANWELL: Defiled. Oh yes, and
wouldn't you like to 100
know what that felt
like? Wouldn't you?

[He holds her fast,
pushing his hand
down between her 105
legs.]

CHARLOTTE: Leave me alone.

ANNE: Let her go.

[Turn over]

BRANWELL: [continuing his assault]. You think I don't know. You think I can't smell it. That hot little itch, under the bedclothes. What you wouldn't do to be defiled. How sweet it sounds –

110

115

[EMILY and ANNE try to pull him away. He throws CHARLOTTE to the floor.]

120

ANNE: Stop it. Stop it.

[CHARLOTTE is on her knees.]

CHARLOTTE: You're disgusting.

125

BRANWELL: You're rotten. Rotting inside. Rank.

**Reeking. Stinking of –
loneliness.**

ANNE: **That's enough. 130**

CHARLOTTE: **How dare you? How
dare you humiliate me
because I have had no
life. Have had to live
half-starved. Had to 135
sacrifice everything so
that you could ... you
could ...**

BRANWELL: **Yes?**

ANNE: **You'll wake Father. 140**

CHARLOTTE: **You had everything.
Had it all. Had only to
reach out and take and
it would be yours. But
no. We must watch 145**

[Turn over]

**you, again and again,
mess it up, waste it,
throw it all away. All
we wanted was for you
to succeed. To be a success.** 150

BRANWELL: No.

**CHARLOTTE: You were our shining
star. Our brightest
hope –** 155

BRANWELL: I don't believe you.

**CHARLOTTE: We wanted you to
burn.**

BRANWELL: Liar.

**CHARLOTTE: ... to burn in the
darkness.** 160

BRANWELL: You're a liar.

CHARLOTTE: It's true.

BRANWELL: You wanted me to fail.

CHARLOTTE: How could you know? 165

How could you
possibly know what
we wanted? You who
have feasted on life.

Satisfied every whim, 170

every desire. Who
have only to ask to be
given. How could you
know what it is to give

everything? To look 175

on from the shadows.

To watch and want and
hope against hope as

he squanders every

chance. Ruins every 180

opportunity.

[Turn over]

BRANWELL: I know because every morsel that I ate was taken from your plate. Every bite, stolen. 185
 Taken from under your nose. Snatched away. I was a thief, a fraudster, a liar, a cheat. Stealing my life 190
 from you. What impossible heights I would have to reach to justify my crime. And with you. All of you 195
 watching. Always disappointed. Never enough. How could it be enough? If it hurt to watch my failure, 200
 how much worse would it have been to see me succeed?

CHARLOTTE: Always everyone
else's fault. Never **205**
your own. Never.

**[He grabs her again in
an embrace, half-
loving, half-crushing.]**

BRANWELL: What do you know? **210**
What do you know
about life? About the
passion and the
ecstasy. About the
mess and the fear. **215**

Nothing. Defiled. We
are all defiled. We are
born drenched in
blood and bile. Born
guilty. Born ashamed. **220**

[CHARLOTTE prays.]

[Turn over]

There is no God. He is not there. He cannot hear you. There is only us. Us and the darkness. 225

[PATRICK's voice is heard as he feels his way down the stairs in his dressing gown.] 230

PATRICK: **What is the meaning of this?**

[BRANWELL tries to smooth his hair and tuck in his shirt.] 235

BRANWELL: **It is I, Father. I am home.**

PATRICK: **What is this noise?**

BRANWELL: **We had a wretched journey and are only just now arrived.** 240

Don't let us disturb
you. We shall see you
in the morning.

PATRICK: Where is my son? 245

BRANWELL: I am here Father. I am
come back.

PATRICK: Where is my son?
Where is the boy I
once adored? Who is 250
this stranger in my
house? Who is this
shouting and swearing
and stinking of –

BRANWELL: Forgive me, Father, for 255
causing you –

PATRICK: To bed. All of you.
Not another sound.
Not another murmur.
Do you understand? 260

[Turn over]

**CHARLOTTE, BRANWELL, ANNE
and EMILY:**

Yes, Father.

**[The Brontë children
mutter consent as they
disappear towards
their bedrooms.]** **265**

**[Lights change.
BERTHA enters and
lies down in the
darkness.**

CHARLOTTE enters **270**
**with a sheet. She lies
on the ground, using
BERTHA as a pillow.]**

[BRANWELL enters.]

BRANWELL: Forgive me, Talli. **275**
**Forgive. I am all
sorryness and
repentance. Tell me of**

something that will
make me happy. 280

CHARLOTTE: Go to bed.

BRANWELL: Tell me a story. Make
me forget. Tell me
another story so that
my own might be 285
forgotten a while.
Make me forget about
myself.

CHARLOTTE [sitting up].
Sh-sh-sh-sh. 290

BRANWELL: Tell me about the
islanders. What has
become of them?
What has become of
our beautiful island, 295
what of our great fleet,
our brave
commander? What
happened to him?

[Turn over]

CHARLOTTE: He married the beautiful daughter.
Bertha. **300**

BRANWELL: Were they happy?

CHARLOTTE: For a while.

QUESTION 21 ELLAMS: 'Three Sisters'

From the middle part of Act One.

NNE

CHUKWU: That's Dimgba.

UDO: He is the clever one. Papa was a military man but gave his son a world-class arts education. He will lecture at University of Lagos like Papa wanted. 5

NNE

CHUKWU: It might have to be Nsukka now that most of our intellectuals have left Lagos. 10

UDO: You just want him to stay here in Igboland with you. He is coming back with us.

[Turn over]

- LOLO:** We made fun of him today. 15
There's a girl he likes.
- UDO:** Not Igbo though, Yoruba,
she was born in the
mid-west among the
enemy. 20
- LOLO:** You know your brother's
head is in the clouds when
he chooses a Yoruba girl
at a time like this. It's not
safe for her. 25
- UDO:** I doubt she even realises
it. Because she speaks
small Igbo, she thinks she
is special.
- LOLO:** When Colonel Ojukwu 30
ordered all non-Igbos to
leave here, I think she got
lost and walked around in
circles.

[UDO & NNE CHUKWU 35
laugh.]

NNE

CHUKWU: The things she wears!
Chineke! She mixes and
matches fabrics that have
no business being beside 40
each other. Dimgba
doesn't love her, he is just
confused by the colours.
Seriously, what does he
see in her. 45

LOLO: It's just an act of rebellion.

IKEMBA: What do you mean?

LOLO: Against this 'Igboland for
Igbo people' ideology.
Dimgba hates it and 50
specifically chose a
Yoruba girl as an act of

[Turn over]

rebellion. But now, I think he really likes her.

UDO: **Chineke!** **55**

NNE

CHUKWU: Yesterday, I heard she was marrying Benedict Uzoma, chairman of the Owerri local council.

UDO: **He sent that cake.** **60**

NNE

CHUKWU: So she can't be serious about Dimgba.

LOLO: Perhaps she is hunting for the most eligible bachelor in Owerri. **65**

NNE

CHUKWU: There aren't many of them.

UDO: Should we warn Dimgba?

LOLO: And say what exactly?

NNE

CHUKWU: DIMGBA! DIMGBA!

UDO: Shhh! Let him have his romantic experiments. 70

NNE

CHUKWU: DIMGBA!

[DIMGBA enters.]

UDO: Don't ask him about it!

NNE

CHUKWU: I'm not going to! DIMGBA! 75

DIMGBA: Ask me what?

NNE

CHUKWU: Nwa nnem nwo ke, bia, please come.

LOLO: Dimgba Onuzo, our brother. Do you remember him? 80

[Turn over]

IKEMBA: Ikemba Okoro.

DIMGBA: From Papa's brigade?

UDO: Yes!

DIMGBA: The one you were always talking about Lolo? 85

LOLO: Dimgba shut up!

DIMGBA: This girl would sit and daydream about you.

LOLO: Mechie onu! 90

DIMGBA: She was seriously infatuated. She would take Papa's binoculars to stare at you all day.

LOLO: Dimgba! What is wrong with you? 95

DIMGBA: Are you the new commander?

- LOLO:** He is from Lagos, can you imagine! 100
- DIMGBA:** I pity you, my sisters will never leave you alone, especially Lolo.
- IKEMBA:** I've bored them half to death already. 105
- UDO:** Look at the little animal figurine he carved for me today.
- IKEMBA:** Oh. This is quite... something. 110
- UDO:** He also made that book case.
- IKEMBA:** Really?
- DIMGBA:** Udo, stop.
- UDO:** And that / bowl on the 115

[Turn over]

DIMGBA: Okay, I'm going.

LOLO: He is a scholar, plays the trumpet, gambles a little bit, a man of many talents. Dimgba come back! 120

[NNE CHUKWU and UDO grab his arms and pull him back, laughing.]

LOLO: Always disappearing into a corner of the world. 125
Come Dimgba! We told Ikemba we used to call him the Sad Soldier and he didn't mind.

IKEMBA: At all at all. 130

UDO: I'll call you the sad... scholar.

NNE

CHUKWU: Or sad Sculptor.

LOLO: Because of your secret girlfriend. 135

[EZE starts singing to DIMGBA.]

EZE: *When she bounces down the street, all the boys divide the street, watch the way she shakes her hips, traffic jam in freedom square, baby a yo yo ti ti a le lo* 140

DIMGBA: Enough! Enough of that, I'm tired, I'll just go to my room and sleep-o. 145

EZE: Why are you tired?

DIMGBA: There's a book I'm translating, I couldn't get it out my head. Then it 150

[Turn over]

was morning, dawn
 chorus, and the way my
 room faces the east, how
 are you meant to sleep 155
 with the noise and sun
 blazing like that?

IKEMBA: You're translating? You
 speak another language?

DIMGBA: Six. 160

IKEMBA: Six?!

DIMGBA: Papa piled us with so
 much education. My
 sisters speak four
 languages, Papa made 165
 me learn six. I won't lie, I
 think it's why I have
 become fat, my body
 ballooned with
 knowledge. Thanks to 170
 him I speak, Hausa,

**Yoruba, Igbo, French,
Spanish and English.**

NNE

- CHUKWU:** But what's the point in knowing all those languages out here? Lolo is a teacher, for her it is practical. But us? Unnecessary, like a sixth finger. We know too much. **175**
- IKEMBA:** [Laughs.] You can never know too much. How can you say that? Nowhere on Earth is so poor, so underdeveloped that it doesn't need knowledgable people like you. It is just you for now, and obviously you can't **180**
- 185**
- 190**

[Turn over]

educate them all, and with
 our country rupturing,
 more uneducated poor
 will come. But you will be
 the mothers of the future 195
 nation. You will touch the
 masses, they will become
 like you... You will give
 them parts of yourself and
 in generations to come, 200
 life here in Owerri, in
 Nigeria, Africa, the whole
 world will be wiser and
 more beautiful because of
 you. A man who knows 205
 only the stream in his
 village will not believe
 vast oceans exist. You
 are oceans. Vastness.
 [Beat.] 210

NNE

CHUKWU: I've decided to stay.

UDO: Someone should have written that down. Dingba can you...

[DINGBA had left unnoticed.] 215

NMERI: Yes, but for future generations to become knowledgeable, they must understand the purpose of knowledge. Purpose first, right Udo? 220

IKEMBA: I don't know. When I walked past those rose bushes, so so beautiful, I asked myself what purpose do they serve? The gardener must work 225

[Turn over]

incredibly hard. And the trees are spaced out perfectly, like a line of watchful infantry. I've missed places like these. 230

LOLO: Papa designed and built it for us, every part. 235

IKEMBA: Do you ever think this life might be practise for the real thing? Look at Nigeria. After independence we plunged into chaos but now, a few years on, we just may begin again, build the real thing. If that's the case, next life, I'd do away with soldiering, I would have a house like this, roses like that, banana trees 240 245

everywhere. I would not
get married. 250

[Beat.]

My wife is... sick and if I
started again, I'd make all
different choices.

[ONYINYECHUKWU 255
appears with balloons and
sings happy birthday.]

ONYINYECHUKWU: Happy birthday!
How are you?
Happy Birthday, 260
I wish you long
life and
prosperity and
the full wisdom
of your years. 265

[Turn over]

QUESTION 22 GURIRA: 'The Convert'**From Act Two, Scene Two**

CHILFORD: The road – OH
GREAT GOODNESS,
Father! He is on his
way on the road –

CHANCELLOR: I am knowing, that's **5**
why I am rushing
here. I went to the
station and, please,
Chilfy, you must sit
for this – **10**

CHILFORD: **NO, Chancy please!**

CHANCELLOR: **Father Helm was on**
the road attacked by
savages and//

CHILFORD: **//NO! NO! No, no, no, **15****
no, no, no –

CHANCELLOR: //the police arrived
but not in time to
save him –

[CHILFORD falls to 20
the couch –

crumbling at the very
words, sobbing into
his hands,

CHANCELLOR paces 25
around the room,
ESTER stares at
CHILFORD with
pained sympathy.]

CHANCELLOR: **[Finally.] Girl go get 30**
some whiskey and
glasses.

[ESTER exits.]

[Turn over]

- CHILFORD:** [Sobbing, reaching for CHANCELLOR.] 35
 Can it be possible?
 Can it really be possible man?
CHANCELLOR!
 Answer me? 40
- CHANCELLOR:** [To CHILFORD.] It is.
 You have to be strong, this is not seeming behavior, and in front of the 45
 womens.
- CHILFORD:** Seeming for what?
 For an African man?
 I swear, if I could shake that signifier 50
 off right now I would!
 [MAI TAMBA enters, wailing out and physically expressing

traditional mourning 55
behaviour.]

MAI TAMBA: Oh Maiwee zvangu
ini! Toita sei! Toita
sei shuwa! Ahhhh....
musandidaro kani! 60
Baba Hem, //Baba
Hem musandidaro
shuwa kani! [“Oh
my God! What must
we do! What can we 65
do! AHHH....don’t do
this to us surely!
Father Helm, Father
Helm, how could you
leave us sure!”] 70

CHILFORD: //What are you
doing? Do you even
know what
happened?

[Turn over]

- ESTER:** I told her. 75
- CHILFORD:** You didn't even know him! What are you flailing yourself about for?
- CHANCELLOR:** Settle down Chilford. It is a cultural way to mourn with those who mourn. 80
- CHILFORD:** Silence! I can't bear to hear about this culture. This culture that nurtures barbarians, that culture? [Refusing the whiskey being offered, near hysterical.] We have to get his body! We must tend to it as Chuma and Susi with 85 90 95

Livingstone, salt it
 and cure it in the sun
 so we can get it back
 to Great Britain as
 they were doing — 100
 get it to his people,
 away from this land
 of Barbarians! What
 are we going to do?
 What are we going to 105
 do without him?
 What?
 This is *his* work, *his*
 mission!
 //Oh Father, Father, 110
 Father!

CHANCELLOR: //Settle old boy,
 settle, settle, settle.

[Turn over]

[Several beats pass,
CHILFORD 115
eventually settles
enough to observe
CHANCELLOR.]

CHANCELLOR: [He attempts to dab
the wound with a 120
cloth.] Ahhh.

CHILFORD: [Between tears.] Did
these barbarians
come after you as
well? 125

CHANCELLOR: They are on the turn,
turning into some
types of primal
beasts. This was my
warning – anymore 130
work with the white
devil and I am a
gone; I am a known
Bafu. And you my

friend, best stay in 135
the deeps until this
goes away – there
are some who are
looking for you.

CHILFORD: Who could that on 140
the earth be?

CHANCELLOR: [Angrily.] Who? All 145
the many you have
angered with your
brimstone fires! I
was warning you of
this! This wound on
my head is more of
yours than of mines.

CHILFORD: Eeeyy, what is this? 150

CHANCELLOR: You listen to nothing
I am telling you! You
were proceeding to

[Turn over]

convert and impose
the Bible against 155
traditions in the
street with that
savage protégé of
yours were you not?
Were you not?! 160
Now LISTEN TO ME!
Bernie Mizeki is also
a gone.

CHILFORD: What, man? The
Anglican catechist? 165
Dead?

CHANCELLOR: He was dragged out
from his hut in the
middle of the night
and stabbed. 170

CHILFORD: NO!

CHANCELLOR: Yes – they are killing
– us. They are killing
anyone who they

feels threaten their 175
senses of pagan
order.

CHILFORD: WHO has dare done
this?! Who in the
earth is THEY?! 180

CHANCELLOR: Paramount chiefs!
Lomagundi, Makoni,
Mapondera,
Mashayamombe – he
is the big one – and 185
of course the
spiritual mediums, it
appears they have
been planning this
since word of the 190
Matabele got outs.
[Indicating the wound
on his head.] And

[Turn over]

now it is free for one
 and alls. I am getting 195
 perhaps to
 Bechuanaland, they
 always need
 translators. No need
 to be letting these 200
 kaffirs have any more
 of a go at me. [Beat.]
 So. What are you
 going to do now?

CHILFORD: What now? What 205
 now is...[cracking.] I
 don't...I don't know.

ESTER: We continue.

CHANCELLOR: [Mumbling.] Huh,
 you people want to 210
 die –

CHILFORD: [Not hearing him.]
What? What do you
mean Ester?

ESTER: We continue to do 215
the work Father Helm
put in our hearts and
trained us to do, to
bring people to Jesus
so they never do this 220
sort of thing again,
and are not looking
to the sword as a
freedom source. You
live by it, you die by 225
it, we can teach that
and be appeasing
their heathenism
through Christ.

MAI TAMBA: You wirr [will] neva. 230

[Turn over]

- ESTER:** Pardon Aunt?
- MAI TAMBA:** You wir neva mek the peopo do something different. That is why him his head it is **235** breeding. You can't.
- CHILFORD:** What is this you are saying Mai Tamba?
- ESTER:** Aunt// – please, *don't* – **240**
- MAI TAMBA:** //Peopo feer [feel] that the white man – he tek e-v-e-r-y-th-i-n-g end they want those **245** things, they want those things beck. They see this white man God and say 'Oh, this is why we **250** rose [lose]

everything' – so they
don't want that God.

ESTER: Jesus Christ our
Lord and savior not 255
'that God' –

MAI TAMBA: You can say it many
ways, but to the
peopo that is the
white man's thing. 260
It not for us. If you
take a – what do you
say – shumba –

ESTER: [Reluctantly.] Lion.

MAI TAMBA: Ya, if you take a rion 265
from its mother and
make it to play
among peopo does it
start to think it is now
a person? One day 270

[Turn over]

it will rook at its
 refrection and
 become a rion again
 and it wir tear those
 peopo to pieces who 275
 made it forget who it
 is. That is why I
 say...you wir neva.

[Beat.]

CHILFORD: When was the last 280
 time you went to
 confession? [MAI
 TAMBA does not
 respond.] Answer! I
 say, when was the 285
 last time it was you
 went to confession
 Mai Tamba?

MAI TAMBA: I neva to go.

CHILFORD: And why is that so? 290

MAI TAMBA: I don know what that
it is. To talk to a
white man about this
and that things of me
– for what? So, I **295**
neva to go.

CHILFORD: SO that is what you
think is it? That is
what you have been
believing by and by! **300**
You never really
converted did you
Mai Tamba? I never
ONCE saw you pray
unless I **305**
INSTRUCTED you.
You **SLEEP** during
church – don't think I
don't notice, nor

[Turn over]

have you converted 310
 ONE of your fellow
 village folk. And...
 come to be thinking
 on it...you have
 been...oh MY GOD! 315
 You have been
 sniffing that stuff
 haven't you? That
 witchdoctor snuff
 snuff? Is that where 320
 you go? You go to
 the witchdoctor do
 you not? DO YOU
 NOT?

MAI TAMBA: She is an *n'anga* – 325
 not a witchdocta, end
 yes...to her I go.

CHILFORD: HA! SO you ARE a
 pagan, and
 seemingly proud! 330

WHAT else! What is that smell? Now I am SURE you are responsible for it!

[Sniffs the air 335

ferverently, jumps off of the couch, and

pulls back the

cushion, one of MAI

TAMBA's concealed 340

objects drops to the

Floor. Now fully

revealed, it is a snake

carcass.] God of

goodness. 345

[Stopping to examine

the object, holding it

up.] What is IT??!

[Turn over]

[MAI TAMBA does not answer.] You have been bringing witchcraft INTO MY HOME?! 350

MAI TAMBA: It not witchcraft. It *muti*, medicine. It protect from bad spirit. 355

CHILFORD: [Aghast with anger.] God of goodness. You SAVAGE! SAVAGE! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! 360

ESTER: Master!

CHILFORD: Get! Go! You are the very reasons we don't advance, you pretend to walk into the light but you still in frolicks without a 365

care in the pits of 370
darkness.

[Advancing towards
her.] GO! I can't
bear to look into your
face! 375

MAI TAMBA: [Rising slowly and
exiting.] Honai
honai, ndobasa
revarungu. Kutaura
zvakadai nevakuru 380
vako. Zvakaoma
chokwadi. [“Look at
this, the work of the
whites. To talk like
that with your elder. 385
It is a shame for
sure.”]

[Turn over]

[ESTER rises and follows after MAI TAMBA, 390 distraught.]

ESTER: You cannot be speaking to her like that, Master, please –

CHILFORD: DO you wish to leave 395 me also? I CANNOT have heathenism under my very nostrils! Not in my home! What are *you* 400 Ester? Do you attend to witchdoctors as well?

ESTER: Master, no of course I do not but she is a 405 mother to me, an elder –

CHILFORD: Not in the spirit! Do you wish to be going somewhere? 410

[ESTER torn, looks over at MAI TAMBA who has stopped and is looking back at her, caught between these two places she looks back at CHILFORD and finally decides.] 415

ESTER: Nowhere Master. 420
[She sits slowly.]

MAI TAMBA: Ahh! You are lost. Marasika shuwa. ['You are surely lost.'] 425

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