



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

Insert

Question 15

Lorca: *Yerma*

From Act One, Scene Two

YERMA:	Can I ask you something?	
PAGAN WOMAN:	Let's see. (<i>Looks at her.</i>) I know what you're going to ask. But there's nothing to be said. (<i>She gets up.</i>)	
YERMA:	(<i>stopping her</i>). 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 ...	5
PAGAN WOMAN:	What?	
YERMA:	(<i>lowering her voice</i>). Why am I childless? Must I 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 anything you say, even stick needles into my eyes.	10
PAGAN WOMAN:	But I know nothing. All I did was lie on my back and sing. Children just come, 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 best leave it, girl! I'd rather say nothing than say too much.	15
YERMA:	Why won't you tell me? It's the only thing I talk to my husband about.	
PAGAN WOMAN:	Tell me. Are you fond of him?	20
YERMA:	What do you mean?	
PAGAN WOMAN:	I mean, do you love him? Do you want to be with him?	
YERMA:	I don't know.	
PAGAN WOMAN:	Does he make you tremble when he stands close? Do you go weak at the knees when his lips touch yours? Answer me!	25
YERMA:	I've never felt like that, no.	
PAGAN WOMAN:	Not even when you've danced with him?	
YERMA:	(<i>recalling</i>). There was one time ... with Victor ...	
PAGAN WOMAN:	Go on!	30
YERMA:	He took me by the waist. I 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 stream, and I trembled so much my teeth were chattering. I was always so shy.	35
PAGAN WOMAN:	And with your husband?	
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.	40
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.	45
YERMA:	For you, not me! Things go around in my head, lots of 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 to see if he comes. But never for pleasure.	
PAGAN WOMAN:	That's why you're empty.	50

YERMA:	Not empty, no! I'm filling up with hate! Tell me if you 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 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 beautiful fruit this body of mine might produce? Tell me, for pity's sake! (<i>She falls to her knees.</i>)	55
PAGAN WOMAN:	Oh, what an open flower 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 name. You'll find out the truth. But you have to stop being so innocent. (<i>sadly.</i>) Girls brought up in the countryside, like me ... the doors are closed on us. A hint here, a wink there ... because they think there are things we shouldn't know.	60
YERMA:	You are just the 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 thirst.	65
PAGAN WOMAN:	I'd speak to someone who was calm. But not you. I know from experience.	70
YERMA:	God help me, then!	
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.	
YERMA:	Why are you telling me this? Why?	75
PAGAN WOMAN:	(<i>making to leave</i>). 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.	
YERMA:	I don't understand.	80
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? <i>Exit PAGAN WOMAN. Enter two GIRLS.</i>	
FIRST GIRL:	I've never seen so many people.	
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 home.	85
SECOND GIRL:	Are you going back to the village?	
YERMA:	Yes.	
FIRST GIRL:	I'd better hurry. I left the baby asleep and there's no one else at home.	90
YERMA:	Then get a move on! You can't leave children alone. I hope you don't keep pigs!	
FIRST GIRL:	No, but you're right. I'm off.	
YERMA:	Hurry! That's how accidents happen. Did you make sure the door was locked?	95
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.	100
FIRST GIRL:	True enough. I'm going. Trouble is, I don't always think.	
YERMA:	Quickly then!	

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
	<i>[Legend on screen: 'Ha!']</i>	
TOM:	Oh – yeah.	
AMANDA:	You didn't neglect to pay it by any chance?	
TOM:	Why, I–	
AMANDA:	Didn't! I might have known it!	10
JIM:	Shakespeare probably wrote a poem on that light bill, Mrs Wingfield.	
AMANDA:	I might have known better than to trust him with it! There's such a high price for negligence in this world!	
JIM:	Maybe the poem will win a ten-dollar prize.	
AMANDA:	We'll just have to spend the remainder of the evening in the nineteenth century, before Mr Edison made the Mazda lamp!	15
JIM:	Candlelight is my favourite kind of light.	
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?	20
JIM:	Ha-ha!	
AMANDA:	Tom, as a penalty for your carelessness you can help me with the dishes.	
JIM:	Let me give you a hand.	
AMANDA:	Indeed you will not!	
JIM:	I ought to be good for something.	25
AMANDA:	Good for something? <i>[Her tone is rhapsodic.]</i> You? Why, Mr O'Connor, nobody, <i>nobody's</i> given me this much entertainment in years – 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 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 Heavenly Rest. It was melted a little out of shape when the church burnt down. Lightning struck it one spring. Gypsy Jones was holding a revival at the time and he intimated that the church was destroyed because the	30
	Episcopalians gave card parties.	35
JIM:	Ha-ha.	
AMANDA:	And how about you coaxing Sister to drink a little wine?	
	I think it would be good for her! Can you carry both at once?	
JIM:	Sure. I'm Superman!	40
AMANDA:	Now, Thomas, get into this apron!	
	<i>[Jim comes into the dining room, carrying the candelabrum, its candles lighted, in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. The door of the kitchenette swings closed on Amanda's gay laughter; the flickering light approaches the portieres. Laura sits up nervously as Jim enters. She can hardly speak from the almost intolerable strain of being alone with a stranger.]</i>	45
	<i>[Screen legend: 'I don't suppose you remember me at all!']</i>	

	[<i>At first, before Jim's warmth overcomes her paralyzing shyness, Laura's voice is thin and breathless, as though she had just run up a steep flight of stairs. Jim's attitude is gently humorous. While the incident is apparently unimportant, it is to Laura the climax of her secret life.</i>]	50
JIM:	Hello there, Laura.	
LAURA:	[<i>faintly:</i>] Hello. [<i>She clears her throat.</i>]	55
JIM:	How are you feeling now? Better?	
LAURA:	Yes. Yes, thank you.	
JIM:	This is for you. A little dandelion wine. [<i>He extends the glass toward her with extravagant gallantry.</i>]	
LAURA:	Thank you.	60
JIM:	Drink it – but don't get drunk! [<i>He laughs heartily. Laura takes the glass uncertainly; she laughs shyly.</i>] Where shall I set the candles?	
LAURA:	Oh – oh, anywhere ...	
JIM:	How about here on the floor? Any objections?	65
LAURA:	No.	
JIM:	I'll spread a newspaper under to catch the drippings. I like to sit on the floor. Mind if I do?	
LAURA:	Oh, no.	
JIM:	Give me a pillow?	70
LAURA:	What?	
JIM:	A pillow!	
LAURA:	Oh ... [<i>She hands him one quickly.</i>]	
JIM:	How about you? Don't you like to sit on the floor?	
LAURA:	Oh – yes.	75
JIM:	Why don't you then?	
LAURA:	I – will.	
JIM:	Take a pillow! [<i>Laura does. She sits on the floor on the other side of the candelabrum. Jim crosses his legs and smiles engagingly at her.</i>] I can't hardly see you sitting way over there.	80
LAURA:	I can – see you.	
JIM:	I know, but that's not fair, I'm in the limelight. [<i>Laura moves her pillow closer.</i>] Good! Now I can see you! Comfortable?	85
LAURA:	Yes.	
JIM:	So am I. Comfortable as a cow! Will you have some gum?	
LAURA:	No, thank you.	
JIM:	I think that I will indulge, with your permission. [<i>He musingly unwraps a stick of gum and holds it up.</i>] Think of the fortune made by the guy that invented the first piece of chewing gum. Amazing, huh? The 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?	90
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! [<i>There is a pause. Jim smiles at her.</i>] Your brother tells me you're shy. Is that right, Laura?	95
LAURA:	I – don't know.	
JIM:	I judge you to be an old-fashioned type of girl. Well, I think that's a pretty good type to be. Hope you don't think I'm being too personal – do you?	100
LAURA:	[<i>hastily, out of embarrassment:</i>] I believe I will take a piece of gum, if you – don't mind. [<i>clearing her throat.</i>] Mr O'Connor, have you – kept up with	

JIM:	your singing?	
JIM:	Singing? Me?	105
LAURA:	Yes. I remember what a beautiful voice you had.	
JIM:	When did you hear me sing?	
	<i>[Laura does not answer, and in the long pause which follows a man's voice is heard singing offstage.]</i>	
	VOICE:	110
	O blow, ye winds, heigh-ho,	
	A-roving I will go!	
	I'm off to my love	
	With a boxing glove –	
	Ten thousand miles away!	115
JIM:	You say you've heard me sing?	
LAURA:	Oh, yes! Yes, very often ... I – don't suppose – you remember me – at all?	
JIM:	<i>[smiling doubtfully]</i> : You 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 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 said it.	120
LAURA:	Wasn't it – Blue Roses?	
JIM:	<i>[springing up, grinning]</i> : Blue Roses! My gosh, yes – Blue Roses! That's what I had on my tongue when you opened the door! Isn't it funny what tricks your memory plays? I didn't connect you with high school somehow or other. But that's where it was; it was high school. I didn't even know you were Shakespeare's sister! Gosh, I'm sorry.	125
LAURA:	I didn't expect you to. You – barely knew me!	
JIM:	But we did have a speaking acquaintance, huh?	
LAURA:	Yes, we – spoke to each other.	130
JIM:	When did you recognize me?	
LAURA:	Oh, right away!	
JIM:	Soon as I came in the door?	
LAURA:	When I heard your name I 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 – well, then I was – sure.	135
JIM:	Why didn't you say something, then?	
LAURA:	<i>[breathlessly]</i> : I didn't know what to say, I was – too surprised!	
JIM:	For goodness' sakes! You know, this sure is funny!	
LAURA:	Yes! Yes, isn't it, though ...	140

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, 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. 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 silence – I must speak – I must – I must gather all my strength together and speak to her.	5
MRS. S:	[<i>from sleep area</i>] It's time to feed him, Greta. [GRETA goes to his room – she is about to enter when GREGOR stands up and attempts to speak but only succeeds in making a strangling sound.]	10
GRETA:	Oh, no, no. [<i>Rushes away.</i>]	
GREGOR:	I won't try to speak again – 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 like you, Greta, opening my window twice a day as if there were some intolerable stench in here – why did you run away like that – you should be used to me by now ... (<i>Anyone would think I was lying in wait to bite you.</i>)	15
GRETA:	He must be terribly lonely – 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 something filthy and disgusting, my own Gregor.	20
MRS. S:	You're very brave, Greta.	
GRETA:	Usually he hides from me before I clear his room as if he knows how loathsome he is.	25
MRS. S:	She's very good to him the way she ministers to him.	
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 very polite.	
GRETA:	He just stares out of the window – stares out at his old world.	
GREGOR:	It's growing dimmer – it looks like a desert waste of grey sky and grey land – everything's grey ... everything. [<i>Fade.</i>] <i>New scene almost sub-titled 'Optimism'. They are all gay in spirits since they expect a change in fortune. They practically dance the opening – MR. SAMSA has found a job.</i>	30
MR. S:	All right ...! Up we get. [<i>The FAMILY are all working on polishing the brass-work on MR. SAMSA's uniform as a bank messenger.</i>]	35
GRETA:	[<i>looking into button</i>] I can see my face clearly.	
MRS. S:	They certainly give you a smart uniform. [<i>MR. SAMSA is getting ready, combing his hair and preening himself.</i>]	40
MR. S:	[<i>jovially</i>] I suppose the lowly office of bank messenger entitles you to look like a general.	
GRETA:	There we are – all ready. [<i>They dress him with elaborate care. Objects are drawn in space and thrown to him.</i>]	45

MRS. S:	}	Hat! Coat! Gloves!	
GRETA:			
MRS. S:	}	Oh, Father! How handsome you look.	50
MR. S:			Are you sure you'll be all right whilst I'm out?
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.	55
GRETA:		Gregor's no trouble, he's not going to bite us.	
		<i>[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 by silent coloured lighting – their motions increase in weight and intensity – GREGOR slowly climbs up the walls of his cage – the FAMILY seem contaminated by GREGOR, particularly GRETA.]</i>	60
MR. S:		What's he been doing?	
GRETA:		He seems to be sleeping a lot – at least he's very quiet and he's been eating all his food.	65
MR. S:		Humph!	
GRETA:		Sometimes he likes to look out of the window – I know he does that because I hear him creep under the bed when he hears me opening the door, just so I shouldn't see him.	
MRS. S:		Poor, poor Gregor – he must be so lonely and bored.	70
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? You're surely not in there when he does it.	
GRETA:		<i>[During her speech GREGOR has started very slowly to climb his cage.]</i> Oh, no, he leaves traces – like footprints, from the sticky stuff on his feet – I think he likes hanging from the ceiling best – it makes him feel free and light, he doesn't have much room on the floor.	75
MRS. S:		I must go in and see him – perhaps he needs me.	
MR. S:		In his state all he wants is feeding – he probably wouldn't thank you to have you see him like that.	80
		<i>[Image – the lights and obsessional quality of everyone changes and normalizes.]</i>	
MRS. S:		But he is still my son – don't you understand?	
		No matter what happens he is my unfortunate child and I must see him. <i>[She suddenly breaks away.]</i>	85
MR. S:		If you behave like this, I'll throw off my coat and stay here!	
MRS. S:		<i>[resigned]</i> No ... No ... I shan't go in – I don't think I could bear it. Go to work, Father – you look very smart – don't you worry about me.	
MR. S:		Understand, dear, that it's for your own good.	90
MRS. S:		Yes, yes, yes.	
MR. S:		<i>[to GRETA]</i> Hold on to the key.	
GRETA:		Yes, Father.	
		<i>[He goes.]</i>	
		<i>[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.]</i>	95
		<i>[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 which now almost</i>	100

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.])

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.	
BETTY:	I'm going to ask you a question, both of you. I have a little money from your grandmother. And 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 would give you more room.	5
VICTORIA:	But I'm going to Manchester anyway.	
LIN:	We'd have a garden, Vicky.	
BETTY:	You do seem to have such fun all of you.	
VICTORIA:	I don't want to.	10
BETTY:	I didn't think you would.	
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 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.	15
LIN:	Don't think of her as your mother, think of her as Betty.	
VICTORIA:	But she thinks of herself as my mother.	
BETTY:	I am your mother.	
VICTORIA:	But mummy we don't even like each other.	
BETTY:	We might begin to. (CATHY comes on howling with a nosebleed.)	20
LIN:	Oh Cathy what happened?	
BETTY:	She's been assaulted.	
VICTORIA:	It's a nosebleed.	
CATHY:	Took my ice cream.	25
LIN:	Who did?	
CATHY:	Took my money. [MARTIN comes.]	
MARTIN:	Is everything all right?	
LIN:	I thought you were looking after her.	30
CATHY:	They hit me. I can't play. They said I'm a girl.	
BETTY:	Those dreadful boys, the gang, the Dead Hand.	
MARTIN:	What do you mean you thought I was looking after her?	
LIN:	Last I saw her she was with you getting an ice cream. It's your afternoon.	35
MARTIN:	Then she went off to play. 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 her.	
CATHY:	Took my money.	
MARTIN:	Why the hell should I look after your child anyway? I just want Tommy. Why should he live with you and Vicky all week?	40
LIN:	I don't mind if you don't want to look after her but don't say you will and then this happens.	
VICTORIA:	When I get to Manchester everything's going to be different anyway, Lin's staying here, and you're staying here, we're all going to have to sit down and talk it through.	45
MARTIN:	I'd really enjoy that.	
CATHY:	Hit me on the face.	
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.	50

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.	
LIN:	Ok, you're quite nice, try and enjoy it. Don't make me sorry for you Martin, it's hard for me too. We've better things to do than quarrel. I've got to go and sort those little bastards out for a start. Where are they, Cathy?	55
CATHY:	Don't kill them, mum, hit them. Give them a nosebleed, mum. [LIN goes.]	
VICTORIA:	Tommy's asleep in the pushchair. We'd better wake him up or he won't sleep tonight.	60
MARTIN:	Sometimes I keep him up watching television till he falls asleep on the sofa so I can hold him. Come on, Cathy, we'll get another ice cream.	
CATHY:	Chocolate sauce and nuts.	65
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. [VICTORIA goes. BETTY alone. GERRY comes.]	
BETTY:	I think you used to be Edward's flatmate.	70
GERRY:	You're his mother. He's talked about you.	
BETTY:	Well never mind. Children are always wrong about their parents. It's great problem knowing where to live and who to share with. I live by myself now.	
GERRY:	Good, So do I. You can do what you like.	75
BETTY:	I don't really know what I like.	
GERRY:	You'll soon find out.	
BETTY:	What do you like?	
GERRY:	Waking up at four in the morning.	
BETTY:	I like listening to music in bed and sometimes for 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 you have a lot of visitors. I've been thinking I should have some visitors, I could give a little dinner party. Would you come? There wouldn't just be bread and lime pickle.	80
GERRY:	Thank you very much.	85
BETTY:	Or don't wait to be asked 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 you're not a strange man, you're a friend of Edward's. I suppose I seem a different generation to you but 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 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 you get to an age yourself it feels quite different.	90
GERRY:	I think you could be quite attractive.	95
BETTY:	If what?	
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.	
GERRY:	I might be going to live with Edward again.	100
BETTY:	That's nice, but I'm rather surprised if he wants to share a flat. He's rather involved with a young woman he lives with, or two young women, I don't understand Edward but never mind.	
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 told now is that Edward is 'gay' is that right? And you are too. And I've been making rather a fool of myself. But Edward does also sleep with women. 105

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

BETTY: Well people always say it's the mother's fault but I don't intend to start blaming myself. He seems perfectly happy. 110

GERRY: I could still come and see you.

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

GERRY: Not everyone's gay. 115

BETTY: No, that's lucky isn't it.
[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 a 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. 120
[CLIVE goes. BETTY from Act One comes. BETTY and BETTY embrace.]

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.

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 pitted against one another.

BRANWELL:	To what do I owe this great and unexpected pleasure? My three dear sisters awake at two o'clock in the morning to welcome me back into the bosom of –	5
ANNE:	We need cold water. Fetch a towel. I'll get the bucket.	10
BRANWELL:	<i>ANNE and EMILY go to get a towel and bucket of water.</i> Cold water! A bucket! Is that any way to greet your beloved brother who you have not seen this last –	
CHARLOTTE:	You're drunk and reeking.	15
BRANWELL:	I have indeed had a drink, or two, with my friends who are in fine high spirits on account of my unexpected return. They at least have missed me and are pleased to –	
ANNE:	We have been waiting for you. A meal was prepared. Father was expecting –	20
BRANWELL:	I have no appetite.	
CHARLOTTE:	I should think not.	
BRANWELL:	I cannot eat because I am sick with grief.	
CHARLOTTE:	Because you have been dismissed from your post and are in disgrace.	25
BRANWELL:	Disgrace! Disgrace. Listen how she says the word. Like filth in the mouth that must be spat out for fear of contamination.	
CHARLOTTE:	We must go to bed. You can explain yourself in the morning.	
BRANWELL:	Explain myself. Oh, I shall look forward to that. Because, dear Charlotte, everything must be 'explained', must it not? <i>ANNE has returned with a bucket of water.</i>	30
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 –	
CHARLOTTE:	Who has defiled herself in her own home, under the nose of her children, her husband. Who has sinned against God and all that is – <i>BRANWELL suddenly grabs CHARLOTTE's skirt, pulling her up against him.</i>	35
BRANWELL:	Defiled. Oh yes, and wouldn't you like to know what that felt like? Wouldn't you? <i>He holds her fast, pushing his hand down between her legs.</i>	40
CHARLOTTE:	Leave me alone.	
ANNE:	Let her go.	
BRANWELL:	<i>(continuing his assault).</i> 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 – <i>EMILY and ANNE try to pull him away. He throws CHARLOTTE to the floor.</i>	45
ANNE:	Stop it. Stop it.	50

	CHARLOTTE <i>is on her knees.</i>	
CHARLOTTE:	You're disgusting.	
BRANWELL:	You're rotten. Rotting inside. Rank. Reeking. Stinking of – loneliness.	
ANNE:	That's enough.	55
CHARLOTTE:	How dare you? How dare you humiliate me because I have had no life. Have had to live half-starved. Had to sacrifice everything so that you could ... you could ...	
BRANWELL:	Yes?	
ANNE:	You'll wake Father.	60
CHARLOTTE:	You had everything. Had it all. Had only to reach out and take and it would be yours. But no. We must watch 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.	
BRANWELL:	No.	65
CHARLOTTE:	You were our shining star. Our brightest hope –	
BRANWELL:	I don't believe you.	
CHARLOTTE:	We wanted you to burn.	
BRANWELL:	Liar.	
CHARLOTTE:	... to burn in the darkness.	70
BRANWELL:	You're a liar.	
CHARLOTTE:	It's true.	
BRANWELL:	You wanted me to fail.	
CHARLOTTE:	How could you know? How could you possibly know what we wanted? You who have feasted on life. Satisfied every whim, every desire. Who have only to ask to be given. How could you know what it is to give everything? To look on from the shadows. To watch and want and hope against hope as he squanders every chance. Ruins every opportunity.	75
BRANWELL:	I know because every morsel that I ate was taken from your plate. Every bite, stolen. Taken from under your nose. Snatched away. I was a thief, a fraudster, a liar, a cheat. Stealing my life from you. What impossible heights I would have to reach to justify my crime. And with you. All of you watching. Always disappointed. Never enough. How could it be enough? If it hurt to watch my failure, how much worse would it have been to see me succeed?	80
CHARLOTTE:	Always everyone else's fault. Never your own. Never.	
BRANWELL:	<i>He grabs her again in an embrace, half-loving, half-crushing.</i>	
	What do you know? What do you know about life? About the passion and the ecstasy. About the mess and the fear. Nothing. Defiled. We are all defiled. We are born drenched in blood and bile. Born guilty. Born ashamed.	85
	CHARLOTTE <i>prays.</i>	
	There is no God. He is not there. He cannot hear you. There is only us. Us and the darkness.	95
	PATRICK's voice <i>is heard as he feels his way down the stairs in his dressing gown.</i>	
PATRICK:	What is the meaning of this?	
	BRANWELL <i>tries to smooth his hair and tuck in his shirt.</i>	
BRANWELL:	It is I, Father. I am home.	100
PATRICK:	What is this noise?	
BRANWELL:	We had a wretched journey and are only just now arrived. Don't let us disturb you. We shall see you in the morning.	
PATRICK:	Where is my son?	
BRANWELL:	I am here Father. I am come back.	105

PATRICK:	Where is my son? Where is the boy I once adored? Who is this stranger in my house? Who is this shouting and swearing and stinking of –	
BRANWELL:	Forgive me, Father, for causing you –	
PATRICK:	To bed. All of you. Not another sound. Not another murmur. Do you understand?	110
CHARLOTTE, BRANWELL, ANNE and EMILY:	Yes, Father. <i>The Brontë children mutter consent as they disappear towards their bedrooms.</i>	
	<i>Lights change. BERTHA enters and lies down in the darkness. CHARLOTTE enters with a sheet. She lies on the ground, using BERTHA as a pillow. BRANWELL enters.</i>	115
BRANWELL:	Forgive me, Talli. Forgive. I am all sorryness and repentance. Tell me of something that will make me happy.	120
CHARLOTTE:	Go to bed.	
BRANWELL:	Tell me a story. Make me forget. Tell me another story so that my own might be forgotten a while. Make me forget about myself.	
CHARLOTTE	<i>(sitting up)</i> . Sh-sh-sh-sh.	
BRANWELL:	Tell me about the islanders. What has become of them? What has become of our beautiful island, what of our great fleet, our brave commander? What happened to him?	125
CHARLOTTE:	He married the beautiful daughter. Bertha.	
BRANWELL:	Were they happy?	
CHARLOTTE:	For a while.	130

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.	
NNE CHUKWU:	It might have to be Nsukka now that most of our intellectuals have left Lagos.	5
UDO:	You just want him to stay here in Igboland with you. He is coming back with us.	
LOLO:	We made fun of him today. There's a girl he likes.	
UDO:	Not Igbo though, Yoruba, she was born in the mid-west among the enemy.	10
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.	
UDO:	I doubt she even realises it. Because she speaks small Igbo, she thinks she is special.	15
LOLO:	When Colonel Ojukwu ordered all non-Igbos to leave here, I think she got lost and walked around in circles.	
	<i>UDO & NNE CHUKWU laugh.</i>	
NNE CHUKWU:	The things she wears! Chineke! She mixes and matches fabrics that have no business being beside each other. Dimgba doesn't love her, he is just confused by the colours. Seriously, what does he see in her.	20
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 specifically chose a Yoruba girl as an act of rebellion. But now, I think he really likes her.	25
UDO:	Chineke!	
NNE CHUKWU:	Yesterday, I heard she was marrying Benedict Uzoma, chairman of the Owerri local council.	30
UDO:	He sent that cake.	
NNE CHUKWU:	So she can't be serious about Dimgba.	
LOLO:	Perhaps she is hunting for the most eligible bachelor in Owerri.	
NNE CHUKWU:	There aren't many of them.	
UDO:	Should we warn Dimgba?	35
LOLO:	And say what exactly?	
NNE CHUKWU:	DIMGBA! DIMGBA!	
UDO:	Shhh! Let him have his romantic experiments.	
NNE CHUKWU:	DIMGBA!	
	<i>DIMGBA enters.</i>	40
UDO:	Don't ask him about it!	
NNE CHUKWU:	I'm not going to! DIMGBA!	
DIMGBA:	Ask me what?	
NNE CHUKWU:	Nwa nnem nwo ke, bia, please come.	
LOLO:	Dimgba Onuzo, our brother. Do you remember him?	45
IKEMBA:	Ikemba Okoro.	
DIMGBA:	From Papa's brigade?	
UDO:	Yes!	
DIMGBA:	The one you were always talking about Lolo?	
LOLO:	Dimgba shut up!	50

DIMGBA:	This girl would sit and daydream about you.	
LOLO:	Mechie onu!	
DIMGBA:	She was seriously infatuated. She would take Papa's binoculars to stare at you all day.	
LOLO:	Dimgba! What is wrong with you?	55
DIMGBA:	Are you the new commander?	
LOLO:	He is from Lagos, can you imagine!	
DIMGBA:	I pity you, my sisters will never leave you alone, especially Lolo.	
IKEMBA:	I've bored them half to death already.	
UDO:	Look at the little animal figurine he carved for me today.	60
IKEMBA:	Oh. This is quite... something.	
UDO:	He also made that book case.	
IKEMBA:	Really?	
DIMGBA:	Udo, stop.	
UDO:	And that / bowl on the	65
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!	
	<i>NNE CHUKWU and UDO grab his arms and pull him back, laughing.</i>	70
LOLO:	Always disappearing into a corner of the world. Come Dimgba! We told Ikemba we used to call him the Sad Soldier and he didn't mind.	
IKEMBA:	At all at all.	
UDO:	I'll call you the sad... scholar.	75
NNE CHUKWU:	Or sad Sculptor.	
LOLO:	Because of your secret girlfriend.	
	<i>EZE starts singing to DIMGBA.</i>	
EZE:	<i>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</i>	80
DIMGBA:	Enough! Enough of that, I'm tired, I'll just go to my room and sleep-o.	
EZE:	Why are you tired?	
DIMGBA:	There's a book I'm translating, I couldn't get it out my head. Then it was morning, dawn chorus, and the way my room faces the east, how are you meant to sleep with the noise and sun blazing like that?	85
IKEMBA:	You're translating? You speak another language?	
DIMGBA:	Six.	90
IKEMBA:	Six?!	
DIMGBA:	Papa piled us with so much education. My sisters speak four languages, Papa made me learn six. I won't lie, I think it's why I have become fat, my body ballooned with knowledge. Thanks to him I speak, Hausa, Yoruba, Igbo, French, Spanish and English.	95
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.	
IKEMBA:	<i>(Laughs.)</i> 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 educate them all, and with our country rupturing, more uneducated poor will come. But you will be the mothers of the future nation. You will touch the masses, they will become like you... You will give them parts of yourself and in	100
		105

	generations to come, life here in Owerri, in Nigeria, Africa, the whole world will be wiser and more beautiful because of you. A man who knows only the stream in his village will not believe vast oceans exist. You are oceans. Vastness.	
	<i>Beat.</i>	110
NNE CHUKWU:	I've decided to stay.	
UDO:	Someone should have written that down. Dimgba can you... <i>DIMGBA had left unnoticed.</i>	
NMERI:	Yes, but for future generations to become knowledgeable, they must understand the purpose of knowledge. Purpose first, right Udo?	115
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 incredibly hard. And the trees are spaced out perfectly, like a line of watchful infantry. I've missed places like these.	120
LOLO:	Papa designed and built it for us, every part.	
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 everywhere. I would not get married.	125
	<i>Beat.</i>	
	My wife is... sick and if I started again, I'd make all different choices.	130
	<i>ONYINYECHUKWU appears with balloons and sings happy birthday.</i>	
ONYINYECHUKWU:	Happy birthday! How are you? Happy Birthday, I wish you long life and prosperity and the full wisdom of your years.	135

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 why I am rushing here. I went to the station and, please, Chilfy, you must sit for this –	
CHILFORD:	NO, Chancy please!	5
CHANCELLOR:	Father Helm was on the road attacked by savages and//	
CHILFORD:	//NO! NO! No, no, no, no, no, no –	
CHANCELLOR:	//the police arrived but not in time to save him – <i>CHILFORD falls to the couch – crumbling at the very words, sobbing into his hands, CHANCELLOR paces around the room, ESTER stares at CHILFORD with pained sympathy.</i>	10
CHANCELLOR:	<i>(Finally.)</i> Girl go get some whiskey and glasses. <i>ESTER exits.</i>	
CHILFORD:	<i>(Sobbing, reaching for CHANCELLOR.)</i> Can it be possible? Can it really be possible man? CHANCELLOR! Answer me?	15
CHANCELLOR:	<i>(To CHILFORD.)</i> It is. You have to be strong, this is not seeming behavior, and in front of the womens.	
CHILFORD:	Seeming for what? For an African man? I swear, if I could shake that signifier off right now I would! <i>MAI TAMBA enters, wailing out and physically expressing traditional mourning behaviour.</i>	20
MAI TAMBA:	Oh Maiwee zvangu ini! Toita sei! Toita sei shuwa! Ahhhh... musandidaro kani! Baba Hem, //Baba Hem musandidaro shuwa kani! [Oh my God! What must we do! What can we do! AHHH....don't do this to us surely! Father Helm, Father Helm, how could you leave us sure!]	25
CHILFORD:	//What are you doing? Do you even know what happened?	
ESTER:	I told her.	
CHILFORD:	You didn't even know him! What are you flailing yourself about for?	30
CHANCELLOR:	Settle down Chilford. It is a cultural way to mourn with those who mourn.	
CHILFORD:	Silence! I can't bear to hear about this culture. This culture that nurtures barbarians, that culture? <i>(Refusing the whiskey being offered, near hysterical.)</i> We have to get his body! We must tend to it as Chuma and Susi with Livingstone, salt it and cure it in the sun so we can get it back to Great Britain as they were doing — get it to his people, away from this land of Barbarians! What are we going to do? What are we going to do without him? What? This is <i>his</i> work, <i>his</i> mission! //Oh Father, Father, Father!	40
CHANCELLOR:	//Settle old boy, settle, settle, settle. <i>Several beats pass, CHILFORD eventually settles enough to observe CHANCELLOR.</i>	
CHANCELLOR:	<i>(He attempts to dab the wound with a cloth.)</i> Ahhh.	
CHILFORD:	<i>(Between tears.)</i> Did these barbarians come after you as well?	45
CHANCELLOR:	They are on the turn, turning into some types of primal beasts. This was my warning – anymore work with the white devil and I am a gone; I am a known Bafu. And you my friend, best stay in the deeps until this goes away – there are some who are looking for you.	50

CHILFORD:	Who could that on the earth be?	
CHANCELLOR:	<i>(Angrily.)</i> Who? All 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.	55
CHILFORD:	Eeeyy, what is this?	
CHANCELLOR:	You listen to nothing I am telling you! You were proceeding to convert and impose the Bible against traditions in the street with that savage protégé of yours were you not? Were you not?! Now LISTEN TO ME! Bernie Mizeki is also a gone.	60
CHILFORD:	What, man? The Anglican catechist? Dead?	
CHANCELLOR:	He was dragged out from his hut in the middle of the night and stabbed.	
CHILFORD:	NO!	
CHANCELLOR:	Yes – they are killing – us. They are killing anyone who they feels threaten their senses of pagan order.	65
CHILFORD:	WHO has dare done this?! Who in the earth is THEY?!	
CHANCELLOR:	Paramount chiefs! Lomagundi, Makoni, Mapondera, Mashayamombe – he is the big one – and of course the spiritual mediums, it appears they have been planning this since word of the Matabele got outs.	70
	<i>(Indicating the wound on his head.)</i> And now it is free for one and alls. I am getting perhaps to Bechuanaland, they always need translators. No need to be letting these kaffirs have any more of a go at me. <i>(Beat.)</i> So. What are you going to do now?	75
CHILFORD:	What now? What now is... <i>(cracking.)</i> I don't...I don't know.	
ESTER:	We continue.	
CHANCELLOR:	<i>(Mumbling.)</i> Huh, you people want to die –	
CHILFORD:	<i>(Not hearing him.)</i> What? What do you mean Ester?	
ESTER:	We continue to do the work Father Helm put in our hearts and trained us to do, to bring people to Jesus so they never do this sort of thing again, and are not looking to the sword as a freedom source. You live by it, you die by it, we can teach that and be appeasing their heathenism through Christ.	80
MAI TAMBA:	You wirr [will] neva.	85
ESTER:	Pardon Aunt?	
MAI TAMBA:	You wir neva mek the peopo do something different. That is why him his head it is breeding. You can't.	
CHILFORD:	What is this you are saying Mai Tamba?	
ESTER:	Aunt// – please, <i>don't</i> –	90
MAI TAMBA:	//Peopo feer [feel] that the white man – he tek e-v-e-r-y-th-i-n-g end they want those things, they want those things beck. They see this white man God and say 'Oh, this is why we rose [lose] everything' – so they don't want that God.	
ESTER:	Jesus Christ our Lord and savior not 'that God' –	95
MAI TAMBA:	You can say it many ways, but to the peopo that is the white man's thing. It not for us. If you take a – what do you say – shumba –	
ESTER:	<i>(Reluctantly.)</i> Lion.	
MAI TAMBA:	Ya, if you take a rion from its mother and make it to play among peopo does it start to think it is now a person? One day it will rook at its refraction and become a rion again and it wir tear those peopo to pieces who made it forget who it is. That is why I say... you wir neva.	100
	<i>Beat.</i>	105
CHILFORD:	When was the last time you went to confession? <i>(MAI TAMBA</i>	

	<i>does not respond.</i>) Answer! I say, when was the last time it was you went to confession Mai Tamba?	
MAI TAMBA:	I neva to go.	
CHILFORD:	And why is that so?	110
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 neva to go.	
CHILFORD:	SO that is what you think is it? That is what you have been believing by and by! You never really converted did you Mai Tamba? I never ONCE saw you pray unless I INSTRUCTED you. You SLEEP during church – don't think I don't notice, nor have you converted ONE of your fellow village folk. And... come to be thinking on it...you have been...oh MY GOD! You have been sniffing that stuff haven't you? That witchdoctor snuff snuff? Is that where you go? You go to the witchdoctor do you not? DO YOU NOT?	115
MAI TAMBA:	She is an <i>n'anga</i> – not a witchdocta, end yes...to her I go.	
CHILFORD:	HA! SO you ARE a pagan, and seemingly proud! WHAT else! What is that smell? Now I am SURE you are responsible for it! <i>(Sniffs the air fervently, jumps off of the couch, and pulls back the cushion, one of MAI TAMBA's concealed objects drops to the Floor. Now fully revealed, it is a snake carcass.)</i> God of goodness. <i>(Stopping to examine the object, holding it up.)</i> What is IT??! <i>(MAI TAMBA does not answer.)</i> You have been bringing witchcraft INTO MY HOME?!	125
MAI TAMBA:	It not witchcraft. It <i>muti</i> , medicine. It protect from bad spirit.	
CHILFORD:	<i>(Aghast with anger.)</i> God of goodness. You SAVAGE! SAVAGE! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!	130
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 care in the pits of darkness. <i>(Advancing towards her.)</i> GO! I can't bear to look into your face!	135
MAI TAMBA:	<i>(Rising slowly and exiting.)</i> Honai honai, ndobasa revarungu. Kutaura zvakadai nevakuru vako. Zvakaoma chokwadi. [Look at this, the work of the whites. To talk like that with your elder. It is a shame for sure.]	140
ESTER:	<i>ESTER rises and follows after MAI TAMBA, distraught.</i>	
CHILFORD:	You cannot be speaking to her like that, Master, please – DO you wish to leave me also? I CANNOT have heathenism under my very nostrils! Not in my home! What are you Ester? Do you attend to witchdoctors as well?	145
ESTER:	Master, no of course I do not but she is a mother to me, an elder –	
CHILFORD:	Not in the spirit! Do you wish to be going somewhere? <i>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.</i>	150
ESTER:	Nowhere Master. <i>(She sits slowly.)</i>	
MAI TAMBA:	Ahh! You are lost. Marasika shuwa. [You are surely lost.]	

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