



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1: Drama and theatre

Insert

Question 15

Lorca: *Yerma*

From Act Three, Scene One

DOLORES:	Your husband's a good man.	
YERMA:	(<i>getting up</i>). Oh yes, he's good! So what? I wish he was bad. But no. He drives his sheep along the paths. He counts his money at night. He covers me and does his duty. But his body's cold, as if it's dead, and when I feel that, even though I've always hated hot and passionate women, I long to become a mountain of fire!	5
DOLORES:	Yerma!	
YERMA:	I'm not a shameless woman! But I know that a woman needs a man to have a child. If only I could have one alone, I would!	10
DOLORES:	Don't forget your husband suffers too.	
YERMA:	He doesn't. The truth is he doesn't want a child.	
FIRST OLD WOMAN:	How can you say that?	
YERMA:	I can see it in his eyes. And because he doesn't want one, he doesn't give me one. I'm not in love with him, I'm not, but even so he's my only hope. For the sake of my honour and my family's good name. My only hope!	15
FIRST OLD WOMAN:	(<i>frightened</i>). It'll soon be light. You should go home.	
DOLORES:	They'll be letting the sheep out soon. You mustn't be seen alone.	20
YERMA:	I needed to say what I did. How many times should I say the prayers?	
DOLORES:	The laurel prayer twice, the one to Santa Ana at midday. When you know you are pregnant, bring the bushel of wheat you promised.	25
FIRST OLD WOMAN:	It's getting light over the hills. Be off with you!	
DOLORES:	Front doors will be opening. Go by the watercourse.	
YERMA:	(<i>despairing</i>). Perhaps I shouldn't have come.	
DOLORES:	Are you sorry you did?	30
YERMA:	No, I'm not!	
DOLORES:	(<i>uneasy</i>). I'll come to the corner if you're afraid.	
FIRST OLD WOMAN:	(<i>anxious</i>). It'll be light by the time you get home. <i>Sound of voices.</i>	
DOLORES:	Quiet!	35
	<i>They listen.</i>	
FIRST OLD WOMAN:	There's no one there. God go with you. YERMA goes to the door. Someone knocks. The three women are still.	
DOLORES:	Who is it?	40
VOICE:	It's me.	
YERMA:	Open it! (DOLORES <i>hesitates</i> .) Open it! <i>Sound of voices. Enter JUAN and the two SISTERS.</i>	
SECOND SISTER-IN-LAW:	Here she is!	
YERMA:	Yes, here I am!	45
JUAN:	What are you doing here? If I could, I'd wake the entire village, let everyone see what's happened to my reputation! But I have to choke on it and keep quiet ... because you are my wife!	
YERMA:	Oh, I'd like to call out too, so even the dead would rise from their graves to see for themselves how innocent I am!	50

JUAN:	You don't expect me to believe that! You are deceiving me, confusing me. I'm just an ordinary farmer. I can't cope with all your tricks.	55
DOLORES:	Juan!	
JUAN:	You be quiet!	
DOLORES:	<i>(strongly)</i> . Your wife's done nothing wrong!	
JUAN:	She's done wrong since the day we got married. She stares at me with eyes like daggers. At night she lies awake at my side, eyes wide open, sighing her evil thoughts into the pillow.	60
YERMA:	Be quiet!	
JUAN:	I can't take it any more! To have a wife who wants to reach right into your heart and who's out at night, looking for God knows what, you have to be made of steel! Tell me! Looking for what? The streets are not where a girl picks flowers. They are full of men!	65
YERMA:	Not another word! You and your people think that only you have honour. You forget my family's never needed to hide a thing! Come here! Come on! Come close and smell my clothes! No, closer still! Do you smell anything that isn't yours, that doesn't come from your flesh? Put me naked in the middle of the village square. I'm your wife, so do what you like with me! But never stain my name with another man's!	70
JUAN:	I'm not doing it. You do it yourself by the way you behave. And people are starting to talk ... to talk openly. When they see me, they fall silent. When I take the flour to be weighed, they fall silent. And even at night in the fields, if I wake up, it seems as if the branches have suddenly gone quiet.	75
YERMA:	A storm blows up and flattens the corn. Does that mean that the corn's not good?	
JUAN:	A wife's out for hours on end. Does that mean she's not looking for something?	80
YERMA:	<i>(suddenly embracing him)</i> . I'm looking for you! Looking for you every day, every night, but finding no place to breathe. It's your blood I want! And your concern!	
JUAN:	Let me go!	85
YERMA:	Don't push me away! Want what I want!	
JUAN:	Leave me!	90
YERMA:	Can't you see I'm alone? The moon searching for itself in an empty sky! Look at me! <i>(She stares at him.)</i>	

Question 16 **Williams: *The Glass Menagerie***

From Scene Six

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Question 17

Berkoff: *Metamorphosis*

From Act One

GREGOR:	<p><i>[Crying out – a guttural voice – a creature less than a human – his words become less and less distinguishable to them. They all rush to the door.]</i> Sir, I'm just going to open the door – this very minute ... slight illness – an attack of giddiness – kept me in my bed – getting up now – just a moment longer – sudden attack – be as right as rain soon – no foundations in your reports – no-one said anything to me – obviously you haven't looked at my last order – spare my parents – I'll catch the eight o'clock train – Don't let me detain you – please make my excuses to the Chief.</p> <p><i>[Image – total FAMILY confusion – figures twist and whirl around each other like a frenetic dance.]</i></p>	5 10
CLERK:	<p><i>[Rushing downstage – FAMILY's movement becomes faster and faster as confusion breaks loose.]</i> Did you make out a word of it – is he trying to make fools of us?</p>	
MRS. S:	<p><i>[moving downstage with GRETA]</i> Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him.</p>	15
MR. S:	My son has never behaved like this.	
CLERK:	No respect.	
MRS. S:	Greta!	
GRETA:	Yes Mother.	20
MRS. S:	Gregor is ill – go for a doctor.	
MR. S:	My son – open the door.	
CLERK:	The man's mad.	
MRS. S:	Go quickly.	
MR. S:	My son!	25
MRS. S:	<i>[to CHIEF CLERK]</i> Did you hear how he was speaking?	
CLERK:	It was almost inhuman!	
MR. S:	And get a locksmith, Greta – quick as you can!	
MRS. S:	I'll boil a kettle.	
GREGOR:	<p><i>[Image – FAMILY frozen in anguish mixed with determination.]</i> <i>[Image on A, B, and C.]</i> <i>[from cage – witnessing scene]</i> Why were they so upset – A. Because I wouldn't get up and let the Chief Clerk in. B. Because I was in danger of losing my job? C. Because the Chief would start nagging my parents for money again. Surely these were things one needn't worry about now ... <i>[As if to FAMILY now through door – there are times in the beginning when GREGOR speaks his thoughts aloud and times when he attempts to communicate directly with the FAMILY. With slight emphasis in light change and vocal manner these two states are not confused.]</i> I'm not really well...</p>	30 35 40
MR. S:	<p><i>[downstage, comes to life]</i> You see, he's not well, otherwise he wouldn't be lying in there.</p> <p><i>[More noises from room.]</i></p>	
MRS. S:	<p>Ssh! He's turning the key ... Ssh!</p> <p><i>[All listen intently to every sound the key makes – all making sounds of encouragement. It takes GREGOR a painfully long time to unlock the door.]</i></p>	45
GRETA:	<i>[cries out]</i> Good, Gregor! Good!	
MRS. S:	Ssshhh!	
	<i>[Action freezes at the door.]</i>	50

MR. S:	[<i>moves downstage</i>] What confusion, was his absence such a crime, that no less a person than the Chief Clerk could investigate it? [<i>Image – FAMILY face downstage reversing the scene, i.e., audience see their faces, fear, anger from GREGOR's point of view.</i>]	
MRS. S:	[<i>moves downstage</i>] What a fate, to work for employers where the slightest failing causes the greatest suspicion.	55
GRETA:	He's probably more tormented than all of us!	
CLERK:	He need only open the door to put an end to all suspicion.	
MRS. S:	Gregor, open the door.	
MR. S:	Come on – open up.	60
CLERK:	Samsa!	
GRETA:	Come on, Gregor, hold on to the key.	
GREGOR:	With what, my jaw? I have no teeth. [<i>Silent mime shouting.</i>]	
GRETA:	Encourage him, don't threaten!	65
MR. S:	Gregoor!	
MRS. S:	Open the door. [<i>Image – creature in panic spinning around his cage.</i>]	
FAMILY:	[<i>shout</i>] Gregor. [<i>GREGOR retreats to the back of the cage.</i>]	70
	[<i>Image – lights go out on stage except cage area (in dark they return to cage area). We hear the knocking from beetle's point of view – amplified, loud, threatening. As stage lights come on – it suggests door has opened – there is a moment of total stillness such as can only exist in a nightmare. More still than a painting – They reflect his movements as he descends.</i>]	75
GREGOR:	Nearly there – now pull down again. [<i>Another loud click – door opens – indicated by a strong light which comes up on his area.</i>]	
FAMILY:	[<i>with a sigh of relief</i>] Aaaaah! [<i>They see him for the first time. Stand back – gasp. Slowly come down – lights come down and throw his beetle silhouette against the backcloth – the whole structure becomes an ugly beetle shape with long moving shadows ... The FAMILY retreat slowly – their bodies reflecting the horror they have seen – all movements become slow until lights normalize ... GREGOR slides down his rostrum like a jelly oozing into the room – he moves as one mass.</i>]	80
GREGOR:	[<i>While speaking the FAMILY move away inch by inch.</i>] I'll put my clothes on at once – pack my samples and be off – I want to work you see – travelling is a hard life but I couldn't live without it. I'm in great difficulties but I'll get out of them – travellers are not popular, sir ... people think they earn stacks of money and have a good time, you know that's not true – it's just because they're never seen in the office, they're always working – don't let the Chief's judgement be swayed against me, sir – don't go away without a word to me to show that you think me in the right, at least to some extent. [<i>CHIEF CLERK screams and exits. The sound of CHIEF CLERK's scream brings FAMILY back to life.</i>]	85
MRS. S:	Help! For God's sake, help!	
MR. S:	Shoo! Get back. [<i>Motions with stick.</i>] Get back! Get back! [<i>Continues hissing, raises stick like spear.</i>]	90
GRETA:	Don't, Father! You're confusing him.	
MR. S:	[<i>continues hissing</i>] Quiet! Stay with your mother! Go on – back you go! [<i>Using stick drives GREGOR back to room.</i>]	95

Question 18 **Wertebaker: *Our Country's Good***

From Act One, Scene Six

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Turn over ►

Question 19

Churchill: *Cloud Nine*

From Act One, Scene One

ELLEN:	We don't have very much society.	
BETTY:	Clive is my society.	
MAUD:	It's time Victoria went to bed.	
ELLEN:	She'd like to stay up and see Mr Bagley.	
MAUD:	Mr Bagley can see her tomorrow.	5
	[ELLEN goes.]	
MAUD:	You let that girl forget her place, Betty.	
BETTY:	Mother, she is governess to my son. I know what her place is. I think my friendship does her good. She is not very happy.	
MAUD:	Young women are never happy.	10
BETTY:	Mother, what a thing to say.	
MAUD:	Then when they're older they look back and see that comparatively speaking they were ecstatic.	
BETTY:	I'm perfectly happy.	
MAUD:	You are looking very pretty tonight. You were such a success as a young girl. You have made a most fortunate marriage. I'm sure you will be an excellent hostess to Mr Bagley.	15
BETTY:	I feel quite nervous at the thought of entertaining.	
MAUD:	I can always advise you if I'm asked.	
BETTY:	What a long time they're taking. I always seem to be waiting for the men.	20
MAUD:	Betty you have to learn to be patient. I am patient. My mama was very patient.	
	[CLIVE approaches, supporting CAROLINE SAUNDERS.]	
CLIVE:	It is a pleasure. It is an honour. It is positively your duty to seek my help. I would be hurt, I would be insulted by any show of independence. Your husband would have been one of my dearest friends if he had lived. Betty, look who has come, Mrs Saunders. She has ridden here all alone, amazing spirit. What will you have? Tea or something stronger? Let her lie down, she is overcome. Betty, you will know what to do.	25
	[MRS SAUNDERS lies down.]	
MAUD:	I knew it. I heard drums. We'll be killed in our beds.	
CLIVE:	Now, please, calm yourself.	
MAUD:	I am perfectly calm. I am just outspoken. If it comes to being killed I shall take it as calmly as anyone.	35
CLIVE:	There is no cause for alarm. Mrs Saunders has been alone since her husband died last year, amazing spirit. Not surprisingly, the strain has told. She has come to us as her nearest neighbours.	
MAUD:	What happened to make her come?	40
CLIVE:	This is not an easy country for a woman.	
MAUD:	Clive, I heard drums. We are not children.	
CLIVE:	Of course you heard drums. The tribes are constantly at war, if the term is not too grand to grace their squabbles. Not unnaturally Mrs Saunders would like the company of white women. The piano. Poetry.	45
BETTY:	We are not her nearest neighbours.	
CLIVE:	We are among her nearest neighbours and I was a dear friend of her late husband. She knows that she will find a welcome here. She will not be disappointed. She will be cared for.	50
MAUD:	Of course we will care for her.	

BETTY:	Victoria is in bed. I must go and say goodnight. Mother, please, you look after Mrs Saunders.	
CLIVE:	Harry will be here at once. [BETTY goes.]	55
MAUD:	How rash to go out after dark without a shawl.	
CLIVE:	Amazing spirit. Drink this.	
MRS SAUNDERS:	Where am I?	
MAUD:	You are quite safe.	
MRS SAUNDERS:	Clive? Clive? Thank God. This is very kind. How do you do? I am sorry to be a nuisance. Charmed. Have you a gun? I have a gun.	60
CLIVE:	There is no need for guns I hope. We are all friends here.	
MRS SAUNDERS:	I think I will lie down again. [HARRY BAGLEY and EDWARD have approached.]	65
MAUD:	Ah, here is Mr Bagley.	
EDWARD:	I gave his horse some water.	
CLIVE:	You don't know Mrs Saunders, do you Harry? She has at present collapsed, but she is recovering thanks to the good offices of my wife's mother who I think you've met before. Betty will be along in a minute. Edward will go home to school shortly. He is quite a young man since you saw him.	70
HARRY:	I hardly knew him.	
MAUD:	What news have you for us, Mr Bagley?	
CLIVE:	Do you know Mrs Saunders, Harry? Amazing spirit.	75
EDWARD:	Did you hardly know me?	
HARRY:	Of course I knew you. I mean you have grown.	
EDWARD:	What do you expect?	
HARRY:	That's quite right, people don't get smaller.	
MAUD:	Edward. You should be in bed.	80
EDWARD:	No, I'm not tired, I'm not tired am I Uncle Harry?	
HARRY:	I don't think he's tired.	
CLIVE:	He is overtired. It is past his bedtime. Say goodnight.	
EDWARD:	Goodnight, sir.	
CLIVE:	And to your grandmother.	85
EDWARD:	Goodnight, grandmother. [EDWARD goes.]	
MAUD:	Shall I help Mrs Saunders indoors? I'm afraid she may get a chill.	
CLIVE:	Shall I give her an arm?	
MAUD:	How kind of you Clive. I think I am strong enough. [MAUD helps MRS SAUNDERS into the house.]	90
CLIVE:	Not a word to alarm the women.	
HARRY:	Absolutely.	
CLIVE:	I did some good today I think. Kept up some alliances. There's a lot of affection there.	95
HARRY:	They're affectionate people. They can be very cruel of course.	
CLIVE:	Well they are savages.	
HARRY:	Very beautiful people many of them.	
CLIVE:	Joshua! [To HARRY.] I think we should sleep with guns.	
HARRY:	I haven't slept in a house for six months. It seems extremely safe. [JOSHUA comes.]	100
CLIVE:	Joshua, you will have gathered there's a spot of bother. Rumours of this and that. You should be armed I think.	
JOSHUA:	There are many bad men, sir. I pray about it. Jesus will protect us.	105
CLIVE:	He will indeed and I'll also get you a weapon. Betty, come and keep Harry company. Look in the barn, Joshua, every night.	

[CLIVE *and* JOSHUA go. BETTY comes.]

Question 20

Teale: *Brontë*

From Act One

BRANWELL *opens the second parcel. A leather-bound book. The pages are blank.*

BRANWELL: Where are the words? The pictures?

ANNE: What shall he do with it?

CHARLOTTE: Write in it. 5

BRANWELL: But I should not like to spoil it.

CHARLOTTE: May I have it, Father? (*Reaching for the book.*)

I should like it very much.

PATRICK: But I bought it for Branwell.

BRANWELL: (*snatching the book*). Thank you, Father. You will not be 10

disappointed. I shall discover that continent. I shall write about lands you cannot even imagine. I shall sail the great fleet –

PATRICK: (*suddenly serious*). My father couldn't read or write. He was a poor Irish farmer. He laboured every day of his life from dawn 15

until long after darkness, but he knew, he knew that those words that he couldn't read were the only way out. He knew he wanted something different, something better for his own son.

Lights change.

BRANWELL *jumps up onto the table as if standing at the prow of a ship.* 20

BRANWELL: After one hundred days on the open seas they catch their first sight of land.

CHARLOTTE: (*shouts*). A tropical island!

CHARLOTTE *climbs up beside BRANWELL. PATRICK returns to the kitchen, and to 1845. He stands over EMILY as she peels potatoes throughout the following scene.* 25

BRANWELL: The commander stands at the helm and shouts for his men.

(*Shouts.*) Ahoy!

CHARLOTTE: Ahoy!

BRANWELL: They see before them the mighty rocks where waves crash and splinter. 30

CHARLOTTE: (*climbing down from the table as if entering the rainforest*).

They are dazzled by the beauty of the island. The glittering sands stretch before the verdant rainforest. Beneath the panoply, every leaf drips and sweats. There are huge pungent flowers that blaze at night and die in the morning. 35

BRANWELL: We can't see the rainforest until we are landed. We must announce our arrival with cannon fire and pistol shot.

CHARLOTTE: I will fire the cannon.

BRANWELL: No. You must go down below 'til the battle is done. 40

CHARLOTTE: Why must I always –

BRANWELL: I told you before. The women must be kept safe and be ready to nurse us when we are wounded.

CHARLOTTE: Then I shall be a man, the commander, and lead the great army into the bay. 45

BRANWELL: But I'm the commander.

CHARLOTTE: Until you are shot down by a mighty arrow and I must take over.

BRANWELL: (*acting it out*). Until I'm brought back to life by a magic potion just as you are thrown overboard. 50

He throws her over his shoulder. She struggles.

CHARLOTTE: Branwell, put me down! I will not play unless I may live.

BRANWELL: How can you lead the army? You don't even know what a

CHARLOTTE:	musket is or how many men are in a battalion or – I don't want to know. Battles are stupid. All that ever happens is killing and being wounded over and over 'til we all die of boredom.	55
BRANWELL:	That shows how much you know.	
CHARLOTTE:	Don't want to know. BRANWELL <i>runs off to act out the battle in a corner. We hear the muffled sounds of explosions and death cries. Then he settles and writes in his book. CHARLOTTE writes into a tiny book made of scraps tied together.</i>	60
EMILY:	<i>Elsewhere, EMILY, aged seven and ANNE, aged six, are also at play. They write down the story as it comes.</i> He was awoken by the strangest of sounds. At first he thought it was the wind howling, and then he heard in it a voice: 'Let me in. Let me in.'	65
ANNE:	<i>(frightened).</i> He tried at once to lock the window –	
EMILY:	But as he reached for the clasp his grasp closed upon the fingers of a little ice-cold hand. He tried to draw back his arm but the hand clung to it. 'Let me in. Let me in. I'm come home. I lost my way on the moor at night. Twenty years. For twenty years I've been searching –'	70
BRANWELL:	<i>ANNE, frightened, begins to pray.</i> The battle is over now and we have won and there is a feast and dancing and a beautiful daughter.	75
CHARLOTTE:	<i>They open their writing books.</i> She is tall, dark, an exquisite creature raised to enchant, to delight. The commander watches as she dances and sings. BERTHA <i>enters, dressed in a flame-red dress. She sings and dances on the kitchen table, her back to the audience.</i>	80
	When he speaks to her, he does so in a low voice so that she must lean close and feel his breath on her ear. He tells her that in all his life he never saw anything so beautiful. <i>As CHARLOTTE continues with her description, she begins to write. She leans her notebook on BRANWELL's back.</i>	85
	<i>BERTHA rolls on the kitchen table in a state of arousal.</i> She feels as if her skin is splitting open like a peach that is too ripe. Her heart, like a trapped bird, batters her breast so she cannot speak.	90
PATRICK:	<i>Lights change. EMILY, then ANNE and BRANWELL, kneel beside CHARLOTTE, also praying. PATRICK is distraught but trying to stay in control. His daughter (Elizabeth) is dead in the next room.</i> Go to the bedroom. You are to take it in turns to say goodbye to your sister. Her body is still and her breath gone but she can hear you. Her spirit is in the room.	95
BRANWELL:	What should we say, Father?	
PATRICK:	That you love her and will not cry for her, for she is gone to a better place. We must not try to keep her. She is not ours.	100
ANNE:	Whose is she, Father?	
PATRICK:	She belongs to the Lord our God who is merciful and all-loving and – wise.	
EMILY	<i>(vehemently):</i> Then why must He hurt her? Why could He not take her quietly?	105

Extract 20 continues on the next page

PATRICK: We cannot know. It is not ours to know –
EMILY: Why not?
BRANWELL: Will she see Mother?
PATRICK: She will.
CHARLOTTE: And our sister Maria? 110
ANNE: Can't we go with her?
BRANWELL: Shh! Be quiet!
ANNE: What if I must cry, Father?
PATRICK: Enough. Go to her quickly and in turn. Charlotte, you will go
first, you're the eldest now and must look after the others. 115

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