



A-level

DRAMA AND THEATRE

Component 1 Drama and theatre

Insert

Question 15

Lorca: *Yerma*

From Act Two, Scene Two

MARIA:	How can you say that?	
YERMA:	<i>(getting up)</i> . Because I'm sick of it all. Sick of having these hands, not able to put them to proper use. And I'm hurt, hurt and made to feel so meaningless when I see the wheat ripen, the streams full of water, the ewes giving birth to hundreds of lambs, the bitches pups. I feel as if the entire land is rising up to show me its tender, sleeping young ... and all I've got are these hammer-blows here instead of my child's mouth.	5
MARIA:	You shouldn't say such things.	10
YERMA:	You women with children, you don't give a thought to women like me. You're always full of life, you never think, like someone swimming in cool water, not knowing what it means to be thirsty.	
MARIA:	You know what I'm always telling you.	15
YERMA:	Every day I dream more and hope less.	
MARIA:	That's a terrible thing to say.	
YERMA:	I'll end up believing that I am my child. There are nights when I get up and go to feed the oxen. I never did it before – what woman would? – and when I walk through the dark barn, my footsteps sound like a man's.	20
MARIA:	Everyone has some purpose in life.	
YERMA:	In spite of it all, he still wants me! But you see what my life's become!	
MARIA:	How are his sisters?	25
YERMA:	I'll see myself dead, condemned to Hell, before I speak to them!	
MARIA:	And your husband's no different?	
YERMA:	All three against me.	
MARIA:	But how?	30
YERMA:	They imagine things, like people with a guilty conscience. They think I could go with another man, but they don't seem to grasp that, even if I wanted to, my family honour always comes first. They are stones blocking my path. They don't understand that, if it comes to it, I could be a rushing stream to sweep them away.	35
	<i>Enter one of the SISTERS. She goes out again with a loaf of bread.</i>	
MARIA:	Anyway, your husband loves you, I'm sure.	
YERMA:	He gives me food and shelter.	40
MARIA:	It's hard for you, I know. But remember how our Lord suffered too.	
	<i>They are at the door.</i>	
YERMA:	<i>(looking at the child)</i> . He's waking up.	
MARIA:	He'll start yelling in a minute.	45
YERMA:	Do you know he has your eyes? Look! <i>(Weeping.)</i> Exactly the same!	
	YERMA ushers MARIA out. She leaves quietly.	
	YERMA turns towards the door through which JUAN went to eat.	50
SECOND GIRL:	<i>(entering)</i> . Pssst!	
YERMA:	<i>(turning)</i> . What?	

SECOND GIRL:	I waited until she went. My mother's expecting you.	
YERMA:	Is she alone?	
SECOND GIRL:	With two of her neighbours.	55
YERMA:	Tell her I won't be long.	
SECOND GIRL:	You aren't scared to go, are you?	
YERMA:	I'll be there.	
SECOND GIRL:	Right, then.	
YERMA:	Tell them to wait, even if I'm late!	60
	<i>Enter VICTOR.</i>	
VICTOR:	Is Juan at home?	
YERMA:	Yes.	
SECOND GIRL:	(<i>conspiratorially</i>). I'll see you, then. I'll bring the blouse.	
YERMA:	Whenever you like.	65
	<i>Exit SECOND GIRL.</i>	
	Sit down.	
VICTOR:	Thanks, I'm fine.	
YERMA:	(<i>calling</i>). Juan!	
VICTOR:	I've come to say goodbye. (<i>He is rather edgy but quickly recovers his composure.</i>)	70
YERMA:	You are going with your brothers then?	
VICTOR:	It's what my father wants.	
YERMA:	He must be very old.	
VICTOR:	Yes, he is.	75
	<i>Pause.</i>	
YERMA:	It's best for you to move somewhere else.	
VICTOR:	One place is just like another.	
YERMA:	If I were you, I'd go as far away as you can from here.	
VICTOR:	It makes no difference. The sheep and the wool are the same wherever you go.	80
YERMA:	That's the way men think. Women are different. I never heard any man say: 'Oh, these apples are nice.' You go about your work blind to any kind of nicety. For myself I can honestly say I hate the taste of the water in our wells.	85
VICTOR:	Maybe you're right.	
	<i>The stage is in soft shadow.</i>	
YERMA:	Victor.	
VICTOR:	What is it?	
YERMA:	Why are you really going? Everyone here likes you.	90
VICTOR:	I've always done the right thing.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
YERMA:	Oh, yes, you've always acted properly. Do you remember, when you were young and strong, you carried me in your arms? We can never tell how things will turn out.	95
VICTOR:	Things change.	
YERMA:	Some things don't. There are things hidden away that never change because no one else knows.	
VICTOR:	True enough.	100
	<i>Enter the SECOND SISTER-IN-LAW. She goes slowly to the door and stands there, silhouetted against the fading light.</i>	
YERMA:	And if they came to light and cried out, they'd fill the world with their sound.	105
VICTOR:	But nothing would be gained. The stream where it flows, sheep in their pens, the moon in the sky, a man with	

YERMA:	his plough. If only we paid attention to the teaching of the old and wise!	110
VICTOR:	<i>The long, melancholy sound of shepherds' horns is heard.</i> The sheep! <i>Enter JUAN.</i>	
JUAN:	So, you're off?	
VICTOR:	I want to reach the pass by dawn.	115
JUAN:	No complaints then.	
VICTOR:	No. The price was fair enough.	
JUAN:	(to YERMA). I've bought his sheep.	
YERMA:	What?	
VICTOR:	(to YERMA). They are yours now.	120
YERMA:	I didn't know.	
JUAN:	(satisfied). Just so.	
VICTOR:	Your husband's going to make a fortune.	
YERMA:	The man who works hard reaps what he sows. <i>The SISTER-IN-LAW at the door comes in.</i>	125
JUAN:	We don't have room enough for all these sheep.	
YERMA:	(darkly). You've land enough. <i>Pause.</i>	
JUAN:	I'll come as far as the stream.	
VICTOR:	I wish this house every happiness. <i>He holds out his hand to YERMA.</i>	130
YERMA:	God willing! Health and happiness to you! <i>VICTOR starts to leave. YERMA makes a slight movement. VICTOR turns.</i>	
VICTOR:	Yes?	135
YERMA:	(strongly). Nothing. Just happiness!	
VICTOR:	Thank you.	

Question 16

Williams: *The Glass Menagerie*

From Scene Six

TOM:	[<i>Image on screen: The sailing vessel with the Jolly Roger again.</i>] I'm planning to change. [<i>He leans over the fire-escape rail, speaking with quiet exhilaration. The incandescent marquees and signs of the first-run movie houses light his face from across the alley. He looks like a voyager.</i>] I'm right at the point of committing myself to a future that doesn't include the warehouse and Mr Mendoza or even a night-school course in public speaking.	5
JIM:	What are you gassing about?	
TOM:	I'm tired of the movies.	
JIM:	Movies!	10
TOM:	Yes, movies! Look at them – [<i>a wave toward the marvels of Grand Avenue</i>]. All of those glamorous people – having adventures – hogging it all, gobbling the whole thing up! You know what happens? People go to the <i>movies</i> instead of <i>moving</i> ! Hollywood characters are supposed to have all the adventures for everybody in America, while everybody in America sits in a dark room and watches them have them! Yes, until there's a war. That's when adventure becomes available to the masses! <i>Everyone's</i> dish, not only Gable's! Then the people in the dark room come out of the dark room to have some adventures themselves – goody, goody! It's our turn now, to go to the South Sea Island – to make a safari – to be exotic, far-off! But I'm not patient. I don't want to wait till then. I'm tired of the <i>movies</i> and I am <i>about to move</i> !	15
JIM:	[<i>incredulously</i>]: Move?	20
TOM:	Yes.	25
JIM:	When?	
TOM:	Soon!	
JIM:	Where? Where?	
	[<i>The music seems to answer the question, while Tom thinks it over. He searches in his pockets.</i>]	30
TOM:	I'm starting to boil inside. I know I seem dreamy, but inside – well, I'm boiling! Whenever I pick up a shoe, I shudder a little thinking how short life is and what I am doing! Whatever that means, I know it doesn't mean shoes – except as something to wear on a traveler's feet! [<i>He finds what he has been searching for in his pockets and holds out a paper to Jim.</i>] Look -	35
JIM:	What?	
TOM:	I'm a member.	40
JIM:	[<i>reading</i>]: The Union of Merchant Seamen.	
TOM:	I paid my dues this month, instead of the light bill.	
JIM:	You will regret it when they turn the lights off.	
TOM:	I won't be here.	
JIM:	How about your mother?	45
TOM:	I'm like my father. The bastard son of a bastard! Did you notice how he's grinning in his picture in there? And he's been absent going on sixteen years!	
JIM:	You're just talking, you drip. How does your mother feel about it?	
TOM:	Shhh! Here comes Mother! Mother is not acquainted with my plans!	50

AMANDA:	[<i>coming through the portieres</i>]: Where are you all?	
TOM:	On the terrace, Mother. [<i>They start inside. She advances to them. Tom is distinctly shocked at her appearance. Even Jim blinks a little. He is making his first contact with girlish Southern vivacity and in spite of the night-school course in public speaking is somewhat thrown off the beam by the unexpected outlay of social charm. Certain responses are attempted by Jim but are swept aside by Amanda's gay laughter and chatter. Tom is embarrassed but after the first shock Jim reacts very warmly. He grins and chuckles, is altogether won over.</i>]	55
	[<i>Image of screen: Amanda as a girl.</i>]	
AMANDA:	[<i>coyly smiling, shaking her girlish ringlets</i>]: Well, well, well, so this is Mr O'Connor. Introductions entirely unnecessary. I've heard so much about you from my boy. I finally said to him, Tom – good gracious! – why don't you bring this paragon to supper? I'd like to meet this nice young man at the warehouse! – instead of just hearing him sing your praises so much! I don't know why my son is so stand-offish – that's not Southern behavior!	60
	Let's sit down and – I think we could stand a little more air in here! Tom, leave the door open. I felt a nice fresh breeze a moment ago. Where has it gone to? Mmm, so warm already! And not quite summer, even. We're going to burn up when summer really gets started. However, we're having – we're having a very light supper. I think light things are better fo' this time of year. The same as light clothes are. Light clothes an' light food are what warm weather calls fo'. You know our blood gets so thick during th' winter – it takes a while fo' us to <i>adjust</i> ou'selves! – when the season changes... It's come so quick this year. I wasn't prepared. All of a sudden – heavens! Already summer! I ran to the trunk an' pulled out this light dress – terribly old! Historical almost! But feels so good – so good an' co-ol, y' know...	70
TOM:	Mother –	
AMANDA:	Yes, honey?	75
TOM:	How about – supper?	
AMANDA:	Honey, you go ask Sister if supper is ready! You know that Sister is in full charge of supper! Tell her you hungry boys are waiting for it. [<i>to Jim</i>] Have you met Laura?	80
JIM:	She –	85
AMANDA:	Let you in? Oh, good, you've met already! It's rare for a girl as sweet an' pretty as Laura to be domestic! But Laura is, thank heavens, not only pretty but also very domestic. I'm not at all. I never was a bit. I never could make a thing but angel-food cake. Well, in the South we had so many servants. Gone, gone, gone. All vestige of gracious living! Gone completely! I wasn't prepared for what the future brought me. All of the gentlemen callers were sons of planters and so of course I assumed that I would be married to one and raise my family on a large piece of land with plenty of servants. But man proposes – and woman accepts the proposal! To vary that old, old saying a little bit – I married no planter! I married a man who worked for the telephone company! That gallantly smiling gentleman over there! [<i>She points to the picture.</i>] A telephone man who – fell in love with long-distance! Now he travels and I don't even know where! But what am I going on for about my – tribulations? Tell me yours – I	90
		95
		100
		105

	hope you don't have any! Tom?	
TOM:	[<i>returning</i>]: Yes, mother?	
AMANDA:	Is supper nearly ready?	
TOM:	It looks to me like supper is on the table.	110
AMANDA:	Let me look – [<i>She rises prettily and looks through the portieres.</i>] Oh, lovely! But where is Sister?	
TOM:	Laura is not feeling well and she says that she thinks she'd better not come to the table.	
AMANDA:	What? Nonsense! Laura? Oh, Laura!	115
LAURA:	[<i>from the kitchenette, faintly</i>]: Yes, Mother.	
AMANDA:	You really must come to the table. We won't be seated until you come to the table! Come in, Mr O'Connor. You sit over there, and I'll ... Laura? Laura Wingfield! You're keeping us waiting, honey! We can't say grace until you come to the table!	120
	[<i>The kitchenette door is pushed weakly open and Laura comes in. She is obviously quite faint, her lips trembling, her eyes wide and staring. She moves unsteadily toward the table.</i>] [<i>Screen legend: 'Terror'</i>]	
	[<i>Outside a summer storm is coming on abruptly. The white curtains billow inward at the windows and there is a sorrowful murmur from the deep blue dusk.</i>] [<i>Laura suddenly stumbles; she catches at a chair with a faint moan.</i>]	125
TOM:	Laura!	130
AMANDA:	Laura! [<i>There is a clap of thunder.</i>] [<i>Screen legend: 'Ah!'</i>] [<i>despairingly</i>] Why, Laura, you are ill, darling! Tom, help your Sister into the living room, dear!	135

Question 17

Berkoff: *Metamorphosis*

From the opening of the play

The FAMILY enters one at a time – backcloth lit – figures appear in silhouette. Each one enters in the character he or she is going to play, and performs a small mime condensing the personality into a few seconds. MOTHER is first – describes a sad face – leaves a pained heart and angst. FATHER next strolls boldly on in boots and costume of mid-European lower middle-class tradesman – trousers in socks – braces – no jacket, looking like Hindenburg. Then GRETA, as student with violin. Then GREGOR, who just walks on and smiles – an amiable being. 5

As each speaks they form a line behind each other. On the last line they take on the movement of an insect by moving their arms to a particular rhythm. As no front lighting is used, this has the effect of an insect's leg movements. 10

MR. S: [enters] As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams... 15

MRS. S: [enters] He found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect...

GRETA: [enters] His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before him. 20

[Movement starts. GREGOR is in front. Suddenly the movement stops – FAMILY dissolve the beetle image by moving away – leaving GREGOR still moving as part of the insect image.]
[Front lights come up revealing FAMILY.]

GREGOR: What has happened to me? 25

FAMILY: He thought.

GREGOR: It was no dream.

GRETA: [as clock] He looked at the alarm clock ticking on the chest.

GREGOR: Half past six and the hands were quietly moving on.

MRS. S: Gregor, Gregor? 30

MR. S: Said a voice.

GREGOR: That gentle voice...

GRETA: It was his mother's...

MR. S: His mother's...

MRS. S: His mother's... 35
[Fade.]

[Slow Tick] *[Lights snap up on the centre area downstage revealing GREGOR standing behind GRETA – scenes of pre-insect life. Each speak their own thoughts which run contrapuntally.]*

GREGOR: [indicates] I'm Gregor Samsa – there's my sister Greta. 40

GRETA: [motionless] There's brother Gregor.

GREGOR: Isn't that nice that she waits up for me.

GRETA: I always wait up for him.

GREGOR: Glass of milk on the table then bed – up again at four a.m. Yes, four a.m.! To catch the five a.m. train. 45

GRETA: He doesn't come home often.

GREGOR: Daily! What a life – what an exhausting job, and I picked it.

GRETA: He works so hard.

GREGOR: I picked it? I'm a commercial traveller in the cloth trade – I have to work to keep them. 50

	<i>[Lights snap on downstage left and right revealing MOTHER and FATHER both frozen.]</i>	
GRETA:	But he also makes things at home.	
GREGOR:	Who else can do it? Father's ill so they rely on me totally.	
GRETA:	He recently made a picture frame and in it he put a picture cut out of an illustrated magazine.	55
GREGOR:	On my back it rests – their fortunes rest on my back like a great weight.	
GRETA:	It shows a lady with a fur cap and fur stole sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished.	60
	<i>[Image of above – music.]</i>	
GREGOR:	The warehouse was better – one didn't have to worry about the travelling.	
GRETA:	It was very good.	65
GREGOR:	I feel sick.	
	<i>[Dissolve.]</i>	
	<i>[A loud ticking is heard which continues throughout the next scene – GREGOR marches behind his FAMILY who in time to the ticking call out GREGOR's meaning for them. Double time for GREGOR going about his work.]</i>	70
GRETA:	Gregor!	
MR. S:	Cash!	
GRETA:	Gregor!	
MR. S:	Shoes!	75
GRETA:	Gregor!	
MR. S:	Cigars!	
GRETA:	Gregor!	
MRS. S:	Food!	
GRETA:	Gregor!	80
MR. S:	Beer!	
GRETA:	Gregor!	
MRS. S:	Clothes!	
	<i>[As GREGOR comes to stop behind GRETA – FAMILY mime actions of domestic life in time to ticking resembling those automatic figures in wax-works — they repeat same combination of gestures – only when they speak do they freeze the movement.]</i>	85
GRETA:	Milk, Gregor?	
	<i>[Image — actors as marionettes. FATHER smokes cigar and drinks. MOTHER sews. GRETA reads her school books.]</i>	90
GREGOR:	Thanks — you're up late, why aren't you in bed?	
GRETA:	I thought I'd wait up for you. What's the matter?	
GREGOR:	My back's aching – must be carrying these samples all day.	
	<i>[Freeze action during next five speeches.]</i>	
MR. S:	Did you sell much?	95
GREGOR:	Not as much as last week.	
MR. S:	<i>[disappointed]</i> Oh! – never mind – it'll be better tomorrow.	
GREGOR:	Perhaps.	
MR. S:	Of course it will.	
	<i>[Continue action.]</i>	100
GREGOR:	Ssh...listen...	
GRETA:	What?	
GREGOR:	It's raining again – hear it beating on the window gutter?	
MRS. S:	<i>[listening]</i> It's been raining for ages.	
GREGOR:	Oh God! <i>[Sits down wearily.]</i>	105

GRETA:	What is it?	
GREGOR:	I'm so exhausted.	
MR. S:	Go to bed then.	
GREGOR:	Always tired – travelling day in, day out. [Image – the feet of the FAMILY race while they sit – faces reveal the agony of GREGOR's life – they become chorus for his statements.]	110
	On top of worrying about train connections – snatching odd meals, (and if I arrive late at some small town, trudging the streets looking for an hotel). [Repeat this sentence twice, once fast, once slow.]	115
MRS. S:	I thought you preferred it to the warehouse.	
GREGOR:	Not any more – a man needs his sleep.	
GRETA:	Well, go to bed then.	
GREGOR:	[ignoring her] The other travellers have it easy – they're still at breakfast when I've returned with the morning's orders. [Image of above – music]	120
	Sometimes it's still dark out when I leave and the mornings are so empty and bitterly cold...I think that's why I've got a stiff back.	
GRETA:	Why don't you leave?	
GREGOR:	I will one day – rest assured, as soon as I've paid off father's debt to him, I'll go right up to the chief himself and tell him what I think of him.	125
GRETA:	[giggling] Oh that would be fun – imagine his face. [Image – FATHER's image of CHIEF CLERK.]	
GREGOR:	It would knock him sideways if I did that... [Image of CLERK – tilting sideways.]	130
	He's such a strange little man...he's got an irritating habit of sitting high at his desk and talking down to me – and I have to crane my neck because he's hard of hearing.	
GRETA:	Is there much to pay off?	135
GREGOR:	It should take another five years.	
MRS. S:	Oh! As long as that!	
GREGOR:	Then I'll cut myself loose!	
GRETA:	Good, and if you're lucky it might be sooner.	
GREGOR:	And that's another thing – you're always making casual acquaintances. [Image of FAMILY going to meet and then parting, never quite succeeding in the act – music.]	140
	And before you've time to become friends you're off again. [Moves his joints in time to ticking...first intimations of insect state.] I don't know what's happening to me – all my joints feel stiff.	145
GRETA:	Perhaps you shouldn't go in tomorrow – don't go in – I'll get a doctor for you in the morning.	

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

From Act Two, Scene Ten

The Question of Liz

Ralph, Ross, Phillip, Collins, Campbell.

COLLINS:	She refused to defend herself at the trial. She didn't say a word. This was taken as an admission of guilt and she was condemned to be hanged. The evidence against her, however, is flimsy.	5
ROSS:	She was seen with Kable next to the food stores. That is a fingering fact.	
COLLINS:	She was seen by a drunken soldier in the dark. He admitted he was drunk and that he saw her at a distance. He knew Kable was supposed to be repairing the door and she's known to be friends with Kable and Arscott. She won't speak, she won't say where she was. That is our difficulty.	10
ROSS:	She won't speak because she's guilty.	
PHILLIP:	Silence has many causes, Robbie.	
RALPH:	She won't speak, Your Excellency, because of the convict code of honour. She doesn't want to beg for her life.	15
ROSS:	Convict code of honour. This plumbing play has muddled the muffy Lieutenant's mind.	
COLLINS:	My only fear, Your Excellency, is that she may have refused to speak because she no longer believes in the process of justice. If that is so, the courts here will become travesties. I do not want that.	20
PHILLIP:	But if she won't speak, there is nothing more we can do. You cannot get at the truth through silence.	
RALPH:	She spoke to Harry Brewer.	25
PHILLIP:	But Harry never regained consciousness before he died.	
RALPH:	James Freeman was there and told me what she said.	
PHILLIP:	Wasn't this used in the trial?	
COLLINS:	Freeman's evidence wasn't very clear and as Liz Morden wouldn't confirm what he said, it was dismissed.	30
ROSS:	You can't take the word of a crooked crawling hangman.	
PHILLIP:	Why won't she speak?	
ROSS:	Because she's guilty.	
PHILLIP:	Robbie, we may be about to hang the first woman in this colony. I do not want to hang the first innocent woman.	35
RALPH:	We must get at the truth.	
ROSS:	Truth! We have eight hundred thieves, perjurers, forgers, murderers, liars, escapers, rapists, whores, coiners in this scrub-ridden, dust-driven, thunderbolted, savage-run, cretinous colony. My marines who are trained to fight are turned into ghoully gaolers, fed less than the prisoners –	40
PHILLIP:	The rations, Major, are the same for all, prisoners and soldiers.	
ROSS:	They have the right to more so that makes them have less. Not a ship shifting into sight, the prisoners running away, stealing, drinking and the wee ductile Lieutenant talks about the truth.	45
PHILLIP:	Truth is indeed a luxury, but its absence brings about the most abject poverty in a civilisation. That is the paradox.	
ROSS:	This is a profligate prison for us all, it's a hellish hole we soldiers have been hauled to because they blame us for losing the war in	

	America. This is a hateful, hary-scary, topsyturvy outpost, this is not a civilisation! I hate this possumy place.	50
COLLINS:	Perhaps we could return to the question of Liz Morden.	
	(<i>Calls.</i>) Captain Campbell.	
	Campbell <i>brings in</i> Liz Morden.	
COLLINS:	Morden, if you don't speak, we will have to hang you; if you can defend yourself, His Excellency can overrule the court. We would not then risk a miscarriage of justice. But you must speak. Did you steal that food with the escaped prisoner Kable?	55
	<i>A silence.</i>	
RALPH:	She –	60
COLLINS:	It is the accused who must answer.	
PHILLIP:	Liz Morden. You must speak the truth.	
COLLINS:	We will listen to you.	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
RALPH:	Morden. No one will despise you for telling the truth.	65
PHILLIP:	That is not so, Lieutenant. Tell the truth and accept the contempt. That is the history of great men. Liz, you may be despised, but you will have shown courage.	
RALPH:	If that soldier has lied –	
ROSS:	There, there, he's accusing my soldiers of lying. It's that play, it makes fun of officers, it shows an officer lying and cheating. It shows a corrupt justice as well, Collins –	70
CAMPBELL:	Good scene that, very funny, hah, scchhh.	
COLLINS:	Et tu, Campbell?	
CAMPBELL:	What? Meant only. Hahah. 'If he be so good at gunning he shall have enough – he may be of use against the French, for he shoots flying' – hahaha. Good, and then there's this Constable ha –	75
ROSS:	Campbell!	
PHILLIP:	The play seems to be having miraculous effects already. Don't you want to be in it, Liz?	80
RALPH:	Morden, you must speak.	
COLLINS:	For the good of the colony.	
PHILLIP:	And of the play.	
	<i>A long silence.</i>	85
LIZ:	I didn't steal the food.	
COLLINS:	Were you there when Kable stole it?	
LIZ:	No. I was there before.	
ROSS:	And you knew he was going to steal it?	
LIZ:	Yes.	90
ROSS:	Guilty. She didn't report it.	
COLLINS:	Failure to inform is not a hangable offence.	
ROSS:	Conspiracy.	
COLLINS:	We may need a retrial.	
PHILLIP:	Why wouldn't you say any of this before?	95
ROSS:	Because she didn't have time to invent a lie.	
COLLINS:	Major, you are demeaning the process of law.	
PHILLIP:	Why, Liz?	
LIZ:	Because it wouldn't have mattered.	
PHILLIP:	Speaking the truth?	100
LIZ:	Speaking.	
ROSS:	You are taking the word of a convict against the word of a soldier –	
COLLINS:	A soldier who was drunk and uncertain of what he saw.	

ROSS:	A soldier is a soldier and has a right to respect. You will have a revolt on your hands, Governor.	105
PHILLIP:	I'm sure I will, but let us see the play first. Liz, I hope you are good in your part.	
RALPH:	She will be, Your Excellency, I promise that.	
LIZ:	Your Excellency, I will endeavour to speak Mr Farquhar's lines with the elegance and clarity their own worth commands.	110

Question 19

Churchill: *Cloud Nine*

From Act One, Scene One

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. [MRS SAUNDERS <i>lies down</i> .]	5
MAUD:	I knew it. I heard drums. We'll be killed in our beds.	10
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.	
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.	15
MAUD:	What happened to make her come?	
CLIVE:	This is not an easy country for a woman.	
MAUD:	Clive, I heard drums. We are not children.	20
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.	
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.	25
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 <i>goes</i> .]	30
MAUD:	How rash to go out after dark without a shawl.	
CLIVE:	Amazing spirit. Drink this.	
MRS SAUNDERS:	Where am I?	35
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.	
CLIVE:	There is no need for guns I hope. We are all friends here.	40
MRS SAUNDERS:	I think I will lie down again. [HARRY BAGLEY and EDWARD <i>have approached</i> .]	
MAUD:	Ah, here is Mr Bagley.	
EDWARD:	I gave his horse some water.	45
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.	
HARRY:	I hardly knew him.	
MAUD:	What news have you for us, Mr Bagley?	50

CLIVE:	Do you know Mrs Saunders, Harry? Amazing spirit.	
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.	55
MAUD:	Edward. You should be in bed.	
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.	60
CLIVE:	And to your grandmother.	
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?	65
MAUD:	How kind of you Clive. I think I am strong enough.	
	[MAUD <i>helps</i> MRS SAUNDERS <i>into the house</i> .]	
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.	70
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.	75
HARRY:	I haven't slept in a house for six months. It seems extremely safe.	
	[JOSHUA <i>comes</i> .]	
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.	80
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 <i>and</i> JOSHUA <i>go</i> . BETTY <i>comes</i> .]	
HARRY:	I wondered where you were.	85
BETTY:	I was singing lullabies.	
HARRY:	When I think of you I always think of you with Edward in your lap.	
BETTY:	Do you think of me sometimes then?	
HARRY:	You have been thought of where no white woman has ever been thought of before.	90
BETTY:	It's one way of having adventures. I suppose I will never go in person.	
HARRY:	That's up to you.	
BETTY:	Of course it's not. I have duties.	
HARRY:	Are you happy, Betty?	95
BETTY:	Where have you been?	
HARRY:	Built a raft and went up the river. Stayed with some people. The king is always very good to me. They have a lot of skulls around the place but not white men's I think. I made up a poem one night.	
	If I should die in this forsaken spot, There is loving heart without a blot, Where I will live – and so on.	100
BETTY:	When I'm near you it's like going out into the jungle. It's like going up the river on a raft. It's like going out in the dark.	
HARRY:	And you are safety and light and peace and home.	
BETTY:	But I want to be dangerous.	105

HARRY:	Clive is my friend.	
BETTY:	I am your friend.	
HARRY:	I don't like dangerous women.	
BETTY:	Is Mrs Saunders dangerous?	
HARRY:	Not to me. She's a bit of an old boot.	110
	[JOSHUA comes, unobserved.]	
BETTY:	Am I dangerous?	
HARRY:	You are rather.	
BETTY:	Please like me.	
HARRY:	I worship you.	115
BETTY:	Please want me.	
HARRY:	I don't want to want you. Of course I want you.	
BETTY:	What are we going to do?	
HARRY:	I should have stayed on the river. The hell with it.	
	[He goes to take her in his arms, she runs away into the house.	120
	HARRY stays where he is. He becomes aware of JOSHUA.]	
HARRY:	Who's there?	
JOSHUA:	Only me sir.	
HARRY:	Got a gun now have you?	
JOSHUA:	Yes sir.	125
HARRY:	Where's Clive?	
JOSHUA:	Going round the boundaries sir.	
HARRY:	Have you checked there's nobody in the barns?	
JOSHUA:	Yes sir.	
HARRY:	Shall we go in a barn and f***? It's not an order.	130
JOSHUA:	That's all right, yes.	
	[They go off.]	

Question 20

Teale: *Brontë*

From Act One

Lights change. Some weeks later. CHARLOTTE is alone at home. She writes to MR HEGER. BERTHA enters, no longer young and beautiful, but ravaged by years of madness and incarceration. She crawls towards CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE:	Dear Sir. Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. For three months I have waited and still you torture me with no reply. Nothing. Not a morsel. Not a mouthful. It is cruel. The poor need little to live. They ask only for the crumbs that fall from the table. Deny them this and they die of hunger.	5
	<i>She screws up the letter and starts again, trying to compose herself.</i>	10
	Dear sir. In your last letter you told me of the snowdrops you could see from your window.	
	<i>She crosses it out furiously. BERTHA is behind CHARLOTTE, wild with longing and frustration.</i>	15
	I love you. I love you. I love you. You can't do this to me. If I was a dog you wouldn't do this to me. I wish I was your dog so I could follow you and smell you and eat the scraps that you throw under the table and lick your shoes and have you beat me and –	
	<i>She realises what she has said and stops herself, horrified.</i>	20
	Oh God.	
	<i>She screws up the letter, throwing it to the floor. BERTHA flings herself to the ground.</i>	
	Oh Lord, forgive me.	
	CHARLOTTE <i>picks up a mirror and forces herself to look in it.</i>	25
	A greater fool than I never breathed the breath of life. Me, a favourite with him? Me, gifted with the power of pleasing him? Me, of importance to him in any way? Look at that tired, uneven, charmless face. Whenever in future you imagine that he thought well of you, take out your mirror and look at yourself.	30
	<i>Lights change. ANNE and CHARLOTTE go to pick up the post. CHARLOTTE gets there first. CHARLOTTE picks up a letter and reads the envelope. She gives ANNE the letter and goes to leave. EMILY is in the hallway.</i>	
ANNE:	Are you expecting a letter?	35
CHARLOTTE:	Perhaps.	
ANNE:	Is it something important?	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(turning on them, furious).</i> Can I not pick up the post without the two of you whispering and insinuating behind my back? Can I do nothing in this house without being stared at as if I were some kind of freak, some kind of lunatic.	40
ANNE:	We didn't mean to –	
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(shouts).</i> Leave me alone.	
	CHARLOTTE <i>runs from the room. ANNE and EMILY fold laundry.</i>	
ANNE (to EMILY):	Perhaps it is as well that she is to go away.	45
EMILY:	Perhaps.	
ANNE:	Spring is coming. Let us hope her pupils are curious and have a will to learn. They may provide her cure.	
	<i>Lights change. Two months later. CHARLOTTE arrives home in</i>	

	<i>coat and shawl with luggage. She sneezes. ANNE gives her a handkerchief as she continues her story.</i>	50
CHARLOTTE:	My charges, two pretty little kittens, took it upon themselves to dress me up and would not be persuaded against it. The ordeal took an entire evening. It was clear, however, that in spite of their enthusiasm, nothing suited. I was not improved one bit. When I said as much, they became sulky and rude and blamed me for looking miserable. The next day I was given notice.	55
ANNE:	I'm sorry.	
EMILY:	It is them we should pity. To be beautiful is to be cursed. To belong not to yourself but others.	60
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(turning out her purse).</i> I have earned five pounds and ten pence. Almost exactly the price of the gig there and back.	
ANNE:	It was not your fault.	
CHARLOTTE:	I will advertise again tomorrow.	
ANNE:	But you're unwell. You must wait until you are better.	65
CHARLOTTE:	There are bills to be paid.	
ANNE:	We are leaving tomorrow, Branwell and I.	
CHARLOTTE:	Tomorrow!	
ANNE:	We will earn enough in three months to pay what is owed and some more beside.	70
CHARLOTTE:	Where is he?	
ANNE:	Upstairs, packing his trunk.	
CHARLOTTE:	He is to be trusted?	
EMILY:	He wishes to make amends.	
ANNE:	What better way than to pay his own debts through honest toil. To devote himself to a growing boy who must be taught by example.	75
CHARLOTTE:	You are leaving in the morning?	
ANNE:	At eight o'clock.	
CHARLOTTE:	So soon?	
ANNE:	<i>(brimming with anticipation).</i> It is strange to think that this time tomorrow, everything that I look upon will be different. A whole world that I cannot now imagine and yet I will so soon be there and no longer here.	80
EMILY:	Poor love.	
ANNE:	No. No. I am happy to go. I feel as if my whole life I have been waiting for this moment. I am sick of being useless. Thinking only of my own selfish hopes and fears. From tomorrow I will think only of what will benefit my charges. They are young and not yet spoiled by thoughts of marriage. I may do much to encourage and a little to inspire. Forgive me, I am excited and full of foolish thoughts. No doubt I shall be much sobered when the time comes to go. But tomorrow do not take my tears for sadness. I am only too full of hope and gratitude.	85
	<i>Lights change. July 1845. The sound of pouring rain. Late evening on the night of BRANWELL and ANNE's return from Thorpe Green. They have been delayed by a storm. EMILY is alone in the kitchen, reading by candlelight. As CHARLOTTE enters there is a huge crack of thunder.</i>	90
CHARLOTTE:	I told Father that he should sleep. He worries that they are so long delayed.	100
EMILY:	Go to bed, I will wait up.	
CHARLOTTE:	Emily. Let me see Anne's letter, I would rather know the worst.	
EMILY:	I told you.	

CHARLOTTE:	Please.	
EMILY:	She asked me to keep it to myself.	105
CHARLOTTE:	What does it matter, I shall know soon enough.	
EMILY:	Then let it be.	
	CHARLOTTE, <i>exasperated, begins to clear the table.</i>	
ANNE:	<i>(entering, call from the front door).</i> I'm home.	
		110

Question 21

Ellams: *Three Sisters*

From Act Three

NMA:	Lolo, you don see Dimgba?	
LOLO:	Dimgba? No. Why? Is he injured?	
NMA:	No, but mek you talk to am.	
LOLO:	Talk to him about what?	
NMA:	About... No be my business.	5
LOLO:	About what Nma?	
	<i>ABOSEDE enters. She is immaculate, better dressed than everyone.</i>	
NMA:	This house. Mek you ask me wetin / e done do.	
ABOSEDE:	It is han absolute tragedy of the highest order what is happening don't you think? We must hassist the victims of the bombing and ... where is Udo?	10
LOLO:	Helping with wounded.	
ABOSEDE:	Good girl. In the morning, she can message her colleagues at the National Woman's Club. It's the duty of the rich to help the poor. Bobo and Amamihe are sleeping as if nothing happened, thank God, with all these injured people roaming around inside the house and those poor dirty children from the village, with craw craw.	15
LOLO:	Abosedede, what do you want?	
ABOSEDE:	We are a family are we not?	20
LOLO:	You want to help?	
ABOSEDE:	Lolo. I will change into something more happropriate.	
	Nma! Nma?	
NMA:	Madam?	25
ABOSEDE:	People are burning, bleeding in the corridor! You're sitting down? Get up! Always listening to other people's conversation! Go and make yourself useful! Useless woman.	
	<i>NMA leaves. ABOSEDE fixes her appearance.</i>	
	Why do you keep her haround?	30
LOLO:	I beg your pardon?	
ABOSEDE:	She is not a member of this family, hand when a housegirl get old hand ineffective, she should go back to her village, fast fast /	
LOLO:	What?	
ABOSEDE:	War or not!	35
LOLO:	(Sighs.)	
ABOSEDE:	You are looking old hand haggard too Lolo. Our new headmistress needs relaxation.	
LOLO:	How could you talk to Nma like that? What has she done to you?	
ABOSEDE:	Sorry-o! No be my hinention to cause offence.	40
	<i>NNE CHUKWU leaves.</i>	
LOLO:	Maybe that's how you Nigerians were raised, to discard your elders, but us Biafrans... It made me feel sick.	
ABOSEDE:	I've said I'm sorry? What should I do? Bleed for you? A ah?!	
LOLO:	You shouldn't speak to anyone like that.	45
ABOSEDE:	Is true I don't always think before I talk; my hexperessions are of a huncultured nature, but the fact underlying this hinstance is truth! And she can live in her own village.	
LOLO:	She has lived with us for thirty years.	
ABOSEDE:	But she can't work? I no understand. She is halways sleeping or	50

	sitting.	
LOLO:	Let her sit.	
ABOSEDE:	She is servant! The hoxford dictionary definition / of a servant is one who serves. If she cannot do her job, she is hincapable of her primary function, hand is a liability on this household.	55
LOLO:	Not to me, not to my household.	
ABOSEDE:	Lolo, you are halways at school. I'm halways at home. You conduct the haffairs of the educational hinstitution, I conduct the haffairs of the domestic hinstitution, you are following me? Because of my friendship with Benedict Uzoma, we have chicken, palm oil, yams and corned beef, you accept it hand never question it. It's because of me hand me alone we have food. I run this house, Kilonshale? And tomorrow, I want Nma out of it. That old useless witch must go! Back to her village, immediately! Do not provoke me! Us Nigerians have ways of dealing with our enemies! Hunderstand?	60
	<i>ABOSEDE leaves. ONYINYECHUKWU enters.</i>	
ONYINYECHUKWU:	Where is Nne Chukwu? They've put out all the fires in the market but it's still dangerous. Trees and branches are falling, people are scavenging through the debris and dead bodies for food.	65
LOLO:	Yes, we know.	70
ONYINYECHUKWU:	So many wounded, the army medics are out there but the devastation... You look as tired as me Lolo. We are twinned, maybe I should have married you.	
	<i>Far off they hear a plane coming.</i>	75
ONYINYECHUKWU:	Get on the ground!	
	<i>ONYINYECHUKWU and LOLO lie on the ground. The plane passes, in the distance, it drops a bomb which explodes. In the chaos, OYIRIDIYA overpowers a wounded soldier, grabs his gun and runs off. IGWE chases.</i>	80
	<i>ONYINYECHUKWU and LOLO rise to their feet.</i>	
LOLO:	Haven't they done enough?	
ONYINYECHUKWU:	I think they have other targets, that was far.	
LOLO:	They won't come back?	
	<i>They listen. Silence. Eventually, they hear EZE singing.</i>	85
EZE:	<i>I love palm wine, I no go lie</i>	
ONYINYECHUKWU:	Uncle Eze. He is completely blind drunk. Can't even stand.	
LOLO:	Today of all days.	
ONYINYECHUKWU:	I don't want to see him.	
	<i>ONYINYECHUKWU leaves.</i>	90
LOLO:	Three years, not a drop and now.	
	<i>EZE enters, drunk, helped by DIMGBA.</i>	
EZE:	<i>I love palm wine, I no go... Oh Lolo!</i>	
LOLO:	I can't watch this.	
	<i>LOLO leaves.</i>	95
EZE:	Yes! Go! To hell with all of them. Who do they think I am? A miracle worker? I told them, I don't know anymore. I can't help. I can't get any medicine, I'd get the prescription wrong anyway. Years training in England and they never let me practice, said no one would trust a black doctor. Went to Burma and was only allowed near the dying men, eventually I forgot everything, and these traditional medicines, there's something I can't get right, it just turns to slime. Have I always been useless?	100
	I let your mother go Dimgba. I should have fought for her. Now I'm too old to fight, too young to die. In the barracks, they talk	105

	about Chris Okigbo and Chinua Achebe. I haven't read any of their books, but act as if I have, nodding like an idiot, I'm so useless.	
DIMGBA:	It's okay. This war ... we've all done things we never thought we would. Sometimes, I'm glad Papa isn't alive. He would be so disappointed.	110
EZE:	In me Dimgba?	
DIMGBA:	In me.	
EZE:	What have you done?	
DIMGBA:	I tried to... preserve his memory.	115
EZE:	What more can a father ask of a son?	
DIMGBA:	But I failed.	
EZE:	Your father would understand.	
DIMGBA:	What if I did it to spite him? In some way?	
EZE:	How Dimgba?	120
DIMGBA:	I was... Uncle, we have no control over anything, and to believe otherwise is to embrace downfall... Abosede ...	
EZE:	What? Abosede is your downfall?	
DIMGBA:	NO! That's not... how can you be drunk at a time like this?!	
EZE:	Dimgba I'm sorry.../ I won't	125
DIMGBA:	Is someone coming? Someone is coming. No. No. <i>DIMGBA sprints away. IKEMBA, UDO and NMERI (in civilian clothes) enter, exhausted and agitated.</i>	

Question 22

Gurira: *The Convert*

From Act Three

PRUDENCE enters from the house, she is dressed in a night robe seeming slightly intoxicated.

CHILFORD: Good evening Prudence, how...how are you today?

ESTER: Good evening Mistress Prudence.

PRUDENCE: Ahhh, ndaneta! Waswera sei Ester? **[I am tired. How are you Ester?]** 5

ESTER: (*Stammering.*) Ahh ... ahh ... Nda ... ahh.

PRUDENCE: Oh my every day! Every day Chilfy! Give her leave to speak in her mother's tongue! SAY IT ESTER!

ESTER looks at Chilford who nods reluctantly.

10

ESTER: Ndaswera maswera sei? **[I am well, how are you?]**

PRUDENCE: Ndaswera. See did that not feel nice? Some color is returning to your cheeks as the whites say. How goes it all? How is that loving white family you work for? What are they called again?

ESTER: The Colterns.

15

PRUDENCE: Ahh, of course yes. The Colterns. I know them. Very ... condescendingly well meaning. How was the day of savage soul saving? Any conquered souls to report?

CHILFORD: Ah...not today.

PRUDENCE: And what about reports, new suspects, anything of that?

20

CHILFORD: No. Not today.

PRUDENCE: Hmm hmmm. (*Beat.*) Carry on, don't mind me! (*She lights up her pipe.*)

CHILFORD: Yes, well as we were saying then, Ester, tomorrow the Commissioner told me they have captured what may be Kaguvi, they are still in search of Nehanda –

25

PRUDENCE: Oh! I know of them! They are big instigators of the rebellion no? The spiritual mediums! 'The whites' bullets won't touch you' and what not! Oh shame, that stratagem did not pan out.

CHILFORD: Yes, God be of thanks it did not –

30

PRUDENCE: GOD be of thanks! Chilfy! Are you so mad to *still* think these whites are going to get away with all this mess? Even you cannot *still* really think GOD is on their side!

CHILFORD: Would you rather live amongst the savages Pru?

PRUDENCE: I have no desire to proceed in this circle again with you. Carry on. *Beat.* 35

CHILFORD: Right. (*To ESTER.*) So as I was saying – we have been assigned to –

PRUDENCE: Did you know Ester, that I am the real bright spark of all of us – myself, Chancey and Chilfy, the one with the most promise –

40

CHILFORD: Prudence –

PRUDENCE: What? She should know! I have a sense – she might be the brighter of the two of you – she just may not know it yet! I was so bright I was sent on to Natal for further schooling – Ndana school for girls.

45

ESTER: Yes, you have mentioned it in the prior.

PRUDENCE:	I did? Well anyway, it appears Miss Protégé – there is no place for a highly educated African woman. I am a mere thing of oddity and suspicion. Just wait until you try to leave his side Protégé! Oh you will see! There is Nothing out there for us!// Nothing my dear!	50
CHILFORD:	// PRUDENCE AHH!	
PRUDENCE:	Tell me, <i>how</i> do I repel that voice in my head that says I am not a true African because my family disowned me, because without a husband and the children we bear there will be no one to bury me when I die. No one to stay up with my body all night singing me over to the ancestors, calling them to receive me. The Whites just throw you in the ground, cross themselves and go for tea. Chilfy isn't bothered with all that though, Chilfy, The Great Black Tragedy.	55
CHILFORD:	Prudence! If you do not stop with this –	60
PRUDENCE:	What? What is it you will be doing Chilfy? Removing me from your home? Ha! You love me <i>far</i> too dearly. And seeing as this is the LAST place the man who I was meant to live with for the rest of my life was alive I feel it ONLY fitting I stay right where it is I am – NO? (<i>Beat.</i>) Have you found out anything? Has ANYONE been found in suspicion?	65
CHILFORD:	Not today.	
PRUDENCE:	Not today, not any bloody day, isn't it? Isn't it?	
CHILFORD:	We must await God's timing on this Pru. What I know is true is all we do is in Chancellor's memory.	70
PRUDENCE:	It is not his memory I am concerned about it is YOURS and Miss Protégé over yonder. I will not leave! I will not leave until I am satisfied.	
CHILFORD:	Pru, not again, I am pleading –	75
PRUDENCE:	Do not plead Chilfy – so unbecoming. You are such a weaky, look at you, with those weak puppy eyes you've got. It is not at all befitting an African man you know.	
CHILFORD:	Prudence –	
PRUDENCE:	I know, I know you are not an African, you are a European in an African costume. I know dearest, I know. Might I be adding – Chancellor would not even care! Are you in your natural sense to think he, Chancellor Gwendo would CARE that you are converting souls in his honor? His only holy trinity was money, power and the member between his legs//	80
CHILFORD:	//Ahh ahh! Prudence! Enough now!	85
PRUDENCE:	//Just be of truth! This is for you and for your darling Father Helm – it has nothing in the slightest to do with Chancey.	
CHILFORD:	Prudence! I can be assuring you – everything I do – is in his honor. He was my closest friend, my brother. Please – no more of this – I can take it not. We are hoping and praying with each day to find his attacker are we not Ester.	90
ESTER:	Yes Master.	
PRUDENCE:	But why don't you remember!	
CHILFORD:	I have been telling you this in so many times previous!	95
PRUDENCE:	(<i>Suddenly with rage.</i>) TELL ME AGAIN. <i>Beat.</i>	
CHILFORD:	I was //overcome with	
PRUDENCE:	//You were 'overcome with grief' because of Father Helm's death. And how did you not hear anything Miss Protégé?	100
ESTER:	(<i>Carefully.</i>) As I have said in times previous —	

PRUDENCE:	JUST SPEAKETH!	
ESTER:	Master Chancellor was instructing me to go to the back when the knock it come on the door. I go then I am hearing nothing until I am hearing Master Chancellor crying out. I was too scared to come out until I hear nothing again.	105
PRUDENCE:	And you never heard the other person.	
ESTER:	No.	
PRUDENCE:	Hmmm. (<i>Beat.</i>) I am to bed.	
CHILFORD:	Again?	110
PRUDENCE:	Just be glad I am not curling up right there where he fell! That is what I do when you are out savage soul saving. Good night. Amangwana – as they say in the vernacular you both seem to have forgotten!	
	<i>She exits.</i>	115
ESTER:	(<i>Desperate to move along.</i>) Do you know to whom we are assigned for tomorrow? The captures –	
CHILFORD:	(<i>Collecting himself.</i>) Yes, yes, apparently they finally captured Kaguvi — (<i>A person entering through the back kitchen is heard. To ESTER.</i>) Shhh. Go to the back room.	120
ESTER:	(<i>Petrified.</i>) Master ...	
CHILFORD:	Just GO. Do as I tell you to do. NOW.	
	<i>ESTER reluctantly retreats. CHILFORD obtains his large knobkerrie from behind his makeshift desk and slowly advances towards the kitchen entrance as the footsteps come nearer, he lifts his shambok and is about to swing it when MAI TAMBA screams –</i>	125
MAI TAMBA:	(<i>Seeing CHILFORD.</i>) MAIHWEE ZVANGU INI!!	
CHILFORD:	(<i>Quickly retreating with knobkerrie.</i>) Graciousness, (<i>They both collect their breath.</i>) Mai Tamba! What in the earth!	130

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