



Cambridge IGCSE™ (9–1)

DRAMA

0994/12

Paper 1

May/June 2023

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **28** pages.

EXTRACT 1: DRACULA

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Extract 1 is taken from Liz Lochhead's stage adaptation of Bram Stoker's 1897 novel *Dracula*. It was first performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh in March 1985.

Liz Lochhead's dramatisation reworks the original story for modern times, although the essential elements remain the same. The play is in two Acts, and the extract is an abridged version of Act One.

There is no requirement for candidates to read the complete play text.

Characters

MINA WESTERMAN
LUCY WESTERMAN
DOCTOR GOLDMAN
DOCTOR ARTHUR SEWARD
NURSE GRICE
JONATHAN HARKER
COUNT VLAD DRACULA
MALE ORDERLY DRINKWATER
NURSES / MAIDS
RENFIELD
VAMPIRE BRIDES

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

[Heartwood House, White Bay, Whitby. The garden. Midsummer morning – a beauty, clear, clean and smelling of the sea. The garden is all dappled leafy light and there's a swing on which LUCY WESTERMAN is swinging, mirror in hand, singing her song and dreaming her young-girl dreams.]

5

LUCY *[singing]:*
Who shall I marry
Tom, Dick or Harry?

*[She kisses her own lovely reflection in the mirror.
Enter MINA WESTERMAN, her big sister, proper English rose, a peach, eating one.]*

10

MINA: Catch her death! Lucy, what can you be thinking of?

LUCY: Come lace me up, sis. There's a love.

MINA: Do hurry up, my angel, he'll be here soon ...

LUCY: Tighter. Tighter, Mina ...

15

MINA: I'll hurt you.

LUCY: No, you won't, I want it tighter. I want to feel it nip me in. The day they put me in stays and made me wear my hair up I swore blind if I was to be pinched and skewered then I was to have the thinnest, thinnest waist and the highest, highest hair. I wasn't going to suffer for nothing and not be noticed. Oh, Mina, aren't you pretty in your silk? You look good enough to eat.

20

MINA: Hold still, oh ... Lucy, he'll be here soon!

LUCY: And me not done dolling myself ... Maybe I'll get him to come and catch me.

25

MINA *[distracted]:* Mmm, pet?

LUCY: I said Wilhelmina, maybe I'll take my time and laze and dawdle and let my curling tongs go quite cold and let him come and gawp at me in my drawers.

MINA: Lucy!

30

LUCY: Wouldn't that give him a fright? And a sight to remember. What are you going to give him before he goes away?

MINA: Lucy! I don't know what you mean.

LUCY: Well, he is your fiancé, for goodness' sake! You are practically married.

35

MINA: We are *not* 'practically married'. It's weeks and weeks yet till my birthday. He'll go away. And then he'll come back. And *then* we'll be married.

LUCY: And him going off on such a long journey. What are you going to give him to remember you by?

40

MINA: My likeness. In a locket.

LUCY: And he'll keep you in his pocket. Take you out to look at ... Nothing else?

MINA: Nothing. Else my mother would turn in her grave! I'm supposed to set you an example. You! What about the example naughty little sisters set sensible big sisters?

45

LUCY: It's only tease ... only talk.

MINA: Well, you watch your mouth, miss!

[By now they're as buttoned up as each other. MINA begins to fix LUCY's hair. LUCY sighs.]

50

LUCY: Sometimes I can't help think ...

MINA: What?

LUCY: Nothing ... *[A sigh.]* Just ...

MINA: Just what?

LUCY: Just, I wish something was going to happen to me.

55

MINA: It will. One day.

LUCY: It would be so lovely to go on a honeymoon. Oh, Mina, you're so lucky. I wish I was waiting for my wedding dress to come from Paris. I wish I had a Jonathan.

MINA: Hands off, miss! He's mine.

60

LUCY: He's Mina's. Mustn't forget. Tied and true. And ... due here any time!

[She begins scurrying about, tidying up and dropping things again.]

Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Into the life of lovely Wilhelmina Westerman the twenty-four-year-old heiress and sister to the lynx-eyed Lucy – Enter: Ta-ra! Jonathan Harker, tall, dark, handsome, blue-eyed, articulated clerk extraordinaire –

65

MINA: *[laughing]*: Listen, miss, he got his exams. He passed. He's a solicitor. And *you* read too many penny dreadfuls!

LUCY: And you know how I like my penny dreadfuls.

70

[The girls run off laughing.]

SCENE TWO

[Bedlam. Suddenly it's all grim NURSES with fouled laundry in the asylum.]

RENFIELD and DOCTOR ARTHUR SEWARD together. In and out of sight, sometimes, elsewhere from them, DOCTOR GOLDMAN, a lady psychiatrist with notebook, writing. RENFIELD is shaved by a NURSE or ORDERLY. Rocking back and forth, he sometimes catcalls and chants. He is presently gabbling maniacally.]

75

RENFIELD: I once knew a woman who swallowed a fly. Perhaps she'll die. Perhaps she won't die. To die or not to die, that is the question. BED-LAM BED-LAM BED-LAM BED-LAM. Bats in the belfry, bats, set of screw-looses ... It's cold. Getting colder. Time to get yourself into something warm. I once knew a woman. Who swallowed a ... spider that wriggled and tickled and tickled inside her ... Doctor Seward! Sewer. Lord Muck-mind. Doctor Seward, you bastard.

80

SEWARD: Come, Mr Renfield, calm yourself, man. Swallow this opiate, sir, it'll make you more lucid.

85

RENFIELD: Lucid. Lucy'd. Lucy'd. She would. She-swallowed-the-cat-to-catch-the-bird-she-swallowed-the-swallow-to-catch-the-spider-she-swallowed-the-spider-to-catch-the-fly-but-I-don't-know-why ...

90

[Pause.] Doctor Seward? Doctor Seward, I feel empty.

SEWARD: You'll feel better, Mr Renfield.

[NURSE administers dose. GOLDMAN is in mid-spiel of her deliberations.]

GOLDMAN:	... One might hypothesise, Silberman says, that the <i>animus</i> in its negative, demonic phase lures women away from all human relationships and especially from all contacts with real men ...	95
RENFIELD	<i>[melancholic, pitiful]</i> : Empty. They took me and they de-loused me. They shaved me and they salted me with lye. <i>[Angry.]</i> They wormed me like a dog and they wired me up to their bad machines.	100
SEWARD	<i>[amused]</i> : Really, Mr Renfield? And what sort of ... bad machines?	
RENFIELD:	They shoved rubber in my gob to stop it, gave me something bitter and sweet to bite on, and they fastened wires to my temples. My whole head is a temple. Full of precious things for my master to come and worship. Because he's coming in his warship. My-master-that-I-worship-is-coming-in-his-warship. <i>[Pause.]</i> The machine took the current of my memories away. My memories that fed me ... and fed from me ... and bled me like leeches and drained my life away. Now I'm empty. I feed on no life and no life feeds from me.	105
	<i>[Buzz of a fly. Louder and louder and RENFIELD's mad eyes watching it.]</i>	110
GOLDMAN	<i>[in mid-spiel again]</i> : ... correspondingly the malign or 'shadow' <i>anima</i> in a man involves him in those neurotic pseudo-intellectual dialogues that inhibit him from getting into direct touch with life so that, starved of spontaneity and outgoing feeling, he cannot live it ...	115
	<i>[She passes SEWARD, muttering and writing. Exits.]</i>	
SEWARD	<i>[muttering]</i> : ... Lord, I do sympathise with those who deem it difficult to distinguish the physicians from the afflicted in this institution ... Doctor Goldman! What a crab apple.	120
	<i>[SEWARD begins to watch RENFIELD watching the fly. Suddenly RENFIELD snatches it from the air. Buzz stops. He opens his hand a bit. Buzz again. He picks it up, still fizzing between thumb and forefinger and eats it with a sickening crunch. SEWARD shudders.]</i>	
RENFIELD	<i>[defiant]</i> : It's fat with life, strong life, and gives life to me. Very good, very tasty, very wholesome. I know a doctor who should try some.	125
SEWARD	<i>[amused]</i> : Ingested insects?	
RENFIELD:	Some life.	
SEWARD:	In Mr Renfield's case I recommend that his medication be continued, increasing by one milligram per day over the next two weeks in my absence, until exactly twice his present dose ... Diet. Minimum. Cereals. Pulses. No stimulants.	130
	<i>[He has been looking out of the window during some of the last.]</i>	
	Good God! Jonathan Harker. I do believe ... yes, it is Jonathan Harker. What the hell is he doing wandering around in all that undergrowth? Orderly! Orderly!	135
	<i>[ORDERLY DRINKWATER comes.]</i>	
	Mr Drinkwater! Will you please go down for me into the grounds and fetch that man taking all the photographs of Carfax Abbey and tell	

him Doctor Seward – No! Say Seward Major requires the presence of Harker Minimus in his study forthwith. 140

[DRINKWATER *stares.*]

Go on, man, he'll know exactly what I mean.

[DRINKWATER *goes.*]

RENFIELD: Help me, Doctor Seward, help me! Listen, listen, they put things in my food, they do! 145
SEWARD: Young Jonty Harker, well, well ...

[*He is looking out of the window for DRINKWATER to approach JONATHAN, and isn't listening to RENFIELD's babbling fear.*]

RENFIELD: The Beldams of Bedlam sans merci, Doctor, they are poisoning me. 150
SEWARD: Carfax! Why the devil anyone would want to photograph an architectural monstrosity like that is utterly beyond me ...

[SEWARD *exits, paying no attention to his increasingly desperate patient.*]

RENFIELD: They put things in. Bad stuff, it open up my head to him, you got to listen, help me or he get in. The poison make me want to let him in. He say, let me, I come in your head to throb in your temples with the golden altars and the swelling organs and the ruby ruby light from the high windows will spill, spill on the floor my power and my glory. I say no I say no I shut my mouth ears nose eyes I say no he say yes he say isn't it shame isn't disgrace I'll get in though it be not through the hole in your face. Doctor! You leave me alone and scared and I want to let him in. Help me, Doctor Seward, I don't want to want to let him in ... 155
160

[RENFIELD *falls to the ground.*] 165

SCENE THREE

[SEWARD's *private study/sitting room.* SEWARD with JONATHAN HARKER. *Brandy in glasses and cigars.*]

SEWARD: And I just couldn't believe it. Seeing an old Norwellian in this neck of the woods! 170
JONATHAN: Imagine my surprise! The face of Norwell's strictest prefect –
SEWARD: Strict but fair!

JONATHAN: Actually, looking back on our sainted schooldays, I suppose the last face I ought to be surprised to see hanging out of the bars of a madhouse window is that of an old Norwellian.

SEWARD: Happy days, eh? 175
JONATHAN: I'll drink to them being over.

SEWARD: And now little Harker Minimus is engaged to be married? Ah-ah, I read the announcement in *The Times*. Miss Westerman, eh? The sugar millionairess! Well, well, I thought to myself, that's marrying *trade*, but I suppose these days being the youngest son of a baronet doesn't pay many bar bills. 180

JONATHAN: You scholarship boys always were the worst snobs! Mina is the

	loveliest girl who ever lived and I should marry her if she hadn't two brass farthings to rub together.	
SEWARD:	Hark at Harker! Jonty, my dear friend, I am only teasing you. I am sure Miss Westerman is charming in every way, or you'd not love her.	185
JONATHAN:	She is beautiful. And brave. And clever.	
SEWARD:	And sweet?	
JONATHAN:	And sweet. You've not married then, Arthur? Been avoiding matrimony like the pit of hell?	190
SEWARD:	I've not married. Yet. Ah, Jonathan, when I was twenty and hard at my studies I thought I'll marry at twenty-five; at twenty-five I thought thirty was a fine age for a man to settle down; and now I'm thirty ...	
JONATHAN:	Don't leave it too long, Art.	195
SEWARD:	I won't leave it too long. What woman though would marry into a madhouse?	
JONATHAN:	Plenty do.	
SEWARD:	Yes, but my wife would have to do it knowingly.	
	[Pause.]	200
JONATHAN:	I'm sure you work too hard. You should ... take a holiday. Come with me.	
SEWARD:	What?	
JONATHAN:	I mean it. You'll enjoy it. Tonight I catch the overnight from King's Cross for Whitby. I am going to spend two or three days with Mina before I go off on that long business trip.	205
SEWARD:	To see your foreign nobleman ... And, do I get you right, you've actually managed to sell him Carfax?	
JONATHAN:	A very desirable property. Ask the estate agent. He'll tell you so himself! 'Castellated dwelling-house, late medieval but with numerous additions from later centuries. Notably a fine Tudor <i>gingerbread</i> chimney with priest hole. Restoration west wing. Banqueting hall with <i>trompe-l'œil</i> ceiling, Wren cupola, Regency drawing room featuring fine Adam fireplace, et cetera, et cetera.'	210
SEWARD:	Yes, well ... all a bit Gothic for my tastes.	215
JONATHAN:	Oh, but he loves it.	
SEWARD:	Does he know his soon-to-be next-door neighbours here are somewhat – ?	
JONATHAN:	Batty? [Laughs.] Well, Mr Hawkins and the estate agent we did the deal with did not seem to think it was strictly ... relevant.	220
SEWARD:	Poor man, he doesn't know what's in store for him. On the nights of the full moon when all the lunatics –	
JONATHAN:	Go loopy? Do they? Does the moon actually –	
SEWARD:	Not at all, Jonathan. Sheer superstition and stories. No, I am afraid that all the clinical, if not the neurotic, mental illnesses are all simply a matter of imbalances in the complex chemicals of one cortex of the brain. Your ... Count Dracula will find we have our inmates tame and docile and not at all antisocial as neighbours.	225
JONATHAN:	But you will come? To Whitby?	
SEWARD:	No, Jonathan. I think not.	230
JONATHAN:	Yes, Arthur, come. Come on one condition. That you make quite sure you don't let my Mina make a busman's holiday of it for you. You see, she has this little sister. Lucy. Sweet kid really. Mina, though ... Mina worries terribly about her. Well, last year after their father died, Lucy went into a sort of decline ... got terribly terribly thin and somewhat ... feverish in her behaviour.	235

SEWARD: Did she have a loss of normal female functions?
 JONATHAN: How on earth would I know?
 SEWARD: Forgive me. I'm a doctor. I forget how to address laymen ... Probably simple girlish hysteria. Attention-seeking behaviour. Whatever the other experts say! Nine times out of ten, rest, companionship, some exercise mental and physical – and wait for little miss to grow out of it. 240
 JONATHAN: But you'll come?
 SEWARD: I'll come. Why not – if we can travel first class. Let's go and organise the tickets! 245

[They exit.]

SCENE FOUR

[Bedlam. RENFIELD with DRINKWATER, and NURSE GRICE, a sadist. RENFIELD is chained up, sniffing and snuffing like a dog.]

GRICE: 'Mon now, Mr Renfield, drink up your nice medicine or Doctor Seward won't come back and take you walkies. Won't bring you back nothing nice from seaside. Give it him, Mr Drinkwater. 250

[RENFIELD sniffs and points like a setter. DRINKWATER spoons stuff into him as he fawns and licks.]

Good doggie, scoff up your medicine. 255

[RENFIELD takes mouthfuls of it then, as DRINKWATER stands back, spits a mouthful right in GRICE's face.]

You stupid stupid cur! Kick him. Kick him from dawn to dusk and back again!

[As DRINKWATER goes to kick him, RENFIELD quickly sits up and begs, tongue out, his eyes warning. DRINKWATER hesitates.] 260

Kick the shit out of him!

[DRINKWATER can't, he stands back. RENFIELD stands up, lucid, graceful, and picks up birds in cages. Holds them out and, standing with them like scales of justice, raising and lowering, he speaks first to DRINKWATER, then to GRICE.] 265

RENFIELD: My master will bless you. He'll punish you! My master is at hand. And I am here to obey his every command. See the moon, Mr Drinkwater, how sweetly she sail, she wax once, she wane, and my master, my master he come again. Oh yes, Nurse Grice, him come! And me? Me, I sit, I sit with my birds in the wilderness, pretty birds, little victims, pretty ones, how they do flutter! The *struggling* sacrifice, Nurse Grice, ain't it nice, *that* do quicken the heart, *that* give a little flutter ... 270

GRICE: Mad bastard! No wonder I'd not come in to you alone. Drinkwater, I'm putting you down on report. Disobeying orders. And him! 275

[Exit GRICE and DRINKWATER.]

RENFIELD: Prophet in the wilderness, proclaiming his coming: 'Full moon when next she sail, I sail with her, I come.'

SCENE FIVE

[Heartwood House. The garden again. As the table is set, and JONATHAN is fiddling around with his camera, MINA is tippy-typing away in the garden to one side and MRS MANNERS goes out and in, supervising the table and the serving MAIDS.] 280

MINA: All right! Positively the last letter before lunch. And only if you promise to help me finalise this guestlist after. 285

JONATHAN: Watch the birdie!

MINA: And don't I cut a pretty picture? I'm sure I'm just as fast a typist as your Miss Thing.

JONATHAN: Bell.

MINA: What's she like anyway? 290

JONATHAN: Who?

MINA: Miss Bell.

JONATHAN: A dragon. Absolutely.

[He dives under the camera hood.]

MINA: All right, fire away. 295

JONATHAN: What?

MINA: Your letter.

JONATHAN: Very well. Take a letter, Miss Westerman! Messrs Hardcastle, Hawkins, Hawkins and Harker, solicitors at law, number seven, The Crescent, et cetera ... To: Count Vlad Dracula – 300
Mina, come with me, come with me tomorrow, marry me in London, come with me and we'll make a mad honeymoon of my business trip. You can be my secretary.

MINA: Jonathan! My inheritance.

JONATHAN: Don't let's wait for it. I don't care about the money. We don't need the money. I can make my living as a solicitor. Marry me tomorrow. 305

MINA: You must be mad, Jonathan! I'm ... just being silly, I'm sorry, sweetheart, it's ... Oh, Jonathan, please, please don't go to Europe tomorrow. Don't go away.

JONATHAN: Mina, Mina, Mina, whatever is the matter? 310

MINA: Such dreams, Jonathan, such horrible horrible dreams ... and premonitions ... Oh! I know it's silly ...

JONATHAN: Mina, let me come and sleep with you tonight.

MINA: Jonathan!

JONATHAN: Let me come. I'll hug you close and keep all the bogeymen away. 315

MINA: Oh, Jonathan, we cannot – not here at Heartwood, Mrs Manners would know – and Florrie and Lucy and ... everyone.

JONATHAN: Mina, I'll sneak into your room secretly after everyone is asleep. Damn it, who cares if they know? I love you. Let me love you.

MINA: We must wait for our wedding. 320

JONATHAN: Mina –

MINA: No, Jonathan, I mean it. Absolutely no.

[A blurt.] You can come and stay with me tonight if you promise not to go away tomorrow.

JONATHAN: I can't do that, Mina. Mr Hawkins, the senior partner, has trusted me with all this vital business with the Count. It's my career, Mina. 325

MINA: God forbid you should jeopardise your precious career on my account.

JONATHAN: Mina!

MINA: And now I'm going to see my sister ... I pray she may be happier in her betrothal than I am in mine. Don't dare come after me! Go away!

330

[MINA exits.]

SCENE SEVEN

[DRACULA's castle. Doors swing open and JONATHAN enters. No one there.]

335

JONATHAN [tentatively]: Count Dracula ... ?

[Nothing. No one.
Suddenly DRACULA himself is there.]

DRACULA: At last. I am Dracula. Welcome. Enter of your own will. Come freely. Go freely. And leave something of the happiness you bring.

340

JONATHAN: Jonathan Harker. [*Hand outstretched.*] Count Dracula?
Let me tell you, I am pleased to see you, sir! My journey has been a nightmare ...

DRACULA: Come. Well come. Liberty Hall to you, dear friend. Remember. What's mine is yours.

345

JONATHAN [*almost laughing in relief*]: If it wasn't storms ... and lightning fit to split the sky ... and wind ... and wolves. Wolves! You should have heard them!

DRACULA: Ah ... Harker Jonathan.

JONATHAN: Sorry?

350

DRACULA: Apologies. I used my country's habit of putting the patronymic first. Jonathan. Mr Harker, my friend, you are evidently one of those that have ears to hear.

JONATHAN: Er ...

DRACULA: But I have the manners of a barbarian. Yes? You are hungry. Evidently. So. *Paprika Hendl*. It is, among our peasantry, something of a national dish. On feast days. And the day you deliver yourself to me, that is a feast day. Yes? Certainly ...

355

JONATHAN: You are not dining yourself?

DRACULA: Forgive me, I have supped earlier. Is good?

360

JONATHAN: Incredibly good! Mmm. Strange seasoning. I have been making quite a collection of recipes here I hope my Mina'll establish with cook as staples in our household. Have you ever tasted 'robber steak'? It's bits of bacon, beef, onion – a mushroom or two sometimes – and it's sort of skewered on to sticks and simply –
No, Mr Harker, I do not care to eat this 'robber steak'. Excuse me. My appetites have grown capricious in my old age ... Not everything agrees with me. Nevertheless I know what I like. Simple things.

365

[JONATHAN eats – gradually reviving at the food and a glass of Old Tokay. DRACULA surveys JONATHAN when he's tucking in.]

370

JONATHAN: This ... my Carfax is fine castle?
Castle? Well ... Mm! Letter from Mr Hawkins. Forgive me!

[Gives the letter to DRACULA out of his heart pocket.]

DRACULA: It is – you have seen the photographs I sent? – a substantial mansion. It will make a fine home. 375
 And every Englishman's home is his castle, don't you say so? Well, I shall make me a fine English man. [Pause.] Carfax. Is strange name, yes? Perhaps from the French. *Quatre Faces*. Such corruption of language interests me much. 'Four Sides.' Ah well, I suppose there are at least four sides to every question. Is that not so, Mr Harker? 380

JONATHAN: I should say so! Mina would say that is the trouble with me – I can see something to be said for them all.

DRACULA: Ah, so you cannot make up your mind, Mr Harker? Then perhaps one of your friends will have to make it up for you ... [Reads letter.] 385

[JONATHAN looks a bit taken aback.]

Your Mr Hawkins here, he writes well of you, 'energy ... talent ... discreet ... silent ... faithful disposition which has grown with him into manhood in my service will, I am fully confident, put itself to your every use and render him malleable to your every instruction.' 390

[JONATHAN is somewhat disconcerted.]

JONATHAN: So tomorrow morning you must write to our friend – and to any other who will wish word of you – and tell him you stay with me for one month from now. 395
 A month! But the business we have to do ... while complicated ... certainly cannot take more than a few days to complete.
 DRACULA: But, my friend, I want you for ... conversation.
 JONATHAN: Count, I cannot stay with you.
 DRACULA: Ssh, no such thing as cannot. Sleep first. In the morning, believe me, you will feel differently. If there be one axiom in human affairs that be it ... 400

[A howling of wolves.]

Listen. Listen to the children of the night. What music they make.

[He stands and motions JONATHAN to his feet.]

Come. You shall wash and I shall make your bed for you. No keeping of servants in this place so deep in the wood. So I, my friend, tonight I will be happy to ... play the valet, or the chambermaid, whatever you will. And – you are so tired – tonight I wish you no dreams to disturb your rest. 405

[They walk.] 410

JONATHAN: And so, Jonathan Harker, you have a long and a difficult journey but at last you have reached your destiny. *Destination*.
 DRACULA: Ah. You see how I need you for a teacher.

SCENE NINE

	<i>[DRACULA's castle. JONATHAN is shaving. He has taken up a wooden-backed mirror with handle from his luggage and has lathered up his face. Now he shaves with an open razor. He moves the mirror around (he is facing us, we see the back of the mirror) so that he would certainly see in the mirror anyone behind him. DRACULA approaches him, silently, but certainly in his mirror's field of vision. DRACULA is right at JONATHAN's shoulder. JONATHAN looks round, sees him, looks back in the mirror, doesn't see him, registers horror, drops the mirror. It smashes.]</i>	415 420
DRACULA:	Ah, seven years of good luck! I trust you're getting enough sleep? You are comfortable in Castle Dracula? You sleep well and you dream well? But you have cut yourself, so careless, when shaving. This little ruby trickle, it trickles down your throat and –	425
	<i>[He reaches out, glittering and fascinated, for JONATHAN's throat, and catches the beads of the crucifix he is wearing. It swings out of the open neck of his shirt. DRACULA recoils.]</i>	430
	You have not thrown away this cheap toy yet? Jonathan is very sentimental. Be careful how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country. You will remember.	
JONATHAN:	Count Dracula, you have to let me go.	
DRACULA:	Jonathan ... but you know I love to have you here. Stay till morning.	435
JONATHAN:	Why may I not go tonight?	
DRACULA:	Because my coachman and horses are away.	
JONATHAN:	Count Dracula, please ...	
DRACULA:	But certainly, Jonathan, if you are uncomfortable here you must leave at once.	440
JONATHAN:	You'll let me go?	
DRACULA:	Of course. Open the door immediately, here is my key.	
	<i>[He gives him the key, makes JONATHAN open the door for himself. DRACULA snaps his fingers and whistles softly as a man does to a dog. The howling of wolves.]</i>	445
	Goodbye, goodbye, my dear friend. As they say, 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.' What? You do not go? Let's sleep on it, eh? <i>[A sweet smile.]</i> But let me advise you, sweet Jonathan. Do not try the locked doors. This castle is old, it have many memories. Sleep only in your own chamber. Because here, as elsewhere, there are bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely.	450
	<i>[He exits through the door with the howling wolves crescendoing in the swirling fog, whistling and clicking his tongue at them like a shepherd to some faithful collies. JONATHAN slams and bolts the door and sinks to his knees with his ironic taunting key in his hand.]</i>	455
JONATHAN:	Oh, Mina, Mina, Mina ...	
	<i>[Strange music of the vampire-brides theme and the VAMPIRE BRIDES appearing unexpectedly somewhere. In tattered and browning and even slightly bloodstained lacy bridal dresses, their hair all fluffed out and them painted up red-lipped, white-faced and</i>	460

hectic. They are quite recognisably horrid versions, perversions, of LUCY and other women. In fact, they are everyone from the Whitby family but Mina. They whisper together and laugh with a silvery, unreal, glassy, electronic laugh.]

VAMPIRE BRIDE 2: Go on, you are first, and we shall follow. Yours is the right to begin. 465
 VAMPIRE BRIDE 1: He is young and strong. You first.
 VAMPIRE BRIDE 3: You think so? Shall I leave you some?
 VAMPIRE BRIDE 2: There are kisses for us all.
 VAMPIRE BRIDE 1: Plenty.
 VAMPIRE BRIDE 2: A sweet sufficiency. 470
 VAMPIRE BRIDE 3: Give it to me, Jonathan.
 JONATHAN: Who – are – you?

[He gives her the key. She kisses it and puts it in her bosom, leans over him.]

VAMPIRE BRIDES: Who! Who! Who! 475

[They laugh.]

Who ...

[It is a whisper of horror. He moans.]

JONATHAN: Lucy?

[JONATHAN is lying back in thrall. VAMPIRE BRIDE 3 (LUCY) advances and bends over him. There is a deliberate voluptuousness which is both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arches her neck she actually licks her lips like an animal. Lower and lower goes the head as the lips go below the range of his mouth and chin and seem about to fasten on his throat. Then she pauses and her tongue flickers in and out and her hot breath is on his neck. JONATHAN closes his eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waits. Enter DRACULA. He grasps the neck of VAMPIRE BRIDE 3, cuffs the others back. They are breathing, almost snarling.] 480
 485

DRACULA: How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back, back all of you. Back. Give. Back. 490

[She hates to, but gives him back the key.]

VAMPIRE BRIDE 3 *[with a 'laugh of ribald coquetry']*: You yourself never loved. You never love. You cannot love.

[All three VAMPIRE BRIDES join in 'a laugh of such mirthless hard soul-lessness that it almost makes JONATHAN faint to hear. It sounds like the pleasure of fiends.'] 495

DRACULA: Yes, yes, I too can love. You yourselves, you can tell it from the past. Is it not so? When I am done with him, you shall kiss him at your will. Now go. 500

VAMPIRE BRIDE 3: And us? Are we to have nothing tonight?

[With a low laugh she points to the bag on the floor which he has tossed down. And in which something moves, hideously. DRACULA nods assent. She lifts it up, opens the neck of the bag. Crying of a baby. All three laugh and crowd round it and scurry off quarrelling over it skittishly, still laughing. JONATHAN slumps, DRACULA picks up the fainted JONATHAN in his arms as in a pietà.]

505

EXTRACT 2: TWILIGHT CRANE

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Twilight Crane is a one-act play by Japanese playwright Kinoshita Junji (1914–2006). It was first staged in 1946 and since then has had a number of performances, including one version as an opera.

The play is in the style of a folk story with a strong moral theme. This features a number of traditional Japanese theatrical motifs such as elements of nature and the supernatural, mystical animals and magical transformations.

Characters

YOHYŌ

TSŪ

SŌDO

UNZU

CHILDREN

[Snow all around. In the middle of it one small, solitary shack, open on one side. Behind it an expanse of deep red evening sky. In the distance the sound of CHILDREN singing:

Let's make a coat for grandpa to wear,
Let's make a coat for grandma to wear, 5
Lah-lala lah, lah lah lah,
Lah-lala, lah-lala, lah lah lah.

The house has two rooms. One (to the right) is closed off by shōji. In the center of the other, visible to the audience, is a square open hearth. YOHYŌ is fast asleep beside it. The singing stops and the CHILDREN come running on.] 10

CHILDREN [In unison, as if they were still singing]:
Come out and sing us a song, please do.
YOHYŌ [Waking up]: What's all this?
CHILDREN: Come out and play some games. Sing us a song, please do. 15
YOHYŌ: Are you calling Tsū? She's not in.
CHILDREN: She's not in? Really not in? That's no good. Where's she gone?
YOHYŌ: Where? I don't know.
CHILDREN: Where's she gone? When's she coming back? Tell us, tell us, tell us! 20
YOHYŌ: You're getting on my nerves! [Stands up.]
CHILDREN [Running away]: Ah! Look out! Yohyō's cross. Yohyō! Yohyō! Silly Yohyō!
YOHYŌ: Hey! Don't run away. Don't run away. I'll play with you.
CHILDREN: What'll we play? 25
YOHYŌ: Well, what shall we play?
CHILDREN: Knocking over Sticks.
YOHYŌ: OK. Knocking over Sticks.
CHILDREN: Singing.
YOHYŌ: OK. Singing. 30
CHILDREN: Snowball Fight.
YOHYŌ: OK. Snowball Fight. [As he speaks, he moves into the CHILDREN's group.]
CHILDREN: Bird in the Cage.
YOHYŌ: OK. Bird in the Cage. 35
CHILDREN [Chanting]: Stag, Stag, How Many Horns.
YOHYŌ: OK. Stag, Stag, How Many Horns. Right, I'm coming. I'm coming.
CHILDREN: Stag, Stag, How Many Horns. [They run off repeating this.]
YOHYŌ [Starting to go after them. To himself]: Hang on! It'll be awful for Tsū to come back and find the soup cold. I must look after her—she's precious. [Goes back into the house and hangs the pot over the fire.] 40

[TSŪ glides swiftly in from the back of the house.]

TSŪ: Yohyō, really, you are not ...?
YOHYŌ: Where were you? 45
TSŪ: I just slipped out ... you are not supposed to do that ...
YOHYŌ: Well, I thought it would be awful for you to come back and find the soup cold. So I put it over the fire.
TSŪ: Oh, thank you so much. I will start preparing the rest of the meal for you. 50
YOHYŌ: All right. So I'm going out to play. It's Knocking over Sticks.

TSŪ:	Really—Knocking over Sticks?	
YOHYŌ:	And then, Snowball Fight. And then, singing songs.	
TSŪ:	And then ... Bird in the Cage. And then, Stag, Stag, How Many Horns?	55
YOHYŌ:	Yes, yes. Stag, Stag, How Many Horns. You come too.	
TSŪ:	I would like to. But I have the meal to prepare ...	
YOHYŌ:	Leave it! Come. [<i>Takes her hand and pulls her.</i>]	
TSŪ:	No.	
YOHYŌ:	Come on. Why not? We'll both of us play.	60
TSŪ:	No, no. No, I say. [<i>Laughing, she allows herself to be pulled off.</i>]	
[<i>The CHILDREN's singing is heard in the distance. SŌDO and UNZU appear.</i>]		
SŌDO:	Her? Is she Yohyō's wife?	
UNZU:	She is too. He's a lucky bugger, suddenly getting a fine wife like that. Nowadays he spends a lot of his time taking naps by the fire.	65
SŌDO:	He used to be such a hard worker—bloody idiot! And now he's got a fine woman like that—in a place like this! Why?	
UNZU:	Nobody knows when she came or where she came from. She just came ... But thanks to her, Yohyō doesn't have to do anything now—and he's made a lot of money.	70
SŌDO:	You weren't having me on, were you? When you told me about that cloth.	
UNZU:	No, it's true. Take it to the town and you can always get ten gold pieces for it.	75
SŌDO:	[<i>Ponders</i>]: And you say she weaves it?	
UNZU:	Yes she does. But there is one thing. Before she goes into the room where the loom is, she tells Yohyō not to look at her while she's weaving. So Yohyō accepts what she says, doesn't peep into the room, and goes to bed. Then the next morning, there it is—all woven, so he says. It's beautiful cloth.	80
SŌDO:	Crane Feather Weave—that's what you called it, wasn't it?	
UNZU:	That's what they call it in the town. They say it's so rare you'd have to go to India to find anything like it.	
SŌDO:	And you're the middleman. I bet you're raking it in.	85
UNZU:	Well—not all that much.	
SŌDO:	Don't come that with me. But ... if that's real Feather Weave, we're not talking about just fifty or a hundred gold pieces.	
UNZU:	Go on! D'you mean it? What is Crane Feather Weave anyway?	
SŌDO:	It's cloth woven from a thousand feathers taken from a <i>living</i> crane.	90
UNZU:	[<i>Puzzled</i>]: But where would Yohyō's wife be collecting all those crane feathers?	
SŌDO:	Hmm. This is the weaving room, I suppose ... [<i>Without thinking, he goes up into the house and peers into the closed-off room through a chink in the shōji.</i>] Yes, there's a loom there ... Ah! [<i>Cries out in astonishment.</i>]	95
UNZU:	What is it? What is it?	
SŌDO:	Take a look. Crane feathers ... Well. That seems to ...	
UNZU:	So the cloth could be the genuine article.	
[<i>Pause. TSŪ has returned and glides in from the back.</i>]		
		100
UNZU:	[<i>Startled</i>]: Ah!	
SŌDO:	[<i>Thrown off guard</i>]: I'm sorry—we shouldn't have come up into the house while you were out ...	

TSŪ:	... [Pause. Watches the two of them suspiciously, with her head inclined to one side like a bird.]	105
UNZU:	Oh ... ah ... we've met—I'm Unzu from the other village—I'm much obliged to your husband for that cloth ...	
TSŪ:	... [Remains silent.]	
SŌDO:	Yes, well, what happened was ... I heard about the cloth from him. [Indicates UNZU.] ... I'm Sōdo—from the same village—what I want to know is—pardon me asking—is it genuine Crane Feather Weave?	110
TSŪ:	... [Remains silent. Stays watching them suspiciously; then suddenly, as if she had heard some sound, she wheels round and disappears into the back.]	115
SŌDO:	What do you ...	
UNZU:	What was that? We spoke to her and ...	
SŌDO:	She didn't seem to understand a single word ... Everything about her's just like a bird.	
UNZU:	You're right. Just like a bird.	120
	[Pause. The dusk gradually deepens. Only the flames in the hearth flicker red.]	
SŌDO	[Looking at the crane feathers]: You know ... there are stories about cranes and snakes ... how they sometimes take human shape and become men's wives.	125
UNZU:	What the ...	
SŌDO:	Come to think of it ... Ninji from the village had a story like that yesterday ... he was passing by that lake in the mountains, in the early evening, four or five days ago, and there was a woman standing at the water's edge, he said ... he thought there was something strange about her, so he kept watching without letting her see him. He saw her glide into the water, and then—she turned into a crane ...	130
UNZU:	Eh?	
SŌDO:	The crane played around in the water for a while. Then it changed back into a woman and glided away.	135
UNZU:	Ah! [Runs out of the house.]	
SŌDO:	Hey! What're you doing, screaming like that ... [Instinctively he leaves the house, too.]	
UNZU:	So ... so ... his wife ... is ... a crane?	140
SŌDO:	Shut up you idiot! You don't know that! Don't be such a fool as to even mention it ...	
UNZU:	What am I going to do? I've cheated Yohyō, made a lot of money out of him ...	
SŌDO:	Don't worry about it. If that's genuine Crane Feather Weave, we can take it to the capital and make ourselves a thousand gold pieces.	145
UNZU:	What did you say? A thousand?	
SŌDO:	And from what you say, Yohyō's got quite greedy recently. If we talk about money, he'll listen all right.	
UNZU:	I suppose so ...	150
SŌDO:	So, we've got to get him thinking like us—and he's got to get a steady supply of cloth from his wife.	
UNZU:	Well ... yes ... I suppose so ...	
SŌDO:	Look, he's back.	
YOHYŌ	[Returns, tired and happy]: Got it. "Let's make a coat for grandpa to wear."	155

	What's next? Ah ... "Lah-lala, lah-lala, lah lah lah." That's right, isn't it? ... Oh, I completely forgot to put the rice on. Heh, Yohyō.	160
SŌDO:	What is it?	
YOHYŌ:	Forgotten me? Sōdo, from the other village. Unzu—you do the talking.	
SŌDO:	Ah, Unzu. Is there more money for us to make?	
YOHYŌ:	Bring me some more of that cloth and you can have as much as you like.	165
UNZU:	No, there's no more cloth.	
YOHYŌ:	Why's that?	
SŌDO:	Tsū said there'd be no more after the last lot.	
YOHYŌ:	You can't have that—not when I'm going to make more money for you.	170
UNZU:	I know, I know ... but ... she's very dear to me.	
YOHYŌ:	She may be—but you can pile up the money if you get a steady supply of cloth from her.	
SŌDO:	All right, all right, but she's always a lot thinner after she's been weaving.	175
YOHYŌ:	Thinner, did you say? ... Let me ask you a question. It's about Tsū moving in with you as your bride. When was that? Anything special about the way it happened?	
SŌDO:	[<i>Takes a moment to absorb the question</i>]: When was it now? One evening ... I was about to go to bed ... she came in and offered to be my wife. [<i>Chuckles happily at the memory.</i>]	180
YOHYŌ:	Mmm ... I don't suppose ... you've ever had anything to do with a crane, have you?	
SŌDO:	A crane? Oh, a crane—yes, some time ago ... I was working in the fields, when a crane came down on the path. It had an arrow in it and was in a lot of pain. So I pulled the arrow out.	185
UNZU:	Did you now? ... Hmm ... [<i>To UNZU.</i>] It's looking like the genuine article more and more. And if it is, it's big money [<i>To YOHYŌ.</i>]	
SŌDO:	You know that cloth ... well, the cloth ... Unzu—you do the talking.	190
YOHYŌ:	Uh ... how shall I put it ... if you take that cloth to the <i>capital</i> and sell it, you could get a thou ...	
SŌDO:	[<i>Breaking in</i>]: Idiot! Look here, Yohyō, we could make you hundreds of gold pieces next time. Why not get her to weave again?	
UNZU:	Did you say "hundreds"?	195
YOHYŌ:	Yes, hundreds. [<i>To UNZU.</i>] We could, couldn't we?	
SŌDO:	Yes, yes. Hundreds.	
YOHYŌ:	Really? Hundreds of gold pieces?	
SŌDO:	So talk to your wife a bit more ... [<i>Notices TSŪ, who has been watching them from inside the house.</i>] Come over here. I'll spell it all out for you. [<i>Drags YOHYŌ into the shadows.</i>]	200
	[<i>UNZU follows them. TSŪ comes out of the house and watches them go. A shadow of sadness passes over her face. The CHILDREN come running on.</i>]	
CHILDREN	[<i>In turn</i>]: She's back! [<i>To TSŪ.</i>] Come on, let's play. Why were you out? Let's sing songs. Bird in the Cage. Hide and Seek. Songs. Ring-o-Ring-o-Ring. [<i>Form a circle round her.</i>] Come on.	205
TSŪ:	It's dark already. Enough for today.	
CHILDREN:	No, no. Let's play. Songs.	

TSŪ	[<i>Vacantly</i>]: Songs?	210
CHILDREN:	Hide and Seek.	
TSŪ:	Hide and Seek?	
CHILDREN:	Ring-o-Ring-o-Ring.	
TSŪ:	Ring-o-Ring-o-Ring?	
CHILDREN:	Bird in the Cage.	215
TSŪ:	Bird in the Cage?	
CHILDREN:	Yes, Bird in the Cage. [<i>They surround her and begin dancing round.</i>]	
	Bird in the Cage.	
	When, oh when, will you fly away?	220
	In the night, before the dawn,	
	Slip, slip, slip, you slipped away.	
	Who's behind you? Guess. Who's behind you? Guess.	
	What's the matter? You're supposed to cover your eyes. Why don't you? Aren't you going to crouch down?	225
TSŪ	[<i>Stays standing, lost in thought</i>]: Eh? ... Oh. [<i>Crouches down and covers her eyes.</i>]	
	[<i>The CHILDREN dance round her singing. All around becomes suddenly dark. Only TSŪ is left, picked out in a pool of light.</i>]	
TSŪ:	Yohyō, my precious Yohyō. What has happened to you? Little by little you are changing. You are starting to inhabit a different world from mine. You are starting to be like those terrible men who shot the arrow into me, men whose language I do not understand. What has happened to you? And what can I do about it? Tell me, what can I do? ... You were the one who saved my life. You pulled the arrow out because you took pity on me—you were not looking for any reward. I was so happy about that. That is why I came to your home. Then I wove that cloth for you, and you were so delighted—like a child. So I endured the pain, and wove more and more for you. And then you exchanged it for “money.” I see nothing wrong in this—if you like “money” so much. Now you have plenty of this “money” you like, so I want us to live quietly and happily together in this little house, just the two of us. You are different from other men. You belong to my world. I thought we could live here forever, in the middle of this great plain, quietly creating a world just for the two of us, plowing the fields and playing with the children ... but somehow you are moving away from me. You are steadily getting farther and farther away from me. What am I to do? Really, what am I to do?	230
		235
		240
		245
	[<i>The singing has stopped. The lights come up. The CHILDREN have gone. TSŪ suddenly looks to the side and hurries into the house as if she were being pursued. Pause. SŌDO, UNZU, and YOHYŌ appear.</i>]	250
SŌDO:	So you know what you've got to do. If she refuses to do any more weaving, you threaten her—say you'll leave her.	
YOHYŌ	[<i>Contentedly</i>]: That cloth's beautiful, isn't it? And it's because Tsū wove it.	255
SŌDO:	Sure, it <i>is</i> beautiful, so next time we're going to sell it for two or three times as much money as we got for it before. Get it? We are going to sell it for two or three times what we sold it for before. Tell your wife that.	260

YOHYŌ	[Repeating]: We're going to sell it for two or three times what we got for it before. How did I do?	
SŌDO:	Fine. For hundreds of gold pieces.	
YOHYŌ:	For hundreds of gold pieces. Right?	
SŌDO:	Good. So get her to weave straightaway. Yes, Unzu?	265
UNZU:	Yes. Get her to weave straightaway—tonight.	
YOHYŌ:	But Tsū said she wouldn't weave any more.	
SŌDO:	Don't be an idiot. If you sell it for a high price and make a big profit, she's bound to be pleased as well.	
UNZU:	Yes, yes. She's bound to be pleased as well.	270
YOHYŌ:	Mmmm ...	
SŌDO:	There's something else—listen to this—we're going to take you sightseeing in the capital. Unzu will tell you what a great place the capital is.	
UNZU:	Yes, yes. It's a great place.	275
YOHYŌ:	I suppose the capital must be a great place.	
SŌDO:	Of course it is. So have you got it? You're going to make a lot of money and you're having a sightseeing tour of the capital thrown in. Like I've just said, we'll show you masses of interesting things in the capital. Are you with me? Or perhaps you don't want to go to the capital.	280
YOHYŌ:	No, I <i>do</i> want to go.	
UNZU:	You want money too, don't you?	
YOHYŌ:	Mm. I do want money.	
SŌDO	[Noticing TSŪ in the house]: Right. In you go. You know what you've got to do—make her weave straightaway. If she won't, say you're leaving her.	285
YOHYŌ:	... mmmm ...	
SŌDO	[Pushing YOHYŌ into the house]: It'll be all right. You're great. [To UNZU.] We'll get out of sight and watch what happens.	290
	[The two of them hide again.]	
TSŪ	[As soon as the two have disappeared, rushes toward YOHYŌ]: Yohyō, come into the house, quickly. You are so wet—you will catch a cold. Supper is all ready. You put the soup on the fire for me, so it is nice and hot. Come on, start eating. Come closer to the fire.	295
YOHYŌ:	... all right ...	
TSŪ:	Please, do eat.	
YOHYŌ:	All right. [Eats]	
TSŪ:	What is the matter? ... Why are you so low? ... You really should not do such things—staying out so late, in the cold ... Please do not go away anymore. Please do not talk to any strangers. Please.	300
YOHYŌ:	All right ...	
TSŪ:	Promise me, will you? Whatever you tell me to do, I will do. Whatever it is, I will do it for you. And you have the "money" you like so much. ...	305
YOHYŌ:	Yes, I've got money. Lots of it. It's in this bag here.	
TSŪ:	There you are. So from now on, let us live happily together, just the two of us.	
YOHYŌ:	Yes. I do love you.	
TSŪ:	And I really love you too. So, please, please stay as you are now, for ever.	310
YOHYŌ:	Yes, I love you, I really do.	

[Pause.]

TSŪ:	Have another helping. ... What is the matter? ... Are you not going to eat any more? ...	315
YOHYŌ:	Mmmm ... look, Tsū ...	
TSŪ:	Mm?	
YOHYŌ:	You've done lots of good things in your life, haven't you? You went to the capital quite often. ...	
TSŪ:	Well, not really, just in the sky— <i>[Pulls herself up short.]</i> What is it? Are you not going to have any more food?	320
YOHYŌ:	Mmmm ... <i>[Hesitating]</i> look, Tsū ...	
TSŪ:	Yes?	
YOHYŌ:	I want ... no, I can't say it.	
TSŪ:	What is it? What is the matter?	325
YOHYŌ:	I want ... it's no good, I can't say it.	
TSŪ:	Why? What is it you cannot say? ... Shall I try and guess?	
YOHYŌ:	Yes, yes.	
TSŪ:	Well now ... you want me to make some of those cakes again. ...	
YOHYŌ:	No, it's not that.	330
TSŪ:	Wrong? So ... you want me to sing you a song. Is that it?	
YOHYŌ:	No. Of course I like your singing. But not today.	
TSŪ:	Wrong again? So ... you want me to tell you about the capital again. ... Yes? I have guessed it.	
YOHYŌ:	Well, half right, and half wrong.	335
TSŪ:	Really? Half right, and half wrong? ... So what is it? Tell me.	
YOHYŌ:	You won't get angry?	
TSŪ:	Me be angry? About something to do with you? ... What is it? Tell me, tell me.	
YOHYŌ	<i>[Hesitates]</i> : I ... I want to go to the capital.	340
TSŪ:	Eh?	
YOHYŌ:	I'm going to the capital and I'm going to make piles of money. ... So ... I want some more of that cloth ...	
TSŪ	<i>[Startled]</i> : The cloth? You cannot ...	
YOHYŌ	<i>[Flustered]</i> : No, no, I don't, I don't need it.	345
TSŪ	<i>[As if to herself]</i> : I told you ... there was to be no more ... of the cloth ... and you promised me so faithfully ...	
YOHYŌ:	Yes, you did say that. So I don't need it. I don't need it <i>[Tries desperately to stop himself bursting into tears, like a child who has been scolded.]</i>	350
TSŪ	<i>[Suddenly realizing]</i> : Ah, those men. Those men that were here just now. It was them was it? Yes, that must be it. They are gradually drawing you away from me.	
YOHYŌ:	What's the matter? ... Don't get angry	
TSŪ	<i>[Blankly]</i> : Money ... money ... why do you want it so much?	355
YOHYŌ:	Well, if I've got money, I'll buy everything I want—all the good things there are.	
TSŪ:	You will "buy." What does "buy" mean? What do you mean by "good things"? What do you need apart from me? No, no, you must not want anything apart from me. You must not want to "buy" things. What you must do is be affectionate to me—and only me. You and I must live together, just the two of us, for ever and ever.	360
YOHYŌ:	Of course—I like being with you. I really do love you.	
TSŪ:	Yes, you do! You do. <i>[Hugs YOHYŌ.]</i> ... Please stay as you are, like this, for ever. Do not go away from me. Please do not go away from me.	365
YOHYŌ:	Don't be silly. Who could part from someone like you? Silly, silly.	
TSŪ:	... When I am being held tightly by you, like this ... I remember how	

	it used to be ... the whole vast sky around me, without a care in the world, with nothing to worry about ... I feel now like I did then ... this is what makes me happy now—as long as I am with you, I am happy ... Stay with me for ever ... Please do not go to any far-off places, will you. [<i>Pause. Suddenly thrusts him away from her.</i>] You are still thinking about the capital, are you not? You are still thinking about your “money.”	370
YOHYŌ:	Tsū, look ...	
TSŪ:	Yes, you are. You are, aren't you? As I thought ... [<i>Suddenly agitated.</i>] No, no, you mustn't go to the capital. You will never come back. You will never come back to me.	375
YOHYŌ:	Of course I'll come back. I will come back. I'll go to the capital, I'll make a big profit on the cloth and—oh, yes, you're coming to the capital with me.	380
	[<i>Pause.</i>]	
TSŪ:	Do you want to go to the capital that much? ... Do you want this “money” so much?	385
YOHYŌ:	Look, everybody wants money.	
TSŪ:	You want it so, so much? You want to go so much? You like money so much more than you like me? And the capital as well? Do you?	
YOHYŌ:	What do you think you're ... you talk to me like that and I shall stop loving you.	390
TSŪ:	What did you say? You'll stop loving me?	
YOHYŌ:	I don't love you. I don't. I don't love you, Tsū. You get on my nerves.	
TSŪ:	Really ...	
YOHYŌ:	WEAVE THE CLOTH! I'm going to the capital. I'm going to make money.	395
TSŪ:	That's too much, too much. What are you saying?	
YOHYŌ:	Weave the cloth! If you don't ... I'll leave you.	
TSŪ:	What did you say? You'll leave me? Yohyō, what happened to you?	
YOHYŌ:	... [<i>Stubbornly remains silent.</i>]	
TSŪ:	Yohyō, Yohyō. [<i>Grabs his shoulders and shakes him.</i>] Do you mean it? Yohyō. Were you serious?	400
YOHYŌ:	... I will leave you. So weave the cloth.	
TSŪ:	Ah ...	
YOHYŌ:	Weave the cloth. Weave it now! We're going to sell it for two or three times what we got for it before. For hundreds of gold pieces.	405
TSŪ	[<i>Suddenly very alarmed and flustered.</i>] Eh? Eh? What did you just say? I heard “Weave the cloth now.” Then what did you say?	
YOHYŌ:	I said, for hundreds of gold pieces. We're going to sell the cloth for two or three times as much money as we got before.	
TSŪ:	... [<i>She tilts her head to one side like a bird and watches YOHYŌ suspiciously.</i>]	410
YOHYŌ:	Listen to me. This time the money we get will be two or three times ...	
TSŪ	[<i>Screams.</i>] I don't understand any more. I don't understand anything you are saying. It's the same as with those other men. I can see the mouth moving. I can hear the voice. But what is being said ... Ah, Yohyō, you've started talking the language that these men used—the language of a different world—that I cannot understand ... What am I to do? What am I to do?	415
YOHYŌ:	Tsū, what's the matter? Tsū ...	420
TSŪ:	“What's the matter?” “Tsū.” You did say that, didn't you? You did say “What's the matter?” just then?	

YOHYŌ: TSŪ:	... [<i>Taken aback, he just gazes at TSŪ's face.</i>] I heard right, didn't I? You did say that? Eh? ... Ah, you are gradually getting farther and farther away from me. You are getting smaller ... Ah, what am I to do? What? [<i>Out toward where SŌHO and UNZU might be.</i>] Don't go on doing this. Don't! Stop drawing Yohyō away from me. [<i>Comes out of the house.</i>] Where are you? I beg you, I beg you. Don't draw my Yohyō away from me. [<i>Turns this way and that.</i>] Please, please, I beg you, I beg you ... Aren't you there? ... Are you hiding? Come out! ... Cowards! ... Louts! ... Louts, that's what you are Oh, how I hate you! I hate you You're taking my Yohyō ... Come out of there! Come out! ... No, no, I'm sorry ... I shouldn't talk like that ... Please, please, I beg you. I beg you, please.	425 430 435
	<i>[Her strength gradually fails, and she sinks down in the snow.]</i>	
YOHYŌ TSŪ YOHYŌ:	<i>[Comes out to her, fearfully]:</i> What's the matter? Tsū ... <i>[Puts his arms around her.]</i> <i>[Coming to]:</i> Ah, Yohyō. Come, Tsū, let's go into the house. It's cold, in the snow ... <i>[Almost carries her to the fireside.]</i>	440
	<i>[For a few moments the two of them warm themselves at the fire, in silence.]</i>	
TSŪ:	You are so keen to go? You want to go to the capital that much?	
YOHYŌ:	Look, Tsū ... <i>[Pause.]</i>	445
YOHYŌ:	The capital's beautiful. And just about now, the cherry trees must be in bloom. <i>[Pause.]</i>	
YOHYŌ:	And then there are the oxen, lots of them. Pulling carriages with people riding in them. You've often told me about all this. <i>[Pause.]</i>	450
YOHYŌ	<i>[Yawns]:</i> Oh, I'm tired. <i>[He stretches out and goes to sleep.]</i> <i>[TSŪ realizes he has gone to sleep and puts something over him. She stares at his sleeping face, immobile. Then she suddenly rises and fetches a cloth bag from the corner of the room. She empties the contents over the palm of her hand. The bag contains gold coins and they spill out over the floor. She stares at them. All around suddenly becomes dark; only TSŪ and the gold coins remain, in a pool of light.]</i>	455 460
TSŪ:	This is what it is all about ... Money ... money ... I just wanted you to have beautiful cloth to look at ... and I was so happy when you showed how pleased you were ... That was the only reason I wore myself down weaving it for you ... and now ... I do not have any other way of keeping you with me ... weave the cloth to get the	465

	money ... if I do not do it ... if I don't do this, you will not stay by my side, will you ... but ... but ... perhaps I have to accept it ... if getting more and more of this money gives you so much pleasure ... if going to the capital is so important to you ... and if you will not go away and leave me, provided I let you do all these things ... well, one more time, I will weave just one more length of cloth for you And then ... and then you must be content. Because if I weave more, I might not survive ... So you take the cloth, go to the capital ... make lots of money and come home ... Yes, come home. You must come back. You must, must come back to me. Then finally we shall be together, the two of us, and we can live together for ever, for ever ... Please let it be like that. [<i>The lights come up.</i>]	470
TSŪ	[<i>Shaking YOHYŌ awake</i>]: Yohyō, Yohyō.	
YOHYŌ:	Mmm? Ah ... [<i>Mumbling.</i>]	
TSŪ:	Listen. The cloth. I will weave it for you.	480
YOHYŌ:	Eh? What was that?	
TSŪ:	I will weave the cloth for you.	
YOHYŌ:	The cloth? Ah—you'll weave it for me?	
TSŪ:	Yes, I will weave it. One piece only.	
YOHYŌ:	You really will?	485
TSŪ:	Yes, really. I will really weave it for you. So you can go to the capital with it.	
YOHYŌ:	I can go to the capital? Really?	
TSŪ:	Yes. So you will come back with lots of the money you like so much. And after that ... and after that ...	490
YOHYŌ:	Oh—you're going to weave it? I can go to the capital? Oh ... yes, I'll come back with piles of money. Piles and piles of money.	
TSŪ:	... [<i>Staring at how pleased YOHYŌ is</i>]: So—just one thing—the promise you always make. You know you must never peep at me while I am weaving. You know that, don't you? You absolutely must not.	495
YOHYŌ:	No, no, I won't. Ah, you're actually going to weave the cloth for me?	
TSŪ:	Listen to me. I'm begging you. You must keep the promise, you must. Don't look in at me. ... If you do, everything is over between us.	500
YOHYŌ:	Yes, yes, I won't look. Heh—I'm going to the capital. I'm going to make two or three times the money I made last time.	
TSŪ:	... Don't ... don't look ... [<i>Goes into the other room where the loom is.</i>]	
	[<i>The sound of a loom is heard. SŌDO leaps out of the shadows. UNZU follows.</i>]	505
SŌDO:	We've done it! She's started weaving—at last!	
UNZU:	All right but, watching her from the shadows, I began to feel very sorry for her.	
SŌDO:	You're a bloody idiot. We're on the brink of making a lot of money—it's not the time to start feeling sorry for people [<i>Bounds up into the house and goes to peep into the weaving room.</i>]	510
YOHYŌ:	Hey—you can't do that. You're not to look.	
UNZU:	Sōdo, you know you're not supposed to look while she's weaving.	
SŌDO:	Shut up, both of you. If I don't see her weaving, how do I know whether it's genuine crane feather weave or not?	515
YOHYŌ:	No, no, you can't. She'll be angry with you. Stop!	
UNZU:	Sōdo, stop!	
SŌDO:	Let go of me. Let go! [<i>Looks into the room.</i>] Ah ... ah ...	

UNZU:	What is it?	520
SŌDO:	Ah ... have a look. It's a crane. A crane. A crane is sitting at the loom and weaving.	
UNZU:	What? A crane? [<i>Looks in.</i>] Ah ... ah ... it is a crane. The woman's not in there. It's a crane. It's holding a few of its own feathers in its beak and moving forward and backward over the loom ... I've never ...	525
YOHYŌ:	What is it? What's going on?	
SŌDO:	That's what you're in love with—in there. Right, Unzu, we should have the cloth by tomorrow morning. We can go home and wait.	
UNZU:	I suppose we can	530
YOHYŌ:	Heh, you two—what's in there? ... Isn't it Tsū?	
UNZU	[<i>Being hustled off by SŌDO</i>]: It's a crane. There's a crane in there.	
	[<i>SŌDO drags UNZU off.</i>]	
YOHYŌ:	A crane? Can't be ... can there? In the room? ... I want to have a look ... No, I mustn't, I mustn't. Tsū will be angry with me ... But what's a crane doing in there? Oh, I do want to have a look ... Would it be wrong to have a look? Tsū, tell me. Tsū, I'm going to have a quick peep ... No, I mustn't, I mustn't. Tsū said I must not look. Tsū, Tsū. Why don't you answer? Tsū, Tsū ... What can have happened? What's happened? Tsū ... no answer ... I want to have a look ... I want to look ... Tsū, I'm going to have a little look ... [<i>Finally he looks in.</i>] Eh? There's just a crane in there ... no sign of Tsū ... Eh? ... What's happened? ... Tsū ... Tsū ... She's not there ... What am I to do? ... She's not there. She's gone. Tsū ... Tsū ... Tsū ... [<i>He goes out of the house and disappears offstage, searching for her frantically.</i>]	535 540 545
	[<i>Afterward only the sound of the loom is heard. Blackout. The lights come up. The sound of the loom continues. SŌDO and UNZU come on supporting YOHYŌ, who is in a bad way.</i>]	
UNZU:	Yohyō, are you all right? Pull yourself together.	550
SŌDO:	I didn't believe it—there you were, lying in the snow—why did you go so far?	
UNZU:	You'd have frozen to death if we hadn't brought you back.	
YOHYŌ:	Tsū ... Tsū ...	
UNZU:	He's come round. Hey, Yohyō.	555
SŌDO:	Yohyō, pull yourself together.	
YOHYŌ:	Tsū ... Tsū ...	
	[<i>Pause.</i>]	
SŌDO:	Is she ever going to stop weaving?	
UNZU:	You're right. She usually weaves it all in one night. But this time it's taking a night and a day.	560
SŌDO:	Hmm. Perhaps I'll take another look.	
	[<i>The sound of the loom stops abruptly.</i>]	
UNZU:	It's stopped.	
SŌDO:	She's coming out!	565

[The two of them panic and jump down from the house. They hide in the shadows. TSŪ emerges carrying two lengths of cloth. She looks emaciated.]

TSŪ:	Yohyō ... Yohyō ... <i>[She shakes YOHYŌ awake.]</i>	
YOHYŌ	<i>[Almost calling, as before]:</i> Tsū ... Tsū ...	570
TSŪ:	Yohyō.	
YOHYŌ:	Tsū ... <i>[Realizes.]</i> Ah—Tsū. <i>[Embraces her tightly as he breaks into tears.]</i> Tsū, where did you go? You weren't here and I ...	
TSŪ:	I am sorry. I took so long, didn't I? I have woven the cloth. Look ... here you are ... the cloth.	575
YOHYŌ:	The cloth? Oh, you've woven the cloth ...	
TSŪ:	... <i>[Stares at the delighted YOHYŌ.]</i>	
YOHYŌ:	This is great. It's beautiful. Oh, there're two pieces, aren't there?	
TSŪ:	Yes, two pieces. That's why it took me until now. So you take the cloth and go off on your trip to the capital.	580
YOHYŌ:	Yes, I'm going to the capital. You're coming with me, aren't you?	
TSŪ:	... <i>[Weeps.]</i>	
YOHYŌ:	Yes—you're coming with me and we'll go all round sightseeing.	
TSŪ:	Yohyō ... you looked, didn't you?	
YOHYŌ:	I want to get to the capital quickly. Tsū, you've woven it so well.	585
TSŪ:	I begged you so hard ... and you promised so faithfully ... why, why did you look?	
YOHYŌ:	What is it? Why are you crying?	
TSŪ:	I wanted to be with you for ever—for ever ... One of those two pieces is for you ... keep it back and treasure it. I put my whole heart into the weaving so that you could have it.	590
YOHYŌ:	Really, this is superbly woven.	
TSŪ	<i>[Grasping him by the shoulders]:</i> Keep it back and treasure it. Take great, great care of it.	
YOHYŌ	<i>[Like a child]:</i> Yes, I will take great, great care of it as you tell me to. I always listen to what you say to me. <i>[Pleading.]</i> Let's go to the capital together.	595
TSŪ	<i>[Shaking her head]:</i> I shall be ... <i>[Smiles and stands up—suddenly she is white all over.]</i> Look how thin I have become. I used every single feather I could. What's left is just enough to let me fly ... <i>[She laughs quietly.]</i>	600
YOHYŌ	<i>[Suddenly sensing something]:</i> Tsū. <i>[Tries to embrace her, but his arms enclose only empty space.]</i>	
TSŪ:	Yohyō ... take care of yourself ... take good care of yourself always, always ... <i>[In the distance the CHILDREN's singing is heard.]</i>	605
TSŪ:	I have to say good-bye to the children too... How many times have I sung that song with them? ... Yohyō, don't forget me, will you. We only had a short time together, but I will not forget how your pure love was all around me, or all the days when we played and sang songs with the children. I will never, never forget. Wherever I go, I will never ...	610
YOHYŌ:	Heh, Tsū ...	
TSŪ:	Good-bye ... good-bye ...	
YOHYŌ:	Tsū, wait, wait I say. I'm coming too. Tsū, Tsū.	
TSŪ:	No, you cannot, you cannot. And I cannot stay in this human form any longer. I have to return to the sky, where I came from, alone ... Good-bye ... take care ... good-bye—it really <i>is</i> good-bye ... <i>[Disappears.]</i>	615
YOHYŌ:	Tsū, Tsū, where have you gone? Tsū. <i>[Confused, he comes out of the house.]</i>	620

[SŌDO and UNZU leap out and hold him back.]

[The CHILDREN come running on.]

CHILDREN	[In unison, as if they were singing]: Come out and sing us a song, please do. Come out and play some games, please do. Come out and sing us a song.	625
	[Total silence.]	
ONE CHILD	[Suddenly points up to the sky]: A crane! A crane! Look, there's a crane flying up there.	
SŌDO:	A crane?	630
UNZU	[Scared]: Ah ...	
CHILDREN:	A crane. A crane. A crane. [Repeating this, they run off following the crane.]	
UNZU:	Yohyō, look, a crane.	
SŌDO:	It looks as though it's having to struggle to stay in the air.	635
	[Pause.]	
SŌDO	[To no one in particular]: We've got two pieces of cloth. That's great. [He tries to take the cloth that YOHYŌ is holding, but YOHYŌ clutches it to himself.]	
UNZU	[Absorbed in watching the crane fly away, still with his arms round YOHYŌ]: It's gradually getting smaller ...	640
YOHYŌ:	Tsū ... Tsū ... [Takes one or two unsteady steps as if following the crane. Then stands stock still, clutching the cloth tightly.]	
	[SŌDO also seems to be drawn in that direction, and the three of them have their gaze fixed on a point in the distant sky. From offstage the sound of the CHILDREN singing drifts faintly in.]	645

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