

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**DRAMA**

**0411/01/T/EX**

Paper 1

May/June 2003

SET TEXT for the 2003 examination

**To be given to candidates on receipt by the Centre**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on this extract from the text 'Blood Wedding' and also on the stimuli on page 16.

You may do any preparatory work that is considered appropriate.

You will **not** be permitted to take this copy of the text **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.

**EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE TEXT**

Read the explanatory notes first (overleaf).

This document consists of **16** printed pages.



## NOTES

1 The original Spanish here refers to 'drag-hoes and winnowing-forks'. The change to 'the sickle and the scythe', however, is not as arbitrary as it may seem. On one hand, whilst admittedly losing the specifically rustic connotations of these instruments, it also avoids their clumsy sounds and, indeed, their perhaps faintly comic overtones. Lorca frequently chooses certain objects out of a multiplicity of possibilities, all of which would suit his meaning, primarily to satisfy the demands of musicality and rhythm. The translator must do the same. What is really important here is the way in which the knife has suddenly been transformed from a simple domestic utensil into a source of threat to human life which is present in every sphere of activity (hence the subsequent reference to the accident which has befallen Rafael). In terms of a grammar of images, the use of the 'sickle and the scythe' is wholly faithful to both the rhythmic force and the intention of the original.

2 *Blood Wedding* is structured on a whole series of dualist images which speak of apparently positive values (the bull here being equated to strength) whilst simultaneously foreshadowing destruction (in Spain the fighting-bull is bred solely to die).

3 The original Spanish – 'vieja, revieja, requetevieja' – is a fine example of the delight that Lorca takes in playful, highly rhythmical language. In this case, it is impossible to reproduce anything much beyond the sense that the Mother is letting herself become old before her time.

4 A common device in Lorca's theatre is the creation of phrases which have a proverbial ring (thereby intensifying the sense of community voice), but which are in fact original. The original Spanish – 'Men, men; wheat, wheat' – echoes the proverb 'bread, bread; wine, wine', meaning 'to call a spade a spade' and stresses the natural and inviolable order of things. The fact that it depends on the linguistic frame of reference of its audience for its success means that a literal English translation is impossible.

5 The original – 'When do you want me to ask for her?' – is a reference to the contractual arrangements which placed social formalities over individual rights.

6 The very typical exclamation 'Ay!' (pronounced 'I') is commonly used in Spanish to express every emotion from surprise to sudden pain. It is frequently used by performers of deep song and flamenco.

7 At the heart of the Mother's fear is what is known in Spanish as the 'el que dirán', meaning basically 'what folk will say'. In a society in which, historically, the slightest slur on character could lead to an unpleasant confrontation with the Inquisition, an unblemished reputation was essential to be able to maintain one's position within the status quo. This is an early echo of the obsession with reputation which drives Bernarda Alba.

8 The Spanish has 'Your son is worth a lot'. This is a reference to his social position and reputation, and with it the Neighbour is justifying the strength of the Mother's concern.

9 The original has 'Leonardo of the Felix family', thereby creating the sense of a whole clan which is feuding with the family of the Mother. It is also worth noting that Leonardo is the only principal character of the play to be given a name, the others being cast only in terms of function rather than individuality. Leonardo suggests 'burning lion', a clear reference to his passionate nature, while Felix provides both a generic surname, in that it refers to 'cats', and also echoes the Spanish 'feliz', meaning 'happy'. Lorca is clearly implying that Leonardo belongs to a different 'breed' of person.

10 The central imagery of the entire play is condensed into this song. In this case, the dualist opposition of blood/water (passion/marriage; death/life) is being set out. The horse rejects water because of what we might call in English 'the call of the blood'.

11 'Snow' (and its associated meanings) is introduced here as one of the central emblems of the play. In emblematic terms, it can be understood in this way: to avoid burning with passion, Leonardo has tried to freeze out his feelings. Thus, in the wedding songs, the reference to the Bride's 'blouse of shining snow' is another dualist image – the whiteness of purity, the freezing reality of self-repression. It is also a foreshadowing of the coldness of death and is used explicitly in that sense in the final act of the play.

12 This idea of the horse running 'to his young mare's side' is a clear echo of Leonardo's constant journeys on horseback to the Bride's house. He is seen at the end of Act 1 and makes specific reference to these journeys in the forest scene, so that the horse becomes wholly identified with the animal part of Leonardo's nature that brings him to rebel against convention.

13 The identification of Leonardo with the horse is established from his first appearance. In this case, the mention of 'sharp stones' echoes the 'wounded hooves' of the lullaby horse.

14 This is an emblematic way of telling the audience that Leonardo is 'a man on fire'. It is this type of concerted structure of emblems and references which gives *Blood Wedding* its tight dramatic and linguistic cohesion. The fact that he is drinking lemon is, therefore, an image of the bitterness of his life. The parallel is firmly established when the Bride refers to the bitterness of her impending wedding at the start of Act 2.

15 There have been attempts to situate Lorca's plays outside Spain, most commonly in Celtic communities – the most successful example of this being Frank McGuinness's lyrical translation of *Yerma* into Northern Irish speech. However, it is equally valid to insist upon the very Spanish roots of this universal tragedy without necessarily turning the piece into an exercise in stage-Spanishness.

16 The original reads 'Two fine fortunes are joining together'. This introduces the suggestion that materialistic considerations underlie society's celebration of this marriage. The important sense that it is money that is 'joining' in marriage rather than people is conveyed by the translation's use of the common phrase that 'money breeds money'. The goal and fruit of such unions in this society are not life-orientated, but are rather geared towards profit and material advancement.

17 The Mother-in-Law literally echoes Leonardo's words in the original, simply ordering her daughter to 'shut up!'. In the context, this jars in English. However, the translation attempts to convey the same basic sense of injustice in that the Mother-in-Law calls for her daughter not to question either Leonardo's authority or his motives.

18 The Bride is described as living in a 'cave'. This has deliberate overtones of the gypsy families who live in caves on the Sacromonte in Granada, and as such carries suggestions of both personal pride (the Bride and her Mother) and comparative poverty (hence, the Father's veiled insistence that he cannot give a dowry). The divisive influence of money on human relationships is attacked by Lorca in other works, notably *The House of Bernarda Alba*. In the case of *Blood Wedding* it is the prime mover of the tragedy in that it was economic considerations which originally came between Leonardo and the Bride.

19 The mention of the Jupiter plant (which, strictly speaking, is probably the orpine or house-leek in English) is an emblematic reference to the transient glory of life. Significantly, it is the only flower the Mother mentions and, equally significantly, it is the one which dries up and dies (in the way that both Leonardo and the Bride are metaphorically 'burnt'). The plant also provides a very appropriate image of the sudden flaring into life of the passion of Leonardo and the Bride because it grows through stone walls (see note 22).

20 In the original the Bride is described as rising to prepare the traditional Andalusian breakfast, served to men about to go to the fields, of bread crumbs, usually left to soak overnight, fried in olive oil and garlic. The closest cultural equivalent in English is probably baking bread.

21 Instead of 'full of hopes', the original Spanish has 'macho'. When the Mother uses this word she is suggesting that, as a young male endowed with all the aura of fertility that we have already seen her associate with the 'macho', her dead son had a glowing future before him. However, for a contemporary English-speaking audience, any reference to 'macho' or 'manliness' would spark a different set of resonances.

22 The basic idea that men work the fields while women stay indoors permits Lorca to use the idea of the walls as an emblem of a society which, literally, hides its women away and, metaphorically, locks away its true feelings.

23 The mention of a 'stray runner from the herd' not only serves to heighten the identification of Leonardo with the horse, but is also a clear indication that his passion has brought him to the point of breaking free from community restraint. In this sense, it echoes Martirio's description of the rebellious Adela in *The House of Bernarda Alba* as 'a young mule still to be broken in'.

## BLOOD WEDDING

## A Tragedy in Three Acts and Seven Scenes

Cast List (in order of appearance)

BRIDEGROOM

MOTHER (*of the Bridegroom*)

NEIGHBOUR

MOTHER-IN-LAW (*of Leonardo*)

WIFE (*of Leonardo*)

LEONARDO

YOUNG GIRL

MAID (*to the Bride*)

FATHER (*of the Bride*)

BRIDE

WEDDING GUESTS

WOODCUTTERS

MOON

DEATH (*as a Beggarwoman*)

GIRLS FROM THE VILLAGE

WOMEN IN MOURNING

## ACT 1 SCENE 1

*A room painted yellow.*

BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>entering.</i> ] Mother.	
MOTHER.	Yes?	
BRIDEGROOM.	I'm going now.	
MOTHER.	Where?	
BRIDEGROOM.	The vineyard. [ <i>He makes to leave.</i> ]	5
MOTHER.	No. Wait.	
BRIDEGROOM.	What?	
MOTHER.	Son, take some food with you...	
BRIDEGROOM.	Don't worry. I'll eat grapes... get me the knife.	
MOTHER.	What for?	10
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>laughing.</i> ] To cut them.	
MOTHER.	[ <i>muttering as she looks for it.</i> ] Damn the knife, damn them all and the devil who brought them into the world...	
BRIDEGROOM.	Just forget it.	
MOTHER.	Knives... guns... pistols, even the sickle and the scythe... <sup>1</sup>	15
BRIDEGROOM.	All right...	
MOTHER.	Anything that can slice through a man's body. An angel of a man, in the flower of his life, going out to the vines or the olive groves, because they're his, his family's...	
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>looking down.</i> ] Please don't go on.	20
MOTHER.	And then he just doesn't come back. Or if he does, it's only so that you can lay out his body, and rub it with salt so it doesn't bloat in the heat. I don't know how you can bear to carry a knife, nor why I even have one in the house at all, like a snake in my kitchen.	
BRIDEGROOM.	You've said enough.	25

MOTHER.	If I were to live another hundred years I couldn't say enough. First, your father, who filled me with the scent of carnations...for three short years. And then, your brother...How can something so small, a gun, a knife, bring down a bull of a man? And you say I've said enough? The months trail past, and the pain still stings my eyes and pulls at my hair... <sup>2</sup>	30
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>emphatically.</i> ] That's enough!	
MOTHER.	No, no, it can never be enough...Can anything ever bring back your father? Or your brother? And people talk about prison. What is prison? They still eat there, they smoke there...they even have music there. And my two dead boys lie silent, slowly filling with grass, turning to dust; two men who were like two flowers...and their killers, cool and fresh in prison, gazing at the mountains...	35
BRIDEGROOM.	What do you expect me to do? Kill them?	
MOTHER.	No...It's just...every time I have to watch you go through that door, carrying a knife, how can I not say something? I wish you didn't have to go out to the fields.	40
BRIDEGROOM.	Oh, come on...	
MOTHER.	I wish you were a woman. So you wouldn't have to go off to the river now, and we could settle down here to talk and sew...	45
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>taking his MOTHER's arm, and laughing.</i> ] Mother...what if I took you down with me to the vineyard?	
MOTHER.	And what would you do with an old woman like me in the vineyard? Just lay me down under the vines?	
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>lifting her up in his arms.</i> ] What an old, old moan you are! <sup>3</sup>	50
MOTHER.	Your father really did use to take me, you know...He was so strong...good blood. Your grandfather only had to look at a woman and she would fall pregnant. That's the way it should be. Men...life... <sup>4</sup>	
BRIDEGROOM.	And my life, Mother?	55
MOTHER.	Your life?	
BRIDEGROOM.	Do I need to tell you again?	
MOTHER.	[ <i>serious.</i> ] Ah!	
BRIDEGROOM.	But, are you against it?	
MOTHER.	No.	60
BRIDEGROOM.	Well then?	
MOTHER.	I just don't know...Whenever you spring it on me like this, it's as though I was hearing the news for the first time. I know she's a fine girl. I know she is..., quiet and hard-working. She bakes her father's bread and sews her own skirts, and even so, whenever I hear her name, it's like being struck by a stone.	65
BRIDEGROOM.	But that's foolish.	
MOTHER.	It's not just foolish. I'll be here on my own. I've only you left and I don't want you to go.	
BRIDEGROOM.	But you'll come with us.	70
MOTHER.	How can I? I won't leave your father and brother alone here...I go to see them every morning, and if I went away, and one of the Felix family died, they might put them beside them...and I'll have no murderer lying with any of mine. Never. Because I'd dig them up with my nails and teeth, and smash their bodies against the wall...	75
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>emphatically.</i> ] Don't start again.	
MOTHER.	I'm sorry. [ <i>Pause.</i> ] How long have you known her?	
BRIDEGROOM.	Three years now. I've saved enough to buy the vineyard.	
MOTHER.	Three years. She had...there used to be somebody else, didn't there?	80

BRIDEGROOM.	I don't know... I don't think so... anyway, girls have a right to have a good look at the man they're marrying...	
MOTHER.	Perhaps. But I didn't look at anyone until I met your father. And when the Felix murdered him, I looked straight ahead at the wall. One woman with one man, and nothing else.	85
BRIDEGROOM.	But you've said that she's a fine girl.	
MOTHER.	I'm sure she is. But still, I would feel easier if I'd known her mother.	
BRIDEGROOM.	What's that got to do with anything?	
MOTHER.	[ <i>fixing her gaze on him.</i> ] Son...	
BRIDEGROOM.	What?	90
MOTHER.	Nothing... you're right! When do you want me to speak to her father? <sup>5</sup>	
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>happily.</i> ] What about this coming Sunday?	
MOTHER.	[ <i>serious.</i> ] I'll take her the studded earrings, they've been in the family for generations, and you can buy her...	
BRIDEGROOM.	Whatever you think best...	95
MOTHER.	You can buy her some embroidered silk stockings, and for yourself two new suits... Three... You're all I've got.	
BRIDEGROOM.	I'm away now. And tomorrow I'll go and see her.	
MOTHER.	Yes, yes... and remember, I expect six grandchildren, six at the very least – now that your father's gone...	100
BRIDEGROOM.	The first one just for you.	
MOTHER.	Make sure that there are some girls among them, so that we can sew and embroider and be at peace.	
BRIDEGROOM.	I'm sure you'll grow to love her.	
MOTHER.	I'm sure I will. [ <i>She goes to kiss him and pulls back.</i> ] Away with you, you're too big for kisses now. Give them to your wife. [ <i>Pause.</i> ] When she is your wife.	105
BRIDEGROOM.	I'm going.	
MOTHER.	Make sure you turn over the part near the mill, you've been neglecting it lately.	110
BRIDEGROOM.	Don't worry.	
MOTHER.	And take care. [ <i>The BRIDEGROOM leaves. The MOTHER remains seated with her back to the door. A NEIGHBOUR, dressed in dark colours and wearing a headscarf, appears in the doorway.</i> ] Come in.	
NEIGHBOUR.	How are you keeping these days?	115
MOTHER.	As you find me...	
NEIGHBOUR.	I was down at the shops, and came over to see you... We live so far apart.	
MOTHER.	It's over twenty years since I've even been to the top of the street.	
NEIGHBOUR.	You're just right.	120
MOTHER.	Do you think so?	
NEIGHBOUR.	All sorts of things go on. Just the other day they brought home my neighbour's boy with both of his arms sliced clean off by the new harvesting machine. [ <i>She sits down.</i> ]	
MOTHER.	You mean Rafael?	125
NEIGHBOUR.	Yes Rafael. What's he fit for now? Sometimes I think our boys are better off where they are, at rest, sleeping, rather than risking being left useless.	
MOTHER.	No... Say what you like, but there's no consolation.	
NEIGHBOUR.	Ay! <sup>6</sup>	130
MOTHER.	Ay!	
	[ <i>Pause.</i> ]	
NEIGHBOUR.	[ <i>sadly.</i> ] What about your son?	
MOTHER.	He's just gone.	
NEIGHBOUR.	So he managed to get the money together for the vineyard.	135
MOTHER.	He was lucky.	

NEIGHBOUR.	He'll be getting married now...	
MOTHER.	[ <i>as though suddenly awakening, she moves her chair closer to that of the NEIGHBOUR.</i> ] I'd like to ask you...	
NEIGHBOUR.	[ <i>confidentially.</i> ] Go on...	140
MOTHER.	Do you know my son's...	
NEIGHBOUR.	A fine girl.	
MOTHER.	Yes, but...	
NEIGHBOUR.	But you couldn't say that anyone really knew her. She lives with her father, just the two of them, in the back of beyond, a good couple of hours from the nearest house. But she's a good girl. Well used to her own company.	145
MOTHER.	What about her mother?	
NEIGHBOUR.	Oh, I knew her all right. Beautiful. Her face shone like a saint's, but I never did like her. She didn't love her husband.	150
MOTHER.	[ <i>loudly.</i> ] The things people know.	
NEIGHBOUR.	Sorry. I meant no offence... but it's true. Now, there was never any talk about whether she was a decent woman or not. Not a single word. She was so proud that...	
MOTHER.	Must you...?	155
NEIGHBOUR.	Well, you asked.	
MOTHER.	I wish nobody knew anything about them, dead mother or living daughter, I wish they were like two thistles, untouched and forgotten, but always ready to scratch and jag if any tongue comes too close. <sup>7</sup>	
NEIGHBOUR.	Of course. You've got your son to think of. <sup>8</sup>	160
MOTHER.	I know... That's why I'm asking. I've heard that the girl had a boyfriend... some time back.	
NEIGHBOUR.	She would have been about fifteen. He got married a couple of years ago, to a cousin of hers in fact. Everyone's forgotten the whole thing by now.	165
MOTHER.	How is it you remembered it then?	
NEIGHBOUR.	You did ask...	
MOTHER.	It's just like any other illness. The more you know the safer you are. Who was he?	
NEIGHBOUR.	Leonardo.	170
MOTHER.	Leonardo who?	
NEIGHBOUR.	Leonardo Felix. <sup>9</sup>	
MOTHER.	[ <i>standing up.</i> ] Felix!	
NEIGHBOUR.	Woman dear, what can you possibly have against Leonardo. He'd barely turned eight at the time.	175
MOTHER.	I know... But I hear the name Felix, and I feel my mouth fill with mud, Felix [ <i>She spits.</i> ] and I've got to spit it out, I've got to spit otherwise I'll kill every last one of them.	
NEIGHBOUR.	Calm down... This won't do any good at all.	
MOTHER.	No, but you understand don't you?	180
NEIGHBOUR.	Don't stand in the way of your son's happiness. Say nothing to him. You and I are old. We must hold our peace.	
MOTHER.	I'll say nothing.	
NEIGHBOUR.	[ <i>kissing her.</i> ] Nothing at all...	
MOTHER.	[ <i>serenely.</i> ] Things...	185
NEIGHBOUR.	I'm going. My men will be back from the fields soon.	
MOTHER.	The sun's scorching hot.	
NEIGHBOUR.	The lads running water to the reapers are fed up with it. I must go. God bless.	
MOTHER.	God bless. [ <i>She walks towards the door stage left. Half way across she stops and slowly blesses herself.</i> ] <i>Curtain</i>	190

## ACT 1 SCENE 2

*[A room painted pink, filled with gleaming copperware and flowers. In the centre a covered table. Morning.]*

*[LEONARDO's MOTHER-IN-LAW is cradling a young child. Opposite her his WIFE is sewing.]*

- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Hush, child, hush  
sing a song  
of the horse  
who wouldn't drink,  
of water  
that wouldn't be drunk,  
of the stream  
singing round  
little children's feet.  
Who can tell,  
my little one,  
what the water holds  
in its long tail,  
in its dark green rooms?  
195
- WIFE. *[softly.]*  
Sleep, little flower,  
the horse just won't drink.  
200
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Sleep, little rose,  
the horse is weeping,  
his wounded hooves  
and poor, poor  
frozen mane,  
and in his eye  
a silver dagger shone.  
Down to the river,  
down to the stream,  
all the way down  
blood flows fuller  
than water.<sup>10</sup>  
205
- WIFE. Sleep, little flower,  
the horse just won't drink.
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Sleep, little rose,  
the horse is weeping now.  
210
- WIFE. He lifts his head  
from the water's edge  
through flies and heat  
with a breaking heart  
to the shadow of mountains  
far, far away  
and so the river dies  
and dries upon his throat.  
Oh, the poor, poor horse  
who just wouldn't drink,  
in the shivering cold snow  
the cold horse of dawn.<sup>11</sup>  
215
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Stay, little one, stay,  
pull your window to,  
inside your bed of dreams  
your lonely dreaming bed.  
220

WIFE.	Sleep now, sleep.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Dream, softly dream.	
WIFE.	The horse lays down his head to rest.	245
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	In his shining cot of steel.	
WIFE.	On his shining quilt of silk.	250
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Hush, child, hush.	
WIFE.	Oh, the poor, poor horse. who just wouldn't drink.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Stay, child stay, let him run to the mountain side through valleys grey and mountains green to his young mare's side. <sup>12</sup>	255
WIFE.	[ <i>looking at the child.</i> ] Sleep now, sleep.	260
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Hush now, hush.	
WIFE.	[ <i>very softly.</i> ] Sleep, little flower the horse just won't drink.	265
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	[ <i>standing up, and very softly.</i> ] Sleep, little rose, the horse is weeping now. [ <i>They take the child into another room.</i> ] Enter LEONARDO.	270
LEONARDO.	The child?	
WIFE.	Asleep.	
LEONARDO.	He wasn't himself yesterday. And then he cried all night.	
WIFE.	[ <i>cheerfully.</i> ] He's as fresh as a rose today. What about you? Did you get the horse shod?	275
LEONARDO.	That's just where I've come from. But it's hard to keep up with him – he's no sooner shod than he casts them off again. They must catch on the sharp stones. <sup>13</sup>	
WIFE.	Perhaps you're riding him too much.	
LEONARDO.	I hardly ever have him out.	280
WIFE.	Yesterday somebody told me they'd seen you right at the far side of the flatlands.	
LEONARDO.	And who might that have been?	
WIFE.	The women picking capers. I couldn't believe it. Was it you?	
LEONARDO.	No. What would I be doing in that Godforsaken spot?	285
WIFE.	That's what I thought. But the horse was wreathed in sweat.	
LEONARDO.	And did you see him?	
WIFE.	No. My mother did.	
LEONARDO.	Is she in with the child?	
WIFE.	Yes. Would you like some lemon?	290
LEONARDO.	Make sure the water's good and cold. <sup>14</sup>	
WIFE.	If only you'd come home in time for. . .	
LEONARDO.	I was at the weighing station. It's a slow business.	
WIFE.	[ <i>preparing the drink. Tenderly.</i> ] Did you get a good price?	
LEONARDO.	A fair one.	295
WIFE.	I could do with a new dress, and the baby a bonnet with some nice ribbons.	
LEONARDO.	I'm going in to see him.	

- WIFE. Try not to wake him.
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. [*entering.*] That horse looks as if it's been ridden into the ground. It's tethered up down there, lathered in sweat and its eyes rolling in its head as if it had been to the end of the world and back. Who'd . . . 300
- LEONARDO. [*bitterly.*] Me.
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Excuse me. He's yours to do what you want with.
- WIFE. [*timidly.*] He was at the weighing station. 305
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. He can go to the gates of hell as far as I'm concerned. [*She sits down.*]  
[*Pause.*]
- WIFE. Is your drink cold enough?
- LEONARDO. Yes. 310  
Have you heard my cousin's getting engaged?
- LEONARDO. When?
- WIFE. The two families are getting together tomorrow. She'll be married within the month. I hope they invite us to the wedding.
- LEONARDO. [*serious.*] I'm not so sure. 315
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Well, I heard that his mother isn't exactly over the moon about the whole thing.
- LEONARDO. I don't blame her. Your cousin needs watching.
- WIFE. What have the pair of you got against her? She's never done any harm to anyone. 320
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Ah, but remember, Leonardo knows her well...at least he did.  
[*Pointedly.*]
- LEONARDO. I used to know her. [*To his wife.*] Don't start crying. Come on. [*He brusquely pulls her hands away from her face.*] Let's go and see the baby. [*They go out arm in arm.*] 325  
A YOUNG GIRL [*enters, running excitedly.*]
- GIRL. Señora...<sup>15</sup>
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. What is it?
- GIRL. He's down there now, the bridegroom, down at the shops, buying the best of everything. 330
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. On his own?
- GIRL. No, with his mother. Very serious, very tall. [*Imitating her.*] Oh, the things they bought.
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. There's no shortage of money there.
- GIRL. Embroidered silk stockings...oh, they were gorgeous. The sort you can only dream about. Look: a swallow here [*indicating her ankle,*] a boat here [*indicating her calf,*] and just there...a rose [*indicating her thigh.*] 335
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Child!
- GIRL. Oh, a rose with its seeds and stalk. Ay! Everything pure silk. 340
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. They're two well heeled families all right. And money breeds money...<sup>16</sup>  
LEONARDO and his WIFE return.
- GIRL. I came to tell you what your cousin's fiancé has been . . .
- LEONARDO. What do we care? 345
- WIFE. Leonardo, leave her be.
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. There's no need to rear up at her like that.
- GIRL. I'm sorry. [*She exits crying.*]
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Why in God's name do you have to be so unpleasant?
- LEONARDO. Did I ask for your opinion? [*He sits down.*] 350
- MOTHER-IN-LAW. Fine.  
[*Pause.*]
- WIFE [*to LEONARDO*] What's wrong with you? I can never tell what's going on inside your head. Please...please...it's not fair not to tell me.

LEONARDO.	Leave me alone.	355
WIFE.	No, I want you to look at me and tell me.	
LEONARDO.	I'm going. [ <i>He stands up.</i> ]	
WIFE.	Where?	
LEONARDO.	[ <i>bitterly.</i> ] Why can't you just shut up?	
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	[ <i>forcefully, to her daughter.</i> ] Do as he says. [LEONARDO <i>leaves.</i> ] The baby! [ <i>She goes to fetch him.</i> ] <sup>17</sup>	360
	[ <i>The WIFE remains standing, as though transfixed.</i> ]	
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	His wounded hooves and poor, poor frozen mane, and in his eye a silver dagger shone. Down to the river down to the stream,	365
	blood flows fuller than water.	370
WIFE.	[ <i>turning round slowly, as though dreaming.</i> ] Sleep, little flower for the horse just won't drink.	375
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Sleep, little rose the horse is weeping now.	
WIFE.	Hush, child, hush.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Sing a song of the horse who wouldn't drink.	380
WIFE.	[ <i>dramatically.</i> ] Stay, child, stay, let him run to the mountainside. In the shivering cold snow the cold horse of dawn.	385
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	[ <i>weeping.</i> ] Sleep now, sleep.	390
WIFE.	[ <i>weeping, slowly drawing nearer.</i> ] Dream, softly dream.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW.	Sleep, little flower for the horse just won't drink.	395
WIFE.	[ <i>weeping, leaning on the table.</i> ] Sleep, little rose, the horse is weeping now. [ <i>Curtain.</i> ]	400

## ACT 1 SCENE 3

*Interior of the BRIDE's house, carved out of the rock itself.<sup>18</sup> At the back a cross of large pink flowers. Round doorways, curtained off with lace hangings tied back with pink ribbons. The walls are covered with a hard white material. Here and there are round fans, blue vases and small mirrors.*

MAID. Please come in. [*Affably full of a hypocritical humility. The BRIDEGROOM and his MOTHER come in. The MOTHER is wearing plain black with a lace mantilla. The BRIDEGROOM wears black corduroy, with a large gold chain.*] Do have a seat. They'll be with you directly. [*She goes out.*] 405  
 [*They sit down. Motionless, like statues.*]  
 [*Long pause.*]

MOTHER. Did you bring your watch?  
 BRIDEGROOM. Yes. [*He takes it out and looks at it.*]  
 MOTHER. We must be sure to get away in good time. These people live in the back of nowhere. 410  
 BRIDEGROOM. But it's good land.  
 MOTHER. Maybe, but too far off the beaten track. A four-hour journey, and not a single house or tree.

BRIDEGROOM. What do you expect on flatlands like these? 415  
 MOTHER. Your father would have had a tree in every corner.  
 BRIDEGROOM. What, without water?  
 MOTHER. He'd have found some somewhere. In the three years we were married he planted ten cherry trees [*recalling.*] and the three walnut trees down by the mill, a whole vineyard and a Jupiter plant, the sort that gives bright crimson flowers. But it dried up.<sup>19</sup> 420  
 [*Pause.*]

BRIDEGROOM. [*referring to the BRIDE.*] She must be getting ready.  
 [*The BRIDE's FATHER comes in. An old man with shining white hair. He stoops slightly. MOTHER and BRIDEGROOM stand up and shake hands in silence.*] 425

FATHER. Long on the road?  
 MOTHER. Four hours. [*They all sit.*]  
 FATHER. You must have come the long way round  
 MOTHER. I'm a bit long in the tooth to clamber round by the river. 430  
 BRIDEGROOM. She gets sick.  
 [*Pause.*]

FATHER. Good alfalfa crop this year.  
 BRIDEGROOM. Yes, indeed.  
 FATHER. When I was your age this land wouldn't even give alfalfa. We had to work it with our sweat and tears to get anything from it. 435  
 MOTHER. Now you do. But you needn't worry. I'm not here to ask you for anything.

FATHER. [*smiling.*] You're a wealthy woman. Vineyards are worth a fortune. Each young plant is like a piece of silver in your pocket. It's a shame that our lands, so to speak, are so far apart. I like to bring things together... to see them grow. There's a small plot right in the middle of my land, and all the gold in the world wouldn't persuade them to part with it... it breaks my heart every time I see it. 440

BRIDEGROOM. That's always the ways of things. 445  
 FATHER. Imagine if we could harness twenty pair of oxen to haul your vineyards over here, and graft them onto my land... Wouldn't it be wonderful?  
 MOTHER. Why?

FATHER.	What's mine is hers and what's yours is his. That's why. To bring it all together, to grow together...	450
BRIDEGROOM.	It would certainly mean less work.	
MOTHER.	When I'm gone you can sell our land and buy out here.	
FATHER.	Sell? Sell? Bah! Buy...buy everything you can get your hands on. If I had been blessed with sons, I would have bought everything from the mountains right down to the stream. It's not good land, but with willing arms...and nobody every comes by here to steal your crops, so you can rest easy at night. [Pause.]	455
MOTHER.	You know why I'm here?	460
FATHER.	I do.	
MOTHER.	Well?	
FATHER.	It's fine by me. They've talked it over.	
MOTHER.	My son has the very best of prospects.	
FATHER.	My daughter is the finest of girls.	465
MOTHER.	My son is handsome. He has never known any woman. As clean and pure as a sheet in the sun.	
FATHER.	What can I say about mine...? She's up at three, with the morning star itself, to bake bread. Never speaks at all, unless spoken to first; as soft and gentle as wool, she embroiders all sorts of...embroidery. And she can cut a rope with her teeth. <sup>20</sup>	470
MOTHER.	God bless this house.	
FATHER.	May God bless us all. [The MAID appears with two trays, one with glasses, the other with sweetmeats.]	475
MOTHER.	[to her son.] When do you want the wedding?	
BRIDEGROOM.	Next Thursday.	
FATHER.	Her twenty-second birthday.	
MOTHER.	Twenty-two! My eldest would be twenty-two if he'd lived. He'd still be alive today, warm and full of hopes, if men had never invented knives. <sup>21</sup>	480
FATHER.	You mustn't dwell on it.	
MOTHER.	What else can I do?	
FATHER.	So, next Thursday. Is that right?	
BRIDEGROOM.	That's right.	485
FATHER.	The church is a fair distance, so we'll go with them by car. Everyone else can manage by cart or whatever else they happen to come in.	
MOTHER.	Yes, I think that's best. [The MAID crosses the room.]	
FATHER.	Tell her she can come in now. [To the MOTHER.] I'm sure you'll like her. [The BRIDE appears. Her hands are demurely folded and she stares at the floor.]	490
MOTHER.	Come to me, child. Are you happy?	
BRIDE.	Yes, señora.	495
FATHER.	You shouldn't look so serious. After all, it's your new mother you're speaking to.	
BRIDE.	I am happy. That's why I want to get married.	
MOTHER.	Of course you do. [Taking her by the chin.] Look at me.	
FATHER.	She's the living image of my wife.	500
MOTHER.	Is she? What lovely eyes. Do you know what marriage is all about, my little one?	
BRIDE.	[serious.] Yes, I know.	
MOTHER.	It's a man and his children, and a thick stone wall to keep the rest of the world out. <sup>22</sup>	505

BRIDEGROOM.	What more could you need?	
MOTHER.	Nothing more! You'll be so happy! Both of you.	
BRIDE.	I know what's expected of me.	
MOTHER.	We've brought you a few presents.	
BRIDE.	You're very kind.	510
FATHER.	Won't you have something to eat?	
MOTHER.	Nothing for me. [ <i>To the BRIDEGROOM.</i> ] What about you?	
BRIDEGROOM.	Yes, I'll have one of these. [ <i>He takes a sweet. The BRIDE also takes something.</i> ]	
FATHER.	[ <i>to the BRIDEGROOM.</i> ] A glass of wine?	515
MOTHER.	He never touches it.	
FATHER.	All the better.	
	[ <i>Pause. They are all standing.</i> ]	
BRIDEGROOM.	[ <i>to the BRIDE.</i> ] I'll come tomorrow.	
BRIDE,	When?	520
BRIDEGROOM.	At five.	
BRIDE.	I'll be waiting.	
BRIDEGROOM.	Every time I have to leave you I feel as if I've been uprooted or ripped in two, and I get this sort of lump in my throat.	
BRIDE.	You won't feel like that once you're my husband.	525
BRIDEGROOM.	I know.	
MOTHER.	We must go. The sun won't wait. [ <i>To the FATHER.</i> ] Everything's agreed?	
FATHER.	Everything.	
MOTHER.	[ <i>to the MAID.</i> ] Goodbye.	530
MAID.	God go with you.	
	[ <i>The MOTHER kisses the BRIDE, and they start to leave. Silence.</i> ]	
MOTHER.	[ <i>in the doorway.</i> ] Goodbye, my dear.	
	[ <i>The BRIDE remains silent, but acknowledges the MOTHER with her hand.</i> ]	535
FATHER.	I'll see you out.	
	[ <i>They leave.</i> ]	
MAID.	I'm dying to see the presents.	
BRIDE.	[ <i>bitterly.</i> ] Leave them alone.	
MAID.	Oh, please, show me them.	540
BRIDE.	I don't want to.	
MAID.	Even just the stockings. I've heard they're embroidered silk. Please!	
BRIDE.	No, I said.	
MAID.	For heaven's sake. Oh, all right. Anyone would think you didn't want to get married.	545
BRIDE.	[ <i>biting her hand with rage and frustration.</i> ] Ay!	
MAID.	Sweetheart, what's wrong? Is her royal highness frightened that the good life is about to come to an end? Don't worry about that. There's no need. None at all. Let's have a look at what they brought you. [ <i>She snatches the box.</i> ]	550
BRIDE.	[ <i>taking her wrists.</i> ] Leave them!	
MAID.	You're hurting.	
BRIDE.	Put them down!	
MAID.	You've the strength of a man.	
BRIDE.	Haven't I always done a man's work? I wish I was one.	555
MAID.	Why are you talking like this?	
BRIDE.	Forget it. We'll talk about something else.	
	[ <i>The light is slowly fading. Long pause.</i> ]	
MAID.	Did you hear a horse last night?	
BRIDE.	When?	560
MAID.	About three o'clock, I suppose.	

BRIDE. A stray runner from the herd.<sup>23</sup>

MAID. No, it was being ridden.

BRIDE. How do you know?

MAID. I saw the rider. He stopped right outside your window. I was shocked. 565

BRIDE. It must have been my... fiancé. He sometimes comes at that time.

MAID. It wasn't.

BRIDE. But did you actually see him?

MAID. Yes.

BRIDE. Who was it? 570

MAID. It was Leonardo.

BRIDE. [*fiercely.*] That's a lie! You're lying! He has no business to be here.

MAID. Maybe not. But he was here.

BRIDE. Shut up. Damn your tongue!

[*The sound of an approaching horse is heard.*] 575

MAID. [*running to the window.*] Quickly, look... Well, was it?

BRIDE. Yes! It was him.  
[*Quick Curtain.*]

**STIMULI**

You are required to work on each of the following starting points in preparation for your written examination. You should produce a short piece of drama on each starting point. Questions will be asked on each of the starting points and will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

- 1. A greener future for our planet?**
- 2. I care nothing for riches**
- 3. Summer holidays**

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