



# Cambridge IGCSE™

**DRAMA**

**0411/12**

Paper 1

**May/June 2023**

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

**2 hours 30 minutes**



## INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- This copy of the pre-release material is for you to use in your responses.

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. 155

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 ... 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!

JONATHAN: Imagine my surprise! The face of Norwell's strictest prefect – 170

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 – 365

DRACULA: 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.

[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<br>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.*

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*From  
offstage the sound of the CHILDREN singing drifts faintly in.]*

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