Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/21**

Paper 2 Drama **May/June 2022**

1 hour 30 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions.
- Your answers must be on **two** different set texts.
- You must answer **one** (a) passage-based question and **one** (b) essay question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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LYNN NOTTAGE: *Crumbs from the Table of Joy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Gerte: Ernie?

Ernestine: Yes, ma'am.

Gerte: Why don't you ever speak to me?

Ernestine: I don't know.

Gerte: It makes me uncomfortable for both of us ... to be here and no one says anything. Why don't you go outside with Ermina then?
[*A moment.*] Don't you have friends, Ernie?

Ernestine: No, ma'am.

[*A moment*.]

Gerte: What do you like to do?

Ernestine: I like going to the pictures.

Gerte: Me too.

Ernestine: I like going with Sister 'cause she always got something wise to say.

Gerte: Maybe we can go together. Your father thinks we are similar. We both like the pictures. Yes?

Ernestine: I don't think so.

Gerte: Why not?

Ernestine: The kids in school would talk.

Gerte: I see ... Ah ... Your dress is coming along very nicely. I was looking at the lace you bought and I think it's quite nice around the collar where the stitching is crooked.

Ernestine [*To audience*.]: Crooked? My mother could make the most perfect seams. Almost like a machine.

Gerte: If you want me to help you ... well ... I'm not much of a seamstress ... I ... [*Fumbles with the cabbage*.]

Ernestine [*To audience*.]: In the newsreels, the Germans always wore the ragged faces of our enemy.

[GERTE *smiles uncomfortably.*]

Gerte: Are you scared of me, Ernie?

Ernestine: Yes, ma'am.

Gerte: What do you think? ... I'm not horrible, really.

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Ernestine: No, ma'am.

Gerte: I'm just not used to so much silence.

[GERTE *walks over to the radio and turns it on. Swing music fills the room*.]

Ernestine: Daddy don't like music in the house on Sunday.

Gerte: What a shame, it's a lovely radio.

[ERNESTINE *switches off the radio*.]

It is so like him to buy something he doesn't use. [*She chuckles.*]

Ernestine: He didn't buy it.

Gerte: When I was young there was always music in the house. My brother played the piano. My father the viola and I ... I ... [*A moment. She returns to chopping cabbage and accidentally nicks her finger*.] Damn!

[*from* Act 2, Scene 2]

In what ways does Nottage make this such a tense moment in the play?

Or 1(b)

How does Nottage make the relationship between Godfrey and Lily so intriguing?

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 2(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Danforth: Mr Proctor –

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ELIZABETH *stands staring at the empty doorway.*]

[*from* Act 4]

How does Miller make this moment such a moving climax to the play?

Or 2(b)

To what extent does Miller's portrayal of the girls in the play make you angry with them?

R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Stanhope: God! – you little swine. You know what that means – don't you? Striking a superior officer!

[*There is silence*. STANHOPE *takes hold of his revolver as it swings from its lanyard*. HIBBERT *stands quivering in front of* STANHOPE.]

Never mind, though. I won't have you shot for that –

Hibbert: Let me go –

Stanhope: If you went, I'd have you shot – for deserting. It's a hell of a disgrace – to die like that. I'd rather spare you the disgrace. I give you half a minute to think. You either stay here and try and be a man – or you try to get out of that door – to desert. If you do that, there's going to be an accident. D'you understand? I'm fiddling with my revolver, d'you see? – cleaning it – and it's going off by accident. It often happens out here. It's going off, and it's going to shoot you between the eyes.

Hibbert [*In a whisper*.]: You daren't –

Stanhope: You don't deserve to be shot by accident – but I'd save you the disgrace of the other way – I give you half a minute to decide. [*He holds up his wrist to look at his watch*.] Half a minute from now –

[*There is silence; a few seconds go by. Suddenly* HIBBERT *bursts into a high-pitched laugh.]*

Hibbert: Go on, then, shoot! You won't let me go to hospital. I swear I'll never go into those trenches again. Shoot! – and thank God –

Stanhope [*With his eyes on his watch*.]: Fifteen more seconds –

Hibbert: Go on! I'm ready –

Stanhope: Ten. [*He looks up at* HIBBERT, *who has closed his eyes*.] Five.

[*Again* STANHOPE *looks up. After a moment he quietly drops his revolver into its holster and steps towards* HIBBERT, *who stands with lowered head and eyes tightly screwed up, his arms stretched stiffly by his sides, his hands tightly clutching the edges of his tunic. Gently* STANHOPE *places his hands on* HIBBERT's *shoulders.* HIBBERT *starts violently and gives a little cry. He opens his eyes and stares vacantly into* STANHOPE'*s face*. STANHOPE *is smiling*.]

Stanhope: Good man, Hibbert. I liked the way you stuck that.

Hibbert [*Hoarsely*]: Why didn't you shoot?

Stanhope: Stay here, old chap – and see it through –

[HIBBERT *stands trembling, trying to speak. Suddenly he breaks down and cries*. STANHOPE *takes his hands from his shoulders and turns away.*]

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Hibbert: Stanhope! I've tried like hell – I swear I have. Ever since I came out here I've hated and loathed it. Every sound up there makes me all – cold and sick. I'm different to – to the others – you don't understand. It's got worse and worse, and now I can't bear it any longer. I'll never go up those steps again – into the line – with the men looking at me – and knowing – I'd rather die here.

[*He is sitting on* STANHOPE's *bed, crying without effort to restrain himself.*]

Stanhope [*Pouring out a whisky.*]: Try a drop of this, old chap –

Hibbert: No, thanks.

Stanhope: Go on. Drink it.

[HIBBERT *takes the mug and drinks.* STANHOPE *sits down beside* HIBBERT *and puts an arm round his shoulder.*]

I know what you feel, Hibbert. I've known all along –

Hibbert: How *can* you know?

Stanhope: Because I feel the same – exactly the same! Every little noise up there makes me feel – just as you feel. Why didn't you tell me instead of talking about neuralgia? We *all* feel like you do sometimes, if you only knew. I hate and loathe it all. Sometimes I feel I could just lie down on this bed and pretend I was paralysed or something – and couldn't move – and just lie there till I died – or was dragged away.

[*from* Act 2, Scene 2]

How does Sherriff make this such a powerful moment in the play?

Or 3(b)

To what extent does Sherriff encourage you to admire Raleigh?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 4(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Viola: Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fabian: I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola: I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fabian: Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Viola: I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter* SIR TOBY *with* SIR ANDREW.]

Sir Toby: Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir Andrew: Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir Toby: Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew: Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir Toby: I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Re-enter* FABIAN *and* VIOLA.]

[*to* FABIAN.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fabian [*to* SIR TOBY.]: He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Toby [*to* VIOLA.]: There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Viola [*Aside.*]: Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

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Fabian: Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir Toby: Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir Andrew: Pray God he keep his oath!

[*They draw*.]

[*from* Act 3, Scene 4]

How does Shakespeare make this such an entertaining moment in the play?

Or 4(b)

How far does Shakespeare make you feel that Orsino deserves to marry Viola?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 5(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Iago: Thou art sure of me – go make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo: Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago: At my lodging.

Roderigo: I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago: Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Roderigo: What say you?

Iago: No more of drowning, do you hear?

Roderigo: I am chang'd.

Iago: Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.

Roderigo: I'll sell all my land.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Iago: Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
'Has done my office. I know not if't be true;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now:
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery. How, how? Let's see:
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected – fram'd to make women false.

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The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are.
I ha't – it is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit*.]

[*from* Act 1, Scene 3]

In what ways does Shakespeare make this such a revealing moment in the play?

Or 5(b)

How far does Shakespeare persuade you that Othello is responsible for his own downfall?

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Surname	StemUp Model Solution
Answer booklet	Write the question number in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer.

Question number

1a

Nottage makes this moment tense because it is a scene of almost nothing happening: two people alone in a kitchen, one desperate to talk and one determined not to. The tension lies in the gap between what is said and what is felt, and Nottage widens that gap with silences, polite evasions and Ernestine's private asides to the audience, so that we watch a step-mother's clumsy attempt at friendship meet a wall of quiet hostility.

The opening exchange sets the pattern. Gerte's tentative "Ernie?" is a question that is really a plea, and Ernestine's reply, "Yes, ma'am", is perfectly correct and completely cold. The formality of "ma'am" keeps Gerte at a distance; it is the language of a servant or a pupil, not of a daughter. When Gerte asks directly, "Why don't you ever speak to me?", Ernestine's "I don't know" closes the conversation rather than opening it. Nottage repeats this rhythm throughout: Gerte's lines grow longer and more anxious while Ernestine's shrink to "No, ma'am" and "Yes, ma'am". The imbalance itself creates tension, because the audience feels the effort Gerte is making and how little it achieves. The stage directions "[A moment.]" make the silences physical, so that the audience has to sit through the awkwardness with the characters.

Gerte's attempts to find common ground make the moment more painful. When Ernestine admits she likes "going to the pictures", Gerte's eager "Me too" sounds almost childlike, and her suggestion that "Maybe we can go together" is followed by the hopeful little question "Yes?". Ernestine's flat "I don't think so" and her explanation, "The kids in school would talk", are devastating in their simplicity. Nottage hints, without stating it, at how a Black teenager would be judged for

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being seen with a white German step-mother, so the refusal is not only personal stubbornness but fear of the world outside. I find this one of the most uncomfortable lines in the scene because it shows that Ernestine's coldness is partly self-protection.

The talk of the dress is especially tense because Gerte's compliment contains an unintended insult. She praises the lace "where the stitching is crooked", and Ernestine immediately turns to the audience: "Crooked? My mother could make the most perfect seams." This aside is crucial. It lets us hear what Ernestine will not say aloud, and it reveals that the real obstacle in the room is the dead mother. The image of seams "Almost like a machine" idealises her mother's skill, so Gerte's casual word "crooked" feels like a criticism of the past Ernestine is guarding. The second aside is even sharper: "In the newsreels, the Germans always wore the ragged faces of our enemy." Ernestine sees Gerte through the films she loves, and the phrase "ragged faces" turns this nervous woman fumbling with a cabbage into a figure from wartime propaganda. The dramatic irony is strong: Gerte only "smiles uncomfortably", unaware of the hostility the audience has just heard.

The most direct moment, "Are you scared of me, Ernie?", answered by "Yes, ma'am", is shocking in its honesty, and Gerte's reply, "I'm not horrible, really", is almost comic in its helplessness. Nottage then moves the conflict into action. Gerte switches on the radio and "Swing music fills the room", a burst of life and freedom, and Ernestine answers by invoking her father's rules: "Daddy don't like music in the house on Sunday." When Ernestine silently switches it off, the gesture says more than any speech. Gerte's light remark that it is "so like him to buy something he doesn't use", with her chuckle, misjudges the moment, and Ernestine's quiet correction, "He didn't buy it", reminds Gerte that this house has a history she knows nothing about.

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The passage ends on a moment of release. Gerte begins to share her own memory of music at home, but her sentence breaks off, "and I ... I ...", and she "nicks her finger". Her sudden "Damn!" is the first raw emotion she shows. The small injury feels symbolic of the pain beneath both characters' politeness, and Nottage leaves the audience uneasy, aware that Gerte too has lost a home and a family. The tension, finally, comes from two lonely people unable to reach each other.

Ib

Nottage makes the relationship between Godfrey and Lily intriguing because it is never fully explained. They are brother-in-law and sister-in-law, bound together by the dead Sadie, yet they behave at times like old enemies and at times like people who once wanted, or still want, something more from each other. Because we see them largely through Ernestine's narration, a teenager who watches adults closely but does not always understand them, the audience is left to read between the lines, and much of the fascination lies in what is not said.

From Lily's first arrival in Brooklyn, Nottage sets the two up as opposites. Godfrey has rebuilt his grieving life around Father Divine: he is sober, careful, devoted to rules and to the promise of spiritual peace, so much so that he writes to Father Divine for guidance on the smallest matters. Lily bursts into this quiet, ordered household with glamour, cigarettes, drink and radical politics. She mocks his faith openly, and he disapproves of almost everything she does. On the surface this is a comic clash of temperaments, and Nottage clearly enjoys the friction. Yet the very intensity of their irritation suggests that each matters to the other more than they admit. Godfrey cannot simply ignore Lily, and Lily seems to need his disapproval almost as much as she resents it.

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What makes the relationship intriguing is the shadow of Sadie. Lily is her sister, and so in a sense she brings Sadie back into the house, in her face, her memories and her claims on the girls. Godfrey's piety can be seen as a way of coping with grief, and Lily threatens it precisely because she reminds him of the passionate, worldly life he has given up. Nottage hints that Lily may have come north expecting more than a room: perhaps a place in Godfrey's life that would make her, in effect, Sadie's replacement. Their scenes alone together are charged with this possibility, full of teasing, sharp words and moments where the conversation seems about to turn into something else before one of them retreats. The audience, like Ernestine, is left wondering how much is attraction and how much is rivalry.

Godfrey's sudden marriage to Gerte brings this hidden tension to the surface. His return with a white German wife is a shock to the whole family, but Lily's reaction is the most revealing. Her hostility towards Gerte can be read as political and racial outrage at a time when such a marriage would make the family a target, but it also feels personal, the bitterness of someone who has been passed over. Godfrey, for his part, seems to choose Gerte partly because she offers him a gentle, uncomplicated companionship that Lily never could. I find it intriguing that Nottage never confirms either reading. She allows both characters to keep their dignity and their secrets.

Nottage's dramatic methods deepen the mystery. Ernestine's direct addresses to the audience frame the adults' relationship as something remembered and partly imagined, so her guesses become our guesses. The fantasy sequences, in which Ernestine reshapes events like the films she loves, also suggest that she wants to give the adults' story a clearer shape than real life allows. Meanwhile the contrast between Lily's language, quick, ironic and worldly, and Godfrey's earnest, scripture-tinged speech means that they almost seem to talk in different

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languages, which makes their moments of real understanding all the more striking.

By the end, the relationship remains unresolved, and that is its power. Godfrey and Lily represent two ways of surviving loss and the hostile world of 1950s America: one through faith and obedience, the other through rebellion and pleasure. Neither is wholly right, and each exposes what the other lacks. Nottage makes their relationship intriguing because it holds the play's central questions about grief, desire and belonging without answering them, leaving the audience, and Ernestine, to decide what they meant to each other.

2a

Miller makes this moment a moving climax because it turns the whole play's struggle into a single, intensely personal choice. Proctor, who has spent the play tormented by his own guilt, finally discovers what he is willing to die for, and the audience watches a man move from shame and compromise to a painful kind of integrity. What moves us is not only that he chooses death, but that he chooses it so slowly, against every instinct to live, and in front of the woman he has wronged.

Miller builds tension through Proctor's reluctance. Having agreed to confess, he still resists each new demand. When Danforth insists that the confession be signed and displayed, Proctor's question, "Is there no good penitence but it be public?", exposes the court's real interest: not his soul, but his use as propaganda. His protest that "God does not need my name nailed upon the church" sharpens this contrast between private conscience and public display. The verb "nailed" is violent and almost suggests crucifixion, hinting that the court is turning repentance into a kind of execution of the self. I find it moving that Proctor already sees through Danforth's piety, yet still longs to save his life.

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The heart of the scene is Proctor's anguished refusal to hand over the paper. His cry, "Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life!", is one of the most powerful lines in the play. The repetition of "Because" gives it the force of a man finally finding words for something he has felt all along, and the idea of a "name" gathers everything the play has said about reputation in Salem. Earlier, Abigail and Parris worried about their names in a shallow, self-serving way; here Proctor's name means his honesty, his friendship with the others who are dying, and his duty to his sons. When he says he cannot "sign myself to lies", the plainness of his language contrasts with the legal formulas of the court, and he sounds more truthful than anyone in authority. The plea "I have given you my soul; leave me my name!" is moving because it is so desperate: he would surrender his salvation sooner than his identity.

Miller then shows Proctor reaching a decision through action rather than speech. Tearing the confession is a huge moment on stage. It reverses his earlier weakness, and the stage directions emphasise that he is weeping in fury and shame as much as defiance. The torn paper becomes a visual symbol of his freedom from the court's lies. His recognition that he can now see "some shred of goodness in John Proctor" is both humble and triumphant. The word "shred" is deliberately modest: Proctor does not claim to be a saint, only that he has found enough decency to stand on, and the image of goodness that is "white enough" to keep from "such dogs" turns the judges, not the condemned, into the beasts.

The scene is also moving because of Elizabeth. Throughout Act 4 Miller has shown her painful honesty, especially in her admission that she kept a "cold house", and now she is given almost no words as she watches him choose. Her silence, and the image of her staring at the empty doorway as he goes, is unbearably restrained.

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	Miller does not let her fall to the ground or scream; instead the drama lies in her refusal to beg him to live. This restraint suggests both her love and her respect for his decision, and it makes the audience's grief sharper because she will not express it for us.
	Finally, the contrast with Danforth and the officials makes Proctor's choice heroic. Danforth's rigid insistence on procedure, and his refusal to postpone the hangings, show a court more concerned with its own authority than with truth. Against this coldness Proctor's raw, broken speech feels human and real. Miller makes this a moving climax because a flawed man, who has lied, sinned and hesitated, finally refuses to lie, and in doing so restores the meaning of a word the whole play has abused: goodness.
2b	Miller's portrayal of the girls certainly makes me angry, above all with Abigail, whose lies cost innocent people their lives. Yet my anger is not simple. Miller also shows the girls as frightened, powerless and manipulated by a society that has given them no voice, so that alongside anger I feel unease and even some pity. The anger is greatest when the girls enjoy their power; it softens when we glimpse how trapped they are.
	In Act I the girls seem at first more scared than wicked. Betty lies in a stupor, and the others are terrified of being whipped or hanged for dancing in the forest. Miller shows how quickly fear turns to cruelty when Abigail takes control. Her threat to the others, that she will bring "a pointy reckoning that will shudder you", reveals a girl prepared to use violence to protect herself, and her boast that she saw her parents killed and has seen "some reddish work done at night" gives her a frightening edge. The vivid, almost gleeful language makes her menace theatrical,

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and my anger begins here, because she is not panicking but calculating. At the end of the act, when Abigail and Betty begin crying out names in an ecstatic chorus, Miller builds the scene to a frenzy. The rhythm of the accusations, with each girl adding names, feels like a game, and the audience realises that the girls have discovered that lying gives them attention and authority. It is chilling that the curtain falls on this hysteria.

Abigail is the main source of anger because her motives are so selfish. Her desire for John Proctor, and her jealousy of Elizabeth, drive her to accuse Elizabeth through the poppet and needle. Mary Warren's admission that she put the needle in the doll, and that Abigail saw her do it, shows the audience exactly how the trap is set. We infer that Abigail even stabs herself with a needle to make the accusation look real. Miller makes us angry because we understand the deception fully while the court does not, and dramatic irony turns our knowledge into frustration.

The courtroom scene in Act 3 is where anger is most intense. When Mary Warren tries to tell the truth, the girls turn on her, pretending to see a "yellow bird" in the rafters and copying her words back to her. Miller's stage directions show them repeating Mary's every phrase in unison, and this mimicry is grotesque: it is both childish and deadly. The girls' collective performance overwhelms the one honest voice in the room, and Mary collapses back into the lie and accuses Proctor. I find this the most infuriating moment of the play because truth is so close and is destroyed by a group of girls who know exactly what they are doing. Abigail's cold warning to Danforth himself, and her refusal to be questioned, show how much power she now enjoys.

Yet Miller complicates our anger. Mary Warren is weak rather than evil, a

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frightened servant who briefly tries to do right and is crushed by the others. Her sense of importance when she first becomes an official of the court is pathetic as much as wrong: for once someone listens to her. Even Abigail can be seen partly as a product of Salem. She is an orphan, a servant girl seduced and dismissed by a married man, in a community that gives young women almost no power. The witch trials suddenly make girls like her the most important people in the colony. Miller suggests that the adults are just as guilty, because Parris, Putnam, Hathorne and Danforth eagerly believe the girls when it suits their own fears and interests.

The ending confirms Abigail's selfishness. In Act 4 we learn that she has fled with Mercy Lewis after robbing Parris, abandoning Salem to the chaos she created while Proctor goes to his death. This shabby escape makes her seem not a tragic figure but a thief who has got away with it, and my anger returns.

Overall, Miller makes me very angry with the girls, especially Abigail, but he directs part of that anger at the adults who gave them power and believed them. The girls are the spark, but the court and the community are the fuel.

3a

Sherriff makes this a powerful moment by turning a scene of threatened violence into one of shared confession. It begins with Stanhope pointing, in effect, a gun at a terrified officer and ends with the two men sitting side by side on a bed, admitting the same fear. The sudden reversal shocks the audience, but it also reveals the hidden truth of the play: that the courage of these men is a performance kept up at enormous cost.

The opening is brutally tense. Stanhope's outburst, "you little swine", and his reminder that Hibbert has been "Striking a superior officer!" establish the military

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hierarchy and the seriousness of Hibbert's offence. The silence that follows, as Stanhope "takes hold of his revolver" while Hibbert "stands quivering", is a striking piece of stagecraft: the audience's attention is fixed on the gun and the trembling body in front of it. Stanhope's long speech then lays out a cruel logic. If Hibbert deserts, he will be "shot" for it; if he tries to leave, there will be "an accident". The repetition of "accident" and the casual tone of "I'm fiddling with my revolver, d'you see?" make the threat almost grotesque, and the shocking precision of "between the eyes" makes the danger real. Stanhope also exploits the language of honour, insisting that dying as a deserter is "a hell of a disgrace", which shows how this world values reputation above life.

Sherriff then uses time as a weapon. Stanhope gives Hibbert "half a minute" and looks at his watch, and the countdown, "Fifteen more seconds", "Ten", "Five", stretches the tension almost unbearably. Hibbert's response is unexpected: he "bursts into a high-pitched laugh" and dares Stanhope to shoot, crying "thank God". This hysterical laughter is disturbing because it shows that Hibbert would prefer death to returning to "those trenches". For a moment the audience genuinely does not know what Stanhope will do.

The long stage direction that follows is the turning point. Stanhope "quietly drops his revolver into its holster", and the adverbs "quietly" and "Gently" mark a complete change of mood. Sherriff describes Hibbert with physical precision, eyes "tightly screwed up", arms "stretched stiffly", hands "clutching the edges of his tunic", so we see a man bracing himself for death. The fact that Stanhope "is smiling" is astonishing. His praise, "Good man, Hibbert. I liked the way you stuck that", reveals that the threat was a test, perhaps even a desperate tactic to give Hibbert a moment of courage to build on. Hibbert's hoarse "Why didn't you shoot?" is heartbreaking because it suggests part of him wanted the release.

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	Hibbert's breakdown gives voice to the fear the other officers hide. His broken syntax, full of pauses and false starts as he stammers that he is "different to" the others, and his confession that "Every sound up there" leaves him cold and sick, make his speech sound unrehearsed and painfully honest. The image of the "steps" into the line, with "the men looking at me", reminds us that the dugout is a refuge from the horror above, and that leadership means being watched. Sherriff makes him cry "without effort to restrain himself", a shocking sight in a world built on stiff self-control.
	The most powerful moment comes when Stanhope's response mirrors Hibbert's words. "I hate and loathe it all" deliberately echoes Hibbert's "hated and loathed", and "Every little noise up there" echoes "Every sound up there". This verbal parallel shows that the captain and the coward are not opposites but the same man under strain. Stanhope's fantasy of lying on the bed pretending to be "paralysed" until he "died" is a startling admission from the company's hero, especially as we know he relies on whisky to cope, and the whisky he offers Hibbert hints at this. His gentle "old chap" and the arm round the shoulder show a tenderness we rarely see in him.
	The scene is powerful because Sherriff refuses to divide men into brave and cowardly. Instead he shows that bravery is the decision to carry on despite fear, and that Stanhope's harshness and Hibbert's collapse are two responses to the same unbearable experience.
3b	Sherriff encourages us to admire Raleigh a great deal, but it is a tender, protective admiration rather than the hero-worship Raleigh himself feels for Stanhope.

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Raleigh is admirable for his eagerness, loyalty, courage and decency, yet Sherriff also makes him painfully naive, and much of the play's tragedy lies in watching that innocence destroyed. We admire him most because he keeps his goodness in a place designed to crush it.

From his first entrance, Sherriff presents Raleigh as young, fresh and enthusiastic. He has come straight from school, and he is delighted to have been posted to Stanhope's company, having used his uncle, a general, to arrange it. His excitement and his memories of Stanhope as the admired captain of rugby at school make him seem touchingly boyish. The audience may smile at his innocence, especially in his conversation with Osborne, but we also see his openness and lack of cynicism. Osborne's kindly attempts to prepare him, warning that Stanhope has changed under the strain of the war, create dramatic irony: we fear for Raleigh before he even realises he is in danger.

Raleigh's loyalty is one of his most admirable qualities. The letter scene in Act 2 is crucial here. Stanhope, in his paranoia, insists on censoring Raleigh's letter home, convinced that it will expose his drinking to Raleigh's sister, Madge. Instead, when Osborne reads it, the letter is full of praise, describing Stanhope as a wonderful officer whom the men adore. This moment makes the audience admire Raleigh enormously, because his generosity contrasts so painfully with Stanhope's suspicion. Sherriff lets Stanhope's shame speak through silence, and Raleigh, who is not on stage to defend himself, wins our respect simply through what he has written.

Raleigh's courage becomes clear in the raid. He is chosen, with Osborne, to lead the dangerous daylight raid on the German trench, and he faces it with an eager readiness that is both brave and naive. The scene before the raid, in which Osborne talks with him about home, walks and the New Forest to keep their

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minds off what is coming, is one of the most moving in the play. When Raleigh returns alive and Osborne does not, his dazed state shows the cost of his courage. We admire him, but we also see the boy beginning to break.

His argument with Stanhope after the raid is a moment where admiration and sympathy mix. Raleigh cannot bear to join the dinner of chicken and champagne, and he refuses to eat while Osborne lies dead. To the audience his reaction seems right and humane, and his accusation that Stanhope does not care is understandable. Yet Stanhope's furious reply, that he drinks and jokes in order to forget, reveals Raleigh's inexperience. Sherriff makes us admire Raleigh's moral instinct while recognising that he does not yet understand how others survive.

The ending fixes our admiration in place. Mortally wounded by a shell, Raleigh is carried down to the dugout, and his quiet, almost apologetic manner, his concern not to make a fuss, and his confusion about his injury make him heartbreakingly dignified. Stanhope finally tends to him with gentleness, and when Raleigh calls him "Dennis" the old schoolboy friendship is briefly restored. The reconciliation between them is the emotional climax of the play. When Raleigh dies, the fading candlelight and the darkness suggest a life snuffed out far too early. Sherriff uses Raleigh's death to make the audience feel the waste of a whole generation of young officers.

To a large extent, then, Sherriff encourages us to admire Raleigh, for his loyalty, decency and courage under fire. However, our admiration is mixed with pity and even a slight discomfort at his naivety, because Sherriff wants us to see that his innocence is exactly what the war destroys. Raleigh is admirable not as a conventional hero but as a symbol of everything worth protecting.

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4a	Shakespeare makes this moment entertaining because it is a duel in which nobody wants to fight. Two terrified opponents, Viola and Sir Andrew, are pushed towards each other by two delighted stage-managers, Sir Toby and Fabian, who each tell a different lie to each side. The comedy grows from dramatic irony, exaggerated language and the gap between the swaggering vocabulary of honour and the shaking cowardice beneath it. The scene opens with Fabian working on Viola. Her polite, anxious question, "what manner of man is he?", invites him to build a monster out of Sir Andrew, and he does so with relish: Andrew is "the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite" in all Illyria. The piling up of adjectives is wonderfully absurd to an audience who have already seen Sir Andrew as a foolish, cowardly knight. Fabian's teasing phrase "Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form" is a sly joke, admitting that Andrew looks unimpressive while pretending that this hides deadly skill. Viola's reply, that she would "rather go with sir priest than sir knight", is witty and also revealing. Her confession that she does not care who knows "so much of my mettle" is a pun on "mettle" and "metal", courage and sword, and the audience enjoys her honesty because we know she is a woman in disguise who has never been trained to fight. Shakespeare then cuts to Sir Toby doing the same work on Sir Andrew. His description of Cesario as "a very devil" and "such a firago" (a comic corruption of virago, a fierce woman) is full of irony, because Cesario is in fact a woman, though Toby has no idea. His fencing jargon, "rapier, scabbard, and all", the "stuck in" and the claim that Cesario was "fencer to the Sophy", the Shah of Persia, is preposterous exaggeration delivered with mock seriousness. Sir Andrew's instant collapse, "Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him", is funny because it is so sudden. He had issued the challenge only to impress Olivia, and now he would have "seen him

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damn'd" before challenging him if he had known. His offer of his horse, "grey Capilet", to end the quarrel shows how cheaply he will buy his way out of danger.

Sir Toby's aside is one of the funniest lines: "Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you." The pun on "ride" exposes Toby's exploitation of Andrew, who has been funding Toby's drinking all along. The audience is invited into the joke, enjoying Toby's cynicism even as we recognise its cruelty.

The parallel structure of the scene doubles the comedy. Toby and Fabian report to each other that each victim is equally terrified: Toby says he has "persuaded him the youth's a devil", and Fabian replies that Viola "pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels". The image of a bear is comically vivid and perhaps recalls the bear-baiting Fabian mentions earlier in the play, suggesting that Viola and Andrew are animals set against each other for sport. Toby then tells each that the other has promised not to hurt them, a lie so transparent and repeated so solemnly ("he protests he will not hurt you") that it becomes ridiculous.

Viola's aside is the comic and emotional highlight: "A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man." The bawdy pun on "a little thing" suggests the male anatomy she does not possess, and the line lets the audience share her secret in a way that is both funny and slightly poignant. Sir Andrew's final squeak, "Pray God he keep his oath!", mirrors her fear exactly. As "They draw", the audience is left anticipating a farcical fight between two people who are both desperate to run away.

This moment is entertaining because Shakespeare makes the audience complicit. We know more than every character on stage, and the gap between their brave words and their terror turns the code of honour into pure comedy, with the added

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excitement that Viola's disguise may be exposed at any moment.

4b

Shakespeare leaves me only partly convinced that Orsino deserves to marry Viola. He is self-absorbed, changeable and, at one terrible moment, threatening, while Viola is constant, witty and selfless. Yet Shakespeare also shows Orsino responding to Viola's qualities long before he knows she is a woman, and by the end there is enough genuine feeling between them for the match to seem, if not earned, at least hopeful.

Orsino's opening speech immediately raises doubts. "If music be the food of love, play on" sets him up as a man in love with the idea of love. He wants an "excess" of music so that his appetite may "sicken, and so die", and moments later he complains that the strain is no longer sweet. This restless, self-indulgent mood suggests that his passion for Olivia is more about his own feelings than about her. He has never had a real conversation with Olivia, and he courts her through messengers. Next to this, Viola, who arrives shipwrecked and grieving for her brother but immediately resourceful, seems far more admirable, and an audience may wonder whether he is worthy of her at all.

However, Orsino quickly trusts Cesario, and Shakespeare hints that he is drawn to Viola's true nature. Within three days Cesario is his confidant, and his description of the youth's lip as smoother than "Diana's lip" and his voice like "the maiden's organ" shows he half sees the woman beneath the disguise. This dramatic irony is charming: Orsino praises qualities he cannot name, which suggests that his feelings for Viola are rooted in something real.

The central scene of Act 2 Scene 4 is where his worthiness is most tested. Orsino

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contradicts himself about love, first admitting that men's "fancies are more giddy and unfirm" than women's, then insisting that no woman could feel a passion as strong as his. His arrogance is frustrating, especially as Viola, in love with him, must listen. Her story of a sister who "never told her love", letting concealment "like a worm i' th' bud" feed on her "damask cheek", is one of the most moving speeches in the play. Viola's love is patient and silent, and Orsino, though touched, does not understand what he is hearing. At this point I feel he does not deserve her; he is too wrapped up in his own fantasy to notice the real devotion beside him.

The final act makes this even sharper. When Orsino believes that Cesario has betrayed him with Olivia, he turns frighteningly violent, threatening to "sacrifice the lamb that I do love / To spite a raven's heart within a dove". The images of the "lamb" and the sacrifice reveal both his love for Cesario and a disturbing possessiveness. Viola's readiness to die "a thousand deaths" for him is extraordinarily selfless, but it also makes the audience uneasy: she deserves someone who would not threaten her.

Yet the reconciliation offers some hope. Once the twins are reunited and Viola's identity is revealed, Orsino recalls that Cesario said "a thousand times" that he would never love a woman as much as him, and he asks for her hand. He wants to see her "in thy woman's weeds", and he names her "Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen". The language of "fancy" might remind us of his fickleness, and he transfers his love from Olivia to Viola with startling speed. However, he is marrying the person he has come to know honestly over the course of the play, and in that sense his love for Viola is more real than anything he felt for Olivia. Notably, he still calls her "Cesario" while she remains in man's clothes, suggesting that the friendship they built in disguise remains the basis of their love.

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Overall, Shakespeare makes me feel that Orsino does not fully deserve Viola: she is wiser, braver and more loving than he is. But the comic form demands marriage, and Shakespeare suggests that Viola's influence has already begun to change him from a man in love with love into a man who loves a real person. Their marriage is a reward for Viola's constancy more than for Orsino's merit.

Sa

This moment is revealing because it is the first time Iago is alone with the audience, and Shakespeare uses the shift from public dialogue to private soliloquy to strip away his mask. In the prose exchange with Roderigo we see the manipulator at work; in the verse that follows we see the mind behind the manipulation, and what it reveals is a man whose hatred is real, whose motives are shifting and whose cleverness is chillingly improvised.

The conversation with Roderigo reveals Iago's control. His opening, "Thou art sure of me", is a reassurance that the audience knows to be false, and his insistent repetition, "I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again I hate the Moor", has the rhythm of a man drilling a lesson into a slow pupil. The phrase "be conjunctive in our revenge" grandly presents their partnership as equal, yet Iago's real interest is exposed in his repeated commands about money: "go make money", "provide thy money", and finally "Put money enough in your purse". The stream of short imperatives, "Traverse; go", hurries Roderigo offstage before he can think, and his eager "I'll sell all my land" shows how completely he has been taken in. The metaphor of events in "the womb of time" which will be "delivered" is revealing too: Iago imagines his plot as something growing and about to be born, an image he returns to at the end of the speech.

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As soon as Roderigo leaves, Iago's contempt pours out. "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse" reveals that he exploits Roderigo as a habit, and the word "ever" suggests this is a pattern in his life. Calling him "a snipe", a foolish bird, reduces Roderigo to prey. Most revealing is the phrase "my sport and profit". Iago admits that he acts not only for gain but for pleasure; the word "sport" suggests that destroying people is a game to him, which makes him far more disturbing than a simple villain.

The soliloquy then reveals the strange instability of his motives. He repeats "I hate the Moor", but immediately offers a rumour that Othello has slept with his wife, Emilia, in the euphemism "'twixt my sheets / 'Has done my office". His admission, "I know not if't be true", followed by his decision to act "as if for surety", is astonishing. He does not need evidence; suspicion is enough. Shakespeare reveals a mind that will poison Othello with exactly this kind of reasoning, so the passage foreshadows the play's tragedy, in which Othello too will act on suspicion as if it were proof. Iago's calm remark that Othello "holds me well" and that this will make his "purpose" work better reveals a terrible coldness: trust is simply a tool.

We also watch Iago thinking aloud. The broken rhythm of "Let me see now" and "How, how? Let's see", with its questions and pauses, shows him inventing the plot in front of us, making the audience uncomfortably complicit. The plan itself is precise: to "abuse Othello's ear" with the lie that Cassio is "too familiar with his wife". The ear will be the route of Iago's poison throughout the play. He chooses Cassio because he has "a smooth dispose", so that Cassio's very charm becomes evidence against him, and his phrase "To get his place, and to plume up my will / In double knavery" reveals the pleasure of hitting two targets at once.

Most revealing is Iago's analysis of Othello: "The Moor is of a free and open nature

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/ That thinks men honest that but seem to be so". This is in a sense a compliment, yet Iago turns Othello's greatest virtue into his weakness. The bestial simile that he will be "led by th' nose / As asses are" shows his contempt, reducing a noble general to a dumb animal. The final rhyming couplet, "Hell and night / Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light", completes the earlier image of the "womb of time". Iago's scheme is a "monstrous birth" fathered by "Hell", and the rhyme gives the moment a sense of grim completion. The passage reveals Iago as a self-conscious devil who delights in his own invention, and it leaves the audience dreading what he will deliver.

Sb

Shakespeare persuades me that Othello is responsible for his own downfall, but only in part. Iago supplies the poison, yet the play keeps showing us that Othello is the one who swallows it, and swallows it with alarming speed. What makes the tragedy so painful is that the very qualities which make Othello noble at the start, his trust, his certainty and the intensity of his love, become the means of his destruction. I finish the play feeling that he is less a simple victim than a great man who is complicit in his own ruin.

At first Shakespeare seems to set Othello up as a man incapable of falling. In Act I Scene 2, when Brabantio's men come for him with weapons, he calmly says "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them", a line whose quiet authority and gentle irony show a man in total control of himself. Before the Senate he claims "Rude am I in my speech" and then delivers one of the most eloquent speeches in the play, and his trust in his wife is absolute: "My life upon her faith". The dramatic irony here is chilling, because he is literally staking his life on Desdemona's honesty and will lose it. Iago himself notes that Othello is "of a free and open nature" and will be "led by th' nose / As asses are". This suggests

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that Othello's openness is a weakness waiting to be used, but it is still his own quality, not something Iago invents.

The temptation scene in Act 3 Scene 3 is where Shakespeare most clearly makes us question how much blame Othello deserves. Iago works through hints, half sentences and pretended reluctance, and it is undeniably brilliant manipulation. Yet what disturbs me is how little it takes. Iago's reminder that Desdemona "did deceive her father, marrying you" turns Othello's own love story into evidence against her, and Othello quickly begins to doubt himself: "Haply for I am black". Shakespeare shows him absorbing Iago's view of him as an outsider, as though some insecurity was already present for Iago to exploit. He demands "the ocular proof" and then accepts a handkerchief and a report of Cassio's dream as if they were proof. A man who insisted on evidence surely bears some responsibility for accepting so little of it.

Othello's language charts his collapse and suggests he is an active participant in it. Early in the scene he declares that if he ever stops loving Desdemona, "Chaos is come again", and by the end of the same scene he cries "Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell". The shift from the harmonious, cosmic imagery of his earlier speeches to hellish, violent language shows that he has chosen revenge, kneeling to swear it like a sacred vow. By Act 4 his verse breaks down into fragmented prose and the bestial exclamation "Goats and monkeys!", which echoes the animal imagery Iago used of him in the opening scene. Shakespeare makes it seem that Othello has begun to speak Iago's language, almost as if Iago has taken over his mind, and yet the decision to strike Desdemona in public is his own.

The ending complicates any simple verdict. When Othello says "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul", he presents the murder as justice rather than jealousy,

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which makes him seem deluded but also self-deceiving: he refuses to see his own motives. After the truth is revealed, he calls himself "one that loved not wisely but too well" and "Perplexed in the extreme". I find this partly moving and partly evasive. It is true that he was "wrought" upon, and Iago's refusal to explain himself, "Demand me nothing", leaves the villain's evil terrifyingly unaccountable. But Othello's image of himself as one who "threw a pearl away" admits that the hand which threw it was his own.

Ultimately, Shakespeare persuades me that Othello is substantially responsible. Iago is the architect of the plot, but he only succeeds because Othello's trust turns too easily into certainty, and his love into possession. The tragedy lies in watching a man of such dignity hand his judgement to the wrong person, and then act on it with a terrible, unhesitating conviction that is entirely his own.