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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/31**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text) **May/June 2022**

45 minutes

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You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

Candidates may take their set texts into the exam room, but these must NOT contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **one** 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.
- You may take your set text into the exam room, but this must **not** contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- 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?

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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 a tense moment because it is a scene of two people trying, and failing, to talk across a gap neither of them knows how to cross. Gerte reaches out again and again, while Ernestine answers with polite, closed replies to her face and reveals her real hostility only to the audience. The tension comes from that split between what is said aloud and what is felt, and from the sense that the smallest thing, a comment about a seam or a song on the radio, could tip the uneasy peace into open conflict.

The opening exchange sets the pattern. Gerte's tentative "Ernie?" is answered by the formal, almost military "Yes, ma'am", a reply Ernestine repeats throughout the scene like a shield. Gerte's direct question, "Why don't you ever speak to me?", is painfully honest, and Ernestine's flat "I don't know" closes it down. The repeated stage direction "[A moment.]" is crucial in performance: these pauses force the audience to sit inside the silence that Gerte finds unbearable, so that we feel the discomfort she names when she says "no one says anything".

Gerte's attempts to find common ground make the tension sharper because each one is rejected. When she learns Ernestine loves "the pictures" she seizes on it eagerly, "Me too", and suggests they go together, even appealing to Godfrey's belief that they are "similar". Ernestine's blunt "I don't think so" and her reason, "The kids in school would talk", expose the social pressure behind her coldness: being seen with a white German stepmother in public is something she cannot risk. Nottage lets a casual conversation about cinema suddenly reveal the racial divisions of the world outside the apartment.

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The dress and the seam are a quietly brilliant source of tension. Gerte means well, but her remark that the stitching is "crooked" lands as criticism, and Ernestine turns "[To audience.]" to defend her dead mother, whose seams were "the most perfect", "Almost like a machine". The direct address lets us hear the grief and loyalty that Ernestine cannot say to Gerte, so we understand that any kindness from Gerte feels like an attempt to replace Sadie. Gerte's broken, faltering offer, punctuated by ellipses, and the stage direction "[Fumbles with the cabbage.]" show her nervousness, and the ordinary domestic task becomes a sign of how awkward she is in this home. Ernestine's second aside is even harsher: the newsreel image of Germans with "the ragged faces of our enemy" shows that she sees Gerte through the propaganda of the war. The dramatic irony is uncomfortable, because the audience hears this while Gerte only "smiles uncomfortably", unaware.

The tension peaks with the direct question "Are you scared of me, Ernie?" and the shocking simplicity of "Yes, ma'am." Gerte's plea, "I'm not horrible, really", is almost childlike, and Ernestine's "No, ma'am" sounds dutiful rather than convinced. Then Nottage moves the conflict into action. Gerte switches on the radio and "Swing music fills the room", a burst of life and noise that briefly breaks the silence, but Ernestine immediately invokes her father's rule that he "don't like music in the house on Sunday". The religious strictness of Godfrey's household hangs over the scene even though he is absent. Gerte's light remark that it is "so like him to buy something he doesn't use" is met with the curt correction "He didn't buy it", a line that hints at a family history Gerte knows nothing about and reminds her she is an outsider.

Finally, Gerte's memory of a home where "there was always music" offers a glimpse of her own loss and loneliness, but she cannot finish the sentence,

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breaking off with "I ... I ...". The scene ends with a sudden physical accident as she "nicks her finger" and cries "Damn!" This jolt releases the built-up pressure in a small burst of pain, and it is fitting that the wound comes in the middle of an unfinished confession. Nottage leaves the audience feeling sympathy for both characters: Ernestine's hostility is rooted in grief and fear, and Gerte's clumsiness in a genuine desire to belong. The tension is so powerful precisely because neither of them is a villain.

1b Nottage makes the relationship between Godfrey and Lily intriguing because it is never one thing. They are brother-in-law and sister-in-law bound together by grief for Sadie, rivals for influence over Ernestine and Ermina, ideological opponents, and, beneath all of this, a man and a woman who are uneasily drawn to each other. The audience is kept guessing about what they really feel, and the fact that we see them through the eyes of Ernestine, a watchful teenage narrator who does not fully understand adults, makes the relationship even more mysterious.

From Lily's arrival Nottage sets the two up as opposites. Godfrey has rebuilt his life around Father Divine: he has given up drink, he lives by strict rules, and he moved the family to Brooklyn partly to be near the movement. Lily bursts into this careful, quiet household with her suitcase, her cigarettes, her drinking and her fashionable clothes, announcing that she has come to help raise her sister's children. Her arrival is unannounced, and that sense of invasion immediately creates conflict. Godfrey cannot easily refuse her, because she is Sadie's sister and a link to the wife he has lost, yet everything about her threatens the order he has built. I find it intriguing that his reluctant permission for her to stay seems to come as much from guilt and loyalty as from generosity.

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Their arguments are also arguments about how to live as a Black American in the 1950s, and this gives the relationship weight. Lily is a committed communist who talks about revolution, unions and racial injustice, and she mocks Godfrey's faith in Father Divine as a way of escaping the real world. Godfrey, in turn, sees her politics as dangerous and her lifestyle as sinful. Nottage gives both of them a case. Lily's fierce pride and refusal to accept second-class treatment are inspiring, especially to Ernestine, yet Godfrey's quiet search for peace after years of suffering is moving too. Because the girls listen to both, each of them is fighting for Ernestine's future, and that struggle keeps the audience invested.

What makes the relationship most intriguing is the undercurrent of attraction. Lily is flirtatious and teasing with Godfrey, and Nottage hints that she sees in him something more than a brother-in-law, perhaps even a place in the family that might have been her sister's. Godfrey's discomfort, and his determination to resist temptation, suggest that he feels the pull too. Nottage never lets this become explicit, and the uncertainty is the point: we are unsure whether Lily truly loves him, whether she wants security, or whether she simply wants to win. This is why Godfrey's sudden return from his trip with a new white German wife, Gerte, is so dramatic. It can be read as a decisive way of shutting the door on Lily as much as an act of love, and her shocked, bitter response to Gerte suggests that something has been taken from her.

Ernestine's narration shapes how we see all of this. She often addresses the audience directly and sometimes imagines scenes in the style of the films she loves, so the adults appear larger than life, almost like characters on a cinema screen. Her admiration for her glamorous aunt and her confused loyalty to her father mean we are given a partial view, and the gaps in her understanding leave room for us to speculate.

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	In the later part of the play the relationship becomes sadder. Lily's bravado begins to crack as her circumstances worsen, and the household, now shared with Gerte, has less and less room for her. Godfrey and Lily are both, in their different ways, lonely people looking for something to believe in, one in religion and one in politics, and neither finds complete peace. When Lily finally leaves, the play suggests that something vital, disruptive and honest goes with her.
	Overall, the relationship is intriguing because Nottage refuses to simplify it. Through contrast, unspoken tension, shifting sympathies and a narrator who sees only part of the truth, she creates two characters who need and resent each other in equal measure, and she leaves the audience to decide what they really meant to one another.
2a	Miller makes this a moving climax because it is the moment when John Proctor, who has spent the play tormented by his own sin, finally makes a choice that restores his sense of himself. The power of the scene lies in the fact that the "victory" is also a death: the audience is moved by Proctor's integrity and by the cost of it to Elizabeth, while the court that condemns him is left exposed as cruel and blind.
	The tension rests on the confession. Proctor has agreed to lie and say he dealt with the Devil, which would save his life, and Danforth seems on the verge of getting what he needs. Yet Proctor cannot bring himself to let his signed confession be nailed to the church door. His anguished cry that he cannot have it "Because it is my name!" is the emotional heart of the scene. The repetition and the exclamatory, broken rhythm of his speech show a man whose feelings are

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overwhelming his reason. A name in Salem is reputation, honour and identity all at once, and Proctor realises that he can survive the loss of his life more easily than the loss of what his name means to his sons and to the people who are dying rather than lie. It is deeply moving that a man who called himself a fraud and a sinner discovers his worth in this way.

Miller makes the tearing of the confession a powerful piece of stagecraft. After all the words, legal argument and pleading, a single physical action decides everything. The audience watches Proctor destroy the paper, and the gesture is both an act of defiance against Danforth's court and an act of self-forgiveness. His recognition that he can now see "some shred of goodness in John Proctor" is all the more touching because it is so modest. He does not claim to be a saint; he claims only enough goodness to refuse to give the court what it wants.

The reactions of the other characters intensify the emotion. Hale, who once brought his books to Salem with confidence, is now desperate, begging Elizabeth to persuade her husband to live. Parris, terrified for himself, urges her to go to him while "There is yet time!" Their frantic pleading contrasts with Elizabeth's stillness. Her reply, "He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him!", is the most moving line in the scene. The simple, plain grammar gives it a quiet dignity, and it shows the depth of her love: she understands her husband well enough to let him go. This completes the healing of their marriage that began earlier in the act, when she admitted her own coldness and he asked her forgiveness. The woman who once could not forgive him now protects the goodness he has found.

Danforth's response, by contrast, is chilling. His insistence on the hangings, with his claim that whoever weeps for the condemned weeps for corruption, reveals the

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twisted logic of a court that cannot admit error. Miller exposes how authority that values its own reputation above truth becomes monstrous, and the audience's anger at Danforth deepens our sympathy for Proctor.

The ending itself is staged with great restraint. The drums that signal the executions, and the image of Elizabeth standing staring at the empty doorway through which her husband has gone, leave the audience with silence and absence rather than a speech. The empty doorway is a powerful visual symbol: Proctor is gone, and Elizabeth is left alone, carrying his unborn child. Miller does not show the hanging; instead he makes us feel it through her face.

This climax is moving because it is a tragedy in the truest sense. Proctor dies, but he dies with his goodness intact, and in refusing to lie he helps to break the power of the court. Miller leaves us admiring a flawed man who finally becomes heroic, and grieving for the cost of that heroism.

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 or evenly spread. Miller shows the girls as a group driven by fear, hysteria and a sudden, intoxicating taste of power in a society that usually gives them none, and he directs at least as much of my anger towards the adults who believe them and exploit them.

Abigail Williams is the clearest target. From the first act Miller shows her as a manipulative liar. When she is alone with the other girls after Betty's collapse, she drops her mask and threatens them with violence if they reveal what happened in the woods, boasting that she has seen Indians smash her parents' heads on the

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pillow beside her. The shocking brutality of the threat reveals both her ruthlessness and the trauma that may have hardened her, but it does not make her less frightening. Her motive becomes clear in her scene with Proctor: she wants him back and wants Elizabeth gone. When she later stabs herself with a needle and blames Elizabeth through the poppet, I feel real anger, because a private jealousy is being turned into a public murder plot.

Miller increases this anger through the girls' performances in court. In Act Three, when Mary Warren finally tries to tell the truth, Abigail leads the others in pretending that Mary has sent a yellow bird to attack them. The girls repeat Mary's words back to her in a cruel chorus, and Miller's stage directions turn the courtroom into a scene of mass hysteria. The effect is terrifying because we know it is an act, yet Danforth is entirely convinced. The girls' cruelty here is calculated: they are willing to destroy one of their own to protect themselves. When Abigail even challenges Danforth, warning him to beware of the power of Hell, the arrogance of a teenage girl intimidating the deputy governor is both astonishing and infuriating.

However, Miller complicates my response with Mary Warren. She is weak and easily frightened rather than evil, and her attempt to tell the truth shows that some of the girls know what they are doing is wrong. Her collapse back into accusation, screaming that Proctor is the Devil's man, is pitiful rather than wicked. I feel frustrated with her, but I also understand how impossible her position is, caught between Proctor's anger and Abigail's threats. Similarly, Betty and Ruth Putnam seem genuinely ill or terrified at the start, and Miller suggests that their behaviour grows out of guilt and fear of punishment in a society where dancing in the woods could be seen as devil worship.

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Miller also shows that the girls' power comes from the adults around them. Mrs Putnam, desperate to explain the deaths of her babies, pushes Ruth towards conjuring the dead, and Thomas Putnam uses the accusations to settle scores over land. Parris is more concerned with his reputation than with the truth, and Danforth's refusal to admit any error allows the girls to continue. Mary Warren's remark that she is now an official of the court shows how quickly these servant girls, normally overlooked, become intoxicated by the respect they are given. In a strict Puritan world that repressed young women, the accusations offer them attention, authority and freedom from blame. This does not excuse them, but it makes me angrier with the system than with any individual girl except Abigail.

The ending reinforces this. Abigail does not face justice: she steals her uncle's savings and runs away, leaving others to hang. This disappearance makes my anger towards her sharper, because she escapes the consequences she created.

So, to a large extent, Miller's portrayal of the girls does make me angry, especially with Abigail, whose selfishness and cruelty drive the tragedy. Yet Miller deliberately spreads the blame. He presents most of the girls as frightened followers in a hysterical crowd and makes the adults who empower them equally responsible, so that my anger widens from the girls to the whole society that allowed the witch hunt to happen.

3a

Sherriff makes this a powerful moment because it turns, with astonishing speed, from a scene of brutal threat into one of tenderness and shared confession. Stanhope begins by seeming ready to kill a terrified man, and ends sitting beside him with an arm round his shoulder admitting that he feels "the same". The reversal exposes the truth that the play keeps returning to: that every man in the

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dugout is fighting the same fear, and that courage is not the absence of terror but the decision to "see it through".

The opening is shocking. Stanhope's outburst, "you little swine", and his formal charge of "Striking a superior officer!" show how close he is to losing control. The stage direction in which he takes hold of his revolver "as it swings from its lanyard" makes the threat physical and immediate. His cold proposal is horrifying: he will not have Hibbert shot for desertion, because that would be "a hell of a disgrace", so instead there will be "an accident". The casual tone of "I'm fiddling with my revolver, d'you see?" and the matter-of-fact "It often happens out here" make the threat even more chilling, as if killing a fellow officer is just another feature of trench life. The final image, that the bullet will hit Hibbert "between the eyes", is deliberately brutal.

Sherriff then builds unbearable tension through time. Stanhope gives Hibbert "half a minute", repeats it, and holds up his wrist to look at his watch. The countdown, "Fifteen more seconds", "Ten", "Five", slows the scene down so that every second feels enormous, and the silences in the stage directions force the audience to wait with Hibbert. Hibbert's reaction is equally disturbing. His "high-pitched laugh" and his demand "Go on, then, shoot!" reveal a man so broken that death seems a relief. His wish to "thank God" for being shot shows how unbearable the front line has become for him. The detailed description of him with "eyes tightly screwed up" and hands "tightly clutching the edges of his tunic" is painfully vivid, a picture of a body bracing for death.

The turning point is quiet. Stanhope "quietly drops his revolver into its holster" and places his hands "Gently" on Hibbert's shoulders. After all the violence of the language, this gentleness is startling. Stanhope is "smiling", and his praise, "Good

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man, Hibbert. I liked the way you stuck that", reveals that the threat may have been a test, or a desperate gamble to make Hibbert find the courage he believes he lacks. Hibbert's hoarse "Why didn't you shoot?" shows his bewilderment. Stanhope's plea, "Stay here, old chap", uses the warm, public-school language of comradeship and shows that he is appealing to Hibbert's sense of duty to the men.

Hibbert's breakdown is the emotional climax. His speech is full of dashes and broken phrases, showing how fear has shattered his ability to speak clearly. The physical detail that "Every sound up there makes me all" cold and sick, and his horror at going up the steps "with the men looking at me", suggest his greatest fear is not only death but shame. He insists he is "different" to the others, which makes Stanhope's response so powerful.

Stanhope's confession transforms the scene. "Because I feel the same" is a moment of rare honesty from a man who has hidden his feelings behind whisky and harshness. His admission that he sometimes wants to "lie down on this bed" and pretend to be paralysed until he died reveals the depth of his own suffering. The whisky he offers Hibbert is a reminder of how Stanhope himself survives. Sherriff shows that Stanhope's hero-worshipped strength is fragile, and that what separates him from Hibbert is not courage but endurance.

The moment is powerful because it redefines bravery. Sherriff shows two men who both "hate and loathe" the war, and the scene asks the audience to feel compassion rather than contempt for those who break, while also admiring those who, however afraid, keep going for each other.

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3b	Sherriff strongly encourages us to admire Raleigh, but the admiration he invites is complicated by pity. Raleigh is brave, loyal and good-hearted, yet much of what we admire in him is his innocence, and the play is built around the painful destruction of that innocence. By the final scene I admire him less for any single act than for the quiet dignity with which he faces a war that he did not understand when he arrived. Raleigh's first appearance is designed to make the audience warm to him. He comes into the dugout eager, polite and slightly awkward, a young officer straight from school who has used his uncle's influence to be posted to Stanhope's company. His excitement at being with Dennis, the boy he hero-worshipped at school as captain of rugby, is touching. Sherriff uses the gentle conversation with Osborne to bring out his openness and enthusiasm, but there is dramatic irony throughout, because Osborne and the audience know that Stanhope has changed beyond recognition. Our admiration for Raleigh's loyalty is mixed with dread for what he will discover. The letter scene in Act Two is one of the most effective ways Sherriff makes us admire him. Stanhope, drunk and paranoid, insists on censoring the letter, convinced that Raleigh will betray his drinking to his sister. Instead, when Osborne reads it aloud, it is full of praise for Stanhope, describing his tiredness and the way the men admire him. Raleigh has seen Stanhope's weakness and chosen loyalty and generosity rather than judgement. The structure of the scene is powerful: Stanhope's suspicion makes Raleigh's goodness shine more brightly, and Stanhope is left ashamed. I admire Raleigh here because his kindness is unforced and genuine. Raleigh's courage is shown most clearly in the raid. He volunteers eagerly and goes

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over with Osborne, and Sherriff stages the raid offstage, so that we see the anxious waiting in the dugout and the return. Before they go, the touching scene in which Osborne distracts him by talking about home and the New Forest shows Raleigh's youth, and the fact that he returns alive while Osborne dies makes him a figure of both bravery and loss. His dazed state afterwards makes us feel how deeply he has been affected.

However, Sherriff complicates our admiration in the dinner scene. Raleigh refuses to eat the celebration meal with the officers and instead eats with the men, which provokes Stanhope's furious outburst. On one level his refusal is admirable: he cannot bear to feast and laugh when Osborne is dead. Yet his naive assumption that the others do not care reveals how little he yet understands. Stanhope's anguished explanation that drinking and forgetting is the only way to survive shows Raleigh, and the audience, that grief in the trenches has to be hidden. I admire Raleigh's sincerity, but Sherriff also makes us see that his innocence is a kind of blindness.

The ending is where admiration and pity combine most powerfully. Raleigh is brought down into the dugout mortally wounded, his spine damaged by a shell, and he is anxious not to make a fuss. His courtesy and lack of self-pity are deeply moving: he speaks with boyish politeness, and asks for light when the candle seems to fade. Stanhope's tenderness, calling him by his first name and tending him like a brother, shows that their bond has been restored. Raleigh's quiet death, followed by the shell that brings down the dugout, makes him the embodiment of a lost generation of young men whose idealism was destroyed by the war.

So Sherriff encourages us to admire Raleigh to a great extent: for his loyalty, his courage and his gentleness. Yet the admiration is shaded with sadness, because

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Sherriff presents those very qualities as the ones the war wastes most cruelly. Raleigh is admirable precisely because he remains decent in an indecent world, and his death leaves the audience grieving for everything his innocence represented.

4a

Shakespeare makes this an entertaining moment by building a comedy of mutual terror. Two people who desperately do not want to fight are pushed towards a duel by Sir Toby and Fabian, who manipulate each of them with exaggerated stories about the other's ferocity. The audience is in on the joke from the start, and the pleasure comes from watching the trap close, from the comic gap between appearance and reality, and from the delicious dramatic irony of Viola's disguise.

The scene opens with Fabian working on Viola. His claim that Sir Andrew is "incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement" uses inflated legal language to make a silly quarrel sound deadly. The comedy lies in his double-edged description: Andrew shows "Nothing of that wonderful promise" in his appearance, but will prove "the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite" in all Illyria. The triple adjectives pile up absurdly, and the audience, who have seen the feeble Andrew, enjoy the outrageous lie. Viola's reply is equally funny in its honesty: she would "rather go with sir priest than sir knight", and she does not care "who knows so much of my mettle". The pun on "mettle" and metal, and her cheerful admission of cowardice, are charming because they reveal the frightened young woman behind the page's costume.

Shakespeare then mirrors this exchange with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and the parallel structure is itself a source of comedy. Toby tells Andrew that Cesario is "a very devil" and a "firago", a mangled version of virago that adds to the farce. His invented account of a fencing bout, full of technical-sounding phrases like "the

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stuck in" and the claim that Cesario was "fencer to the Sophy", the Shah of Persia, is gloriously preposterous. Andrew's instant collapse, "Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him", and his later "Plague on't", show the same cowardice as Viola, so that both sides are equally terrified. His sudden willingness to give up "my horse, grey Capilet" just to escape is a lovely comic detail, because his pride evaporates the moment he is frightened.

Sir Toby is the gleeful puppet-master of the scene. His reassuring promise that it "shall end without the perdition of souls" is followed by a sly aside: "Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you." The bawdy pun on riding exposes how he has been exploiting Andrew all along for money, and now for a horse as well. The asides draw the audience into his conspiracy, making us complicit in the joke. Fabian's report that Cesario "pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels" adds another vivid image, and the reference to bear-baiting fits a scene in which two victims are being set on each other for the entertainment of spectators.

The dramatic irony reaches its peak in Viola's aside: "A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man." This line is wonderfully funny on several levels. It expresses her fear, but it is also a bawdy joke about what she literally lacks, and it reminds the audience that the "fierce" youth Andrew dreads is a woman with no training in swordsmanship. Her plea "Pray God defend me!" is echoed by Andrew's "Pray God he keep his oath!", and the matching prayers emphasise that both "duellists" share the same panic.

Sir Toby's mock-solemn appeals to honour, the "duello" and the promise that each will "not hurt you" heighten the absurdity. Both are told the other has sworn to be gentle, yet both must fight for appearance's sake. Fabian's advice to "Give ground if you see him furious" is comically useless to a combatant who would

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rather run away entirely.

The scene ends with the stage direction "[They draw.]", a moment of physical comedy which, in performance, would show two trembling figures holding swords as far from each other as possible. Shakespeare leaves the audience in suspense, which is soon broken by Antonio's interruption. Overall, the scene entertains because it combines farce, wordplay, asides and disguise, and because its satire of male pride and false honour is so light and good-natured that we laugh at everyone, even ourselves.

4b

Shakespeare leaves me only partly convinced that Orsino deserves Viola. For much of the play he is a self-absorbed lover, more in love with the idea of love than with any real woman, and his behaviour in the final act is genuinely alarming. Yet Shakespeare also shows a real bond growing between him and "Cesario", and suggests that Orsino is capable of change. The marriage feels right as comic resolution, but Viola seems, to me, the more deserving partner.

The opening scene presents Orsino as indulgent and fickle. His famous first line, "If music be the food of love, play on", reveals a man who wants to feed his feelings to excess until "the appetite may sicken". He calls for "That strain again" only to dismiss it moments later as "not so sweet now as it was before". Shakespeare uses this quick change of mood to establish him as restless and changeable, and his claim that "so full of shapes is fancy" seems to describe himself. His love for Olivia is a pose: he lies among "beds of flowers" sighing for a woman he never visits, sending others to woo for him. This hardly suggests a man worthy of Viola's steadfast devotion.

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His treatment of Viola as Cesario is, however, more complex. Within three days he has "unclasp'd" to her "the book even of my secret soul", which shows that he trusts and values this new companion deeply. Ironically, he notices her femininity while missing it entirely, remarking that "Diana's lip / Is not more smooth and rubious". The audience enjoys the dramatic irony, and we sense that his attraction to Cesario is more genuine than his performance of passion for Olivia.

Act Two Scene Four is central to my judgement. Orsino insists that no woman's heart could hold a passion as strong as his, that women's love lacks "retention", having only just told Cesario that men's fancies are "more giddy and unfirm" than women's. Shakespeare exposes his contradictions and his vanity. Viola's reply, the story of an imaginary sister who "never told her love" and sat "like Patience on a monument, / Smiling at grief", is a moving portrait of her own silent suffering. Orsino is touched, but asks only whether the sister died of her love and then returns to his own concerns. The scene shows Viola's love to be deeper and more selfless than his, which makes me question whether he deserves her.

The final act is the most troubling. When Orsino believes Cesario has betrayed him with Olivia, he threatens to kill her: "I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, / To spite a raven's heart within a dove." The violent image reveals a possessive, dangerous side, and it is disturbing that Viola's response is to declare she would die "a thousand deaths" willingly for him. Shakespeare makes us uneasy here, because Viola's devotion seems far greater than Orsino has earned.

Yet the resolution offers some reassurance. Once the truth is revealed, Orsino turns to Viola with genuine warmth, recalling that she has said "a thousand times" she would never love a woman as she loves him. He offers his hand and declares she shall be "Your master's mistress", a witty reversal that acknowledges her

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service and raises her to equality. His wish to "see thee in thy woman's weeds" suggests he wants to know her as she really is. Some readers find his switch from Olivia to Viola too swift to be convincing; others see it as the moment when his love finally finds a real object. I lean towards the second reading, because his affection for Cesario has been building for the whole play.

Even so, the play ends with Orsino still calling her "Cesario" because she remains in her disguise, a reminder that their relationship has been founded on illusion. Overall, Shakespeare makes me feel that Orsino deserves Viola only to a limited extent. He is self-indulgent, changeable and at times threatening, but he is also capable of real affection. Ultimately it is Viola's patience, wit and loyalty that make the marriage seem worthwhile, and Shakespeare perhaps suggests that her love will make Orsino a better man.

Sa

Shakespeare makes this a revealing moment because, for the first time, the audience is left alone with Iago and sees the mind behind the mask. In the exchange with Roderigo we watch how he manipulates others; in the soliloquy that follows we hear what he really thinks, and what we discover is a man driven by hatred, contempt and a delight in his own cleverness. The scene reveals his methods, his shifting motives and, chillingly, the plan that will destroy Othello.

The prose dialogue with Roderigo shows Iago's skill as a manipulator. His opening, "Thou art sure of me", offers reassurance while his repeated command to "go make money" and later "Put money enough in your purse" reveal what he actually wants from Roderigo. The insistent repetition, "I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again", and the blunt "I hate the Moor" make his hatred sound like a fixed, almost obsessive principle. He flatters Roderigo by making them partners,

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urging them to be "conjunctive in our revenge", and dangles the prize of cuckolding Othello, which would be "thyself a pleasure, me a sport". The word "sport" is revealing: for Iago, other people's suffering is a game. The image of events in "the womb of time" which "will be delivered" introduces a pattern of birth imagery that returns at the end of the scene, suggesting that his schemes are growing inside him.

Roderigo's response is comically pathetic. His eager question about where they will meet and his declaration "I am chang'd" and "I'll sell all my land" show how completely he has been taken in. Iago's short, brisk lines, "Go to; farewell", show how easily he controls the conversation.

The shift into blank verse after Roderigo leaves is significant. The more formal, controlled rhythm signals that we are now hearing Iago's private, calculating voice. His contempt is immediately clear: "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse". He would "profane" his own intelligence if he spent time with "such a snipe", a small, foolish bird, except for "my sport and profit". The repeated focus on sport and money shows that Iago feels no loyalty to anyone.

Most revealing of all is the uncertainty of his motives. He repeats "I hate the Moor", then mentions a rumour that Othello has slept with his wife, "'twixt my sheets". Yet he admits "I know not if't be true", and decides that "for mere suspicion" he will act "as if for surety". This is a startling confession: Iago is willing to destroy a man on the basis of gossip he does not believe. Some readers see this as evidence that his motives are invented to justify a hatred that already exists, and Coleridge's phrase about the "motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity" captures this well. His remark "He holds me well; / The better shall my purpose work on him" reveals the dark irony that Othello's trust is the very weapon Iago

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will use.

The soliloquy then shows his plan forming in front of us. The broken questions, "Let me see now", "How, how? Let's see", give the impression of a mind working in real time, which draws the audience into an uncomfortable complicity. He picks on Cassio, "a proper man" with "a smooth dispose", easy to present as a seducer, and plans to "abuse Othello's ear". His description of Othello as having "a free and open nature" that "thinks men honest that but seem to be so" is perhaps the most revealing line of all: it is a genuine tribute to Othello's goodness, yet Iago sees that goodness only as a weakness to exploit. The degrading simile that Othello will be "led by th' nose / As asses are" shows his contempt.

The final couplet, "Hell and night / Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light", completes the birth imagery with a terrifying image. The rhyme gives a sense of finality, as though the plan has been sealed, and the references to "Hell" and "night" associate Iago with the diabolical. This moment is revealing because it shows the audience exactly what is coming while the other characters remain blind, making us watch the tragedy unfold with mounting horror.

5b Shakespeare persuades me that Othello is responsible for his own downfall, but only partly. Iago designs the trap with chilling skill, yet the trap only works because of qualities in Othello himself: a trusting nature that Iago can exploit, a pride that cannot bear doubt, and a readiness to turn love into judgement. Shakespeare makes the tragedy so painful because Othello is both a victim and the man who finally chooses to kill.

At first Othello seems the least likely man to fall. Faced with Brabantio's armed

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men, he calmly says "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them", and the gentle irony of the line shows a man in complete control of himself and others. His confidence that "My parts, my title, and my perfect soul / Shall manifest me rightly" is impressive, but the word "perfect" may hint at a dangerous self-belief: a man so sure of his own worth may not know how to cope when that certainty is shaken. Shakespeare also makes Iago's power so overwhelming that I cannot place all the blame on Othello. From his opening admission "I am not what I am", Iago is presented as a master of performance, and in his soliloquy at the end of Act I he shows the audience exactly how he will work. He sees that "The Moor is of a free and open nature / That thinks men honest that but seem to be so", and the image of Othello being "led by th' nose / As asses are" is contemptuous. Here Shakespeare locates Othello's weakness in a virtue: his openness. A man who "thinks men honest" is not wicked, and the repeated phrase "honest Iago" across the play becomes a bitter dramatic irony, because Othello's trust is the very thing that destroys him.

However, the temptation scene in Act 3 Scene 3 shows Othello moving with frightening speed from trust to rage, and here I feel he is responsible. Othello's demand that Iago "prove my love a whore" and give him "the ocular proof" shows that he wants certainty, but he accepts a handkerchief and a reported dream instead. Iago himself observes that "trifles light as air" seem to the jealous like "proofs of holy writ", and Shakespeare lets us see that Othello is the kind of man who will take trifles for proof. His earlier line "when I love thee not, / Chaos is come again" is revealing: his love is so absolute that the smallest doubt sends him into chaos rather than into questioning. He never asks Desdemona or Cassio directly, which is a choice, not something Iago forces on him.

Shakespeare charts this collapse through Othello's language. The noble, measured

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verse of Act I gives way to the violent cry "Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!" and then to the broken prose and fragments of Act 4, where he falls into a fit. The single exclamation "Goats and monkeys!" sounds like Iago's crude animal imagery in Othello's mouth, as if Iago has entered his mind. Yet his vow of revenge is his own, and the image of the "Pontic Sea" that never ebbs shows him deliberately refusing to turn back.

In the final scene Othello's sense of responsibility is complex. "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul" suggests he has persuaded himself that the murder is justice, and the double meaning in "Put out the light, and then put out the light" shows him calmly weighing the act before he commits it. This calm makes him more culpable, not less. When the truth comes out, Emilia's "O gull! O dolt!" voices the audience's frustration. Othello's final description of himself as one who "loved not wisely but too well" and was "Perplexed in the extreme" is moving, but it is also partly self-excusing, and I am not fully persuaded by it. His suicide, however, is a kind of final acceptance of blame.

Overall, Shakespeare persuades me that Othello is largely, though not wholly, responsible. Iago supplies the poison, but Othello's pride, his absolute love and his refusal to test the evidence allow it to work. The tragedy lies in the fact that his finest qualities and his fatal ones are the same.