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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/21**

Paper 2 Drama **October/November 2020**

1 hour 30 minutes

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You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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. Blank pages are indicated.

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[Turn over

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **1(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Walter: A man needs for a woman to back him up …

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Walter [*mumbling*]: We one group of men tied to a race of women with small minds.

[*from Act 1*]

In what ways does Hansberry powerfully reveal growing tensions between Walter and Ruth at this moment in the play?

Or **1(b)** How does Hansberry strikingly convey Mama's strength as the head of the Younger family?

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **2(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

[*Since* PROCTOR*'s entrance,* ABIGAIL *has stood as though on tiptoe, absorbing his presence, wide-eyed. He glances at her, then goes to* BETTY *on the bed*.]

Abigail: Gah!

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You loved me, John Proctor, and whatever sin it is, you love me yet!

[*He turns abruptly to go out*.]

[*from Act 1*]

How does Miller make this encounter so dramatically revealing?

Or **2(b)** Explore **two** moments in the play which Miller makes particularly frightening for you.

TERENCE RATTIGAN: *The Winslow Boy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **3(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Grace: Arthur?

Arthur: Yes, Grace?

Grace: Please don't—please don't—— [*She stops, uncertainly*.]

Arthur: What mustn't I do?

Grace: Please don't forget he's only a child——

[ARTHUR *does not answer her*.]

Catherine: Come on, Mother.

[GRACE *goes up to* CATHERINE *at the door. She looks back at* ARTHUR. *He has still not altered his position and is ignoring her. She goes into the dining-room followed by* CATHERINE. ARTHUR *does not move after they are gone. After an appreciable pause there comes a timid knock on the hall door*.]

Arthur: Come in.

[RONNIE *appears in the doorway. He is in a dressing-gown. He stands on the threshold*.]

Come in and shut the door.

[RONNIE *closes the door behind him*.]

Come over here.

[RONNIE *walks slowly up to his father*. ARTHUR *gazes at him steadily for some time, without speaking*.]

[*At length*] Why aren't you in your uniform?

Ronnie [*murmuring*]: It got wet.

Arthur: How did it get wet?

Ronnie: I was out in the garden in the rain.

Arthur: Why?

Ronnie [*reluctantly*]: I was hiding.

Arthur: From me?

[RONNIE *nods*.]

Do you remember once, you promised me that if ever you were in trouble of any sort you would come to me first?

Ronnie: Yes, Father.

Arthur: Why didn't you come to me now? Why did you have to go and hide in the garden?

Ronnie: I don't know, Father.

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Arthur: Are you so frightened of me?

[RONNIE *does not reply*. ARTHUR *gazes at him for a moment, then holds up the letter*.]

In this letter it says you stole a postal order.

[RONNIE *opens his mouth to speak.* ARTHUR *stops him*.]

Now I don't want you to say a word until you've heard what *I've* got to say. If you did it, you must tell me. I shan't be angry with you, Ronnie—provided you tell me the truth. But if you tell me a lie, I shall know it, because a lie between you and me can't be hidden. I shall know it, Ronnie—so remember that before you speak. [*He pauses*.] Did you steal this postal order?

Ronnie [*without hesitation*]: No, Father. I didn't.

[ARTHUR *takes a step towards him*.]

Arthur [*staring into his eyes*]: Did you steal this postal order?

Ronnie: No, Father. I didn't.

[ARTHUR *continues to stare into his eyes for a second, then relaxes*.]

Arthur: Go on back to bed.

[RONNIE *goes gratefully to the hall door*.]

And in future I trust that a son of mine will at least show enough sense to come in out of the rain.

Ronnie: Yes, Father.

[RONNIE *goes out*. ARTHUR *crosses to the desk. He picks up the telephone*.]

Arthur [*into the telephone*]: Hullo. Are you there? [*He speaks very distinctly*.] I want to put a trunk call through, please. A trunk call … Yes … The Royal Naval College, Osborne … That's right … Replace receiver? Certainly. [*He replaces the receiver and then, after a moment's meditation, turns and walks briskly into the dining-room*.]

QUICK CURTAIN

[*from Act 1*]

How does Rattigan make this moment in the play so dramatic and significant?

Or **3(b)** How far do you think Rattigan portrays Grace Winslow as a good wife and mother?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 4(a) Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Lady Macbeth: O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts –
Impostors to true fear – would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth: Prithee see there.
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost*.

Lady Macbeth: What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macbeth: If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth: Fie, for shame!

Macbeth: Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady Macbeth: My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth: I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.

[*Enter Ghost.*]

I drink to the general joy o' th' whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords: Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth: Avaunt, and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee.
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady Macbeth: Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

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Macbeth: What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! [*Exit Ghost*.

[*from Act 3, Scene 4*]

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this moment in the play so gripping.

Or **4(b)** How far does Shakespeare convince you that Macbeth has only himself to blame for his downfall?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **5(a)** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

[*Enter* ROMEO.]

Tybalt: Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mercutio: But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tybalt: Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Romeo: Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see thou knowest me not.

Tybalt: Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Romeo: I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet – which name I tender
As dearly as mine own – be satisfied.

Mercutio: O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws*.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tybalt: What wouldst thou have with me?

Mercutio: Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tybalt: I am for you. [*Draws*.

Romeo: Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio: Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight*.

Romeo: Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt! Mercutio! the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[TYBALT *under* ROMEO*'s arm thrusts* MERCUTIO *in, and flies with his friends*.]

Mercutio: I am hurt.
A plague a both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Benvolio: What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio: Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page*.

Romeo: Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

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Mercutio: No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague a both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo: I thought all for the best.

Mercutio: Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint.
A plague a both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me.
I have it, and soundly too – Your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

[*from Act 3*, *Scene 1*]

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

Or **5(b)** How far does Shakespeare encourage you to feel sympathy for Paris?

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