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Cambridge
O Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/23**

Paper 2 Drama **October/November 2015**

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions.
Your questions may be on the same play, **or** on two different plays.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages, and **1** insert.

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ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

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

Chris [*quietly, incredibly*]: How could you do that? How?

Keller: What's the matter with you!

Chris: Dad … Dad, you killed twenty-one men!

Keller: What, killed?

Chris: You killed them, you murdered them.

Keller [*as though throwing his whole nature open before* CHRIS]: How could I kill anybody?

Chris: Dad! Dad!

Keller [*trying to hush him*]: I didn't kill anybody!

Chris: Then explain it to me. What did you do? Explain it to me or I'll tear you to pieces!

Keller [*horrified at his overwhelming fury*]: Don't, Chris, don't –

Chris: I want to know what you did, now what did you do? You had a hundred and twenty cracked engine-heads, now what did you do?

Keller: If you're going to hang me then I –

Chris: I'm listening. God Almighty, I'm listening!

Keller [– *their movements now are those of subtle pursuit and escape.* KELLER *keeps a step out of* CHRIS'*s range as he talks.*]: You're a boy, what could I do! I'm in business, a man is in business; a hundred and twenty cracked, you're out of business; you got a process, the process don't work you're out of business; you don't know how to operate, your stuff is no good; they close you up, they tear up your contracts, what the hell's it to them? You lay forty years into a business and they knock you out in five minutes, what could I do, let them take forty years, let them take my life away? [*His voice cracking*] I never thought they'd install them. I swear to God. I thought they'd stop 'em before anybody took off.

Chris: Then why'd you ship them out?

Keller: By the time they could spot them I thought I'd have the process going again, and I could show them they needed me and they'd let it go by. But weeks passed and I got no kick-back, so I was going to tell them.

Chris: Then why didn't you tell them?

Keller: It was too late. The paper, it was all over the front page, twenty-one went down, it was too late. They came with handcuffs into the shop, what could I do? [*He sits on bench.*] Chris … Chris, I did it for you, it was a chance and I took it for you. I'm sixty-one years old, when would I have another chance to make something for you? Sixty-one years old you don't get another chance, do ya?

Chris: You even knew they wouldn't hold up in the air.

Keller: I didn't say that.

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Chris: But you were going to warn them not to use them –

Keller: But that don't mean –

Chris: It means you knew they'd crash.

Keller: It don't mean that.

Chris: Then you *thought* they'd crash.

Keller: I was afraid maybe –

Chris: You were afraid maybe! God in heaven, what kind of man are you? Kids were hanging in the air by those heads. You knew that!

Keller: For you, a business for you!

Chris [*with burning fury*]: For me! Where do you live, where have you come from? For me! – I was dying every day and you were killing my boys and you did it for me? What the hell do you think I was thinking of, the goddam business? Is that as far as your mind can see, the business? What is that, the world – the business? What the hell do you mean, you did it for me? Don't you have a country? Don't you live in the world? What the hell are you? You're not even an animal, no animal kills his own, what are you? What must I do to you? I ought to tear the tongue out of your mouth, what must I do? [*With his fist he pounds down upon his father's shoulder. He stumbles away, covering his face as he weeps.*] What must I do, Jesus God, what must I do?

Keller: Chris … My Chris …

CURTAIN

[*from Act 2*]

How does Miller make this such a powerfully dramatic ending to Act 2?

2 How do you think the portrayal of the two couples – Sue and Jim Bayliss and Frank and Lydia Lubey – contributes to the power of Miller's play?

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J. B. PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

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

Birling [*somewhat impatiently*]: Look – there's nothing mysterious –

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Inspector: They might. But after all it's better to ask for the earth than to take it.

[*from Act 1*]

In what ways does Priestley make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play?

4 Explore the ways in which Priestley vividly depicts the conflict between Mrs Birling and Sheila in **two** moments in the play.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

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

Antonio: Is that anything now?

Bassanio: Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Antonio: Well; tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bassanio: 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio: I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bassanio: In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio: You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it; therefore, speak.

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Bassanio: In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia – nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio: Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

[*from Act 1 Scene 1*]

How does Shakespeare create vivid impressions of Bassanio and his friendship with Antonio at this moment in the play?

6 What does Shakespeare's writing make you feel about Jessica and Lorenzo?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

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

Oberon: I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck: My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So at his sight away his fellows fly;
And at our stamp here, o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Oberon: This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck: I took him sleeping – that is finish'd too –
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Oberon: Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck: This is the woman, but not this the man.

Demetrius: O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

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Hermia: Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murd'red him;
So should a murderer look – so dead, so grim.

Demetrius: So should the murdered look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Hermia: What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Demetrius: I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

[*from Act 3 Scene 2*]

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

8 To what extent do you think that Shakespeare portrays Hermia and Helena as victims?

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

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

Prospero: Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Caliban: As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Prospero: For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Caliban: I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Prospero: Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Caliban: O ho, O ho! Would't had been done.
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else
This isle with Calibans.

Miranda: Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,

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Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock, who hadst
Deserv'd more than a prison.

Caliban: You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Prospero: Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Caliban: No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey. His art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Prospero: So, slave; hence!

[*Exit* CALIBAN

[*from Act 1 Scene 2*]

To what extent does Shakespeare make it possible for you to feel sympathy for Caliban at this moment in the play?

10 'So perfect and so peerless.' How far does Shakespeare make you agree with this view of Miranda?

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OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

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

Gwendolen: Ah! that accounts for it. And now that I think of it I have never heard any man mention his brother. The subject seems distasteful to most men. Cecily, you have lifted a load from my mind. I was growing almost anxious. It would have been terrible if any cloud had come across a friendship like ours, would it not? Of course you are quite, quite sure that it is not Mr Ernest Worthing who is your guardian?

Cecily: Quite sure. [*A pause*.] In fact, I am going to be his.

Gwendolen [*inquiringly*]: I beg your pardon?

Cecily [*rather shy and confidingly*]: Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you. Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

Gwendolen [*quite politely, rising*]: My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the *Morning Post* on Saturday at the latest.

Cecily [*very politely, rising*]: I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. [*Shows diary*.]

Gwendolen [*examines diary through her lorgnette carefully*]: It is very curious, for he asked me to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. [*Produces diary of her own*.] I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. I am so sorry, dear Cecily, if it is any disappointment to you, but I am afraid I have the prior claim.

Cecily: It would distress me more than I can tell you, dear Gwendolen, if it caused you any mental or physical anguish, but I feel bound to point out that since Ernest proposed to you he clearly has changed his mind.

Gwendolen [*meditatively*]: If the poor fellow has been entrapped into any foolish promise I shall consider it my duty to rescue him at once, and with a firm hand.

Cecily [*thoughtfully and sadly*]: Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

Gwendolen: Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

Cecily: Do you suggest, Miss Fairfax, that I entrapped Ernest into an engagement? How dare you? This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

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Gwendolen [*satirically*]: I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

[*Enter* MERRIMAN*, followed by the footman. He carries a salver, table cloth, and plate stand.* CECILY *is about to retort. The presence of the servants exercises a restraining influence, under which both girls chafe.*]

Merriman: Shall I lay tea here as usual, Miss?

Cecily [*sternly, in a calm voice*]: Yes, as usual. [MERRIMAN *begins to clear table and lay cloth. A long pause.* CECILY *and* GWENDOLEN *glare at each other.*]

Gwendolen: Are there many interesting walks in the vicinity, Miss Cardew?

Cecily: Oh! yes! a great many. From the top of one of the hills quite close one can see five counties.

Gwendolen: Five counties! I don't think I should like that; I hate crowds.

Cecily: [*sweetly*]: I suppose that is why you live in town? [GWENDOLEN *bites her lip, and beats her foot nervously with her parasol.*]

Gwendolen [*looking around*]: Quite a well-kept garden this is, Miss Cardew.

Cecily: So glad you like it, Miss Fairfax.

Gwendolen: I had no idea there were any flowers in the country.

Cecily: Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London.

Gwendolen: Personally I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anybody who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death.

Cecily: Ah! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present. It is almost an epidemic amongst them, I have been told. May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?

Gwendolen [*with elaborate politeness*]: Thank you. [*Aside.*] Detestable girl! But I require tea!

[*from Act 2*]

How does Wilde make this conversation between Gwendolen and Cecily so entertaining at this moment in the play?

12 Explore the ways in which Wilde amusingly portrays the relationship between Jack and Algernon.

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