
LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/21

Paper 2 Drama

May/June 2015

1 hour 30 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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.

You must answer **one** passage-based question (marked *) and **one** essay question (marked †).

Your questions must be on **two** different plays.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

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

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either * 1

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

Sue: Is my husband – ?

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He meets a man and makes a statue out of him.

Explore the ways in which Miller makes this such a dramatic and revealing moment in the play.

Or † 2

How does Miller make Kate's self-deception such a memorable feature of the play?

J. B. PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either * 3

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

- Sheila:* How could I know what would happen afterwards? If she'd been some miserable plain little creature, I don't suppose I'd have done it. But she was very pretty and looked as if she could take care of herself. I couldn't be sorry for her.
- Inspector:* In fact, in a kind of way, you might be said to have been jealous of her.
- Sheila:* Yes, I suppose so. 5
- Inspector:* And so you used the power you had, as a daughter of a good customer and also of a man well-known in the town, to punish the girl just because she made you feel like that?
- Sheila:* Yes, but it didn't seem to be anything very terrible at the time. Don't you understand? And if I could help her now, I would – 10
- Inspector:* [*harshly*] Yes, but you can't. It's too late. She's dead.
- Eric:* My God, it's a bit thick, when you come to think of it –
- Sheila:* [*stormily*] Oh shut up, Eric. I know, I know. It's the only time I've ever done anything like that, and I'll never, never do it again to anybody. I've noticed them giving me a sort of look sometimes at Milwards – I noticed it even this afternoon – and I suppose some of them remember. I feel now I can never go there again. Oh – why had this to happen? 15
- Inspector:* [*sternly*] That's what I asked myself tonight when I was looking at that dead girl. And then I said to myself: 'Well, we'll try to understand why it had to happen?' And that's why I'm here, and why I'm not going until I know *all* that happened. Eva Smith lost her job with Birling and Company because the strike failed and they were determined not to have another one. At last she found another job – under what name I don't know – in a big shop, and had to leave there because you were annoyed with yourself and passed the annoyance on to her. Now she had to try something else. So first she changed her name to Daisy Renton – 20
- Gerald:* [*startled*] What? 25
- Inspector:* [*steadily*] I said she changed her name to Daisy Renton.
- Gerald:* [*pulling himself together*] D'you mind if I give myself a drink, Sheila?
- SHEILA merely nods, still staring at him, and he goes across to the tantalus on the sideboard for a whisky.* 30
- Inspector:* Where is your father, Miss Birling?
- Sheila:* He went into the drawing-room, to tell my mother what was happening here. Eric, take the Inspector along to the drawing-room.
- As ERIC moves, the INSPECTOR looks from SHEILA to GERALD, then goes out with ERIC.* 35
- Well, Gerald?
- Gerald:* [*trying to smile*] Well what, Sheila?
- Sheila:* How did you come to know this girl – Eva Smith?

- Gerald:* I didn't.
- Sheila:* Daisy Renton then – it's the same thing. 40
- Gerald:* Why should I have known her?
- Sheila:* Oh don't be stupid. We haven't much time. You gave yourself away as soon as he mentioned her other name.
- Gerald:* All right, I knew her. Let's leave it at that.
- Sheila:* We can't leave it at that. 45
- Gerald:* [*approaching her*] Now listen, darling –
- Sheila:* No, that's no use. You not only knew her but you knew her very well. Otherwise, you wouldn't look so guilty about it. When did you first get to know her?
- He does not reply.*
- Was it after she left Milwards? When she changed her name, as he said, and began to lead a different sort of life? Were you seeing her last spring and summer, during that time when you hardly came near me and said you were so busy? Were you? 50
- He does not reply but looks at her.*
- Yes, of course you were.
- Gerald:* I'm sorry, Sheila. But it was all over and done with, last summer. I hadn't set eyes on the girl for at least six months. I don't come into this suicide business. 55
- Sheila:* I thought I didn't, half an hour ago.
- Gerald:* You don't. Neither of us does. So – for God's sake – don't say anything to the Inspector.
- Sheila:* About you and this girl?
- Gerald:* Yes. We can keep it from him. 60
- Sheila:* [*laughs rather hysterically*] Why – you fool – *he knows*. Of course he knows. And I hate to think how much he knows that we don't know yet. You'll see, you'll see.
- She looks at him almost in triumph. He looks crushed. The door slowly opens and the INSPECTOR appears, looking steadily and searchingly at them.*
- Inspector:* Well? 65

END OF ACT ONE

[*from Act 1*]

How does Priestley make this such a powerful ending to Act 1?

Or † 4

Mrs Birling says that Eric is 'only a boy'.

To what extent does Priestley make you agree with her?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice***Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.****Either * 5**

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

<i>Duke:</i>	<p>Make room, and let him stand before our face. Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exacts the penalty, Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal, Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back – Enow to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p>
<i>Shylock:</i>	<p>I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose, And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond. If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter and your city's freedom. You'll ask me why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh than to receive Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that, But say it is my humour – is it answer'd? What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some that are mad if they behold a cat; And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose, Cannot contain their urine; for affection, Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer: As there is no firm reason to be rend'red Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; Why he, a harmless necessary cat; Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame As to offend, himself being offended;</p>	<p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p>

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing 45
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bassanio: This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock: I am not bound to please thee with my answers. 50

Bassanio: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio: Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock: What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

[from Act 4 Scene 1]

Does Shakespeare make it possible for you to have any sympathy for Shylock at this moment in the play?

Or † 6

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes you admire Portia.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either * 7

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

Enter *QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT and STARVELING*.

- Quince:* Is all our company here?
- Bottom:* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.
- Quince:* Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night. 5
- Bottom:* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.
- Quince:* Marry, our play is 'The most Lamentable Comedy and most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby'.
- Bottom:* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves. 10
- Quince:* Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.
- Bottom:* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.
- Quince:* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.
- Bottom:* What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant? 15
- Quince:* A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.
- Bottom:* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest – yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. 20
- 'The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car 25
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.'
- This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling. 30
- Quince:* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
- Flute:* Here, Peter Quince.
- Quince:* Flute, you must take Thisby on you.
- Flute:* What is Thisby? A wand'ring knight?
- Quince:* It is the lady that Pyramus must love. 35
- Flute:* Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.
- Quince:* That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

- Bottom:* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: 'Thisne, Thisne!' [*Then speaking small*] 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!' 40
- Quince:* No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.
- Bottom:* Well; proceed.
- Quince:* Robin Starveling, the tailor.
- Starveling:* Here, Peter Quince.
- Quince:* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker. 45
- Snout:* Here, Peter Quince.
- Quince:* You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part. And, I hope, here is a play fitted.
- Snug:* Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.
- Quince:* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 50
- Bottom:* Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the Duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again'.
- Quince:* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.
- All:* That would hang us, every mother's son. 55

[from Act 1 Scene 2]

How does Shakespeare make this such an entertaining introduction to Bottom and the mechanicals?

Or † 8

Puck says 'what fools these mortals be'.

To what extent does Shakespeare make you share Puck's view of human characters in the play?

- Prospero:* The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember 45
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
- Miranda:* Certainly, sir, I can.
- Prospero:* By what? By any other house, or person? 50
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance?
- Miranda:* 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not 55
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?
- Prospero:* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou cam'st here, 60
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
- Miranda:* But that I do not.
- Prospero:* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power. 65
- Miranda:* Sir, are not you my father?
- Prospero:* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued. 70
- Miranda:* O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
- Prospero:* Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; 75
But blessedly help hither.
- Miranda:* O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance.

[from Act 1 Scene 2]

How does Shakespeare make this such a striking introduction to Prospero and Miranda?

Or † 10

To what extent do you think Shakespeare suggests that Antonio gets what he deserves at the end of the play?

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either * 11

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

- Gwendolen:* Cecily Cardew? [*Moving to her and shaking hands.*] What a very sweet name! Something tells me that we are going to be great friends. I like you already more than I can say. My first impressions of people are never wrong.
- Cecily:* How nice of you to like me so much after we have known each other such a comparatively short time. Pray sit down. 5
- Gwendolen* [*still standing up*]: I may call you Cecily, may I not?
- Cecily:* With pleasure!
- Gwendolen:* And you will always call me Gwendolen, won't you?
- Cecily:* If you wish.
- Gwendolen:* Then that is all quite settled, is it not? 10
- Cecily:* I hope so. [*A pause. They both sit down together.*]
- Gwendolen:* Perhaps this might be a favourable opportunity for my mentioning who I am. My father is Lord Bracknell. You have never heard of papa, I suppose?
- Cecily:* I don't think so.
- Gwendolen:* Outside the family circle, papa, I am glad to say, is entirely unknown. I think that is quite as it should be. The home seems to me to be the proper sphere for the man. And certainly once a man begins to neglect his domestic duties he becomes painfully effeminate, does he not? And I don't like that. It makes men so very attractive. Cecily, mamma, whose views on education are remarkably strict, has brought me up to be extremely short-sighted; it is part of her system; so do you mind my looking at you through my glasses? 15 20
- Cecily:* Oh! Not at all, Gwendolen. I am very fond of being looked at.
- Gwendolen* [*after examining CECILY carefully through a lorgnette*]: You are here on a short visit, I suppose.
- Cecily:* Oh no! I live here. 25
- Gwendolen* [*severely*]: Really? Your mother, no doubt, or some female relative of advanced years, resides here also?
- Cecily:* Oh no! I have no mother, nor, in fact, any relations.
- Gwendolen:* Indeed?
- Cecily:* My dear guardian, with the assistance of Miss Prism, has the arduous task of looking after me. 30
- Gwendolen:* Your guardian?
- Cecily:* Yes, I am Mr Worthing's ward.
- Gwendolen:* Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! He grows more interesting hourly. I am not sure, however, that the news inspires me with feelings of unmixed delight. [*Rising and going to her.*] I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you! But I am bound to state that now 35

- that I know that you are Mr Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were – well, just a little older than you seem to be – and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly – 40
- Cecily:* Pray do! I think that whenever one has anything unpleasant to say, one should always be quite candid.
- Gwendolen:* Well, to speak with perfect candour, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honour. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. 45
But even men of the noblest possible moral character are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others. Modern, no less than Ancient History, supplies us with many most painful examples of what I refer to. If it were not so, indeed, History would be quite unreadable.
- Cecily:* I beg your pardon, Gwendolen, did you say Ernest? 50
- Gwendolen:* Yes.
- Cecily:* Oh, but it is not Mr Ernest Worthing who is my guardian. It is his brother – his elder brother.
- Gwendolen* [*sitting down again*]: Ernest never mentioned to me that he had a brother.
- Cecily:* I am very sorry to say they have not been on good terms for a long time. 55
- 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? 60
- Cecily:* Quite sure. [*A pause.*] In fact, I am going to be his.

[from Act 2]

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

Or † 12

In what ways do you think Wilde is making criticisms of society through the comedy of the play?

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