



LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/31

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text)

May/June 2019

45 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts studied should be taken into the examination.

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 **one** question.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1

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

- Mama* [kindly]: 'Course you going to be a doctor, honey, God willing.
- Beneatha* [drily]: God hasn't got a thing to do with it.
- Mama*: Beneatha – that just wasn't necessary.
- Beneatha*: Well – neither is God. I get sick of hearing about God.
- Mama*: Beneatha! 5
- Beneatha*: I mean it! I'm just tired of hearing about God all the time. What has He got to do with anything? Does He pay tuition?
- Mama*: You 'bout to get your fresh little jaw slapped!
- Ruth*: That's just what she needs, all right!
- Beneatha*: Why? Why can't I say what I want to around here, like everybody else? 10
- Mama*: It don't sound nice for a young girl to say things like that – you wasn't brought up that way. Me and your father went to trouble to get you and Brother to church every Sunday.
- Beneatha*: Mama, you don't understand. It's all a matter of ideas, and God is just one idea I don't accept. It's not important. I am not going out and be immoral or commit crimes because I don't believe in God. I don't even think about it. It's just that I get tired of Him getting credit for all the things the human race achieves through its own stubborn effort. There simply is no blasted God – there is only man and it is he who makes miracles! 15
- [MAMA absorbs this speech, studies her daughter and rises slowly and crosses to BENEATHA and slaps her powerfully across the face. After, there is only silence and the daughter drops her eyes from her mother's face, and MAMA is very tall before her.] 20
- Mama*: Now – you say after me, in my mother's house there is still God. [There is a long pause and BENEATHA stares at the floor wordlessly. MAMA repeats the phrase with precision and cool emotion.] In my mother's house there is still God. 25
- Beneatha*: In my mother's house there is still God.
- [A long pause.]
- Mama* [walking away from BENEATHA, too disturbed for triumphant posture. Stopping and turning back to her daughter]: There are some ideas we ain't going to have in this house. Not long as I am at the head of this family. 30
- Beneatha*: Yes, ma'am.
- [MAMA walks out of the room.]

- Ruth* [almost gently, with profound understanding]: You think you a woman, Bennie – but you still a little girl. What you did was childish – so you got treated like a child. 35
- Beneatha:* I see. [Quietly.] I also see that everybody thinks it's all right for Mama to be a tyrant. But all the tyranny in the world will never put a God in the heavens!
[She picks up her books and goes out.]
- Ruth* [goes to MAMA's door]: She said she was sorry. 40
- Mama* [coming out, going to her plant]: They frightens me, Ruth. My children.
- Ruth:* You got good children, Lena. They just a little off sometimes – but they're good.
- Mama:* No – there's something come down between me and them that don't let us understand each other and I don't know what it is. One done almost lost his mind thinking 'bout money all the time and the other done commence to talk about things I can't seem to understand in no form or fashion. What is it that's changing, Ruth? 45
- Ruth* [soothingly, older than her years]: Now... you taking it all too seriously. You just got strong-willed children and it takes a strong woman like you to keep 'em in hand. 50
- Mama* [looking at her plant and sprinkling a little water on it]: They spirited all right, my children. Got to admit they got spirit – Bennie and Walter. Like this little old plant that ain't never had enough sunshine or nothing – and look at it...
[She has her back to RUTH, who has to stop ironing and lean against something and put the back of her hand to her forehead.] 55
- Ruth* [trying to keep MAMA from noticing]: You... sure... loves that little old thing, don't you?...
- Mama:* Well, I always wanted me a garden like I used to see sometimes at the back of the houses down home. This plant is close as I ever got to having one. [She looks out of the window as she replaces the plant.] Lord, ain't nothing as dreary as the view from this window on a dreary day, is there? Why ain't you singing this morning, Ruth? Sing that 'No Ways Tired'. That song always lifts me up so.
[She turns at last to see that RUTH has slipped quietly into a chair, in a state of semi-consciousness.]
Ruth! Ruth honey - what's the matter with you... Ruth! 60
65

Curtain

[from Act 1 Scene 1]

How does Hansberry make this a powerfully dramatic moment in the play?

Or 2

How does Hansberry movingly portray the difficulties Ruth faces in the play?

Do **not** use the passage in **Question 1** when answering this question.

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3

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

Light rises on the street.

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You hear me? Alone.

[from Act 2]

In what ways does Miller make this such a disturbing moment in the play?

Or 4

Which character does Miller's writing persuade you is most responsible for Eddie's death?

Do **not** use the passage in **Question 3** when answering this question.

TERENCE RATTIGAN: *The Winslow Boy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 5

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

- Arthur:* I want to ask you a question, but before I do, I must impress on you the urgent necessity for an absolutely truthful answer.
- Dickie:* Naturally.
- Arthur:* Naturally means by nature, and I'm afraid I have not yet noticed that it has invariably been your nature to answer my questions truthfully. 5
- Dickie:* Oh. Well, I will this one Father. I promise.
- Arthur:* Very well. [*He stares at him for a moment.*] What do you suppose one of your bookmaker friends would lay in the way of odds against you getting a degree?
[*There is a pause.*] 10
- Dickie:* Oh. Well, let's think. Say—about evens.
- Arthur:* Hm. I rather doubt if at that price your friend would find many takers.
- Dickie:* Well—perhaps seven to four against.
- Arthur:* I see. And what about the odds against your eventually becoming a civil servant? 15
- Dickie:* Well—a bit steeper I suppose.
- Arthur:* Exactly. Quite a bit steeper.
[*There is a pause.*]
- Dickie:* You don't want to have a bet, do you?
- Arthur:* No, Dickie. I'm not a gambler. And that's exactly the trouble. Unhappily, I'm no longer in a position to gamble two hundred pounds a year on what you yourself admit is an outside chance. 20
- Dickie:* Not an outside chance, Father. A good chance.
- Arthur:* Not good enough, Dickie, I'm afraid—with things as they are at the moment. Definitely not good enough. I fear my mind is finally made up. 25
[*There is a long pause.*]
- Dickie:* You want me to leave Oxford—is that it?
- Arthur:* I'm afraid so, Dickie.
- Dickie:* Oh. Straight away?
- Arthur:* No. You can finish your second year. 30
- Dickie:* And what then?

- Arthur:* I can get you a job in the bank.
- Dickie* [*quietly*]: Oh, Lord!
- Arthur* [*after a pause: rather apologetically*]: It'll be quite a good job, you know. Luckily, my influence in the bank still counts for something. 35
- Dickie:* Father—if I promised you—I mean, *really* promised you—that from now on I'll work like a black—
[*ARTHUR shakes his head slowly.*]
It's the case, I suppose?
- Arthur:* It's costing me a lot of money. 40
- Dickie:* I know. It must be. Still, couldn't you—I mean, isn't there any way—
[*ARTHUR again shakes his head.*]
Oh, Lord!
- Arthur:* I'm afraid this is rather a shock for you. I'm sorry.
- Dickie:* What? No. No, it isn't really. I've been rather expecting it as a matter of fact—especially since I hear you are hoping to brief Sir Robert Morton. Still, I can't say but what it isn't a bit of a slap in the face— 45
[*The front door bell rings.*]
- Arthur:* There is a journalist coming to see me. Do you mind if we talk about this some other time? 50
- Dickie:* No. Of course not, Father. [*He begins forlornly to gather his books.*]

[*from Act 1 Scene 2*]

What vivid impressions does Rattigan give you of the relationship between Arthur and Dickie at this moment in the play?

Or 6

How does Rattigan's portrayal of Violet, the parlourmaid, contribute to your enjoyment of the play?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 7

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

<i>Doctor:</i>	A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	That, sir, which I will not report after her.	5
<i>Doctor:</i>	You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech. [Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.]	
	Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.	10
<i>Doctor:</i>	How came she by that light?	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	You see her eyes are open.	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	Ay, but their sense is shut.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.	15
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Yet here's a spot.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.	20
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Out, damned spot! out, I say! One, two; why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our pow'r to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Do you mark that?	25
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.	30
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!	

<i>Doctor:</i>	What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.	35
<i>Doctor:</i>	Well, well, well.	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	Pray God it be, sir.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.	40
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Even so?	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.	45
		<i>[Exit.</i>
<i>Doctor:</i>	Will she go now to bed?	
<i>Gentlewoman:</i>	Directly.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician. God, God forgive us all. Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night. My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.	50 55

[from Act 5 Scene 1]

In what ways does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so disturbing?

Or 8

In what ways does Shakespeare make the murder of King Duncan such a shocking part of the play?

Do **not** use the passage in **Question 7** when answering this question.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 9

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

<i>Benvolio:</i>	Good morrow, cousin.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Is the day so young?	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	But new struck nine.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Ay me! sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence so fast?	5
<i>Benvolio:</i>	It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Not having that which having makes them short.	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	In love?	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Out –	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Of love?	10
<i>Romeo:</i>	Out of her favour where I am in love.	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Alas that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Alas that love, whose view is muffled still, Should without eyes see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O anything, of nothing first create!	15
	O heavy lightness! serious vanity! Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this.	20
	Dost thou not laugh?	25
<i>Benvolio:</i>	No, coz, I rather weep.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Good heart, at what?	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	At thy good heart's oppression.	

<i>Romeo:</i>	Why, such is love's transgression. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs; Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears. What is it else? A madness most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.	30 35 40
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Soft! I will go along; An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here: This is not Romeo, he's some other where.	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Tell me in sadness who is that you love.	45
<i>Romeo:</i>	What, shall I groan and tell thee?	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	Groan! Why, no; But sadly tell me who.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Bid a sick man in sadness make his will. Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.	50
<i>Benvolio:</i>	I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	A right good markman! And she's fair I love.	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit, And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. O, she is rich in beauty; only poor That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.	55 60

[from Act 1 Scene 1]

How does Shakespeare make this such a vivid introduction to Romeo?

Or 10

Explore **two** moments in which Shakespeare makes the relationship between Romeo and Juliet particularly moving.

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