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Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/23**

Paper 2 Drama **May/June 2022**

1 hour 30 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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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. 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:

Lily: Oh please, Godfrey, don't make me sick. Gimme a drink, will ya, goddamnit!

[ERMINA'*s eyes grow big.* LILY *continues to laugh.* GODFREY *is horrified*.]

You really a Christian? [*She peers at the portrait of Father Divine.*] Oh I see, the Peace Mission, Father Divine. He still alive and playing God?

Godfrey: Sweet Father Divine, he found me down in Florida and his word carried us up here. I'd still be mourning over my biscuits in the Nortons' kitchen if –

[LILY *straightens her clothing*.]

Lily: I'm touched, Mr. Crump –

Ermina: Goodness.

Lily: Goodness. I recall a certain Saturday at the juke –

Godfrey: Please.

Lily: Please, nonsense. You do remember the juke joint. Don't tell me you've given up everything? Everything? Hell, I'm surprised.

[*A moment*.]

Godfrey: Now we both been surprised. And you? You still up there fooling with –

Lily: Go on say it, tongue won't fall out. The communist party, amongst other things.

[ERMINA *giggles*.]

Oh, you find that funny? [*Earnestly.*] I ain't laughing. I suppose ya happy with what you got, a bit of nothing. Sure, I was happy at your age, "a little pickaninny" selling hotcakes to the fishermen. Taking pennies from poor people ain't a job, it's a chore. This may be New York, but this still the basement. Don't none of those crackers want to share any bit of power with us. That's what it's about. Red Scare, should be called Black Scare.

Godfrey: I wish you wouldn't conniggerate in front of the gal.

Lily: You act like I'm saying dirty words. Worker! Revolution! Proletariat! There! Christian!

Godfrey: This communism thing a bit frightening to this young one.

Lily: Ain't no more frightening than Jim Crow. I said my "peace."

Godfrey: Go on! 'Cause talk like that keeps company with the door closing behind you. You know something about that.

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Lily: Watch yourself! I promised Nana I'd look after these gals for her. She don't think it's proper that a man be living alone with his daughters once they sprung bosom. I'm here out of sense of duty. So relax, you've always been tight in the chest. Breathe, breathe. There you go. God won't strike you down for relaxing. [*A moment. Smiling.*] Well, could I get a soda pop at least, spent half the day underground.

Ermina [*Cheerfully.*]: I'll get it. [*She exits.*]

Lily [*Yelling after.*]: Thank you, sweet thing.

[*She and* GODFREY *have a tense, awkward moment, not quite sure what to say to each other*.]

Nice-looking gal. Precious.

[LILY *smiles seductively;* GODFREY *looks away, then takes out his little pad and jots down some notes*.]

Lily: What do you keep writing down?

Godfrey: Oh, nothing, just questions. Things I want to ask Father Divine when he comes to New York for the Holy Communion.

Lily: Oh! And I thought it was something interesting.

[*from* Act 1, Scene 2]

How does Nottage strikingly convey the differences between Lily and Godfrey at this moment in the play?

Or 1(b)

In what ways does Nottage make you feel sorry for Ernestine and Ermina?

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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:

Proctor: I come not to hurt the court; I only –

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[MARY WARREN *suddenly sobs*.]

[*from* Act 3]

How does Miller vividly portray the unfairness of the witch trials at this moment in the play?

Or 2(b)

In what ways does Miller strikingly depict revenge in the play?

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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: Oh, for Lord's sake don't be a damn fool, *You* know! You know he'll write and tell her I reek of whisky all day.

Osborne: Why should he? He's not a –

Stanhope: Exactly. He's not a damned little swine who'd deceive his sister.

Osborne: He's very young; he's got hundreds of strange things to learn; he'll realize that men are – *different* – out here.

Stanhope: It's no good, Uncle. Didn't you see him sitting there at supper? – staring at me? – and wondering? He's up in those trenches now – still wondering – and beginning to understand. And all these months he's wanted to be with me out here. Poor little devil!

Osborne: I believe Raleigh'll go on liking you – and looking up to you – through everything. There's something very deep, and rather fine, about hero-worship.

Stanhope: Hero-worship be damned! [*He pauses, then goes on, in a strange, high-pitched voice*] You know, Uncle, I'm an *awful* fool. I'm *captain* of this company. What's that bloody little prig of a boy matter? D'you see? He's a little prig. Wants to write home and tell Madge all about *me.* Well, he won't; d'you see, Uncle? He *won't* write. Censorship! I censor his letters – cross out all he says about me.

Osborne: You can't read his letters.

Stanhope [*Dreamily.*]: Cross out all he says about me. Then we all go west in the big attack – and she goes on thinking I'm a fine fellow for ever – and ever – and ever. [*He pours out a drink, murmuring 'Ever – and ever – and ever.'*]

Osborne [*Rising from his bed*]: It's not as bad as all that. Turn in and have a sleep.

Stanhope: Sleep! Catch *me* wasting my time with sleep.

Osborne [*Picking up* STANHOPE's *pack and pulling out the blanket*]: Come along, old chap. You come and lie down here. [*He puts the pack as a pillow on* STANHOPE*'s bed, spreads out the blanket.*]

Stanhope [*With his chin in his hands.*]: Little prig – that's what he is. Did *I* ask him to force his way into my company? No! I didn't. Very well, he'll pay for his damn cheek.

[OSBORNE *lays his hand gently on* STANHOPE's *shoulder to persuade him to lie down.*]

Go away! [*He shakes* OSBORNE*'s hand off.*] What the hell are you trying to do?

Osborne: Come and lie down and go to sleep.

Stanhope: Go sleep y'self. I censor his letters, d'you see, Uncle? You watch and see he doesn't smuggle any letters away.

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Osborne: Righto. Now come and lie down. You've had a hard day of it.

Stanhope [*Looking up suddenly*]: Where's Hardy? D'you say he's gone?

Osborne: Yes. He's gone.

Stanhope: Gone, has he? Y'know, I had a word to say to Master Hardy. He would go, the swine! Dirty trenches – everything dirty – I wanner tell him to keep his trenches clean.

Osborne [*Standing beside* STANHOPE *and putting his hand gently on his shoulder again*.]: We'll clean them up tomorrow.

[STANHOPE *looks up at* OSBORNE *and laughs gaily.*]

Stanhope: Dear old Uncle! Clean trenches up – with little dustpan and brush. [*He laughs*.] Make you little apron – with lace on it.

Osborne: That'll be fine. Now then, come along, old chap. I'll see you get called at two o'clock. [*He firmly takes* STANHOPE *by the arm and draws him over to the bed*.] You *must* be tired.

Stanhope [*In a dull voice*.]: God, I'm bloody tired; ache – all over – feel sick.

[*from* Act 1]

Explore how Sherriff vividly conveys Stanhope's state of mind at this moment in the play.

Or 3(b)

How does Sherriff's portrayal of Hibbert contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

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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:

Duke: Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Viola: But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke: I cannot be so answer'd.

Viola: Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;
You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke: There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite –
No motion of the liver, but the palate –
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Viola: Ay, but I know –

Duke: What dost thou know?

Viola: Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke: And what's her history?

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Viola: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke: But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola: I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too – and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke: Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt*.

[*from* Act 2*,* Scene 4]

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so moving?

Or 4(b)

How does Shakespeare make Olivia such a fascinating character?

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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:

[*Re-enter* CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.]

Cassio: Zounds, you rogue, you rascal!

Montano: What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cassio: A knave teach me my duty! But I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Roderigo: Beat me!

Cassio: Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Strikes him.*

Montano: Nay, good Lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cassio: Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Montano: Come, come, you're drunk.

Cassio: Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago [*Aside to* RODERIGO.]: Away, I say!
Go out and cry a mutiny.
Nay, good Lieutenant. God's will, gentlemen!
Help, ho! – Lieutenant – sir – Montano – sir –
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

[*A bell rung*.

Who's that which rings the bell? Diablo, ho!
The town will rise. God's will, Lieutenant, hold.
You'll be asham'd for ever.

[*Re-enter* OTHELLO *and* GENTLEMEN*, with weapons*.]

Othello: What is the matter here?

Montano: Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death – He dies.

Othello: Hold, for your lives!

Iago: Hold, ho! Lieutenant – sir – Montano – gentlemen –
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! The General speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

Othello: Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her propriety. What's the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak. Who began this? On thy love, I charge thee.

Iago: I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms, like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
As if some planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
These legs that brought me to a part of it!

Othello: How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cassio: I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

[*from* Act 2, Scene 3]

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

Or 5(b)

Explore **two** moments in the play where Shakespeare vividly portrays feelings of jealousy.

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