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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/32**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text) **October/November 2022**

45 minutes

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You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

Candidates may take their set texts into the exam room, but these must NOT contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **one** 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.
- You may take your set text into the exam room, but this must **not** contain personal annotations, highlighting or underlining.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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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:

[*Brower Park.* ERMINA *stands in a pool of light.*]

Ermina [*without a breath*]: Scat cat, hip, jive, cool baby, dip dive. Be bop, shoo bop, de dap, de dop. Give me some skin, babe. Far out, sweet daddy. Hang tight, hang loose, dig this, out of sight, take it easy, you're blowing my mind, everything is copacetic, the most, gonest, funky!

[*Lights rise on* ERNESTINE.]

Ernestine [*to audience*]: Ermina is discovering the language of the city.

Ermina: Back off, Ernie, your vibe ain't happening.

Ernestine [*to audience*]: Gerte has driven her to hopeless popularity. James Watson, Simon Richards, Lawrence Alleyne and even that Chinese fella. Victory and Virtue. The third "V" got lost somewhere near Trenton along with Father Divine's Duesenberg.

[ERMINA *pulls her sweater tight.*]

Ermina: Hush now, I don't want the boys to think we too chummy.

Ernestine [*to audience*]: It's finally green like down home. We're supposed to be at the market, but we're in Brower Park. All the teenagers are gathered in clusters arranged by blocks. Near the water fountain is Bergen Street, Kingston Avenue is huddled by the park entrance and it's just me and Ermina from Dean, being we're the only colored people on that block. [*to* ERMINA] Don't run off, you hear. Ain't supposed to be talking to no boys.

Ermina: … Oh Ernie, leave me alone, if ya wasn't so prissy maybe a boy might give ya a smile or something. Why don't you go off to the pictures, you're cramping my space.

[ERMINA *flicks her fingers and turns up her dress. An upbeat Louis Jordan tune plays.* ERMINA *snaps her fingers to the beat.*]

Ernestine [*to audience*]: I can see the gals whispering about us, "They communist, she father married a white lady."

Ermina: "What it like living up there with a white lady?" "She make you scrub the floors?" "She really blonde?" "Hear they smell like a wet dog when their hair gets wet?" "She a Nazi like Adolph Hitler?"

Ernestine [*to audience*]: The only reason they bother to talk to me is to ask about Gerte.

Ermina: LEAVE US ALONE, IT AIN'T OUR FAULT SHE WHITE!

[ERNESTINE *smiles. Music continues to play in the distance.*]

Ernestine [*to audience*]: Well, it's a warm day at least, perfect for a celebration. Somebody got a car radio, can listen to new, hip songs for a change.

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[ERMINA *approaches* ERNESTINE*. They dance together.* ERMINA *breaks away.*]

Ermina: I got me four invitations to the dance. I don't know which to choose. It so hard.

Ernestine: Daddy ain't gonna let you go nohow.

Ermina: Maybe that boy over there. He father run a funeral home up on St. John's.

Ernestine: He don't look like nothing.

Ermina: He look like money, plenty good enough for me.

[*Smiles gloriously*]

Ernestine: Oh, go on, he ain't even looking over here.

Ermina: Shucks. He looking. [*Gives a "Lily" wave*]

Ernestine: Oooo, I'm telling Daddy. He told me to watch you.

Ermina: Watch what? Who was watching he when he run off and married he-self a white lady. Shhhhh.

Ernestine: What?

Ermina: I do believe Mommy's scratching to get out of her grave. I can hear her nails breaking away at the pine. I wouldn't blame her half a bit if she started a good old-fashion haunting.

Ernestine: Ooooo. You taking Mommy's name in vain.

[*A moment*]

Ermina: I ain't listening to ya nohow.

Ernestine: Little Miss Sassy. What's wrong with ya?

Ermina: Nothing. [*A moment*] I'll tell ya something, though, if I had me twenty dollars I'd get Randall's cousin who was in prison to break you-know-who's kneecaps like they done that boy over on Park Place. That way she'd get scared and go away.

(*from* Act 2 Scene 2)

How does Nottage dramatically convey Ermina's feelings at this moment in the play?

Or **1(b)** 'The Crump family is struggling under pressure.'

Explore the ways in which Nottage portrays the family's struggles.

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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:

Parris: It is a providence.

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> Let Rebecca stand upon the gibbet and send up some righteous prayer, and I fear she'll wake a vengeance on you.
>
> (*from* Act 4)

How does Miller make this moment in the play so dramatic and revealing?

Or **2(b)** Explore **two** moments in the play where Miller vividly portrays the power of the belief in witchcraft.

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:

Hardy: One and Two, it's with Maud and Lou;
Three and Four, two girls more;
Five and Six it's with – hm – hm – hm –
Seven, Eight, Clara and Caroline –

[*He lapses into an indefinite humming, and finishes with a lively burst*]:

Tick! – Tock! – wind up the clock,
And we'll start the day over again.

[*A man's legs appear in the moonlit trench above, and a tall, thin man comes slowly down the dugout steps, stooping low to avoid the roof. He takes his helmet off and reveals a fine head, with close-cropped, iron-grey hair. He looks about forty-five – physically as hard as nails.*]

Hardy [*looking round*]: Hullo, Osborne! Your fellows arriving?

Osborne [*hitching off his pack and dropping it in a corner*]: Yes. They're just coming in.

Hardy: Splendid! Have a drink.

Osborne: Thanks. [*He crosses and sits on the left-hand bed.*]

Hardy [*passing the whisky and a mug*]: Don't have too much water. It's rather strong today.

Osborne [*slowly mixing a drink*]: I wonder what it *is* they put in the water.

Hardy: Some sort of disinfectant, I suppose.

Osborne: I'd rather have the microbes, wouldn't you?

Hardy: *I* would – yes –

Osborne: Well, cheero.

Hardy: Cheero. Excuse my sock, won't you?

Osborne: Certainly. It's a nice-looking sock.

Hardy: It is rather, isn't it? Guaranteed to keep the feet dry. Trouble is, it gets so wet doing it.

Osborne: Stanhope asked me to come and take over. He's looking after the men coming in.

Hardy: Splendid! You know, I'm awfully glad you've come.

Osborne: I heard it was a quiet bit of line up here.

Hardy: Well, yes – in a *way.* But you never know. Sometimes nothing happens for hours on end; then – all of a sudden – 'over she comes!' – rifle grenades – Minnies – and those horrid little things like pineapples – you know.

Osborne: I know.

Hardy: Swish – swish – swish – swish – BANG!

Osborne: All right – all right – I know.

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Hardy: They simply blew us to bits yesterday. Minnies – enormous ones; about twenty. Three bang in the trench. I really *am* glad you've come; I'm not simply being polite.

Osborne: Do much damage?

Hardy: Awful. A dugout got blown up and came down in the men's tea. They were frightfully annoyed.

Osborne: I know. There's nothing worse than dirt in your tea.

Hardy: By the way, you know the big German attack's expected any day now?

Osborne: It's been expected for the last month.

Hardy: Yes, but it's very near now: there's funny things happening over in the Boche country. I've been out listening at night when it's quiet. There's more transport than usual coming up – you can hear it rattling over the *pavé* all night; more trains in the distance – puffing up and going away again, one after another, bringing up loads and loads of men –

Osborne: Yes. It's coming – pretty soon now.

Hardy: Are you here for six days?

Osborne: Yes.

Hardy: Then I should think you'll get it – right in the neck.

(*from* Act 1)

How does Sherriff make this such a dramatically effective opening to the play for you?

Or **3(b)** Explore how Sherriff's portrayal of the Colonel contributes 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:

Sir Andrew: No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir Toby: Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fabian: You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew: Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's servingman than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw't i' th' orchard.

Sir Toby: Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

Sir Andrew: As plain as I see you now.

Fabian: This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir Andrew: 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fabian: I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Toby: And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fabian: She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir Andrew: An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir Toby: Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fabian: There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew: Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir Toby: Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir Andrew: Where shall I find you?

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Sir Toby: We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.]

Fabian: This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby: I have been dear to him, lad – some two thousand strong, or so.

Fabian: We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't?

Sir Toby: Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fabian: And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

(*from* Act 3 Scene 2)

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such an entertaining moment in the play.

Or **4(b)** How far does Shakespeare's portrayal of Malvolio make you feel that he deserves to be tricked?

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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:

Roderigo: Signior, is all your family within?

Iago: Are your doors lock'd?

Brabantio: Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago: Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst; you have lost half your soul.
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Brabantio: What, have you lost your wits?

Roderigo: Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Brabantio: Not I; what are you?

Roderigo: My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio: The worser welcome!
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Roderigo: Sir, sir, sir –

Brabantio: But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo: Patience, good sir.

Brabantio: What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Roderigo: Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago: Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

Brabantio: What profane wretch art thou?

Iago: I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Brabantio: Thou art a villain.

Iago: You are – a Senator.

Brabantio: This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo: Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent –

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As partly I find it is – that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor –
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio: Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper; call up all my people.

(*from* Act 1 Scene 1)

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

Or **5(b)** How far does Shakespeare portray Emilia as a loyal wife to Iago?

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