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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/33**

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

45 minutes

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.

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:

Godfrey: I don't know what question to ask Sweet Father first. I've planned this so long, I'm shaking.

Ernestine [*to audience*]: So it is. Awaiting Sweet Father's arrival. Searching for salvation in the tender juices of a mutton chop layered in our favorite mint jelly, God speaks the language of our stomachs.

Godfrey: Amen!

Ernestine: Any doubt of Sweet Father's power is allayed by the rapture incited by the lemon tarts at the end of the table.

[*ERNESTINE greedily eyes the platter at the end of the table. The Crump family sits, patiently preparing to feast.* GERTE *peeks into the containers.*]

Gerte: Relish, brisket –

Godfrey: Haven't seen a meal like this since my Uncle Milan passed away and don't you know none of his lady friends would be outdone at the wake. But didn't we find a touch of bliss in his wife's sorrow. [*Beaming*] Isn't this wonderful?

Ernestine [*to audience*]: The porcelain dish of butter is now the sacred vessel of salvation.

Gerte: Is so much food necessary? There are starving children in Europe. [*Lifts the lids of containers*] Pudding, dumplings –

Ernestine [*to audience*]: We're eating for all mankind.

Godfrey: A communion.

Gerte [*overwhelmed by the abundance*]: Gravy, peas –

Ernestine [*to audience*]: Then, suddenly, in the middle of the feast –

[GERTE *rises from behind the table and sheds her dress to reveal a slinky white cocktail dress. She climbs onto the table as music swells. A bright spotlight hits* GERTE *as she slowly traipses across the table singing "Falling in Love Again."* GODFREY*, aghast, ceases to eat.* GERTE *completes the song. All fall silent.*]

[*to audience*] Well, at least I wish she had, but there she sat, eagerly awaiting Sweet Father's arrival and making Daddy proud.

[GERTE *returns to her seat.*]

We probably would've eaten ourselves into oblivion, but Sweet Father's Duesenberg took a flat outside of Trenton.

Ermina [*whispered*]: If he God, why don't he sprout wings and fly here.

Ernestine: You tell him!

Godfrey: Don't worry, Sweet Father'll find a way to join us. He knows how long we've been awaiting his arrival. Trust me, he won't let us down.

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Ernestine [*to audience*]: But he did.

[GODFREY *sits, frozen. The others dutifully clear the banquet table around him.*]

Godfrey: Wait! I … I still got all of these questions I wanted to ask Sweet Father. My pockets are stuffed full of paper.

[*The banquet table is removed, leaving* GODFREY *sitting alone.* GODFREY *pulls handfuls of paper from his pocket.* ERMINA *exits.*]

But he promised and now I got to wait another year before I get the answers. Oh no! If he is the God he proclaims to be, I need his answers now, I need him to help me move on.

Ernestine [*to audience*]: He'd followed an address on a bottle of something that soothed him and supposed that potion would be in abundance up North.

Godfrey: Back home, everything was played according to a plan. Right? I knew just how my life would be. I knew everything I needed to know. And now I got me a new pair of shoes worthy of the finest angel and a handful of misgivings.

Gerte [*comforting* GODFREY]: We came together because of Sweet Father, there is power in that.

[GODFREY *slowly exits.*]

(*from* Act 2 Scene 1)

How does Nottage make this moment in the play so striking?

Or **1(b)** In what ways does Nottage memorably convey Ernestine's hopes and dreams in the play?

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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:

Mrs Putnam [*glancing at* BETTY]: How high did she fly, how high?

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[PARRIS *turns to* BETTY*, a frantic terror rising in him.*]

(*from* Act 1)

How does Miller make this such a shocking moment in the play?

Or **2(b)** How far do you think Miller portrays Elizabeth Proctor as a cold woman?

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: I want to talk with you, sergeant-major.

S-M [*standing stolidly by the steps*]: Yes, sir?

Stanhope: Sit down. Have a whisky?

S-M [*a suspicion of brightness in his voice*]: Thank you, sir. [*He diffidently takes a small tot.*]

Stanhope: I say. You won't taste that. Take a proper one.

S-M: Well – sir –

[STANHOPE *reaches over, helps the* SERGEANT-MAJOR *to a large tot, and takes one himself.*]

Turning chilly again, sir. Quite warm this morning.

Stanhope: Yes.

S-M: Well, here's your very good health, sir. [*He raises his glass and drinks*.]

Stanhope: Cheero. [*He puts down his glass and abruptly changes his tone*.] Now, look here, sergeant-major. We must expect this attack on Thursday morning, at dawn. That's the second dawn from now.

[*The* SERGEANT-MAJOR *takes a dirty little notebook from his pocket and jots down notes with a very small stub of pencil*.]

S-M: Thursday morning. Very good, sir.

Stanhope: We're to hold these trenches, and no man's to move from here.

S-M: Very good, sir.

Stanhope: It may happen that companies on our sides will give way, leaving our flanks exposed; so I want a screen of wire put down both flanks till it meets the wire in the support line.

S-M [*writing hurriedly*]: Both flanks – yes, sir.

Stanhope: When the attack begins, I shall take charge of the left, and Mr Osborne the right. You will be with Mr Osborne, and Sergeant Baker with me; 9 and 10 Platoons will move over here [*He points out the position on the trench map.*]; 11 and 12 Platoons to the left.

S-M: I see, sir.

Stanhope: Is there anything you're not clear about?

S-M [*looking at his notes*]: Seems all clear, sir.

Stanhope: Anything you want to know?

S-M: Well, sir [*clears his throat*] – when the attack comes, of course, we beat 'em off – but what if they keep on attacking?

Stanhope: Then we keep on beating them off.

S-M: Yes, sir. But what I mean is – they're bound to make a big thing of it.

Stanhope [*cheerily*]: Oh, I think they will!

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S-M: Well, then, sir. If they don't get through the first day, they'll attack the next day and the next –

Stanhope: They're bound to.

S-M: Then oughtn't we to fix up something about, well [*He gropes for the right words.*] – er – falling back?

Stanhope: There's no need to – you see, this company's a lot better than A and B Companies on either side of us.

S-M: Quite, sir.

Stanhope: Well, then, if anyone breaks, A and B will break before we do. As long as we stick here when the other companies have given way, we can fire into the Boche as they try and get through the gaps on our sides – we'll make a hell of a mess of them. We might delay the advance a whole day.

S-M [*diffidently*]: Yes, sir, but what 'appens when the Boche 'as all got round the back of us?

Stanhope: Then we advance and win the war.

S-M [*pretending to make a note*]: Win the war. Very good, sir.

Stanhope: But you understand exactly what I mean, sergeant-major. Our orders are to stick here. If you're told to stick where you are you don't make plans to retire.

S-M: Quite, sir.

(*from* Act 2 Scene 2)

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

Or **3(b)** In what ways does Sherriff powerfully convey the stress of life in the trenches?

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 3(a)** in answering this question.

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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:

[*Enter* VIOLA *and* MALVOLIO *at several doors.*]

Malvolio: Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola: Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Malvolio: She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola: She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Malvolio: Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Viola: I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
I am the man. If it be so – as 'tis –
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman – now alas the day! –
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [*Exit.*]

(*from* Act 2 Scene 2)

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How does Shakespeare dramatically convey Viola's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the play?

Or **4(b)** Explore **two** moments in the play which Shakespeare makes particularly entertaining for you.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 4(a)** in answering this question.

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:

Desdemona: O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emilia: O Lord, what cry is that?

Othello: That! what?

Emilia: Out and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Desdemona: A guiltless death I die.

Emilia: O, who hath done this deed?

Desdemona: Nobody. I myself. Farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell!
[*She dies.*]

Othello: Why, how should she be murd'red?

Emilia: Alas, who knows?

Othello: You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emilia: She said so. I must needs report a truth.

Othello: She's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emilia: O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Othello: She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emilia: Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Othello: She was false as water.

Emilia: Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false. O, she was heavenly true!

Othello: Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emilia: My husband!

Othello: Thy husband.

Emilia: That she was false to wedlock?

Othello: Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia: My husband!

Othello: Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first.
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emilia: My husband!

Othello: What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.

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Emilia: O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!

Othello: He, woman;
I say thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband – honest, honest Iago.

Emilia: If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! He lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Othello: Ha!

Emilia: Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Othello: Peace, you were best.

Emilia: Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed –
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

(*from* Act 5 Scene 2)

How does Shakespeare make this such an intense moment in the play?

Or **5(b)** In what ways does Shakespeare encourage you to feel sympathy for Desdemona?

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