



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/23

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.

* 8919178229 *

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:

Keller: What's she going to say? Maybe we ought to tell her before she sees it.

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Chris: Sometimes you infuriate me, you know that? Isn't it your business, too, if I tell this to Mother and she throws a fit about it? You have such a talent for ignoring things.

How does Miller vividly reveal the tensions in the Keller family at this moment in the play.

Or † 2

To what extent does Miller make Keller's suicide shocking for you?

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:

- Inspector:* [coolly] At the end of January, last year, this girl Eva Smith had to leave Milwards, because Miss Birling compelled them to discharge her, and then she stopped being Eva Smith, looking for a job, and became Daisy Renton, with other ideas. [Sharply turning on him.] Mr Croft, when did you first get to know her?
An exclamation of surprise from BIRLING and MRS BIRLING. 5
- Gerald:* Where did you get the idea that I did know her?
- Sheila:* It's no use, Gerald. You're wasting time.
- Inspector:* As soon as I mentioned the name Daisy Renton, it was obvious you'd known her. You gave yourself away at once.
- Sheila:* [bitterly] Of course he did. 10
- Inspector:* And anyhow I knew already. When and where did you first meet her?
- Gerald:* All right, if you must have it. I met her first, sometime in March last year, in the stalls bar at the Palace. I mean the Palace music hall here in Brumley –
- Sheila:* Well, we didn't think you meant Buckingham Palace.
- Gerald:* [to SHEILA] Thanks. You're going to be a great help, I can see. You've said your piece, and you're obviously going to hate this, so why on earth don't you leave us to it? 15
- Sheila:* Nothing would induce me. I want to understand exactly what happens when a man says he's so busy at the works that he can hardly ever find time to come and see the girl he's supposed to be in love with. I wouldn't miss it for worlds – 20
- Inspector:* [with authority] Yes, Mr Croft – in the stalls bar at the Palace Variety Theatre ...
- Gerald:* I happened to look in, one night, after a rather long dull day, and as the show wasn't very bright, I went down into the bar for a drink. It's a favourite haunt of women of the town –
- Mrs Birling:* Women of the town? 25
- Birling:* Yes, yes. But I see no point in mentioning the subject – especially – [indicating SHEILA.]
- Mrs Birling:* It would be much better if Sheila didn't listen to this story at all.
- Sheila:* But you're forgetting I'm supposed to be engaged to the hero of it. Go on, Gerald. You went down into the bar, which is a favourite haunt of women of the town. 30
- Gerald:* I'm glad I amuse you –
- Inspector:* [sharply] Come along, Mr Croft. What happened?
- Gerald:* I didn't propose to stay long down there. I hate those hard-eyed dough-faced women. But then I noticed a girl who looked quite different. She was very pretty – soft brown hair and big dark eyes – [breaks off]. My God! 35
- Inspector:* What's the matter?

- Gerald:* [distressed] Sorry – I – well, I’ve suddenly realized – taken it in properly – that she’s dead –
- Inspector:* [harshly] Yes, she’s dead.
- Sheila:* And probably between us we killed her. 40
- Mrs Birling:* [sharply] Sheila, don’t talk nonsense.
- Sheila:* You wait, Mother.
- Inspector:* [to GERALD] Go on.
- Gerald:* She looked young and fresh and charming and altogether out of place down there. And obviously she wasn’t enjoying herself. Old Joe Meggarty, half-drunk and goggle-eyed, had wedged her into a corner with that obscene fat carcass of his – 45
- Mrs Birling:* [cutting in] There’s no need to be disgusting. And surely you don’t mean Alderman Meggarty?
- Gerald:* Of course I do. He’s a notorious womanizer as well as being one of the worst sots and rogues in Brumley – 50
- Inspector:* Quite right.
- Mrs Birling:* [staggered] Well, really! Alderman Meggarty! I must say, we *are* learning something tonight.
- Sheila:* [coolly] Of course we are. But everybody knows about that horrible old Meggarty. A girl I know had to see him at the Town Hall one afternoon and she only escaped with a torn blouse – 55
- Birling:* [sharply, shocked] Sheila!

[from Act 2]

How does Priestley make this such a tense and dramatic moment in the play?

Or † 4

How far does Priestley convince you that, by the end of the play, Mr and Mrs Birling have learnt anything?

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>Gratiano:</i>	[To <i>NERISSA</i>] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong; In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. Would he were gelt that had it, for my part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.	
<i>Portia:</i>	A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?	5
<i>Gratiano:</i>	About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring That she did give me, whose posy was For all the world like cutler's poetry Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not'.	
<i>Nerissa:</i>	What talk you of the posy or the value? You swore to me, when I did give it you, That you would wear it till your hour of death, And that it should lie with you in your grave; Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, You should have been respective and have kept it. Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge, The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.	10 15
<i>Gratiano:</i>	He will, an if he live to be a man.	
<i>Nerissa:</i>	Ay, if a woman live to be a man.	
<i>Gratiano:</i>	Now by this hand I gave it to a youth, A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk; A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee; I could not for my heart deny it him.	20
<i>Portia:</i>	You were to blame, I must be plain with you, To part so slightly with your wife's first gift, A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger And so riveted with faith unto your flesh. I gave my love a ring, and made him swear Never to part with it, and here he stands; I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth That the world masters. Now, in faith Gratiano, You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief; An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.	25 30 35
<i>Bassanio:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off, And swear I lost the ring defending it.	

<i>Gratiano:</i>	My lord Bassanio gave his ring away Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk, That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine; And neither man nor master would take aught But the two rings.	40
<i>Portia:</i>	What ring gave you, my lord? Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.	45
<i>Bassanio:</i>	If I could add a lie unto a fault, I would deny it; but you see my finger Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.	
<i>Portia:</i>	Even so void is your false heart of truth; By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed Until I see the ring.	50
<i>Nerissa:</i>	Nor I in yours Till I again see mine.	
<i>Bassanio:</i>	Sweet Portia, If you did know to whom I gave the ring, If you did know for whom I gave the ring, And would conceive for what I gave the ring, And how unwillingly I left the ring, When nought would be accepted but the ring, You would abate the strength of your displeasure.	55 60
<i>Portia:</i>	If you had known the virtue of the ring, Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, Or your own honour to contain the ring, You would not then have parted with the ring, What man is there so much unreasonable, If you had pleas'd to have defended it With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty To urge the thing held as a ceremony? Nerissa teaches me what to believe: I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.	65 70

[from Act 5 Scene 1]

How does Shakespeare make this such an entertaining and satisfying moment in the play?

Or † 6

'A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.'

To what extent does Shakespeare's portrayal of Antonio persuade you that this opinion of him is true?

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:

<i>Hermia:</i>	Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, The ear more quick of apprehension makes; Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense, It pays the hearing double recompense. Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found; Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound. But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?	5
<i>Lysander:</i>	Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?	
<i>Hermia:</i>	What love could press Lysander from my side?	
<i>Lysander:</i>	Lysander's love, that would not let him bide – Fair Helena, who more engilds the night Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?	10
<i>Hermia:</i>	You speak not as you think; it cannot be.	15
<i>Helena:</i>	Lo, she is one of this confederacy! Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three To fashion this false sport in spite of me. Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd, To bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd, The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us – O, is all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key; As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grew together. Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition, Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, Due but to one, and crowned with one crest. And will you rent our ancient love asunder, To join with men in scorning your poor friend? It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly; Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury.	20 25 30 35 40

<i>Hermia:</i>	I am amazed at your passionate words; I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.	45
<i>Helena:</i>	Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn, To follow me and praise my eyes and face? And made your other love, Demetrius, Who even but now did spurn me with his foot, To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare, Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander Deny your love, so rich within his soul, And tender me, forsooth, affection, But by your setting on, by your consent? What though I be not so in grace as you, So hung upon with love, so fortunate, But miserable most, to love unlov'd? This you should pity rather than despise.	50 55
<i>Hermia:</i>	I understand not what you mean by this.	60
<i>Helena:</i>	Ay, do – persever, counterfeit sad looks, Make mouths upon me when I turn my back, Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up; This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. If you have any pity, grace, or manners, You would not make me such an argument. But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault, Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.	65
<i>Lysander:</i>	Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse; My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!	70
<i>Helena:</i>	O excellent!	

[from Act 3 Scene 2]

In what ways does Shakespeare make this such an emotional and dramatic moment in the play?

Or † 8

To what extent do you think that Shakespeare suggests that 'Love is blind' in the play?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text.

Either * 9

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

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

- Caliban:* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.
- Stephano:* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us. 5
- Trinculo:* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss at which my nose is in great indignation.
- Stephano:* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you –
- Trinculo:* Thou wert but a lost monster. 10
- Caliban:* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
- Trinculo:* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool! 15
- Stephano:* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
- Trinculo:* That's more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
- Stephano:* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
- Caliban:* Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter. 20
Do that good mischief which may make this island,
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
- Stephano:* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
- Trinculo:* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee! 25
- Caliban:* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
- Trinculo:* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!
- Stephano:* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.
- Trinculo:* Thy Grace shall have it.
- Caliban:* The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean 30
To dote thus on such luggage? Let't alone,
And do the murder first. If he awake
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.
- Stephano:* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the 35
line; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.
- Trinculo:* Do, do. We steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

- Stephano:* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't. 40
- Trinculo:* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.
- Caliban:* I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.
- Stephano:* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this. 45
- Trinculo:* And this.
- Stephano:* Ay, and this.
- A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.* 50
- Prospero:* Hey, Mountain, hey!
- Ariel:* Silver! there it goes, Silver!
- Prospero:* Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!
[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out]
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints 55
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
- Ariel:* Hark, they roar.
- Prospero:* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour 60
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[from Act 4 Scene 1]

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so entertaining and yet serious at the same time?

Or † 10

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare memorably portrays the relationship between Prospero and Ariel.

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:

- Jack:* Charming day it has been, Miss Fairfax.
- Gwendolen:* Pray don't talk to me about the weather, Mr Worthing. Whenever people talk to me about the weather, I always feel quite certain that they mean something else. And that makes me so nervous.
- Jack:* I do mean something else. 5
- Gwendolen:* I thought so. In fact, I am never wrong.
- Jack:* And I would like to be allowed to take advantage of Lady Bracknell's temporary absence. . . .
- Gwendolen:* I would certainly advise you to do so. Mamma has a way of coming back suddenly into a room that I have often had to speak to her about. 10
- Jack:* [*nervously*] Miss Fairfax, ever since I met you I have admired you more than any girl . . . I have ever met since . . . I met you.
- Gwendolen:* Yes, I am quite well aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you. [*JACK looks at her in amazement.*] We live, as I hope you know, Mr Worthing, in an age of ideals. The fact is constantly mentioned in the more expensive monthly magazines, and has reached the provincial pulpits, I am told; and my ideal has always been to love someone of the name of Ernest. There is something in that name that inspires absolute confidence. The moment Algernon first mentioned to me that he had a friend called Ernest, I knew I was destined to love you. 15
- Jack:* You really love me, Gwendolen? 20
- Gwendolen:* Passionately!
- Jack:* Darling! You don't know how happy you've made me.
- Gwendolen:* My own Ernest! 25
- Jack:* But you don't really mean to say that you couldn't love me if my name wasn't Ernest?
- Gwendolen:* But your name is Ernest.
- Jack:* Yes, I know it is. But supposing it was something else? Do you mean to say you couldn't love me then?
- Gwendolen:* [*glibly*] Ah! That is clearly a metaphysical speculation, and like most metaphysical speculations has very little reference at all to the actual facts of real life, as we know them. 30
- Jack:* Personally, darling, to speak quite candidly, I don't much care about the name of Ernest. . . . I don't think the name suits me at all.
- Gwendolen:* It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has music of its own. It produces vibrations. 35
- Jack:* Well, really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.

- Gwendolen:* Jack? . . . No, there is very little music in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no vibrations. . . . I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest. 40
- Jack:* Gwendolen, I must get christened at once – I mean we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost. 45
- Gwendolen:* Married, Mr Worthing?
- Jack:* [astounded] Well . . . surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.
- Gwendolen:* I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on. 50
- Jack:* Well . . . may I propose to you now?
- Gwendolen:* I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that I am fully determined to accept you. 55
- Jack:* Gwendolen!
- Gwendolen:* Yes, Mr Worthing, what have you got to say to me?
- Jack:* You know what I have got to say to you.
- Gwendolen:* Yes, but you don't say it.
- Jack:* Gwendolen, will you marry me? [Goes on his knees.] 60
- Gwendolen:* Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.
- Jack:* My own one, I have never loved anyone in the world but you.
- Gwendolen:* Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know my brother Gerald does. All my girl-friends tell me so. What wonderfully blue eyes you have, Ernest! They are quite, quite blue. I hope you will always look at me just like that, especially when there are other people present. 65

[from Act 1]

How does Wilde amusingly make it clear to you at this moment in the play that Gwendolen is the more powerful partner in her relationship with Jack?

Or † 12

Jack describes Lady Bracknell as 'A monster'.

How far does Wilde convince you that this is a fair description of her?

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