



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/31**

Paper 3 Drama (Open Text)

**May/June 2017**

**45 minutes**

**Texts studied should be taken into the examination.**

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**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.

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



**J LAWRENCE & R E LEE: *Inherit the Wind***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either \* 1**

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

- Meeker:* Sit down Rachel. I'll bring him up. You can talk to him right here in the courtroom. [RACHEL sits, suitcase on lap. MEEKER starts out, then pauses.] Long as I've been bailiff here, we've never had nothin' but drunks, vagrants, couple of chicken thieves. [A little dreamily.] Our best catch was that fella from Minnesota that chopped up his wife; we had to extradite him. [Shakes his head.] Seems kinda queer havin' a school-teacher in our jail. [Shrugs.] Might improve the writin' on the walls. [MEEKER goes out. Nervously, RACHEL rises, puts suitcases down, looks around at the cold, official furnishings of the courtroom. BERT CATES enters followed by MEEKER. CATES is a pale, thin young man of twenty-four. He is quiet, shy, well-mannered. RACHEL and CATES face each other expressionlessly, without speaking. MEEKER pauses in the doorway.] I'll leave you two alone to talk. Don't run off, Bert. [MEEKER goes out. RACHEL and CATES look at each other. There is tension between them, as if they want to rush into each other's arms.] 5
- Rachel:* Hello, Bert. 10
- Cates:* Rache, I told you not to come here. 15
- Rachel:* I couldn't help it. Nobody saw me. Mr. Meeker won't tell. [Troubled.] I keep thinking of you, locked up here –
- Cates* [Trying to cheer her up.]: You know something funny? The food's better than the boarding house. And you'd better not tell anyone how cool it is down here, or we'll have a crime wave every summer. 20
- Rachel* [Indicating suitcase]: I stopped by your place and picked up some of your things. A clean shirt, your best tie, some handkerchiefs.
- Cates:* Thanks.
- Rachel* [Rushing to him.]: Bert, why don't you tell 'em it was all a joke? Tell 'em you didn't mean to break the law, and you won't do it again! 25
- Cates* [Breaking away from her.]: I suppose everybody's all steamed up about Brady coming.
- Rachel:* He's coming in on a special train out of Chattanooga. Pa's going to the station to meet him. Everybody is!
- Cates:* Strike up the band.
- Rachel* [Crossing to him.]: Bert, it's still not too late. Why can't you just admit you were wrong? If the biggest man in the country – next to the President, maybe – if Matthew Harrison Brady comes here to tell the whole world how wrong you are – 30
- Cates* [Turning to her.]: You still think I did wrong?
- Rachel:* Why did you do it?

- Cates:* You know why I did it. I had the book in my hand, Hunter's *Civic Biology*. I opened it up, and read my sophomore science class Chapter 17, Darwin's *Origin of Species*. [RACHEL starts to protest.] All it says is that man wasn't just stuck here like a geranium in a flower pot; that living comes from a *long* miracle, it didn't just happen in seven days. 35
- Rachel:* There's a law against it.
- Cates:* I know that. 40
- Rachel:* Everybody says what you did is bad.
- Cates:* It isn't as simple as that. Good or bad, black or white, night or day. Do you know, at the top of the world the twilight is six months long?
- Rachel:* But we don't live at the top of the world. We live in Hillsboro, and when the sun goes down, it's dark. And why do you try to make it different? [He turns away. RACHEL gets the shirt, tie, and handkerchiefs from the suitcase.] Here. 45
- Cates:* Thanks, Rache.
- Rachel:* Why can't you be on the right side of things?
- Cates:* Your father's side. [RACHEL starts to close suitcase preparing to leave. CATES stops her.] Rache – love me! [They embrace. MEEKER enters with a long-handled broom.] 50
- Meeker* [Clears his throat.]: I gotta sweep. [RACHEL breaks away and hurries off.]
- Cates* [Calling, wanting to say "I love you."]: Thanks for the shirt! [MEEKER, who has been sweeping impassively, stops and leans on the broom.]

[From Act 1]

How do the writers make this such a dramatic and revealing introduction to Rachel and Bert?

## Or † 2

To what extent does the writers' portrayal of Matthew Harrison Brady make you feel sympathy for him?

**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:

- Eddie:* No. [*He moves from her, smiling sadly.*] It's just I used to come home, you was always there. Now, I turn around, you're a big girl. I don't know how to talk to you.
- Catherine:* Why?
- Eddie:* I don't know, you're runnin', you're runnin', Katie. I don't think you listening any more to me. 5
- Catherine* [*going to him*]: Ah, Eddie, sure I am. What's the matter? You don't like him? [*Slight pause.*]
- Eddie* [*turns to her*]: You like him, Katie?
- Catherine* [*with a blush but holding her ground*]: Yeah. I like him.
- Eddie* [*his smile goes*]: You like him. 10
- Catherine* [*looking down*]: Yeah. [*Now she looks at him for the consequences, smiling but tense. He looks at her like a lost boy.*] What're you got against him? I don't understand. He only blesses you.
- Eddie* [*turns away*]: He don't bless me, Katie.
- Catherine:* He does! You're like a father to him! 15
- Eddie* [*turns to her*]: Katie.
- Catherine:* What, Eddie?
- Eddie:* You gonna marry him?
- Catherine:* I don't know. We just been... goin' around, that's all. [*Turns to him.*] What're you got against him, Eddie? Please, tell me. What? 20
- Eddie:* He don't respect you.
- Catherine:* Why?
- Eddie:* Katie... if you wasn't an orphan, wouldn't he ask your father's permission before he run around with you like this?
- Catherine:* Oh, well, he didn't think you'd mind. 25
- Eddie:* He knows I mind, but it don't bother him if I mind, don't you see that?
- Catherine:* No, Eddie, he's got all kinds of respect for me. And you too! We walk across the street he takes my arm – he almost bows to me! You got him all wrong, Eddie; I mean it, you –
- Eddie:* Katie, he's only bowin' to his passport. 30
- Catherine:* His passport!

- Eddie:** That's right. He marries you he's got the right to be an American citizen. That's what's goin' on here. [*She is puzzled and surprised.*] You understand what I'm tellin' you? The guy is lookin' for his break, that's all he's lookin' for.
- Catherine** [*pained*]: Oh, no, Eddie, I don't think so. 35
- Eddie:** You don't think so! Katie, you're gonna make me cry here. Is that a workin' man? What does he do with his first money? A snappy new jacket he buys, records, a pointy pair new shoes and his brother's kids are starvin' over there with tuberculosis? That's a hit-and-run guy, baby; he's got bright lights in his head, Broadway. Them guys don't think of nobody but theirselves! You marry him and the next time you see him it'll be for divorce! 40
- Catherine** [*steps toward him*]: Eddie, he never said a word about his papers or –
- Eddie:** You mean he's supposed to tell you that?
- Catherine:** I don't think he's even thinking about it.
- Eddie:** What's better for him to think about! He could be picked up any day here and he's back pushin' taxis up the hill! 45
- Catherine:** No, I don't believe it.
- Eddie:** Katie, don't break my heart, listen to me.
- Catherine:** I don't want to hear it.
- Eddie:** Katie, listen... 50
- Catherine:** He loves me!
- Eddie** [*with deep alarm*]: Don't say that, for God's sake! This is the oldest racket in the country –
- Catherine** [*desperately, as though he had made his imprint*]: I don't believe it! [*She rushes to the house.*] 55
- Eddie** [*following her*]: They been pullin' this since the Immigration Law was put in! They grab a green kid that don't know nothin' and they –
- Catherine** [*sobbing*]: I don't believe it and I wish to hell you'd stop it!
- Eddie:** Katie!

[From Act 1]

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

**Or † 4**

What does Miller's portrayal of him make you feel about Rodolpho?

**J B PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either \* 5**

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

- Birling:* Don't I? Well, you're quite wrong there. I've learnt plenty tonight. And you don't want me to tell you what I've learnt, I hope. When I look back on tonight – when I think of what I was feeling when the five of us sat down to dinner at that table —
- Eric* [*cutting in*]: Yes, and do you remember what you said to Gerald and me after dinner, when you were feeling so pleased with yourself? You told us that a man has to make his own way, look after himself and mind his own business, and that we weren't to take any notice of these cranks who tell us that everybody has to look after everybody else, as if we were all mixed up together. Do you remember? Yes – and then one of those cranks walked in – the Inspector. [*Laughs bitterly.*] I didn't notice you told him that it's every man for himself. 5
- Sheila* [*sharply attentive*]: Is that when the Inspector came, just after father had said that?
- Eric:* Yes. What of it?
- Mrs Birling:* Now what's the matter, Sheila?
- Sheila* [*slowly*]: It's queer – very queer – [*she looks at them reflectively.*]
- Mrs Birling* [*with some excitement*]: I know what you're going to say. Because I've been wondering myself. 15
- Sheila:* It doesn't much matter now, of course – but was he really a police inspector?
- Birling:* Well, if he wasn't, it matters a devil of a lot. Makes all the difference.
- Sheila:* No, it doesn't.
- Birling:* Don't talk rubbish. Of course it does. 20
- Sheila:* Well, it doesn't to me. And it oughtn't to you, either.
- Mrs Birling:* Don't be childish, Sheila.
- Sheila* [*flaring up*]: I'm not being. If you want to know, it's you two who are being childish – trying not to face the facts.
- Birling:* I won't have that sort of talk. Any more of that and you leave this room. 25
- Eric:* That'll be terrible for her, won't it?
- Sheila:* I'm going anyhow in a minute or two. But don't you see, if all that's come out tonight is true, then it doesn't much matter who it was who made us confess. And it was true, wasn't it? You turned the girl out of one job, and I had her turned out of another. Gerald kept her – at a time when he was supposed to be too busy to see me. Eric – well, we know what Eric did. And mother hardened her heart and gave her the final push that finished her. That's what's important – and not whether a man is a police inspector or not. 30
- Eric:* He was our police inspector all right.

- Sheila:* That's what I mean, Eric. But if it's any comfort to you – and it isn't to me – I have an idea – and I had it all along vaguely – that there was something curious about him. He never seemed like an ordinary police inspector – 35
- Birling* [*rather excited*]: You're right. I felt it too. [*To MRS BIRLING*] Didn't you?
- Mrs Birling:* Well, I must say his manner was quite extraordinary; so – so rude – and assertive – 40
- Birling:* Then look at the way he talked to me. Telling me to shut up – and so on. He must have known I was an ex-Lord mayor and a magistrate and so forth. Besides – the way he talked – you remember. I mean, they don't *talk* like that. I've had dealings with dozens of them.
- Sheila:* All right. But it doesn't make any real difference, y'know. 45
- Mrs Birling:* Of course it does.
- Eric:* No, Sheila's right. It doesn't.

[*From Act 3*]

Explore the ways in which Priestley vividly reveals the growing tensions between the generations at this moment in the play.

### Or † 6

How does Priestley make you feel about the way the men in the play treat Eva Smith?

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry V***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either \* 7**

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

*French Soldier:* O pardonnez-moi!

*Pistol:* Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?  
Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French  
What is his name.

*Boy:* Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé? 5

*French Soldier:* Monsieur le Fer.

*Boy:* He says his name is Master Fer.

*Pistol:* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and  
ferret him – discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy:* I do not know, the French for fer, and ferret, and firke. 10

*Pistol:* Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

*French Soldier:* Que dit-il, monsieur?

*Boy:* Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est  
disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

*Pistol:* Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy! 15  
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*French Soldier:* O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme  
de bonne maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

*Pistol:* What are his words? 20

*Boy:* He prays you to save his life; he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his  
ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pistol:* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*French Soldier:* Petit monsieur, que dit-il? 25

*Boy:* Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins,  
pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le  
franchisement.

*French Soldier:* Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que  
je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et  
très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre. 30

*Pistol:* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy:* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy  
that he hath fall'n into the hands of one – as he thinks – the most brave, valorous,  
and thrice-worthy signieur of England. 35

*Pistol:* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.  
Follow me.

[*Exit.*]

*Boy:* Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exit FRENCH SOLDIER*] I did never know so  
full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true – the empty vessel 40  
makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than  
this roaring devil i' th' old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden  
dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything  
adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our  
camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is 45  
none to guard it but boys.

[*Exit.*]

[*From Act 4, Scene 4*]

In what ways does Shakespeare make this moment in the play both amusing and serious?

**Or † 8**

What does Shakespeare's portrayal of Captain Fluellen contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice***

**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>Bassanio:</i>	Look on beauty	
	And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,	
	Which therein works a miracle in nature,	
	Making them lightest that wear most of it;	5
	So are those crisped snaky golden locks	
	Which makes such wanton gambols with the wind	
	Upon supposed fairness often known	
	To be the dowry of a second head –	
	The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.	10
	Thus ornament is but the guiled shore	
	To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf	
	Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,	
	The seeming truth which cunning times put on	
	To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,	15
	Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;	
	Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge	
	'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,	
	Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,	
	Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,	20
	And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!	
<i>Portia</i>	[ <i>Aside</i> ]: How all the other passions fleet to air,	
	As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,	
	And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!	
	O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,	
	In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess!	25
	I feel too much thy blessing. Make it less,	
	For fear I surfeit.	
<i>Bassanio</i>	[ <i>Opening the leaden casket</i> ]: What find I here?	
	Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god	
	Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?	30
	Or whether riding on the balls of mine,	
	Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,	
	Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar	
	Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs	
	The painter plays the spider, and hath woven	35
	A golden mesh t'entrap the hearts of men	
	Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes –	
	How could he see to do them? Having made one,	
	Methinks it should have power to steal both his,	
	And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far	40
	The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow	
	In underprizing it, so far this shadow	
	Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,	
	The continent and summary of my fortune.	

'You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!'

45

*[From Act 3, Scene 2]*

In what ways does Shakespeare make this such a powerful moment in the play?

**Or † 10**

How does Shakespeare make the relationship between Shylock and Antonio so disturbing?

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