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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**2010/23**

Paper 2 Drama

**May/June 2019**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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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 **two** questions.

Your questions may be on the same play, **or** on two different plays.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

- Bobo:** I'm talking about the fact that when I got to the train station yesterday morning - eight o'clock like we planned ... Man - *Willy didn't never show up.*
- Walter:** Why ... where was he ... where is he?
- Bobo:** That's what I'm trying to tell you ... I don't know ... I waited six hours ... I called his house ... and I waited ... six hours ... I waited in that train station six hours ... *[Breaking into tears.] That was all the extra money I had in the world ... [Looking up at WALTER with the tears running down his face.] Man, Willy is gone.* 5
- Walter:** Gone, what you mean Willy is gone? Gone where? You mean he went by himself. You mean he went off to Springfield by himself - to take care of getting the licence - *[Turns and looks anxiously at RUTH.] You mean maybe he didn't want too many people in on the business down there? [Looks to RUTH again, as before.] You know Willy got his own ways. [Looks back to BOBO.] Maybe you was late yesterday and he just went on down there without you. Maybe - maybe - he's been callin' you at home tryin' to tell you what happened or something. Maybe - maybe - he just got sick. He's somewhere - he's got to be somewhere. We just got to find him - me and you got to find him. [Grabs BOBO senselessly by the collar and starts to shake him.] We got to!* 10
- Bobo** *[in sudden angry, frightened agony]:* What's the matter with you, Walter! *When a cat take off with your money he don't leave no maps!* 15
- Walter** *[turning madly, as though he is looking for WILLY in the very room]:* Willy! ... Willy ... don't do it ... Please don't do it ... Man, not with that money ... Man, please, not with that money ... Oh, God ... Don't let it be true ... *[He is wandering around, crying out for WILLY and looking for him or perhaps for help from God.] Man ... I trusted you ... Man, I put my life in your hands ... [He starts to crumple down on the floor as RUTH just covers her face in horror. MAMA opens the door and comes into the room, with BENEATHA behind her.] Man ... [He starts to pound the floor with his fists, sobbing wildly.] That money is made out of my father's flesh ...* 20
- Bobo** *[standing over him helplessly]:* I'm sorry, Walter ... *[Only WALTER's sobs reply. BOBO puts on his hat.] I had my life staked on this deal, too ... [He goes.]* 25
- Mama** *[to WALTER]:* Son - *[She goes to him, bends down to him, talks to his bent head.]* Son ... Is it gone? Son, I gave you sixty-five hundred dollars. Is it gone? All of it? Beneatha's money too? 30
- Walter** *[lifting his head slowly]:* Mama ... I never ... went to the bank at all ... 35
- Mama** *[not wanting to believe him]:* You mean ... your sister's school money ... you used that too ... Walter?...

- Walter:* Yesss! ... All of it ... It's all gone ...
- [*There is total silence. RUTH stands with her face covered with her hands; BENEATHA leans forlornly against a wall, fingering a piece of red ribbon from the mother's gift. MAMA stops and looks at her son without recognition and then, quite without thinking about it, starts to beat him senselessly in the face. BENEATHA goes to them and stops it.*] 40
- Beneatha:* Mama!
- [*MAMA stops and looks at both her children and rises slowly and wanders vaguely, aimlessly away from them.*] 45
- Mama:* I seen ... him ... night after night ... come in ... and look at that rug ... and then look at me ... the red showing in his eyes ... the veins moving his head ... I seen him grow thin and old before he was forty ... working and working and working like somebody's old horse ... killing himself ... and you - you give it all away in a day ... 50
- Beneatha:* Mama -
- Mama:* Oh, God ... [*She looks up to Him.*] Look down here - and show me the strength.
- Beneatha:* Mama -
- Mama* [*folding over*]: Strength ... 55
- Beneatha* [*plaintively*]: Mama ...
- Mama:* Strength!

*Curtain*

[*from Act 2 Scene 3*]

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

- 2 How far does Hansberry's portrayal of Mama lead you to admire her?

**Do not use the passage printed in Question 1 when answering this question.**

**ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge***

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

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

*Beatrice:*            You gotta push a taxi?

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*Catherine:* I know, I just thought maybe he got married recently.

[from Act 1]

How does Miller make this both an entertaining and serious moment in the play?

- 4 How does Miller make Eddie's relationship with Rodolpho such a striking part of the play?

**Do not use the passage printed in Question 3 when answering this question.**

TERENCE RATTIGAN: *The Winslow Boy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

- Catherine:* Yes, Desmond. Well?
- Desmond:* I have a taxi-cab waiting at the end of the street.
- Catherine* [*smiling*]: How very extravagant of you, Desmond.
- Desmond* [*also smiling*]: Yes. But it shows you how rushed this visit must necessarily be. The fact of the matter is—it suddenly occurred to me during the lunch adjournment that I had better see you to-day— 5
- Catherine* [*her thoughts far distant*]: Why?
- Desmond:* I have a question to put to you, Kate, which, if I had postponed putting until after the verdict, you might—who knows—have thought had been prompted by pity—if we had lost. Or—if we had won, your reply might—again who knows—have been influenced by gratitude. Do you follow me, Kate? 10
- Catherine:* Yes, Desmond. I think I do.
- Desmond:* Ah. Then possibly you have some inkling of what the question is I have to put to you?
- Catherine:* Yes, I think I have. 15
- Desmond* [*a trifle disconcerted*]: Oh.
- Catherine:* I'm sorry, Desmond. I ought, I know, to have followed the usual practice in such cases, and told you I had no inkling whatever.
- Desmond:* No, no. Your directness and honesty are two of the qualities I so much admire in you. I am glad you have guessed. It makes my task the easier— 20
- Catherine* [*in a matter-of-fact voice*]: Will you give me a few days to think it over?
- Desmond:* Of course. Of course.
- Catherine:* I need hardly tell you how grateful I am, Desmond.
- Desmond* [*a trifle bewildered*]: There is no need, Kate, no need at all—
- Catherine:* You mustn't keep your taxi waiting. 25
- Desmond* [*fiercely*]: Oh, bother my taxi. [*Recovering himself.*] Forgive me, Kate, but you see I know very well what your feelings for me really are.
- Catherine* [*gently*]: You do, Desmond?
- Desmond:* Yes, Kate. I know quite well they have never amounted to much more than a sort of—well—shall we say, friendliness? A warm friendliness, I hope. 30  
Yes, I think perhaps we can definitely say, warm. But no more than that. That's true, isn't it?
- Catherine* [*quietly*]: Yes, Desmond.

- Desmond:* I know, I know. Of course, the thing is that even if I proved the most devoted and adoring husband that ever lived—which, I may say, if you give me the chance, I intend to be—your feelings for me would never—could never—amount to more than that. When I was younger it might, perhaps, have been a different story. When I played cricket for England— 35
- [DESMOND notices the faintest expression of pity that has crossed CATHERINE's face.] 40
- [*Apologetically.*] And of course, perhaps even that would not have made so much difference. Perhaps you feel I cling too much to my past athletic prowess. I feel it myself, sometimes—but the truth is I have not much else to cling to save that and my love for you. The athletic prowess is fading, I'm afraid, with the years and the stiffening of the muscles—but my love for you will never fade. 45
- Catherine* [smiling]:That's very charmingly said, Desmond.

[from Act 2 Scene 2]

In what ways does Rattigan make this moment in the play so moving?

- 6 How does Rattigan's portrayal of the relationship between John Watherstone and Catherine Winslow contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Sirrah, your father's dead; And what will you do now? How will you live?	
<i>Son:</i>	As birds do, mother.	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	What, with worms and flies?	
<i>Son:</i>	With what I get, I mean; and so do they.	5
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, The pitfall nor the gin.	
<i>Son:</i>	Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for. My father is not dead, for all your saying.	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?	10
<i>Son:</i>	Nay, how will you do for a husband?	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.	
<i>Son:</i>	Then you'll buy'em to sell again.	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith, With wit enough for thee.	15
<i>Son:</i>	Was my father a traitor, mother?	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Ay, that he was.	
<i>Son:</i>	What is a traitor?	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Why, one that swears and lies.	
<i>Son:</i>	And be all traitors that do so?	20
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.	
<i>Son:</i>	And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Every one.	
<i>Son:</i>	Who must hang them?	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Why, the honest men.	25
<i>Son:</i>	Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?	
<i>Son:</i>	If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.	30



<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! [Enter a Messenger.]	
<i>Messenger:</i>	Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly. If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]	35 40
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence To say I have done no harm? [Enter MURDERERS.]	45 50
<i>1 Murderer:</i>	Where is your husband?	
<i>Lady Macduff:</i>	I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.	
<i>1 Murderer:</i>	He's a traitor.	55
<i>Son:</i>	Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.	
<i>1 Murderer:</i>	What, you egg? [Stabbing him.] Young fry of treachery!	
<i>Son:</i>	He has kill'd me, mother. Run away, I pray you. [Dies.]	60
	[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!']	

[from Act 4 Scene 2]

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

- 8 How does Shakespeare vividly portray the unhappiness of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth after they become King and Queen?

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet***

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

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

<i>Romeo:</i>	O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear - Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight; For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.	5           10
<i>Tybalt:</i>	This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.	      15
<i>Capulet:</i>	Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite To scorn at our solemnity this night.	   20
<i>Capulet:</i>	Young Romeo, is it?	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	'Tis he, that villain Romeo.	
<i>Capulet:</i>	Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone. 'A bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. I would not for the wealth of all this town Here in my house do him disparagement. Therefore be patient, take no note of him; It is my will; the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.	           25           30
<i>Tybalt:</i>	It fits, when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him.	
<i>Capulet:</i>	He shall be endur'd. What, goodman boy! I say he shall. Go to; Am I the master here or you? Go to. You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul! You'll make a mutiny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!	           35           40
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.	



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