

| OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS                             |                             |                         |                  |  |  |
|---|-----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|--|--|
| General Certificate of Secondary Education                        |                             |                         |                  |  |  |
| ENGLISH LITE  | 2445/1                      |                         |                  |  |  |
| Scheme B<br>UNIT 5 Drama F<br>FOUNDATION 1                        |                             |                         |                  |  |  |
| Wednesday   | 25 MAY 2005                 | Morning                 | 45 minutes       |  |  |
| Additional materials:<br>Answer booklet<br>This is an 'open book' | paper. Texts should be take | n into the examination. | They must not be |  |  |

#### TIME 45 minutes

#### **INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

annotated.

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces on the answer booklet.
- You must answer **one** question, on the text you have studied.
- Write your answers, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what to do before starting your answer.

#### **INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in [] at the end of each question.
- The total number of marks for the paper is 20.
- All questions carry equal marks.

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You must answer  $\ensuremath{\textbf{one}}$  question from this Paper.

|   | Pages | Questions |
|---|-------|-----------|
| Drama pre-1914                              |       |           |
| WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Much Ado About Nothing | 4–5   | 1–3       |
| WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Romeo and Juliet       | 6–7   | 4–6       |
| OSCAR WILDE: An Ideal Husband               | 8–9   | 7–9       |
| HENRIK IBSEN: An Enemy of the People        | 10–11 | 10–12     |

| HERO:                  | ( <i>Unmasks</i> ) And when I lived I was your other wife;<br>And when you loved, you were my other husband.                   |     |
|------------------------|--|-----|
| CLAUDIO:               | Another Hero!  |     |
| HERO:                  | Nothing certainer.   |     |
|                        | One Hero died defiled, but I do live,  | 5   |
|                        | And surely as I live, I am a maid.   |     |
| DON PEDRO:             | The former Hero! Hero that is dead!  |     |
| LEONATO:               | She died my lord, but whiles her slander lived.  |     |
| Friar:                 | All this amazement can I qualify,  |     |
|                        | When after that the holy rites are ended,  | 10  |
|                        | I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.  |     |
|                        | Meantime let wonder seem familiar,   |     |
| D                      | And to the chapel let us presently.  |     |
| BENEDICK:              | Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice?   |     |
| BEATRICE:              | (Unmasks) I answer to that name. What is your will?  | 15  |
| BENEDICK:              | Do not you love me?  |     |
| BEATRICE:              | Why no, no more than reason.   |     |
| BENEDICK:              | Why then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio   |     |
|                        | Have been deceived, they swore you did.  | 20  |
| BEATRICE:              | Do not you love me?  | 20  |
| Benedick:<br>Beatrice: | Troth no, no more than reason.<br>Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula   |     |
| DEATRICE.              | Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.   |     |
| BENEDICK:              | They swore that you were almost sick for me.   |     |
| BEATRICE:              | They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.  | 25  |
| BENEDICK:              | 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?  | 20  |
| BEATRICE:              | No truly, but in friendly recompense.  |     |
| LEONATO:               | Come cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.   |     |
| CLAUDIO:               | And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her,  |     |
| •                      | For here's a paper written in his hand,  | 30  |
|                        | A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  |     |
|                        | Fashioned to Beatrice.   |     |
| HERO:                  | And here's another   |     |
|                        | Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  |     |
|                        | Containing her affection unto Benedick.  | 35  |
| BENEDICK:              | A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts.  |     |
|                        | Come, I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.  |     |
| BEATRICE:              | I would not deny you, but by this good day, I yield upon great   |     |
|                        | persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you   |     |
|                        | were in a consumption.   | 40  |
| BENEDICK:              | (Kisses her) Peace, I will stop your mouth.  |     |
| DON PEDRO:             | How dost thou, Benedick the married man?   |     |
| BENEDICK:              | I'll tell thee what Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot   |     |
|                        | flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire   | . – |
|                        | or an epigram? No, if a man will be beaten with brains, 'a   | 45  |
|                        | shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do  |     |
|                        | purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the   |     |
|                        | world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for  |     |
|                        | what I have said against it. For man is a giddy thing, and this<br>is my conclusion. For thy part Claudio, I did think to have | 50  |
|                        | beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live  | 50  |
|                        | unbruised, and love my cousin.   |     |
|                        |  |     |

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Much Ado About Nothing

1

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Much Ado About Nothing (Cont.)

|        |   | CLAUDIO:                                      | I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee. | 55    |
|--------|---|---|---|-------|
|        |   | BENEDICK:                                     | Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are<br>married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives'<br>heels.   |       |
|        |   | LEONATO:<br>BENEDICK:                         | We'll have dancing afterward.<br>First, of my word, therefore play music. Prince, thou art sad;<br>get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more<br>reverend than one tipped with horn.                                    | 60    |
|        |   | Messenger:                                    | <i>Enter a Messenger</i><br>My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,<br>And brought with armed men back to Messina.   | 65    |
|        |   | BENEDICK:                                     | Think not on him till tomorrow; I'll devise thee brave<br>punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.<br>Dance, and then exeunt   |       |
| Either | 1 | What do you                                   | think makes this such an entertaining ending to the play?   |       |
|        |   | You should c                                  | onsider:<br>eturn as Claudio's bride  |       |
|        |   |   | k's and Beatrice's relationship.  | [20]  |
| Or     | 2 | Do you think                                  | that Claudio deserves to marry Hero at the end of the play?   |       |
|        |   | Remember to                                   | o support your ideas with details from the play.  | [20]  |
| Or     | 3 | You are Beat                                  | rice, just after Benedick has agreed to kill Claudio (in Act 4, Scene   | : 1). |
|        |   | <ul><li> your fee</li><li> your cor</li></ul> | e thinking about:<br>lings towards Claudio<br>ncern for Hero  |       |

your feelings about Benedick. •

Write your thoughts.

[20]

### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Romeo and Juliet

4

| <b>В</b> омео:                      | Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;<br>Fly hence and leave me; think upon these gone;<br>Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,<br>Put not another sin upon my head,<br>By urging me to fury. O be gone.<br>By heaven, I love thee better than myself,<br>For I come hither armed against myself.<br>Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say, |                      | 5  |
|-------------------------------------|---|----------------------|----|
| PARIS:                              | A madman's mercy bid thee run away.<br>I do defy thy conjuration,<br>And apprehend thee for a felon here.   |                      | 10 |
| Romeo:<br>Page:<br>Paris:<br>Romeo: | Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee boy.<br>O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.<br>O I am slain! If thou be merciful,<br>Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.<br>In faith I will. Let me peruse this face.  | [They fight<br>[Exit | 15 |
|                                     | Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!<br>What said my man, when my betossed soul<br>Did not attend him as we rode? I think<br>He told me Paris should have married Juliet.<br>Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?<br>Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,   |                      | 20 |
|                                     | To think it was so? O give me thy hand,<br>One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.<br>I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.<br>A grave? O no, a lantern, slaughtered youth;<br>For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes   |                      | 25 |
|                                     | This vault a feasting presence full of light.<br>Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.<br>[ <i>Lays Paris in the monument</i><br>How oft when men are at the point of death<br>Have they been merry, which their keepers call  |                      | 30 |
|                                     | A lightning before death. O how may I<br>Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife!<br>Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath<br>Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.<br>Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet<br>Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,   |                      | 35 |
|                                     | And death's pale flag is not advanced there.<br>Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?<br>O what more favour can I do to thee,<br>Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain<br>To sunder his that was thine enemy?   |                      | 40 |
|                                     | Forgive me cousin. Ah dear Juliet,<br>Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe<br>That unsubstantial death is amorous,<br>And that the lean abhorred monster keeps<br>Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  |                      | 45 |
|                                     | For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,<br>And never from this palace of dim night<br>Depart again. Here, here will I remain<br>With worms that are thy chamber-maids. O here<br>Will I set up my everlasting rest;  |                      | 50 |

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Romeo and Juliet (Cont.)

|        |   | And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars<br>From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes look your last.<br>Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O you<br>The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss<br>A dateless bargain to engrossing death. | 55            |
|--------|---|--|---------------|
|        |   | [ <i>Takes out the poison</i> ] Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide.<br>Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on<br>The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.   | 60            |
|        |   | Here's to my love! [ <i>drinks</i> ] O true apothecary!  |               |
|        |   | Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.   | 65            |
| Either | 4 | What do you think makes this passage so moving?  | [20]          |
| Or     | 5 | What do you think makes the Nurse such a memorable and entertaining chaplay?   | racter in the |
|        |   | Remember to support your ideas with details from the play.   | [20]          |
| Or     | 6 | You are Lord Capulet at the end of the play.   |               |
|        |   | You might be thinking about:   |               |
|        |   | • Juliet   |               |
|        |   | <ul> <li>her secret marriage to Romeo</li> <li>the fourd</li> </ul>  |               |

the feud. •

Write your thoughts.

[20]

### OSCAR WILDE: An Ideal Husband

7

| SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:<br>LORD GORING: | I received from the Baron £110,000.<br>You were worth more, Robert.  |    |
|--------------------------------------|--|----|
| SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:                 | No; that money gave me exactly what I wanted,<br>power over others. I went into the House<br>immediately. The Baron advised me in finance<br>from time to time. Before five years I had almost | 5  |
|                                      | trebled my fortune. Since then everything that I have touched has turned out a success. In all things connected with money I have had a luck so  |    |
|                                      | extraordinary that sometimes it has made me<br>almost afraid. I remember having read somewhere,<br>in some strange book, that when the gods wish to<br>punish us they answer our prayers.      | 10 |
| LORD GORING:                         | But tell me, Robert, did you ever suffer any regret<br>for what you had done?  | 15 |
| SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:                 | No. I felt that I had fought the century with its own weapons, and won.  |    |
| LORD GORING:<br>SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: | ( <i>sadly</i> ). You thought you had won.   |    |
| SIR NUBERT CHILTERN.                 | I thought so. ( <i>After a long pause</i> .) Arthur, do you despise me for what I have told you?   | 20 |
| LORD GORING:                         | ( <i>with deep feeling in his voice</i> ). I am very sorry for you, Robert, very sorry indeed.   |    |
| SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:                 | I don't say that I suffered any remorse. I didn't. Not   |    |
|                                      | remorse in the ordinary, rather silly sense of the word. But I have paid conscience money many   | 25 |
|                                      | times. I had a wild hope that I might disarm destiny.  |    |
|                                      | The sum Baron Arnheim gave me I have distributed twice over in public charities since then.  |    |
| LORD GORING:                         | ( <i>looking up</i> ). In public charities? Dear me! what a lot of harm you must have done, Robert!  | 30 |
| SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:                 | Oh, don't say that, Arthur; don't talk like that!  |    |
| LORD GORING:                         | Never mind what I say, Robert! I am always saying  |    |
|                                      | what I shouldn't say. In fact, I usually say what I really think. A great mistake nowadays. It makes   |    |
|                                      | one so liable to be misunderstood. As regards this   | 35 |
|                                      | dreadful business, I will help you in whatever way I   |    |
| SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:                 | can. Of course, you know that.<br>Thank you, Arthur, thank you. But what is to be  |    |
|                                      | done? What can be done?  |    |
| LORD GORING:                         | ( <i>leaning back with his hands in his pockets</i> ). Well, the English can't stand a man who is always saying  | 40 |
|                                      | he is in the right, but they are very fond of a man  |    |
|                                      | who admits that he has been in the wrong. It is one  |    |
|                                      | of the best things in them. However, in your case,<br>Robert, a confession would not do. The money, if   | 45 |
|                                      | you will allow me to say so, is awkward.   | 10 |
|                                      | Besides, if you did make a clean breast of the whole affair, you would never be able to talk   |    |
|                                      | morality again. And in England a man who can't   | 50 |
|                                      | talk morality twice a week to a large, popular,<br>immoral audience is quite over as a serious   | 50 |
|                                      | politician. There would be nothing left for him as a   |    |
|                                      | profession except Botany or the Church. A confession would be of no use. It would ruin you.  |    |
|                                      |  |    |

### OSCAR WILDE: An Ideal Husband (Cont.)

|        |   | SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:   | now is to fight the thing out.<br>( <i>rising from his chair</i> ). I was waiting for you to say  | 55           |
|--------|---|--|---|--------------|
|        |   | Sir Robert Chiltern:<br>Lord Goring:<br>Sir Robert Chiltern:                       | <ul><li>that, Robert. It is the only thing to do now. And you must begin by telling your wife the whole story.</li><li>That I will not do.</li><li>Robert, believe me, you are wrong.</li><li>I couldn't do it. It would kill her love for me. And now about this woman, this Mrs Cheveley. How can I defend myself against her? You knew her</li></ul> | 60           |
|        |   | Lord Goring:<br>Sir Robert Chiltern:<br>Lord Goring:                               | before, Arthur, apparently.<br>Yes.   | 65<br>70     |
|        |   | SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:<br>Lord Goring:   | nearly.<br>Why was it broken off?<br>( <i>airily</i> ). Oh, I forget. At least, it makes no matter. By<br>the way, have you tried her with money? She used<br>to be confoundedly fond of money.   | 75           |
|        |   | SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:<br>LORD GORING:   | I offered her any sum she wanted. She refused.<br>Then the marvellous gospel of gold breaks down<br>sometimes. The rich can't do everything, after all.   |              |
|        |   | SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:   |   | 80           |
|        |   | LORD GORING:   | ( <i>striking the table</i> ). Robert, you must fight her. You must fight her.  | 85           |
|        |   | SIR ROBERT CHILTERN:   | But how?  |              |
| Either | 7 | What do you think ma   | kes this such a dramatic and important moment in the  | play?        |
|        |   | You should consider:<br>• Sir Robert's confe                                       | ession  |              |
|        |   | <ul><li>his situation and f</li><li>Lord Goring's real</li></ul>                   | 0   | [20]         |
| Or     | 8 | -  | kes Lord Goring such a memorable character in the pl<br>your ideas with details from the play.  | ay?<br>[20]  |
| Or     | 9 | You are Lady Chiltern scheme (the end of Ac  | n after your husband has written to Mrs Cheveley r<br>ct One).  | ejecting her |
|        |   | You might be thinking<br>the decision to wr<br>your feelings for y<br>Mrs Cheveley | ite the letter  |              |

• Mrs Cheveley.

Write your thoughts.

# HENRIK IBSEN: An Enemy of the People

| 10 | DR STOCKMANN:  | ( <i>shows the letter</i> ). Here it is! It testifies to the presence in the water of putrefied organic matter it's full of bacteria. It is extremely dangerous to health, internally and externally.  |    |
|----|--|--|----|
|    | Mrs Stockmann:<br>Dr Stockmann:<br>Hovstad:<br>Dr Stockmann:<br>Hovstad: | What a mercy you found out in time!<br>You may well say so.<br>And what do you intend to do now, Doctor?<br>To see the matter put right, of course.<br>Can that be done?   | 5  |
|    | DR STOCKMANN:<br>Mrs Stockmann:  | It must be done. Otherwise the whole establishment is<br>useless, ruined. But there's no need for that. It's quite<br>clear to me what must now be done.<br>But, my dear Thomas, what made you keep all this so  | 10 |
|    | WING OTOCKWANN.  | secret?  |    |
|    | Dr Stockmann:  | Did you expect me to run all round town gossiping about<br>it before I was absolutely certain? No thank you! I'm not<br>such a fool as all that.   | 15 |
|    | Petra:<br>Dr Stockmann:  | Still, your own family<br>No, not a living soul. Still, you can run round in the<br>morning to the old 'Badger'  | 20 |
|    | Mrs Stockmann:<br>Dr Stockmann:  | Please, Thomas!<br>All right, to your grandfather, then. Yes, now we'll give<br>that old boy something that will really open his eyes. He's  |    |
|    |  | another one who thinks I'm a bit cracked – oh yes, there<br>are plenty more with the same idea, I can see. But now<br>these good people are going to see something – they're<br>certainly going to see something, this time. ( <i>He walks</i><br><i>round rubbing his hands.</i> ) What a commotion this is<br>going to cause in the town, Katherine! You've no idea! All | 25 |
|    | Hovstad:<br>Dr Stockmann:  | the pipes will have to be re-laid.<br>( <i>rising</i> ). All the pipes?<br>Naturally. The intake is sited too low down; it will have to<br>be moved much higher up.  | 30 |
|    | Petra:<br>Dr Stockmann:  | So you were right after all.<br>Ah, you remember, Petra? I wrote in opposing it, when<br>they were drawing up the plans. But at that time nobody<br>would listen to me. Well, now I'm going to let them have<br>it. Naturally I've written a report for the Board – it's been  | 35 |
|    |  | lying there all ready for the past week. I was only waiting<br>for this to come. ( <i>He points to the letter.</i> ) But now we'll<br>get this off at once. ( <i>He goes into his room and comes<br/>back with a sheaf of papers.</i> ) Look! Four closely written<br>sheets! And the letter attached. A newspaper, Katherine!   | 40 |
|    |  | Something to wrap it in. Good! There we are! Give it to to ( <i>Stamps his foot.</i> ) what the devil's her name again? Anyway, give it to that girl, and tell her to take it straight down to the Mayor. ( <i>Mrs Stockmann takes the packet and goes out through the dining-room.</i> )  | 45 |
|    | Petra:<br>Dr Stockmann:  | What do you think Uncle Peter's going to say, Father?<br>What do you expect him to say? He can't help but be<br>pleased that an important matter like this has been<br>brought to light, surely.   | 50 |

| HOVSTAD:                        | Do you mind if we put a little paragraph in the <i>Herald</i> about your discovery?  | 55 |
|---------------------------------|--|----|
| Dr Stockmann:<br>Hovstad:       | I should be extremely grateful if you would.<br>The sooner the public hears about this, the better.  | 55 |
| DR STOCKMANN:                   | Certainly.   |    |
|                                 | ( <i>returning</i> ). She's just gone with it now.   |    |
| BILLING:                        | You'll be the leading light of the town, Dr Stockmann, damn me if you won't!   | 60 |
| Dr Stockmann:                   | ( <i>walks happily up and down</i> ). Oh, don't be silly! I've only done my duty. It just happened to be a lucky strike, that's all. All the same  |    |
| BILLING:                        | Hovstad, don't you think the town ought to organize something to show its appreciation to Dr Stockmann?  | 65 |
| HOVSTAD:                        | I'll certainly put it forward.   |    |
| BILLING:                        | And I'll talk it over with Aslaksen.   |    |
| Dr Stockmann:<br>Mrs Stockmann: | Please, please, my dear friends! Let's have no more of this nonsense. I won't hear of it. And if the Board starts getting any ideas about increasing my salary, I shall refuse. Do you hear me, Katherine? – I won't take it. Quite right, Thomas. | 70 |
| Petra:                          | (raising her glass). Your health, Father!  |    |
| HOVSTAD:                        | Your health, Dr Stockmann!   | 75 |
| BILLING:                        | Your health, Dr Stockmann!   |    |
| Horster:<br>Dr Stockmann:       | ( <i>clinking glasses with him</i> ). Here's wishing you joy of it!<br>Thank you, my dear friends, thank you! I am extremely<br>happy What a wonderful thing it is to feel that one's<br>been of some service to one's home town and fellow        | 80 |
|                                 | citizens. Hurrah, Katherine!<br>(He puts his arm round her and whirls her round and<br>round; she screams and tries to resist. Laughter,<br>applause and cheering for the Doctor. The boys poke  |    |
|                                 | their heads in at the door.)   | 85 |
|                                 |  |    |

Either 10 What makes this a fascinating moment to return to when you know what happens later in the play? [20]

Or 11 Choose the **TWO** moments in the play which make you feel most angry at the unfairness or dishonesty of any of the characters.

Explore how these moments produce this angry reaction in you. [20]

Or 12 You are the Mayor just after you have told your brother that he must change his report on the water at the Baths (the end of Act Two).

You might be thinking about:

- your brother and his reaction to your visit
- the situation with the Baths
- what you plan to do next.

Write your thoughts.

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