

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION  
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

**2441/02**

**Scheme A**

Unit 1 Drama Post-1914  
(Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

**OCR Supplied Materials:**

- 4 page Answer Booklet

**Other Materials Required:**

- This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**

**Tuesday 13 January 2009  
Afternoon**

**Duration: 45 minutes**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name clearly in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully and make sure that you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Answer **one** question on the text you have studied.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **30**.
- This document consists of **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.



You must answer **one** question from this Paper.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Drama post-1914</b>		
ARTHUR MILLER: <i>Death of a Salesman</i>	4–5	1–3
HAROLD PINTER: <i>The Caretaker</i>	6–7	4–6
BRIAN CLARK: <i>Whose Life Is It Anyway?</i>	8–9	7–9
R. C. SHERRIFF: <i>Journey's End</i>	10–11	10–12

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 1 WILLY: Carrots ... quarter-inch apart. Rows ... one-foot rows. (*He measures it off.*) One foot. (*He puts down a package and measures off.*) Beets. (*He puts down another packet and measures again.*) Lettuce. (*He reads the package, puts it down.*) One foot – (*He breaks off as Ben appears to the right and moves slowly down to him.*) What a proposition, ts, ts. 5  
Terrific, terrific. 'Cause she's suffered, Ben, the woman has suffered. You understand me? A man can't go out the way he came in, Ben, a man has got to add up to something. You can't, you can't – (*BEN moves towards him as though to interrupt.*) You gotta consider, now. Don't answer so quick. Remember, it's a guaranteed twenty-thousand-dollar proposition. 10  
Now look, Ben, I want you to go through the ins and outs of this thing with me. I've got nobody to talk to, Ben, and the woman has suffered, you hear me?
- BEN: (*standing still, considering*): What's the proposition?
- WILLY: It's twenty thousand dollars on the barrelhead. Guaranteed, gilt-edged, 15  
you understand?
- BEN: You don't want to make a fool of yourself. They might not honour the policy.
- WILLY: How can they dare refuse? Didn't I work like a coolie to meet every premium on the nose? And now they don't pay off! Impossible! 20
- BEN: It's called a cowardly thing, William.
- WILLY: Why? Does it take more guts to stand here the rest of my life ringing up a zero?
- BEN: (*yielding*): That's a point, William. (*He moves, thinking, turns.*) And twenty thousand – that *is* something one can feel with the hand, it is there. 25
- WILLY: (*now assured, with rising power*): Oh, Ben, that's the whole beauty of it! I see it like a diamond, shining in the dark, hard and rough, that I can pick up and touch in my hand. Not like – like an appointment! This would not be another damned-fool appointment, Ben, and it changes all the aspects. Because he thinks I'm nothing, see, and so he spites me. But the funeral 30  
– (*Straightening up.*) Ben, that funeral will be massive! They'll come from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire! All the old-timers with the strange licence plates – that boy will be thunder-struck, Ben, because he never realized – I am known! Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey – I am known, Ben, and he'll see it with his eyes once and for all. He'll see 35  
what I am, Ben! He's in for a shock, that boy!
- BEN: (*coming down to the edge of the garden*): He'll call you a coward.
- WILLY: (*suddenly fearful*): No, that would be terrible.
- BEN: Yes. And a damned fool.
- WILLY: No, no, he mustn't, I won't have that! (*He is broken and desperate.*) 40
- BEN: He'll hate you, William.  
*The gay music of the boys is heard.*
- WILLY: Oh, Ben, how do we get back to all the great times? Used to be so full of light, and comradeship, the sleigh-riding in winter, and the ruddiness 45  
on his cheeks. And always some kind of good news coming up, always something nice coming up ahead. And never even let me carry the valises in the house, and simonizing, simonizing that little red car! Why, why can't I give him something and not have him hate me?
- BEN: Let me think about it. (*He glances at his watch.*) I still have a little time. Remarkable proposition, but you've got to be sure you're not making a 50  
fool of yourself.

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman* (Cont.)

BEN drifts off upstage and goes out of sight. BIFF comes down from the left.

WILLY: (suddenly conscious of Biff, turns and looks up at him, then begins picking up the packages of seeds in confusion): Where the hell is that seed? 55  
(Indignantly.) You can't see nothing out here! They boxed in the whole goddam neighbourhood!

**Either** 1 Explore the ways in which Miller makes this such a moving and significant moment in the play. [30]

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**Or** 2 Do you think that Miller portrays Linda as a wholly admirable character?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [30]

**Or** 3 You are Charley. You have just left Willy after the argument about the card game (in Act One).  
Write your thoughts. [30]

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

- 4                    DAVIES *stares warily at MICK, who turns. DAVIES rises, scrambles to the clothes horse and seizes his trousers. MICK turns swiftly and grabs them. DAVIES lunges for them. MICK holds out a hand warningly.*
- MICK:            You intending to settle down here?
- DAVIES:        Give me my trousers then. 5
- MICK:            You settling down for a long stay?
- DAVIES:        Give me my bloody trousers!
- MICK:            Why, where you going?
- DAVIES:        Give me and I'm going, I'm going to Sidcup!
- MICK *flicks the trousers in DAVIES' face several times.* 10
- DAVIES *retreats.*
- Pause.*
- MICK:            You know, you remind me of a bloke I bumped into once, just the other side of the Guildford by-pass –
- DAVIES:        I was brought here! 15
- Pause.*
- MICK:            Pardon?
- DAVIES:        I was brought here! I was brought here!
- MICK:            Brought here? Who brought you here?
- DAVIES:        Man who lives here ... he ... 20
- Pause.*
- MICK:            Fibber.
- DAVIES:        I was brought here, last night ... met him in a caff ... I was working ... I got the bullet ... I was working there ... bloke saved me from a punch up, brought me here, brought me right here. 25
- Pause.*
- MICK:            I'm afraid you're a born fibber, en't you? You're speaking to the owner. This is my room. You're standing in my house.
- DAVIES:        It's his ... he seen me all right ... he ...
- MICK:            (*pointing to DAVIES' bed*): That's my bed. 30
- DAVIES:        What about that then?
- MICK:            That's my mother's bed.
- DAVIES:        Well she wasn't in it last night!
- MICK:            (*moving to him*): Now don't get perky, son, don't get perky. Keep your hands off my old mum. 35
- DAVIES:        I ain't ... I haven't ...
- MICK:            Don't get out of your depth, friend, don't start taking liberties with my old mother, let's have a bit of respect.
- DAVIES:        I got respect, you won't find anyone with more respect.
- MICK:            Well, stop telling me all these fibs. 40
- DAVIES:        Now listen to me, I never seen you before, have I?
- MICK:            Never seen my mother before either, I suppose?
- Pause.*
- I think I'm coming to the conclusion that you're an old rogue. You're nothing but an old scoundrel. 45
- DAVIES:        Now wait –
- MICK:            Listen, son. Listen, sonny. You stink.
- DAVIES:        You ain't got no right to –

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker* (Cont.)

MICK: You're stinking the place out. You're an old robber, there's no getting away from it. You're an old skate. You don't belong in a nice place like this. 50  
 You're an old barbarian. Honest. You got no business wandering about in an unfurnished flat. I could charge seven quid a week for this if I wanted to. Get a taker tomorrow. Three hundred and fifty a year exclusive. No argument. I mean, if that sort of money's in your range don't be afraid to say so. Here you are. Furniture and fittings, I'll take four hundred or the 55  
 nearest offer. Rateable value ninety quid for the annum. You can reckon water, heating and lighting at close on fifty. That'll cost you eight hundred and ninety if you're all that keen. Say the word and I'll have my solicitors draft you out a contract. Otherwise I've got the van outside, I can run you to the police station in five minutes, have you in for trespassing, loitering 60  
 with intent, daylight robbery, filching, thieving and stinking the place out. What do you say? Unless you're really keen on a straightforward purchase.

- Either** 4 How does Pinter make this a dramatic and revealing moment in the play? [30]
- 
- Or** 5 How does Pinter make the differences between Aston and his brother, Mick, so dramatic? [30]  
 Remember to support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or** 6 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the play where Pinter's writing most encourages you to feel sympathy for Davies. [30]

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*

- 7 DR EMERSON: Now let's get this clear. This morning when you examined him, you came to a careful and responsible decision that your patient needed a certain drug.
- DR SCOTT: Yes.
- DR EMERSON: I saw the patient and I agreed with your prescription. 5
- DR SCOTT: Yes.
- DR EMERSON: But in spite of two qualified opinions, you accept the decision of someone completely unqualified to take it.
- DR SCOTT: He may be unqualified, but he is the one affected.
- DR EMERSON: Ours was an objective, his a subjective decision. 10
- DR SCOTT: But isn't this a case where a subjective decision may be more valid? After all, you're both working on the same subject – his body. Only he knows more about how he feels.
- DR EMERSON: But he doesn't know about the drugs and their effects.
- DR SCOTT: He can feel their effects. 15
- DR EMERSON: Makes no difference. His knowledge isn't based on experience of a hundred such cases. He can't know enough to challenge our clinical decisions.
- DR SCOTT: That's what he's doing and he's protesting about the dulling of his consciousness with Valium. 20
- DR EMERSON: When he came in, shocked to hell, did he protest about the dextrose-saline? Or when he was gasping for breath, he didn't use some of it to protest about the aminophylline or the huge stat dose of cortisone ...
- DR SCOTT: Those were inevitable and emergency decisions. 25
- DR EMERSON: And so is this one inevitable. Just because our patient is conscious, that does not absolve us from our complete responsibility. We have to maximise whatever powers he retains.
- DR SCOTT: And how does a depressant drug improve his consciousness?
- DR EMERSON: It will help him to use his consciousness Clare. We must help him now to turn his mind to the real problem he has. We must help him to an acceptance of his condition. Only then will his full consciousness be any use to him at all ... 30
- DR EMERSON: You say he refused to take the tablet?
- DR SCOTT *nods*. DR EMERSON *picks up the 'phone and dials*. 35  
*The 'phone rings in the SISTER'S office.*
- SISTER: Sister Anderson speaking.
- DR EMERSON: Emerson here. Could you prepare a syringe with five milligrams of Valium for Mr Harrison?
- SISTER: Yes sir. 40
- DR EMERSON: I'll be down myself immediately to give it to him.
- SISTER: Yes sir.  
*She replaces the 'phone and immediately prepares the syringe.*
- DR SCOTT: Do you want me to come?
- DR EMERSON: No ... It won't be necessary. 45
- DR SCOTT: Thank you.  
*She moves to the door.*
- DR EMERSON: Harrison is an intelligent, sensitive and articulate man.
- DR SCOTT: Yes.
- DR EMERSON: But don't undervalue yourself. Clare, your first decision was right. 50  
DR SCOTT *nods and leaves the room. She is unhappy.*



BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* (Cont.)

- Either**    **7**    Explore the ways in which Clark makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play. **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **8**        How does Clark make the relationship between John, the Orderly, and Nurse Kay Sadler such an entertaining and memorable part of the play?
- Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. **[30]**
- Or**        **9**        You are Ken. You have complimented Dr Scott and told her that you are serious about “deciding to die”, and she has gone out into the Sister’s office (near the end of Act One).
- Write your thoughts. **[30]**

R. C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

- 10 STANHOPE: Hero-worship be damned! (*He pauses, then goes on, in a strange, high-pitched voice.*) You know, Uncle, I'm an *awful* fool. I'm *captain* of this company. What's that bloody little prig of a boy matter? D'you see? He's a little prig. Wants to write home and tell Madge all about *me*. Well, he won't; d'you see, Uncle? He *won't* write. Censorship! I censor his letters – cross out all he says about me. 5
- OSBORNE: You can't read his letters.
- STANHOPE: (*dreamily*) Cross out all he says about me. Then we all go west in the big attack – and she goes on thinking I'm a fine fellow for ever – and ever –and ever. (*He pours out a drink, murmuring 'Ever – and ever – and ever.'*) 10
- OSBORNE: (*rising from his bed*) It's not as bad as all that. Turn in and have a sleep.
- STANHOPE: Sleep! Catch *me* wasting my time with sleep.
- OSBORNE: (*picking up STANHOPE'S pack and pulling out the blanket*) Come along, old chap. You come and lie down here. (*He puts the pack as a pillow on STANHOPE'S bed, and spreads out the blanket.*) 15
- STANHOPE: (*with his chin in his hands*) Little prig – that's what he is. Did I ask him to force his way into my company? No! I didn't. Very well, he'll pay for his damn cheek. 20
- OSBORNE *lays his hand gently on STANHOPE'S shoulder to persuade him to lie down.*
- Go away! (*He shakes OSBORNE'S hand off.*) What the hell are you trying to do?
- OSBORNE: Come and lie down and go to sleep. 25
- STANHOPE: Go sleep y'self. I censor his letters, d'you see, Uncle? You watch and see he doesn't smuggle any letters away.
- OSBORNE: Righto. Now come and lie down. You've had a hard day of it.
- STANHOPE: (*looking up suddenly*) Where's Hardy? D'you say he's gone?
- OSBORNE: Yes. He's gone. 30
- STANHOPE: Gone, has he? Y'know, I had a word to say to Master Hardy. He would go, the swine! Dirty trenches – everything dirty – I wanner tell him to keep his trenches clean.
- OSBORNE: (*standing beside STANHOPE and putting his hand gently on his shoulder again*) We'll clean them up tomorrow. 35
- STANHOPE *looks up at OSBORNE and laughs gaily.*
- STANHOPE: Dear old Uncle! Clean trenches up – with little dustpan and brush. (*He laughs.*) Make you little apron – with lace on it.
- OSBORNE: That'll be fine. Now then, come along, old chap. I'll see you get called at two o'clock. (*He firmly takes STANHOPE by the arm and draws him over to the bed.*) 40
- You *must* be tired.
- STANHOPE: (*in a dull voice*) God, I'm bloody tired; ache – all over – feel sick. OSBORNE *helps him on to the bed, takes the blanket and puts it over him.* 45
- OSBORNE: You'll feel all right in a minute. How's that? Comfortable?
- STANHOPE: Yes. Comfortable. (*He looks up into OSBORNE'S face and laughs again.*) Dear old Uncle. Tuck me up. OSBORNE *fumbles the blankets round STANHOPE.*
- OSBORNE: There we are. 50
- STANHOPE: Kiss me, Uncle.
- OSBORNE: Kiss you be blowed! You go to sleep.

R. C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End* (Cont.)

STANHOPE:	<i>(closing his eyes)</i> Yes – I go sleep. <i>(He turns slowly on to his side with his face to the earth wall.)</i>	
	OSBORNE <i>stands watching for a while, then blows out the candle by STANHOPE'S bed. STANHOPE gives a deep sigh, and begins to breathe heavily. OSBORNE goes to the servant's dug-out and calls softly:</i>	55
OSBORNE:	Mason!	
MASON:	<i>(appearing with unbuttoned tunic at the tunnel entrance)</i> Yes sir?	60
OSBORNE:	Will you call me at ten minutes to eleven – and Mr. Hibbert at ten minutes to two? I'm going to turn in for a little while.	
MASON:	Very good, sir <i>(Pause.)</i> The pepper's come, sir.	
OSBORNE:	Oh, good.	
MASON:	I'm very sorry about the pepper, sir.	65
OSBORNE:	That's all right, Mason.	
MASON:	Good night, sir.	
OSBORNE:	Good night.	
	MASON <i>leaves the dug-out. OSBORNE turns, and looks up the narrow steps into the night, where the Very lights rise and fade against the starlit sky. He glances once more at STANHOPE, then crosses to his own bed, takes out from his tunic pocket a large, old-fashioned watch, and quietly winds it up.</i>	70
	<i>Through the stillness comes the low rumble of distant guns.</i>	
	THE CURTAIN FALLS	75

- Either**    **10**    Explore the ways in which Sherriff makes this such a moving and significant ending to Act One? **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **11**    How far does Sherriff's portrayal of Stanhope encourage you to feel sympathy for him?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. **[30]**
- Or**        **12**    You are Trotter. Stanhope has just told you that you are his second-in-command now (in Act Three, Scene Two).  
Write your thoughts. **[30]**



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