



# **Cambridge IGCSE™**

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)**

**0427/02**

Paper 2 Drama

**For examination from 2020**

SPECIMEN PAPER

**45 minutes**



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

**INFORMATION**

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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This document has **10** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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**THE SPECIMEN QUESTIONS IN THIS BOOKLET ARE FOR GENERAL ILLUSTRATIVE PURPOSES.**

**Please see the syllabus for the relevant year of examination for details of set texts.**

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

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

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

*Walter enters. We feel the edge of unreality is still with him*

*Walter:* New York ain't got nothing Chicago ain't. Just a bunch of hustling people all squeezed up together – being 'Eastern'.  
*(He turns his face into a screw of displeasure.)*

*George:* Oh – you've been?

5

*Walter:* Plenty of times.

*Ruth* (*shocked at the lie*): Walter Lee Younger!

*Walter* (*staring her down*): Plenty! (*Pause.*) What we got to drink in this house? Why don't you offer this man some refreshment. (*To George.*) They don't know how to entertain people in this house, man.

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*George:* Thank you – I don't really care for anything.

*Walter* (*feeling his head, sobriety coming*): Where's Mama?

*Ruth:* She ain't come back yet.

15

*Walter* (*Looking George over from head to toe, scrutinising his carefully casual tweed sports jacket over cashmere V-neck sweater over soft eyelet shirt and tie, and soft slacks, finished off with white buckskin shoes*): Why all you college boys wear them faggoty-looking white shoes?

*Ruth:* Walter Lee!

*George ignores this remark.*

25

*Walter* (*to Ruth*): Well, they look crazy as hell – white shoes, cold as it is.

*Ruth* (*crushed*): You have to excuse him –

*Walter:* No, he don't! Excuse me for what? What you always excusing me for! I'll excuse myself when I needs to be excused! (*Pause*) They look as funny as them black knee socks Beneatha wears out of here all the time.

*Ruth:* It's the college style, Walter.

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*Walter:* Style, hell. She looks like she got burnt legs or something!

*Ruth:* Oh, Walter –

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*Walter* (*an irritable mimic*): Oh, Walter! Oh, Walter! (*to George.*) How's your old man making out? I understand you all going to buy that big hotel on the Drive? (*He finds a beer in the refrigerator, wanders over to George, sipping and wiping his lips with the back of his hand and straddling a chair backwards to talk to the other man.*) Shrewd move. Your old man is all right, man. (*Tapping his head and half winking for emphasis.*) I mean he knows how to operate. I mean he thinks *big*, you know what I mean, I mean for a *home*, you know? But I think he's kind of running out of ideas now. I'd like to talk to him. Listen, man, I got some plans that could turn this city upside down. I mean I think like he does. *Big*. Invest big, gamble big, hell, lose *big* if you have to, you know what I mean. It's hard to find a man on this whole Southside who understands my kind of thinking – you dig? (*He scrutinises George again, drinks his beer, squints his eyes and leans in close, confidential, man to man.*) Me and you ought to sit down and talk sometimes, man. Man, I got me some ideas ...

40

*George* (*with boredom*): Yeah – sometimes we'll have to do that, Walter.

*Walter* (*understanding the indifference, and offended*): Yeah – well, when you get the time, man. I know you a busy little boy.

45

*Ruth:* Walter, please –

*Walter* (*bitterly, hurt*): I know ain't nothing in this world as busy as you coloured college boys with your fraternity pins and white shoes ...

*Ruth* (*covering her face with humiliation*): Oh, Walter Lee –

<i>Walter:</i>	I see you all all the time – with the books tucked under your arms – going to your – ( <i>He mimics the British ‘a’.</i> ) ‘clahsses’. And for what? What the hell you learning over there? Filling up your heads – ( <i>Counting off on his fingers.</i> ) – with the sociology and the psychology. But they teaching you how to be a man? How to take over and run the world? They teaching you how to run a rubber plantation or a steel mill? Naw – just to talk proper and read books and wear them faggoty-looking white shoes ...	50
<i>George</i>	( <i>looking at him with distaste, a little above it all</i> ): You’re all whacked up with bitterness, man.	55
<i>Walter</i>	( <i>intently, almost quietly, between the teeth, glaring at the boy</i> ): And you – ain’t you bitter, man? Ain’t you just about had it yet? Don’t you see no stars gleaming that you can’t reach out and grab? You happy? – you contented son-of-a-bitch – you happy? You got it made? Bitter? Man, I’m a volcano. Bitter? Here I am a giant – surrounded by ants! Ants who can’t even understand what it is the giant is talking about.	60
<i>Ruth</i>	( <i>passionately and suddenly</i> ): Oh, Walter – ain’t you with nobody?	65
<i>Walter</i>	( <i>violently</i> ): No! ’Cause ain’t nobody with me! Not even my own mother!	

How does Hansberry powerfully convey Walter’s feelings to you in this extract?

- Or      2 Which character in the play does Hansberry make you particularly admire, and for what reasons? Support your answer by close reference to the play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

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

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

*Macbeth:* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady Macbeth:* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macbeth:* When?

*Lady Macbeth:* Now.

*Macbeth:* As I descended?

*Lady Macbeth:* Ay.

*Macbeth:* Hark!

Who lies i'the second chamber?

*Lady Macbeth:* Donalbain.

*Macbeth:* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands

*Lady Macbeth:* A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

*Macbeth:* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'  
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady Macbeth:* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macbeth:* One cried 'God bless us', and 'Amen' the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
List'ning their fear, I could not say 'Amen'  
When they did say 'God bless us.'

*Lady Macbeth:* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macbeth:* But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady Macbeth:* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

*Macbeth:* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more;  
Macbeth does murder sleep' – the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Lady Macbeth:* What do you mean?

*Macbeth:* Still it cried 'Sleep no more' to all the house;  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more – Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

*Lady Macbeth:* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macbeth:* I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady Macbeth:* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood

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That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within]

*Macbeth:* Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

55

[Re-enter *Lady Macbeth*.]

*Lady Macbeth:* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knock] I hear a knocking  
At the south entry; retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [Knock] Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

60

*Macbeth:* To know my deed 'twere best not know myself. [Knock.  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[Exeunt.]

70

How does Shakespeare make the horror in this extract memorable for you?

Or      4      Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes Macbeth's brutality as a king so terrifying.

THORNTON WILDER: *Our Town*

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

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

*Dr Gibbs:* Well, Ma, the day has come. You're losin' one of your chicks.

*Mrs Gibbs:* Frank Gibbs, don't you say another word. I feel like crying every minute. Sit down and drink your coffee.

*Dr Gibbs:* The groom's up shaving himself – only there ain't an awful lot to shave. Whistling and singing, like he's glad to leave us – Every now and then he says 'I do' to the mirror, but it don't sound convincing to me.

5

*Mrs Gibbs:* I declare, Frank, I don't know how he'll get along. I've arranged his clothes and seen to it he's put warm things on – Frank! they're too young. Emily won't think of such things. He'll catch his death of cold within a week.

10

*Dr Gibbs:* I was remembering my wedding morning, Julia.

*Mrs Gibbs:* Now don't start that, Frank Gibbs.

*Dr Gibbs:* I was the scarest young fella in the State of New Hampshire. I thought I'd make a mistake for sure. And when I saw you comin' down the aisle I thought you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen, but the only trouble was that I'd never seen you before. There I was in the Congregational Church marryin' a total stranger.

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*Mrs Gibbs:* And how do you think I felt! – Frank, weddings are perfectly awful things. Farces – that's what they are!

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[*She puts a plate before him.*]

Here, I've made something for you.

*Dr Gibbs:* Why, Julia Hersey – French toast!

*Mrs Gibbs:* 'Taint hard to make and I had to do something.

25

[*Pause. DR GIBBS pours on the syrup.*]

*Dr Gibbs:* How'd you sleep last night, Julia?

*Mrs Gibbs:* Well, I heard a lot of the hours struck off.

*Dr Gibbs:* Ye-e-s! I get a shock every time I think of George setting out to be a family man – that great gangling thing! – I tell you Julia, there's nothing so terrifying in the world as a son. The relation of father and son is the darndest, awkwardest –

30

*Mrs Gibbs:* Well, mother and daughter's no picnic, let me tell you.

*Dr Gibbs:* They'll have a lot of troubles, I suppose, but that's none of our business. Everybody has a right to their own troubles.

35

*Mrs Gibbs:* [at the table, drinking her coffee, meditatively]: Yes ... people are meant to go through life two by two. 'Tain't natural to be lonesome.

[*Pause. DR GIBBS starts laughing.*]

*Dr Gibbs:* Julia, do you know one of the things I was scared of when I married you?

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*Mrs Gibbs:* Oh, go along with you!

*Dr Gibbs:* I was afraid we wouldn't have material for conversation more'n'd last us a few weeks.

[*Both laugh.*]

I was afraid we'd run out and eat our meals in silence, that's a fact – Well, you and I been conversing for twenty years now without any noticeable barren spells.

45

*Mrs Gibbs:* Well – good weather, bad weather – 'tain't very choice, but I always find something to say.

[*She goes to the foot of the stairs.*]

Did you hear Rebecca stirring around upstairs?

*Dr Gibbs:* No. Only day of the year Rebecca hasn't been managing everybody's business up there. She's hiding in her room – I got the impression she's crying. 50

*Mrs Gibbs:* Lord's sakes! – This has got to stop – Rebecca! Rebecca! Come and get your breakfast.

[GEORGE comes rattling down the stairs, very brisk.]

*George:* Good morning, everybody. Only five more hours to live. 55

In this extract, how does Wilder vividly portray the relationship between Dr and Mrs Gibbs and their attitudes towards their children?

- Or **6** Explore **two** moments in the play which you find particularly sad, showing how Wilder makes them so sad.

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