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.

You must answer ONE passage-based question (marked *) and ONE essay question (marked †).

Your questions must be on TWO different plays.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

*The courthouse lawn. The same night. The oppressive heat of the day has softened into a pleasant summer evening.*

SILLERS and DUNLAP, *in work–clothes*, are hammering at the makeshift platform, getting it ready for the prayer meeting. SILLERS glances up at the ‘Read Your Bible’ banner.

**Sillers:** What’re we gonna do about this sign?  

**Dunlap:** The devil don’t run this town. Leave it up. [BRADY enters, followed by four reporters. HORNBECK brings up the rear, he alone is not bothering to take notes. Apparently this informal press conference has been in progress for some time, and BRADY is now bringing it to a climax.]

**Brady:** – and I hope that you will tell the readers of your newspapers that here in Hillsboro we are fighting the fight of the Faithful throughout the world!  

*[All write. BRADY eyes HORNBECK, leaning lazily, not writing.]*

**Reuters Man**  

*[British accent]*: A question, Mr Brady.
Brady: Certainly. Where are you from, young man?


Brady: Excellent. I have many friends in the United Kingdom.

Reuters Man: What is your personal opinion of Henry Drummond?

Brady: I’m glad you asked me that. I want people everywhere to know I bear no personal animosity toward Henry Drummond. There was a time when we were on the same side of the fence. He gave me active support in my campaign in 1908 – and I welcomed it. [Almost impassioned, speaking at writing tempo, so all the reporters can get it down.] But I say that if my own brother challenged the faith of millions, as Mr Drummond is doing, I would oppose him still! [DUNLAP pounds.] I think that’s all for this evening, gentlemen. [The reporters move in a knot of discussion. BRADY crosses to HORNBECK.] Mr Hornbeck, my clipping service has sent me some of your dispatches. [Humming quietly, the townspeople continue to gather.]

Hornbeck: How flattering to know I’m being clipped.

Brady: It grieves me to read reporting that is so – biased.
Hornbeck: I’m no reporter, Colonel. I’m a critic.

Brady: I hope you will stay for Reverend Brown’s prayer meeting. It may bring you some enlightenment.

Hornbeck: It may. I’m here on a press pass, and I don’t intend to miss any part of the show. [REV. BROWN enters, MRS BRADY on his arm. HORNBECK passes them jauntily, leans against a hitching-post to watch.]

Brady: Good evening, Reverend. How are you Mother?

Mrs Brady: The Reverend Brown was good enough to escort me.

Brady: Reverend. I’m looking forward to your prayer meeting.

Brown: You will find our people are fervent in their belief. [MRS BRADY turns to her husband.]

Mrs Brady: I know it’s warm, Matt; but these night breezes can be treacherous. And you know how you perspire. [She takes a small kerchief out of her handbag and tucks it around his neck. He laughs a little.]

Brady: Mother is always so worried about my throat.

Brown [consulting his watch]: I always like to begin my meetings at the time announced.

Brady: Most commendable. Proceed, Reverend. After you. [BROWN mounts the few steps to the platform. BRADY follows him, loving the feel of the
board beneath his feet. This is the squared circle where he has fought so many bouts with the English language, and won.]

[from Act 1]

What striking impressions of Matthew Harrison Brady do the writers create at this moment in the play?

OR † 2

To what extent do you feel that the writers bring the play to a satisfying conclusion?
Eddie: Now look, Baby, I can see we’re gettin’ mixed up again here.

Catherine: No, I just mean ... people’ll see them goin’ in and out.

Eddie: I don’t care who sees them goin’ in and out as long as you don’t see them goin’ in and out. And this goes for you too, B. You don’t see nothin’ and you don’t know nothin’.


Eddie: You don’t understand; you still think you can talk about this to somebody just a little bit. Now lemme say it once and for all, because you’re makin’ me nervous again, both of you. I don’t care if somebody comes in the house and sees them sleepin’ on the floor, it never comes out of your mouth who they are or what they’re doin’ here.

Beatrice: Yeah, but my mother’ll know –

Eddie: Sure she’ll know, but just don’t you be the one who told her, that’s all. This is the United States government you’re playin’ with now, this is the Immigration Bureau. If you said it you knew it, if you didn’t say it you didn’t know it.
Catherine: Yeah, but Eddie, suppose somebody –

Eddie: I don’t care what question it is. You – don’t – know – nothin’. They got stool pigeons all over this neighbourhood they’re payin’ them every week for information, and you don’t know who they are. It could be your best friend. You hear? [To BEATRICE]: Like Vinny Bolzano, remember Vinny?

Beatrice: Oh, yeah. God forbid.

Eddie: Tell her about Vinny. [To CATHERINE]: You think I’m blowin’ steam here? [To BEATRICE]: Go ahead, tell her. [To CATHERINE]: You was a baby then. There was a family lived next door to her mother, he was about sixteen –

Beatrice: No, he was no more than fourteen, cause I was to his confirmation in Saint Agnes. But the family had an uncle that they were hidin’ in the house, and he snitched to the Immigration.

Catherine: The kid snitched?

Eddie: On his own uncle!

Catherine: What, was he crazy?

Eddie: He was crazy after, I tell you that, boy.

Beatrice: Oh, it was terrible. He had five brothers and the old father. And they grabbed him in the kitchen and pulled him down the stairs – three flights his head was bouncin’ like a coconut. And they spit on him in the street, his own father and his brothers. The whole neighbourhood was cryin’.

Catherine: Ts! So what happened to him?
Beatrice: I think he went away. [To EDDIE]: I never seen him again, did you?

Eddie [rises during this, taking out his watch]: Him? You’ll never see him no more, a guy do a thing like that? How’s he gonna show his face? [To CATHERINE, as he gets up uneasily]: Just remember, kid, you can quicker get back a million dollars that was stole than a word that you gave away. [He is standing now, stretching his back.]

Catherine: Okay, I won’t say a word to nobody, I swear.

[from Act 1]

How does Miller make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play?

OR † 4

To what extent does Miller make you feel that Eddie is responsible for his own death at the end of the play?
[SIR ROBERT is a man in the early forties; tall, thin, cadaverous and immensely elegant. He wears a long overcoat and carries his hat. He looks rather a fop and his supercilious expression bears out this view.]

Catherine: [as she enters]: I’m so sorry. I was expecting a friend.  
[She puts her possessions on a chair.]  
Won’t you sit down, Sir Robert? My father won’t be long.  
[SIR ROBERT bows slightly, and sits down on an upright chair, still in his overcoat.]  
Won’t you sit here? [She indicates ARTHUR’s chair.] It’s far more comfortable.  

Sir Robert: No, thank you.  

Desmond: [fussing]: Sir Robert has a most important dinner engagement, so we came a little early.  

Catherine: I see.  

Desmond: I’m afraid he can only spare us a very few minutes of his most valuable time this
evening. Of course, it’s a long way for him to come – so far from his chambers – and very good of him to do it, too, if I may say so... [He bows to SIR ROBERT.]
[SIR ROBERT bows slightly back.]

**Catherine:** I know. I can assure you we’re very conscious of it. [SIR ROBERT gives her a quick look, and a faint smile.]

**Desmond:** Perhaps I had better advise your father of our presence –

**Catherine:** Yes, do, Desmond. You’ll find him in his bedroom – having his leg rubbed.

**Desmond:** Oh. I see.

[DESMOND goes out. There is a pause.]

**Catherine:** Is there anything I can get you, Sir Robert? A whisky and soda, or a brandy?

**Sir Robert:** No, thank you.

**Catherine:** Will you smoke?

**Sir Robert:** No, thank you.

**Catherine** [holding up her cigarette]: I hope you don’t mind me smoking?

**Sir Robert:** Why should I?

**Catherine:** Some people find it shocking.

**Sir Robert** [indifferently]: A lady in her own home is surely entitled to behave as she wishes.

[There is a pause.]

**Catherine:** Won’t you take your coat off, Sir Robert?

**Sir Robert:** No, thank you.

**Catherine:** You find it cold in here? I’m sorry.

**Sir Robert:** It’s perfectly all right.
Conversation languishes again. SIR ROBERT looks at his watch.

Catherine: What time are you dining?
Sir Robert: Eight o’clock.
Catherine: Far from here?
Sir Robert: Devonshire House.
Catherine: Oh. Then, of course, you mustn’t on any account be late.
Sir Robert: No.

[There is another pause.]

Catherine: I suppose you know the history of this case, do you, Sir Robert?

Sir Robert [examining his nails]: I believe I have seen most of the relevant documents.

Catherine: Do you think we can bring the case into court by a collusive action?

Sir Robert: I really have no idea –

Catherine: Curry and Curry seem to think that might hold –

Sir Robert: Do they? They are a very reliable firm.

[CATHERINE is on the verge of losing her temper.]

[from Act 2]

How does Rattigan make this such a striking first meeting between Sir Robert Morton and Catherine Winslow?

OR † 6

How far does Rattigan persuade you to admire Arthur Winslow’s fight for justice?
Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

King:
This day is call’d the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam’d,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say ‘To-morrow is Saint Crispian’.
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say ‘These wounds I had on Crispian’s day’.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he’ll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words –
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester –
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb’red.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered –
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs’d they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Salisbury:
My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedition charge on us.

King:
All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmoreland:
Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

King:
Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

Westmoreland:
God’s will, my liege! would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

King:
Why, now thou hast unwish’d five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places. God be with you all!

How does Shakespeare’s writing vividly convey Henry’s qualities as a leader at this moment in the play?

OR † 8

How does Shakespeare’s portrayal of King Henry’s former companions from the Boar’s Head Tavern contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?
Macduff:
That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face.
If thou beest slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children’s ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms
Are hir’d to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not.
[Exit. Alarums.]

Enter MALCOLM and OLD SIWARD.

Siward:
This way, my lord. The castle’s gently rend’red;
The tyrant’s people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malcolm:
We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siward: Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarum.]

SCENE VIII. Another part of the field.

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth: Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? While I see lives, the gashes Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff: Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macbeth: Of all men else I have avoided thee. But get thee back; my soul is too much charg’d With blood of thine already.

Macduff: I have no words – My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out.

[Fight. Alarum.]

Macbeth: Thou losest labour. As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed. Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

Macduff: Despair thy charm; And let the angel whom thou still hast serv’d Tell thee Macduff was from his mother’s womb Untimely ripp’d.
Macbeth:
Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow’d my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believ’d
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I’ll not fight with thee.

Macduff:
Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o’ th’ time.
We’ll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
‘Here may you see the tyrant’.

Macbeth:
I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos’d, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;
And damn’d be him that first cries ‘Hold, enough!’

[from Act 5 Scenes 7 and 8]

How does Shakespeare make this a powerfully dramatic moment in the play?

OR † 10

In what ways does Shakespeare make the relationship between Macbeth and Banquo so compelling?