

P310/2
Plays
3 hours
July/Aug 2019

UGANDA ADVANCED CERTIFICATION OF EDUCATION

Internal MOCK EXAMINATIONS 2019

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

PLAYS

TIME: 3 HOURS

Instructions:

1. Attempt three questions in all
2. Not more than one question may be attempted from one section
3. Section C is compulsory

SECTION A:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: King Lear

1. Examine Shakespeare's use of contrast in King Lear.
2. Examine the significance of the storm in King Lear.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Romeo and Juliet

3. Discuss Shakespeare's use of setting in Romeo and Juliet
4. Do you subscribe to the view that the relationship between Romeo and Juliet is ill fated?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Julius Caesar

5. Discuss Shakespeare's use of irony in Julius Caesar
6. How does Shakespeare keep his leader's interest in Julius Caesar?

SECTION B:

MOLIERE: The Imaginary invalid

7. Examine the role Argan plays in the play *The Imaginary invalid*
8. Discuss Moliere's portrayal of the theme of the absurdity of the medical profession.

HENRIK IBSEN: A Doll's House

9. What role does Nora play in the play
10. Examine Ibsen's portrayal of women in A Doll's house

OKOIT AMTATAR: Lwanda Magere

11. Discuss Okoit's concerns in Lwanda Magere
12. In what ways and respects in Lwanda Magere a play about the Luo legend?

SECTION C:

13. ESSIE: Essie.

RICHARD. Essie, to be sure. Are you a good girl, Essie?

ESSIE [*greatly disappointed that he, of all people, should begin at her in this way*]

Yes. [*She looks doubtfully at Judith*]. I think so, I mean I – I hope so.

RICHARD. Essie: did you ever hear of a person called the devil?

ANDERSON [*revolted*] Shame on you, sir, with a mere child –

RICHARD. By your leave, Minister: I do not interfere with your sermons: do not your interrupt mine. [*To Essie*] Do you know what they call me, Essie?

ESSIE. Dick.

RICHARD [*amused: patting her on the shoulder*] Yes, Dick; but something else too. They call me the Devil's Disciple.

ESSIE. Why do you let them?

RICHARD [*seriously*] Because it's true. I was brought up in the other service; but I knew from the first that the Devil was my natural master and captain and friend. I saw that he was in the right, and that the world cringed to his conqueror only through fear. I prayed secretly to him: and he comforted me, and saved me from having my spirit broken in this house of children's tears. I promised him my soul, and swore an oath that I would stand up for him in this world and stand by him in the next. [*Solemnly*] That promise and that oath made a man of me. From this day this house is his home; and no child shall cry in it: this hearth is his altar; and no soul shall ever cower over it in the dark evenings and be afraid. Now [*turning forcibly on the rest*] which of you good men will take this child and rescue her from the house of the devil?

JUDITH [*coming to Essie and throwing a protecting arm about her*] I will. You should be burnt alive.

ESSIE. But I don't want to. [*She shrinks back, leaving Richard and Judith face to face*].

RICHARD [*to Judith*] Actually doesn't want to, most virtuous lady!

UNCLETITUS. Have a care, Richard Dudgeon. The law –

RICHARD [*turning threateningly on him*] Have a care, you. In an hour from this there will be no law here but martial law. I passed the soldiers within six miles on my way here: before noon Major Swindon's gallows for rebels will be up in the market place.

ANDERSON [*almsly*] What have we to fear from that, sir?

RICHARD. More than you think. He hanged the wrong man at Springtown: he thought Uncle Peter was respectable, because the Dudgeons had a good name. But his next example will be the best man in the town to whom he can bring home a rebellious word. Well, we're all rebels; and you know it.

ALL THE MEN [*except Anderson*] No, no, no!

RICHARD. Yes, you are. You havnt damned King George up hill and down dale as I have but you've prayed for his defeat; and you, Anthony Anderson, have conducted the service, and sold your family bible to buy a pair of pistols. They may nt hang me, perhaps; because the moral effect of the Devil's Disciple dancing on nothing wouldn't help them. But a minister! [*Judith, dismayed, clings to Anderson*] or a lawyer! [*Hawkins smiles like a man able to take care of himself*] or an upright horsedealer!

[*Uncle Titus snarls at him in rage and terror*] or a reformed drunkard! [*Uncle William, utterly unnerved, moans and wobbles with fear*] eh? Would that shew that King George meant business – ha?

ANDERSON [*perfectly self-possessed*] Come, my dear: lie is only trying to frighten you. There is no danger. [*He takes her out of the house. The rest crowd to the door to follow him, except Essie, who fv remains near Richard*],

RICHARD [*boisterously derisive*] Now then: how many of you will stay with me; run up the American flag on the devil's house; and make a fight for freedom? [*They scramble out, Christy among them, hustling one another in their haste*] Ha ha! Long live the devil! [*To Mrs Dudgeon, who is following them*] What, mother! Are you off too?

MRS DUDGEON [*deadly pale, with her hand on her heart as if she had received a deathblow*] My curse on you! My dying curse! [*She goes out*].

RICHAD [*calling after her*] It will bring me luck. Ha ha ha!

ESSIE [*anxiously*] Maynt I stay?

RICHARD [*turning to her*] What! Have they forgotten to save your soul in their anxiety about their own bodies? Oh yes: you may stay. [*He turns excitedly away again and shakes his fist after them. His left fist, also clenched, hangs down. Essie seizes it and kisses it, her tears falling on it. He starts and looks at it*] tears! The devil's baptism! [*She falls on her knees, sobbing. He stoops goodnaturedly to raise her, saying*] Oh yes, you may cry that way, Essie, if you like.

- | | |
|--|------------|
| (a) Relate circumstances leading to the extract | (10 marks) |
| (b) Comment on Shaw's use of irony in the extract | (08 marks) |
| (c) How is the atmosphere in the passage created | (08 marks) |
| (d) What important lessons do you learn from this extract? | (08 marks) |

14. R.B SHENDAN: The school for scandal

ROWLEY I doubt you'll find it so. But he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know, immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's

ROWLEY, Without losing a moment.

Exit Rowley

SIR OLIVER SURFACE So. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter Joseph Surface [*and Servant*]

JOSEPH SURFACE Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting.

Mr. Stanley, I presume?

SIR OLIVER SURFACE At your service.

JOSEPH SURFACE Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down.

I entreat you, sir.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE Dear sir, there's no occasion. (*Aside*) Too civil by half!

(*Joseph Surface and Sir Oliver Surface sit*)

JOSEPH SURFACE I HAVE NOT THE PLEASURE OF KNOWING YOU, Mr Stanley;

but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother,

I think, Mr Stanley?

SIR OLIVEER SURFACE I was, sir – so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children. Else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

JOSEPH SURFACE Dear sir, there needs no apology. He that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE If your uncle Sir Oliver were here, I should have a friend.

JOSEPH SURFACE I wish he were, sir, with all my heart. You should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE I should not need one; my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty had enabled you to become the agent of his charity.

JOSEPH SURFACE My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy sort of man. But avarice, Mr Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing, though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and for my part I never chose to contradict the report.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE What, has he never transmitted you bullion, rupees, pagodas?

JOSEPH SURFACE O, dear sir, nothing of the kind. No, no, a few presents not and then.

China, shawls, congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers. Little more, believe me.

SIR OLIVEER SURFACE [*aside*] Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds! Avadavats and Indian crackers!

JOSEPH SURFACE Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother. There are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man!

SIR OLIVER SURFACE [*aside*] Not I for one!

JOSEPH SURFACE The sums I have lent him! Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame. It was an amiable weakness! However, I don't pretend to defend it, and now I feel it doubly

culpable, since it has deprived me of the power of serving you, Mr Stanley, as my heart directs.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE [*aside*] Dissembler! – Then, sir, you cannot assist me!

JOSEPH SURFACE At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but whenever I have ability you may depend upon hearing from me.

SIR OLIVEER SURFACE I am extremely sorry.

JOSEPH SURFACE Not more than I am, believe me. To pity, without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

JOSEPH SURFACE You leave me deeply affected, Mr Stanley. [*To Servant*] William, be ready to open the door.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE O, dear sir, no ceremony.

JOSEPH SURFACE Your very obedient.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE Sir, your most obsequious.

JOSEPH SURFACE You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service

SIR OLIVER SURFACE Sweet sir, you are too good.

JOSEPH SURFACE In the meantime I wish you health and spirits.
 SIR OLIVER SURFACE Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant
 JOSEPH SURFACE Sir, yours as sincerely.
 SIR OLIVER SURFACE [*aside*] Now I am satisfied!

- (a) Relate circumstances leading to the extract. (10 marks)
- (b) Comment on Sheridan's use of dramatic techniques in the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) Explain the character of Joseph Surface as presented in the extract (08 marks)
- (d) What do you learn from this extract? (08 marks)

15. **ROBERT BOLT: *A man for all seasons*.**

to keep. That's only Common Sense.
 Enter WORSEY. *He sits at table and immediately commences writing, watched by COMMON MAN who then exits.* Enter MORE WOLSEY (writing): It's half-past one. Where've you been? (*Bell strikes one.*)
 MORE: One o'clock, Your Grace. I've been on the river.
 WORLSEY (*still writing, pushes paper across table*): Since you seemed to violently opposed to the Latin dispatch, I thought you'd like to look it over.
 MORE (touched): Thank you, Your Grace.
 WOLSEY: Before it goes
 MORE (smiles): Your Grace is very kind. (*Takes and reads.*)
 Thank you.
 WORSEY: Well, what d'you think of it? (*He is still writing.*)
 MORE: It seems very well phrased, Your Grace
 WOLSEY (*permits himself a chuckle*): The devil it does! (*Sits back.*)
 And apart from the style, Sir Thomas?
 MORE: I think the Council should be told before that goes to Italy.
 WOLSEY: Would you tell the Council? Yes, I believe you would. You're a constant regret to me, Thomas. If you could just see facts flat on, without that moral squint; with just a little common sense, you could have been a statesman.
 MORE (*little pause*): Oh, Your Grace flatters me.
 WORSEY: Don't frivel.... Thomas, are you going to help me?
 MORE (*hesitates, looks away*): If Your Grace will be specific.
 WOLSEY: Ach, you're a plodder! Take you altogether,
 Thomas, your scholarship, your experience, what are you?
 (*A single trumpet calls, distant, frosty and clear. WOLSEY gets up and goes and looks from window.*) Come here. (*MORE joins him.*) The King.
 MORE: Yes.
 WOLSEY: Where has he been? D' you know?
 MORE: I, Your Grace?
 WOLSEY: Oh, spare me your discretion. He's been to play in the muck again.
 MORE (coldly): Indeed.
 WOLSEY: Indeed! Indeed! Are you going to oppose me?
 (*Trumpet again. WOLSEY visibly relaxes.*) He's gone in
 (*Leaves window.*) All right, we'll plod. The King wants a son; what are you going to do about it?

MORE (*dry murmur*): I'm very sure the King needs no advice from me on what to do about it.

WOLSEY (*from behind grips his shoulder fiercely*): Thomas, we're alone. I give you my word. There's no one here.

MORE I didn't suppose there was, Your Grace.

WOLSEY: Oh. (*Goes to table, sits, signs MORE to sit. MORE unsuspectingly obeys. Then, deliberately loud*). Do you favour a change of dynasty, Sir Thomas? D'you think two Tudors is sufficient?

MORE (starting up in horrified alarm): - For God's sake, Your Grace – !

WOLSEY: Then the King needs a son; I repeat what are you going to do about it?

MORE (*steadily*): I pray for it daily.

WOLSEY (*snatches up candle and holds to MORE'S face. Softly*):

God's death, he means it That thing out there's at least fertile, Thomas.

MORE: But she's not his wife.

WOLSEY: No, Catherine's his wife and she's barren as brick.

Are you going to pray for a miracle?

MORE: There are precedents.

WOLSEY: Yes. All right. Good, Pray. Pray by all means. But in addition to Prayer there is Effort. My efforts' to secure a divorce. Have I your support or have I not?

MORE (*sits*): A dispensation was given so that the King might marry Queen Catherine, for state reasons. Now we are to

- (a) Relate circumstances leading to the extract. (10marks)
- (b) Explain the character of Wolsey and move as presented in the extract. (08 marks)
- (c) How is mood established in the extract? (08 marks)
- (d) How does this extract affect you? (08 marks)

SECTION D:

JOHN RUGANDA: *Echoes of silence*

- 16. What major lessons do you learn from the relationship between Walri and OO
- 17. In what ways and respects is *Echoes of silence* a theatre of the absurd.

DAVID MULWA: *Inheritance*

- 18. Describe the ending of the play *inheritance*. Do you find it satisfactory?
- 19. What role does Songoi play to plot development of the play *inheritance*?

FRANCIS IMBUGA: *Aminata*

- 20. How relevant is *Aminata* to your contemporary society?
- 21. What important lessons do you learn from *Aminata*?

END