CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge O Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/02**

Paper 2 Drama and Unseen (Open Text) **For examination from 2028**

SPECIMEN PAPER **2 hours**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

Candidates may take their set texts into the exam room. Texts may have highlighting, underlining or brief handwritten notes, but sticky notes are not allowed and there should be no other separate pieces of paper in the set text.

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: 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 50.
- Each question is worth 25 marks.

This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

Section A: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about 45 minutes on your answer.

Pearl Cleage: *Blues for an Alabama Sky*

Either

1 In what ways does Cleage's portrayal of Sam contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

Or

2 Read the extract below. How does Cleage make this moment in the play so revealing?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

ANGEL: I've been all over Harlem and nobody will even give me the time of day. There aren't any jobs doing anything, especially singing for your supper. Whole families sitting on the sidewalk with their stuff set out beside them. No place to sleep. No place to wash. Walking all day.

GUY: Listen, Sweetie ... I saw Nick. *5*

ANGEL: You spoke to him?

GUY: He asked me where you were working and I had to confess you were between engagements.

ANGEL: It's all his fault, the sorry bastard.

GUY: He said he felt bad about what had happened and he gave me a number for you to call about an audition. A club downtown. *10*

ANGEL: Really? Which one?

GUY: Here.

[GUY *pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to* ANGEL*. She reads it, face falls for a minute, then she regroups and looks on the bright side.*] *15*

ANGEL: I know this guy. He's a friend of Nick's. You know Tony T.

GUY: I've seen him around ...

ANGEL: Why'd you say it like that?

GUY: I just don't think he's looking for a singer.

[*A beat. She looks stunned.*] *20*

ANGEL: Nick wouldn't do that.

[GUY *is silent.*]

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

He said an audition, right?

[*A beat*]

GUY: You can't make it real just because you want it to be.

ANGEL: Are you really going to Paris?

GUY: It's not the same thing.

ANGEL: Why isn't it? Because you're some kind of genius with a dream and I'm just a colored woman out of a job?

GUY: Is that your dream? Singing for gangsters? And then what?

ANGEL: Then I'll have to figure out something else. Isn't that what you always tell me? 'One step at a time.'

GUY: Okay. One step at a time. Audition. Sing your heart out and if he acts a fool, me and Sam will cut his heart out for him.

ANGEL: It's a deal.

GUY: Just don't ask me to make you anything to wear. I don't have time and I can't make time. You're on your own.

ANGEL: You can make twelve outfits for those Hole in the Wall floozies and not one little dress for me?

GUY: They're not floozies and their boss is paying enough to get me halfway to Paris.

ANGEL: How long can it take to run up one little dress?

GUY: Wear your suit. It still looks great on you.

ANGEL: Everybody's already seen it!

GUY: You're not going to let me say no, are you?

ANGEL: Not if I can help it.

GUY: I'll alter the suit ... slightly! And I'll make you a hat. That's my final offer.

ANGEL: I swear I will never ask you for anything again!

GUY: Let's have a drink before you make any more promises you can't possibly keep.

ANGEL: [*Innocently*] Do we have anything? I thought we drank the last of that.

[*He goes to the bottle* ANGEL *has recently restashed. He squints at the level of the alcohol.*]

GUY: Well, we didn't, but we're working on it.

[*He pours two drinks and hands one to* ANGEL.]

(*from* Act 1, Scene 3)

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

Chinonyerem Odimba: *Princess & The Hustler*

Either

3 Explore how Odimba dramatically conveys the impact of the bus boycott.

Support your ideas with details from the text.

Or

4 Read the extract below. How does Odimba make this such an entertaining opening to the play?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

[*The stage opens like a big box – as though opening the front of a doll's house.*]

[PRINCESS*, eyes closed, stands in the cupboard room. She is wearing a swimming costume and a sash around her. She raises her hands in the air and places a crown made of cardboard and tinsel on her head.*]

VOICE-OVER: *Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the winner of the year's Weston-super-Mare Beauties of the West Contest* – [*Voice booming*] *Princess James.*

[PRINCESS*'s eyes open wide. The cupboard room explodes into a world of pageantry – scenes of people jumping into a swimming pool, Union Jacks, music and fireworks – fill the stage.* PRINCESS *approaches a microphone.*]

PRINCESS: My name is Phyllis Princess James. I will wear this crown every day. I will never take it off even when I am asleep.

I want to thank my mummy, my friends, Margot and Junior ...

Even though he is so annoying!

I will use all this money to help the poor ...

After I have bought my mummy a new coat and ...

I might buy a new bicycle for me and ...

[MAVIS*'s voice can be heard shouting above the noise* –]

MAVIS: Princess James did you hear what I said?

Princess!

If I have to carry on with this hollering at you then the next thing you hear will be my hand against your backside.

You hear me chile?

Phyllis!

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

[PRINCESS *steps into the front room* – PRINCESS *stands, crown on, sash falling off, dejected* –]

PRINCESS: Mummy!

MAVIS: Don't you 'Mummy' me! Been calling you for the last ten minutes. Sometimes I do wonder where your head is at / *30*

PRINCESS: Beauties of the West /

MAVIS: What you say?

PRINCESS: Nothing Mummy /

MAVIS: Good. Now go wash your hands and come help me with the beans. Not going to be eating until five o'clock if you children don't fix up. *35*

Where's your brother?

Junior. Come here now.

Wendell Junior!

PRINCESS: I heard the door go this morning.

Or maybe I only think I hear it. *40*

MAVIS: What you think you're saying? You two thick as thieves in the night /

PRINCESS: I think I hear something ...

[*The sound of footsteps heavy, climbing stairs* – WENDELL JUNIOR *enters. A camera swings around his neck – he casually walks across his mother and sister towards another door – he places his hand on the door handle* –] *45*

You turn the handle of that door and it will be the last thing you do on this God-given earth.

[WENDELL JUNIOR *release his grip on the door handle* –

MAVIS: *Beat.*]

(*from* Act 1, Scene 1)

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

J B Priestley: *An Inspector Calls*

Either

5 Explore **two** moments in the play which Priestley makes particularly surprising for you.

Support your ideas with details from the text.

Or

6 Read the extract below. In what ways does Priestley build tension at this moment in the play?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

BIRLING: [*Thoughtfully*] Eva Smith?

INSPECTOR: Do you remember her, Mr Birling?

BIRLING: [*Slowly*] No – I seem to remember hearing that name – Eva Smith – somewhere. But it doesn't convey anything to me. And I don't see where I come into this. *5*

INSPECTOR: She was employed in your works at one time.

BIRLING: Oh – that's it, is it? Well, we've several hundred young women there y'know, and they keep changing.

INSPECTOR: This young woman, Eva Smith, was a bit out of the ordinary. I found a photograph of her in her lodgings. Perhaps you'd remember her from that. *10*

[INSPECTOR *takes a photograph, about postcard size, out of his pocket and goes to* BIRLING*. Both* GERALD *and* ERIC *rise to have a look at the photograph, but the* INSPECTOR *interposes himself between them and the photograph. They are surprised and rather annoyed.* BIRLING *stares hard, and with recognition, at the photograph, which the* INSPECTOR *then replaces in his pocket.*] *15*

GERALD: [*Showing annoyance*] Any particular reason why I shouldn't see this girls's photograph, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: [*Coolly, looking hard at him*] There might be.

ERIC: And the same applies to me, I suppose? *20*

INSPECTOR: Yes.

GERALD: I can't imagine what it could be.

ERIC: Neither can I.

BIRLING: And I must say, I agree with them, Inspector.

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

INSPECTOR: It's the way I like to go to work. One person and one line of inquiry at a time. Otherwise, there's a muddle. *25*

BIRLING: I see. Sensible really. [*Moves restlessly, then turns.*]
You've had enough of that port, Eric.

[*The* INSPECTOR *is watching* BIRLING *and now* BIRLING *notices him.*]

INSPECTOR: I think you remember Eva Smith now, don't you, Mr Birling? *30*

BIRLING: Yes, I do. She was one of my employees and then I discharged her.

ERIC: Is that why she committed suicide? When was this, Father?

BIRLING: Just keep quiet, Eric, and don't get excited. This girl left us nearly two years ago. Let me see – it must have been in the early autumn of nineteen-ten.

INSPECTOR: Yes. End of September, nineteen-ten. *35*

BIRLING: That's right.

GERALD: Look here, sir. Wouldn't you rather I was out of this?

BIRLING: I don't mind your being here, Gerald. And I'm sure you've no objection, have you, Inspector? Perhaps I ought to explain first that this is Mr Gerald Croft – the son of Sir George Croft – you know, Crofts Limited. *40*

INSPECTOR: Mr Gerald Croft, eh?

BIRLING: Yes. Incidentally we've been modestly celebrating his engagement to my daughter, Sheila.

INSPECTOR: I see. Mr Croft is going to marry Miss Sheila Birling?

GERALD: [*Smiling*] I hope so. *45*

INSPECTOR: [*Gravely*] Then I'd prefer you to stay.

GERALD: [*Surprised*] Oh – all right.

BIRLING: [*Somewhat impatiently*] Look – there's nothing mysterious – or scandalous – about this business – at least not so far as I'm concerned. It's a perfectly straightforward case, and as it happened more than eighteen months ago – nearly two years ago – obviously it has nothing whatever to do with the wretched girl's suicide. Eh, Inspector. *50*

INSPECTOR: No, sir. I can't agree with you there.

(*from* Act 1)

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*

Either

7 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare memorably conveys Ferdinand's love for Miranda.

Support your ideas with details from the text.

Or

8 Read the extract below. How does Shakespeare make this ending to the scene so dramatic?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

SEBASTIAN: I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO: True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants *5*
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN: But, for your conscience –

ANTONIO: Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences *10*
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like – that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it, *15*
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; *20*
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN: Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke *25*
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO: Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo *30*

SEBASTIAN: O, but one word.

[*They talk apart*]

[*Re-enter* ARIEL*, invisible, with music and song.*]

ARIEL: My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth – *35*
For else his project dies – to keep them living.

[*Sings in* GONZALO*'s ear*]

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

While you here do snoring lie.
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take. *40*
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware.
Awake, awake!

ANTONIO: Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO: Now, good angels *45*
Preserve the King! [*They wake*]

ALONSO: Why, how now? – Ho, awake! –
Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO: What's the matter? *50*

SEBASTIAN: Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO: I heard nothing. *55*

ANTONIO: O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO: Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO: Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, *60*
And that a strange one too, which did awake me;
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn – there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons. *65*

ALONSO: Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

GONZALO: Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO: Lead away. *70*

ARIEL: Prospero my lord shall know what I have done;
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt*]

(*from* Act 2, Scene 1)

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

Oscar Wilde: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Either

9 How does Wilde vividly depict class in the play?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

Or

10 Read the extract below. In what ways does Wilde make this such an amusing moment in the play?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

JACK: Hallo! Why all these cups? Why cucumber sandwiches? Why such reckless extravagance in one so young? Who is coming to tea?

ALGERNON: Oh! merely Aunt Augusta and Gwendolen.

JACK: How perfectly delightful!

ALGERNON: Yes, that is all very well; but I am afraid Aunt Augusta won't quite approve of your being here. *5*

JACK: May I ask why?

ALGERNON: My dear fellow, the way you flirt with Gwendolen is perfectly disgraceful. It is almost as bad as the way Gwendolen flirts with you.

JACK: I am in love with Gwendolen. I have come up to town expressly to propose to her. *10*

ALGERNON: I thought you had come up for pleasure? ... I call that business.

JACK: How utterly unromantic you are!

ALGERNON: I really don't see anything romantic in proposing. It is very romantic to be in love. But there is nothing romantic about a definite proposal. Why, one may be accepted. One usually is, I believe. Then the excitement is all over. The very essence of romance is uncertainty. If ever I get married, I'll certainly try to forget the fact. *15*

JACK: I have no doubt about that, dear Algy. The Divorce Court was specially invented for people whose memories are so curiously constituted. *20*

ALGERNON: Oh! there is no use speculating on that subject. Divorces are made in Heaven – [JACK *puts out his hand to take a sandwich*. ALGERNON *at once interferes*.] Please don't touch the cucumber sandwiches, They are ordered specially for Aunt Augusta. [*Takes one and eats it*]

JACK: Well, you have been eating them all the time. *25*

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

ALGERNON: That is quite a different matter. She is my aunt. [*Takes plate from below*] Have some bread and butter. The bread and butter is for Gwendolen. Gwendolen is devoted to bread and butter.

JACK: [*Advancing to table and helping himself*] And very good bread and butter it is too. *30*

ALGERNON: Well, my dear fellow, you need not eat as if you were going to eat it all. You behave as if you were married to her already. You are not married to her already, and I don't think you ever will be.

JACK: Why on earth do you say that?

ALGERNON: Well, in the first place girls never marry the men they flirt with. Girls don't think it right. *35*

JACK: Oh, that is nonsense!

ALGERNON: It isn't. It is a great truth. It accounts for the extraordinary number of bachelors that one sees all over the place. In the second place, I don't give my consent. *40*

JACK: Your consent!

ALGERNON: My dear fellow, Gwendolen is my first cousin. And before I allow you to marry her, you will have to clear up the whole question of Cecily. *[Rings bell*]

JACK: Cecily! What on earth do you mean? What do you mean, Algy, by Cecily! I don't know any one of the name of Cecily. *45*

[*Enter* LANE]

ALGERNON: Bring me that cigarette case Mr. Worthing left in the smoking-room the last time he dined here.

LANE: Yes, sir. [LANE *goes out*]

JACK: Do you mean to say you have had my cigarette case all this time? I wish to goodness you had let me know. I have been writing frantic letters to Scotland Yard about it. I was very nearly offering a large reward. *50*

ALGERNON: Well, I wish you would offer one. I happen to be more than usually hard up.

JACK: There is no good offering a large reward now that the thing is found.

[*Enter* LANE *with the cigarette case on a salver*. ALGERNON *takes it at once*. LANE *goes out*.] *55*

ALGERNON: I think that is rather mean of you, Ernest, I must say.

(*from* Act 1)

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

BLANK PAGE

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section. You should spend about 30 minutes reading and planning and about 45 minutes writing your answer.

Either **11** Read the poem. The poet looks at a photograph of herself as a teenager and compares that image with how she sees herself now.

How does the poet vividly present the differences between the two photographs of herself?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet portrays her teenage self in the first photograph
- the language she uses to describe how she took the first photograph
- how she has changed over time.

Two Photographs

In the older photograph
my eyes are two frowning pockets,
and my chest only housed knots and clauses.
I used fast shutter speeds to capture photographs
before sadness spilled into the frame. *5*
I was never one to track progress, but today I did.

Before taking that selfie, I bent the sun
toward my face and poured it into my void
like cement filling the cracks of a wall.
My troubled teenage years lingered in my throat *10*
like a shoplifter[1] in a supermarket aisle.

What a difference 5 years makes, today
my skin is no longer a carousel[2] of masks.
Praises be to a thick syrup of therapy,
a puree[3] of prayer, peelings of coping mechanisms, *15*
a cup of my mother's honeyed voice.

In the second photograph
the white space is filled with a safe noise.
My shoulders are firm and upward,
my eyes are two glowing pebbles. *20*
Not even an edit can smudge this moment.

[1]*shoplifter*: thief who steals from shops
[2]*carousel*: merry-go-round; fairground machine
[3]*puree*: thick sauce

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

Or **12** Read the following extract from a novel. The narrator is an old man. He has retired to the coast and tried to become an artist. Here he is looking out to sea and thinking back to his boyhood. Howie is the name of his brother.

How does the writer memorably portray the narrator's feelings?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- what the narrator feels about his daily routine
- why he connects the sea with his boyhood
- how the writing portrays the powerful feelings he had as a boy.

Passing the time was excruciating[1] without painting. There was the hour-long morning walk, in the late afternoon there was twenty minutes of working out with his light weights and a half hour of doing easy laps at the pool – the daily regime his cardiologist[2] encouraged – but that was it, those were the events of his day. How much time could you spend staring out at the ocean, even if it was the ocean you'd loved since you were a boy? How long could he watch the tides flood in and flow out without his remembering, as anyone might in a sea-gazing reverie, that life had been given to him, as to all, randomly, fortuitously, and but once, and for no known or knowable reason? On the evenings he drove over to eat broiled bluefish on the back deck of the fish store that perched at the edge of the inlet where the boats sailed out to the ocean under the old drawbridge, he sometimes stopped first at the town where his family had vacationed in the summertime. He got out of the car on the ocean road and went up onto the boardwalk[3] and sat on one of the benches that looked out to the beach and the sea, the stupendous sea that had been changing continuously without ever changing since he'd been a bony sea-battling boy. This was the very bench where his parents and grandparents used to sit in the evenings to catch the breeze and enjoy the boardwalk promenade of neighbors and friends, and this was the very beach where his family had picnicked and sunned themselves and where he and Howie and their pals went swimming, though it was now easily twice as wide as it had been then because of a reclamation project recently engineered by the army. Yet wide as it was, it was still his beach and at the center of the circles in which his mind revolved when he remembered the best of boyhood. But how much time could a man spend remembering the best of boyhood? What about enjoying the best of old age? Or was the best of old age just that – the longing for the best of boyhood, for the tubular sprout that was then his body and that rode the waves from way out where they began to build, rode them with his arms pointed like an arrowhead and the skinny rest of him following behind like the arrow's shaft, rode them all the way in to where his rib cage scraped against the tiny sharp pebbles and jagged clamshells and pulverized sea-shells at the edge of the shore and he hustled to his feet and hurriedly turned and went lurching through the low surf until it was knee high and deep enough for him to plunge in and begin swimming madly out to the rising breakers – into the advancing, green Atlantic, rolling unstoppably toward him like the obstinate fact of the future – and, if he was lucky, make it there in time to catch the next big wave and then the next and the next and the next until from the low slant of inland sunlight glittering across the water he knew it was time to go. He ran home barefoot and wet and salty, remembering the mightiness of that immense sea boiling in his own two ears and licking his forearm to taste his skin fresh from the ocean and baked by the sun. Along with the ecstasy of a whole day of being battered silly by the sea, the taste and the smell intoxicated him so

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

that he was driven to the brink of biting down with his teeth to tear out a chunk of himself and savor his fleshly existence.

[1]*excruciating*: painful
[2]*cardiologist*: heart specialist
[3]*boardwalk*: wooden walkway by a beach

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025

BLANK PAGE

Copyright acknowledgements

Question 2	© Pearl Cleage; *Blues for an Alabama Sky*; Nick Hern Books Limited; 1990.
Question 4	© Chinonyerem Odimba; *Princess & The Hustler*; Nick Hern Books Limited; 2019.
Question 11	© *Two Photographs* by Theresa Lola, from *In Search of Equilibrium* 2019 © Published by permission of Nine Arches Press; www.ninearchespress.com
Question 12	© Philip Roth; *Everyman*; Published by Vintage. Reprinted by permission of the Random House Group Ltd; 2006.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (Cambridge University Press & Assessment) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

Cambridge International Education is the name of our awarding body and a part of Cambridge University Press & Assessment, which is a department of the University of Cambridge.

© Cambridge University Press & Assessment 2025 2010/02/SP/28