

**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086**  
**(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2015-16 and thereafter)**  
**SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/MC/DR24**  
**B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2018**  
**BRANCH XII – ENGLISH**  
**SECOND SEMESTER**

**COURSE : MAJOR – CORE**  
**PAPER : DRAMA**  
**TIME : 3 HOURS**

**MAX. MARKS : 100**

**SECTION – A**

**I. Answer any two the following in about 200 words each. (2 x 10 = 20)**

1. Examine the plot of any play that you have read.
2. Discuss the chief features of tragedy.
3. Explain the dramatic unities with reference to a play prescribed for study.
4. Comment on the significance of the setting of a play.

**SECTION – B**

**II. Answer any three of the following in about 500 words each. (3 x 20 = 60)**

1. a. Compare and contrast the relationship between Oliver and Orlando with that between Rosalind and Celia.

**(OR)**

- b. Discuss *As You Like it* as a pastoral comedy.

2. a. Justify the title of the play *A Doll's House*.

**(OR)**

- b. Consider *A Doll's House* as a feminist play.

3. a. Discuss the themes in *Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

**(OR)**

- b. Explain the conflict between natural justice and class justice in *Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

**SECTION – C**

**III. Analyse any one of the following passages. (1 X 20 = 20)**

1. Jacques: As I do live by food, I met a fool,  
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,  
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
And in good set terms, and yet a motley fool.  
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,  
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye  
Says very wisely 'It is ten o'clock.'  
'Thus we may see', quoth he, 'how the world wags.  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.  
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale.'

2. HELMER [following her]: I see you still have the tarantella in your blood – it makes you more enchanting than ever. Listen – the party's beginning to break up. [Softly] Nora – soon the whole house'll be quiet...

NORA: Yes, I hope so.

HELMER: Yes, you do, don't you, my own darling Nora? I'll tell you something: when I'm out with you at a party, do you know why I hardly talk to you – don't come near you – and only steal a glance at you every now and then... do you know why? It's because I pretend that we're secretly in love – engaged in secret – and that no one dreams that there's anything between us.

NORA: Oh yes, yes, I know that you're always thinking of me.

HELMER: And when it's time to go, and I'm putting your shawl over your lovely young shoulders – round your exquisite neck – then I imagine that you're my little bride, that we've just come from the wedding, and that I'm bringing you back to my home for the first time – that for the first time I shall be alone with you – all alone with your young trembling loveliness. All the evening I've been longing for nothing but you. When I watched you swaying and beckoning in the tarantella, it set my blood on fire till I couldn't bear it any longer. That's why I brought you home so early

NORA: No, Torvald, go away. Leave me alone – I don't want –

HELMER: What's all this? So my little Nora's playing with me! 'Don't want'? I'm your husband, aren't I?

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