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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/04

Paper 4 Drama

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2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



ATHOL FUGARD: *The Township Plays*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Look man, this is an experiment ... a theatre laboratory.' (*The Coat*).
How helpful do you find this comment to your understanding of the dramatic techniques of *The Coat* and at least **one** other play?
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects and significance of the following passage from *No-Good Friday*.

Willie: Good at letters! How do you speak kindly of a man's death when the only truth about it is its stupidity? How do you tell a woman that her man died for bugger-all and that his death means bugger-all? Where's the comfort, Guy? Where? Go squeeze Tobias's blood out of the mud in the yard before you ask me to find it. Comfort, Guy, not a cliché. Not a stupid 'I'm sorry' or 'He was a good man' but a sweetness as clean as his mother's pain when she dropped him into the world. Tobias is dead, and all I can say is that there is a little more muck in our backyard. 5

Guy: And I thought you didn't like him.

Willie: Of course I didn't. I hated him. I hated him because I feared him. These 'simple men' with their innocence and dreams. How can we dream? When I was a child I used to lay awake at night in the room where my mother and us kids used to sleep. I used to lay awake and think. I'd say to myself, 'You're black.' But hell it was so dark I couldn't see my own hand. I couldn't see my blackness, and I'd get to thinking that maybe the colour wasn't so important after all ... and because I'd think that, I could dream a little. But there was always the next morning with its light and the truth. And the next morning used to come so regularly and make the dream so stupid that I gave up dreaming. Tobias reminded me of too much, Guy. He was going to make some money and live happily ever after. The cosy little dream ... like this! Willie and Rebecca lived happily ever after! That's how the fairy stories end and it's stupid because out there is life and it's not ending happily. 10 15 20

Rebecca: Don't worry about that no more. You got your unhappy ending.

Guy: Hold it, Reb. Look, Willie, there's nothing wrong with a man trying to make a decent life for himself. 25

Willie: Yes there is, if he uses it as a fire exit every time life gets a little hot.

Guy: So what must everybody do? Chuck up all they got and live in rags?

Willie: I'm not talking about everybody. I'm talking about myself. You can do a good thing for a wrong reason ... 30

Rebecca: Shut up! I know it all. Every word he's going to say ... I've heard it all before.

Guy: She's pulling out, Willie.

Willie: Leaving?

Guy: That's it. Reb is leaving, Willie. Say something! 35

Rebecca: So at last I found it, Willie.

Willie: What?

Rebecca: I found the thing that leaves you without words. We've been in here four years ... I don't think there was anything I done in those four years for which you didn't have something to say. Is there really nothing, Willie? 40
Not even 'I don't want you to go'? What about 'Goodbye'?

[REBECCA *leaves.*]

Guy: You let her go like that? You let Reb walk out like she just come to sweep the floor? She's at the steps, Willie ... Run, man ... run! Willie, I'm asking you! 45

Willie: I can't.

Guy: Did I see it end ... here, in front of me? Did I see Reb leave, and you standing there saying nothing, doing nothing?

[*The door bursts open, PINKIE rushes in.*]

Pinkie: Willie! ... Shark's outside. He's asking for you. 50

CURTAIN

No-Good Friday

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'The end of the play raises more questions than it answers.'
To what extent is this your experience of *Twelfth Night*?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, comment on Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of romantic love.

Duke: Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*

Feste's Song.

Clown: Come away, come away, death;
And in sad cypress let me be laid; 5
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death no one so true 10
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet 15
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown;
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke: There's for thy pains. 20

Clown: No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke: I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clown: Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke: Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown: Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor 25
make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is
a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to
sea, that their business might be everything, and their
intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good
voyage of nothing. Farewell. 30

[*Exit CLOWN.*

Duke: Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty. 35
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems 40

That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Viola: But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke: I cannot be so answer'd.

Viola: Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, 45
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;
You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke: There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion 50
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite –
No motion of the liver, but the palate –
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt; 55
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Viola: Ay, but I know – 60

Duke: What dost thou know?

Viola: Too well what love women to men may owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman, 65
I should your lordship.

Duke: And what's her history?

Viola: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought; 70
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove 75
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke: But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola: I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too – and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady? 80

Duke: Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 2, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!'
How far, in your view, does Caesar continue to dominate the play after his death?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the details of this passage, discuss the presentation of Antony's political skills.

<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.	
<i>3 Plebeian:</i>	Has he, masters! I fear there will a worse come in his place.	5
<i>4 Plebeian:</i>	Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown; Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.	
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	If it be found so, some will dear abide it.	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.	
<i>3 Plebeian:</i>	There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.	10
<i>4 Plebeian:</i>	Now mark him, he begins again to speak.	
<i>Antony:</i>	But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men. I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar; I found it in his closet – 'tis his will. Let but the commons hear this testament, Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood; Yea, beg a hair of him for memory And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.	15
<i>4 Plebeian:</i>	We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.	
<i>All:</i>	The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.	
<i>Antony:</i>	Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; For if you should, O, what would come of it?	20
		25
		30
		35
		40

- 4 Plebeian:* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will – Caesar's will.
- Antony:* Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men 45
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.
- 4 Plebeian:* They were traitors. Honourable men!
- All:* The will! the testament!
- 2 Plebeian:* They were villains, murderers.
The will! Read the will. 50
- Antony:* You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
- All:* Come down. 55
- 2 Plebeian:* Descend.

[Antony comes down.]

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Comedy of Errors*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Comic in plot and action, but not in theme.'
To what extent would you agree with this assessment of *The Comedy of Errors*?
- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of character and situation in this passage.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

<i>Adriana:</i>	<p>Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown. Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects; I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow</p>	5
	<p>That never words were music to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.</p>	10
	<p>How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it, That thou art then estranged from thyself? Thyself I call it, being strange to me, That, undividable, incorporate, Am better than thy dear self's better part.</p>	15
	<p>Ah, do not tear away thyself from me; For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulf, And take unmingled thence that drop again Without addition or diminishing,</p>	20
	<p>As take from me thyself, and not me too. How dearly would it touch thee to the quick, Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious, And that this body, consecrate to thee, By ruffian lust should be contaminate!</p>	25
	<p>Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me, And hurl the name of husband in my face, And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow, And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring, And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?</p>	30
	<p>I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it. I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; My blood is mingled with the crime of lust; For if we two be one, and thou play false, I do digest the poison of thy flesh,</p>	35
	<p>Being strumpeted by thy contagion. Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed; I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.</p>	
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	<p>Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not: In Ephesus I am but two hours old, As strange unto your town as to your talk, Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd, Wants wit in all one word to understand.</p>	40
<i>Luciana:</i>	<p>Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you! When were you wont to use my sister thus? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.</p>	45

S. Antipholus: By Dromio?

S. Dromio: By me?

Adriana: By thee; and this thou didst return from him –
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

50

S. Antipholus: Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dromio: I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Act 2, Scene 2

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance of Alfieri to the action and structure of the play.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the following passage, comment on how Miller establishes the relationships between Eddie, Beatrice and Catherine.

Catherine: Hi, Eddie!
 [EDDIE *is pleased and therefore shy about it; he hangs up his cap and jacket.*]

Eddie: Where you goin' all dressed up?

Catherine [*running her hands over her skirt*]: I just got it. You like it? 5

Eddie: Yeah, it's nice. And what happened to your hair?

Catherine: You like it? I fixed it different. [*Calling to kitchen*] He's here, B.!

Eddie: Beautiful. Turn around, lemme see in the back. [*She turns for him.*] Oh, if your mother was alive to see you now! She wouldn't believe it.

Catherine: You like it, huh? 10

Eddie: You look like one of them girls that went to college. Where you goin'?

Catherine [*taking his arm*]: Wait'll B. comes in, I'll tell you something. Here, sit down. [*She is walking him to the armchair. Calling offstage*] Hurry up, will you, B.?

Eddie [*sitting*]: What's goin' on? 15

Catherine: I'll get you a beer, all right?

Eddie: Well, tell me what happened. Come over here, talk to me.

Catherine: I want to wait till B. comes in. [*She sits on her heels beside him.*] Guess how much we paid for the skirt.

Eddie: I think it's too short, ain't it? 20

Catherine [*standing*]: No! not when I stand up.

Eddie: Yeah, but you gotta sit down sometimes.

Catherine: Eddie, it's the style now. [*She walks to show him.*] I mean, if you see me walkin' down the street –

Eddie: Listen, you been givin' me the willies the way you walk down the street, I mean it. 25

Catherine: Why?

Eddie: Catherine, I don't want to be a pest, but I'm tellin' you you're walkin' wavy.

Catherine: I'm walkin' wavy? 30

Eddie: Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavy! I don't like the looks they're givin' you in the candy store. And with them new high heels on the sidewalk – clack, clack, clack. The heads are turnin' like windmills.

Catherine: But those guys look at all the girls, you know that. 35

Eddie: You ain't 'all the girls'.

Catherine [*almost in tears because he disapproves*]: What do you want me to do? You want me to –

- Eddie:* Now don't get mad, kid.
- Catherine:* Well, I don't know what you want from me. 40
- Eddie:* Katie, I promised your mother on her deathbed. I'm responsible for you. You're a baby, you don't understand these things. I mean like when you stand here by the window, wavin' outside.
- Catherine:* I was wavin' to Louis!
- Eddie:* Listen, I could tell you things about Louis which you wouldn't wave to him no more. 45
- Catherine [trying to joke him out of his warning]:* Eddie, I wish there was one guy you couldn't tell me things about!
- Eddie:* Catherine, do me a favour, will you? You're getting to be a big girl now, you gotta keep yourself more, you can't be so friendly, kid. [*Calls*] Hey, B., what're you doin' in there? [*To CATHERINE*] Get her in here, will you? I got news for her. 50
- Catherine [starting out]:* What?
- Eddie:* Her cousins landed.
- Catherine [clapping her hands together]:* No! [*She turns instantly and starts for the kitchen.*] B.! Your cousins! 55
- [*BEATRICE enters, wiping her hands with a towel.*]
- Beatrice [in the face of CATHERINE's shout]:* What?
- Catherine:* Your cousins got in!

Act 1

RICHARD SHERIDAN: *The Rivals*

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the characters and roles of Faulkland and Absolute in the play.
- Or** (b) Bearing in mind their roles in the play as a whole, comment closely on the presentation of Sir Anthony and Mrs Malaprop in the following passage.

Mrs Malaprop: Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance – I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning – neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, Sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it. 5

Sir Anthony: Well, well, Mrs Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs Malaprop, to the more important point in debate – you say, you have no objection to my proposal. 10

Mrs Malaprop: None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success. 15

Sir Anthony: Well, Madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment. 20

Mrs Malaprop: We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side. 25

Sir Anthony: Objection! – let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple – in their younger days, 'twas 'Jack, do this' – if he demurred – I knocked him down – and if he grumbled at that – I always sent him out of the room. 30

Mrs Malaprop: Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience! – nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible. 35 40

Sir Anthony: Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you – and let me beg you, Mrs Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl; take my advice – keep a tight hand – if she rejects the proposal – clap her under lock and key: and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about! 45

Exit SIR ANTHONY

Act 1, Scene 2

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