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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2011

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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Dalton: ... In my opinion the boy should be in prison. Not in a hospital at the tax-payers' expense.'

To what extent, and in what ways, does Shaffer's presentation of modern society help to create sympathy for Alan and his actions?

- Or** (b) With close reference to the language and action of this extract, discuss the presentation of Frank's view of his son.

FRANK: As I came along the passage I saw the door of his bedroom was ajar. I'm sure he didn't know it was. From inside I heard the sound of this chanting.

DYSART: Chanting?

FRANK: Like the Bible. One of those lists his mother's always reading to him. 5

DYSART: What kind of list?

FRANK: Those Begats. So-and-so begat, you know. Genealogy.

DYSART: Can you remember what Alan's list sounded like?

FRANK: Well, the *sort* of thing. I stood there absolutely astonished. 10
The first word I heard was ...

ALAN [*rising and chanting*]: *Prince!*

DYSART: Prince?

FRANK: Prince begat Prince. That sort of nonsense. 15
[Alan moves slowly to the centre of the circle, downstage.]

ALAN: And Prance begat Prankus! And Prankus begat Flankus!

FRANK: I looked through the door, and he was standing in the moonlight in his pyjamas, right in front of that big photograph. 20

DYSART: The horse with the huge eyes?

FRANK: Right.

ALAN: Flankus begat Spankus. And Spankus begat Spunkus the Great, who lived three score years!

FRANK: It was all like that. I can't remember the exact names, of course. Then suddenly he knelt down. 25

DYSART: In front of the photograph?

FRANK: Yes. Right there at the foot of his bed.

ALAN [*kneeling*]: And Legwus begat Neckwus. And Neckwus begat Fleckwus, the King of Spit. And Fleckwus spoke out of his chinkle-chankle! 30

[He bows himself to the ground.]

DYSART: What?

FRANK: I'm sure that was the word. I've never forgotten it. Chinkle-chankle. 35

[Alan raises his head and extends his hands up in glory.]

ALAN: And he said 'Behold – I give you Equus, my only begotten son!'

DYSART: Equus? 40

FRANK: Yes. No doubt of that. He repeated that word several times. 'Equus my only begotten son.'

ALAN [*reverently*]: Ek ... wus!

DYSART [*suddenly understanding: almost 'aside'*]: Ek ... Ek ...

- FRANK [*embarrassed*]: And then ... 45
- DYSART: Yes: what?
- FRANK: He took a piece of string out of his pocket. Made up into a
noose. And put it in his mouth.
[*ALAN bridles himself with invisible string, and pulls it
back.*] 50
- And then with his other hand he picked up a coat hanger.
A wooden coat hanger, and – and –
- DYSART: Began to beat himself?
[*ALAN, in mime, begins to thrash himself, increasing the
strokes in speed and viciousness.*] 55
- [*Pause.*]
- FRANK: You see why I couldn't tell his mother ... Religion.
Religion's at the bottom of all this!
- DYSART: What did you do?
- FRANK: Nothing. I coughed – and went back downstairs. 60
[*The boy starts guiltily – tears the string from his mouth
– and scrambles back to bed.*]

Act 1, Scene 14

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of the contrasts Shakespeare creates between the worlds of Sicilia and Bohemia in *The Winter's Tale*.
- Or** (b) With close attention to detail from this passage, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Hermione at this point in the play.

HERMIONE: Since what I am to say must be but that
 Which contradicts my accusation, and
 The testimony on my part no other
 But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
 To say 'Not guilty'. Mine integrity 5
 Being counted falsehood shall, as I express it,
 Be so receiv'd. But thus – if pow'rs divine
 Behold our human actions, as they do,
 I doubt not then but innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny 10
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know –
 Who least will seem to do so – my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd 15
 And play'd to take spectators; for behold me –
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince – here standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour fore 20
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes 25
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour, or in act or will 30
 That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES: I ne'er heard yet
 That any of these bolder vices wanted 35
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did
 Than to perform it first.

HERMIONE: That's true enough;
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEONTES: You will not own it. 40

- HERMIONE: More than mistress of
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
 I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd; 45
 With such a kind of love as might become
 A lady like me; with a love even such,
 So and no other, as yourself commanded;
 Which not to have done, I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude 50
 To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now for conspiracy:
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
 For me to try how; all I know of it 55
 Is that Camillo was an honest man;
 And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
- LEONTES: You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence. 60
- HERMIONE: Sir,
 You speak a language that I understand not.
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of humour to the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the relationship between the king and the rebels at this point in the play.

London. The palace.

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with Others.

KING:	My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly You tread upon my patience. But be sure I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition, Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,	5 10
WORCESTER:	And therefore lost that title of respect Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it – And that same greatness too which our own hands Have help to make so portly.	15
NORTHUMBERLAND:	My lord –	
KING:	Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servant brow. You have good leave to leave us; when we need Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.	20
	[Exit WORCESTER]	25
	You were about to speak.	
NORTHUMBERLAND:	Yea, my good lord. Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded, Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is delivered to your Majesty.	30
	Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.	
HOTSPUR:	My liege, I did deny no prisoners. But I remember when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd, Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.	35 40
	He was perfumed like a milliner, And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose and took't away again; Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff – and still he smil'd and talk'd – And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,	45

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. 50
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me: amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
Act 1, Scene 3

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Stoppard's presentation of the Danish royal court in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, show how Ros and Guil attempt to come to terms with the increasing chaos they find around them.

GUIL: We say – Your majesty, we have arrived!

ROS (*kingly*): And who are you?

GUIL: We are Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

ROS (*barks*): Never heard of you!

GUIL: Well, we're nobody special – 5

ROS (*regal and nasty*): What's your game?

GUIL: We've got our instructions –

ROS: First I've heard of it –

GUIL (*angrily*): Let me finish – (*humble*) We've come from Denmark. 10

ROS: What do you want?

GUIL: Nothing – we're delivering Hamlet –

ROS: Who's he?

GUIL (*irritated*): You've heard of *him* –

ROS: Oh, I've heard of him all right and I want nothing to do with it. 15

GUIL: But –

ROS: You march in here without so much as a by your leave and expect me to take every lunatic you try to pass off with a lot of unsubstantiated –

GUIL: We've got a letter – 20

Ros snatches it and tears it open.

ROS (*efficiently*): I see ... I see ... well, this seems to support your story such as it is – it is an exact command from the King of Denmark, for several different reasons, importing Denmark's health and England's too, that on the reading of this letter, without delay, I should have Hamlet's head cut off – ! 25

Guil snatches the letter. Ros, doubletaking, snatches it back, Guil snatches it half back. They read it together, and separate. Pause.

They are well downstage looking front. 30

ROS: The sun's going down. It will be dark soon.

GUIL: Do you think so?

ROS: I was just making conversation. (*Pause.*) We're his *friends*.

GUIL: How do you know? 35

ROS: From our young days brought up with him.

GUIL: You've only got their word for it.

ROS: But that's what we depend on.

- GUIL: Well, yes, and then again no. (*airily*) Let us keep things
 in proportion. Assume, if you like, that they're going to kill 40
 him. Well, he is a man, he is mortal, death comes to us all,
 etcetera, and consequently he would have died anyway,
 sooner or later. Or to look at it from the social point of view –
 he's just one man among many, the loss would be well within
 reason and convenience. And then again, what is so terrible 45
 about death? As Socrates so philosophically put it, since we
 don't know what death is, it is illogical to fear it. It might be ...
 very nice. Certainly it is a release from the burden of life, and,
 for the godly, a haven and a reward. Or to look at it another
 way – we are little men, we don't know the ins and outs of the 50
 matter, there are wheels within wheels, etcetera – it would
 be presumptuous of us to interfere with the design of fate or
 even of kings. All in all, I think we'd be well advised to leave
 well alone. Tie up the letter – there – neatly – like that – They
 won't notice the broken seal, assuming you were in character. 55
- ROS: But what's the point?

Act 3

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 5 **Either** (a) '*Blanche*: I don't tell the truth. I tell what *ought* to be the truth. And if that is sinful, then let me be damned for it'.

Discuss the dramatic importance to the play of Blanche's lies.

- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Williams's presentation of clashing values and expectations at this point in the play.

BLANCHE: I don't understand you. [STELLA *turns toward her*.] I don't understand your indifference. Is this a Chinese philosophy you've – cultivated?

STELLA: Is what – what?

BLANCHE: This – shuffling about and mumbling – 'One tube smashed – beer-bottles – mess in the kitchen' – as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened! [STELLA *laughs uncertainly and, picking up the broom, twirls it in her hands*.] 5

BLANCHE: Are you deliberately shaking that thing in my face?

STELLA: No. 10

BLANCHE: Stop it. Let go of that broom. I won't have you cleaning up for him!

STELLA: Then who's going to do it? Are you?

BLANCHE: I? !!

STELLA: No, I didn't think so. 15

BLANCHE: Oh, let me think, if only my mind would function! We've got to get hold of some money, that's the way out!

STELLA: I guess that money is always nice to get hold of.

BLANCHE: Listen to me. I have an idea of some kind. [*Shakily she twists a cigarette into her holder*.] Do you remember Shep Huntleigh? [STELLA *shakes her head*.] Of course you remember Shep Huntleigh. I went out with him at college and wore his pin for a while. Well – 20

STELLA: Well?

BLANCHE: I ran into him last winter. You know I went to Miami during the Christmas holidays? 25

STELLA: No.

BLANCHE: Well, I did. I took the trip as an investment, thinking I'd meet someone with a million dollars.

STELLA: Did you? 30

BLANCHE: Yes. I ran into Shep Huntleigh – I ran into him on Biscayne Boulevard, on Christmas Eve, about dusk ... getting into his car – Cadillac convertible; must have been a block long!

STELLA: I should think it would have been – inconvenient in traffic? 35

BLANCHE: You've heard of oil-wells?

STELLA: Yes – remotely.

BLANCHE: He has them, all over Texas. Texas is literally spouting gold in his pockets. 40

STELLA: My, my.

BLANCHE: Y'know how indifferent I am to money. I think of money in terms of what it does for you. But he could do it, he could certainly do it!

STELLA: Do what, Blanche? 45

BLANCHE: Why – set us up in a – shop!
 STELLA: What kind of a shop?
 BLANCHE: Oh, a – shop of some kind! He could do it with half what his wife throws away at the races.
 STELLA: He's married? 50
 BLANCHE: Honey, would I be here if the man weren't married?
 [STELLA *laughs a little*. BLANCHE *suddenly springs up and crosses to phone*. She speaks shrilly.] How do I get Western Union? Operator! Western Union!
 STELLA: That's a dial phone, honey. 55
 BLANCHE: I can't dial, I'm too –
 STELLA: Just dial O.
 BLANCHE: O?
 STELLA: Yes, 'O' for Operator! [BLANCHE *considers a moment; then she puts the phone down*.] 60
 BLANCHE: Give me a pencil. Where is a slip of paper? I've got to write it down first – the message, I mean. ...
 [She goes to the dressing-table, and grabs up a sheet of Kleenex and an eyebrow pencil for writing equipment.] 65
 Let me see now ... [She bites the pencil.] 'Darling Shep. Sister and I in desperate situation.'
 STELLA: I beg your pardon!

Scene 4

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

6 **Either** (a) 'Gwendolen: The home seems to me to be the proper sphere for the man.'

How, and with what effect, does Wilde satirize manliness and manly behaviour in *The Importance of Being Earnest*?

Or (b) With close reference to detail in the following passage, discuss Wilde's presentation of romantic love at this point in the play.

CECILY: Uncle Jack would be very much annoyed if he knew you were staying on till next week, at the same hour.

ALGERNON: Oh, I don't care about Jack. I don't care for anybody in the whole world but you. I love you, Cecily. You will marry me, won't you? 5

CECILY: You silly boy! Of course. Why, we have been engaged for the last three months.

ALGERNON: For the last three months?

CECILY: Yes, it will be exactly three months on Thursday.

ALGERNON: But how did we become engaged? 10

CECILY: Well, ever since dear Uncle Jack first confessed to us that he had a younger brother who was very wicked and bad, you of course have formed the chief topic of conversation between myself and Miss Prism. And of course a man who is much talked about is always very attractive. One feels there must be something in him, after all. I daresay it was foolish of me, but I fell in love with you, Ernest. 15

ALGERNON: Darling. And when was the engagement actually settled? 20

CECILY: On the 14th of February last. Worn out by your entire ignorance of my existence, I determined to end the matter one way or the other, and after a long struggle with myself I accepted you under this dear old tree here. The next day I bought this little ring in your name, and this is the little bangle with the true lover's knot I promised you always to wear. 25

ALGERNON: Did I give you this? It's very pretty, isn't it?

CECILY: Yes, you've wonderfully good taste, Ernest. It's the excuse I've always given for your leading such a bad life. And this is the box in which I keep all your dear letters. [Kneels at table, opens box, and produces letters tied up with blue ribbon.] 30

ALGERNON: My letters! But, my own sweet Cecily, I have never written you any letters. 35

CECILY: You need hardly remind me of that, Ernest. I remember only too well that I was forced to write your letters for you. I wrote always three times a week, and sometimes oftener.

ALGERNON: Oh, do let me read them, Cecily? 40

CECILY: Oh, I couldn't possibly. They would make you far too conceited. [Replaces box.] The three you wrote me after I had broken off the engagement are so beautiful, and so badly spelled, that even now I can hardly read them without crying a little. 45

- ALGERNON: But was our engagement ever broken off?
- CECILY: Of course it was. On the 22nd of last March. You can see the entry if you like. [*Shows diary.*] 'Today I broke off my engagement with Ernest. I feel it is better to do so. The weather still continues charming.' 50
- ALGERNON: But why on earth did you break it off? What had I done? I had done nothing at all. Cecily, I am very much hurt indeed to hear you broke it off. Particularly when the weather was so charming.
- CECILY: It would hardly have been a really serious engagement if it hadn't been broken off at least once. But I forgave you before the week was out. 55
- ALGERNON [*crossing to her, and kneeling*]: What a perfect angel you are, Cecily.
- CECILY: You dear romantic boy. 60

Act 2

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