



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2013

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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 1 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does Albee present the theme of disappointed ambition in the play?
- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the following scene develops? You should make close reference to detail from the passage.

George: Why? Why, Martha?

Martha: ... for fear ... for fear of ...

George: For fear. Just that: for fear.

Martha [*vaguely waving him off; going on*]: ... and ... and sandwiches on Sunday night, and Saturdays ... [*Pleased recollection*] ... and Saturdays the banana boat, the whole peeled banana, scooped out on top, with green grapes for the crew, a double line of green grapes, and along the sides, stuck to the boat with toothpicks, orange slices ... SHIELDS. 5

George: And for the oar? 10

Martha [*uncertainly*]: A ... carrot?

George: Or a swizzle stick, whatever was easier.

Martha: No. A carrot. And his eyes were green ... green with ... if you peered so deep into them ... so deep ... bronze ... bronze parentheses around the irises ... such green eyes! 15

George: ... blue, green, brown....

Martha: ... and he loved the sun! ... He was tan before and after everyone ... and in the sun his hair ... became ... fleece.

George [*echoing her*]: ... fleece....

Martha: ... beautiful, beautiful boy. 20

George: Absolve, Domine, animas omnium fidelium defunctorum ab omni vinculo delictorum.

Martha: ... and school ... and summer camp ... and sledding ... and swimming....

George: Et gratia tua illis succurrente, mereantur evadere iudicium ultionis. 25

Martha [*laughing, to herself*]: ... and how he broke his arm ... how funny it was ... oh, no, it hurt him! ... but, oh, it was funny ... in a field, his very first cow, the first he'd ever seen ... and he went into the field, to the cow, where the cow was grazing, head down, busy ... and he moo'd at it! [*Laughs, ibid.*] He moo'd at it ... and the beast, oh, surprised, swung its head up and moo'd at him, all three years of him, and he ran, startled, and he stumbled ... fell ... and broke his poor arm. [*Laughs, ibid.*] Poor lamb. 30 35

George: Et lucis aeternae beatitudine perfrui.

Martha: George cried! Helpless ... George ... cried. I carried the poor lamb. George snuffling beside me, I carried the child, having fashioned a sling ... and across the great fields.

George: In Paradisum deducant te Angeli. 40

Martha: And as he grew ... and as he grew ... oh! so wise! ... he

walked evenly between us ... [*She spreads her hands.*] ...
 a hand out to each of us for what we could offer by way of
 support, affection, teaching, even love ... and these hands,
 still, to hold us off a bit, for mutual protection, to protect us all
 from George's ... weakness ... and my ... necessary greater
 strength ... to protect himself ... and *us*. 45

George: In memoria aeterna erit justus: ab auditione mala non
 timebit.

Martha: So wise; so wise. 50

Nick [*to GEORGE*]: What is this? What are you doing?

George: Shhhhh.

Honey: Shhhhh.

Nick [*shrugging*]: O.K.

Martha: So beautiful; so wise. 55

George [*laughs quietly*]: All truth being relative.

Martha: It was true! Beautiful; wise; perfect.

George: There's a real mother talking.

Honey [*suddenly; almost tearfully*]: I want a child.

Nick: Honey.... 60

Honey [*more forcefully*]: I want a child!

George: On principle?

Honey [*in tears*]: I want a child. I want a baby.

Act 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) What dramatic use does Shakespeare make of contrasts between court and country in *The Winter's Tale*?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Perdita at this point in the play's dramatic action.

Bohemia. The shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Florizel: These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life – no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing 5
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Perdita: Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me –
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self, 10
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush 15
To see you so attir'd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Florizel: I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground. 20

Perdita: Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident, 25
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Florizel: Apprehend 30
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, 35
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts 40
Burn hotter than my faith.

Perdita: O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r of the King.
One of these two must be necessities, 45

Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Florizel: Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair, 50
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing 55
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Perdita: O Lady Fortune, 60
Stand you auspicious!

Florizel: See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Act 4, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the relationship between Richard and Buckingham in the play.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language of the following passage, discuss the dramatic presentation of tension between Anne and Richard at this point in the play.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester: Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne: What black magician conjures up this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloucester: Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul, 5
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 Gentleman: My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Gloucester Unmanner'd dog! Stand thou, when I command. 10
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the coffin.]

Anne: What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid? 15
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Gloucester: Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne: Foul devil, for God's sake, hence and trouble us not; 20
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! Dead Henry's wounds 25
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells;
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural 30
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heav'n, with lightning strike the murd'rer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick, 35
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

Gloucester: Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne: Villain, thou knowest nor law of God nor man: 40
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Gloucester: But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne: O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

- Gloucester:* More wonderful when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself. 45
- Anne:* Vouchsafe, deffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self. 50
- Gloucester:* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
- Anne:* Foulter than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.
- Gloucester:* By such despair I should accuse myself. 55
- Anne:* And by despairing shalt thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Act 1, Scene 2

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) STANLEY: The Kowalskis and the Dubois have different notions.
STELLA: Indeed they have, thank heavens!

Discuss the dramatic implications of this tension for the action of the play as a whole.

- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage, comment on Williams's presentation of Blanche at this point in the play.

Stanley [contemptuously]: Hah! [He advances a little as he knots his tie.] Say, do you happen to know somebody named Shaw?

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And I – I'm fading now!

65

Scene 5

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 **Either** (a) How far does Wilde lead you to feel sympathy for Sir Robert in the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Wilde's presentation of Mrs Cheveley at this point in the play.

Mrs Cheveley: Do you think it is quite charming of you to be so rude to a woman in your own house?

Lord Goring: In the case of very fascinating women, sex is a challenge, not a defence.

Mrs Cheveley: I suppose that is meant for a compliment. My dear Arthur, women are never disarmed by compliments. Men always are. That is the difference between the two sexes. 5

Lord Goring: Women are never disarmed by anything, as far as I know them. 10

Mrs Cheveley [*After a pause*]: Then you are going to allow your greatest friend, Robert Chiltern, to be ruined, rather than marry someone who really has considerable attractions left. I thought you would have risen to some great height of self-sacrifice, Arthur. I think you should. And the rest of your life you could spend in contemplating your own perfections. 15

Lord Goring: Oh! I do that as it is. And self-sacrifice is a thing that should be put down by law. It is so demoralizing to the people for whom one sacrifices oneself. They always go to the bad. 20

Mrs Cheveley: As if anything could demoralize Robert Chiltern! You seem to forget that I know his real character.

Lord Goring: What you know about him is not his real character. It was an act of folly done in his youth, dishonourable, I admit, shameful, I admit, unworthy of him, I admit, and therefore ... not his true character. 25

Mrs Cheveley: How you men stand up for each other!

Lord Goring: How you women war against each other!

Mrs Cheveley [*Bitterly*]: I only war against one woman, against Gertrude Chiltern. I hate her. I hate her now more than ever. 30

Lord Goring: Because you have brought a real tragedy into her life, I suppose.

Mrs Cheveley [*With a sneer*]: Oh, there is only one real tragedy in a woman's life. The fact that her past is always her lover, and her future invariably her husband. 35

Lord Goring: Lady Chiltern knows nothing of the kind of life to which you are alluding.

Mrs Cheveley: A woman whose size in gloves is seven and three-quarters never knows much about anything. You know Gertrude has always worn seven and three-quarters? That is one of the reasons why there was never any moral sympathy between us ... Well, Arthur, I suppose 40

- this romantic interview may be regarded as at an end. You admit it was romantic, don't you? For the privilege of being your wife I was ready to surrender a great prize, the climax of my diplomatic career. You decline. Very well. If Sir Robert doesn't uphold my Argentine scheme, I expose him. *Voilà tout.* 45
- Lord Goring:* You mustn't do that. It would be vile, horrible, infamous. 50
- Mrs Cheveley* [*Shrugging her shoulders*]: Oh! don't use big words. They mean so little. It is a commercial transaction. That is all. There is no good mixing up sentimentality in it. I offered to sell Robert Chiltern a certain thing. If he won't pay me my price, he will have to pay the world a greater price. There is no more to be said. I must go. Good-bye. Won't you shake hands? 55
- Lord Goring:* With you? No. Your transaction with Robert Chiltern may pass as a loathsome commercial transaction of a loathsome commercial age; but you seem to have forgotten that you who came here tonight to talk of love, you whose lips desecrated the word love, you to whom the thing is a book closely sealed, went this afternoon to the house of one of the most noble and gentle women in the world to degrade her husband in her eyes, to try and kill her love for him, to put poison in her heart, and bitterness in her life, to break her idol and, it may be, spoil her soul. That I cannot forgive you. That was horrible. For that there can be no forgiveness. 60
- Mrs Cheveley:* Arthur, you are unjust to me. Believe me, you are quite unjust to me. I didn't go to taunt Gertrude at all. I had no idea of doing anything of the kind when I entered. I called with Lady Markby simply to ask whether an ornament, a jewel, that I lost somewhere last night, had been found at the Chilterns'. If you don't believe me, you can ask Lady Markby. She will tell you it is true. The scene that occurred happened after Lady Markby had left, and was really forced on me by Gertrude's rudeness and sneers. I called, oh! – a little out of malice if you like – but really to ask if a diamond brooch of mine had been found. That was the origin of the whole thing. 65
- 70
- 75
- 80

Act 3

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