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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

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) 'Although he is never seen, Daddy (Martha's father) is ever-present as a character in the play.'

In the light of this view, discuss the dramatic significance of 'Daddy' to the play.

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the dramatic presentation of George and Martha at this point in the play's action.

Martha: A nightcap! Are you kidding? We've got guests.

George [*disbelieving*]: We've got what?

Martha: Guests. GUESTS.

George: GUESTS!

Martha: Yes ... guests ... people.... We've got guests coming over. 5

George: When?

Martha: NOW!

George: Good Lord, Martha ... do you know what time it ... *Who's* coming over?

Martha: What's-their-name. 10

George: Who?

Martha: WHAT'S-THEIR-NAME!

George: Who what's-their-name?

Martha: I don't know what their name is, George.... You met them tonight ... they're new ... he's in the math department, or something.... 15

George: Who ... who are these people?

Martha: You met them tonight, George.

George: I don't remember meeting anyone tonight....

Martha: Well you did.... Will you give me my drink, please.... He's in the math department ... about thirty, blond, and ... 20

George: ... and good-looking....

Martha: Yes ... and good-looking....

George: It figures.

Martha: ... and his wife's a mousey little type, without any hips, or anything. 25

George [*vaguely*]: Oh.

Martha: You remember them now?

George: Yes, I guess so, Martha.... But why in God's name are they coming over here now? 30

Martha [*in a so-there voice*]: Because Daddy said we should be nice to them, that's why.

George [*defeated*]: Oh, Lord.

Martha: May I have my drink, please? Daddy said we should be nice to them. Thank you. 35

George: But why now? It's after two o'clock in the morning, and ...

- Martha:* Because Daddy said we should be nice to them!
- George:* Yes. But I'm sure your father didn't mean we were supposed to stay up all *night* with these people. I mean, we could have them over some Sunday or something.... 40
- Martha:* Well, never mind.... Besides, it *is* Sunday. Very early Sunday.
- George:* I mean ... it's ridiculous....
- Martha:* Well, it's *done!*
- George* [*resigned and exasperated*]: All right. Well ... where are they? If we've got guests, where are they? 45
- Martha:* They'll be here soon.
- George:* What did they do ... go home and get some sleep first, or something?
- Martha:* They'll *be* here!
- George:* I wish you'd *tell* me about something sometime.... I wish you'd stop *springing* things on me all the time. 50
- Martha:* I don't *spring* things on you all the time.
- George:* Yes, you do ... you really do ... you're always *springing* things on me.
- Martha* [*friendly-patronizing*]: Oh, George! 55
- George:* Always.
- Martha:* Poor Georgie-Porgie, put-upon pie! [*As he sulks*] Awwwwww ... what are you doing? Are you sulking? Hunh? Let me see ... are you sulking? Is that what you're doing?
- George* [*very quietly*]: Never mind, Martha.... 60
- Martha:* AWWWWWWWWWWW!
- George:* Just don't bother yourself....
- Martha:* AWWWWWWWWWWW! [*No reaction.*] Hey! [*No reaction.*] HEY! 65
- [*GEORGE looks at her, put-upon.*]

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic significance of the relationship between Perdita and Florizel for the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) What might be an audience's reaction as the following scene unfolds? You should make close reference to both the language and the action of the passage.

Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione: Take the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady:* Come, my gracious lord, 5
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mamillius: No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady:* Why, my sweet lord?

Mamillius: You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if 10
I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 *Lady:* And why so, my lord?

Mamillius: Not for because 15
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady:* Who taught't this?

Mamillius: I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady:* Blue, my lord. 20

Mamillius: Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

1 *Lady:* Hark ye: 25
The Queen your mother rounds apace. We shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady:* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her!

Hermione: What wisdom stirs amongst you? 30
Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mamillius: Merry or sad shall't be?

Hermione: As merry as you will. 35

Mamillius: A sad tale's best for winter. I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Hermione: Let's have that, good sir. 40
Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're pow'rful at it.

Mamillius: There was a man –

- Hermione:* Nay, come, sit down; then on.
- Mamillius:* Dwelt by a churchyard – I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
- Hermione:* Come on then, 45
And give't me in mine ear.
- Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords and Others.*
- Leontes:* Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
- 1 Lord:* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never 50
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
- Leontes:* How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup 55
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, 60
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him; 65
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
- 1 Lord:* By his great authority; 70
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
- Leontes:* I know't too well.
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you 75
Have too much blood in him.
- Hermione:* What is this? Sport?
- Leontes:* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him; and let her sport herself
- [MAMILLIUS is led out. 80
- With that she's big with – for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
- Hermione:* But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward. 85

Act 2, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of dreams and dreaming in *Richard III*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of dishonesty and deception at this point in the play.

Enter LOVELL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings' head.

Gloucester: Be patient; they are friends – Ratcliff and Lovell.

Lovell: Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Gloucester: So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep. 5
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue 10
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife –
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buckingham: Well, well, he was the covert'st shelt'red traitor 15
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almost believe –
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it – that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester. 20

Mayor: Had he done so?

Gloucester: What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death
But that the extreme peril of the case, 25
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor: Now, fair befall you! He deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded
To warn false traitors from the like attempts. 30
I never look'd for better at his hands
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buckingham: Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end –
Which now the loving haste of these our friends, 35
Something against our meanings, have prevented –
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same 40
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him and wail his death.

Mayor: But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both, 45

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Gloucester: And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buckingham: Which since you come too late of our intent, 50
Yet witness what you hear we did intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit LORD MAYOR.]

Gloucester: Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham. 55
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.

Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown – meaning indeed his house, 60
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives, 65
Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York 70
My princely father then had wars in France
And, by true computation of the time,

Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off; 75
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buckingham: Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden plea for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Act 3, Scene 5

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'BLANCHE: ... soft people.... Have got to be seductive – put on soft colours, the colours of butterfly wings, and glow – make a little temporary magic...'

Discuss the implications of this statement for Blanche's relationships with the male characters in the play.

- Or** (b) With close reference to the language and action of this passage, discuss the dramatic presentation of Blanche's encounter with Mitch.

Blanche [softly]: Hello! The Little Boys' Room is busy right now.

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Mitch: You may teach school but you're certainly not an old maid. 75

Blanche: Thank you, sir! I appreciate your gallantry!

Scene 3

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Wilde's presentation of hypocrites and hypocrisy in *An Ideal Husband*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Wilde's presentation of Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern at this point in the play.

MRS CHEVELEY *starts; then bows with somewhat exaggerated politeness to LADY CHILTERN, who makes no sign of response. As she passes by SIR ROBERT CHILTERN, who is standing close to the door, she pauses for a moment and looks him straight in the face. She then goes out, followed by the servant, who closes the door after him. The husband and wife are left alone. LADY CHILTERN stands like someone in a dreadful dream. Then she turns round and looks at her husband. She looks at him with strange eyes, as though she was seeing him for the first time.* 5

Lady Chiltern: You sold a Cabinet secret for money! You began your life with fraud! You built up your career on dishonour! Oh, tell me it is not true! Lie to me! Lie to me! Tell me it is not true! 10

Sir Robert Chiltern: What this woman said is quite true. But, Gertrude, listen to me. You don't realize how I was tempted. Let me tell you the whole thing. 15

Goes towards her

Lady Chiltern: Don't come near me. Don't touch me. I feel as if you had soiled me for ever. Oh! what a mask you have been wearing all these years! A horrible painted mask! You sold yourself for money. Oh! a common thief were better. You put yourself up to sale to the highest bidder! You were bought in the market. You lied to the whole world. And yet you will not lie to me. 20 25

Sir Robert Chiltern [*Rushing towards her*]: Gertrude! Gertrude!

Lady Chiltern [*Thrusting him back with outstretched hands*]: No, don't speak! Say nothing! Your voice wakes terrible memories – memories of things that made me love you – memories of words that made me love you – memories that now are horrible to me. And how I worshipped you! You were to me something apart from common life, a thing pure, noble, honest, without stain. The world seemed to me finer because you were in it, and goodness more real because you lived. And now – oh, when I think that I made of a man like you my ideal! the ideal of my life! 30 35

Sir Robert Chiltern: There was your mistake. There was your error. The error all women commit. Why can't you women love us, faults and all? Why do you place us on monstrous pedestals? We have all feet of clay, women as well as men; but when we men love women, we love them knowing their weaknesses, their follies, their imperfections, 40 45

love them all the more, it may be, for that reason. It is not the perfect, but the imperfect, who have need of love. It is when we are wounded by our own hands, or by the hands of others, that love should come to cure us – else what use is love at all? All sins, except a sin against itself, Love should forgive. All lives, save loveless lives, true Love should pardon. A man's love is like that. It is wider, larger, more human than a woman's. Women think that they are making ideals of men. What they are making of us are false idols merely. You made your false idol of me, and I had not the courage to come down, show you my wounds, tell you my weaknesses. I was afraid that I might lose your love, as I have lost it now. And so, last night you ruined my life for me – yes, ruined it! What this woman asked of me was nothing compared to what she offered to me. She offered security, peace, stability. The sin of my youth, that I had thought was buried, rose up in front of me, hideous, horrible, with its hands at my throat. I could have killed it for ever, sent it back into its tomb, destroyed its record, burned the one witness against me. You prevented me. No one but you, you know it. And now what is there before me but public disgrace, ruin, terrible shame, the mockery of the world, a lonely dishonoured life, a lonely dishonoured death, it may be, some day? Let women make no more ideals of men! let them not put them on altars and bow before them, or they may ruin other lives as completely as you – you whom I have so wildly loved – have ruined mine!

He passes from the room. LADY CHILTERN rushes towards him, but the door is closed when she reaches it. Pale with anguish, bewildered, helpless, she sways like a plant in the water. Her hands, outstretched, seem to tremble in the air like blossoms in the wind. Then she flings herself down beside a sofa and buries her face. Her sobs are like the sobs of a child.

Act 2

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