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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/04

Paper 4 Drama

October/November 2006

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.



CARYL CHURCHILL: *Serious Money*

1 **Either** (a) 'One thing I've learned from working for Marylou: / Do others before they can do you.'
Discuss the presentation of the themes of deception and betrayal in the play.

Or (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss how Churchill dramatises the world of trade and trading in *Serious Money*.

Corman: And this must be the infamous Jake Todd.
I'd begun to think you were a bit like God –
You make things happen but you don't exist.
Etherington, don't look as if you smell something burning.
This is Jake Todd, our invisible earning. 5

Etherington: How do you do, Mr Todd. Extremely glad.

Jake: You're really so looked up to by my dad.

Corman: OK, let's skip the introductions.
How do you do. Let's get on with the ructions.
What's the idea? 10

Nigel: Albion seems an excellent investment
Especially under your expert control.
I assure you that the stag is not my role.
I'm talking about a long term commitment.

Corman: So you'd have the company's interests at heart? 15

Nigel: I'd certainly be glad to play my part.
I can't imagine why anyone bothers with water
When Albion produces so many delicious drinks.
Orange, coffee, chocolate/with cream –

Corman: I think the product stinks. 20
Cocoa? you're a cocoa importer?
I know damn all about the cocoa bean.
Buy the company first and run it later.

Nigel: The London market suits the speculator.
You really have to know your way around. 25
And excellent bargains can be made.

Corman: You've wide experience have you in the trade?

Nigel: The only job I haven't done is peasant
Who grows the stuff, which wouldn't be so pleasant.

Corman: So what's the story with cocoa – 30
Anyone know?
Are Albion having to pay through the nose?

Nigel: There's mistrust between the countries where it grows
And countries like this where we consume. 35
Cocoa is very far from having a boom.
A new agreement has just been implemented.

Zac: (Hell of a lot of wrangling about the buffer stock.)

Nigel: This has driven the price up a little but it's well below the price at
which buffer stock buying is permitted,
And 18% down on a year ago. 40
We consumers are holding the price low.

Corman: So how can you give me a better price than your rivals?

Nigel: Because options and futures are more important than physicals.
(In today's market following an unchanged opening futures rallied
£15 during the afternoon before trade profit taking pared the gains 45
on the closing call. With producers withdrawn physical interest was
restricted to forward/consumer offtake –)

Jake: He buys a forward contract, sells it later,
And every time he's making money off it.

Zac: And you get the benefit of the profit. 50

Jacinta: It's thrilling to watch such a skilful operator.

Corman: And funny business with import licences, Mr Ajibala? Don't answer
that.
Right Zac, let's put cocoa on the back burner.
It looks as if it's a nice little earner. 55
And you Señora? Are you full of beans?
I suppose you want to sell me some caffeine?

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Comedy of Errors*

2 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic significance of chance and coincidence in *The Comedy of Errors*.

Or (b) Comment closely on the dramatic significance and effectiveness of the following passage.

<i>E. Antipholus:</i>	I never saw you in my life till now.	
<i>Aegeon:</i>	O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last; And careful hours with time's deformed hand Have written strange defeatures in my face. But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?	5
<i>E. Antipholus:</i>	Neither.	
<i>Aegeon:</i>	Dromio, nor thou?	
<i>E. Dromio:</i>	No, trust me, sir, nor I.	
<i>Aegeon:</i>	I am sure thou dost.	
<i>E. Dromio:</i>	Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.	10
<i>Aegeon:</i>	Not know my voice! O time's extremity, Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue In seven short years that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear; All these old witnesses – I cannot err – Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.	15
<i>E. Antipholus:</i>	I never saw my father in my life.	
<i>Aegeon:</i>	But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy, Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son, Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.	25
<i>E. Antipholus:</i>	The Duke and all that know me in the city Can witness with me that it is not so: I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.	30
<i>Duke:</i>	I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years Have I been patron to Antipholus, During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse. I see thy age and dangers make thee dote. <i>Re-enter the Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.</i>	35
<i>Abbess:</i>	Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. <i>All gather to see them.</i>	
<i>Adriana:</i>	I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.	
<i>Duke:</i>	One of these men is genius to the other; And so of these. Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?	40
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.	
<i>E. Dromio:</i>	I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.	
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	Aegeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?	45
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	O, my old master! who hath bound him here?	
<i>Abbess:</i>	Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,	

And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Aemilia, 50
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia!
Aegeon: If I dream not, thou art Aemilia.
If thou art she, tell me where is that son 55
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and significance of the crowd in the play.
- Or (b) With close reference to language and dramatic effect, discuss Brutus's evolving state of mind at this stage in the action.

SCENE ONE: *Rome.*

Enter Brutus in his orchard.

Brutus: What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. 5
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Lucius: Call'd you, my lord?
Brutus: Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here. 10

Lucius: I will, my lord. [Exit.

Brutus: It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general: he would be crown'd.
How that might change his nature, there's the question. 15

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him – that!
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with. 20

Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; 25

But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel 30

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus – that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell. 35

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius: The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure 40
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Giving him a letter.

Brutus: Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 45

Lucius: I know not, sir.

Brutus: Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius: I will, sir. [Exit. 50
Brutus: The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light that I may read by them. [Opens the letter and reads. 50
 'Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
 Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up. 55
 'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated 60
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Act 2, Scene 1

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'There are no sofas in this play. The set should simply be a magic place where things can happen' (Charlotte Keatley). In your view, what are the advantages that Keatley gains from this staging idea?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, discuss ways in which Keatley presents the experience of different generations of women in the play.

Margaret: Stay a minute! (*Doris pauses. Margaret doesn't know how to keep her.*)
Do you and Father say your prayers? (*Pause.*) Do you?

Doris: Father does. I think that does very nicely for the both of us.

Margaret: Do you?

Doris: I'm saying goodnight now. 5

Margaret: Will we win the war?

Doris: Not if you don't keep quiet and go to sleep. (*Doris goes to the door.*)

Margaret: What do you mean? (*Pause.*) Gillian says, in part of Manchester there's nothing left, just bricks squashed. She says people get squashed under there. (*Silence.*) Mother? ... 10

Doris: Father will be home soon.

Margaret: (*calls*) Mother – (*Pause.*) Mummy ... (*Pause.*) What happens when you die?

Doris: (*long pause*) I'll bring you some cocoa presently. (*She goes.*)
The sound of aircraft. 15

Margaret: Sssh Suky Ssh! – No, I won't hold you. You ought to go to sleep now, by yourself. You don't need your Mummy to kiss you. You're eight years old.
Lights black out. Margaret exits taking the bedding with her. Jackie takes her place under the piano. Doris returns, with a floral overall over her clothes. Lights up bright. Birdsong. A May day, it is 1961. Doris is 61, Jackie is 9. 20

Doris: Jackie? (*Peers under the piano.*) Jackie! What are you doing under the piano?

Jackie: Seeing what it's like. Mummy says you used to put her to bed under the piano here in the Second World War. And listen to the wireless ... 25

Doris: Margaret says you read a lot of books.

Jackie: Only 'cos she won't let me watch telly. Daddy does. Why d'you call her Margaret?

Doris: Because she's my little girl. You are always your Mother's child, my Mother used to say. 30

Jackie: She's my Mummy.

Doris: I'm her Mummy.

Jackie: Yes but she calls you 'Mother'. That's different.

Doris: How? 35

Jackie: Just is. (*Pause.*) You won't tell Mummy about the cup I broke?

Doris: It was only utility.

Jackie: What's that?

Doris: From the war. (*Pause.*) I'll tell her ... you've been a very good girl. All by yourself, too. (*Pause.*) We'll go in the garden and break two jam jars presently. 40

Jackie: Why?

Doris: Everything goes in threes. If you break one thing, more is sure to follow.

Jackie: Is that true? 45

Doris: So they say.

- Jackie:* Who's they? (*She strokes the piano.*) Why has your bath got feet? This is very old wood.
- Doris:* As old as your grandparents. It's the first thing we bought after we got married. 50
- Jackie:* Yes it is a bit old fashioned.
- Doris:* (*rubs wood*) Classical.
- Jackie:* (*strokes the white flowers in the vase on the piano*) Are these plastic?
- Doris:* No! Wax.
- Jackie:* Can't you afford plastic? 55
- Doris:* I've had those *years*. Since your mother was a little girl.
- Jackie:* We've got new kitchen chairs with yellow seats.
- Doris:* Yes. Your Mother likes all these new formicas, doesn't she. (*Disapproving.*)
- Jackie:* When you spill your lunch you can wipe it off straight away. *All* our furniture's new. Poor old Gran. It's all old here, isn't it? 60
- Doris:* It was new once. (*Pause. Jackie contemplates this.*)

Act 1, Scene 2

(Tom deliberately lays his imaginary fork down and pushes his chair back from the table.)

Tom: I haven't enjoyed one bite of this dinner because of your constant directions on how to eat it. It's you that makes me rush through meals with your hawk-like attention to every bite I take. Sickening – spoils my appetite – all this discussion of – animals' secretion – salivary glands – mastication! 50

Amanda: *(lightly)* Temperament like a Metropolitan star! *(He rises and crosses downstage.)* You're not excused from the table. 55

Tom: I'm getting a cigarette.

Amanda: You smoke too much.

Laura rises

Laura: I'll bring in the blancmange.
He remains standing with his cigarette by the portières during the following. 60

Scene 1

RICHARD SHERIDAN: *The Rivals*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'The plot is static, the action predictable,' said an 18th-century critic of *The Rivals*. Despite this, the play has been constantly revived. What, in your opinion, are the features that have ensured its enduring success?
- Or** (b) What comic possibilities both of character and plot emerge from the following passage?

Lydia: What is it you mean, Sir?

Sir Lucius: Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now – this is no time for trifling.

Lydia: 'Tis true, Sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections. 5

Absolute: Oh! my little angel, say you so? – Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here – with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you – I can only say, that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury – you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency – I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever. 10

Sir Anthony: Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres: Mind, I give up all my claim – I make no pretensions to anything in the world – and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor. 15

Sir Lucius: Captain, give me your hand – an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation – and as for the lady – if she chooses to deny her own handwriting here – *Taking out letters.* 20

Mrs Malaprop: Oh, he will dissolve my mystery! Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake – perhaps, I can illuminate –

Sir Lucius: Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere, where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lydia: Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not. 25
Lydia and Absolute walk aside.

Mrs Malaprop: Sir Lucius O'Trigger – ungrateful as you are – I own the soft impeachment – pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Lucius: You Delia – pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs Malaprop: Why, thou barbarous Vandyke – those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity – perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses. 30

Sir Lucius: Mrs Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I'm not ungrateful, Captain Absolute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain. 35

Absolute: I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's our friend, Fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Lucius: Hah! little Valour – here, will you make your fortune?

Acres: Odds wrinkles! No. But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all. 40

Sir Anthony: Come, Mrs Malaprop, don't be cast down – you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs Malaprop: O Sir Anthony! – men are all barbarians –

45

All retire but Julia and Faulkland.

Act 5, Scene 3

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