



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama

**October/November 2010**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



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This document consists of **11** printed pages and **5** blank pages.





PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) How, and with what effect, does Shaffer present married couples in the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to both stage directions and speech, discuss the dramatic effects of this scene and its significance within the action of the play.

[A burst of Rock music, instantly fading down. Lights darken. ALAN re-enters the square. JILL rises and together they grope their way to the downstage bench, as if in a dark auditorium.]

Alan [to DYSART]: The whole place was full of men. Jill was the only girl.

[They push by a patron seated at the end, and sit side by side, staring up at the invisible screen, located above the heads of the main audience. A spotlight hits the boy's face.] 5

We sat down and the film came on. It was daft. Nothing happened for ages. There was this girl Brita, who was sixteen. She went to stay in this house, where there was an older boy. He kept giving her looks, but she ignored him completely. In the end she took a shower. She went into the bathroom and took off all her clothes. The lot. Very slowly ... What she didn't know was the boy was looking through the door all the time ... [He starts to become excited.] It was fantastic! The water fell on her breasts, bouncing down her ... 10 15

[FRANK steps into the square furtively from the back, hat in hand, and stands looking about for a place.]

Dysart: Was that the first time you'd seen a girl naked?

Alan [to DYSART]: Yes! You couldn't see everything, though ... [Looking about him.] All round me they were all looking. All the men – staring up like they were in church. Like they were a sort of congregation. And then – [He sees his father.] Ah! 20

[At the same instant FRANK sees him.]

Frank:

Alan!

Alan:

God! 25

Jill:

What is it?

Alan:

Dad!

Jill:

Where?

Alan:

At the back! He saw me!

Jill:

You sure? 30

Alan:

Yes!

Frank [calling]: Alan!

Alan:

Oh God!

[He tries to hide his face in the girl's shoulder. His father comes down the aisle towards him.] 35

Frank: Alan! You can hear me! Don't pretend!

Patrons: Ssssh!

Frank [approaching the row of seats]: Do I have to come and fetch you out? ...

Do I? ...

[Cries of 'Sssh!' and 'Shut up!'] 40

Do I, Alan?

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Orsino: There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart....'

How does Shakespeare explore differences between the way that men love and the way that women love in *Twelfth Night*?

- Or (b) With close reference to the extract below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Malvolio at this point in the play.

|                  |  |    |
|------------------|--|----|
| <i>Malvolio:</i> | 'M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.' Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.  |    |
| <i>Fabian:</i>   | What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!   |    |
| <i>Sir Toby:</i> | And with what wing the staniel checks at it!   |    |
| <i>Malvolio:</i> | 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end – what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly! M. O. A. I. –  | 5  |
| <i>Sir Toby:</i> | O, ay, make up that! He is now at a cold scent.  | 10 |
| <i>Fabian:</i>   | Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.  |    |
| <i>Malvolio:</i> | M – Malvolio; M – why, that begins my name.  |    |
| <i>Fabian:</i>   | Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.  |    |
| <i>Malvolio:</i> | M – But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.  | 15 |
| <i>Fabian:</i>   | And O shall end, I hope.   |    |
| <i>Sir Toby:</i> | Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'  |    |
| <i>Malvolio:</i> | And then I comes behind.   |    |
| <i>Fabian:</i>   | Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.   | 20 |
| <i>Malvolio:</i> | M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.  |    |
|                  | [Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, | 25 |
|                  | THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY:   | 30 |
|                  | Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout,  | 35 |
|                  |  | 40 |

in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of 45  
putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.  
[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st  
my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well.  
Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'  
Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have 50  
me.

[*Exit*

Act 2, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of different kinds of father/ son relationships in *Henry IV, Part 1*.
- Or** (b) With detailed reference to the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Hotspur at this point in the play.

*Warkworth Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR solus, reading a letter.*

*Hotspur:*

'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented – why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house – he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous' – why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant – a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him; let him tell the King: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter LADY PERCY.*

*Lady Percy:*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.  
 O my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
 For what offence have I this fortnight been  
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
 To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry 'Courage! To the field!' And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, 50  
 And all the currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow  
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream; 55  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not. 60  
 What, ho!

*Hotspur:*

*[Enter a Servant*

*Act 2, Scene 3*

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) Act 3 of the play takes place on a ship. Consider the dramatic effects of this setting and its significance in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Stoppard's presentation of Ros and Guil at this point in the play.

*Guil [clears his throat]:* In the morning the sun would be easterly. I think we can assume that.

*Ros:* That it's morning?

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*Guil [retiring]:* Somebody might come in. It's what we're counting on, after all. Ultimately.

*Good pause.*

Act 2





ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of the play's title?
- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following extract and suggest what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the episode unfolds.

*Eddie:* It's all right, I'm – [*He starts to go and she holds him.*]

*Beatrice:* No, she wants to ask you. Come on, Katie, ask him. We'll have a party! What're we gonna do, hate each other? Come on!

*Catherine:* I'm gonna get married, Eddie. So if you wanna come, the wedding be on Saturday. 5  
[*Pause.*]

*Eddie:* Okay. I only wanted the best for you, Katie. I hope you know that.

*Catherine:* Okay. [*She starts out again.*]

*Eddie:* Catherine? [*She turns to him.*] I was just tellin' Beatrice ... if you wanna go out, like ... I mean I realize maybe I kept you home too much. 10  
Because he's the first guy you ever knew, y'know? I mean now that you got a job, you might meet some fellas, and you get a different idea, y'know? I mean you could always come back to him, you're still only kids, the both of yiz. What's the hurry? Maybe you'll get around a little bit, you grow up a little more, maybe you'll see different in a couple of 15  
months. I mean you be surprised, it don't have to be him.

*Catherine:* No, we made it up already.

*Eddie* [*with increasing anxiety*]: Katie, wait a minute.

*Catherine:* No, I made up my mind.

*Eddie:* But you never knew no other fella, Katie! How could you make up your 20  
mind?

*Catherine:* 'Cause I did. I don't want nobody else.

*Eddie:* But, Katie, suppose he gets picked up.

*Catherine:* That's why we gonna do it right away. Soon as we finish the wedding he's goin' right over and start to be a citizen. I made up my mind, Eddie. 25  
I'm sorry. [*To BEATRICE*] Could I take two more pillow-cases for the other guys?

*Beatrice:* Sure, go ahead. Only don't let her forget where they came from.  
[*CATHERINE goes into a bedroom.*]

*Eddie:* She's got other boarders up there? 30

*Beatrice:* Yeah, there's two guys that just came over.

*Eddie:* What do you mean, came over?

*Beatrice:* From Italy. Lipari the butcher – his nephew. They come from Bari, they just got here yesterday. I didn't even know till Marco and Rodolpho moved up there before. 35  
[*CATHERINE enters, going towards exit with two pillow-cases.*]  
It'll be nice, they could all talk together.

*Eddie:* Catherine! [*She halts near the exit door. He takes in BEATRICE too.*]  
What're you, got no brains? You put them up there with two other submarines? 40

*Catherine:* Why?

*Eddie* [*in a driving fright and anger*]: Why! How do you know they're not trackin' these guys? They'll come up for them and find Marco and Rodolpho! Get them out of the house!

*Beatrice:* But they been here so long already– 45

*Eddie:* How do you know what enemies Lipari's got? Which they'd love to stab him in the back?

*Catherine:* Well what'll I do with them?

- Eddie:* The neighbourhood is full of rooms. Can't you stand to live a couple of blocks away from him? Get them out of the house! 50
- Catherine:* Well maybe tomorrow night I'll –
- Eddie:* Not tomorrow, do it now. Catherine, you never mix yourself with somebody else's family! These guys get picked up, Lipari's liable to blame you or me and we got his whole family on our head. They got a temper, that family. 55
- [*Two men in overcoats appear outside, start into the house.*]
- Catherine:* How'm I gonna find a place tonight?
- Eddie:* Will you stop arguin' with me and get them out! You think I'm always tryin' to fool you or sump'm? What's the matter with you, don't you believe I could think of your good? Did I ever ask sump'm for myself? 60
- You think I got no feelin's? I never told you nothin' in my life that wasn't for your own good. Nothin'! And look at the way you talk to me! Like I was an enemy! Like I – [*A knock on the door. His head swerves. They all stand motionless. Another knock. EDDIE, in a whisper, pointing upstage.*] Go up the fire escape, get them out over the back fence. 65
- [*CATHERINE stands motionless, uncomprehending.*]

Act 2

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) ‘Algernon: Really, if the lower orders don’t set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them? They seem, as a class, to have absolutely no sense of moral responsibility.’

In the light of this comment, discuss Wilde’s presentation of Lane, Merriman and Miss Prism and their significance in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

- Or** (b) With close attention to detail, show how Wilde creates both character and humour at this point in the play.

*Garden at the Manor House. A flight of grey stone steps leads up to the house. The garden, an old-fashioned one, full of roses. Time of year, July. Basket chairs, and a table covered with books, are set under a large yew-tree.*

[MISS PRISM discovered seated at the table. CECILY is at the back, watering flowers.] 5

Miss Prism [calling]: Cecily, Cecily! Surely such a utilitarian occupation as the watering of flowers is rather Moulton’s duty than yours? Especially at a moment when intellectual pleasures await you. Your German grammar is on the table. Pray open it at page fifteen. We will repeat yesterday’s lesson. 10

Cecily [coming over very slowly]: But I don’t like German. It isn’t at all a becoming language. I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson.

Miss Prism: Child, you know how anxious your guardian is that you should improve yourself in every way. He laid particular stress on your German, as he was leaving for town yesterday. Indeed, he always lays stress on your German when he is leaving for town. 15

Cecily: Dear Uncle Jack is so very serious! Sometimes he is so serious that I think he cannot be quite well. 20

Miss Prism [drawing herself up]: Your guardian enjoys the best of health, and his gravity of demeanour is especially to be commended in one so comparatively young as he is. I know no one who has a higher sense of duty and responsibility.

Cecily: I suppose that is why he often looks a little bored when we three are together. 25

Miss Prism: Cecily! I am surprised at you. Mr Worthing has many troubles in his life. Idle merriment and triviality would be out of place in his conversation. You must remember his constant anxiety about that unfortunate young man his brother. 30

Cecily: I wish Uncle Jack would allow that unfortunate young man, his brother, to come down here sometimes. We might have a good influence over him, Miss Prism. I am sure you certainly would. You know German, and geology, and things of that kind influence a man very much. [CECILY begins to write in her diary.] 35

Miss Prism [shaking her head]: I do not think that even I could produce any effect on a character that according to his own brother’s admission is irretrievably weak and vacillating. Indeed I am not sure that I would desire to reclaim him. I am not in favour of this modern mania for turning bad people into good people at a moment’s notice. As a man sows so let him reap. You must put away your diary, Cecily. I really don’t see why you should keep a diary at all. 40

Cecily: I keep a diary in order to enter the wonderful secrets of my life. If I didn’t write them down, I should probably forget all about them.

- Miss Prism:* Memory, my dear Cecily, is the diary that we all carry about with us. 45
- Cecily:* Yes, but it usually chronicles the things that have never happened, and couldn't possibly have happened. I believe that Memory is responsible for nearly all the three-volume novels that Mudie sends us. 50
- Miss Prism:* Do not speak slightly of the three-volume novel, Cecily. I wrote one myself in earlier days.
- Cecily:* Did you really, Miss Prism? How wonderfully clever you are! I hope it did not end happily? I don't like novels that end happily. They depress me so much. 55
- Miss Prism:* The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what Fiction means.
- Cecily:* I suppose so. But it seems very unfair. And was your novel ever published?
- Miss Prism:* Alas! no. The manuscript unfortunately was abandoned. [CECILY starts.] I used the word in the sense of lost or mislaid. To your work, child, these speculations are profitless. 60
- Cecily [smiling]:* But I see dear Dr Chasuble coming up through the garden.
- Miss Prism [rising and advancing]:* Dr Chasuble! This is indeed a pleasure.
- [Enter CANON CHASUBLE.] 65
- Chasuble:* And how are we this morning? Miss Prism, you are, I trust, well?
- Cecily:* Miss Prism has just been complaining of a slight headache. I think it would do her so much good to have a short stroll with you in the Park, Dr Chasuble.
- Miss Prism:* Cecily, I have not mentioned anything about a headache. 70
- Cecily:* No, dear Miss Prism, I know that, but I felt instinctively that you had a headache. Indeed I was thinking about that, and not about my German lesson, when the Rector came in.
- Chasuble:* I hope, Cecily, you are not inattentive.
- Cecily:* Oh, I am afraid I am. 75
- Chasuble:* That is strange. Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips. [MISS PRISM glares.] I spoke metaphorically. – My metaphor was drawn from bees.

Act 2





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