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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama **May/June 2011**

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

0986354683

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)** Discuss the significance and dramatic presentation of Jill Mason in *Equus*.

Or **(b)** With close reference to the language and action of the following scene, show how Shaffer presents the dilemma faced by Dysart in his attempts to cure Alan.

[HESTHER *comes in simultaneously from the other side.*]

DYSART [*agitated*]: He actually thinks they exist! And of course he wants one.

HESTHER: It doesn't sound like that to me.

DYSART: Of course he does. Why mention them otherwise? He wants a way to speak. To finally tell me what happened in that stable. Tape's too isolated, and hypnosis is a trick. At least that's the pretence.

HESTHER: Does he still say that today?

DYSART: I haven't seen him. I cancelled his appointment this morning, and let him stew in his own anxiety. Now I am almost tempted to play a real trick on him.

HESTHER [*sitting*]: Like what?

DYSART: The old placebo.

HESTHER: You mean a harmless pill?

DYSART: Full of *alleged* Truth Drug. Probably an aspirin.

HESTHER: But he'd deny it afterwards. Same thing all over.

DYSART: No. Because he's ready to abreact.

HESTHER: Abreact?

DYSART: Live it all again. He won't be able to deny it after that, because he'll have shown me. Not just told me – but acted it out in front of me.

HESTHER: Can you get him to do that?

DYSART: I think so. He's nearly done it already. Under all that glowering, he trusts me. Do you realize that?

HESTHER [*warmly*]: I'm sure he does.

DYSART: Poor bloody fool.

HESTHER: Don't start that again.

[*Pause*.]

DYSART [*quietly*]: Can you think of anything worse one can do to anybody than take away their worship?

HESTHER: Worship?

DYSART: Yes, that word again!

HESTHER: Aren't you being a little extreme?

DYSART: Extremity's the point.

HESTHER: Worship isn't destructive, Martin. I know that.

DYSART: I don't. I only know it's the core of his life. What else has he got? Think about him. He can hardly read. He knows no physics or engineering to make the world real for him. No paintings to show him how others have enjoyed it. No music except television jingles. No history except tales from a desperate mother. No friends. Not one kid to give him a joke, or make him know himself more moderately. He's a modern citizen for whom society doesn't exist. He lives *one hour* every three weeks – howling in a mist. And after the service kneels to a slave who stands over him obviously and unthrowably his master. With my body I thee worship! … Many men have less vital with their wives.

[*Pause*.]

HESTHER: All the same, they don't usually blind their wives, do they?
DYSART: Oh, come on!
HESTHER: Well, do they?
DYSART [*sarcastically*]: You mean he's dangerous? A violent, dangerous madman who's going to run round the country doing it again and again?
HESTHER: I mean he's in pain, Martin. He's been in pain for most of his life. That much, at least, you *know*.
DYSART: Possibly.
HESTHER: *Possibly?!* … That cut-off little figure you just described must have been in pain for years.
DYSART [*doggedly*]: Possibly.
HESTHER: And you can take it away.
DYSART: Still – possibly.
HESTHER: Then that's enough. That simply has to be enough for you, surely?
DYSART: No!
HESTHER: Why not?
DYSART: Because it's his.

Act 2, Scene 25

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

2 **Either** **(a)** What, in your view, is the significance of Autolycus to the play as a whole?

Or **(b)** How might an audience react to this scene as it unfolds? You should make close reference to both language and action.

LEONTES: Is he won yet?
HERMIONE: He'll stay, my lord.
LEONTES: At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
HERMIONE: Never?
LEONTES: Never but once.
HERMIONE: What! Have I twice said well? When was't before?
I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things. One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose – When?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
LEONTES: Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever'.
HERMIONE: 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*

LEONTES: [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent. 'T may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer. O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
MAMILLIUS: Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES: I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We must be neat – not neat, but cleanly, Captain.
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. – Still virginalling
Upon his palm? – How now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf?
MAMILLIUS: Yes, if you will, my lord.
LEONTES: Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me; yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs. Women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters – false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam? – may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams – how can this be? –
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost –
And that beyond commission; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hard'ning of my brows.
POLIXENES: What means Sicilia?
HERMIONE: He something seems unsettled.
POLIXENES: How, my lord!
What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?
HERMIONE: You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Act 1, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

3 **Either** **(a)** '… once in my days I'll be a madcap.'

How, and with what effects for the play as a whole, does Shakespeare present Prince Hal's dealings with the world of Eastcheap?

Or **(b)** With close attention to language, comment on the dramatic significance of this episode at this point in the play.

A public road near Coventry.
Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF: Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.
BARDOLPH: Will you give me money, Captain?
FALSTAFF: Lay out, lay out.
BARDOLPH: This bottle makes an angel.
FALSTAFF: An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.
BARDOLPH: I will, Captain; farewell. [Exit.
FALSTAFF: If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies – slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-fac'd ancient. And such have I, to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and WESTMORELAND.

PRINCE: How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FALSTAFF: What, Hal! how now, mad wag! What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WESTMORELAND: Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

FALSTAFF: Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE: I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF: Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE: I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FALSTAFF: Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WESTMORELAND: Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare – too beggarly.

FALSTAFF: Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

PRINCE: No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field. [*Exit*.

Act 4, Scene 2

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

4 **Either** **(a)** '*Player:* Uncertainty is the normal state. You're nobody special.'

Discuss some of the ways in which Ros and Guil attempt to deal with uncertainty during the play's action.

Or **(b)** How might an audience react to the following scene, the first appearance of the players? You should make close reference to both language and action.

The Tragedians are six in number, including a small boy (Alfred).
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PLAYER: There! See anything you like? Act 1

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5 **Either** **(a)** What, for you, is the significance of the play's title?

Or **(b)** With close reference to the language and action of the following passage, discuss Williams's presentation of Blanche's first appearance in the play.

BLANCHE *comes around the corner, carrying a valise.*
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EUNICE: I'll drop by the bowling alley an' hustle her up.
[She goes out of the door.]
Scene 1

[Turn over

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

6 Either (a) '*Jack:* … half an hour after they have met, they will be calling each other sister. *Algernon:* Women only do that when they have called each other a lot of other things first.'

Discuss Wilde's presentation of the relationship between Gwendolen and Cecily and its significance for the play as a whole.

Or (b) With close attention to detail, discuss Wilde's comic presentation of Jack and Algernon in the following passage.

JACK: My dear Algy, I don't know whether you will be able to understand my real motives. You are hardly serious enough. When one is placed in the position of guardian, one has to adopt a very high moral tone on all subjects. It's one's duty to do so. And as a high moral tone can hardly be said to conduce very much to either one's health or one's happiness, in order to get up to town I have always pretended to have a younger brother of the name of Ernest, who lives in the Albany, and gets into the most dreadful scrapes. That, my dear Algy, is the whole truth pure and simple.

ALGERNON: The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!

JACK: That wouldn't be at all a bad thing.

ALGERNON: Literary criticism is not your forte, my dear fellow. Don't try it. You should leave that to people who haven't been at a University. They do it so well in the daily papers. What you really are is a Bunburyist. I was quite right in saying you were a Bunburyist. You are one of the most advanced Bunburyists I know.

JACK: What on earth do you mean?

ALGERNON: You have invented a very useful younger brother called Ernest, in order that you may be able to come up to town as often as you like. I have invented an invaluable permanent invalid called Bunbury, in order that I may be able to go down into the country whenever I choose. Bunbury is perfectly invaluable. If it wasn't for Bunbury's extraordinary bad health, for instance, I wouldn't be able to dine with you at Willis's tonight, for I have been really engaged to Aunt Augusta for more than a week.

JACK: I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere tonight.

ALGERNON: I know. You are absurdly careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations.

JACK: You had much better dine with your Aunt Augusta.

ALGERNON: I haven't the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. To begin with, I dined there on Monday, and once a week is quite enough to dine with one's own relations. In the second place, whenever I do dine there I am always treated as a member of the family, and sent down with either no woman at all, or two. In the third place, I know perfectly well whom she will place me next to, tonight. She will place me next Mary Farquhar, who always flirts

with her own husband across the dinner-table. That is not very pleasant. Indeed, it is not even decent … and that sort of thing is enormously on the increase. The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public. Besides, now that I know you to be a confirmed Bunburyist I naturally want to talk to you about Bunburying. I want to tell you the rules.

JACK: I'm not a Bunburyist at all. If Gwendolen accepts me, I am going to kill my brother, indeed I think I'll kill him in any case. Cecily is a little too much interested in him. It is rather a bore. So I am going to get rid of Ernest. And I strongly advise you to do the same with Mr … with your invalid friend who has the absurd name.

ALGERNON: Nothing will induce me to part with Bunbury, and if you ever get married, which seems to me extremely problematic, you will be very glad to know Bunbury. A man who marries without knowing Bunbury has a very tedious time of it.

Act 1

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