

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

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/04**

Paper 4 Drama

October/November 2004

**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 on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



CARYL CHURCHILL : *Serious Money*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Greed is all right. Greed is healthy.' How does Churchill's play challenge Marylou's assertion?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following scene, showing how Churchill establishes both character and theme here.

*Liffe Champagne Bar*

SCILLA (*trader with Liffe*), her brother JAKE (*commercial paper dealer*),  
GRIMES (*gilts dealer*) *drinking together in the champagne bar.*

|                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| GRIMES                         | Meanwhile<br>Zackerman rings and – this'll make you smile –<br>He goes, he goes, I'll give you a hundred grand,<br>Plus the car and that, and fifty in your hand,<br>But no thinking about it, no calling back,<br>This is my first and last. I say, Zac,<br>A good dealer don't need time to think.<br>So there you go. Have another drink. | 5  |
| JAKE                           | So there's twenty-seven firms dealing gilts.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| SCILLA                         | Where there used to be two.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 10 |
| GRIMES                         | Half the bastards don't know what to do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| JAKE                           | Those of you that do have got it made.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| SCILLA                         | And all twenty-seven want ten per cent of the trade.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| GRIMES                         | So naturally there's going to be blood spilt.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| JAKE                           | Ten per cent? Go in there and get fifty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 15 |
| SCILLA                         | Everyone thinks it's Christmas and it's great to know they love you,<br>But you mustn't forget there's plenty still above you.<br>(There's at least two dozen people in the City now getting a million a year.)<br>Think of the ones at the top who can afford<br>To pay us to make them money, and they're on the board.                    | 20 |
| GRIMES                         | They're for the chop.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| JAKE ( <i>simultaneously</i> ) | I'm on the board.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| SCILLA                         | True, you're on the board,<br>But how many of us will make it to the top?<br>If we've a Porsche in the garage and champagne in the glass<br>We don't notice there's a lot of power still held by men of daddy's class.                                                                                                                       | 25 |
| GRIMES                         | No but most of them got no feel<br>For the market. Jake's the only public schoolboy what can really deal.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| JAKE                           | That's because I didn't go to university and learn to think twice.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| SCILLA                         | Yes, but they regard us as the SAS.<br>They send us in to smash the place up and get them out of a mess.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 30 |
| GRIMES                         | Listen, do you want my advice?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| SCILLA                         | They'll have us on the scrap heap at thirty-five,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| JAKE                           | I've no intention of working after I'm thirty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| SCILLA                         | Unless we're really determined to survive<br>(which I am).                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 35 |
| JAKE                           | It probably means you have to fight dirty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |

- GRIMES Listen, Nomura's recruiting a whole lot of Sloanes.  
Customers like to hear them on the phones.  
Because it don't sound Japanese. 40  
If you want to get in somewhere big –
- SCILLA Grimes, don't be such a sleaze.  
Daddy could have got me in at the back door  
But you know I'd rather be working on the floor.  
I love it down with the oiks, it's more exciting. 45
- JAKE When Scilla was little she always enjoyed fighting  
(better at it than me).
- SCILLA But it's time to go it alone and be a local.  
I'm tired of making money for other people.
- GRIMES (Going to make a million a year? 50
- SCILLA I might do.)

*Act 1*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *The Comedy of Errors*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Antipholus of Ephesus and Antipholus of Syracuse are twins in looks, not in character.' What dramatic effects does this create in the play?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following episode, showing how Shakespeare creates both character and comedy.

|               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|---------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| ADRIANA       | Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;<br>Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,<br>Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,<br>Makes me with thy strength to communicate.<br>If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,                                                                                                                                                                                     | 5  |
|               | Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;<br>Who all, for want of pruning, with intrusion<br>Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| S. ANTIPHOLUS | To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.<br>What, was I married to her in my dream?<br>Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?<br>What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?<br>Until I know this sure uncertainty,<br>I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.                                                                                                                                                        | 10 |
| LUCIANA       | Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 15 |
| S. DROMIO     | O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.<br>This is the fairy land. O spite of spites!<br>We talk with goblins, owls and sprites.<br>If we obey them not, this will ensue:<br>They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.                                                                                                                                                                                       | 20 |
| LUCIANA       | Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?<br>Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| S. DROMIO     | I am transformed, master, am not I?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| S. ANTIPHOLUS | I think thou art in mind, and so am I.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| S. DROMIO     | Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 25 |
| S. ANTIPHOLUS | Thou hast thine own form.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| S. DROMIO     | No, I am an ape.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| LUCIANA       | If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| S. DROMIO     | 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.<br>'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be<br>But I should know her as well as she knows me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 30 |
| ADRIANA       | Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,<br>To put the finger in the eye and weep,<br>Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.<br>Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.<br>Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,<br>And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.<br>Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,<br>Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.<br>Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well. | 35 |

|               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|---------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| S. ANTIPHOLUS | Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?<br>Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advis'd?<br>Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!<br>I'll say as they say, and persever so,<br>And in this mist at all adventures go. | 40 |
| S. DROMIO     | Master, shall I be porter at the gate?                                                                                                                                                                              | 45 |
| ADRIANA       | Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| LUCIANA       | Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.                                                                                                                                                                           |    |

*[Exeunt.]*

*Act 2, Scene 2*

- 3**   **Either**   **(a)** Discuss the role and dramatic importance of Banquo in the play as a whole.
- Or**            **(b)** Paying close attention to the detail of the passage, show how Shakespeare establishes the character of Lady Macbeth and her relationship with her husband.

LADY MACBETH

Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. 5  
Thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which cries  
'Thus thou must do' if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, 10  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a MESSENGER.* 15

|              |                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
|--------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
|              | What is your tidings?                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| MESSENGER    | The King comes here to-night.                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| LADY MACBETH | Thou'rt mad to say it.<br>Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,<br>Would have inform'd for preparation.                                                                   | 20 |
| MESSENGER    | So please you, it is true. Our Thane is coming.<br>One of my fellows had the speed of him,<br>Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more<br>Than would make up his message. |    |

LADY MACBETH Give him tending: 25  
He brings great news.

[Exit MESSENGER.

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 30  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,  
Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature 35  
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between  
Th'effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night, 40  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry 'Hold, hold'.

Enter MACBETH. 45

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant. 50

MACBETH My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH To-morrow – as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never 55

Shall sun that morrow see!  
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like th'innocent flower, 60  
 But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for; and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dispatch;  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 65

MACBETH We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear.  
 To alter favour ever is to fear.  
 Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

Act 1, Scene 5

J. M. SYNGE : *The Playboy of the Western World*

4 **Either** (a) How does Synge contrast dream and reality in the play and with what effects?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following episode, paying particular attention to the image of himself that Christy wishes to present to the assembled company.

CHRISTY I never left my own parish till Tuesday was a week.

PEGEEN (*coming from counter*) He's done nothing, so. (*To CHRISTY*) If you didn't commit murder or a bad, nasty thing, or false coining, or robbery, or butchery, or the like of them, there isn't anything would be worth your troubling for to run from now. You did nothing at all. 5

CHRISTY (*his feelings hurt*) That's an unkindly thing to be saying to a poor orphaned traveller, has a prison behind him, and hanging before, and hell's gap gaping below.

PEGEEN (*with a sign to the men to be quiet*) You're only saying it. You did nothing at all. A soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the windpipe of a screeching sow. 10

CHRISTY (*offended*) You're not speaking the truth.

PEGEEN (*in mock rage*) Not speaking the truth, is it? Would you have me knock the head of you with the butt of the broom?

CHRISTY (*twisting round on her with a sharp cry of horror*) Don't strike me. I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that. 15

PEGEEN (*with blank amazement*) Is it killed your father?

CHRISTY (*subsiding*) With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul.

PHILLY (*retreating with JIMMY*) There's a daring fellow. 20

JIMMY Oh, glory be to God!

MICHAEL (*with great respect*) That was a hanging crime, mister honey. You should have had good reason for doing the like of that.

CHRISTY (*in a very reasonable tone*) He was a dirty man, God forgive him, and he getting old and crusty, the way I couldn't put up with him at all. 25

PEGEEN And you shot him dead?

CHRISTY (*shaking his head*) I never used weapons. I've no licence, and I'm a law-fearing man.

MICHAEL It was with a hilted knife maybe? I'm told, in the big world, it's bloody knives they use. 30

CHRISTY (*loudly, scandalized*) Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?

PEGEEN You never hanged him, the way Jimmy Farrell hanged his dog from the licence, and had it screeching and wriggling three hours at the butt of a string, and himself swearing it was a dead dog, and the peelers swearing it had life? 35

CHRISTY I did not then. I just riz the loy and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull, and he went down at my feet like an empty sack, and never let a grunt or groan from him at all.

MICHAEL (*making a sign to PEGEEN to fill CHRISTY'S glass*) And what way weren't you hanged, mister? Did you bury him then? 40

CHRISTY (*considering*) Aye. I buried him then. Wasn't I digging spuds in the field?

MICHAEL And the peelers never followed after you the eleven days that you're out?

CHRISTY (*shaking his head*) Never a one of them, and I walking forward facing hog, dog, or devil on the highway of the road. 45

PHILLY (*nodding wisely*) It's only with a common week-day kind of murderer them lads would be trusting their carcase, and that man should be a great terror when his temper's roused.

MICHAEL He should then. (*To CHRISTY*) And where was it, mister honey, that you did the deed? 50

CHRISTY (*looking at him with suspicion*) Oh, a distant place, master of the house, a windy corner of high distant hills.

*Act 1*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS : *The Glass Menagerie*

- 5 **Either** (a) How does Williams dramatise the theme of self-delusion in *The Glass Menagerie*?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, write about the dramatic importance of Jim's visit to the Wingfield household.

(LEGEND: 'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE SINCE HIGH SCHOOL?')

JIM *lights a cigarette and leans indolently back on his elbows smiling at LAURA with a warmth and charm which lights her inwardly with altar candles. She remains by the table and turns in her hands a piece of glass to cover her tumult.*

5

JIM (*after several reflective puffs on a cigarette*) What have you done since high school? (*She seems not to hear him.*) Huh? (*LAURA looks up.*) I said what have you done since high school, Laura?

LAURA Nothing much.

JIM You must have been doing something these six long years.

10

LAURA Yes.

JIM Well, then, such as what?

LAURA I took a business course at business college –

JIM How did that work out?

LAURA Well, not very – well – I had to drop out, it gave me – indigestion –

15

(JIM *laughs gently.*)

JIM What are you doing now?

LAURA I don't do anything – much. Oh, please don't think I sit around doing nothing! My glass collection takes up a good deal of time. Glass is something you have to take good care of.

20

JIM What did you say – about glass?

LAURA Collection I said – I have one – (*She clears her throat and turns away, acutely shy.*)

JIM (*abruptly*) You know what I judge to be the trouble with you?

Inferiority complex! Know what that is? That's what they call it when someone low-rates himself!

25

I understand it because I had it, too. Although my case was not so aggravated as yours seems to be. I had it until I took up public speaking, developed my voice, and learned that I had an aptitude for science. Before that time I never thought of myself as being outstanding in any way whatsoever!

30

Now I've never made a regular study of it, but I have a friend who says I can analyse people better than doctors that make a profession of it. I don't claim that to be necessarily true, but I can sure guess a person's psychology, Laura! (*Takes out his gum.*) Excuse me, Laura. I always take it out when the flavour is gone. I'll use this scrap of paper to wrap it in. I know how it is to get it stuck on a shoe.

35

Yep – that's what I judge to be your principal trouble. A lack of amount of faith in yourself as a person. You don't have the proper amount of faith in yourself. I'm basing that fact on a number of your remarks and also on certain observations I've made. For instance that clumping you thought was so awful in high school. You say that you even dreaded to walk into class. You see what you did? You dropped out of school, you gave up an

40

education because of a clump, which as far as I know was practically non-existent! A little physical defect is what you have. Hardly noticeable even! Magnified thousands of times by imagination! 45  
 You know what my strong advice to you is? Think of yourself as *superior* in some way!

LAURA In what way would I think?

JIM Why, man alive, Laura! Just look about you a little. What do you see? 50  
 A world full of common people! All of 'em born and all of 'em going to die! Which of them has one-tenth of your good points! Or mine! Or anyone else's, as far as that goes – Gosh! Everybody excels in some one thing. Some in many!

(*Unconsciously glances at himself in the mirror.*) 55

Scene 7

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY : *The Country Wife*

6 Either (a) How does Horner's role in the play contribute to Wycherley's dramatisation of hypocrisy?

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to how Wycherley develops the situation's comic possibilities.

SIR JASPAR      Won't you be acquainted with her, sir? (*Aside*) So the report is true, I find, by his coldness or aversion to the sex; but I'll play the wag with him. – Pray salute my wife, my lady, sir.

HORNER          I will kiss no man's wife, sir, for him, sir; I have taken my eternal leave, sir, of the sex already, sir. 5

SIR JASPAR (*aside*) Hah, hah, hah! I'll plague him yet. – Not know my wife, sir?

HORNER          I do not know your wife, sir; she's a woman, sir, and consequently a monster, sir, a greater monster than a husband, sir.

SIR JASPAR      A husband! How, sir?

HORNER (*makes horns*) So, sir; but I make no more cuckolds, sir. 10

SIR JASPAR      Hah, hah, hah! Mercury, Mercury!

LADY FIDGET    Pray, Sir Jaspar, let us be gone from this rude fellow.

DAINTY          Who, by his breeding, would think he had ever been in France?

LADY FIDGET    Foh, he's but too much a French fellow, such as hate women of quality and virtue for their love to their husbands, Sir Jaspar; a woman is hated by 'em as much for loving her husband as for loving their money. But pray, let's be gone. 15

HORNER          You do well, madam, for I have nothing that you came for; I have brought over not so much as a bawdy picture, new postures, nor the second part of the *École des Filles*, nor – 20

QUACK (*apart to* HORNER) Hold, for shame, sir! What d'ye mean? You'll ruin yourself forever with the sex –

SIR JASPAR      Hah, hah, hah, he hates women perfectly, I find.

DAINTY          What a pity 'tis he should.

LADY FIDGET    Ay, he's a base, rude fellow for't; but affectation makes not a woman more odious to them than virtue. 25

HORNER          Because your virtue is your greatest affectation madam.

LADY FIDGET    How, you saucy fellow! Would you wrong my honour?

HORNER          If I could.

LADY FIDGET    How d'ye mean, sir? 30

SIR JASPAR      Hah, hah, hah! No, he can't wrong your ladyship's honour, upon my honour; he, poor man – hark you in your ear – a mere eunuch.

LADY FIDGET    O filthy French beast, foh, foh! Why do we stay? Let's be gone; I can't endure the sight of him.

SIR JASPAR      Stay but till the chairs come; they'll be here presently. 35

LADY FIDGET    No, no.

SIR JASPAR      Nor can I stay longer. 'Tis – let me see, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute past eleven; the Council will be sat, I must away. Business must be preferred always before love and ceremony with the wise, Mr Horner. 40

HORNER                   And the impotent, Sir Jaspar.  
SIR JASPAR             Ay, ay, the impotent, Master Horner, hah, ha, ha!  
LADY FIDGET           What, leave us with a filthy man alone in his lodgings?  
SIR JASPAR             He's an innocent man now, you know. Pray stay, I'll hasten the  
                              chairs to you. – Mr Horner, your servant; I should be glad to see   45  
                              you at my house. Pray come and dine with me, and play at cards  
                              with my wife after dinner; you are fit for women at that game yet,  
                              hah, ha! (*Aside*) 'Tis as much a husband's prudence to provide  
                              innocent diversion for a wife as to hinder her unlawful pleasures,  
                              and he had better employ her than let her employ herself. –   50  
                              Farewell.

(*Exit* SIR JASPAR.)

*Act 1, Scene 1*





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