



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 2013**

**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 **1** blank page.



EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of the title 'Fun and Games' for the action of Act 1 of the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the significance to the audience of Martha's monologue, the opening to Act 3.

[MARTHA enters, talking to herself.]

Martha: Hey, hey.... Where is everybody...? *[It is evident she is not bothered.]* So? Drop me; pluck me like a goddamn ... whatever-it-is ... creeping vine, and throw me over your shoulder like an old shoe ... George? *[Looks about her.]* 5  
 George? *[Silence.]* George! What are you doing: Hiding, or something? *[Silence.]* GEORGE!! *[Silence.]* Oh, fa Chri... *[Goes to the bar, makes herself a drink and amuses herself with the following performance.]* Deserted! Abandon-ed! Left out in the cold like an old pussy-cat. HA! Can I get you a drink, Martha? Why, thank you, George; that's very kind of you. No, Martha, no; why I'd do anything for you. Would you, George? 10  
 Why, I'd do anything for you, too. Would you, Martha? Why, certainly, George. Martha, I've misjudged you. And I've misjudged you, too, George, WHERE IS EVERYBODY!!! 15  
 Hump the Hostess! *[Laughs greatly at this, falls into a chair; calms down, looks defeated, says, softly]* Fat chance. *[Even softer]* Fat chance. *[Baby-talk now.]* Daddy? Daddy? Martha is abandon-ed. Left to her own vices at ... *[Peers at a clock]* ... something o'clock in the old A.M. Daddy White-Mouse; do you really have red eyes? Do you? Let me see. Ohhhhhh! 20  
 You do! You do! Daddy, you have red eyes ... because you cry all the time, don't you, Daddy. Yes; you do. You cry alllll the time, I'LL GIVE ALL YOU BASTARDS FIVE TO COME OUT FROM WHERE YOU'RE HIDING!! *[Pause]* I cry all the 25  
 time too, Daddy. I cry alllll the time; but deep inside, so no one can see me. I cry all the time. And Georgie cries all the time, too. We both cry all the time, and then, what we do, we cry, and we take our tears, and we put 'em in the ice box, in the goddamn ice trays *[Begins to laugh]* until they're all frozen *[Laughs even more]* and then ... we put them ... in our ... drinks. *[More laughter, which is something else, too. After sobering silence]* Up the drain, down the spout, dead, gone and forgotten. ... Up the spout, not down the spout; up the spout: THE POKER NIGHT. Up the spout. ... *[Sadly]* I've 35  
 got windshield wipers on my eyes, because I married you ... baby! ... Martha, you'll be a songwriter yet. *[Jiggles the ice in her glass.]* CLINK! *[Does it again.]* CLINK! *[Giggles, repeats it several times.]* CLINK! ... CLINK! ... CLINK! ... CLINK! 40  
 [NICK enters while MARTHA is clinking; he stands in the hall entrance and watches her; finally he comes in.]

Act 3

**Turn to Page 4 for Question 2.**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of passing time in *The Winter's Tale*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Leontes in the following scene.

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Leontes:</i> | Ha' not you seen, Camillo –<br>But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass<br>Is thicker than a cuckold's horn – or heard –<br>For to a vision so apparent rumour<br>Cannot be mute – or thought – for cogitation<br>Resides not in that man that does not think –<br>My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess –<br>Or else be impudently negative,<br>To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought – then say<br>My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name<br>As rank as any flax-wench that puts to<br>Before her troth-plight. Say't and justify't.                                                                  | 5  |
| <i>Camillo:</i> | I would not be a stander-by to hear<br>My sovereign mistress clouded so, without<br>My present vengeance taken. Shrew my heart!<br>You never spoke what did become you less<br>Than this; which to reiterate were sin<br>As deep as that, though true.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 10 |
| <i>Leontes:</i> | Is whispering nothing?<br>Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?<br>Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career<br>Of laughter with a sigh? – a note infallible<br>Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot?<br>Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift;<br>Hours, minutes; noon, midnight? And all eyes<br>Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,<br>That would unseen be wicked – is this nothing?<br>Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;<br>The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;<br>My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,<br>If this be nothing. | 20 |
| <i>Camillo:</i> | Good my lord, be cur'd<br>Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;<br>For 'tis most dangerous.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 25 |
| <i>Leontes:</i> | Say it be, 'tis true.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 30 |
| <i>Camillo:</i> | No, no, my lord.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 35 |
| <i>Leontes:</i> | It is; you lie, you lie.<br>I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;<br>Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,<br>Or else a hovering temporizer that<br>Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,<br>Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver<br>Infected as her life, she would not live<br>The running of one glass.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 40 |
| <i>Camillo:</i> | Who does infect her?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 45 |

- Leontes:* Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging  
 About his neck, Bohemia; who – if I  
 Had servants true about me that bare eyes  
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that 50  
 Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,  
 His cupbearer – whom I from meaner form  
 Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who mayst see,  
 Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,  
 How I am gall'd – mightst bespice a cup 55  
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
 Which draught to me were cordial.
- Camillo:* Sir, my lord,  
 I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
 But with a ling'ring dram that should not work 60  
 Maliciously like poison. But I cannot  
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.  
 I have lov'd thee –
- Leontes:* Make that thy question, and go rot! 65  
 Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
 To appoint myself in this vexation; sully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets –  
 Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps; 70  
 Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my son –  
 Who I do think is mine, and love as mine –  
 Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?  
 Could man so blench?

Act 1, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of ambition in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following extract, discuss how Shakespeare shapes an audience's response to Richard.

*[Enter KING RICHARD and his Train, marching with drums and trumpets.]*

|                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | Who intercepts me in my expedition?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | O, she that might have intercepted thee,<br>By strangling thee in her accursed womb,<br>From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast<br>done!                                                                                                                    | 5  |
| <i>Queen Elizabeth:</i> | Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown<br>Where should be branded, if that right were right,<br>The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,<br>And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?<br>Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children? | 10 |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother<br>Clarence?<br>And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?                                                                                                                                                                     | 15 |
| <i>Queen Elizabeth:</i> | Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | Where is kind Hastings?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!<br>Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women<br>Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!                                                                                                                        | 20 |
|                         | <i>[Flourish. Alarums.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
|                         | Either be patient and entreat me fair,<br>Or with the clamorous report of war<br>Thus will I drown your exclamations.                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | Art thou my son?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 25 |
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | Then patiently hear my impatience.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | Madam, I have a touch of your condition<br>That cannot brook the accent of reproof.                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | O, let me speak!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 30 |
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | Do, then; but I'll not hear.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | I will be mild and gentle in my words.                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,<br>God knows, in torment and in agony.                                                                                                                                                                                   | 35 |
| <i>King Richard:</i>    | And came I not at last to comfort you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Duchess:</i>         | No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well<br>Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.<br>A grievous burden was thy birth to me;<br>Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;<br>Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and<br>furious;                       | 40 |

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;  
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,  
 More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred. 45  
 What comfortable hour canst thou name  
 That ever grac'd me with thy company?

*King Richard:* Faith, none but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your  
 Grace  
 To breakfast once forth of my company. 50  
 If I be so disgracious in your eye,  
 Let me march on and not offend you, madam.  
 Strike up the drum.

*Duchess:* I prithee hear me speak.

*King Richard:* You speak too bitterly. 55

*Duchess:* Hear me a word;  
 For I shall never speak to thee again.

*King Richard:* So.

*Duchess:* Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance  
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror; 60  
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish  
 And never more behold thy face again.  
 Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,  
 Which in the day of battle tire thee more  
 Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st! 65  
 My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
 And there the little souls of Edward's children  
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
 And promise them success and victory.  
 Bloody thou art; bloody will be thy end. 70  
 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

*[Exit.]*

Act 4, Scene 4

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'BLANCHE: ...you're not old! You can get out.  
STELLA (*slowly and emphatically*): I'm not in anything I want to get out of.'

To what extent do you see the women in the play as victims?

- Or** (b) With close reference to the action and language of the following passage, discuss Williams's presentation of tension at this point in the play.

[*The Negro entertainers around the corner are heard.*]

Blanche: What happened while I was bathing? What did he tell you, Stella?

Stella: Nothing, nothing, nothing!

Blanche: I think he told you something about Mitch and me! You know why Mitch didn't come but you won't tell me! [STELLA shakes her head helplessly.] I'm going to call him! 5

Stella: I wouldn't call him, Blanche.

Blanche: I am, I'm going to call him on the phone.

Stella [*miserably*]: I wish you wouldn't. 10

Blanche: I intend to be given some explanation from someone!

[*She rushes to the phone in the bedroom. STELLA goes out on the porch and stares reproachfully at her husband. He grunts and turns away from her.*]

Stella: I hope you're pleased with your doings. I never had so much trouble swallowing food in my life, looking at the girl's face and the empty chair. [*She cries quietly.*] 15

Blanche [*at the phone*]: Hello. Mr Mitchell, please ... Oh. ... I would like to leave a number if I may. Magnolia 9047. And say it's important to call. ... Yes, very important. ... Thank you. [*She remains by the phone with a lost, frightened look.*] 20

[*STANLEY turns slowly back towards his wife and takes her clumsily in his arms.*]

Stanley: Stell, it's gonna be all right after she goes and after you've had the baby. It's gonna be all right again between you and me the way that it was. You remember that way that it was? Them nights we had together? God, honey, it's gonna be sweet when we can make noise in the night the way that we used to and get the coloured lights going with nobody's sister behind the curtains to hear us! 25 30

[*Their upstairs neighbours are heard in bellowing laughter at something. STANLEY chuckles.*]

Steve an' Eunice ...

Stella: Come on back in. [*She returns to the kitchen and starts lighting the candles on the white cake.*] Blanche? 35

Blanche: Yes. [*She returns from the bedroom to the table in the kitchen.*] Oh, those pretty, pretty little candles! Oh, don't burn them, Stella.

Stella: I certainly will.

- [STANLEY *comes back in.*] 40
- Blanche:* You ought to save them for baby's birthdays. Oh, I hope candles are going to glow in his life and I hope that his eyes are going to be like candles, like two blue candles lighted in a white cake!
- Stanley [sitting down]:* What poetry! 45
- Blanche:* His Auntie knows candles aren't safe, that candles burn out in little boys' and girls' eyes, or wind blows them out and after that happens, electric light bulbs go on and you see too plainly ... [*She pauses reflectively for a moment.*] I shouldn't have called him. 50
- Stella:* There's lots of things could have happened.
- Blanche:* There's no excuse for it, Stella. I don't have to put up with insults. I won't be taken for granted.
- Stanley:* Goddamn, it's hot in here with the steam from the bathroom.
- Blanche:* I've said I was sorry three times. [*The piano fades out.*] I take hot baths for my nerves. Hydro-therapy, they call it. You healthy Polack, without a nerve in your body, of course you don't know what anxiety feels like! 55
- Stanley:* I am not a Polack. People from Poland are Poles, not Polacks. But what I am is a one hundred per cent American, born and raised in the greatest country on earth and proud as hell of it, so don't ever call me a Polack. 60
- [*The phone rings. BLANCHE rises expectantly.*]
- Blanche:* Oh, that's for me, I'm sure.
- Stanley:* I'm not sure. Keep your seat. [*He crosses leisurely to phone.*] 65
- H'lo. Aw, yeh, hello, Mac.
- [*He leans against wall, staring insultingly in at BLANCHE. She sinks back in her chair with a frightened look. STELLA leans over and touches her shoulder.*]

Scene 8

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5    **Either**    (a) 'LADY CHILTERN: One's past is what one is. It is the only way by which people should be judged.'

What, for you, is the significance of Lady Chiltern's view for the play as a whole?

- Or**            (b) How might an audience react as the following scene unfolds? You should make close reference to detail from the passage.

*Sir Robert Chiltern:* I fear I have no advice to give you, Mrs Cheveley, except to interest yourself in something less dangerous. The success of the Canal depends, of course, on the attitude of England, and I am going to lay the report of the Commissioners before the House tomorrow night. 5

*Mrs Cheveley:* That you must not do. In your own interests, Sir Robert, to say nothing of mine, you must not do that.

*Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Looking at her in wonder*]: 10  
In my own interests? My dear Mrs Cheveley, what do you mean? [*Sits down beside her*]

*Mrs Cheveley:* Sir Robert, I will be quite frank with you. I want you to withdraw the report that you had intended to lay before the House, on the ground that you have reasons to believe that the Commissioners have been prejudiced or misinformed, or something. Then I want you to say a few words to the effect that the Government is going to reconsider the question, and that you have reason to believe that the Canal, if completed, will be of great international value. You know the sort of things ministers say in cases of this kind. A few ordinary platitudes will do. In modern life nothing produces such an effect as a good platitude. It makes the whole world kin. Will you do that for me? 15 20 25

*Sir Robert Chiltern:* Mrs Cheveley, you cannot be serious in making me such a proposition!

*Mrs Cheveley:* I am quite serious. 30

*Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Coldly*]: Pray allow me to believe that you are not!

*Mrs Cheveley* [*Speaking with great deliberation and emphasis*]: Ah! but I am. And, if you do what I ask you, I ... will pay you very handsomely! 35

*Sir Robert Chiltern:* Pay me!

*Mrs Cheveley:* Yes.

*Sir Robert Chiltern:* I am afraid I don't quite understand what you mean.

- Mrs Cheveley* [*Leaning back on the sofa and looking at him*]:  
How very disappointing! And I have come all the way from Vienna in order that you should thoroughly understand me. 40
- Sir Robert Chiltern*: I fear I don't.
- Mrs Cheveley* [*In her most nonchalant manner*]:  
My dear Sir Robert, you are a man of the world, and you have your price, I suppose. Everybody has nowadays. The drawback is that most people are so dreadfully expensive. I know I am. I hope you will be more reasonable in your terms. 45
- Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Rises indignantly*]:  
If you will allow me, I will call your carriage for you. You have lived so long abroad, Mrs Cheveley, that you seem to be unable to realize that you are talking to an English gentleman. 50
- Mrs Cheveley* [*Detains him by touching his arm with her fan, and keeping it there while she is talking*]:  
I realize that I am talking to a man who laid the foundation of his fortune by selling to a Stock Exchange speculator a Cabinet secret. 55
- Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Biting his lip*]:  
What do you mean? 60
- Mrs Cheveley* [*Rising and facing him*]:  
I mean that I know the real origin of your wealth and your career, and I have got your letter, too.
- Sir Robert Chiltern*: What letter? 65
- Mrs Cheveley* [*Contemptuously*]:  
The letter you wrote to Baron Arnheim, when you were Lord Radley's secretary, telling the Baron to buy Suez Canal shares – a letter written three days before the Government announced its own purchase. 70
- Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Hoarsely*]:  
It is not true.

Act 1

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