



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
Cambridge International Level 3 Pre-U Certificate
Principal Subject

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9765/02

Paper 2 Drama

May/June 2010

2 hours

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Answer **two** questions, one question from Section A and one question from Section B.

You must answer at least one passage-based question.



This document consists of **17** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

All questions carry equal marks.

You are reminded to make reference as appropriate to the literary and historical context of the text in your answers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 1 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of Aufidius to the play as a whole?
- Or** (b) Discuss the significance of the following passage as a prelude to Coriolanus's first appearance in the play.

1 Citizen:	Well, sir, what answer made the belly?	
Menenius:	Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus – For look you, I may make the belly smile As well as speak – it tauntingly replied	5
1 Citizen:	To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most fitly As you malign our senators for that They are not such as you.	
1 Citizen:	Your belly's answer – What?	10
Menenius:	The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they –	15
Menenius:	What then?	
1 Citizen:	Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? What then?	
1 Citizen:	Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body –	20
Menenius:	Well, what then?	
1 Citizen:	The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?	
Menenius:	I will tell you; If you'll bestow a small – of what you have little – Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.	25
1 Citizen:	Y'are long about it.	
Menenius:	Note me this, good friend: Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered.	30
1 Citizen:	'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he, 'That I receive the general food at first Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the storehouse and the shop Of the whole body. But, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain;	35
Menenius:	And, through the cranks and offices of man,	

The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
You, my good friends;' – this says the belly, mark me.
1 Citizen: Ay, sir; well, well. 40
Meneniuss: 'Though all at once cannot 45
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?
1 Citizen: It was an answer. How apply you this? 50
Meneniuss: The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly
Touching the weal o' th' common, you shall find 55
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
1 Citizen: I the great toe? Why the great toe? 60
Meneniuss: For that, being one o' th' lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost.
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs. 65
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 2 **Either** (a) Explore the relationship between the court and the forest in the play.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, showing how it contributes to debates about love in the play as a whole.

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and CLOWN alias TOUCHSTONE.

<i>Rosalind:</i>	O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.	
<i>Rosalind:</i>	I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.	5
<i>Celia:</i>	I pray you bear with me; I cannot go no further.	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.	10
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Well, this is the Forest of Arden.	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.	15
<i>Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.</i>		
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.	
<i>Corin:</i>	That is the way to make her scorn you still.	
<i>Silvius:</i>	O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!	20
<i>Corin:</i>	I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.	
<i>Silvius:</i>	No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess, Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow. But if thy love were ever like to mine, As sure I think did never man love so, How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?	25
<i>Corin:</i>	Into a thousand that I have forgotten.	
<i>Silvius:</i>	O, thou didst then never love so heartily! If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd; Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd; Or if thou hast not broke from company Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd.	30
	O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! <i>[Exit Silvius.]</i>	35
<i>Rosalind:</i>	Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.	40

- Touchstone:* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake'. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. 45
- Rosalind:* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.
- Touchstone:* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. 50
- Rosalind:* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Act 2, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

3 Either (a) 'I see it feelingly.' (Gloucester)

Discuss the dramatic significance of different types of blindness in *King Lear*.

Or (b) With close reference to the language and dramatic action of this scene, discuss its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Cordelia:</i>	Alack, alack! 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once Had not concluded all. – He wakes; speak to him.	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.	
<i>Cordelia:</i>	How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?	5
<i>Lear:</i>	You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave. Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.	
<i>Cordelia:</i>		
<i>Lear:</i>	Sir, do you know me?	10
<i>Cordelia:</i>	You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?	
<i>Doctor:</i>	Still, still far wide!	
<i>Lear:</i>	He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight? I am mightily abus'd. I should e'en die with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say. I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see. I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd Of my condition!	15
<i>Cordelia:</i>	O, look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me. No, sir, you must not kneel.	20
<i>Lear:</i>	Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less; And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you, and know this man; Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me; For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.	25
<i>Cordelia:</i>		
<i>Lear:</i>	And so I am, I am. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not; If you have poison for me I will drink it. I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: You have some cause, they have not.	30
<i>Cordelia:</i>		
<i>Lear:</i>	No cause, no cause.	35
<i>Kent:</i>	Am I in France?	
<i>Lear:</i>	In your own kingdom, sir.	
<i>Lear:</i>	Do not abuse me.	40

Doctor: Be comforted, good madam. The great rage, 45
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cordelia: Will't please your Highness walk? 50
Lear: You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and
foolish.

[Exeunt all but KENT and Gentleman.]

Act 4, Scene 7

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

4 **Either** (a) To what extent do you see the island itself as having a dramatic role in the action of *The Tempest*?

Or (b) With close reference to the text, discuss the dramatic significance of this scene to an audience.

On a ship at sea; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master: Boatswain!

Boatswain: Here, master; what cheer?

Master: Good! Speak to th' mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boatswain: Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and Others.

Alonso: Good boatswain, have care.

Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatswain: I pray now, keep below.

Antonio: Where is the master, boson?

Boatswain: Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo: Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain: When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! Trouble us not.

Gonzalo: Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain: None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. – Cheerly, good hearts! – Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gonzalo: I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatswain: Down with the topmast! Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main-course. [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

- Sebastian:* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!
- Boatswain:* Work you, then. 45
- Antonio:* Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.
- Gonzalo:* I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench. 50
- Boatswain:* Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.
- Enter Mariners, wet.*
- Mariners:* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt. 55
- Boatswain:* What, must our mouths be cold?
- Gonzalo:* The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.
- Sebastian:* I am out of patience.
- Antonio:* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. 60
This wide-chopp'd rascal – would thou mightest lie
drowning
The washing of ten tides!
- Gonzalo:* He'll be hang'd, yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it, 65
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
[A confused noise within: Mercy on us!
We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!
Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!
- Antonio:* Let's all sink wi' th' King. 70
- Sebastian:* Let's take leave of him.
[Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian.
- Gonzalo:* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground – long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. 75
[Exeunt.

Act 1, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of death and dying in *The White Devil*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the language and action of this extract, discuss Webster's depiction of the relationship between Vittoria and Brachiano, both here and elsewhere in the play.

Enter VITTORIA to BRACHIANO and FLAMINEO

Brachiano: Can you read, mistress? look upon that letter;
There are no characters, nor hieroglyphics.
You need no comment, I am grown your receiver;
God's precious, you shall be a brave great lady,
A stately and advanced whore. 5

Vittoria: Say sir?

Brachiano: Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies,
I'll see them all.

Vittoria: Sir, upon my soul, 10
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Brachiano: Confusion on your politic ignorance!

[Gives her the letter]

You are reclaimed, are you? I'll give you the bells
And let you fly to the devil. 15

Flamineo: Ware hawk, my lord.

Vittoria: [reads]
Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my lord.
To me, he ne'er was lovely I protest,
So much as in my sleep. 20

Brachiano: Right: they are plots.

Your beauty! Oh, ten thousand curses on't.
How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With music, and with fatal yokes of flowers 25
To my eternal ruin. Woman to man
Is either a god or a wolf.

Vittoria: My lord.

Brachiano: Away.
We'll be as differing as two adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What? dost weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Ye'd furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish. 30

Flamineo: Fie, my lord. 35

Brachiano: That hand, that cursed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Duchess
How lovely art thou now! [to VITTORIA] Thy loose
thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver; I was bewitch'd; 40
For all the world speaks ill of thee.

- Vittoria:* No matter.
I'll live so now I'll make that world recant
And change her speeches. You did name
your Duchess. 45
- Brachiano:* Whose death God pardon.
- Vittoria:* Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godless Duke.
- Flamineo:* Now for two whirlwinds.
- Vittoria:* What have I gain'd by thee, but infamy? 50
Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my
house,
And frighted thence noble society:
Like those, which sick o'th' palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd 55
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this
house?
Is this your palace? Did not the judge style it
A house of penitent whores? Who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria 60
To this incontinent college? Is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone, like me.
Fare you well sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer, 65
But I have cut it off: and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sins. O that I could toss myself 70
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more; – I'll burst first.
- She throws herself upon a bed*
- Brachiano:* I have drunk Lethe. Vittoria?
My dearest happiness! Vittoria! 75
What do you ail my love? Why do you weep?

Act 4, Scene 2

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY: *The Country Wife*

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

Or (b) With close reference to the language and action of the extract below, discuss Wycherley's use of farce in *The Country Wife*.

[Enter LADY FIDGET with a piece of china in her hand, and HORNER following.]

Lady Fidget:	And I have been toiling and moiling for the prettiest piece of china, my dear.	
Horner:	Nay, she has been too hard for me, do what I could.	
Squeamish:	O Lord, I'll have some china too. Good Mr Horner, don't think to give other people china and me none; come in with me too.	5
Horner:	Upon my honour, I have none left now.	
Squeamish:	Nay, nay, I have known you deny your china before now, but you shan't put me off so. Come –	10
Horner:	This lady had the last there.	
Lady Fidget:	Yes, indeed, madam, to my certain knowledge he has no more left.	
Squeamish:	O, but it may be he may have some you could not find.	15
Lady Fidget:	What, d'ye think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too? For we women of quality never think we have china enough.	
Horner:	Do not take it ill. I cannot make china for you all, but I will have a roll-wagon for you too, another time.	20
Squeamish:	Thank you, dear toad.	
Lady Fidget:	[to HORNER aside] What do you mean by that promise?	25
Horner:	[apart to LADY FIDGET] Alas, she has an innocent, literal understanding.	
Old Lady Squeamish:	Poor Mr Horner, he has enough to do to please you all, I see.	
Horner:	Ay, madam, you see how they use me.	30
Old Lady Squeamish:	Poor gentleman, I pity you.	
Horner:	I thank you, madam. I could never find pity but from such reverend ladies as you are; the young ones will never spare a man.	
Squeamish:	Come, come, beast, and go dine with us, for we shall want a man at ombre after dinner.	35
Horner:	That's all their use of me, madam, you see.	
Squeamish:	Come, sloven, I'll lead you, to be sure of you. [Pulls him by the cravat]	
Old Lady Squeamish:	Alas, poor man, how she tugs him! Kiss, kiss her; that's the way to make such nice women quiet.	40
Horner:	No, madam, that remedy is worse than the torment; they know I dare suffer anything rather than do it.	45

- Old Lady Squeamish:* Prithee, kiss her and I'll give you her picture in little, that you admired so last night; prithee do.
- Horner:* Well, nothing but that could bribe me; I love a woman only in effigy and good painting, as much as I hate them. I'll do't, for I could adore the devil well painted. [Kisses MRS SQUEAMISH] 50
- Squeamish:* Foh, you filthy toad! Nay, now I've done jesting. 55
- Old Lady Squeamish:* Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.
- Squeamish:* Foh, a kiss of his –
- Sir Jaspar:* Has no more hurt in't than one of my spaniel's.
- Squeamish:* Nor no more good neither. 60
- Quack:* [behind] I will now believe anything he tells me. [Enter MR PINCHWIFE.]
- Lady Fidget:* O Lord, here's a man! Sir Jaspar, my mask, my mask! I would not be seen here for the world. 65
- Sir Jaspar:* What, not when I am with you?
- Lady Fidget:* No, no, my honour – let's be gone.
- Squeamish:* Oh, Grandmother, let us be gone; make haste, make haste, I know not how he may censure us. 70
- Lady Fidget:* Be found in the lodging of anything like a man! Away!
- [Exeunt SIR JASPAR, LADY FIDGET, OLD LADY SQUEAMISH, MRS SQUEAMISH.]

Act 4, Scene 3

HAROLD PINTER: *The Room* and *The Dumb Waiter*

7 Either (a) 'Nothing is funnier than unhappiness.'

To what extent, and with what effect, does Pinter create comedy from the uncertainty and unhappiness of his characters?

Or (b) With particular reference to the extract below, show how Pinter makes use of ordinary language and day-to-day events in order to create dramatic tension, both here and elsewhere in these plays.

Mr Sands: Well, say I wanted to get hold of him, where would I find him?

Rose: Well – I'm not sure.

Mr Sands: He lives here, does he?

Rose: Yes, but I don't know – 5

Mr Sands: You don't know exactly where he hangs out?

Rose: No, not exactly.

Mr Sands: But he does live here, doesn't he?
[Pause]

Mrs Sands: This is a very big house, Toddy. 10

Mr Sands: Yes, I know it is. But Mrs Hudd seems to know Mr Kidd very well.

Rose: No, I wouldn't say that. As a matter of fact, I don't know him at all. We're very quiet. We keep ourselves to ourselves. I never interfere. I mean, why should I? We've got our room. We don't bother anyone else. That's the way it should be. 15

Mrs Sands: It's a nice house, isn't it? Roomy.

Rose: I don't know about the house. We're all right, but I wouldn't mind betting there's a lot wrong with this house. [She sits in the rocking-chair.] I think there's a lot of damp. 20

Mrs Sands: Yes, I felt a bit of damp when we were in the basement just now.

Rose: You were in the basement? 25

Mrs Sands: Yes, we went down there when we came in.

Rose: Why?

Mrs Sands: We were looking for the landlord.

Rose: What was it like down there?

Mr Sands: Couldn't see a thing. 30

Rose: Why not?

Mr Sands: There wasn't any light.

Rose: But what was – you said it was damp?

Mrs Sands: I felt a bit, didn't you, Tod?

Mr Sands: Why? Haven't you ever been down there, Mrs Hudd? 35

Rose: Oh yes, once, a long time ago.

Mr Sands: Well, you know what it's like then, don't you?

Rose: It was a long time ago.

Mr Sands: You haven't been here all that long, have you? 40

Rose: I was just wondering whether anyone was living down there now.

Mrs Sands: Yes. A man.

Rose: A man?

Mrs Sands: Yes. 45
Rose: One man?
Mr Sands: Yes, there was a bloke down there, all right.
He perches on the table.
Mrs Sands: You're sitting down!
Mr Sands: [jumping up.] Who is? 50
Mrs Sands: You were.
Mr Sands: Don't be silly. I perched.
Mrs Sands: I saw you sit down.
Mr Sands: You did not see me sit down because I did not sit
bloody well down. I perched! 55

The Room

BRIAN FRIEL: *Dancing at Lughnasa*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Although Kate seems to dominate the sisters, their relationship with her is deeply subversive.'

How far would you agree with this view of the play?

- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, show how this scene provides an effective dramatic conclusion to the play's action and themes.

[GERRY does a Charlie Chaplin walk across the garden, his feet spread, his cane twirling. As he does he sings:]

Gerry: 'In olden times a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking ...'

Jack: [Adjusting his hat] And what about this? Or like 5
this? Or further back on my head?

Maggie: Would you look at them! Strutting about like a pair
of peacocks! Now – teatime!

Agnes: I'll make the tea.

Maggie: You can start again tomorrow. Let me finish off 10
Lughnasa. Chrissie, put on Marconi.

Chris: I think it's broken again.

Agnes: Gerry fixed it. Didn't you?

Gerry: Then Chrissie got at it again.

Chris: Possessed that thing, if you ask me. 15

Kate: I wish you wouldn't use words like that, Christina.
There's still great heat in that sun.

Maggie: Great harvest weather.

Kate: I love September.

Maggie: [Not moving] Cooking time, girls. 20

Kate: Wait a while, Maggie. Enjoy the bit of heat that's
left. [AGNES moves beside ROSE.]

Agnes: Next Sunday, then. Is that all right?

Rose: What's next Sunday?

Agnes: We'll get some more bilberries. 25

Rose: Yes. Yes. Whatever you say, Aggie.
[GERRY examines the kites.]

Gerry: Not bad for a kid of seven. Very neatly made.

Kate: Look at the artwork.

Gerry: Wow-wow-wow-wow! That is unbelievable! 30

Kate: I keep telling his mother – she has a very talented
son.

Chris: So there, Mr Evans.

Gerry: Have you all seen these?

Maggie: I hate them. 35

Gerry: I think they're wonderful. Look, Jack.
[For the first time we all see the images. On
each kite is painted a crude, cruel, grinning face,
primitively drawn, garishly painted.]

I'll tell you something: this boy isn't going to end up
selling gramophones. 40

Chris: Michael! He always vanishes when there's work to
be done.

Maggie: I've a riddle for you. Why is a gramophone like a
parrot? 45

Kate: Maggie!

Maggie: Because it ... because it always ... because a parrot ... God, I've forgotten!

[MAGGIE moves into the kitchen. MICHAEL enters. The characters are now in positions similar to their positions at the beginning of the play – with some changes: AGNES and GERRY are on the garden seat. JACK stands stiffly to attention at AGNES's elbow. One kite, facing boldly out front, stands between GERRY and AGNES; the other between AGNES and JACK. ROSE is upstage left. MAGGIE is at the kitchen window. KATE is downstage right. CHRIS is at the front door. During MICHAEL's speech KATE cries quietly. As MICHAEL begins to speak the stage is lit in a very soft, golden light so that the tableau we see is almost, but not quite, in a haze.] 50

Michael: As I said, Father Jack was dead within twelve months. And with him and Agnes and Rose all gone, the heart seemed to go out of the house. 65

Maggie took on the tasks Rose and Agnes had done and pretended to believe that nothing had changed. My mother spent the rest of her life in the knitting factory – and hated every day of it. And after a few years doing nothing Kate got the job of tutoring the young family of Austin Morgan of the Arcade. But much of the spirit and fun had gone out of their lives; and when my time came to go away, in the selfish way of young men I was happy to escape. 70

[Now fade in very softly, just audible, the music – 'It is Time to Say Goodnight' (not from the radio speaker).]

And as MICHAEL continues everybody sways very slightly from side to side – even the grinning kites. The movement is so minimal that we cannot be quite certain if it is happening or if we imagine it.] 75 80

Act 2

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