
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2014

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.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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

- 1 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, is the breaking down of self-restraint dramatised in the play?
- Or** (b) How, and with what effects, does Albee create a sense of increasing dramatic tension and anticipation in the following passage?

Martha: George....

George [*too kindly*]: Yes, Martha?

Martha: Just what are you doing?

George: Why love, I was talking about our son.

Martha: Don't. 5

George: Isn't Martha something? Here we are, on the eve of our boy's home-coming, the eve of his twenty-first birthday, the eve of his majority ... and Martha says don't talk about him.

Martha: Just ... don't.

George: But I want to, Martha! It's very important we talk about him. 10
Now bunny and the ... well, whichever he is ... here don't know much about junior, and I think they should.

Martha: Just ... don't.

George [*snapping his fingers at NICK*]: You. Hey, you! You want to play bringing up baby, don't you! 15

Nick [*hardly civil*]: Were you snapping at me?

George: That's right. [*Instructing him*] You want to hear about our bouncy boy.

Nick [*pause; then, shortly*]: Yeah; sure.

George [*to HONEY*]: And you, my dear? You want to hear about him, 20
too, don't you.

Honey [*pretending not to understand*]: Whom?

George: Martha's and my son.

Honey [*nervously*]: Oh, you have a child?
[*MARTHA and NICK laugh uncomfortably.*] 25

George: Oh, indeed; do we ever! Do you want to talk about him, Martha, or shall I? Hunh?

Martha [*a smile that is a sneer*]: Don't, George.

George: All rightie. Well, now; let's see. He's a nice kid, really, in spite 30
of his home life; I mean, most kids'd grow up neurotic, what with Martha here carrying on the way she does: sleeping till four in the P.M., climbing all over the poor bastard, trying to break the bathroom door down to wash him in the tub when he's sixteen, dragging strangers into the house at all hours.... 35

Martha [*rising*]: O.K. YOU!

George [*mock concern*]: Martha!

Martha: That's enough!

George: Well, do you want to take over?

- Honey* [to NICK]: Why would anybody want to wash somebody who's sixteen years old? 40
- Nick* [slamming his drink down]: Oh, for Christ's sake, Honey!
- Honey* [stage whisper]: Well, why?
- George*: Because it's her baby-poo.
- Martha*: ALL RIGHT!! 45
- [By rote; a kind of almost-tearful recitation]
Our son. You want our son? You'll have it.
- George*: You want a drink, Martha?
- Martha* [pathetically]: Yes.
- Nick* [to MARTHA kindly]: We don't have to hear about it ... if you don't want to. 50
- George*: Who says so? You in a position to set the rules around here?
- Nick* [pause; tight-lipped]: No.
- George*: Good boy; you'll go far. All right, Martha; your recitation, please. 55
- Martha* [from far away]: What, George?
- George* [prompting]: 'Our son ...'
- Martha*: All right. Our son. Our son was born in a September night, a night not unlike tonight, though tomorrow, and twenty ... one ... years ago. 60
- George* [beginning of quiet asides]: You see? I told you.

Act 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

- 2 **Either** (a) What, in your view, do the scenes with the Mechanicals add to the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Helena and Hermia at this point in the play.

[Enter HELENA.]

Hermia: God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Helena: Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue's sweet air 5
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go!
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, 10
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart! 15

Hermia: I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Helena: O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Hermia: I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Helena: O that my prayers could such affection move!

Hermia: The more I hate, the more he follows me. 20

Helena: The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Hermia: His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Helena: None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Hermia: Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place. 25
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me.
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lysander: Helen, to you our minds we will unfold: 30
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal. 35

Hermia: And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes, 40
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

45

Lysander: I will, my Hermia.

[*Exit* HERMIA.]

Helena adieu;

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYSANDER.]

50

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman.'

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of attitudes towards women in *Richard III*.

- Or** (b) Making detailed reference to the language and action of the following passage, discuss your impression of Richard when he first appears as king.

[*London. The palace. Sound a sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, as King; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFF, LOVELL, a PAGE, and OTHERS.*]

King Richard: Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buckingham: My gracious sovereign?

King Richard: Give me thy hand. 5

[*Here he ascendeth the throne. Sound.*]

Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.
But shall we wear these glories for a day;
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them? 10

Buckingham: Still live they, and for ever let them last!

King Richard: Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed.
Young Edward lives – think now what I would speak.

Buckingham: Say on, my loving lord. 15

King Richard: Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buckingham: Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

King Richard: Ha! am I King? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buckingham: True, noble Prince.

King Richard: O bitter consequence: 20

That Edward still should live – true noble Prince!
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead.
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief. 25

Buckingham: Your Grace may do your pleasure.

King Richard: Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buckingham: Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this. 30

I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit.]

Catesby [*Aside to another*]: The King is angry; see, he gnaws
his lip.

King Richard: I will converse with iron-witted fools.
[Descends from the throne.] 35

And unrespectful boys; none are for me
 That look into me with considerate eyes.
 High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
 Boy!

Page: My lord? 40

King Richard: Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
 Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page: I know a discontented gentleman
 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.
 Gold were as good as twenty orators,
 And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything. 45

King Richard: What is his name?

Page: His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

King Richard: I partly know the man. Go, call him hither, boy.
 [Exit PAGE.] 50

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
 No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
 Hath he so long held out with me, untir'd,
 And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Act 4, Scene 2

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of different settings for the action and concerns of the play.
- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the following scene unfolds? You should make close reference to both language and action.

<i>More</i>	[<i>he is in great fear of her</i>]: I am faint when I think of the worst that they may do to me. But worse than that would be to go, with you not understanding why I go.	
<i>Alice</i> :	I don't!	
<i>More</i>	[<i>just hanging on to his self-possession</i>]: Alice, if you can tell me that you understand, I think I can make a good death, if I have to.	5
<i>Alice</i> :	Your death's no 'good' to me!	
<i>More</i> :	Alice, you must tell me that you understand!	
<i>Alice</i> :	I don't! [<i>She throws it straight at his head.</i>] I don't believe this had to happen.	10
<i>More</i>	[<i>his face is drawn</i>]: If you say that, Alice, I don't see how I'm to face it.	
<i>Alice</i> :	It's the truth!	
<i>More</i>	[<i>gasping</i>]: You're an honest woman.	15
<i>Alice</i> :	Much good may it do me! I'll tell you what I'm afraid of; that when you've gone, I shall hate you for it.	
<i>More</i>	[<i>turns from her: his face working</i>]: Well, you mustn't, Alice, that's all. [<i>Swiftly she crosses the stage to him; he turns and they clasp each other fiercely.</i>] You mustn't, you —	20
<i>Alice</i>	[<i>covers his mouth with her hand</i>]: S-s-sh.... As for understanding, I understand you're the best man that I ever met or am likely to; and if you go – well God knows why I suppose – though as God's my witness God's kept deadly quiet about it! And if anyone wants my opinion of the King and his Council they've only to ask for it!	25
<i>More</i> :	Why, it's a lion I married! A lion! A lion! [<i>He breaks away from her his face shining.</i>] Get them to take half this to Bishop Fisher – they've got him in the upper gallery —	30
<i>Alice</i> :	It's for you, not Bishop Fisher!	
<i>More</i> :	Now do as I ask — [<i>Breaks off a piece of the custard and eats it.</i>] Oh, it's good, it's very, very good. [<i>He puts his face in his hands; ALICE and MARGARET comfort him; ROPER and JAILER erupt on to the stage above, wrangling fiercely.</i>]	35
<i>Jailer</i> :	It's no good, sir! I know what you're up to! And it can't be done!	40
<i>Roper</i> :	Another minute, man!	
<i>Jailer</i>	[<i>to MORE descending</i>]: Sorry, sir, time's up!	

- Roper* [gripping his shoulder from behind]: For pity's sake — !
- Jailer* [shaking him off]: Now don't do that, sir! Sir Thomas, the ladies will have to go now! 45
- More:* You said seven o'clock!
- Jailer:* It's seven now. You must understand my position, sir.
- More:* But one more minute!
- Margaret:* Only a little while – give us a little while!
- Jailer* [reproving]: Now, Miss, you don't want to get me into trouble. 50
- Alice:* Do as you're told. Be off at once!
- [The first stroke of seven is heard on a heavy, deliberate bell, which continues, reducing what follows to a babble.]
- Jailer* [taking MARGARET firmly by the upper arm]: Now come along, Miss; you'll get your father into trouble as well as me. [ROPER descends and grabs him.] Are you obstructing me, sir? [MARGARET embraces MORE, and dashes up the stairs and exit, followed by ROPER. Taking ALICE lingeringly by the arm.] Now, my lady, no trouble! 55
- Alice* [throwing him off as she rises]: Don't put your muddy hand on me!
- Jailer:* Am I to call the guard then? Then come on!
- [ALICE, facing him, puts foot on bottom stair and so retreats before him, backwards.] 60
- More:* For God's sake, man, we're saying good-bye!
- Jailer:* You don't know what you're asking, sir. You don't know how you're watched.
- Alice:* Filthy, stinking, gutter-bred turnkey! 70
- Jailer:* Call me what you like, ma'am; you've got to go.
- Alice:* I'll see you suffer for this!
- Jailer:* You're doing your husband no good!
- More:* Alice, good-bye, my love!
- On this, the last stroke of the seven sounds. ALICE raises her hand, turns, and with considerable dignity, exit. JAILER stops at head of stairs and addresses MORE, who, still crouching, turns from him, facing audience. 75

Act 2

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 **Either** (a) ‘*Lord Goring*: A man’s life is of more value than a woman’s. It has larger issues, wider scope, greater ambitions.’

In what ways, and with what effects, does Wilde’s play challenge this view of women in society?

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the following passage, discuss Wilde’s presentation of Lord Goring’s friendship with Sir Robert Chiltern at this point in the play.

[*Scene – Morning-room at SIR ROBERT CHILTERN’s house. LORD GORING, dressed in the height of fashion, is lounging in an armchair. SIR ROBERT CHILTERN is standing in front of the fireplace. He is evidently in a state of great mental excitement and distress. As the scene progresses he paces nervously up and down the room.*]

5

Lord Goring: My dear Robert, it’s a very awkward business, very awkward indeed. You should have told your wife the whole thing. Secrets from other people’s wives are a necessary luxury in modern life. So, at least, I am always told at the club by people who are bald enough to know better. But no man should have a secret from his own wife. She invariably finds it out. Women have a wonderful instinct about things. They can discover everything except the obvious. 10

Sir Robert Chiltern: Arthur, I couldn’t tell my wife. When could I have told her? Not last night. It would have made a life-long separation between us, and I would have lost the love of the one woman in the world I worship, of the only woman who has ever stirred love within me. Last night it would have been quite impossible. She would have turned from me in horror ... in horror and in contempt. 15 20

Lord Goring: Is Lady Chiltern as perfect as all that?

Sir Robert Chiltern: Yes; my wife is as perfect as all that.

Lord Goring [*Taking off his left-hand glove*]: What a pity! I beg your pardon, my dear fellow, I didn’t quite mean that. But if what you tell me is true, I should like to have a serious talk about life with Lady Chiltern. 25

Sir Robert Chiltern: It would be quite useless.

Lord Goring: May I try? 30

Sir Robert Chiltern: Yes; but nothing could make her alter her views.

Lord Goring: Well, at the worst it would simply be a psychological experiment.

Sir Robert Chiltern: All such experiments are terribly dangerous.

Lord Goring: Everything is dangerous, my dear fellow. If it wasn’t so, life wouldn’t be worth living ... Well, I am bound to say that I think you should have told her years ago. 35

- Sir Robert Chiltern:* When? When we were engaged? Do you think she would have married me if she had known that the origin of my fortune is such as it is, the basis of my career such as it is, and that I had done a thing that I suppose most men would call shameful and dishonourable? 40
- Lord Goring* [*Slowly*]: Yes; most men would call it ugly names. There is no doubt of that. 45
- Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Bitterly*]: Men who every day do something of the same kind themselves. Men who, each one of them, have worse secrets in their own lives.
- Lord Goring:* That is the reason they are so pleased to find out other people's secrets. It distracts public attention from their own. 50
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* And, after all, whom did I wrong by what I did? No one.
- Lord Goring* [*Looking at him steadily*]: Except yourself, Robert. 55
- Sir Robert Chiltern* [*After a pause*]: Of course I had private information about a certain transaction contemplated by the Government of the day, and I acted on it. Private information is practically the source of every large modern fortune. 60
- Lord Goring* [*Tapping his boot with his cane*]: And public scandal invariably the result.
- Sir Robert Chiltern* [*Pacing up and down the room*]: Arthur, do you think that what I did nearly eighteen years ago should be brought up against me now? Do you think it is fair that a man's whole career should be ruined for a fault done in one's boyhood almost? I was twenty-two at the time, and I had the double misfortune of being well-born and poor, two unforgivable things nowadays. Is it fair that the folly, the sin of one's youth, if men choose to call it a sin, should wreck a life like mine, should place me in the pillory, should shatter all that I have worked for, all that I have built up? Is it fair, Arthur? 70
- Lord Goring:* Life is never fair, Robert. And perhaps it is a good thing for most of us that it is not. 75
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* Every man of ambition has to fight his century with its own weapons. What this century worships is wealth. The God of this century is wealth. To succeed one must have wealth. At all costs one must have wealth. 80
- Lord Goring:* You underrate yourself, Robert. Believe me, without wealth you could have succeeded just as well. 85

Act 2

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