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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/43**

Paper 4 Drama

**October/November 2016**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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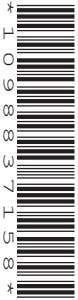
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

AMA ATA AIDOO: *The Dilemma of a Ghost* and *Anowa*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the roles and dramatic significance of the Old Man and the Old Woman in *Anowa*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss some of the ways in which an audience is introduced to the dramatic world of *The Dilemma of a Ghost*.

*Speaker:* I am the Bird of the Wayside—  
 The sudden scampering in the undergrowth,  
 Or the trunkless head  
 Of the shadow in the corner.  
 I am an asthmatic old hag 5  
 Eternally breaking the nuts  
 Whose soup, alas,  
 Nourished a bundle of whitened bones—  
 Or a pair of women, your neighbours  
 Chattering their lives away. 10  
 I can furnish you with reasons why  
 This and that and other things  
 Happened. But stranger,  
 What would you have me say  
 About the Odumna Clan? ... 15  
 Look around you,  
 For the mouth must not tell everything.  
 Sometimes the eye can see  
 And the ear should hear.  
 Yonder house is larger than 20  
 Any in the town—  
 Old as the names  
 Oburumankuma, Odapadjan, Osun.  
 They multiply faster than fowls  
 And they acquire gold 25  
 As if it were corn grains—  
 But if in the making of  
 One Scholar  
 Much is gone  
 You stranger do not know. 30  
 Just you listen to their horn-blower:  
 'We came from left  
 We came from right  
 We came from left  
 We came from right 35  
 The twig shall not pierce our eyes  
 Nor the rivers prevail o'er us.  
 We are of the vanguard  
 We are running forward, forward, forward ...'  
 Thus, it is only to be expected that they should reserve the new 40  
 addition to the house for the exclusive use of the One Scholar. Not  
 that they expect him to make his home there. No ... he will certainly  
 have to live and work in the city when he arrives from the white  
 man's land.  
 But they all expect him to come down, now and then, at the 45  
 weekend and on festive occasions like Christmas. And certainly,  
 he must come home for blessings when the new yam has been

harvested and the Stools are sprinkled. The ghosts of the dead  
ancestors are invoked and there is no discord, only harmony and  
a restoration of that which needs to be restored. But the Day of  
Planning is different from the Day of Battle. And when the One  
Scholar came ... I cannot tell you what happened. You shall see that  
anon. But it all began on a University Campus; never mind where.  
The evening was cool as evenings are. Darkness was approaching  
when I heard the voices of a man and woman speaking ...

Prelude, *The Dilemma of a Ghost*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare contrast the Athenian court with Oberon and Titania's fairy court?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare use contrasts in the following extract? You should make reference to both language and action.

*Theseus:* I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.  
[Exit PHILOSTRATE. 5

*Hippolyta:* I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*Theseus:* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hippolyta:* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*Theseus:* The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. 10  
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;  
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes; 15  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, 20  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity 25  
In least speak most to my capacity.  
[Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.]

*Philostrate:* So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

*Theseus:* Let him approach.  
[Flourish of trumpets. 30  
[Enter QUINCE as the PROLOGUE.]

*Prologue:* *If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end. 35  
Consider then, we come but in despite.  
We do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know, 40*

*Theseus:* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

- Lysander:* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 45
- Hippolyta:* Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a recorder – a sound, but not in government.
- Theseus:* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? 50
- [*Enter, with a Trumpet before them, as in dumb show, PYRAMUS and THISBY, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.*]
- Prologue:* *Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder. 60  
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,  
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright;  
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, 70  
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;  
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, 75  
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,  
At large discourse while here they do remain.*

[*Exeunt PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBY,  
LION, and MOONSHINE.*]

Act 5, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of suicide in the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of the relationship between Antony and Cleopatra at this point in the play. You should make close reference to detail of both language and action.

[Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS, EROS following.]

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Eros:</i>      | Nay, gentle madam, to him! Comfort him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Iras:</i>      | Do, most dear Queen.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Charmian:</i>  | Do? Why, what else?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 5  |
| <i>Cleopatra:</i> | Let me sit down. O Juno!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Antony:</i>    | No, no, no, no, no.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Eros:</i>      | See you here, sir?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Antony:</i>    | O, fie, fie, fie!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Charmian:</i>  | Madam!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 10 |
| <i>Iras:</i>      | Madam, O good Empress!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Eros:</i>      | Sir, sir!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Antony:</i>    | Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi kept<br>His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck<br>The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I<br>That the mad Brutus ended; he alone<br>Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had<br>In the brave squares of war. Yet now – no matter. | 15 |
| <i>Cleopatra:</i> | Ah, stand by!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Eros:</i>      | The Queen, my lord, the Queen!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 20 |
| <i>Iras:</i>      | Go to him, madam, speak to him.<br>He is unqualified with very shame.                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Cleopatra:</i> | Well then, sustain me. O!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Eros:</i>      | Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches.<br>Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her but<br>Your comfort makes the rescue.                                                                                                                                            | 25 |
| <i>Antony:</i>    | I have offended reputation –<br>A most unnoble swerving.                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Eros:</i>      | Sir, the Queen.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Antony:</i>    | O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See<br>How I convey my shame out of thine eyes<br>By looking back what I have left behind<br>'Stroy'd in dishonour.                                                                                                                        | 30 |
| <i>Cleopatra:</i> | O my lord, my lord,<br>Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought<br>You would have followed.                                                                                                                                                                                  | 35 |
| <i>Antony:</i>    | Egypt, thou knew'st too well<br>My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,<br>And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit<br>Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that                                                                                                 | 40 |

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleopatra:* O, my pardon!

*Antony:* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge 45  
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who  
With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I pleas'd  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would 50  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleopatra:* Pardon, pardon!

*Antony:* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me. 55  
We sent our schoolmaster; is 'a come back?  
Love, I am full of lead. Some wine,  
Within there, and our viands! Fortune knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.* 60

Act 3, Scene 11

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 4 **Either** (a) How, and with what dramatic effects, does Bolt contrast Thomas More with Thomas Cromwell?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the following extract, discuss Bolt's dramatic presentation of conflicting values.

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>More:</i>    | I can't relieve you of your obedience to the King, Howard. You must relieve yourself of our friendship. No one's safe now, and you have a son.                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Norfolk:</i> | You might as well advise a man to change the colour of his hair! I'm fond of you, and there it is! You're fond of me, and there it is!                                                                                                    | 5  |
| <i>More:</i>    | What's to be done then?                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Norfolk</i>  | [ <i>with deep appeal</i> ]: Give in.                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>More</i>     | [ <i>gently</i> ]: I can't give in, Howard – [ <i>Smile.</i> ] you might as well advise a man to change the colour of his eyes. I can't. Our friendship's more mutable than <i>that</i> .                                                 | 10 |
| <i>Norfolk:</i> | Oh, that's immutable is it? The one fixed point in a world of changing friendships is that Thomas More will not give in!                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>More</i>     | [ <i>urgent to explain</i> ]: To me it <i>has</i> to be, for that's myself! Affection goes as deep in me as you I think, but only God is love right through, Howard; and <i>that's my self</i> .                                          | 15 |
| <i>Norfolk:</i> | And who are you? Goddammit, man, it's disproportionate! <i>We're</i> supposed to be the arrogant ones, the proud, splenetic ones – and we've all given in! Why must you stand out? [ <i>Quiet and quick.</i> ] You'll break my heart.     | 20 |
| <i>More</i>     | [ <i>moved</i> ]: We'll do it now, Howard: part, as friends, and meet as strangers. [ <i>He attempts to take NORFOLK's hand.</i> ]                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Norfolk</i>  | [ <i>throwing it off</i> ]: Daft, Thomas! Why d'you want to take your friendship from me? For friendship's sake! You say we'll meet as strangers and every word you've said confirms our friendship!                                      | 25 |
| <i>More</i>     | [ <i>takes a last affectionate look at him</i> ]: Oh, that can be remedied. [ <i>Walks away, turns: in a tone of deliberate insult.</i> ] Norfolk, you're a fool.                                                                         |    |
| <i>Norfolk</i>  | [ <i>starts: then smiles and folds his arms</i> ]: You can't place a quarrel; you haven't the style.                                                                                                                                      | 30 |
| <i>More:</i>    | Hear me out. You and your class have 'given in' as you rightly call it – because the religion of this country means nothing to you one way or the other.                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Norfolk:</i> | Well, that's a foolish saying for a start; the nobility of England has always been —                                                                                                                                                      | 35 |
| <i>More:</i>    | The nobility of England, my lord, would have snored through the Sermon on the Mount. But you'll labour like Thomas Aquinas over a rat-dog's pedigree. Now what's the name of those distorted creatures you're all breeding at the moment? | 40 |
| <i>Norfolk</i>  | [ <i>steadily, but roused towards anger by MORE's tone</i> ]: An artificial quarrel's not a quarrel.                                                                                                                                      |    |



- More:* Don't deceive yourself, my lord, we've had a quarrel since the day we met, our friendship was but sloth.
- Norfolk:* You can be cruel when you've a mind to be; but I've always known that. 45
- More:* What's the name of those dogs? Marsh mastiffs? Bog beagles?
- Norfolk:* Water spaniels!
- More:* And what would you do with a water spaniel that was afraid of water? You'd hang it! Well, as a spaniel is to water, so is a man to his own self. I will not give in because I oppose it – I do – not my pride, not my spleen, nor any other of my appetites but I do – I! [*He goes up to him and feels him up and down like an animal. MARGARET's voice is heard, well off, calling her father. MORE's attention is irresistibly caught by this; but he turns back determinedly to NORFOLK.*] Is there no single sinew in the midst of this that serves no appetite of Norfolk's but is, just, Norfolk? There is! Give *that* some exercise, my lord! 50
- Margaret* [*off nearer*]: Father? 55
- Norfolk* [*breathing hard*]: Thomas. ...
- More:* Because as you stand, you'll go before your Maker in a very ill condition!
- [*Enter MARGARET, below; she stops, amazed at them.*] 60
- Norfolk:* Now steady, Thomas. ...
- More:* And he'll have to think that somewhere back along your pedigree – a bitch got over the wall!
- [*NORFOLK lashes out at him; he ducks and winces. Exit NORFOLK.*] 65
- Margaret:* Father! [*As he straightens up.*] Father, what was that?
- More:* That was Norfolk. [*Looks after him wistfully.*] 70

Act 2

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absurd Person Singular*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Ayckbourn make use of off-stage action and characters in *Absurd Person Singular*?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Ayckbourn create a sense of social tension between the characters in the following scene. You should pay close attention to both language and action.

*Ronald:* I say ...

*Eva:* What?

*Ronald:* I've got a nasty feeling I didn't lock the back door.

*Marion:* Oh, no ...

[GEOFFREY and EVA hide in front of the table. RONALD steps up into a corner by the window. The back door opens slowly.] 5

*Sidney:* Hallo?

*Jane* [unwilling to enter]: Sidney ...

*Sidney:* Come on.

*Jane:* But there's nobody ... 10

*Sidney:* The door was open, wasn't it? Of course there's somebody. They're probably upstairs.

*Jane:* But, Sidney, they might ...

*Sidney:* Look, would you kindly not argue with me any more tonight, Jane. I haven't yet forgiven you for that business at the party. How did you manage to drop a whole plate of trifle? 15

*Jane:* I didn't clean it up, Sidney, I didn't clean it up.

*Sidney:* No. You just stood there with the mess at your feet. For all the world to see.

*Jane:* Well, what ... 20

*Sidney:* I have told you before. If you drop something like that at a stand-up party, you move away and keep moving. Now come along.

*Jane:* I can't see.

*Sidney:* Then wait there and I'll find the light. 25

[A pause. SIDNEY crosses the room. GEOFFREY and EVA creep to the sideboard. The light goes on. SIDNEY and JANE are by the separate doors. The other four are in various absurd frozen postures obviously caught in the act of trying to find a hiding-place. JANE gives a short squeak of alarm. A long pause.] 30

*Marion* [eventually]: Boo.

*Sidney:* Good gracious.

*Ronald* [as if seeing them for the first time]: Ah, hallo there. It's you.

*Sidney:* Well, you had us fooled. They had us fooled there, didn't they?

*Jane:* Yes, they had us fooled. 35

*Sidney:* Playing a game on us, weren't you?

*All:* Yes.

*Eva:* Yes, we were playing a game.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Completely fooled. Walked straight into that. Well, Happy Christmas, all.                                                                                                                    | 40 |
| <i>All</i>       | [ <i>lamely, variously</i> ]: Happy Christmas.                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Sidney</i>    | [ <i>after a pause</i> ]: Well.                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Well.<br>[ <i>A pause</i> ]                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Would you like a drink? Now you're here.                                                                                                                                                     | 45 |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Oh, thank you.                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Thank you very much.                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Since we're here.                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Well. What'll it be? [ <i>He goes to the trolley</i> ]                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Sherry, please.                                                                                                                                                                              | 50 |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Yes, a sherry.                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Yes. We'd better stick to sherry.                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Sherry ... [ <i>He starts to pour</i> ]                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Sorry if we surprised you.                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Marion:</i>   | Quite all right.                                                                                                                                                                             | 55 |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | We knew you were here.                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | How?                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | We saw the car.                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Saw your car.                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Oh. Yes.<br>[ <i>A pause, SIDNEY blows a party "blower".</i> ]                                                                                                                               | 60 |
| <i>Eva:</i>      | Been to a party?                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Yes.                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Yes.                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Geoffrey:</i> | You look as if you have.                                                                                                                                                                     | 65 |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Yes. Up at Walter's place. Walter Harrison.                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Oh – old Harrison's.                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Oh of course, you'll know him, won't you.                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Oh, yes.                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Geoffrey:</i> | Yes.                                                                                                                                                                                         | 70 |
| <i>Sidney</i>    | [ <i>to GEOFFREY</i> ]: Oh, yes, of course. Asking you if you know old Harrison. I should think you do know old Harrison. He certainly remembers you. In fact he was saying this evening ... |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Two sherries.                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Oh, thank you.                                                                                                                                                                               | 75 |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Thank you very much.                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i>   | Compliments of the season.                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>     | Of the season.                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Ronald:</i>   | Yes. Indeed.<br>[ <i>A pause</i> ]                                                                                                                                                           | 80 |

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