

PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of Alan's relationship with his mother in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to language, discuss Shaffer's presentation of Dysart here.

DYSART: We were. It actually worked for a bit. I mean for both of us. We worked for each other. She actually for me through a kind of briskness. A clear, red-headed, inaccessible briskness which kept me keyed up for months. Mind you, if you're kinky for Northern Hygienic, as I am, you can't find anything much more compelling than a Scottish Lady Dentist. 5

HESTHER: It's *you* who are wicked, you know!

DYSART: Not at all. She got exactly the same from me. Antiseptic proficiency. I was like that in those days. We suited each other admirably. I see us in our wedding photo: Doctor and Doctor Mac Brisk. We were brisk in our wooing, brisk in our wedding, brisk in our disappointment. We turned from each other briskly into our separate surgeries; and now there's damn all. 10 15

HESTHER: You have no children, have you?

DYSART: No, we didn't go in for them. Instead, she sits beside our salmon-pink, glazed brick fireplace, and knits things for orphans in a home she helps with. And I sit opposite, turning the pages of art books on Ancient Greece. Occasionally, I still trail a faint scent of my enthusiasm across her path. I pass her a picture of the sacred acrobats of Crete leaping through the horns of running bulls – and she'll say: 'Och, Martin, what an *absurred* thing to be doing! The Highland Games, now there's *normmal* sport!' Or she'll observe, just after I've told her a story from the Iliad: 'You know, when you come to think of it, Agamemnon and that lot were nothing but a bunch of ruffians from the Gorbals, only with fancy names!' [*He rises.*] You get the picture. She's turned into a Shrink. The familiar domestic monster. Margaret Dysart: the Shrink's Shrink. 20 25 30

HESTHER: That's cruel, Martin.

DYSART: Yes. Do you know what it's like for two people to live in the same house as if they were in different parts of the world? Mentally, she's always in some drizzly kirk of her own inheriting: and I'm in some Doric temple – clouds tearing through pillars – eagles bearing prophecies out of the sky. She finds all that repulsive. All my wife has ever taken from the Mediterranean – from that whole vast intuitive culture – are four bottles of Chianti to make into lamps, and two china condiment donkeys labelled Sally and Peppy. 35 40

[*Pause.*]

[*More intimately.*] I wish there was one person in my life I could show. One instinctive, absolutely unbrisk person I could take to Greece, and stand in front of certain shrines and sacred streams and say 'Look! Life is only comprehensible through a thousand local Gods. And not just the old dead ones with names like Zeus – no, but living Geniuses of Place and Person! And not just Greece but modern England! Spirits of certain trees, certain curves of brick wall, certain chip shops, if you like, and slate roofs – just as of certain frowns in people and slouches'... I'd say to them – 'Worship as many as you can see – and more will appear!'... If I had a son, I bet you he'd come out exactly like his mother. Utterly worshipless. Would you like a drink?

50

HESTHER: No, thanks. Actually, I've got to be going. As usual ...

DYSART: Really?

60

HESTHER: Really. I've got an Everest of papers to get through before bed.

DYSART: You never stop, do you?

HESTHER: Do you?

DYSART: This boy, with his stare. He's trying to save himself through me.

65

HESTHER: I'd say so.

DYSART: What am I trying to do to him?

HESTHER: Restore him, surely?

DYSART: To what?

70

HESTHER: A normal life.

DYSART: Normal?

HESTHER: It still means something.

DYSART: Does it?

Act 1, Scene 18

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of relationships between parents and children in *The Winter's Tale*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage's language and action, discuss the presentation of Leontes's state of mind.

LEONTES: To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,
 Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.
 Go to, go to!
 How she holds up the neb, the bill to him! 5
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife
 To her allowing husband!
 [*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
 Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! 10
 Go, play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; 15
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th'arm
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't, 20
 Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike 25
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis pow'rful, think it,
 From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the enemy
 With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's 30
 Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

MAMILLIUS: I am like you, they say.
 LEONTES: Why, that's some comfort.
 What! Camillo there?
 CAMILLO: Ay, my good lord. 35
 LEONTES: Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.
 [*Exit Mamillius.*
 Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
 CAMILLO: You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home. 40

LEONTES: Didst note it?
 CAMILLO: He would not stay at your petitions; made
 His business more material.

LEONTES: Didst perceive it?
 [Aside] They're here with me already; whisp'ring,
 rounding,
 'Sicilia is a so-forth'. 'Tis far gone
 When I shall gust it last. – How came't, Camillo,
 That he did stay?

CAMILLO: At the good Queen's entreaty. 50

LEONTES: 'At the Queen's' be't. 'Good' should be pertinent;
 But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine?
 For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
 More than the common blocks. Not noted, is't, 55
 But of the finer natures, by some severals
 Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes
 Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

CAMILLO: Business, my lord? I think most understand
 Bohemia stays here longer. 60

LEONTES: Ha?

CAMILLO: Stays here longer.

LEONTES: Ay, but why?

CAMILLO: To satisfy your Highness, and the entreaties
 Of our most gracious mistress. 65

LEONTES: Satisfy
 Th' entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!
 Let that suffice.

Act 1, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Falstaff: God be thanked for these rebels – they offend none but the virtuous; and for them, I praise them.'

To what extent, and with what effect, does Shakespeare create sympathy for Hotspur and the rebels in *Henry IV, Part 1*?

- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, show how Shakespeare establishes both the characters of Prince Henry and Falstaff and their relationship here.

[*London. The Prince's lodging.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF: Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE: Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. 5 10

FALSTAFF: Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he 'that wand'ring knight so fair'. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace – Majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none – 15 20

PRINCE: What, none?

FALSTAFF: No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE: Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

FALSTAFF: Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. 25 30

PRINCE: Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows. 35 40

FALSTAFF: By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE: As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

- FALSTAFF: How now, how now, mad wag!
What, in thy quips and thy quiddities?
What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?
- PRINCE: Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?
- FALSTAFF: Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft. 50
- PRINCE: Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?
- FALSTAFF: No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.
- PRINCE: Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit. 55
- FALSTAFF: Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent – but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fubb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 60
- PRINCE: No; thou shalt.

Act 1, Scene 2

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Both individuals and a couple; both different and the same.'

How helpful do you find this comment on Stoppard's presentation of Ros and Guil

- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage, discuss the clash between Ros and Guil's world and Hamlet's world at this point in the play.

ROS: To sum up: your father, whom you love, dies,
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Blackout. Act 1

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

5 **Either** (a) '*Stella*: What have I done to my sister? Oh, God, what have I done to my sister?

To what extent does Stella contribute to Blanche's destruction, in your view?

Or (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Williams's presentation of tension between Blanche and Stanley at this point in the play.

STANLEY *appears around the corner of the building.*

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BLANCHE: No, thank you. Scene 10

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of role reversals between the men and the women in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, discuss Wilde's presentation of the first meeting between Cecily and Algernon.

CECILY:	I have never met any really wicked person before. I feel rather frightened. I am so afraid he will look just like every one else. [Enter ALGERNON, very gay and debonair.] He does!	5
ALGERNON	[raising his hat]: You are my little cousin Cecily, I'm sure.	
CECILY:	You are under some strange mistake. I am not little. In fact, I believe I am more than usually tall for my age. [ALGERNON is rather taken aback.] But I am your cousin Cecily. You, I see from your card, are Uncle Jack's brother, my cousin Ernest, my wicked cousin Ernest.	10
ALGERNON:	Oh! I am not really wicked at all, cousin Cecily. You mustn't think that I am wicked.	15
CECILY:	If you are not, then you have certainly been deceiving us all in a very inexcusable manner. I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy.	20
ALGERNON	[looks at her in amazement]: Oh! Of course I have been rather reckless.	
CECILY:	I am glad to hear it.	
ALGERNON:	In fact, now you mention the subject, I have been very bad in my own small way.	25
CECILY:	I don't think you should be so proud of that, though I am sure it must have been very pleasant.	
ALGERNON:	It is much pleasanter being here with you.	
CECILY:	I can't understand how you are here at all. Uncle Jack won't be back till Monday afternoon.	30
ALGERNON:	That is a great disappointment. I am obliged to go up by the first train on Monday morning. I have a business appointment that I am anxious ... to miss!	
CECILY:	Couldn't you miss it anywhere but in London?	35
ALGERNON:	No: the appointment is in London.	
CECILY:	Well, I know, of course, how important it is not to keep a business engagement, if one wants to retain any sense of the beauty of life, but still I think you had better wait till Uncle Jack arrives. I know he wants to speak to you about your emigrating.	40
ALGERNON:	About my what?	
CECILY:	Your emigrating. He has gone up to buy your outfit.	
ALGERNON:	I certainly wouldn't let Jack buy my outfit. He has no taste in neckties at all.	45
CECILY:	I don't think you will require neckties. Uncle Jack is sending you to Australia.	
ALGERNON:	Australia! I'd sooner die	

- CECILY: Well, he said at dinner on Wednesday night, that you would have to choose between this world, the next world, and Australia.
- ALGERNON: Oh, well! The accounts I have received of Australia and the next world are not particularly encouraging. This world is good enough for me, cousin Cecily.
- CECILY: Yes, but are you good enough for it? 55
- ALGERNON: I'm afraid I'm not that. That is why I want you to reform me. You might make that your mission, if you don't mind, Cousin Cecily.
- CECILY: I'm afraid I've no time, this afternoon.
- ALGERNON: Well, would you mind my reforming myself this afternoon? 60
- CECILY: It is rather Quixotic of you. But I think you should try.
- ALGERNON: I will. I feel better already.
- CECILY: You are looking a little worse. 65
- ALGERNON: That is because I am hungry.
- CECILY: How thoughtless of me. I should have remembered that when one is going to lead an entirely new life, one requires regular and wholesome meals. Won't you come in? 70

Act 2

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