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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 4 Drama

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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.

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.

* 6 1 3 7 6 1 5 6 2 8 *

This document consists of **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



- 1 **Either** (a) How, and with what effect, does Shaffer present Dysart's methods for curing
Or (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Shaffer's presentation of the tension between Alan and Dysart in the following scene.

Dysart: Look – Alan.

Alan: I'll answer if you answer. In turns.

[*Pause.*]

Dysart: Very well. Only we have to speak the truth.

Alan [mocking]: Very well.

5

Dysart: So. Do you dream often?

Alan: Yes. Do you?

Dysart: Yes. Do you have a special dream?

Alan: No. Do you?

Dysart: Yes. What was your dream about last night?

10

Alan: Can't remember. What's yours about?

Dysart: I said the truth.

Alan: That is the truth. What's yours about? The special one.

Dysart: Carving up children.

[*ALAN smiles.*]

15

My turn!

Alan: What?

Dysart: What is your first memory of a horse?

Alan: What d'you mean?

Dysart: The first time one entered your life, in any way.

20

Alan: Can't remember.

Dysart: Are you sure?

Alan: Yes.

Dysart: You have no recollection of the first time you noticed a horse?

Alan: I told you. Now it's my turn. Are you married?

25

Dysart [controlling himself]: I am.

Alan: Is she a doctor too?

Dysart: It's my turn.

Alan: Yes, well what?

Dysart: What is Ek?

30

[*Pause.*]

You shouted it out last night in your sleep. I thought you might like to talk about it.

Alan [singing]: Double Diamond works wonders,

Works wonders, works wonders!

35

Dysart: Come on, now. You can do better than that.

Alan [singing louder]: Double Diamond works wonders,

Works wonders

–

- Dysart:* All right. Good morning.
- Alan:* What d'you mean?
- Dysart:* We're finished for today.
- Alan:* But I've only had ten minutes.
- Dysart:* Too bad.
[He picks up a file and studies it. 45
ALAN lingers.]
 Didn't you hear me? I said, Good morning.
- Alan:* That's not fair!
- Dysart:* No?
- Alan [savagely]:* The Government pays you twenty quid an hour to see me. I know. I 50
 heard downstairs.
- Dysart:* Well, go back there and hear some more.
- Alan:* *That's not fair!*
[He springs up, clenching his fists in a sudden violent rage.]
 You're a – you're a – You're a swiz!... Bloody swiz!... 55
- Dysart:* Do I have to call Nurse?
- Alan:* She puts a finger on me, I'll bash her!
- Dysart:* She'll bash you much harder, I can assure you. Now go away.
[He reads his file. ALAN stays where he is, empty clenched hands.
He turns away. 60
A pause.
A faint hum starts from the CHORUS.]
- Alan [sullenly]:* On a beach...

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of Antonio to the play as a whole?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, explore the dramatic and thematic significance of this episode.

The Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

- Duke:* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night; 5
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.
- Curio:* He is not here, so please your lordship,
that should sing it. 10
- Duke:* Who was it?
- Curio:* Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's
father took much delight in. He is about the house.
- Duke:* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. 15
[*Exit CURIO. Music plays.*
- Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else 20
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?
- Viola:* It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.
- Duke:* Thou dost speak masterly. 25
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?
- Viola:* A little, by your favour.
- Duke:* What kind of woman is't? 30
- Viola:* Of your complexion.
- Duke:* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
- Viola:* About your years, my lord.
- Duke:* Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart. 35
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are. 40
- Viola:* I think it well, my lord.
- Duke:* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flow'r
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour. 45
- Viola:* And so they are; alas, that they are so!
To die, even when they to perfection grow!
[*Re-enter CURIO and Clown.*]

Duke: O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
 Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like old age. 55

Clown: Are you ready, sir?

Duke: Ay; prithee, sing. [Music.]

Feste's Song.

Come away, come away, death;
 And in sad cypress let me be laid; 60
 Fly away, fly away, breath,
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death no one so true 65
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown; 70
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

Act 2, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of the Gad's Hill episode to the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of honour and valour at this point in the play.

[Enter HOTSPUR.]

Hotspur: If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince: Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hotspur: My name is Harry Percy.

Prince: Why, then I see 5

A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign 10
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hotspur: Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince: I'll make it greater ere I part from thee, 15
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Hotspur: I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

[Enter FALSTAFF.] 20

Falstaff: Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's
play here, I can tell you.
[*Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who
falls down as if he were dead; DOUGLAS withdraws.
HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*] 25

Hotspur: O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me:
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh; 30
But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust 35
And food for – [Dies.]

Prince: For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 40
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal; 45
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not rememb'rd in thy epitaph!

[He spieth Falstaff on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance! Could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
 I could have better spar'd a better man.

55

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity!
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

60

[Exit.]

Falstaff [Rising up]: Embowell'd! If thou embowel me to-day,
 I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too
 to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that
 hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.
 Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a
 counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who
 hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying,
 when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit,
 but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The
 better part of valour is discretion; in the which better
 part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this
 gunpowder Percy, though he be dead; how if he
 should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am
 afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore
 I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why
 may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but
 eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah *[stabbing
 him]*, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along
 with me.

65

70

75

80

[He takes up Hotspur on his back.]

Act 5, Scene 4

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Ros: [*He regards the audience, that is the direction, with contempt – and directions, then front again.*] Not a move. They should burn to death in their shoes.
- How, and with what purpose, does Stoppard play with ideas of audiences and spectators in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, show how Stoppard creates an increasing sense of hopelessness in his characters.

Guil: And talking to himself.
 [ROS and GUIL move apart together.]
 Well, where has that got us?

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Player: Pirates could happen to anyone. Just deliver the letter. They'll send ambassadors from England to explain...



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ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'In *A View from the Bridge* Miller stages the passions of inarticulate men and women.'

Discuss your response to the play in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Miller presents issues of honour and reputation.

- Marco:* That one! I accuse that one!
[EDDIE brushes BEATRICE aside and rushes out to the stoop.]
- First Officer* [grabbing him and moving him quickly off up the left street]: Come on!
- Marco* [as he is taken off, pointing back at EDDIE]: That one! He killed my children!
That one stole the food from my children! 5
[MARCO is gone. The crowd has turned to EDDIE.]
- Eddie* [to LIPARI and wife]: He's crazy! I give them the blankets off my bed. Six months I kept them like my own brothers!
[LIPARI, the butcher, turns and starts up left with his arm around his wife.] 10
- Eddie:* Lipari! [He follows LIPARI up left.] For Christ's sake, I kept them, I give them the blankets off my bed!
[LIPARI and wife exit. EDDIE turns and starts crossing down right to LOUIS and MIKE.]
- Eddie:* Louis! *Louis!* 15
[LOUIS barely turns, then walks off and exits down right with MIKE. Only BEATRICE is left on the stoop. CATHERINE now returns, blank-eyed, from offstage and the car. EDDIE calls after LOUIS and MIKE.]
- Eddie:* He's gonna take that back. He's gonna take that back or I'll kill him!
You hear me? I'll kill him! I'll kill him! 20
[He exits up street calling.
There is a pause of darkness before the lights rise, on the reception room of a prison. MARCO is seated; ALFIERI, CATHERINE, and RODOLPHO standing.]
- Alfieri:* I'm waiting, Marco, what do you say? 25
- Rodolpho:* Marco never hurt anybody.
- Alfieri:* I can bail you out until your hearing comes up. But I'm not going to do it, you understand me? Unless I have your promise. You're an honourable man, I will believe your promise. Now what do you say?
- Marco:* In my country he would be dead now. He would not live this long. 30
- Alfieri:* All right, Rodolpho – you come with me now.
- Rodolpho:* No! Please, Mister. Marco – promise the man. Please, I want you to watch the wedding. How can I be married and you're in here? Please, you're not going to do anything; you know you're not.
[MARCO is silent.] 35
- Catherine* [kneeling left of MARCO]: Marco, don't you understand? He can't bail you out if you're gonna do something bad. To hell with Eddie. Nobody is gonna talk to him again if he lives to a hundred. Everybody knows you spit in his face, that's enough, isn't it? Give me the satisfaction – I want you at the wedding. You got a wife and kids, Marco. You could be 40

Marco [to ALFIERI]: I have no chance?

Alfieri [*crosses to behind MARCO*]: No, Marco. You're going back. The hearing is a formality, that's all.

Marco: But him? There is a chance, eh? 45

Alfieri: When she marries him he can start to become an American. They permit that, if the wife is born here.

Marco [*looking at RODOLPHO*]: Well – we did something.

[*He lays a palm on RODOLPHO's arm and RODOLPHO covers it.*]

Rodolpho: Marco, tell the man. 50

Marco [*pulling his hand away*]: What will I tell him? He knows such a promise is dishonourable.

Alfieri: To promise not to kill is not dishonourable.

Marco [*looking at ALFIERI*]: No?

Alfieri: No. 55

Marco [*gesturing with his head – this is a new idea*]: Then what is done with such a man?

Alfieri: Nothing. If he obeys the law, he lives. That's all.

Marco [*rises, turns to ALFIERI*]: The law? All the law is not in a book.

Alfieri: Yes. In a book. There is no other law. 60

Marco [*his anger rising*]: He degraded my brother. My blood. He robbed my children, he mocks my work. I work to come here, mister!

Alfieri: I know, Marco –

Marco: There is no law for that? Where is the law for that?

Alfieri: There is none. 65

Marco [*shaking his head, sitting*]: I don't understand this country.

Act 2

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Lady Bracknell: Never speak disrespectfully of Society, Algernon. Only people who can't get into it do that.'

How, and with what effects, does Wilde satirise 'Society' and social convention in *The Importance of Being Earnest*?

- Or** (b) With particular attention to the extract below, consider the ways in which Wilde presents the initial friendship between Cecily and Gwendolen.

Cecily [*advancing to meet her*]: Pray let me introduce myself to you. My name is Cecily Cardew.

Gwendolen: Cecily Cardew? [*Moving to her and shaking hands.*]

What a very sweet name! Something tells me that we are going to be great friends. I like you already more than I can say. My first impressions of people are never wrong. 5

Cecily: How nice of you to like me so much after we have known each other such a comparatively short time. Pray sit down.

Gwendolen [*still standing up*]: I may call you Cecily, may I not?

Cecily: With pleasure! 10

Gwendolen: And you will always call me Gwendolen, won't you?

Cecily: If you wish.

Gwendolen: Then that is all quite settled, is it not?

Cecily: I hope so. [*A pause. They both sit down together.*]

Gwendolen: Perhaps this might be a favourable opportunity for my mentioning who I am. My father is Lord Bracknell. You have never heard of papa, I suppose? 15

Cecily: I don't think so.

Gwendolen: Outside the family circle, papa, I am glad to say, is entirely unknown. I think that is quite as it should be. The home seems to me to be the proper sphere for the man. And certainly once a man begins to neglect his domestic duties he becomes painfully effeminate, does he not? And I don't like that. It makes men so very attractive. Cecily, mamma, whose views on education are remarkably strict, has brought me up to be extremely short-sighted; it is part of her system; so do you mind my looking at you through my glasses? 20 25

Cecily: Oh! not at all, Gwendolen. I am very fond of being looked at.

Gwendolen [*after examining CECILY carefully through a lorgnette*]: You are here on a short visit, I suppose.

Cecily: Oh no! I live here. 30

Gwendolen [*severely*]: Really? Your mother, no doubt, or some female relative of advanced years, resides here also?

Cecily: Oh no! I have no mother, nor, in fact, any relations.

Gwendolen: Indeed?

Cecily: My dear guardian, with the assistance of Miss Prism, has the arduous task of looking after me. 35

Gwendolen: Your guardian?

Cecily: Yes. I am Mr Worthing's ward.

- Gwendolen:* Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. He is so secretive of him! He grows more interesting hourly. I am not sure, however, that the news inspires me with feelings of unmixed delight. [*Rising and going to her.*] I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you! But I am bound to state that now that I know that you are Mr Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were – well, just a little older than you seem to be – and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly – 45
- Cecily:* Pray do! I think that whenever one has anything unpleasant to say, one should always be quite candid.
- Gwendolen:* Well, to speak with perfect candour, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honour. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. But even men of the noblest possible moral character are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others. Modern, no less than Ancient History, supplies us with many most painful examples of what I refer to. If it were not so, indeed, History would be quite unreadable. 50 55
- Cecily:* I beg your pardon, Gwendolen, did you say Ernest?
- Gwendolen:* Yes.
- Cecily:* Oh, but it is not Mr Ernest Worthing who is my guardian. It is his brother – his elder brother. 60
- Gwendolen* [*sitting down again*]: Ernest never mentioned to me that he had a brother.
- Cecily:* I am sorry to say they have not been on good terms for a long time.
- Gwendolen:* Ah! that accounts for it. And now that I think of it I have never heard any man mention his brother. The subject seems distasteful to most men. Cecily, you have lifted a load from my mind. I was growing almost anxious. It would have been terrible if any cloud had come across a friendship like ours, would it not? Of course you are quite, quite sure that it is not Mr Ernest Worthing who is your guardian? 65
- Cecily:* Quite sure. [*A pause.*] In fact, I am going to be his. 70
- Gwendolen* [*inquiringly*]: I beg your pardon?

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