



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

Paper 4 Drama

October/November 2011

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.



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



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'The tension of the play lies in the fact that Dysart envies Alan and at the same level doesn't want his "cure" to work.'
- To what extent is this your view of the play's dramatic action?
- Or** (b) With close reference to both stage directions and language in the following passage, discuss the dramatic impact on an audience of the closing moments of the play's first Act.

DYSART: Go, then. Leave me behind. Ride away now, Alan. Now! ...
Now you are alone with Equus.

[ALAN *stiffens his body.*]

ALAN [*ritually*]: Equus – son of Fleckwus – son of Neckwus – *Walk.*

[*A hum from the CHORUS.*]

Very slowly the horses standing on the circle begin to turn the square by gently pushing the wooden rail. ALAN and his mount start to revolve. The effect, immediately, is of a statue being slowly turned round on a plinth. During the ride however the speed increases, and the light decreases until it is only a fierce spotlight on horse and rider, with the overspill glinting on the other masks leaning in towards them.

Here we go. The King rides out on Equus, mightiest of horses. Only I can ride him. He lets me turn him this way and that. His neck comes out of my body. It lifts in the dark. Equus, my God-slave! ... Now the King commands you. Tonight, we ride against them all.

DYSART: Who's all?

ALAN: My foes and His.

DYSART: Who are your foes?

ALAN: The Hosts of Hoover. The Hosts of Philco. The Hosts of Pifco. The House of Remington and all its tribe!

DYSART: Who are His foes?

ALAN: The Hosts of Jodhpur. The Hosts of Bowler and Gymkhana. All those who show him off for their vanity. Tie rosettes on his head for their vanity! Come on, Equus. Let's get them! ... *Trot!*

[*The speed of the turning square increases.*]

Stead–y! Stead–y! Stead–y! Stead–y! Cowboys are watching! Take off their stetsons. They know who we are. They're admiring us! Bowing low unto us! Come on now – show them! *Canter!* ...

CANTER!

[*He whips NUGGET.*]

And Equus the Mighty rose against All!

His enemies scatter, his enemies fall!

TURN!

Trample them, trample them,

Trample them, trample them,

TURN!

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35

TURN!!
 TURN!!!
[The Equus noise increases in volume.]
[Shouting.] WEE! ... WAA! ... WONDERFUL! ...
 I'm stiff! Stiff in the wind!
 My mane, stiff in the wind!
 My flanks! My hooves!
 Mane on my legs, on my flanks, like whips! 45
 Raw!
 Raw!
I'm raw! Raw!
 Feel me on you! *On you! On you! On you!*
 I want to be *in* you! 50
 I want to BE you forever and ever! –
Equus, I love you!
 Now! –
 Bear me away!
 Make us One Person! 55
[He rides EQUUS frantically.]
One Person! One Person! One Person! One Person!
[He rises up on the horse's back, and calls like a trumpet.]
 Ha-HA! ... Ha-HA! ... Ha-HA!
[The trumpet turns to great cries.] 60
 HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA! HA-HA! HA! ... HA! ... HAAAAA!
[He twists like a flame.]
Silence.
The turning square comes to a stop in the same position it
occupied at the opening of the Act. 65
Slowly the boy drops off the horse's back on to the ground.
He lowers his head and kisses NUGGET's hoof.
Finally he flings back his head and cries up to him.]
 AMEN!
[NUGGET snorts, once.] 70
 BLACKOUT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Write about the presentation and significance of self-deception in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the significance of the following passage the play's changing mood and atmosphere.

Bohemia. A road near the shepherd's cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year, 5
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge, 10
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; 15
 but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
 The pale moon shines by night;
 And when I wander here and there,
 I then do most go right. 20
 If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget,
 Then my account I well may give
 And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My 25
 father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under
 Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With
 die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the
 silly-cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway;
 beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I 30
 sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

CLOWN: Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound
 and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS: [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine. 35

- CLOWN: I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy
for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound
of currants, rice – what will this sister of mine do with rice? But
my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. 40
She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers –
three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most
of them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and
he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour
the warden pies; mace; dates – none, that's out of my note;
nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four 45
pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.
- AUTOLYCUS: [*Groveling on the ground*] O that ever I was born!
- CLOWN: I' th' name of me!
- AUTOLYCUS: O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags; and then,
death, death! 50
- CLOWN: Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee,
rather than have these off.
- AUTOLYCUS: O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than
the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.
- CLOWN: Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great 55
matter.
- AUTOLYCUS: I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en
from me, and these detestable things put upon me.
- CLOWN: What, by a horseman or a footman?
- AUTOLYCUS: A footman, sweet sir, a footman. 60
- CLOWN: Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has
left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot
service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy
hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Act 4, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the dramatic implications for the play as a whole of the fact that Henry IV is himself a usurper, a wrongful king.
- Or** (b) With close attention to language and tone, discuss the comic effects in the following passage.

HOSTESS: There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood, in me else.
 FALSTAFF: There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood – Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. 5

HOSTESS: Say, what thing? what thing?
 FALSTAFF: What thing! Why, a thing to thank God on.
 HOSTESS: I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so. 10

FALSTAFF: Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.
 HOSTESS: Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?
 FALSTAFF: What beast! Why, an otter.
 PRINCE: An otter, Sir John! Why an otter? 15
 FALSTAFF: Why, she's neither fish nor flesh: a man knows not where to have her.

HOSTESS: Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!
 PRINCE: Thou say'st true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly. 20

HOSTESS: So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.
 PRINCE: Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?
 FALSTAFF: A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love. 25

HOSTESS: Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.
 FALSTAFF: Did I, Bardolph?
 BARDOLPH: Indeed, Sir John, you said so. 30
 FALSTAFF: Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE: I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?
 FALSTAFF: Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp. 35

PRINCE: And why not as the lion?
 FALSTAFF: The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

- PRINCE: O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine – it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded – if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket-up wrong. Art thou not ashamed? 45
- FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket? 50
- PRINCE: It appears so by the story. 55
- FALSTAFF: Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shall find me tractable to any honest reason. Thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. 60
[Exit Hostess].

Act 3, Scene 3

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic significance and effects of physical and verbal games in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Stoppard's presentation of ideas about death.

GUIL: Yes, one must think of the future.
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GUIL: Death followed by eternity ... the worst of both worlds. It is a terrible thought.

Act 2

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 5 **Either** (a) Explore the dramatic techniques through which Williams creates the atmosphere of the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to both action and language in the following passage, discuss Williams's presentation of Stanley's first appearance in the play.

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[Her head falls on her arms.]
Scene 1

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'The play's title stresses the importance of being **earnest** (i.e. serious and sincere), but the play itself shows that earnestness is, in fact, both unimportant and undesirable.'

Explore this view with close reference to the language and action of the play.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing in particular on Wilde's presentation of Jack's and Algernon's moral outlook on the world.

- ALGERNON: Didn't it go off all right, old boy? You don't mean to say Gwendolen refused you? I know it is a way she has. She is always refusing people. I think it is most ill-natured of her.
- JACK: Oh, Gwendolen is as right as a trivet. As far as she is concerned, we are engaged. Her mother is perfectly unbearable. Never met such a Gorgon. ... I don't really know what a Gorgon is like, but I am quite sure that Lady Bracknell is one. In any case, she is a monster, without being a myth, which is rather unfair. ... I beg your pardon, Algy, I suppose I shouldn't talk about your own aunt in that way before you. 5
- ALGERNON: My dear boy, I love hearing my relations abused. It is the only thing that makes me put up with them at all. Relations are simply a tedious pack of people, who haven't got the remotest knowledge of how to live, nor the smallest instinct about when to die. 10
- JACK: Oh, that is nonsense!
- ALGERNON: It isn't! 15
- JACK: Well, I won't argue about the matter. You always want to argue about things.
- ALGERNON: That is exactly what things were originally made for.
- JACK: Upon my word, if I thought that, I'd shoot myself. ... [A pause.] You don't think there is any chance of Gwendolen becoming like her mother in about a hundred and fifty years, do you, Algy? 20
- ALGERNON: All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his.
- JACK: Is that clever?
- ALGERNON: It is perfectly phrased! and quite as true as any observation in civilized life should be. 25
- JACK: I am sick to death of cleverness. Everybody is clever nowadays. You can't go anywhere without meeting clever people. The thing has become an absolute public nuisance. I wish to goodness we had a few fools left. 30
- ALGERNON: We have.
- JACK: I should extremely like to meet them. What do they talk about?
- ALGERNON: The fools? Oh! about the clever people, of course.
- JACK: What fools.
- ALGERNON: By the way, did you tell Gwendolen the truth about your being Ernest in town, and Jack in the country? 35
- JACK [*in a very patronizing manner*]: My dear fellow, the truth isn't quite the sort of thing one tells to a nice, sweet, refined girl. What extraordinary ideas you have about the way to behave to a woman!
- ALGERNON: The only way to behave to a woman is to make love to her, if she is pretty, and to someone else, if she is plain. 40
- JACK: Oh, that is nonsense.

- ALGERNON: What about your brother? What about the profligate Ernest?
- JACK: Oh, before the end of the week I shall have got rid of him. I'll say he died in Paris of apoplexy. Lots of people die of apoplexy, quite suddenly, don't they?
- ALGERNON: Yes, but it's hereditary, my dear fellow. It's a sort of thing that runs in families. You had much better say a severe chill.
- JACK: You are sure a severe chill isn't hereditary, or anything of that kind? 50
- ALGERNON: Of course it isn't!
- JACK: Very well, then. My poor brother Ernest is carried off suddenly, in Paris, by a severe chill. That gets rid of him.
- ALGERNON: But I thought you said that ... Miss Cardew was a little too much interested in your poor brother Ernest? Won't she feel his loss a good deal? 55
- JACK: Oh, that is all right, Cecily is not a silly romantic girl, I am glad to say. She has got a capital appetite, goes long walks, and pays no attention at all to her lessons.
- ALGERNON: I would rather like to see Cecily. 60
- JACK: I will take very good care you never do. She is excessively pretty, and she is only just eighteen.
- ALGERNON: Have you told Gwendolen yet that you have an excessively pretty ward who is only just eighteen?
- JACK: Oh! one doesn't blurt these things out to people. Cecily and Gwendolen are perfectly certain to be extremely great friends. I'll bet you anything you like that half an hour after they have met, they will be calling each other sister. 65
- ALGERNON: Women only do that when they have called each other a lot of other things first. Now, my dear boy, if we want to get a good table at Willis's, we really must go and dress. Do you know it is nearly seven? 70
- JACK [*irritably*]: Oh! it always is nearly seven.
- ALGERNON: I'm hungry.
- JACK: I never knew you when you weren't. ...
- ALGERNON: What shall we do after dinner? Go to a theatre? 75
- JACK: Oh no! I loathe listening.
- ALGERNON: Well, let us go to the Club?
- JACK: Oh, no! I hate talking.
- ALGERNON: Well, we might trot round to the Empire at ten?
- JACK: Oh, no! I can't bear looking at things. It is so silly. 80
- ALGERNON: Well, what shall we do?
- JACK: Nothing!
- ALGERNON: It is awfully hard work doing nothing. However, I don't mind hard work where there is no definite object of any kind.

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