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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.

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



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'In *Equus* Shaffer demonstrates that it is society rather than Alan that is sick.
To what extent would you agree with this view of the play's action?
- Or** (b) With close reference to both stage directions and speech, discuss the dramatic impact of the opening scene of the play.

ACT ONE

I

Darkness.

Silence.

Dim light up on the square. In a spotlight stands ALAN STRANG, a lean boy of seventeen, in sweater and jeans. In front of him, the horse NUGGET. ALAN's pose represents a contour of great tenderness: his head is pressed against the shoulder of the horse, his hands stretching up to fondle its head. The horse in turn nuzzles his neck.

The flame of a cigarette lighter jumps in the dark. Lights come up slowly on the circle. On the left bench, downstage, MARTIN DYSART, smoking. A man in his mid-forties.

- Dysart:* With one particular horse, called Nugget, he embraces. The animal digs its sweaty brow into his cheek, and they stand in the dark for an hour – like a necking couple. And of all nonsensical things – I keep thinking about the *horse!* Not the boy: the horse, and what it may be trying to do. I keep seeing that huge head kissing him with its chained mouth. Nudging through the metal some desire absolutely irrelevant to filling its belly or propagating its own kind. What desire could that be? Not to stay a horse any longer? Not to remain reined up for ever in those particular genetic strings? Is it possible, at certain moments we cannot imagine, a horse can add its sufferings together – the non-stop jerks and jabs that are its daily life – and turn them into grief? What use is grief to a horse?
- [ALAN leads NUGGET out of the square and they disappear together up the tunnel, the horse's hooves scraping delicately on the wood.
DYSART rises, and addresses both the large audience in the theatre and the smaller one on stage.]
- You see, I'm lost. What use, I should be asking, are questions like these to an overworked psychiatrist in a provincial hospital? They're worse than useless; they are, in fact, subversive.
- [*He enters the square. The light grows brighter.*]
- The thing is, I'm desperate. You see, I'm wearing that horse's head myself. That's the feeling. All reined up in old language and old assumptions, straining to jump clean-hoofed on to a whole new track of being I only suspect is there. I can't see it, because my educated, average head is being held at the wrong angle. I can't jump because the bit forbids it, and my own basic force – my horsepower, if you like – is too little. The only thing I know for sure is this: a horse's head is finally unknowable to me. Yet I handle children's heads – which I must presume to be more complicated, at least in the area of my chief concern ... In a way, it has nothing to do with this boy. The doubts have been there for years, piling up steadily in this dreary place. It's only the extremity of this

All the same, whatever the reason, they are now, these doubts, not
vaguely worrying – but intolerable ... I'm sorry. I'm not making much
sense. Let me start properly; in order. It began one Monday last month,
with Hesther's visit.

45

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) What contribution does confusion about identity make to the impact of the plot as a whole?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and with what effect, does Shakespeare establish contrasts between Malvolio and the other characters in the following extract?

Enter MARIA.

Maria: What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir Toby: My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [*Sings*] 5

Three merry men be we.
Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady.
[*Sings*]

There dwelt a man in Babylon, 10
Lady, lady.

Clown: Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir Andrew: Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir Toby: [*Sings*] O' the twelfth day of December – 15

Maria: For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio: My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you? 20

Sir Toby: We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Malvolio: Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 25

Sir Toby: [*Sings*] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Maria: Nay, good Sir Toby. 30

Clown: [*Sings*] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Maria: Is't even so?

Sir Toby: [*Sings*] But I will never die. [*Falls down.*]

Clown: [*Sings*] Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio: This is much credit to you. 35

Sir Toby: [*Sings*] Shall I bid him go?

Clown: [*Sings*] What an if you do?

Sir Toby: [*Sings*] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown: [*Sings*] O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir Toby: [*Rising*] Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown: Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir Toby: Th'art i' th' right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

45

Malvolio: Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*]

Act 2, Scene 3

Hotspur: I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glendower: The moon shines fair; you may away by night;
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

50

Mortimer: Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
[Exit.

Act 3, Scene 1

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) How does Stoppard's presentation of Ros and Guil lead you to sympathise with them?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, show how Stoppard creates a sense of the absurd, both here and elsewhere in the play.

A better light – Lantern? Moon? ... Light.

Revealing, among other things, three large man-sized casks on deck, upended, with lids.

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Guil: He can sleep.

Ros: It's all right for him.

Act 3



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ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Oh, there were many here who were justly shot by unjust men. Justice important here.'

How, and with what effects, does Miller dramatise different types of justice in *A View from the Bridge*?

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following extract and suggest what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the episode unfolds.

Rodolpho [to all but MARCO]: I never heard anybody say it was too loud.

Catherine: Did you ever hear of jazz?

Rodolpho: Oh, sure! I sing jazz.

Catherine [rises]: You could sing jazz?

Rodolpho: Oh, I sing Napolidan, jazz, *bel canto* – I sing *Paper Doll*, you like *Paper Doll*? 5

Catherine: Oh, sure. I'm crazy for *Paper Doll*. Go ahead, sing it.

Rodolpho [takes his stance after getting a nod of permission from MARCO, and with a high tenor voice begins singing]:

I'll tell you boys it's tough to be alone, 10

And it's tough to love a doll that's not your own.

I'm through with all of them,

I'll never fall again,

Hey, boy, what you gonna do?

I'm gonna buy a paper doll that I can call my own, 15

A doll that other fellows cannot steal.

[EDDIE rises and moves upstage.]

And then those flirty, flirty guys

With their flirty, flirty eyes

Will have to flirt with dollies that are real – 20

Eddie: Hey, kid – hey, wait a minute –

Catherine [enthralled]: Leave him finish, it's beautiful! [To BEATRICE] He's terrific! It's terrific, Rodolpho.

Eddie: Look, kid; you don't want to be picked up, do ya?

Marco: No – no! [He rises.] 25

Eddie [indicating the rest of the building]: Because we never had no singers here ... and all of a sudden there's a singer in the house, y'know what I mean?

Marco: Yes, yes. You'll be quiet, Rodolpho.

Eddie [– he is flushed]: They got guys all over the place, Marco. I mean. 30

Marco: Yes. He'll be quiet. [To RODOLPHO] You'll be quiet.

[RODOLPHO nods.

EDDIE has risen, with iron control, even a smile. He moves to CATHERINE.]

Eddie: What's the high heels for, Garbo? 35

Catherine: I figured for tonight –

Eddie: Do me a favour, will you? Go ahead.

[Embarrassed now, angered, CATHERINE goes out into the bedroom. BEATRICE watches her go and gets up; in passing, she gives EDDIE a cold look, restrained only by the strangers, and goes to the table to pour coffee.]

Eddie [*striving to laugh, and to MARCO, but directed as much to BEATRICE*]:
All actresses they want to be around here.

Rodolpho [*happy about it*]: In Italy too! All the girls.

[CATHERINE emerges from the bedroom in low-heel shoes, comes to the table. RODOLPHO is lifting a cup.] 45

Eddie [*– he is sizing up RODOLPHO, and there is a concealed suspicion*]: Yeah, heh?

Rodolpho: Yes! [*Laughs, indicating CATHERINE*] Especially when they are so beautiful! 50

Catherine: You like sugar?

Rodolpho: Sugar? Yes! I like sugar very much!

[EDDIE is downstage, watching as she pours a spoonful of sugar into his cup, his face puffed with trouble, and the room dies.

Lights rise on ALFIERI.] 55

Alfieri: Who can ever know what will be discovered? Eddie Carbone had never expected to have a destiny. A man works, raises his family, goes bowling, eats, gets old, and then he dies. Now, as the weeks passed, there was a future, there was a trouble that would not go away.

[The lights fade on ALFIERI, then rise on EDDIE standing at the doorway of the house. BEATRICE enters on the street. She sees EDDIE, smiles at him. He looks away.] 60

Act 1

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

6 **Either** (a) 'All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy.'

Consider Wilde's presentation of Gwendolen's behaviour in the light of the comment.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing in particular on its comic effects.

Lady Bracknell [*in a severe, judicial voice*]: Prism! [*MISS PRISM bows her head in shame.*] Come here, Prism! [*MISS PRISM approaches in a humble manner.*] Prism! Where is that baby? [*General consternation. The Canon starts back in horror. ALGERNON and JACK pretend to be anxious to shield CECILY and GWENDOLEN from hearing the details of a terrible public scandal.*] Twenty-eight years ago, Prism, you left Lord Bracknell's house, Number 104, Upper Grosvenor Square, in charge of a perambulator that contained a baby of the male sex. You never returned. A few weeks later, through the elaborate investigations of the Metropolitan police, the perambulator was discovered at midnight standing by itself in a remote corner of Bayswater. It contained the manuscript of a three-volume novel of more than usually revolting sentimentality. [*MISS PRISM starts in involuntary indignation.*] But the baby was not there. [*Every one looks at MISS PRISM.*] Prism! Where is that baby? [*A pause.*] 5

Miss Prism: Lady Bracknell, I admit with shame that I do not know. I only wish I did. The plain facts of the case are these. On the morning of the day you mention, a day that is for ever branded on my memory, I prepared as usual to take the baby out in its perambulator. I had also with me a somewhat old, but capacious hand-bag in which I had intended to place the manuscript of a work of fiction that I had written during my few unoccupied hours. In a moment of mental abstraction, for which I can never forgive myself, I deposited the manuscript in the bassinette and placed the baby in the hand-bag. 10 20 25

Jack [*who had been listening attentively*]: But where did you deposit the hand-bag?

Miss Prism: Do not ask me, Mr Worthing.

Jack: Miss Prism, this is a matter of no small importance to me. I insist on knowing where you deposited the hand-bag that contained that infant. 30

Miss Prism: I left it in the cloak-room of one of the larger railway stations in London.

Jack: What railway station?

Miss Prism [*quite crushed*]: Victoria. The Brighton line. [*Sinks into a chair.*] 35

Jack: I must retire to my room for a moment. Gwendolen, wait here for me.

Gwendolen: If you are not too long, I will wait here for you all my life. [*Exit JACK in great excitement.*]

Chasuble: What do you think this means, Lady Bracknell? 40

- Lady Bracknell:* I dare not even suspect, Dr Chasuble. I need hardly tell you that the families of high position strange coincidences are not supposed to occur. They are hardly considered the thing.
[Noises heard overhead as if some one was throwing trunks about. Every one looks up.] 45
- Cecily:* Uncle Jack seems strangely agitated.
- Chasuble:* Your guardian has a very emotional nature.
- Lady Bracknell:* This noise is extremely unpleasant. It sounds as if he was having an argument. I dislike arguments of any kind. They are always vulgar, and often convincing. 50
- Chasuble [looking up]:* It has stopped now. [The noise is redoubled.]
- Lady Bracknell:* I wish he would arrive at some conclusion.
- Gwendolen:* This suspense is terrible. I hope it will last.
[Enter JACK with a hand-bag of black leather in his hand.]
- Jack [rushing over to MISS PRISM]:* Is this the hand-bag, Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The happiness of more than one life depends on your answer. 55
- Miss Prism [calmly]:* It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage, an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extravagant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years. 60
65
- Jack [in a pathetic voice]:* Miss Prism, more is restored to you than this hand-bag. I was the baby you placed in it.
- Miss Prism [amazed]:* You?
- Jack [embracing her]:* Yes ... mother! 70
- Miss Prism [recoiling in indignant astonishment]:* Mr Worthing. I am unmarried!
- Jack:* Unmarried! I do not deny that is a serious blow. But after all, who has the right to cast a stone against one who has suffered? Cannot repentance wipe out an act of folly? Why should there be one law for men, and another for women? Mother, I forgive you. [Tries to embrace her again.] 75
- Miss Prism [still more indignant]:* Mr Worthing, there is some error. [Pointing to LADY BRACKNELL.] There is the lady who can tell you who you really are.
- Jack [after a pause]:* Lady Bracknell, I hate to seem inquisitive, but would you kindly inform me who I am? 80
- Lady Bracknell:* I am afraid that the news I have to give you will not altogether please you. You are the son of my poor sister, Mrs Moncrieff, and consequently Algernon's elder brother.

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