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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama

**October/November 2009**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Fugard's presentation of injustice in his plays. You should refer to **two** of the plays you have studied.
- Or** (b) In what ways does Fugard present the character of Styles in the following extract from the play?

Into the third phase of General Cleaning.  
 'Styles!  
 'Yes, sir!  
 'Tell all the boys they must now go to the bathroom and wash themselves clean.' 5

We needed it! Into the bathroom, under the showers ... hot water, soap ... on a Thursday! Before ten? *Yo!* What's happening in the plant? The other chaps asked me: 'What's going on, Styles?' I told them: 'Big-shot from America coming to visit you.' When we finished washing they gave us towels ... [*laugh*].

Three hundred of us, man! We were so clean we felt shy! Standing there like little ladies in front of the mirror. From there to the General Store. 10

Handed in my dirty overall.  
 'Throw it on the floor.'  
 'Yes, sir!'

New overall comes, wrapped in plastic. Brand new, man! I normally take a thirty-eight but this one was a forty-two. Then next door to the tool room ... brand new tool bag, set of spanners, shifting spanner, torque wrench – all of them brand new – and because I worked in the dangerous hot test section I was also given a new asbestos apron and fire-proof gloves to replace the ones I had lost about a year ago. I'm telling you I walked back heavy to my spot. Armstrong on the moon! Inside the plant it was general meeting again. General Foreman Mr 'Baas' Bradley called me. 15

'Styles!  
 'Yes, sir.'  
 'Come translate.'  
 'Yes, sir!' 20

[*STYLES pulls out a chair. MR 'BAAS' BRADLEY speaks on one side, STYLES translates on the other.*]

'Tell the boys in your language, that this is a very big day in their lives.'  
 'Gentlemen, this old fool says this is a hell of a big day in our lives.'  
 The men laughed. 30

'They are very happy to hear that, sir.'  
 'Tell the boys that Mr Henry Ford the Second, the owner of this place, is going to visit us. Tell them Mr Ford is the big Baas. He owns the plant and everything in it.'  
 'Gentlemen, old Bradley says this Ford is a big bastard. He owns everything in this building, which means you as well.' 35

A voice came out of the crowd:  
 'Is he a bigger fool than Bradley?'  
 'They're asking, sir, is he bigger than you?'  
 'Certainly ... [*blustering*] ... certainly. He is a very big baas. He's a ... [*groping for words*] ... he's a Makulu Baas.' 40

I loved that one!  
 'Mr "Baas" Bradley says most certainly Mr Ford is bigger than him. In fact Mr Ford is the grandmother baas of them all ... that's what he said to me.'  
 'Styles, tell the boys that when Mr Henry Ford comes into the plant I want them all to look happy. We will slow down the speed of the line so that they can sing and smile while they are working.' 45

'Gentlemen, he says that when the door opens and his grandmother walks in, you must see to it that you are wearing a mask of smiles. Hide your true feelings, brothers. You must sing. The joyous songs of the days of old before we had fools like this one next to me to worry about.' [To BRADLEY.] 'Yes, sir!'

'Say to them, Styles, that they must try to impress Mr Henry Ford that they are better than those monkeys in his own country, those niggers in Harlem who know nothing but strike, strike.'

Yo! I liked that one too.

'Gentlemen, he says we must remember, when Mr Ford walks in, that we are South African monkeys, not American monkeys. South African monkeys are much better trained ....'

55

*Sizwe Bansi Is Dead*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance to the play as a whole of the scenes featuring Maria, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following scene, paying particular attention to ways in which Shakespeare presents Viola and Olivia at this point in the play.

OLIVIA:	Of what personage and years is he?	
MALVOLIO:	Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.	5
OLIVIA:	Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.	
MALVOLIO:	Gentlewoman, my lady calls. <span style="float: right;">[Exit. Re-enter MARIA.</span>	10
OLIVIA:	Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. <i>Enter VIOLA.</i>	
VIOLA:	The honourable lady of the house, which is she?	
OLIVIA:	Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?	15
VIOLA:	Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty – I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.	20
OLIVIA:	Whence came you, sir?	
VIOLA:	I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.	25
OLIVIA:	Are you a comedian?	
VIOLA:	No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?	
OLIVIA:	If I do not usurp myself, I am.	30
VIOLA:	Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.	
OLIVIA:	Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.	35
VIOLA:	Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.	
OLIVIA:	It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.	40
MARIA:	Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.	
VIOLA:	No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.	
OLIVIA:	Tell me your mind.	45
VIOLA:	I am a messenger.	

- OLIVIA: Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.
- VIOLA: It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter. 50
- OLIVIA: Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?
- VIOLA: The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead – to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation. 55
- OLIVIA: Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.  
[*Exeunt Maria and Attendants*]

Act 1, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
Oh you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome ...'

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the crowd in the play *Julius Caesar*.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following exchange, paying particular attention to the ways in which it develops an audience's understanding of Cassius and Brutus at this point in the play.

CASSIUS: Messala.  
 MESSALA: What says my general?  
 CASSIUS: Messala,  
 This is my birth-day; as this very day  
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand Messala. 5  
 Be thou my witness that against my will,  
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
 Upon one battle all our liberties.  
 You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
 And his opinion; now I change my mind, 10  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us. 15  
 This morning are they fled away and gone,  
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us  
 As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which 20  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.  
 MESSALA: Believe not so.  
 CASSIUS: I but believe it partly;  
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd  
 To meet all perils very constantly. 25  
 BRUTUS: Even so, Lucilius.  
 CASSIUS: Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still in-certain, 30  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together.  
 What are you then determin'd to do?  
 BRUTUS: Even by the rule of that philosophy 35  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself – I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life – arming myself with patience 40  
 To stay the providence of some high powers  
 That govern us below.  
 CASSIUS: Then, if we lose this battle,  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 To the victor's camp.

BRUTUS: No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun,  
And whether we shall meet again I know not. 50  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:  
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS: For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! 55  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS: Why then, lead on. O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth that the day will end, 60  
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!  
*[Exeunt.]*

Act Five, Scene One

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation, so call it,  
Sith nor th'exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was.'

Discuss the treatment of Hamlet's madness in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*.

- Or** (b) How might an audience react to the following scene, the final moments of the play?

(Act 3. GUILD: [tired, drained]...overtaken by darkness)

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ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Miller's presentation of America and American values in *A View from the Bridge*.
- Or** (b) What in your view is the dramatic significance of the following scene, Alfieri's first encounter with Eddie?

ALFIERI: It was at this time that he first came to me. I had represented his father in an accident case some years before, and I was acquainted with the family in a casual way. I remember him now as he walked through my doorway – [*Enter EDDIE down right ramp.*]  
His eyes were like tunnels; my first thought was that he had committed a crime, 5  
[*EDDIE sits beside the desk, cap in hand, looking out.*]  
but soon I saw it was only a passion that had moved into his body, like a stranger. [*ALFIERI pauses, looks down at his desk, then to EDDIE as though he was continuing a conversation with him.*] I don't quite understand what I can do for you. Is there a question of law somewhere? 10

EDDIE: That's what I want to ask you.

ALFIERI: Because there's nothing illegal about a girl falling in love with an immigrant. 15

EDDIE: Yeah, but what about it if the only reason for it is to get his papers?

ALFIERI: First of all you don't know that.

EDDIE: I see it in his eyes; he's laughin' at her and he's laughin' at me.

ALFIERI: Eddie, I'm a lawyer. I can only deal in what's provable. You understand that, don't you? Can you prove that? 20

EDDIE: *I know what's in his mind, Mr Alfieri!*

ALFIERI: Eddie, even if you could prove that –

EDDIE: Listen ... will you listen to me a minute? My father always said you was a smart man. I want you to listen to me. 25

ALFIERI: I'm only a lawyer, Eddie.

EDDIE: Will you listen a minute? I'm talkin' about the law. Lemme just bring out what I mean. A man, which he comes into the country illegal, don't it stand to reason he's gonna take every penny and put it in the sock? Because they don't know from one day to another, right? 30

ALFIERI: All right.

EDDIE: He's spendin'. Records he buys now. Shoes. Jackets. Y'understand me? This guy ain't worried. This guy is *here*. So it must be that he's got it all laid out in his mind already – he's stayin'. Right? 35

ALFIERI: Well? What about it?

EDDIE: All right. [*He glances at ALFIERI, then down to the floor.*]  
I'm talking to you confidential, ain't I? 40

ALFIERI: Certainly.

EDDIE: I mean it don't go no place but here. Because I don't like to say this about anybody. Even my wife I didn't exactly say this.

ALFIERI: What is it? 45

EDDIE [*takes a breath and glances briefly over each shoulder*]: The guy ain't right, Mr Alfieri.

ALFIERI: What do you mean?

EDDIE: I mean he ain't right.

ALFIERI: I don't get you.

EDDIE [*shifts to another position in the chair*]: Dja ever get a look at him?

ALFIERI: Not that I know of, no.

EDDIE: He's a blond guy. Like ... platinum. You know what I mean?  
 ALFIERI: No.  
 EDDIE: I mean if you close the paper fast – you could blow him over.  
 ALFIERI: Well that doesn't mean –  
 EDDIE: Wait a minute, I'm tellin' you sump'm. He sings, see. Which is – I mean it's all right, but sometimes he hits a note, see. I turn around. I mean – high. You know what I mean?  
 ALFIERI: Well, that's a tenor. 55  
 EDDIE: I know a tenor, Mr Alfieri. This ain't no tenor. I mean if you came in the house and you didn't know who was singin', you wouldn't be lookin' for him you be lookin' for her.  
 ALFIERI: Yes, but that's not –  
 EDDIE: I'm tellin' you sump'm, wait a minute. Please, Mr Alfieri. I'm tryin' to bring out my thoughts here. Couple of nights ago my niece brings out a dress which it's too small for her, because she shot up like a light this last year. He takes the dress, lays it on the table, he cuts it up; one-two-three, he makes a new dress. I mean he looked so sweet there, like an angel – you could kiss him he was so sweet. 60  
 ALFIERI: Now look, Eddie – 65

Act One

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Wilde's presentation of selfishness in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following scene, show how Wilde creates humour at this point in the play.

GWENDOLEN:	My own Ernest!	
JACK:	But you don't really mean to say that you couldn't love me if my name wasn't Ernest?	
GWENDOLEN:	But your name is Ernest.	
JACK:	Yes, I know it is. But supposing it was something else? Do you mean to say you couldn't love me then?	5
GWENDOLEN [ <i>glibly</i> ]:	Ah! that is clearly a metaphysical speculation, and like most metaphysical speculations has very little reference at all to the actual facts of real life, as we know them.	
JACK:	Personally, darling, to speak quite candidly, I don't much care about the name of Ernest... I don't think the name suits me at all.	10
GWENDOLEN:	It suits you perfectly. It is a divine name. It has music of its own. It produces vibrations.	
JACK:	Well, really, Gwendolen, I must say that I think there are lots of other much nicer names. I think Jack, for instance, a charming name.	15
GWENDOLEN:	Jack?... No, there is very little music in the name Jack, if any at all, indeed. It does not thrill. It produces absolutely no vibrations... I have known several Jacks, and they all, without exception, were more than usually plain. Besides, Jack is a notorious domesticity for John! And I pity any woman who is married to a man called John. She would probably never be allowed to know the entrancing pleasure of a single moment's solitude. The only really safe name is Ernest.	20
JACK:	Gwendolen, I must get christened at once - I mean we must get married at once. There is no time to be lost.	25
GWENDOLEN:	Married, Mr. Worthing?	
JACK [ <i>astounded</i> ]:	Well... surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.	30
GWENDOLEN:	I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.	
JACK:	Well... may I propose to you now?	35
GWENDOLEN:	I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr. Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that I am fully determined to accept you.	
JACK:	Gwendolen!	40
GWENDOLEN:	Yes, Mr. Worthing, what have you got to say to me?	
JACK:	You know what I have got to say to you.	
GWENDOLEN:	Yes, but you don't say it.	
JACK:	Gwendolen, will you marry me? [ <i>Goes on his knees.</i> ]	
GWENDOLEN:	Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.	45
JACK:	My own one, I have never loved any one in the world but	

- GWENDOLEN: Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know my brother Gerald does. All my girl-friends tell me so. What wonderfully blue eyes you have, Ernest! They are quite, quite blue. I hope you will always look at me just like that, especially when there are other people present. [*Enter LADY BRACKNELL.*]
- LADY BRACKNELL: Mr. Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous. 55
- GWENDOLEN: Mamma! [*He tries to rise; she restrains him.*] I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides, Mr. Worthing has not quite finished yet.
- LADY BRACKNELL: Finished what, may I ask? 60
- GWENDOLEN: I am engaged to Mr. Worthing, mamma. [*They rise together.*]
- LADY BRACKNELL: Pardon me, you are not engaged to any one. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact. An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself... And now I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Worthing. While I am making these inquiries, you, Gwendolen, will wait for me below in the carriage. 65
- GWENDOLEN [*reproachfully*]: Mamma!
- LADY BRACKNELL: In the carriage, Gwendolen! [*GWENDOLEN goes to the door. She and JACK blow kisses to each other behind LADY BRACKNELL's back. LADY BRACKNELL looks vaguely about as if she could not understand what the noise was. Finally turns round.*] Gwendolen, the carriage! 70 75





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