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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

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.



This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'MARTHA: Don't you tell me words. Biology's even better. It's right at the *meat* of things.'

Discuss the dramatic significance of Nick's profession as an academic biologist for the play.

- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Albee's presentation of George and Martha at the beginning of the play.

Set in darkness. Crash against front door. MARTHA'S laughter heard. Front door opens, lights are switched on, MARTHA enters, followed by GEORGE.

Martha: Jesus ...

George: ... Shhhhhhh.... 5

Martha: ... H. Christ ...

George: For God's sake, Martha, it's two o'clock in the ...

Martha: Oh, George!

George: Well, I'm sorry but ...

Martha: What a cluck! What a cluck you are. 10

George: It's late, you know? Late.

Martha [looks about the room. Imitates Bette Davis]: What a dump. Hey, what's that from? 'What a dump!'

George: How would I know what ...

Martha: Aw, come on! What's it from? You know ... 15

George: ... Martha ...

Martha: WHAT'S IT FROM, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?

George [wearily]: What's what from?

Martha: I just told you; I just did it. 'What a dump!' Hunh? What's that from? 20

George: I haven't the faintest idea what ...

Martha: Dumbbell! It's from some goddamn Bette Davis picture ... some goddamn Warner Brothers epic....

George: I can't remember all the pictures that ...

Martha: Nobody's asking you to remember every single goddamn Warner Brothers epic ... just one! One single little epic! Bette Davis gets peritonitis in the end ... she's got this big black fright wig she wears all through the picture and she gets peritonitis, and she's married to Joseph Cotten or something.... 25

George: ... Somebody ...

Martha: ... somebody ... and she wants to go to Chicago all the time, 'cause she's in love with that actor with the scar.... But she gets sick, and she sits down in front of her dressing-table....

George: What actor? What scar? 30

- Martha:* I can't remember his name, for God's sake. What's the name of the *picture*? I want to know what the name of the *picture* is. She sits down in front of her dressing-table ... and she's got this peritonitis ... and she tries to put her lipstick on, but she can't ... and she gets it all over her face ... but she decides to go to Chicago anyway, and ... 40
- George:* *Chicago!* It's called *Chicago*.
- Martha:* Hunh? What ... what is?
- George:* The picture ... it's called *Chicago*....
- Martha:* Good grief! Don't you know *anything*? *Chicago* was a thirties musical, starring little Miss Alice *Faye*. Don't you know *anything*? 45
- George:* Well, that was probably before my *time*, but ...
- Martha:* Can it! Just cut that out! This picture ... Bette Davis comes home from a hard day at the grocery store.... 50
- George:* She works in a grocery store?
- Martha:* She's a housewife; she buys things ... and she comes home with the groceries, and she walks into the modest living-room of the modest cottage modest Joseph Cotten has set her up in.... 55
- George:* Are they married?
- Martha* [*impatiently*]: Yes. They're married. To each other. Cluck! And she comes in, and she looks around, and she puts her groceries down, and she says, 'What a dump!'
- George* [*pause*]: Oh. 60
- Martha* [*pause*]: She's discontent.
- George* [*pause*]: Oh.
- Martha* [*pause*]: Well, what's the name of the picture?
- George:* I really don't know, Martha....
- Martha:* Well think! 65

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of the episodes in Bohemia for the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of tension between Leontes and Paulina at this point in the play.

Paulina: Good my liege, I come –
 And I beseech you hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils, 5
 Than such as most seem yours – I say I come
 From your good Queen.

Leontes: Good Queen!

Paulina: Good Queen, my lord, good Queen – I say good Queen;
 And would by combat make her good, so were I 10
 A man, the worst about you.

Leontes: Force her hence.

Paulina: Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes.
 First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off;
 But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen, 15
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
 Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Leontes: Out!
 A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door! 20
 A most intelligencing bawd!

Paulina: Not so.
 I am as ignorant in that as you
 In so entitling me; and no less honest
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant, 25
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leontes: Traitors!
 Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
 [To ANTIGONUS] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,
 unroosted 30
 By the Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
 Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paulina: For ever
 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
 Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness 35
 Which he has put upon't!

Leontes: He dreads his wife.

Paulina: So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
 You'd call your children yours.

Leontes: A nest of traitors! 40

Antigonus: I am none, by this good light.

Paulina: Nor I; nor any
 But one that's here; and that's himself; for he

- The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, 45
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not –
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't – once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound. 50
- Leontes:* A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam 55
Commit them to the fire.
- Paulina:* It is yours.
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter 60
And copy of the father – eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it 65
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
- Leontes:* A gross hag! 70
And, lozel, though art worthy to be hang'd
That wilt not stay her tongue.
- Antigonus:* Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject. 75
- Leontes:* Once more, take her hence.
- Paulina:* A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
- Leontes:* I'll ha' thee burnt.
- Paulina:* I care not. 80
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen –
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy – something savours 85
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Act 2, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of treachery and intrigue in the play *Richard III*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Clarence's state of mind at this point in the play.

Enter CLARENCE and Keeper.

Keeper: Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence: O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man, 5
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days –
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Keeper: What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clarence: Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower 10
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times, 15

During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard 20
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears,
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!

Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks, 25
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatt'red in the bottom of the sea;

Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in the holes 30
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatt'red by.

Keeper: Had you such leisure in the time of death 35
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clarence: Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air; 40
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Keeper: Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clarence: No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life. 45
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
 With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick, 50
 Who spake aloud 'What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud 55
 'Clarence is come – false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury,
 Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!
 With that, methoughts, a legion of fouls fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears 60
 Such hideous cries that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Keeper: No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. 65

Clarence: Ah, Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
 That now give evidence against my soul
 For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
 O God! If my deep prayers cannot appease Thee, 70
 But Thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute Thy wrath in me alone;
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
 Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. 75

Keeper: I will, my lord. God give your Grace good rest.

[Clarence sleeps.]

Act 1, Scene 4

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of music and sound effects to the play's dramatic action and atmosphere.
- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the following scene unfolds? You should pay careful attention to dialogue, stage directions and action.

[BLANCHE sits in a chair very stiffly with her shoulders slightly hunched and her legs pressed close together and her hands tightly clutching her purse as if she were quite cold. After a while the blind look goes out of her eyes and she begins to look slowly around. A cat screeches. She catches her breath with a startled gesture. Suddenly she notices something in a half-opened closet. She springs up and crosses to it, and removes a whisky bottle. She pours a half tumbler of whisky and tosses it down. She carefully replaces the bottle and washes out the tumbler at the sink. Then she resumes her seat in front of the table.] 5

Blanche [faintly to herself]: I've got to keep hold of myself!
[STELLA comes quickly around the corner of the building and runs to the door of the downstairs flat.] 10

Stella [calling out joyfully]: Blanche!
[For a moment they stare at each other. Then BLANCHE springs up and runs to her with a wild cry.] 15

Blanche: Stella, oh, Stella, Stella! Stella for Star!
[She begins to speak with feverish vivacity as if she feared for either of them to stop and think. They catch each other in a spasmodic embrace.] 20

Blanche: Now, then, let me look at you. But don't you look at me, Stella, no, no, no, not till later, not till I've bathed and rested! And turn that over-light off! Turn that off! I won't be looked at in this merciless glare! [STELLA laughs and complies.] Come back here now! Oh, my baby! Stella! Stella for Star! [She embraces her again.] I thought you would never come back to this horrible place! What am I saying! I didn't mean to say that. I meant to be nice about it and say – Oh, what a convenient location and such – Ha-a-ha! Precious lamb! You haven't said a word to me. 25

Stella: You haven't given me a chance to, honey! [She laughs but her glance at BLANCHE is a little anxious.] 30

Blanche: Well, now you talk. Open your pretty mouth and talk while I look around for some liquor! I know you must have some liquor on the place! Where could it be, I wonder? Oh, I spy, I spy! 35

[She rushes to the closet and removes the bottle; she is shaking all over and panting for breath as she tries to laugh. The bottle nearly slips from her grasp.] 40

Stella [noticing]: Blanche, you sit down and let me pour the drinks. I don't know what we've got to mix with. Maybe a coke's in the icebox. Look'n see, honey, while I'm –

- Blanche:* No coke, honey, not with my nerves tonight! Where – where – where is –? 45
- Stella:* Stanley? Bowling! He loves it. They're having a – found some soda! – tournament ...
- Blanche:* Just water, baby, to chase it! Now don't get worried, your sister hasn't turned into a drunkard, she's just all shaken up and hot and tired and dirty! You sit down, now, and explain this place to me! What are you doing in a place like this? 50
- Stella:* Now, Blanche –
- Blanche:* Oh, I'm not going to be hypocritical, I'm going to be honestly critical about it! Never, never, never in my worst dreams could I picture – Only Poe! Only Mr Edgar Allan Poe! – could do it justice! Out there I suppose is the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir! [*She laughs.*] 55
- Stella:* No, honey, those are the L & N tracks. 60

Scene 1

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'LORD GORING: It is the growth of the moral sense in women that makes marriage such a hopeless, one-sided institution.'

With this remark in mind, discuss Wilde's presentation of marriage and ideas about marriage in the play.

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Wilde's presentation of forgiveness and reconciliation at this point in the play.

<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	I owe you much. And now tell me what you were going to ask me just now as Lord Caversham came in.	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Robert, you are your sister's guardian, and I want your consent to my marriage with her. That is all.	5
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	Oh, I am so glad! I am so glad!	
	<i>Shakes hands with LORD GORING</i>	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Thank you, Lady Chiltern.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern</i>	[<i>With a troubled look</i>]: My sister to be your wife?	10
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern</i>	[<i>Speaking with great firmness</i>]: Arthur, I am very sorry, but the thing is quite out of the question. I have to think of Mabel's future happiness. And I don't think her happiness would be safe in your hands. And I cannot have her sacrificed!	15
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Sacrificed!	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Yes, utterly sacrificed. Loveless marriages are horrible. But there is one thing worse than an absolutely loveless marriage. A marriage in which there is love, but on one side only; faith, but on one side only; devotion, but on one side only, and in which of the two hearts one is sure to be broken.	20
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	But I love Mabel. No other woman has any place in my life.	25
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	Robert, if they love each other, why should they not be married?	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Arthur cannot bring Mabel the love that she deserves.	30
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	What reason have you for saying that?	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern</i>	[<i>After a pause</i>]: Do you really require me to tell you?	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Certainly I do.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	As you choose. When I called on you yesterday evening I found Mrs Cheveley concealed in your rooms. It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night. I do not wish to say anything more. Your	35

- relations with Mrs Cheveley have, as I said to you last night, nothing whatsoever to do with me. I know you were engaged to be married to her once. The fascination she exercised over you then seems to have returned. You spoke to me last night of her as of a woman pure and stainless, a woman whom you respected and honoured. That may be so. But I cannot give my sister's life into your hands. It would be wrong of me. It would be unjust, infamously unjust to her. 40
- Lord Goring:* I have nothing more to say.
- Lady Chiltern:* Robert, it was not Mrs Cheveley whom Lord Goring expected last night. 50
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* Not Mrs Cheveley! Who was it then?
- Lord Goring:* Lady Chiltern!
- Lady Chiltern:* It was your own wife. Robert, yesterday afternoon Lord Goring told me that if ever I was in trouble I could come to him for help, as he was our oldest and best friend. Later on, after that terrible scene in this room, I wrote to him telling him that I trusted him, that I had need of him, that I was coming to him for help and advice. [SIR ROBERT CHILTERN *takes the letter out of his pocket*] Yes, that letter. I didn't go to Lord Goring's after all. I felt that it is from ourselves alone that help can come. Pride made me think that. Mrs Cheveley went. She stole my letter and sent it anonymously to you this morning, that you should think ... Oh! Robert, I cannot tell you what she wished you to think ... 55
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* What! Had I fallen so low in your eyes that you thought that even for a moment I could have doubted your goodness? Gertrude, Gertrude, you are to me the white image of all good things, and sin can never touch you. Arthur, you can go to Mabel, and you have my best wishes! Oh! stop a moment. There is no name at the beginning of this letter. The brilliant Mrs Cheveley does not seem to have noticed that. There should be a name. 60
- Lady Chiltern:* Let me write yours. It is you I trust and need. You and none else. 65
- Lord Goring:* Well, really, Lady Chiltern, I think I should have back my own letter. 70
- Lady Chiltern* [*Smiling*]: No; you shall have Mabel. 75
- Takes the letter and writes her husband's name on it* 80
- Lord Goring:* Well, I hope she hasn't changed her mind. It's nearly twenty minutes since I saw her last. 85

Act 4

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