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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.



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



ATHOL FUGARD: *The Township Plays*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'For the women in Fugard's plays, the issue is never one of principle and, rather, their concern is that of survival and everyday life.'
- How far do you agree with this assessment of women characters in Fugard's plays?
- Or** (b) With particular reference to the language and action of the following passage, comment closely on the importance of identity and self-image in *Sizwe Bansi is Dead*.

Buntu: Let me see your book?
 [*Sizwe doesn't respond.*]
 Give me your book!

Man: Are you a policeman now, Buntu?

Buntu: Give me your bloody book, Sizwe! 5

Man [*handing it over*]: Take it, Buntu. Take this book and read it carefully, friend, and tell me what it says about me. Buntu, does that book tell you I'm a man?
 [*BUNTU studies the two books. SIZWE turns back to the audience.*]
 That bloody book ... ! People, do you know? No! Wherever you go ... it's that bloody book. You go to school, it goes too. Go to work, it goes 10
 too. Go to church and pray and sing lovely hymns, it sits there with you. Go to hospital to die, it lies there too!
 [*BUNTU has collected SIZWE's discarded clothing.*]

Buntu: Come!
 [*BUNTU's house, as earlier. Table and two chairs. BUNTU pushes SIZWE down into a chair. SIZWE still muttering, starts to struggle back into his clothes. BUNTU opens the two reference books and places them side by side on the table. He produces a pot of glue, then very carefully tears out the photograph in each book. A dab of glue on the back of each and then SIZWE's goes back into ROBERT's book, and ROBERT's 20
 into SIZWE's. SIZWE watches this operation, at first uninterestedly, but when he realizes what BUNTU is up to, with growing alarm. When he is finished, BUNTU pushes the two books in front of SIZWE.*]

Man [*shaking his head emphatically*]: Yo! Haai, haai. No, Buntu.

Buntu: It's a chance. 25

Man: Haai, haai, haai ...

Buntu: It's your only chance!

Man: No, Buntu! What's it mean? That me, Sizwe Bansi ...

Buntu: Is dead.

Man: I'm not dead, friend. 30

Buntu: We burn this book ... [*SIZWE's original*] ... and Sizwe Bansi disappears off the face of the earth.

Man: What about the man we left lying in the alleyway?

Buntu: Tomorrow the Flying Squad passes there and finds him. Check in his pockets ... no passbook. Mount Road Mortuary. After three days, nobody 35
 has identified him. Pauper's Burial. Case closed.

Man: And then?

Buntu: Tomorrow I contact my friend Norman at Feltex. He's a boss-boy there. I tell him about another friend, Robert Zwelinzima, book in order, who's looking for a job. You roll up later, hand over the book to the white man. Who does Robert Zwelinzima look like? You! Who gets the pay on Friday? You, man! 40

Man: What about the Labour Bureau, Buntu?

Buntu: You don't have to go there. This chap had a work-seeker's permit, Sizwe. All you do is hand over the book to the white man. *He* checks at the Labour Bureau. They check with their big machine. 'Robert Zwelinzima has the right to be employed and stay in this town.' 45

Man: I don't want to lose my name, Buntu.

Buntu: You mean you don't want to lose your bloody passbook! You love it, hey? 50

Man: Buntu. I cannot lose my name.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia: Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd thee!

Clown: Why, 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
 and some have greatness thrown upon them'. I was
 one, sir, in this interlude – one Sir Topas, sir; but that's
 all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad!' But do you
 remember – 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren
 rascal? An you smile not, he's gagg'd'? And thus the
 whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 50

Malvolio: I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [Exit 55

Olivia: He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke: Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;
 He hath not told us of the captain yet.
 When that is known, and golden time converts, 60
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
 For so you shall be while you are a man;
 But when in other habits you are seen, 65
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt all but the Clown.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 3 **Either** (a) How does Shakespeare present Rome and its values in the play *Julius Caesar*?
- Or** (b) With close attention to language, discuss the ways in which Cassius uses Brutus' current state of mind to further his own purposes in the following passage.

<i>Cassius:</i>	Will you go see the order of the course?	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Not I.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	I pray you do.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.	5
	Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	Brutus, I do observe you now of late; I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have.	10
	You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.	
<i>Brutus:</i>		
	Cassius,	
	Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours; But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd –	15
	Among which number, Cassius, be you one – Nor construe any further my neglect Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men.	20
<i>Cassius:</i>	Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion, By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?	25
<i>Brutus:</i>	No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself But by reflection, by some other things.	30
<i>Cassius:</i>	'Tis just; And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard,	35
	Where many of the best respect in Rome – Except immortal Caesar – speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?	40

Cassius: Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love 50
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. 55

[Flourish and shout.]

Act 1, Scene 2

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

4 **Either** (a) 'A vision of women's lives as an endless round of sacrifice and struggle.'

Is this an adequate description of *My Mother Said I Never Should*?

Or (b) With close reference to the language and the staging of the following scene, show how Keatley dramatises the gap between the generations.

Scene Four

Raynes Park, London, May 1969. The garden of KEN and MARGARET's suburban semi. JACKIE is nearly 18, wears flared jeans with sewn-on badges; MARGARET is 38, wears a flowered apron and carries a tea towel. JACKIE has her red transistor which blares, 'All You Need is Love.' She sprawls on the grass beside the cherry tree, next to the swing. MARGARET follows, flustered. 5

Margaret [switches off the transistor]: I should never have let you go to that party in Hammersmith!

Jackie: Please, Mummy, leave me alone.

Margaret: You said you were staying with his parents! 10

Jackie: We were. But they didn't mind us sleeping together. Not everyone has your hang ups.

Margaret: Oh you can wound me sometimes, Jackie!

Jackie: You sound like Granny now.

Margaret: What am I going to tell Daddy? 15

Jackie: If you want me to behave like an adult, then stop treating me like a child!

Margaret [pause]: You don't know what might happen.

Jackie: I might fall in love.

Margaret [trying to ignore this]: You can get pregnant the first time, you know. 20

Jackie: Thanks for telling me now.

Margaret: Well if you'd come to me and said –

Jackie: Well I did say I wanted to have a talk with you, actually, and you said 'Tell me while we go round the garden centre', don't you remember? [Slight pause.] Anyway, you can't scare me, because I'm on the pill, OK? 25

Margaret: Since when?

Jackie: Since before Neil and I went away at half term. You knew that because you've been reading my diary.

Margaret [momentarily caught]: Well I've no idea, you might be on drugs, anything! [Collects herself.] I know I'm going to sound like an old fuddy duddy ... but ... [Stuck.] It's a serious step you've taken, you've no idea – 30

Jackie: It was no big deal. It was a relief to get it over with. I cried afterwards. Then I laughed. I expect it's better with someone you're in love with.

Margaret: You could have waited.

Jackie: Why? 35

Margaret: I had to.

Jackie: That's it, isn't it? [Gets up and goes to the house.]

Margaret: If this affects your A-levels!

Jackie [stops]: What?

Silence. MARGARET has nothing to say.

Jackie: I'm going to make a phone call. Phone Neil. [*Goes into the house.*]

Margaret [pause. Picks up JACKIE's transistor]: I had an admirer. He took me to dinner. I'd never eaten oysters before. – Wouldn't let me see the bill, that sort of man. I was sure Ken could tell, when I got in. I'd had my hair done, on a Wednesday. [*Pause.*] Ten years ago.

45

Blackout.

Act 1, Scene 4

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways does Miller explore ideas about honour and reputation in *A View from the Bridge*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing how Miller presents and develops the relationship between Catherine and Rodolpho.

Rodolpho: No; I will not marry you to live in Italy. I want you to be my wife, and I want to be a citizen. Tell him that, or I will. Yes. [*He moves about angrily.*] And tell him also, and tell yourself, please, that I am not a beggar, and you are not a horse, a gift, a favour for a poor immigrant. 5

Catherine: Well, don't get mad!

Rodolpho: I am furious! [*Goes to her.*] Do you think I am so desperate? My brother is desperate, not me. You think I would carry on my back the rest of my life a woman I didn't love just to be an American? It's so wonderful? You think we have no tall buildings in Italy? Electric lights? No wide streets? No flags? No automobiles? Only work we don't have. I want to be an American so I can work, that is the only wonder here – work! How can you insult me, Catherine? 10

Catherine: I didn't mean that –

Rodolpho: My heart dies to look at you. Why are you so afraid of him?

Catherine [*near tears*]: I don't know! 15

Rodolpho: Do you trust me, Catherine? You?

Catherine: It's only that I – He was good to me, Rodolpho. You don't know him; he was always the sweetest guy to me. Good. He razzes me all the time but he don't mean it. I know. I would – just feel ashamed if I made him sad. 'Cause I always dreamt that when I got married he would be happy at the wedding, and laughin' – and now he's – mad all the time and nasty – [*She is weeping.*] Tell him you'd live in Italy – just tell him, and maybe he would start to trust you a little, see? Because I want him to be happy; I mean – I like him, Rodolpho – and I can't stand it! 20

Rodolpho: Oh, Catherine – oh, little girl. 25

Catherine: I love you, Rodolpho, I love you.

Rodolpho: Then why are you afraid? That he'll spank you?

Catherine: Don't, don't laugh at me! I've been here all my life ... Every day I saw him when he left in the morning and when he came home at night. You think it's so easy to turn around and say to a man he's nothin' to you no more? 30

Rodolpho: I know, but –

Catherine: You don't know; nobody knows! I'm not a baby, I know a lot more than people think I know. Beatrice says to be a woman, but –

Rodolpho: Yes. 35

Catherine: Then why don't she be a woman? If I was a wife I would make a man happy instead of goin' at him all the time. I can tell a block away when he's blue in his mind and just wants to talk to somebody quiet and nice. ... I can tell when he's hungry or wants a beer before he even says anything. I know when his feet hurt him, I mean I *know* him and now I'm supposed to turn around and make a stranger out of him? I don't know whv I have to do that. I mean. 40

Rodolpho: Catherine. If I take in my hands a little bird. And she grows and wishes to fly. But I will not let her out of my hands because I love her so much, is that right for me to do? I don't say you must hate him; but anyway you must go, mustn't you? Catherine?

Catherine [softly]: Hold me.

Rodolpho [clasping her to him]: Oh, my little girl.

Catherine: Teach me. [*She is weeping.*] I don't know anything, teach me, Rodolpho, hold me.

50

Rodolpho: There's nobody here now. Come inside. Come. [*He is leading her towards the bedrooms.*] And don't cry any more.

Act 2

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Wilde's treatment of courtship and marriage in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following extract, discuss the presentation of Lady Bracknell, her values, and the ways in which Wilde makes fun of her.

Lady Bracknell: A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?

Jack [after some hesitation]: I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

Lady Bracknell: I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income? 5 10

Jack: Between seven and eight thousand a year.

Lady Bracknell [makes a note in her book]: In land, or in investments?

Jack: In investments, chiefly.

Lady Bracknell: That is satisfactory. What between the duties expected of one during one's lifetime, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. That's all that can be said about land. 15

Jack: I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it. 20

Lady Bracknell: A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country. 25

Jack: Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice. 30

Lady Bracknell: Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.

Jack: Oh, she goes about very little. She is a lady considerably advanced in years.

Lady Bracknell: Ah, nowadays that is no guarantee of respectability of character. What number in Belgrave Square? 35

Jack: 149.

Lady Bracknell [shaking her head]: The unfashionable side. I thought there was something. However, that could easily be altered.

Jack: Do you mean the fashion, or the side?

Lady Bracknell [sternly]: Both, if necessary, I presume. What are your politics? 40

Jack: Well, I am afraid I really have none. I am a Liberal Unionist.

- Lady Bracknell:* Oh, they count as Tories. They dine with us. Or come in the evening at any rate. Now to minor matters. Are your parents living?
- Jack:* I have lost both my parents.
- Lady Bracknell:* To lose one parent, Mr Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy? 45
- Jack:* I am afraid I really don't know. The fact is, Lady Bracknell, I said I had lost my parents. It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me ... I don't actually know who I am by birth. I was ... well, I was found. 50
- Lady Bracknell:* Found!
- Jack:* The late Mr Thomas Cardew, an old gentleman of a very charitable and kindly disposition, found me, and gave me the name of Worthing, because he happened to have a first-class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time. Worthing is a place in Sussex. It is a seaside resort. 55
- Lady Bracknell:* Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you? 60
- Jack [gravely]:* In a hand-bag.
- Lady Bracknell:* A hand-bag?
- Jack [very seriously]:* Yes, Lady Bracknell. I was in a hand-bag – a somewhat large, black leather hand-bag, with handles to it – an ordinary hand-bag in fact. 65
- Lady Bracknell:* In what locality did this Mr James, or Thomas, Cardew come across this ordinary hand-bag?
- Jack:* In the cloak-room at Victoria Station. It was given to him in mistake for his own. 70
- Lady Bracknell:* The cloak-room at Victoria Station?
- Jack:* Yes. The Brighton line.

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