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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama

**May/June 2010**

**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.

\* 8 3 7 1 9 4 6 7 1 6 \*

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



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) ‘*Dysart*: And with each victim, it’s getting worse. My face is going green behind my mask. Of course, I redouble my efforts to look professional – cutting and snipping – all I’m worth....’

In the light of this quotation, consider ways in which Shaffer dramatises the conflict between *Dysart*’s character and his role as a psychiatrist in *Equus*.

- Or (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Shaffer’s presentation of Frank and Dora Strang and their values at this point in the play.

[FRANK *stands up and enters the scene downstage on the circle. A man in his fifties.*]

Frank [to ALAN]: It may not look like that, but that’s what it is. Absolutely fatal mentally, if you receive my meaning.

[DORA *follows him on. She is also middle aged.*]

5

Dora: That’s a little extreme, dear, isn’t it?

Frank: You sit in front of that thing long enough, you’ll become stupid for life – like most of the population. [To ALAN.] The thing is, it’s a swiz. It seems to be offering you something, but actually it’s taking something away. Your intelligence and your concentration, every minute you watch it. That’s a true swiz, do you see?

10

[Seated on the floor, ALAN *shrugs.*]

I don’t want to sound like a spoilsport, old chum – but there really is no substitute for reading. What’s the matter; don’t you like it?

Alan: It’s all right.

15

Frank: I know you think it’s none of my beeswax, but it really is you know ... Actually, it’s a disgrace when you come to think of it. You the son of a printer, and never opening a book! If all the world was like you, I’d be out of a job, if you receive my meaning!

Dora: All the same, times change, Frank.

20

Frank [reasonably]: They change if you let them change, Dora. Please return that set in the morning.

Alan [crying out]: No!

Dora: Frank! No!

Frank: I’m sorry, Dora, but I’m not having that thing in the house a moment longer. I told you I didn’t want it to begin with.

25

Dora: But, dear, everyone watches television these days!

Frank: Yes, and what do they watch? Mindless violence! Mindless jokes! Every five minutes some laughing idiot selling you something you don’t want, just to bolster up the economic system. [To ALAN.] I’m sorry, old chum. [He leaves the scene and sits again in his place.]

30

Hesther: He’s a Communist, then?

Dysart: Old-type Socialist, I’d say. Relentlessly self-improving.

Hesther: They’re *both* older than you’d expect.

Dysart: So I gather.

35

Dora [looking after FRANK]: Really, dear, you are very extreme!

[She leaves the scene too, and again sits beside her husband.]

Hesther: She’s an ex-school teacher, isn’t she?

Dysart: Yes. The boy’s proud of that. We got on to it this afternoon.

Alan [belligerently, standing up]: She knows more than you.

40

[HESTHER crosses and sits by DYSART. During the following, the boy walks round the circle, speaking to DYSART but not looking at him. DYSART replies in the same manner.]

*Dysart* [to ALAN]: Does she?  
*Alan*: I bet I do too. I bet I know more history than you.  
*Dysart* [to ALAN]: Well, I bet you don't.  
*Alan*: All right: who was the Hammer of the Scots?  
*Dysart* [to ALAN]: I don't know: who?  
*Alan*: King Edward the First. Who never smiled again?  
*Dysart* [to ALAN]: I don't know: who? 50  
*Alan*: You don't know anything, do you? It was Henry the First. I know all the Kings.  
*Dysart* [to ALAN]: And who's your favourite?  
*Alan*: John.  
*Dysart* [to ALAN]: Why? 55  
*Alan*: Because he put out the eyes of that smarty little –  
 [Pause.]  
 [Sensing he has said something wrong.] Well, he didn't really. He was prevented, because the gaoler was merciful!  
*Hesther*: Oh dear. 60  
*Alan*: He was prevented!  
*Dysart*: Something odder was to follow.  
*Alan*: Who said 'Religion is the opium of the people'?  
*Hesther*: Good Lord!  
 [ALAN giggles.] 65  
*Dysart*: The odd thing was, he said it with a sort of guilty snigger. The sentence is obviously associated with some kind of tension.

Act 1, Scene 6

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which foolishness is presented as an unavoidable part of being in love in *Twelfth Night*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to both language and action, show how Shakespeare creates humour in this extract.

*Viola:* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fabian:* I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Viola:* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fabian:* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. 5

*Viola:* I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. 10  
[Exeunt.]

*Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir Toby:* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. 15

*Sir Andrew:* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir Toby:* Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 20

*Sir Andrew:* Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir Toby:* I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 25

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

[To *Fabian*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. 30

*Fabian* [To *Sir Toby*]: He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir Toby* [To *Viola*]: There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 35

*Viola* [Aside]: Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fabian:* Give ground if you see him furious.

*Sir Toby:* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. 40

*Sir Andrew:* Pray God he keep his oath! 45  
[They draw.]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Viola:* I do assure you 'tis against my will.

*Antonio:* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:  
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir Toby:* You, sir! Why, what are you?

*Antonio:* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more  
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir Toby:* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*[They draw.]*

Act 3, Scene 4



A thousand of his people butchered;  
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

*King:* It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land. 50

*Westmoreland:* This match'd with other did, my gracious Lord;  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the north, and thus it did import:  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, 55  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
 As by discharge of their artillery 60  
 And shape of likelihood the news was told;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

Act 1, Scene 1

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Stoppard's treatment of ideas of betrayal in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, show how Stoppard creates a sense of growing uneasiness in his characters.

Ros [*cutting his fingernails*]: Another curious scientific phenomenon is the fact that the fingernails grow after death, as does the beard.

Ros [at edge of stage]: It must have been thunder. Like drums ...

Act 1



ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Miller presents Alfieri as more than an impartial observer of events; he is a character in the drama who is trying to come to terms with his own guilt.'

How far do you find this a useful insight into Alfieri's role and significance in *A View from the Bridge*?

- Or** (b) How, and with what effect on an audience, does Miller present the conflict between Beatrice and Eddie at this point in the play?

*Eddie:* You used to be different, Beatrice. You had a whole different way.

*Beatrice:* I'm no different.

*Eddie:* You didn't used to jump me all the time about everything. The last year or two I come in the house I don't know what's gonna hit me. It's a shootin' gallery in here and I'm the pigeon. 5

*Beatrice:* Okay, okay.

*Eddie:* Don't tell me okay, okay, I'm tellin' you the truth. A wife is supposed to believe the husband. If I tell you that guy ain't right don't tell me he is right.

*Beatrice:* But how do you know? 10

*Eddie:* Because I know. I don't go around makin' accusations. He give me the heeby-jeebies the first minute I seen him. And I don't like you sayin' I don't want her marryin' anybody. I broke my back payin' her stenography lessons so she could go out and meet a better class of people. Would I do that if I didn't want her to get married? Sometimes you talk like I was a crazy man or sump'm. 15

*Beatrice:* But she likes him.

*Eddie:* Beatrice, she's a baby, how is she gonna know what she likes?

*Beatrice:* Well, you kept her a baby, you wouldn't let her go out. I told you a hundred times. 20

[Pause.]

*Eddie:* All right. Let her go out, then.

*Beatrice:* She don't wanna go out now. It's too late, Eddie.

[Pause.]

*Eddie:* Suppose I told her to go out. Suppose I – 25

*Beatrice:* They're going to get married next week, Eddie.

*Eddie* [– his head jerks around to her]: She said that?

*Beatrice:* Eddie, if you want my advice, go to her and tell her good luck. I think maybe now that you had it out you learned better.

*Eddie:* What's the hurry next week? 30

*Beatrice:* Well, she's been worried about him bein' picked up; this way he could start to be a citizen. She loves him, Eddie. [He gets up, moves about uneasily, restlessly.] Why don't you give her a good word? Because I still think she would like you to be a friend, y'know? [He is standing, looking at the floor.] I mean like if you told her you'd go to the wedding. 35

*Eddie:* She asked you that?

*Beatrice:* I know she would like it. I'd like to make a party here for her. I mean there oughta be some kinda send-off. Heh? I mean she'll have trouble enough in her life, let's start it off happy. What do you say? 'Cause in her heart she still loves you, Eddie. I know it. [He presses his fingers against his eyes.] What're you, cryin'? [She goes to him, holds his face.] Go...whyn't you go tell her you're sorry? [CATHERINE is seen on the upper landing of the stairway, and they hear her descending.] There ... she's comin' down. Come on, shake hands with her. 40

*Eddie* [*moving with suppressed suddenness*]: No, I can't, I can't talk to her.

*Beatrice*: Eddie, give her a break; a wedding should be happy!

*Eddie*: I'm goin', I'm goin' for a walk.

Act 2

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of meals, eating and drinking in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the extract below, discuss Wilde's presentation of snobbishness and social distinctions at this point in the play.

*Algernon:* I am engaged to be married to Cecily, Aunt Augusta.

*Lady Bracknell:* I beg your pardon?

*Cecily:* Mr Moncrieff and I are engaged to be married, Lady Bracknell.

*Lady Bracknell* [*with a shiver, crossing to the sofa and sitting down*]: I do not know whether there is anything peculiarly exciting in the air of this particular part of Hertfordshire, but the number of engagements that go on seems to me considerably above the proper average that statistics have laid down for our guidance. I think some preliminary inquiry on my part would not be out of place. Mr Worthing, is Miss Cardew at all connected with any of the larger railway stations in London? I merely desire information. Until yesterday I had no idea that there were any families or persons whose origin was a Terminus. [*JACK looks perfectly furious, but restrains himself.*] 5

*Jack* [*in a cold, clear voice*]: Miss Cardew is the granddaughter of the late Mr Thomas Cardew of 149 Belgrave Square, S.W.; Gervase Park, Dorking, Surrey; and the Sporrin, Fifeshire, N.B. 10

*Lady Bracknell:* That sounds not unsatisfactory. Three addresses always inspire confidence, even in tradesmen. But what proof have I of their authenticity?

*Jack:* I have carefully preserved the Court Guides of the period. They are open to your inspection, Lady Bracknell. 20

*Lady Bracknell* [*grimly*]: I have known strange errors in that publication.

*Jack:* Miss Cardew's family solicitors are Messrs Markby, Markby, and Markby.

*Lady Bracknell:* Markby, Markby, and Markby? A firm of the very highest position in their profession. Indeed I am told that one of the Mr Markby's is occasionally to be seen at dinner parties. So far I am satisfied. 25

*Jack* [*very irritably*]: How extremely kind of you, Lady Bracknell! I have also in my possession, you will be pleased to hear, certificates of Miss Cardew's birth, baptism, whooping cough, registration, vaccination, confirmation, and the measles; both the German and the English variety. 30

*Lady Bracknell:* Ah! A life crowded with incident, I see, though perhaps somewhat too exciting for a young girl. I am not myself in favour of premature experiences. [*Rises, looks at her watch.*] Gwendolen! the time approaches for our departure. We have not a moment to lose. As a matter of form, Mr Worthing, I had better ask you if Miss Cardew has any little fortune? 35

*Jack:* Oh! about a hundred and thirty thousand pounds in the Funds. That is all. Good-bye, Lady Bracknell. So pleased to have seen you. 40

*Lady Bracknell* [*sitting down again*]: A moment, Mr Worthing. A hundred and thirty thousand pounds! And in the Funds! Miss Cardew seems to me a most attractive young lady, now that I look at her. Few girls of the present day have any really solid qualities, any of the qualities that last, and improve with time. We live, I regret to say, in an age of surfaces. [*To CECILY.*] Come over here, dear. [*CECILY goes across.*] Pretty child! your dress is sadly simple, and your 45

alter all that. A thoroughly experienced French maid produced a really marvellous result in a very brief space of time. I remember recommending one to young Lady Lancing, and after three months her own husband did not know her.

*Jack:* And after six months nobody knew her.

*Lady Bracknell* [*glares at Jack for a few moments. Then bends, with a practised smile, to CECILY*]: Kindly turn round, sweet child. [*CECILY turns completely round.*] No, the side view is what I want. [*CECILY presents her profile.*] Yes, quite as I expected. There are distinct social possibilities in your profile. The two weak points in our age are its want of principle and its want of profile. The chin a little higher, dear. Style largely depends on the way the chin is worn. They are worn very high, just at present, Algernon! 55 60

*Algernon:* Yes, Aunt Augusta!

*Lady Bracknell:* There are distinct social possibilities in Miss Cardew's profile.

*Algernon:* Cecily is the sweetest, dearest, prettiest girl in the whole world. And I don't care twopence about social possibilities. 65

*Lady Bracknell:* Never speak disrespectfully of Society, Algernon. Only people who can't get into it do that. [*To CECILY.*] Dear child, of course you know that Algernon has nothing but his debts to depend upon. But I do not approve of mercenary marriages. When I married Lord Bracknell I had no fortune of any kind. But I never dreamed for a moment of allowing that to stand in my way. Well, I suppose I must give my consent. 70





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