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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (US)**

**9276/04**

Paper 4 Drama

**May/June 2013**

**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 Center 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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of George Deever in *All My Sons*.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Miller's dramatic presentation of the relationship between Chris and his father in the following extract.

<i>Chris:</i>	All right, all right, listen to me. [ <i>Slight pause.</i> KELLER <i>sits on settee.</i> ] You know why I asked Annie here, don't you?	
<i>Keller:</i>	[ <i>he knows, but ...</i> ]: Why?	
<i>Chris:</i>	You know.	5
<i>Keller:</i>	Well, I got an idea, but ... What's the story?	
<i>Chris:</i>	I'm going to ask her to marry me. [ <i>Slight pause.</i> ]	
<i>Keller:</i>	[ <i>nods</i> ] Well, that's only your business, Chris.	
<i>Chris:</i>	You know it's not only my business.	
<i>Keller:</i>	What do you want me to do? You're old enough to know your own mind.	10
<i>Chris:</i>	[ <i>asking, annoyed</i> ] Then it's all right, I'll go ahead with it?	
<i>Keller:</i>	Well, you want to be sure Mother isn't going to ...	
<i>Chris:</i>	Then it isn't just my business.	15
<i>Keller:</i>	I'm just sayin' ...	
<i>Chris:</i>	Sometimes you infuriate me, you know that? Isn't it your business, too, if I tell this to Mother and she throws a fit about it? You have such a talent for ignoring things.	20
<i>Keller:</i>	I ignore what I gotta ignore. The girl is Larry's girl ...	
<i>Chris:</i>	She's not Larry's girl.	
<i>Keller:</i>	From Mother's point of view he is not dead and you have no right to take his girl. [ <i>Slight pause</i> ] Now you can go on from there if you know where to go, but I'm tellin' you I don't know where to go. See? I don't know. Now what can I do for you?	25
<i>Chris:</i>	I don't know why it is, but every time I reach out for something I want, I have to pull back because other people will suffer. My whole bloody life, time after time after time.	30
<i>Keller:</i>	You're a considerate fella, there's nothing wrong in that.	
<i>Chris:</i>	To hell with that.	
<i>Keller:</i>	Did you ask Annie yet?	35
<i>Chris:</i>	I wanted to get this settled first.	
<i>Keller:</i>	How do you know she'll marry you? Maybe she feels the same way Mother does?	

- Chris:* Well, if she does, then that's the end of it. From her letters I think she's forgotten him. I'll find out. And then we'll thrash it out with Mother? Right? Dad, don't avoid me.
- Keller:* The trouble is, you don't see enough women. You never did.
- Chris:* So what? I'm not fast with women. 45
- Keller:* I don't see why it has to be Annie. ...
- Chris:* Because it is.
- Keller:* That's a good answer, but it don't answer anything. You haven't seen her since you went to war. It's five years. 50
- Chris:* I can't help it. I know her best. I was brought up next door to her. These years when I think of someone for my wife, I think of Annie. What do you want, a diagram?
- Keller:* I don't want a diagram ... I ... I'm ... She thinks he's coming back, Chris. You marry that girl and you're pronouncing him dead. Now what's going to happen to Mother? Do you know? I don't! [*Pause.*] 55
- Chris:* All right, then, Dad.
- Keller:* [*thinking Chris has retreated*] Give it some more thought. 60
- Chris:* I've given it three years of thought. I'd hoped that if I waited, Mother would forget Larry and then we'd have a regular wedding and everything happy. But if that can't happen here, then I'll have to get out. 65

Act 1



Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke Senior:*

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1 Lord:*

O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream:

'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou mak'st a testament

50

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much'. Then, being there alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends:

"Tis right;' quoth he 'thus misery doth part

The flux of company'. Anon, a careless herd,

55

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him

And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?' 60

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up

65

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke Senior:*

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2 Lord:*

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke Senior:*

Show me the place;

70

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

*1 Lord:*

I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

Act 2, Scene 1



For being a little bad; so may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

*Duke:* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isabella:* 50  
[Kneeling] Most bounteous sir,  
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
 As if my brother liv'd. I partly think  
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds  
 Till he did look on me; since it is so,  
 Let him not to die. My brother had but justice,  
55  
 In that he did the thing for which he died;  
 For Angelo,  
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
 And must be buried but as an intent  
 That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects;  
60  
 Intents but merely thoughts.

*Mariana:* Merely, my lord.

*Duke:* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.

Act 5, Scene 1

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Williams's dramatic use of symbols and symbolism in the play.
- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience during the following scene? You should pay close attention to both dialogue and action.

LAURA *stands in the middle with lifted arms while AMANDA crouches before her, adjusting the hem of the new dress, devout and ritualistic. The dress is coloured and designed by memory. The arrangement of LAURA's hair is changed; it is softer and more becoming. A fragile, unearthly prettiness has come out in LAURA: she is like a piece of translucent glass touched by light, given a momentary radiance, not actual, not lasting.* 5

Amanda: [*impatiently*] Why are you trembling?

Laura: Mother, you've made me so nervous!

Amanda: How have I made you nervous? 10

Laura: By all this fuss! You make it seem so important!

Amanda: I don't understand you, Laura. You couldn't be satisfied with just sitting home, and yet whenever I try to arrange something for you, you seem to resist it. [*She gets up.*] 15  
Now take a look at yourself.  
No, wait! Wait just a moment – I have an idea!

Laura: What is it now?  
[AMANDA produces two powder puffs which she wraps in handkerchiefs and stuffs in LAURA's bosom.] 20

Laura: Mother, what are you doing?

Amanda: They call them 'Gay Deceivers'!

Laura: I won't wear them!

Amanda: You will! 25

Laura: Why should I?

Amanda: Because, to be painfully honest, your chest is flat.

Laura: You make it seem like we were setting a trap.

Amanda: All pretty girls are a trap, a pretty trap, and men expect them to be! 30

[LEGEND: 'A PRETTY TRAP'.]

Now look at yourself, young lady. This is the prettiest you will ever be!  
I've got to fix myself now! You're going to be surprised by your mother's appearance! [*She crosses through portières, humming gaily.*] 35

[LAURA moves slowly to the long mirror and stares solemnly at herself. A wind blows the white curtains inward in a slow, graceful motion and with a faint, sorrowful sighing.] 40

- Amanda:* [off stage] It isn't dark enough yet. [LAURA turns slowly before the mirror with a troubled look.]  
[LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'THIS IS MY SISTER: CELEBRATE HER WITH STRINGS!' MUSIC.]
- Amanda:* [laughing, off] I'm going to show you something. I'm going to make a spectacular appearance! 45
- Laura:* What is it, Mother?
- Amanda:* Possess your soul in patience – you will see!  
Something I've resurrected from that old trunk!  
Styles haven't changed so terribly much after all... . 50  
[She parts the portières.]  
Now just look at your mother!  
[She wears a girlish frock of yellowed voile with a blue silk sash. She carries a bunch of jonquils – the legend of her youth is nearly revived.] 55

Scene 6

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Fugard's presentation of everyday life in **two** of the plays you have read.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Fugard's presentation of Queeny at this point in *Nongogo*.

*Queeny:* Where do I begin? 5

*Johnny:* There is a name for everything.

*Queeny:* Nongogo.

*Johnny:* Jesus!

*Queeny:* Yes ... Nongogo ... a woman for two and six. Don't you think that was a bargain? Me for two and six? And you're seeing me when I'm older and fat. You should have seen me then ... Maybe you would have joined the queue. 5

*Johnny:* No!

*Queeny:* Yes ... I'm telling you yes! 10

*Johnny:* Stop it.

*Queeny:* You wanted to know so I'm telling you, Johnny, and now you got to listen. I did it because I was hungry, because I had sworn to myself I was going to make enough to tell the rest of the world to go to hell. And nothing makes money like Sam organizing the business. We started with queues around the mine dumps at night. I can also tell you a few things about compounds, Johnny. But we ended big ... one man at a time. That's how I got here and Sam got his shop across the street and that's the ten pounds that bought you rags and the first decent thing I've ever had in my life. Because if you think I liked it or wanted it that way you're so far away from knowing what a woman is, you can forget them. I'm a woman, Johnny. I never stopped being one, but no one's given me a chance. I've had men but never one who treated me like I mattered far more than just a night in bed. Because that man I'll love. If he'll just take me, for what I want to be, and not what I was, I'll make him happy. God's been generous in what he's given me. In body, in feelings, in the need for love ... give me a chance ... 25

*Johnny:* Stop using words that mean nothing. Love, chance ... God made me without the one and my life's had nothing of the other. Why didn't you say you were filth ... like me? When I walked in here last night, why didn't you recognize another piece of trash? Why did I have to think you were different? 30

*Queeny:* Different from what? The respectable people out there? Respectable? They were my customers ... the ones that lived cleanest and hated filth ... like you! I've found Bibles in their pockets when they lay sleeping in my bed, with pictures of their pretty wives and nice clean children. And I bet Daddy took them all to church on Sundays. 40

*Johnny:* Don't drag everything into the gutter with you, Queeny.

*Queeny:* I'm not the landlord of that strip of muck, Johnny. Everybody owns a plot down there.

- Johnny:* Some of us try to crawl out of it.
- Queeney:* What do you think I've been doing for five years? It had ended, Johnny, it was dead and buried when you walked in here. But you won't let it stay that way, will you? You'd be worse than Sam, who just sighs when he passes the grave. You've dug it up. You've performed a miracle, Johnny. The miracle of Jesus and the dead body. You've brought it back to life. The warmth of your hate, the breath of your disgust, has got it living again. I'm not too old ... not *too* fat ... even you looked at me like you never looked at another woman. God's put a lot of men onto this earth. There are a lot of streets I haven't walked, lamp-posts I haven't stood under, faces I haven't smiled at. 50
- [Hands on her hips, she starts laughing at Johnny and walks up to him provocatively. He turns and goes out, with Queeney laughing loudly. When Johnny has gone, Queeney goes to the door, flings it open, and shouts out into the street.]* 60
- Queeney:* Where's everybody? This damn place is a graveyard! I've got a locker full of booze and it's not diluted!
- [Queeney goes back into the room. She goes to the mirror, puts on lipstick ... rouge ... earrings ... bracelets, and dolls herself up into the real tart.]* 65
- Sam:* *[appearing at the door].* Did I hear right?
- Queeney:* What did you hear, Sam?
- Sam:* I heard something that sounded like the old Queeney.
- Queeney:* There's nothing wrong with your hearing. 70

Act 2

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