
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (US)

9276/04

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2014

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Miller's dramatic presentation of guilt and ideas about guilt in the play.
- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the following scene unfolds? You should make close reference to detail from the extract.

Keller: She's out of her mind.

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Keller: It was too late.

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and dramatic presentation of Orlando in the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) How, and with what effects, does Shakespeare present Rosalind's state of mind in the following exchange?

Rosalind: Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle – either too much at once or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. 5

Celia: So you may put a man in your belly. 10

Rosalind: Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Celia: Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind: Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. 15

Celia: It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind: Nay, but the devil take mocking! Speak sad brow and true maid. 20

Celia: I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind: Orlando?

Celia: Orlando.

Rosalind: Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word. 25

Celia: You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 30

Rosalind: But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled? 35

Celia: It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn. 40

Rosalind: It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia: Give me audience, good madam.

- Rosalind:* Proceed.
- Celia:* There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.
- Rosalind:* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.
- Celia:* Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.
- Rosalind:* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 50
- Celia:* I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.
- Rosalind:* Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.
- Celia:* You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here? 55

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 3 **Either** (a) The Duke disguises himself as a friar for much of the play. Consider the significance of this for the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Commenting closely on language and action, discuss ways in which this episode creates dramatic tension.

[Enter ISABELLA.]

- Angelo:* How now, fair maid? 5
- Isabella:* I am come to know your pleasure.
- Angelo:* That you might know it would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live. 5
- Isabella:* Even so! Heaven keep your honour!
- Angelo:* Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.
- Isabella:* Under your sentence?
- Angelo:* Yea. 10
- Isabella:* When? I beseech you; that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
- Angelo:* Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid; 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one. 20
- Isabella:* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
- Angelo:* Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather – that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd? 25
- Isabella:* Sir, believe this;
I had rather give my body than my soul.
- Angelo:* I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt. 30
- Isabella:* How say you?
- Angelo:* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life? 35
- Isabella:* Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul
It is no sin at all, but charity. 40

- Angelo:* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
- Isabella:* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my suit, 45
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
- Angelo:* Nay, but hear me;
Your sense pursues not mine; either you are ignorant 50
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
- Isabella:* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.
- Angelo:* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks 55
Proclaim an enshielded beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross –
Your brother is to die.

Act 2, Scene 4

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 4 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of the absent Mr Wingfield for the concerns and dramatic action?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Williams's dramatic presentation of Jim at this point in the play.

Jim: I wish that you were my sister. I'd teach you to have some confidence in yourself. The different people are not like other people, but being different is nothing to be ashamed of. Because other people are not such wonderful people. They're one hundred times one thousand. You're one times one! They walk all over the earth. You just stay here. They're common as – weeds, but – you – well, you're – *Blue Roses!* 5

[IMAGE ON SCREEN: BLUE ROSES, MUSIC CHANGES.] 10

Laura: But blue is wrong for – roses ...

Jim: It's right for you! – You're – pretty!

Laura: In what respect am I pretty?

Jim: In all respects – believe me! Your eyes – your hair – are pretty! Your hands are pretty! 15

[*He catches hold of her hand.*]

You think I'm making this up because I'm invited to dinner and have to be nice. Oh, I could do that! I could put on an act for you, Laura, and say lots of things without being very sincere. But this time I am. I'm talking to you sincerely. I happened to notice you had this inferiority complex that keeps you from feeling comfortable with people. Somebody needs to build your confidence up and make you proud instead of shy and turning away and – blushing – Somebody – ought to – Ought to – *kiss you, Laura!* 20

[*His hand slips slowly up her arm to her shoulder.*]

MUSIC SWELLS TUMULTUOUSLY.

He suddenly turns her about and kisses her on the lips. When he releases her, LAURA sinks on the sofa with a bright, dazed look. 25

JIM backs away and fishes in his pocket for a cigarette.

LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'SOUVENIR'.]

Stumble-john!

[*He lights the cigarette, avoiding her look.* 35

There is a peal of girlish laughter from AMANDA in the kitchen.

LAURA slowly raises and opens her hand. It still contains the little broken glass animal. She looks at it with a tender, bewildered expression.] 40

Stumble-john!

I shouldn't have done that – That was way off the beam. You don't smoke, do you?

[She looks up, smiling, not hearing the question. He sits beside her a little gingerly. She looks at him speechlessly – waiting. He coughs decorously and moves a little farther aside as he considers the situation and senses her feelings, dimly, with perturbation. Gently.]

50

Would you – care for a – mint?

[She doesn't seem to hear him but her look grows brighter even.]

Peppermint – Life-Saver?

My pocket's a regular drug store – wherever I go ...

55

[He pops a mint in his mouth. Then gulps and decides to make a clean breast of it. He speaks slowly and gingerly.]

Laura, you know, if I had a sister like you, I'd do the same thing as Tom. I'd bring out fellows and – introduce her to them. The right type of boys of a type to – appreciate her.

60

Only – well – he made a mistake about me.

Maybe I've got no call to be saying this. That may not have been the idea in having me over. But what if it was? There's nothing wrong about that. The only trouble is that in my case – I'm not in a situation to – do the right thing.

65

I can't take down your number and say I'll phone.

I can't call up next week and – ask for a date.

70

I thought I had better explain the situation in case you – misunderstand it and – hurt your feelings. ...

[Pause.]

Slowly, very slowly, LAURA's look changes, her eyes returning slowly from his to the ornament in her palm. AMANDA utters another gay laugh in the kitchen.]

75

Laura [faintly]: You – won't – call again?

Jim: No, Laura, I can't.

Scene 7

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Fugard's presentation of different kinds of conflict in the *Township Plays*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Fugard's presentation of Willie's state of mind at this point in the play.

<i>Willie:</i>	I went for myself. For myself. Not to get Shark. Before I even start reckoning with him I've got myself to think about, the part I played in Tobias's death. The emotion inside me is shame, not anger, shame. You see, Guy, I'm involved as surely as I stood there and watched him go down.	5
<i>Guy:</i>	You had nothing to do with it. None of us did.	
<i>Willie:</i>	Didn't we?	
<i>Guy:</i>	No.	
<i>Willie:</i>	Then why can't I forget? Why? Why can't I write that letter?	10
<i>Guy:</i>	You was always so good at letters.	
<i>Willie:</i>	Good at letters! How do you speak kindly of a man's death when the only truth about it is its stupidity? How do you tell a woman that her man died for bugger-all and that his death means bugger-all? Where's the comfort, Guy? Where? Go squeeze Tobias's blood out of the mud in the yard before you ask me to find it. Comfort, Guy, not a cliché. Not a stupid 'I'm sorry' or 'He was a good man' but a sweetness as clean as his mother's pain when she dropped him into the world. Tobias is dead, and all I can say is that there is a little more muck in our backyard.	15 20
<i>Guy:</i>	And I thought you didn't like him.	
<i>Willie:</i>	Of course I didn't. I hated him. I hated him because I feared him. These 'simple men' with their innocence and dreams. How can we dream? When I was a child I used to lay awake at night in the room where my mother and us kids used to sleep. I used to lay awake and think. I'd say to myself, 'You're black.' But hell it was so dark I couldn't see my own hand. I couldn't see my blackness, and I'd get to thinking that maybe the colour wasn't so important after all ... and because I'd think that, I could dream a little. But there was always the next morning with its light and the truth. And the next morning used to come so regularly and make the dream so stupid that I gave up dreaming. Tobias reminded me of too much, Guy. He was going to make some money and live happily ever after. The cosy little dream ... like this! Willie and Rebecca lived happily ever after! That's how the fairy stories end and it's stupid because out there is life and it's not ending happily.	25 30 35
<i>Rebecca:</i>	Don't worry about that no more. You got your unhappy ending.	40 45

- Guy:* Hold it, Reb. Look, Willie, there's nothing wrong with a man trying to make a decent life for himself.
- Willie:* Yes there is, if he uses it as a fire exit every time life gets a little hot.
- Guy:* So what must everybody do? Chuck up all they got and live in rags? 50
- Willie:* I'm not talking about everybody. I'm talking about myself. You can do a good thing for a wrong reason ...
- Rebecca:* Shut up! I know it all. Every word he's going to say ... I've heard it all before. 55
- Guy:* She's pulling out, Willie.
- Willie:* Leaving?
- Guy:* That's it. Reb is leaving, Willie. Say something!
- Rebecca:* So at last I found it, Willie.
- Willie:* What? 60
- Rebecca:* I found the thing that leaves you without words. We've been in here four years ... I don't think there was anything I done in those four years for which you didn't have something to say. Is there really nothing, Willie? Not even 'I don't want you to go'? What about 'Goodbye'?
- [REBECCA leaves.]
- Guy:* You let her go like that? You let Reb walk out like she just come to sweep the floor? She's at the steps, Willie ... Run, man ... run! Willie, I'm asking you! 70
- Willie:* I can't.
- Guy:* Did I see it end ... here, in front of me? Did I see Reb leave, and you standing there saying nothing, doing nothing?
- [The door bursts open, PINKIE rushes in.] 75
- Pinkie:* Willie! ... Shark's outside. He's asking for you.

CURTAIN

No-Good Friday

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