

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/41

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2014

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.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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) In what ways does Albee dramatise Nick as a threat to George and Martha's play?
- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the first act of the play comes to a conclusion? You should make close reference to detail from the following passage.

George: STOP IT, MARTHA!

Martha [*irritated*]: Whadda you want?

George [*too patiently*]: I'd thought you were telling the story of our courtship, Martha ... I didn't know you were going to start in on the other business.

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Martha [*so-thereish*]: Well, I am!

George: I wouldn't, if I were you.

Martha: Oh ... you wouldn't? Well, you're not!

George: Now, you've already sprung a leak about you-know-what ...

Martha [*a duck*]: What? What?

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George: ... about the apple of our eye ... the sprout ... the little bugger ... [*Spits it out*] ... our son ... and if you start on this other business, I warn you, Martha, it's going to make me angry.

Martha [*laughing at him*]: Oh, it is, is it?

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George: I warn you.

Martha [*incredulous*]: You *what*?

George [*very quietly*]: I warn you.

Nick: Do you really think we have to go through ...?

Martha: I stand warned! [*Pause ... then, to HONEY and NICK*] So, anyway, I married the S.O.B., and I had it all planned out He was the groom ... he was going to be groomed. He'd take over some day ... first, he'd take over the History Department, and then, when Daddy retired, he'd take over the college ... you know? That's the way it was supposed to be.

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[*To GEORGE, who is at the portable bar with his back to her*]

You getting angry, baby? Hunh? [*Now back*] That's the way it was *supposed* to be. Very simple. And Daddy seemed to think it was a pretty good idea, too. For a while. Until he watched for a couple of years! [*To GEORGE again*] You getting angrier? [*Now back*] Until he watched for a couple of years and started thinking maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all ... that maybe Georgie-boy didn't have the *stuff* ... that he didn't have it in him!

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George [*still with his back to them all*]: Stop it, Martha.

Martha [*viciously triumphant*]: The hell I will! You see, George didn't have much ... push ... he wasn't particularly aggressive. In fact he was sort of a ... [*Spits the word at GEORGE's back*] ... a FLOP! A great ... big ... fat ... FLOP!

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[CRASH! Immediately after FLOP! GEORGE breaks a bottle against the portable bar and stands there, still with his back to them all, holding the remains of the bottle by the neck. There is a silence, with everyone frozen. Then ...]

George [almost crying]: I said stop, Martha.

Martha [after considering what course to take]: I hope that was an empty bottle, George. You don't want to waste good liquor ... not on your salary.

[GEORGE drops the broken bottle on the floor, not moving.]

Not on an Associate Professor's salary. [To NICK and HONEY] I mean, he'd be ... no good ... at trustees' dinners, fund raising. He didn't have any ... personality, you know what I mean? Which was disappointing to Daddy, as you can imagine. So, here I am, stuck with this flop ...

George [turning around]: ... don't go on, Martha ...

Martha: ... this BOG in the History Department ...

George: ... don't, Martha, don't ...

Martha [her voice rising to match his]: ... who's married to the President's daughter, who's expected to be somebody, not just some nobody, some bookworm, somebody, who's so damn ... contemplative, he can't make anything out of himself, somebody without the guts to make anybody proud of him ... ALL RIGHT, GEORGE!

George [under her, then covering, to drown her]: I said, don't. All right ... all right: [Sings] Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, early in the morning.

George and Honey [who joins him drunkenly]:

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf ... [etc.]

Martha: STOP IT!

[A brief silence.]

Honey [rising, moving towards the hall]: I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to vomit.

[Exits]

Nick [going after her]: Oh, for God's sake!

[Exits]

Martha [going after them, looks back at GEORGE contemptuously]: Jesus! [Exits. GEORGE is alone on stage.]

[Curtain]

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

- 2 **Either** (a) What uses does Shakespeare make of contrasts between the court and the in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, showing how Shakespeare presents the world and values of the fairies.

[A wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.]

Puck: How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairies: Over hill, over dale, 5
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the Fairy Queen, 10
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours. 15
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck: The King doth keep his revels here to-night; 20
 Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she as her attendant hath
 A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.
 She never had so sweet a changeling; 25
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
 But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meet in grove or green, 30
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear
 Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fairies: Either I mistake your shape and making quite, 35
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn, 40
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he?

- Puck:* Thou speakest aright:
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But room, fairy, here comes Oberon.
- Fairies:* And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!
- [*Enter OBERON at one door, with his Train, and TITANIA, at another, with hers.*]
- Oberon:* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
- Titania:* What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
 I have forsworn his bed and company.
- Oberon:* Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?
- Titania:* Then I must be thy lady; but I know
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India,
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity?
- Oberon:* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night
 From Perigouna, whom he ravished?
 And make him with fair Aegles break his faith,
 With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Act 2, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) Explore Shakespeare's presentation of betrayal in *Richard III*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of the women at this point in the play.

[*London. Before the palace.*

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET.]

Queen Margaret: So now prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd 5
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret. Who comes here? 10
 [Retires.]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen Elizabeth: Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air 15
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings
 And hear your mother's lamentation.

Queen Margaret: Hover about her; say that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night. 20

Duchess: So many miseries have craz'd my voice
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Queen Margaret: Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 25

Queen Elizabeth: Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
 When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Queen Margaret: When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duchess: Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost, 30
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
 [Sitting down.]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood. 35

Queen Elizabeth: Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
 As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
 Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we? 40
 [Sitting down by her.]

[Sitting down with them.]

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Act 4, Scene 4

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects for the action as a whole, does Bolt present Thomas More as a family man?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Bolt's dramatic presentation of Cromwell as a political manipulator in the following passage.

Rich: Master Cromwell – what *is* it that you do for the King?
[Enter CHAPUYS.]

Chapuis: [*roguish*]: Yes, *I* should like to know that, Master Cromwell.

Cromwell: Ah, Signor Chapuis. You've met His Excellency, Rich?
[*Indicates* CHAPUYS.] The Spanish Ambassador. 5
[*Indicates* RICH.] The Duke of Norfolk's librarian.

Chapuis: But how should we introduce *you*, Master Cromwell, if we had the happiness?

Cromwell: Oh sly! Do you notice how sly he is, Rich? [*Walks away.*]
Well, I suppose you would call me [*suddenly turns*] 'The King's Ear'.... [*Deprecating shrug.*] It's a useful organ, the 10
ear. But in fact it's even simpler than that. When the King wants something done, I do it.

Chapuis: Ah. [*Mock interest.*] But then why these Justices, Chancellors, Admirals? 15

Cromwell: Oh, *they* are the constitution. Our ancient English constitution. I merely do things.

Chapuis: For example, Master Cromwell....

Cromwell [*admiring*]: Oho – beware these professional diplomats. 20
Well now, for example; next week at Deptford we are launching the *Great Harry* – one thousand tons, four masts, sixty-six guns, an overall length of one hundred and seventy-five feet, it's expected to be very effective – all this you probably know. However you may not know that the King himself will guide her down the river; yes, the 25
King himself will be her pilot. He will have assistance of course but he himself will be her pilot. He will have a pilot's whistle upon which he will blow, and he will wear in every respect a common pilot's uniform. Except for the material, which will be cloth of gold. These innocent fancies require 30
more preparation than you might suppose and someone has to do it. [*He spreads his hands.*] Meanwhile, I do prepare myself for, higher things. I stock my mind.

Chapuis: Alas, Master Cromwell, don't we all? This ship for instance – it has fifty-six guns by the way, not sixty-six and only 35
forty of them heavy — After the launching I understand, the King will take his barge to Chelsea. [CROMWELL's face darkens during this speech.]

Cromwell [*sharply*]: Yes —

Chapuis: – To — 40

Cromwell } [together]: Sir Thomas More's.
 Chapuys }

Chapuys [sweetly]: Will you be there?

Cromwell: Oh no – they'll talk about the divorce. [*It is CHAPUYS' turn to be shocked: RICH draws away uneasily.*] The King will ask him for an answer.

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Chapuys [ruffled]: He has given his answer!

Cromwell: The King will ask him for another.

Chapuys: Sir Thomas is a good son of the Church!

Cromwell: Sir Thomas is a man.

[*Enter STEWARD. Both CROMWELL and CHAPUYS look towards him sharply, then back at one another.*]

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Chapuys [innocently]: Isn't that his Steward now?

Cromwell: I believe it is. Well, good day, Your Excellency.

Chapuys [eager]: Good day, Master Cromwell. [*He expects him to go.*]

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Cromwell [standing firm]: Good day. [*And CHAPUYS has to go.*]

[*CROMWELL walks side stage, with furtive and urgent beckonings to STEWARD to follow. RICH follows but hangs off. Meanwhile CHAPUYS and his Attendant have gone behind screen, beneath which their legs protrude clearly.*]

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Steward [conspiratorial]: Sir, Sir Thomas doesn't talk about it. [*He waits but CROMWELL remains stony.*] He doesn't talk about it, to his wife, sir. [*He waits again.*]

Cromwell: This is worth nothing.

Steward [significant]: But he doesn't talk about it to Lady Margaret – that's his daughter, sir.

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Cromwell: So?

Steward: So he's worried, sir... [*CROMWELL is interested.*] Frightened.... [*CROMWELL takes out a coin but pauses suspiciously.*] Sir, he goes white when it's mentioned!

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Cromwell [hands coin]: All right.

Steward [looks at coin; reproachful]: Oh, sir —!

Cromwell [waves him away]: Are you coming in my direction, Rich?

Rich [still hanging off]: No no.

Cromwell: I think you should, you know.

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Rich: I can't tell you anything!

Exit RICH and CROMWELL left and right.

Act 1

5 Either (a) 'Lady Chiltern: Circumstances should never alter principles!'

How, and with what effects, does Wilde dramatise the limits of this view in *An Ideal Husband*?

Or (b) With close attention to detail, discuss Wilde's creation of dramatic tension at this moment in the play.

<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Robert, you don't mind my sending you away?	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Arthur, you must let me stay for five minutes. I have made up my mind what I am going to do tonight in the House. The debate on the Argentine Canal is to begin at eleven. [A chair falls in the drawing-room] What is that?	5
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Nothing.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	I heard a chair fall in the next room. Someone has been listening.	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	No, no; there is no one there.	10
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	There is someone. There are lights in the room, and the door is ajar. Someone has been listening to every secret of my life. Arthur, what does this mean?	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Robert, you are excited, unnerved. I tell you there is no one in that room. Sit down, Robert.	15
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Do you give me your word that there is no one there?	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Your word of honour? [Sits down]	20
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	[Rises]: Arthur, let me see for myself.	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	No, no.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	If there is no one there why should I not look in that room? Arthur, you must let me go into that room and satisfy myself. Let me know that no eavesdropper has heard my life's secret. Arthur, you don't realize what I am going through.	25
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	Robert, this must stop. I have told you that there is no one in that room – that is enough.	30
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	[Rushes to the door of the room]: It is not enough. I insist on going into this room. You have told me there is no one there, so what reason can you have for refusing me?	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	For God's sake, don't! There is someone there. Someone whom you must not see.	35
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Ah, I thought so!	
<i>Lord Goring:</i>	I forbid you to enter that room.	

Sir Robert Chiltern: Stand back. My life is at stake. And I don't care who is there. I will know who it is to whom I have told my secret and my shame.

[*Enters room*]

Lord Goring: Great Heavens! his own wife!

[*SIR ROBERT CHILTERN comes back, with a look of scorn and anger on his face.*]

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Sir Robert Chiltern: What explanation have you to give me for the presence of that woman here?

Lord Goring: Robert, I swear to you on my honour that that lady is stainless and guiltless of all offence towards you.

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Sir Robert Chiltern: She is a vile, an infamous thing!

Lord Goring: Don't say that, Robert! It was for your sake she came here. It was to try and save you she came here. She loves you and no one else.

Sir Robert Chiltern: You are mad. What have I to do with her intrigues with you? Let her remain your mistress! You are well suited to each other. She, corrupt and shameful – you, false as a friend, treacherous as an enemy even –

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Lord Goring: It is not true, Robert. Before heaven, it is not true. In her presence and in yours I will explain all.

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Sir Robert Chiltern: Let me pass, sir. You have lied enough upon your word of honour.

[*SIR ROBERT CHILTERN goes out. LORD GORING rushes to the door of the drawing-room, when MRS CHEVELEY comes out, looking radiant and much amused.*]

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Mrs Cheveley [*With a mock curtsey*]: Good evening, Lord Goring!

Lord Goring: Mrs Cheveley! Great Heavens! ... May I ask what you were doing in my drawing-room?

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Mrs Cheveley: Merely listening. I have a perfect passion for listening through keyholes. One always hears such wonderful things through them.

Lord Goring: Doesn't that sound rather like tempting Providence?

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Act 3

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