

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/42

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.

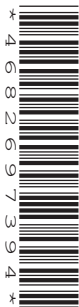
DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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) Discuss Albee's use of symbols and symbolism in the play.
- Or** (b) With close attention to detail, show how Albee builds dramatic tension between the four characters in this extract.

George [to NICK]: I wouldn't be surprised if you *did* take over the History Department one of these days.

Nick: The Biology Department.

George: The *Biology* Department ... of course. I seem preoccupied with history. Oh! What a remark. [*He strikes a pose, his hand over his heart, his head raised, his voice stentorian.*] 'I am preoccupied with history.' 5

Martha [*as HONEY and NICK chuckle*]: Ha, ha, ha, HA!

George [*with some disgust*]: I think I'll make *myself* a drink.

Martha: George is not preoccupied with *history*.... George is preoccupied with the *History Department*. George is preoccupied with the History Department because ... 10

George: ... because he is *not* the History Department, but is only *in* the History Department. We know, Martha ... we went all through it while you were upstairs ... getting up. There's no need to go through it again. 15

Martha: That's right, baby ... keep it clean. [*To the others*] George is bogged down in the History Department. He's an old bog in the History Department, that's what George is. A bog.... A fen.... A.G.D. swamp. Ha, ha, ha, HA! A SWAMP! Hey, swamp! Hey SWAMPY! 20

George [*with a great effort he controls himself ... then, as if she had said nothing more than 'George, dear' ...*]: Yes, Martha? Can I get you something?

Martha [*amused at his game*]: Well ... uh ... sure, you can light my cigarette, if you're of a mind to. 25

George [*considers, then moves off*]: No ... there are limits. I mean, man can put up with only so much without he descends a rung or two on the old evolutionary ladder ... [*Now a quick aside to NICK*] ... which is up your line ... [*Then back to MARTHA*] ... sinks, Martha, and it's a funny ladder ... you can't reverse yourself ... start back up once you're descending. 30

[*MARTHA blows him an arrogant kiss.*]

Now ... I'll hold your hand when it's dark and you're afraid of the bogey man, and I'll tote your gin bottles out after midnight, so no one'll see ... but I will not light your cigarette. And that, as they say, is that. 35

[*Brief silence.*]

Martha [*under her breath*]: Jesus! [*Then, immediately, to NICK*] Hey, you played football, hunh? 40

Honey [*as NICK seems sunk in thought*]: Dear ...

- Nick:* Oh! Oh, yes ... I was a ... quarterback ... but I was much more ... adept ... at boxing, really.
- Martha* [*with great enthusiasm*]: BOXING! You hear that, George?
- George* [*resignedly*]: Yes, Martha.
- Martha* [*to NICK, with peculiar intensity and enthusiasm*]: You musta been pretty good at it ... I mean, you don't look like you got hit in the face at all.
- Honey* [*proudly*]: He was intercollegiate state middleweight champion. 50
- Nick* [*embarrassed*]: Honey ...
- Honey:* Well, you were.
- Martha:* You look like you still got a pretty good body *now*, too ... is that right? Have you? 55
- George* [*intensely*]: Martha ... decency forbids ...
- Martha* [*to GEORGE ... still staring at NICK, though*]: SHUT UP! [*Now, back to NICK*] Well, have, you? Have you kept your body?
- Nick* [*unselfconscious ... almost encouraging her*]: It's still pretty good. I work out. 60
- Martha* [*with a half-smile*]: Do you!
- Nick:* Yeah.
- Honey:* Oh, yes ... he has a very ... firm body.
- Martha* [*still with that smile ... a private communication with NICK*]: Have you! Oh, I think that's very nice. 65

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of different kinds of comedy for the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Shakespeare's presentation of Lysander and Hermia as thwarted ('cross'd') lovers.

Lysander: How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Hermia: Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lysander: Ay me! for aught that I could ever read, 5
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood –

Hermia: O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lysander: Or else misgraffed in respect of years – 10

Hermia: O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.

Lysander: Or else it stood upon the choice of friends –

Hermia: O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lysander: Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, 15
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!' 20
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Hermia: If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny. 25
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's followers.

Lysander: A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia: 30
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child –
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues –
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law 35
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance to a morn of May, 40
There will I stay for thee.

Hermia:

My good Lysander!

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow, with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou has appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lysander:

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Shakespeare dramatise ideas of loyalty in the play?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the action and language of the following passage, comment on ways in which Richard is presented at this point in the play.

Buckingham: When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
[Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.
CATESBY returns.] 5

Mayor: See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buckingham: Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man. 10
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Gloucester: My lord, there needs no such apology: 15
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buckingham: Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above, 20
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Gloucester: I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buckingham: You have, my lord. Would it might please your Grace, 25
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Gloucester: Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buckingham: Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scept'red office of your ancestors, 30
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good, 35
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost should'ring in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. 40
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land –

Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

50

Act 3, Scene 7

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Bolt's dramatic presentation of religious faith and its consequences in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the following passage, consider how an audience might react as the play's action begins.

[When the curtain rises, the set is in darkness but for a single spot which descends vertically upon the COMMON MAN, who stands in front of a big property basket.]

Common Man: It is perverse! To start a play made up of Kings and Cardinals in speaking costumes and intellectuals with embroidered mouths, with me. 5

If a King, or a Cardinal had done the prologue he'd have had the right materials. And an intellectual would have shown enough majestic meanings, coloured propositions, and closely woven liturgical stuff to dress the House of Lords! But this! 10

Is this a costume? Does this say anything? It barely covers one man's nakedness! A bit of black material to reduce Old Adam to the Common Man.

Oh, if they'd let me come on naked, I could have shown you something of my own. Which would have told you without words! ... Something I've forgotten ... Old Adam's muffled up. *[Backing towards basket.]* Well, for a proposition of my own, I need a costume. *[Takes out and puts on the coat and hat of STEWARD.]* 15 20

Matthew! The Household Steward of Sir Thomas More!

[Lights come up swiftly on set. He takes from the basket five silver goblets, one larger than the others, and a jug with a lid, with which he furnishes the table. A burst of conversational merriment off; he pauses and indicates head of stairs.] There's company to dinner. *[Finishes business at table.]* 25

All right! A Common Man! A Sixteenth-Century Butler! *[He drinks from the jug.]* All right – the Six – *[Breaks off, agreeably surprised by the quality of the liquor, regards the jug respectfully and drinks again.]* The Sixteenth Century is the Century of the Common Man. *[Puts down the jug.]* Like all the other centuries. *[Crossing right.]* And that's my proposition. 30 35

[During the last part of the speech, voices off. Now, enter, at head of stairs, SIR THOMAS MORE.]

Steward: That's Sir Thomas More.

More: The wine please, Matthew? 40

Steward: It's there, Sir Thomas.

More *[looking into jug]:* Is it good?

- Steward:* Bless you, sir! *I don't know.*
- More* [*mildly*]: Bless you too, Matthew.
- Enter RICH at head of stairs.*
- Rich* [*enthusiastically pursuing an argument*]: But every man has his price!
- Steward* [*contemptuous*]: Master Richard Rich.
- Rich:* But yes! In money too.
- More* [*gentle impatience*]: No no no. 50
- Rich:* Or pleasure. Titles, women, bricks-and-mortar, there's always something.
- More:* Childish.
- Rich:* Well, in suffering, certainly.
- More* [*interested*]: Buy a man with suffering? 55
- Rich:* Impose suffering, and offer him – escape.
- More:* Oh. For a moment I thought you were being profound. [*Gives cup to RICH.*]
- Rich* [*to STEWARD*]: Good evening, Matthew.
- Steward* [*snubbing*]: 'Evening, sir. 60
- Rich:* No, not a bit profound; it then becomes a purely practical question of how to make him suffer sufficiently.
- More:* Mm ... [*Takes him by the arm and walks with him.*]
And ... who recommended you to read Signor Machiavelli? [*RICH breaks away laughing; a fraction too long. MORE smiles.*] No, who? [*More laughter.*]
... Mm? 65

Act 1

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Wilde's dramatic treatment of money and its effects in *An Ideal Husband*
- Or** (b) With close attention to detail, discuss Wilde's presentation of the Chilterns' marriage at this point in the play.

<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	I know that there are men with horrible secrets in their lives – men who have done some shameful thing, and who in some critical moment have to pay for it, by doing some other act of shame – oh! don't tell me you are such as they are! Robert, is there in your life any secret dishonour or disgrace? Tell me, tell me at once, that –	5
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	That what?	
<i>Lady Chiltern</i>	[<i>Speaking very slowly</i>]: That our lives may drift apart.	10
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Drift apart?	
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	That they may be entirely separate. It would be better for us both.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Gertrude, there is nothing in my past life that you might not know.	15
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	I was sure of it, Robert, I was sure of it. But why did you say those dreadful things, things so unlike your real self? Don't let us ever talk about the subject again. You will write, won't you, to Mrs Cheveley, and tell her that you cannot support this scandalous scheme of hers? If you have given her any promise you must take it back, that is all!	20
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Must I write and tell her that?	
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	Surely, Robert! What else is there to do?	25
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	I might see her personally. It would be better.	
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	You must never see her again, Robert. She is not a woman you should ever speak to. She is not worthy to talk to a man like you. No; you must write to her at once, now, this moment, and let your letter show her that your decision is quite irrevocable!	30
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	Write this moment!	
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	But it is so late. It is close on twelve.	35
<i>Lady Chiltern:</i>	That makes no matter. She must know at once that she has been mistaken in you – and that you are not a man to do anything base or underhand or dishonourable. Write here, Robert. Write that you decline to support this scheme of hers, as you hold it to be a dishonest scheme. Yes – write the word dishonest. She knows what	40

- that word means. [SIR ROBERT CHILTERN sits down and writes a letter. His wife takes it up and reads it.] Yes; that will do. [Rings bell] And now the envelope. [He writes the envelope slowly. Enter MASON] Have this letter sent at once to Claridge's Hotel. There is no answer. [Exit MASON. LADY CHILTERN kneels down beside her husband and puts her arms round him.] Robert, love gives one a sort of instinct to things. I feel tonight that I have saved you from something that might have been a danger to you, from something that might have made men honour you less than they do. I don't think you realize sufficiently, Robert, that you have brought into the political life of our time a nobler atmosphere, a finer attitude towards life, a freer air of purer aims and higher ideals – I know it, and for that I love you, Robert. 50
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* Oh, love me always, Gertrude, love me always! 55
- Lady Chiltern:* I will love you always, because you will always be worthy of love. We needs must love the highest when we see it. 60
- [Kisses him and rises and goes out.] 65
- [SIR ROBERT CHILTERN walks up and down for a moment; then sits down and buries his face in his hands. The SERVANT enters and begins putting out the lights. SIR ROBERT CHILTERN looks up.]
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* Put out the lights, Mason, put out the lights! 70
- [The SERVANT puts out the lights. The room becomes almost dark. The only light there is comes from the great chandelier that hangs over the staircase and illumines the tapestry of the Triumph of Love.]

Act 1

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