
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/42

Paper 4 Drama

October/November 2014

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

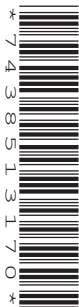
READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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.



EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 1 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does Albee present family tensions in the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to both language and action from the passage, discuss Albee's dramatic presentation of the opening stages of the 'total war' that George has just declared.

George [*very pointedly*]: You try it and I'll beat you at your own game.

Martha [*hopefully*]: Is that a threat, George? Hunh?

George: That's a threat, Martha.

Martha [*fake-spits at him*]: You're going to get it, baby.

5

George: Be careful, Martha ... I'll rip you to pieces.

Martha: You aren't man enough ... you haven't got the guts.

George: Total war?

Martha: Total.

[*Silence. They both seem relieved ... elated, NICK re-enters.*]

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Nick [*brushing his hands off*]: Well ... she's ... resting.

George [*quietly amused at NICK'S calm, off-hand manner*]: Oh?

Martha: Yeah? She all right?

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Nick: I think so ... now. I'm ... terribly sorry. ...

Martha: Forget about it.

George: Happens all the time around here.

Nick: She'll be all right.

Martha: She lying down? You put her upstairs? On a bed?

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Nick [*making himself a drink*]: Well, no, actually. Uh ... may I? She's ... in the bathroom ... on the bathroom floor ... she's lying there.

George [*considers it*]: Well ... that's not very nice.

Nick: She likes it. She says it's ... cool.

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George: Still, I don't think. ...

Martha [*overruling him*]: If she wants to lie on the bathroom floor, let her. [*To NICK, seriously*] Maybe she'd be more comfortable in the tub?

Nick [*he, too, seriously*]: No, she says she likes the floor ... she took up the mat, and she's lying on the tiles. She ... she lies on the floor a lot ... she really does.

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Martha [*pause*]: Oh.

Nick: She ... she gets lots of headaches and things, and she always lies on the floor. [*To GEORGE*] Is there ... ice?

35

George: What?

Nick: Ice. Is there ice?

George [*as if the word were unfamiliar to him*]: Ice?

Nick: Ice. Yes.

Martha: Ice.

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George [*as if he suddenly understood*]: Ice!

Martha: Attaboy.

George [*without moving*]: Oh, yes ... I'll get some.

Martha: Well, go. [*Mugging ... to NICK*] Besides, we want to be alone.

45

George [*moving to take the bucket*]: I wouldn't be surprised, Martha ... I wouldn't be surprised.

Martha [*as if insulted*]: Oh, you wouldn't, hunh?

George: Not a bit, Martha.

Martha [*violent*]: NO?

50

George [*he too*]: NO! [*Quietly again*] You'll try anything, Martha.

[*Picks up the ice bucket.*]

Nick [*to cover*]: Actually, she's very ... frail, and ...

George: ... slim-hipped.

Nick [*remembering*]: Yes ... exactly.

55

George [*at the hallway ... not kindly*]: That why you don't have any kids?

[*He exits.*]

Nick [*to GEORGE'S retreating form*]: Well, I don't know that that's ... [*Trails off*] ... if that has anything to do with any ... thing.

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Martha: Well, if it does, who cares? Hunh?

Nick: Pardon?

[*MARTHA blows him a kiss.*]

Nick [*still concerned with GEORGE'S remark*]: I ... what? ... I'm sorry.

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Martha: I said ... [*Blows him another kiss.*]

Nick [*uncomfortable*]: Oh ... yes.

Martha: Hey ... hand me a cigarette ... lover. [*NICK fishes in his pocket.*] That's a good boy. [*He gives her one.*] Unh ... thanks.

70

[*He lights it for her. As he does, she slips her hand between his legs, somewhere between the knee and the crotch, bringing her hand around to the outside of his leg.*]

75

Ummmmmmrnrn.

[*He seems uncertain, but does not move. She smiles, moves her hand a little.*]

Now, for being such a good boy, you can give me a kiss. C'mon.

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Nick [*nervously*]: Look ... I don't think we should. ...

Martha: C'mon, baby ... a friendly kiss.

Nick [*still uncertain*]: Well. ...

Martha: ... you won't get hurt, little boy. ...

Nick: ... not so little. ...

85

Martha: I'll bet you're not. C'mon. ...

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

- 2 **Either** (a) Critics have spoken about *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a light-hearted comedy.
To what extent do you agree with this view of the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of Titania and Oberon at this point in the play.

[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.

5

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?

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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?

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Titania: These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;

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No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound.
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts 50
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change 55
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original. 60

Oberon: Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy
 To be my henchman.

Titania: Set your heart at rest; 65
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, 70
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
 Following – her womb then rich with my young 75
 squire –
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; 80
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Act 2, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Shakespeare presents Richard's reign and its consequences in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, comment closely on the dramatic significance of the following exchanges at this point in the play's action.

<i>Queen Elizabeth:</i>	My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs. By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd. I had rather be a country servant-maid Than a great queen with this condition – To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at. [Enter old QUEEN MARGARET, behind.] Small joy have I in being England's Queen.	5
<i>Queen Margaret:</i>	And less'n'd be that small, God, I beseech Him! Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.	10
<i>Gloucester:</i>	What! Threat you me with telling of the King? Tell him and spare not. Look what I have said I will avouch't in presence of the King. I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tow'r. 'Tis time to speak – my pains are quite forgot.	15
<i>Queen Margaret:</i>	Out, devil! I do remember them too well: Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower, And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king, I was a pack-horse in his great affairs, A weeder-out of his proud adversaries, A liberal rewarder of his friends; To royalize his blood I spent mine own.	20
<i>Queen Margaret:</i>	Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.	25
<i>Gloucester:</i>	In all which time you and your husband Grey Were factious for the house of Lancaster; And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain? Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere this, and what you are; Withal, what I have been, and what I am.	30
<i>Queen Margaret:</i>	A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick, Ay, and forswore himself – which Jesu pardon! –	35
<i>Queen Margaret:</i>	Which God revenge!	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	To fight on Edward's party for the crown; And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up. I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's, Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine. I am too childish-foolish for this world.	40
<i>Queen Margaret:</i>	Hie thee to hell for shame and leave this world, Thou cacodemon; there thy kingdom is.	

- Rivers:* My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king.
So should we you, if you should be our king.
- Gloucester:* If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
- Queen Elizabeth:* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose 50
You should enjoy were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
- Queen Margaret:* A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless. 55
I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me.
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I am Queen, you bow like subjects, 60
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
- Gloucester:* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
sight?
- Queen Margaret:* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd, 65
That will I make before I let thee go.
- Gloucester:* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
- Queen Margaret:* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 70
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance.
This sorrow that I have by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
- Gloucester:* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with 75
paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland –
His curses then from bitterness of soul 80
Denounc'd against thee are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
- Queen Elizabeth:* So just is God to right the innocent.

Act 1, Scene 3

- 4 **Either** (a) How, and with what dramatic effects, does Bolt present politics and political in the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, discuss Bolt's dramatic presentation of the tension between Wolsey and More at this point in the play.

Wolsey [*snatches up candle and holds to MORE's face. Softly.*]:
God's death, he means it. ... That thing out there's at least fertile, Thomas.

More: But she's not his wife.

Wolsey: No, Catherine's his wife and she's as barren as brick.
Are you going to pray for a miracle? 5

More: There *are* precedents.

Wolsey: Yes. All right. Good. Pray. Pray by all means. But in addition to Prayer there is Effort. My effort's to secure a divorce. Have I your support or have I not? 10

More [*sits*]: A dispensation was given so that the King might marry Queen Catherine, for state reasons. Now we are to ask the Pope to – dispense with his dispensation, also for state reasons?

Wolsey: – I don't *like* plodding, Thomas, don't make me plod longer than I have to — Well? 15

More: Then clearly all we have to do is approach His Holiness and ask him.

[*The pace becomes rapid.*]

Wolsey: – I think we might influence His Holiness' answer — 20

More: – Like this? – [*The dispatch.*]

Wolsey: – Like that and in other ways —

More: – I've already expressed my opinion on this —

Wolsey: – Then, good night! Oh, your conscience is your own affair; but you're a statesman! Do you *remember* the Yorkist Wars? 25

More: Very clearly.

Wolsey: Let him die without an heir and we'll have them back again. Let him die without an heir and this 'peace' you think so much of will go out like that! [*Extinguishes candle.*] Very well, then England needs an heir; certain measures, perhaps regrettable, perhaps not – [*pompous*] there is much in the Church that *needs* reformation, Thomas — [*MORE smiles.*] All right, regrettable! But necessary, to get us an heir! Now explain how you as Councillor of England can obstruct those measures for the sake of your own, private, conscience. 30

More: Well ... I believe, when statesmen forsake their own private conscience for the sake of their public duties ... they lead their country by a short route to chaos. [*During this speech he relights the candle with another.*] And we shall have my prayers to fall back on. 35

Wolsey: You'd like that, wouldn't you? To govern the country by prayers?

More: Yes, I should.

Wolsey: I'd like to be there when you try. Who *will* deal with all this – paper, after me? You? Fisher? Suffolk?

More: Fisher for me.

Wolsey: Aye, but for the King. What about my Secretary, Master Cromwell?

50

More: Cromwell!

Wolsey: You'd rather do it yourself?

More: Me rather than Cromwell.

Wolsey: Then come down to earth. ... And until then, allow for an enemy, here!

55

More: As Your Grace pleases.

Wolsey: As God wills!

More: Perhaps, Your Grace. [*Mounting stairs.*]

Wolsey: More! You should have been a cleric!

More [*amused, looking down from gallery*]: Like yourself, Your Grace?

60

[Exit MORE. WOLSEY is left staring, then exits through the lower arches with candle, taking most of the light from the stage as he does so. But the whole rear of the stage now patterns with webbed rejections thrown from brightly moonlit water, so that the structure is thrown into black relief while a strip of light descends along the front of the stage, which is to be the acting area for the next scene.]

65

Act 1

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 **Either** (a) *Lady Chiltern* [to SIR ROBERT]: It was your ambition that led you astray.

In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Wilde explore ambition in the play?

- Or** (b) How, and for what dramatic purpose, does Wilde dramatise Lord Goring's domestic life at this point in the play? You should make close reference to both dialogue and action.

[The Library in LORD GORING's house. An Adam room. On the right is the door leading into the hall. On the left, the door of the smoking-room. A pair of folding doors at the back open into the drawing-room. The fire is lit. PHIPPS, the butler, is arranging some newspapers on the writing-table. The distinction of PHIPPS is his impassivity. He has been termed by enthusiasts the Ideal Butler. The Sphinx is not so incommunicable. He is a mask with a manner. Of his intellectual or emotional life history knows nothing. He represents the dominance of form.]

5

Enter LORD GORING in evening dress with a buttonhole. He is wearing a silk hat and Inverness cape. White-gloved, he carries a Louis Seize cane. His are all the delicate fopperies of Fashion. One sees that he stands in immediate relation to modern life, makes it indeed, and so masters it. He is the first well-dressed philosopher in the history of thought.]

10

Lord Goring: Got my second buttonhole for me, Phipps?

Phipps: Yes, my lord. *[Takes his hat, cane and cape, and presents new buttonhole on salver]*

Lord Goring: Rather distinguished thing, Phipps. I am the only person of the smallest importance in London at present who wears a buttonhole.

20

Phipps: Yes, my lord. I have observed that.

Lord Goring *[Taking out old buttonhole]:*

You see, Phipps, Fashion is what one wears oneself. What is unfashionable is what other people wear.

25

Phipps: Yes, my lord.

Lord Goring: Just as vulgarity is simply the conduct of other people.

Phipps: Yes, my lord.

Lord Goring *[Putting in new buttonhole]:*

And falsehoods the truths of other people.

30

Phipps: Yes, my lord.

Lord Goring: Other people are quite dreadful. The only possible society is oneself.

Phipps: Yes, my lord.

Lord Goring: To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance, Phipps.

35

Phipps: Yes, my lord.

Lord Goring *[Looking at himself in the glass]:*

Don't think I quite like this buttonhole, Phipps. Makes me look a little too old. Makes me almost in the prime of life eh Phipps?

40

- Phipps:* I don't observe any alteration in your lordship's appearance.
- Lord Goring:* You don't, Phipps?
- Phipps:* No, my lord. 45
- Lord Goring:* I am not quite sure. For the future a more trivial buttonhole, Phipps, on Thursday evenings.
- Phipps:* I will speak to the florist, my lord. She has had a loss in her family lately, which perhaps accounts for the lack of triviality your lordship complains of in the buttonhole. 50
- Lord Goring:* Extraordinary thing about the lower classes in England – they are always losing their relations.
- Phipps:* Yes, my lord! They are extremely fortunate in that respect. 55
- Lord Goring* [*Turns round and looks at him. PHIPPS remains impassive*]:
Hum! Any letters, Phipps?
- Phipps:* Three, my lord. [*Hands letters on a salver*]
- Lord Goring* [*Takes letters*]: 60
Want my cab round in twenty minutes.
- Phipps:* Yes, my lord. [*Goes towards door*]
- Lord Goring* [*Holds up letter in pink envelope*]:
Ahem! Phipps, when did this letter arrive?
- Phipps:* It was brought by hand just after your lordship went to the Club. 65
- Lord Goring:* That will do. [*Exit PHIPPS*] Lady Chiltern's handwriting on Lady Chiltern's pink notepaper. That is rather curious. I thought Robert was to write. Wonder what Lady Chiltern has got to say to me? [*Sits at bureau and opens letter, and reads it*] 'I want you. I trust you. I am coming to you. Gertrude.' [*Puts down the letter with a puzzled look. Then takes it up, and reads it again slowly*] 'I want you. I trust you. I am coming to you.' So she has found out everything! Poor woman! 70
Poor woman! [*Pulls out watch and looks at it.*] But what an hour to call! Ten o'clock! I shall have to give up going to the Berkshires'. However, it is always nice to be expected, and not to arrive. I am not expected at the Bachelors', so I shall certainly go there. Well, 80
I will make her stand by her husband. That is the only thing for her to do. That is the only thing for any woman to do. It is the growth of the moral sense in women that makes marriage such a hopeless, one-sided institution. Ten o'clock. She should be here soon. I must tell Phipps I am not in to anyone else. 85
[*Goes towards bell. Enter PHIPPS.*]
- Phipps:* Lord Caversham.
- Lord Goring:* Oh, why will parents always appear at the wrong time? Some extraordinary mistake in nature, I suppose. [*Enter LORD CAVERSHAM*] Delighted to see you, my dear father. [*Goes to meet him*] 90

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