

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/43**

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 and **1** blank page and **1** insert.



EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*1 **Either** (a) 'Above all, it is a play about failure....'

To what extent would you agree with this view of the dramatic action of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

## Or (b) With close reference to both language and action, discuss Albee's presentation of George and Martha's manipulation of Nick at this point in the play.

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

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

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

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

5

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

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

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

*Nick* [*weakening*]: But what if he should come back in, and ... or ...?

10

*Martha* [*all the while her hand is moving up and down his leg*]: George? Don't worry about him. Besides, who could object to a friendly little kiss? It's all in the faculty.

[*They both laugh, quietly ... NICK a little nervously.*]

We're a close-knit family here ... Daddy always says so. ... Daddy wants us to get to know each other ... that's what he had the party for tonight. So c'mon ... let's get to know each other a little bit.

15

*Nick:* It isn't that I don't want to ... believe me....

*Martha:* You're a scientist, aren't you? C'mon ... make an experiment ... make a little experiment. Experiment on old Martha.

20

*Nick* [*giving in*]: ... not very old....

*Martha:* That's right, not very old, but lots of good experience ... lots of it.

25

*Nick:* I'll ... I'll bet.

*Martha* [*as they draw slowly closer*]: It'll be a nice change for you, too.

*Nick:* Yes, it would.

*Martha:* And you could go back to your little wife all refreshed.

30

*Nick* [*closer ... almost whispering*]: She wouldn't know the difference.

*Martha:* Well, nobody else's going to know, either.

[*They come together. What might have been a joke rapidly becomes serious, with MARTHA urging it in that direction. There is no frenetic quality, but rather a slow, continually involving intertwining. Perhaps MARTHA is still more or less in her chair, and NICK is sort of beside and on the chair.*]

35

GEORGE *enters ... stops ... watches a moment ... smiles ... laughs silently, nods his head, turns, exits, without being noticed.*

NICK, *who has already had his hand on MARTHA's breast, now puts his hand inside her dress.*

Martha *[slowing him down]*: Hey ... hey. Take it easy, boy. Down, baby. Don't rush it, hunh? 45

Nick *[his eyes still closed]*: Oh, c'mon, now....

Martha *[pushing him away]*: Unh-hunh. Later, baby ... later.

Nick: I told you ... I'm a biologist.

Martha *[soothing him]*: I know. I can tell. Later, hunh? 50

*[GEORGE is heard off-stage, singing 'Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?'] MARTHA and NICK go apart, NICK wiping his mouth, MARTHA checking her clothes. Safely later, GEORGE re-enters with the ice bucket.*

George: ... of Virginia Woolf, 55  
Virginia Woolf,  
Virginia ...

... ah! Here we are ... ice for the lamps of China, Manchuria thrown in. *[To NICK]* You better watch those yellow bastards, my love ... they aren't amused. Why don't you come on over to our side, and we'll blow the hell out of 'em. Then we can split up the money between us and be on Easy Street. What d'ya say? 60

Nick *[not at all sure what is being talked about]*: Well ... sure. Hey! Ice! 65

George *[with hideously false enthusiasm]*: Right! *[Now to MARTHA, purring]* Hello, Martha ... my dove.... You look ... radiant.

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects are the worlds of the fairies and those of humans compared and contrasted in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of Helena and Lysander as unwilling victims of another's affection in the following passage.

[Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.]

*Helena:* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

*Demetrius:* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Helena:* O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

*Demetrius:* Stay on thy peril; I alone will go. 5

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

*Helena:* O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. 10

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;  
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;  
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius 15

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?  
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound. 20

*Lysander:* [Waking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word 25

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

*Helena:* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

*Lysander:* Content with Hermia! No; I do repent 30  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,  
And reason says you are the worthier maid. 35

Things growing are not ripe until their season;  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook 40

Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

*Helena:* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you will; perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady of one man refus'd  
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

50

*Lysander:* She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep  
thou there;  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And, all my powers, address your love and might  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]

55

60

Act 2, Scene 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and nature of Richard's villainy in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the passage, comment closely on the significance of the following scene at this point in the play's action.

[*Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Gloucester:* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms? 5

*Hastings:* The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this princely presence  
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be.  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Gloucester:* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil. 10  
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm  
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up.  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me. 15

*Hastings:* If they have done this deed, my noble lord –

*Gloucester:* If? – thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor.  
Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear  
I will not dine until I see the same. 20  
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.  
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, LOVELL, and RATCLIFF.*]

*Hastings:* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this. 25  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze our helms,  
And I did scorn it and disdain to fly.  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house. 30  
O, now I need the priest that spake to me!  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour. 35  
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

*Ratcliff:* Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.  
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hastings:* O momentary grace of mortal men, 40  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. 45

*Lovell:* Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hastings:* O bloody Richard! Miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

50

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 3, Scene 4

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 4 **Either** (a) To what extent, in your view, might Sir Thomas More be seen as a tragic hero?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the dramatic impact of the following extracts which are the final moments of the play.

*Norfolk:* Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on the charge of High Treason. The sentence of the Court is that you shall be taken from this Court to the Tower, thence to the place of execution, and there your head shall be stricken from your body, and may God have mercy on your soul! 5

*[The scene change is as follows:*

*(I) The trappings of justice are flown upwards.*

*(II) The lights are dimmed save for three areas: spots, left and right front, and the arch at the head of the stairs which begins to show blue sky.* 10

*(III) Through this arch – where the axe and the block are silhouetted against a light of steadily increasing brilliance – comes the murmur of a large crowd, formalised almost into a chant and mounting, so that NORFOLK has to shout the end of his speech.* 15

*In addition to the noise of the crowd and the flying machinery there is stage activity: FOREMAN doffs cap, as COMMON MAN removes the prisoner's chair and then goes to the spot, left.*

*CRANMER also goes to spot, left.* 20

*MORE goes to spot, right.*

*WOMAN enters, up right, and goes to spot, left.*

*NORFOLK remains where he is.*

*When these movements are complete – they are made naturally, technically – CROMWELL goes and stands in the light streaming down the stairs. He beckons the COMMON MAN who leaves spot, left, and joins him. CROMWELL points to the head of the stairs. COMMON MAN shakes his head and indicates in mime that he has no costume. He drags basket into the light and again indicates that there is no costume in it. CROMWELL takes a small black mask from his sleeve and offers it to him. The COMMON MAN puts it on, thus, in his black tights, becoming the traditional headsman. He ascends the stairs, straddles his legs and picks up the axe, silhouetted against the bright sky. At once the crowd falls silent.* 25 30 35

*Exit CROMWELL, dragging basket.*

*NORFOLK joins MORE in spot, right.]*

*Norfolk:* I can come no further, Thomas. *[Proffering goblet.]* Here, drink this. 40

*More:* My master had easel and gall, not wine, given him to drink. Let me be going.

- Margaret:* Father! [*She runs to him in the spot from right and flings herself upon him.*] Father! Father, Father, Father, Father!
- More:* Have patience, Margaret, and trouble not thyself. Death comes for us all; even at our birth [*he holds her head and looks down at it for a moment in recollection*] – even at our birth, death does but stand aside a little. It is the law of nature, and the will of God. [*He disengages from her. Dispassionately.*] You have long known the secrets of my heart. 45 50
- Woman:* Sir Thomas! [*He stops.*] Remember me, Sir Thomas? When you were Chancellor, you gave a false judgement against me. Remember that now.
- More:* Woman, you see how I am occupied. [*With sudden decision goes to her in spot, left. Crisply.*] I remember your matter well, and if I had to give sentence now I assure you I should not alter it. You have no injury; so go your ways; and content yourself; and trouble me not! [*He walks swiftly to the stairs. Then stops, realising that CRANMER, carrying his Bible, has followed him. Quite kindly.*] I beseech Your Grace, go back. 55 60
- [*Offended, CRANMER does so. The lighting is now composite, i.e., darkness save for three areas of light, the one at head of stairs now dazzlingly brilliant. When MORE gets to head of stairs by the HEADSMAN there is a single shout from the crowd. He turns to HEADSMAN.*] 65
- Friend, be not afraid of your office. You send me to God.
- Cranmer:* [*envious rather than waspish*] You're very sure of that, Sir Thomas.
- More:* [*takes off his hat, revealing the grey disordered hair*] He will not refuse one who is so blithe to go to him. [*Kneeling.*] 70
- [*Immediately, harsh roar of kettle-drums and total blackout at head of stairs. While the drums roar, WOMAN backs into CRANMER and exit together. NORFOLK assists MARGARET from the stage, which is now 'occupied' only by the two spots left and right front. The drums cease.*] 75
- Headsman:* [*from the darkness*] Behold – the head – of a traitor!
- [*Enter into spots left and right, CROMWELL and CHAPUYS. They stop on seeing one another, arrested in postures of frozen hostility while the light spreads plainly over the stage, which is empty save for themselves.*] 80
- [*Then simultaneously they stalk forward, crossing mid-stage with heads high and averted. But as they approach their exits they pause, hesitate, and slowly turn. Thoughtfully they stroll back towards one another. CROMWELL raises his head and essays a smile. CHAPUYS responds. They link arms and approach the stairs. As they go we hear that they are chuckling. There is nothing sinister or malignant in the sound; rather it is the self-mocking, self-indulgent, rather rueful laughter of men who know what the world is and how to be comfortable in it. As they go, the curtain falls.*] 85 90

Act 2

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and dramatic significance of Mrs Cheveley for the action of the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) How, and with what effects, does Wilde present London society and its values at this point in the play? You should make close reference to both dialogue and stage directions.

|                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Lord Caversham:</i> | Good evening, Lady Chiltern! Has my good-for-nothing young son been here?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Lady Chiltern</i>   | [ <i>Smiling</i> ]: I don't think Lord Goring has arrived yet.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Mabel Chiltern</i>  | [ <i>Coming up to LORD CAVERSHAM</i> ]: Why do you call Lord Goring good-for-nothing?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 5  |
|                        | [ <i>MABEL CHILTERN is a perfect example of the English type of prettiness, the apple-blossom type. She has all the fragrance and freedom of a flower. There is ripple after ripple of sunlight in her hair, and the little mouth, with its parted lips, is expectant, like the mouth of a child. She has the fascinating tyranny of youth, and the astonishing courage of innocence. To sane people she is not reminiscent of any work of art. But she is really like a Tanagra statuette, and would be rather annoyed if she were told so.</i> ] | 10 |
| <i>Lord Caversham:</i> | Because he leads such an idle life.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 15 |
| <i>Mabel Chiltern:</i> | How can you say such a thing? Why, he rides in the Row at ten o'clock in the morning, goes to the Opera three times a week, changes his clothes at least five times a day, and dines out every night of the season. You don't call that leading an idle life, do you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 20 |
| <i>Lord Caversham</i>  | [ <i>Looking at her with a kindly twinkle in his eyes</i> ]: You are a very charming young lady!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Mabel Chiltern:</i> | How sweet of you to say that, Lord Caversham! Do come to us more often. You know we are always at home on Wednesdays, and you look so well with your star!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 25 |
| <i>Lord Caversham:</i> | Never go anywhere now. Sick of London Society. Shouldn't mind being introduced to my own tailor; he always votes on the right side. But object strongly to being sent down to dinner with my wife's milliner. Never could stand Lady Caversham's bonnets.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 30 |
| <i>Mabel Chiltern:</i> | Oh, I love London Society! I think it has immensely improved. It is entirely composed now of beautiful idiots and brilliant lunatics. Just what Society should be.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 35 |
| <i>Lord Caversham:</i> | Hum! Which is Goring? Beautiful idiot, or the other thing?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Mabel Chiltern</i>  | [ <i>Gravely</i> ]: I have been obliged for the present to put Lord Goring into a class quite by himself. But he is developing charmingly!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 40 |
| <i>Lord Caversham:</i> | Into what?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |

|                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
|----------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Mabel Chiltern | [With a little curtsey]: I hope to let you know very soon, Lord Caversham!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| Mason          | [Announcing guests]: Lady Markby. Mrs Cheveley.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 45 |
|                | [Enter LADY MARKBY and MRS CHEVELEY. LADY MARKBY is a pleasant, kindly, popular woman, with gray hair à la marquise and good lace. MRS CHEVELEY, who accompanies her, is tall and rather slight. Lips very thin and highly-coloured, a line of scarlet on a pallid face. Venetian red hair, aquiline nose, and long throat. Rouge accentuates the natural paleness of her complexion. Gray-green eyes that move restlessly. She is in heliotrope, with diamonds. She looks rather like an orchid, and makes great demands on one's curiosity. In all her movements she is extremely graceful. A work of art, on the whole, but showing the influence of too many schools.] | 50 |
| Lady Markby:   | Good evening, dear Gertrude! So kind of you to let me bring my friend, Mrs Cheveley. Two such charming women should know each other!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 55 |
| Lady Chiltern  | [Advances towards MRS CHEVELEY with a sweet smile. Then suddenly stops, and bows rather distantly]: I think Mrs Cheveley and I have met before. I did not know she had married a second time.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 60 |
| Lady Markby    | [Genially]: Ah, nowadays people marry as often as they can, don't they? It is most fashionable. [To DUCHESS OF MARYBOROUGH] Dear Duchess, and how is the Duke? Brain still weak, I suppose? Well, that is only to be expected, is it not? His good father was just the same. There is nothing like race, is there?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 65 |
| Mrs Cheveley   | [Playing with her fan]: But have we really met before, Lady Chiltern? I can't remember where. I have been out of England for so long.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 70 |
| Lady Chiltern: | We were at school together, Mrs Cheveley.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 75 |
| Mrs Cheveley   | [Superciliously]: Indeed? I have forgotten all about my schooldays. I have a vague impression that they were detestable.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| Lady Chiltern  | [Coldly]: I am not surprised!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Mrs Cheveley   | [In her sweetest manner]: Do you know, I am quite looking forward to meeting your clever husband, Lady Chiltern. Since he has been at the Foreign Office, he has been so much talked of in Vienna. They actually succeed in spelling his name right in the newspapers. That in itself is fame, on the continent.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 80 |
| Lady Chiltern: | I hardly think there will be much in common between you and my husband, Mrs Cheveley! [Moves away.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 85 |

Act 1

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