



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/04

Paper 4 Drama

May/June 2007

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.

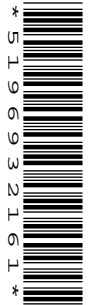
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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 **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Malvolio gets what he deserves.'
Is this a fair assessment of Malvolio's character and treatment in the play?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Shakespeare's presentation of Olivia and Viola at this point in the play.

<i>Viola:</i>	I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you – O, such love Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!	5
<i>Olivia:</i>	How does he love me?	
<i>Viola:</i>	With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.	10 15
<i>Viola:</i>	If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Why, what would you?	20
<i>Viola:</i>	Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth But you should pity me!	25
<i>Olivia:</i>	You might do much. What is your parentage?	30
<i>Viola:</i>	Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Get you to your lord. I cannot love him; let him send no more – Unless perchance you come to me again To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well. I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.	35

Viola: I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*

Olivia: 'What is your parentage?' 45
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now! 50
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

Act 1, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of superstition and the supernatural in the play *Caesar*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the detail of the passage, discuss the relationship between Brutus and Cassius at this point in the play.

The Camp near Sardis. Within the tent of Brutus.
Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

- Cassius:* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5
- Brutus:* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
- Cassius:* In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment. 10
- Brutus:* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.
- Cassius:* I an itching palm! 15
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
- Brutus:* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
- Cassius:* Chastisement! 20
- Brutus:* Remember March, the ides of March remember:
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world 25
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog and bay the moon 30
 Than such a Roman.
- Cassius:* Brutus, bait not me!
 I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself 35
 To make conditions.
- Brutus:* Go to; you are not, Cassius.
- Cassius:* I am.
- Brutus:* I say you are not.
- Cassius:* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther. 40
- Brutus:* Awav. slight man!

- Cassius:* Is't possible?
- Brutus:* Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
- Cassius:* O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
- Brutus:* All this? Ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break.
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? 50
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, 55
When you are waspish.
- Cassius:* Is it come to this?
- Brutus:* You say you are a better soldier.
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part, 60
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
- Cassius:* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say 'better'?
- Brutus:* If you did, I care not. 65

Act 4, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Comedy of Errors*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and presentation of Luciana in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the detail of the following episode, show its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions. Some blessed power deliver us from hence! <i>Enter a COURTEZAN.</i>	
<i>Courtezan:</i>	Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now. Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?	5
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.	
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	Master, is this Mistress Satan?	
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	It is the devil.	10
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me!' That's as much to say 'God make me a light wench!' It is written they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.	15
<i>Courtezan:</i>	Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.	20
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.	
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	Why, Dromio?	
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.	25
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	Avoid then, fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping? Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress; I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.	
<i>Courtezan:</i>	Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.	30
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin. A nut, a cherry-stone; But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.	35
<i>Courtezan:</i>	I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.	
<i>S. Antipholus:</i>	Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.	40
<i>S. Dromio:</i>	'Fly pride' says the peacock. Mistress, that you know.	

[*Exeunt* S. ANTIPHOLUS and S. DROMIO.]

Courtezan:

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
 Else would he never so demean himself.
 A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
 And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
 Both one and other he denies me now.
 The reason that I gather he is mad,
 Besides this present instance of his rage, 50
 Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
 Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 My way is now to hie home to his house, 55
 And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
 He rush'd into my house and took perforce
 My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

Act 4, Scene 3

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

- 5 **Either** (a) Keatley has said that she 'wanted to show how hugely dramatic the "ordinary" of women have been'.
How far and in what ways has she shown this 'drama' through the action and characters of the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, discuss the ways in which Keatley dramatises the experience of childhood both here and in the play as a whole.

The Wasteground, a place where girls come to play.

Enter four girls, each dressed contemporary to her own generation, singing:

My Mother said I never should,
Play with the gypsies in the wood, 5
If I did, she would say,
Naughty girl to disobey!

Rosie (chanting): What are little girls made of? (*Coaxing DORIS to answer.*) Ssh ...

Doris: Sugar – and – (*Effort.*) – spice ... ?

Margaret: And ... 10

Doris (hesitantly): And?

Margaret: All Things Nice.

DORIS squirming, doesn't want to repeat it.

Jackie (can't bear it any longer): Let's kill our Mummy.

Margaret: Whose Mummy? 15

Doris: Whose Mam? (*Copying.*)

Rosie: Yes, whose Mum?

Jackie: All our Mummies if you like?

Rosie: Who's going to do it?

Margaret (to JACKIE): Dare you! 20

Doris: ... Dare you ...

Jackie: We'll all do it.

Margaret: It's my teatime ...

Rosie: How?

Jackie: I dunno ... Boiling oil. 25

Doris: ... Dare you ... (*Repeating.*)

Margaret: Shut up, baby.

Jackie: Tell you what –

Rosie: What –

Jackie: I've got a penknife. I've been keeping it for something special. 30

Rosie: You pinched it off Jimmy Tucker!

Jackie: And we'll get some string, and take Mummy down by the railway line where there's a hole in the fence, and I think you have to put a stake through her heart.

Rosie: We couldn't do them *all*. (*Pause.*) We haven't got enough string.

Jackie: Just ours, then. (*Conspiratorial.*) They're not in our gang. Also they don't count because they're babies. They can do their own Mummys when they're old enough.

Margaret: Do mine! – I don't like blood ...

Jackie: Lucy Parker cut her finger off at school. 40

Margaret: I'll be sick.

Jackie: Only the top bit. (*Pause.*) Like a flap.

Doris: ... Flip flap flop ...

Rosie (bends to DORIS): Do you want us to do your Mum?

Margaret: She's too young to know. 45

Jackie: She's got no Daddy: if we do her Mummy, she'll be an orphan and then we'll be responsible.

Margaret: Her Mummy's all right – She gave us lemonade. (*Pause.*)

Rosie: ... She'll split on us though. Then we'll be outlaws.

Jackie: Go away, baby. 50

DORIS *cries*.

Jackie: Go on. Go home. (*Pushes DORIS away.*) Tea? Tea time.

All: Tea time. Tea time.

DORIS *goes*.

Jackie: Piggy. 55

Margaret: She'd only cry when she saw the blood. Me, I'm not having any babies.

Rosie: How d'you know?

Margaret: I'm not getting married.

Rosie (Pause. Thinks.): Well it still might grow.

Margaret: What? 60

Rosie: The seed. The baby seed, inside you.

Margaret: It can't! Can it?

JACKIE *has been arranging sweet wrappers*.

Rosie: What are you doing?

Jackie: Voodoo. We need bits of her fingernail and hair and stuff. 65

Rosie: ... She might haunt us ...

Jackie: You don't know *anything*, do you.

ROSIE *is subdued*. MARGARET *comes to look*.

Margaret: What's that for?

Rosie: Voodoo, you wally. 70

Jackie: We're going to have a séance. To call up ... spirits from beyond the grave.

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of betrayal in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following extract, discuss Miller's presentation of Eddie's state of mind at this point in the play.

[Light rises on the street. In a moment EDDIE appears. He is unsteady, drunk. He mounts the stairs. He enters the apartment, looks around, takes out a bottle from one pocket, puts it on the table. Then another bottle from another pocket, and a third from an inside pocket. He sees the pattern and cloth, goes over to it and touches it, and turns towards upstage.] 5

Eddie: Beatrice? *[He goes to the open kitchen door and looks in.]* Beatrice? Beatrice?

[CATHERINE enters from bedroom; under his gaze she adjusts her dress.] 10

Catherine: You got home early.

Eddie: Knocked off for Christmas early. *[Indicating the pattern]* Rodolpho makin' you a dress?

Catherine: No. I'm makin' a blouse.

[RODOLPHO appears in the bedroom doorway. EDDIE sees him and his arm jerks slightly in shock. RODOLPHO nods to him testingly.] 15

Rodolpho: Beatrice went to buy presents for her mother. *[Pause.]*

Eddie: Pack it up. Go ahead. Get your stuff and get outa here.

[CATHERINE instantly turns and walks towards the bedroom, and EDDIE grabs her arm.] Where you goin'? 20

Catherine *[trembling with fright]:* I think I have to get out of here, Eddie.

Eddie: No, you ain't goin' nowhere, he's the one.

Catherine: I think I can't stay here no more. *[She frees her arm, steps back towards the bedroom.]* I'm sorry, Eddie. *[She sees the tears in his eyes.]* Well, don't cry. I'll be around the neighbourhood; I'll see you. I just can't stay here no more. You know I can't. *[Her sobs of pity and love for him break her composure.]* Don't you know I can't? You know that, don't you? *[She goes to him.]* Wish me luck. *[She clasps her hands prayerfully.]* Oh, Eddie, don't be like that! 25

Eddie: You ain't goin' nowhere. 30

Catherine: Eddie, I'm not gonna be a baby any more! You –

[He reaches out suddenly, draws her to him, and as she strives to free herself he kisses her on the mouth.]

Rodolpho: Don't! *[He pulls on EDDIE's arm.]* Stop that! Have respect for her!

Eddie *[spun round by RODOLPHO]:* You want something? 35

Rodolpho: Yes! She'll be my wife. That is what I want. My wife!

Eddie: But what're you gonna be?

Rodolpho: I show you what I be!

Catherine: Wait outside; don't argue with him!

Eddie: Come on, show me! What're you gonna be? Show me!

Rodolpho [with tears of rage]: Don't say that to me!

[RODOLPHO flies at him in attack. EDDIE pins his arms, laughing, and suddenly kisses him.]

Catherine: Eddie! Let go; ya hear me! I'll kill you! Leggo of him!

[She tears at EDDIE's face and EDDIE releases RODOLPHO. EDDIE 45 stands there with tears rolling down his face as he laughs mockingly at RODOLPHO. She is staring at him in horror. RODOLPHO is rigid. They are like animals that have torn at one another and broken up without a decision, each waiting for the other's mood.]

Eddie [to CATHERINE]: You see? *[To RODOLPHO]* I give you till tomorrow, kid. 50
Get outa here. Alone. You hear me? Alone.

Catherine: I'm going with him, Eddie. *[She starts towards RODOLPHO.]*

Eddie [indicating RODOLPHO with his head]: Not with that. *[She halts, frightened. He sits, still panting for breath, and they watch him helplessly as he leans towards them over the table.]* Don't make me do nuttin', 55
Catherine. Watch your step, submarine. By rights they oughta throw you back in the water. But I got pity for you. *[He moves unsteadily towards the door, always facing RODOLPHO.]* Just get outa here and don't lay another hand on her unless you wanna go out feet first.

Act 2

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and presentation of Mrs Malaprop in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following episode, discuss the ways in which Sheridan creates comic effects.

Enter FAULKLAND and ABSOLUTE.

- Sir Lucius:* Gentlemen, your most obedient – hah! – what Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, Sir, you are come here, just like myself – to do a kind office, first for your friend – then to proceed to business on your own account. 5
- Acres:* What, Jack! – my dear Jack! – my dear friend!
- Absolute:* Harkee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.
- Sir Lucius:* Well, Mr Acres – I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So, Mr Beverley, [*To FAULKLAND*] if you'll choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground. 10
- Faulkland:* My weapons, Sir.
- Acres:* Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr Faulkland; these are my particular friends.
- Sir Lucius:* What, Sir, did not you come here to fight Mr Acres?
- Faulkland:* Not I, upon my word, Sir. 15
- Sir Lucius:* Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.
- Absolute:* O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.
- Faulkland:* Nay, if Mr Acres is so bent on the matter. 20
- Acres:* No, no, Mr Faulkland – I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Lookee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lief let it alone.
- Sir Lucius:* Observe me, Mr Acres – I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody – and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him – I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing. 25
- Acres:* Why no – Sir Lucius – I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged – a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! if *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly! 30
- Absolute:* Hold, Bob – let me set you right – there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.
- Sir Lucius:* Well, this is lucky – now you have an opportunity — 35
- Acres:* What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute – not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.
- Sir Lucius:* Upon my conscience, Mr Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance! 40

- Acres:* Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with my heart – and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you a snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind with the greatest pleasure. 45
- Sir Lucius:* Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.
- Acres:* Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour!
- Sir Lucius:* Well, Sir?
- Acres:* Lookee, Sir Lucius, 'tisin't that I mind the word coward – coward may be said in joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls! 50
- Sir Lucius:* Well, Sir?
- Acres:* – I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.
- Sir Lucius:* Pho! you are beneath my notice. 55

Act 5, Scene 3

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