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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama

**October/November 2011**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



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This document consists of **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Alan: There's no difference – he's just the same as me – just the same!'

Discuss the significance and effect of Alan's discovery about his father to the play as a whole.

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the presentation of the relationship between Frank and Dora at this point in the play.

DORA: [To FRANK.] Oh, hallo dear. This is Dr Dysart.

FRANK [*shaking hands*]: How d'you do?

DYSART: How d'you do?

DORA: I was just telling the Doctor, Alan's always adored horses.

FRANK [*tight*]: We assumed he did. 5

DORA: You know he did, dear. Look how he liked that photograph you gave him.

FRANK [*startled*]: What about it?

DORA: Nothing dear. Just that he pestered you to have it as soon as he saw it. Do you remember? [To DYSART.] We've always been a horsey family. At least my side of it has. My grandfather used to ride every morning on the downs behind Brighton, all dressed up in bowler hat and jodhpurs! He used to look splendid. Indulging in equitation, he called it. 10

[FRANK *moves away from them and sits wearily.*] 15

ALAN [*trying the word*]: Equitation ...

DORA: I remember I told him how that came from *equus*, the Latin word for horse. Alan was fascinated by that word, I know. I suppose because he'd never come across one with two 'u's together before.

ALAN [*savouring it*]: *Equus!* 20

DORA: I always wanted the boy to ride himself. He'd have so enjoyed it.

DYSART: But surely he did?

DORA: No.

DYSART: Never?

DORA: He didn't care for it. He was most definite about not wanting to. 25

DYSART: But he must have had to at the stables? I mean, it would be part of the job.

DORA: You'd have thought so, but no. He absolutely wouldn't, would he, dear?

FRANK [*dryly*]: It seems he was perfectly happy raking out manure. 30

DYSART: Did he ever give a reason for this?

DORA: No. I must say we both thought it most peculiar, but he wouldn't discuss it. I mean, you'd have thought he'd be longing to get out in the air after being cooped up all week in that dreadful shop. Electrical and kitchenware! Isn't *that* an environment for a sensitive boy, Doctor? ... 35

FRANK: Dear, have you offered the doctor a cup of tea?

DORA: Oh dear, no, I haven't! ... And you must be dying for one.

DYSART: That would be nice.

DORA: Of course it would ... Excuse me ...

[*She goes out – but lingers on the circle, eavesdropping near the right door. ALAN stretches out under his blanket and sleeps. FRANK gets up.*] 40

FRANK: My wife has romantic ideas, if you receive my meaning.

DYSART: About her family?

FRANK: She thinks she married beneath her. I daresay she did. I don't understand these things myself.

DYSART: Mr Strang, I'm fascinated by the fact that Alan wouldn't ride.

FRANK: Yes, well that's him. He's always been a weird lad, I have to be honest. Can you imagine spending your week-ends like that – just cleaning out stalls – with all the things that he could have been doing in the way of Further Education? 50

DYSART: Except he's hardly a scholar.

FRANK: How do we know? He's never really tried. His mother indulged him. She doesn't care if he can hardly write his own name, and she a school teacher that was. Just as long as he's happy, she says ... 55  
[DORA wrings her hands in anguish. FRANK sits again.]

Act 1, Scene 7

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Both a symbol and a human being.'

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Perdita in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) With close reference to the language and action of the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Leontes at this point in the play.

PAULINA:	As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is. Prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death. Behold; and say 'tis well. <i>[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.</i>	5
	I like your silence; it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak. First, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?	10
LEONTES:	Her natural posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged as this seems.	15
POLIXENES:	O, not by much!	20
PAULINA:	So much the more our carver's excellence, Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her As she liv'd now.	
LEONTES:	As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty – warm life, As now it coldly stands – when first I woo'd her! I am asham'd. Does not the stone rebuke me For being more stone than it? O royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!	25
PERDITA:	And give me leave, And do not say 'tis superstition that I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.	30
PAULINA:	O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.	35
		40

- CAMILLO: My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.
- POLIXENES: Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have pow'r  
To take off so much grief from you as he  
Will piece up in himself. 50
- PAULINA: Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you – for the stone is mine –  
I'd not have show'd it. 55
- LEONTES: Do not draw the curtain.
- PAULINA: No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy  
May think anon it moves.
- LEONTES: Let be, let be.  
Would I were dead, but that methinks already –  
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood? 60
- POLIXENES: Masterly done!  
The very life seems warm upon her lip. 65
- LEONTES: The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art.
- PAULINA: I'll draw the curtain.  
My lord's almost so far transported that  
He'll think anon it lives. 70
- LEONTES: O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together!  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
- PAULINA: I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but  
I could afflict you farther. 75
- LEONTES: Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her. 80

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does the play present and examine ideas of loyalty?
- Or** (b) With detailed reference to the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Falstaff at this point in the play.

FALSTAFF: Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE: What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF: I am a rogue if I were not at halfsword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw – ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man – all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. 5

PRINCE: Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADSHILL: We four set upon some dozen –

FALSTAFF: Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL: And bound them.

PETO: No, no, they were not bound. 10

FALSTAFF: You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADSHILL: As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us –

FALSTAFF: And unbound the rest, and then come in the other. 15

PRINCE: What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF: All! I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

PRINCE: Pray God you have not murd' red some of them. 20

FALSTAFF: Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid – two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me – 25

PRINCE: What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF: Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS: Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF: These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus. 30

PRINCE: Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF: In buckram.

POINS: Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF: Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE [*Aside to Poins*]: Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon. 35

FALSTAFF: Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE: Ay, and mark thee too, Jack. 40

FALSTAFF: Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram  
that I told thee of –  
PRINCE: So, two more already.  
FALSTAFF: Their points being broken –  
POINS: Down fell their hose.

Act 2, Scene 4

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does Stoppard use comedy in the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the significance of the game of 'verbal tennis' in the following passage.

ROS: (*at footlights*) How very intriguing!  
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Enter Hamlet behind, crossing the stage,  
reading a book – as he is about to disappear Guil notices him.

Act 1



TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 5 **Either** (a) To what extent might Stanley be thought a positive rather than a destructive character in *A Streetcar Named Desire*?
- Or** (b) With careful attention to language and action, discuss Blanche's presentation of herself and her past in the passage below.

BLANCHE: I loved someone, too, and the person I loved I lost.

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BLANCHE: Sometimes – there's God – so quickly! Scene 6

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and significance of Lady Bracknell in the play.
- Or** (b) How might an audience react to the following episode, the final moments of the play? You should make close reference to both action and language.

JACK:	Algy's elder brother! Then I have a brother after all. I knew I had a brother! I always said I had a brother! Cecily – how could you have ever doubted that I had a brother? [ <i>Seizes hold of ALGERNON.</i> ] Dr Chasuble, my unfortunate brother. Miss Prism, my unfortunate brother. Gwendolen, my unfortunate brother. Algy, you young scoundrel, you will have to treat me with more respect in the future. You have never behaved to me like a brother in all your life.	5
ALGERNON:	Well, not till today, old boy, I admit. I did my best, however, though I was out of practice. [ <i>Shakes hands.</i> ]	10
GWENDOLEN	[ <i>to JACK</i> ]: My own! But what own are you? What is your Christian name, now that you have become someone else?	
JACK:	Good heavens! ... I had quite forgotten that point. Your decision on the subject of my name is irrevocable, I suppose?	
GWENDOLEN:	I never change, except in my affections.	15
CECILY:	What a noble nature you have, Gwendolen!	
JACK:	Then the question had better be cleared up at once. Aunt Augusta, a moment. At the time when Miss Prism left me in the hand-bag, had I been christened already?	
LADY BRACKNELL:	Every luxury that money could buy, including christening, had been lavished on you by your fond and doting parents.	20
JACK:	Then I was christened! That is settled. Now, what name was I given? Let me know the worst.	
LADY BRACKNELL:	Being the eldest son you were naturally christened after your father.	25
JACK [ <i>irritably</i> ]:	Yes, but what was my father's Christian name?	
LADY BRACKNELL [ <i>meditatively</i> ]:	I cannot at the present moment recall what the General's Christian name was. But I have no doubt he had one. He was eccentric, I admit. But only in later years. And that was the result of the Indian climate, and marriage, and indigestion, and other things of that kind.	30
JACK:	Algy! Can't you recollect what our father's Christian name was?	
ALGERNON:	My dear boy, we were never even on speaking terms. He died before I was a year old.	
JACK:	His name would appear in the Army Lists of the period, I suppose, Aunt Augusta?	35
LADY BRACKNELL:	The General was essentially a man of peace, except in his domestic life. But I have no doubt his name would appear in any military directory.	
JACK:	The Army Lists of the last forty years are here. These delightful records should have been my constant study. [ <i>Rushes to bookcase and tears the books out.</i> ] M. Generals ... Mallam, Maxbohm, Magley – what ghastly names they have – Markby, Migsby, Mobbs, Moncrieff! Lieutenant 1840, Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, General 1869, Christian names, Ernest John. [ <i>Puts book very quietly down and speaks quite calmly.</i> ] I always told you, Gwendolen, my name was Ernest, didn't I? Well, it is Ernest after all. I mean it naturally is Ernest.	40 45

LADY BRACKNELL: Yes, I remember now that the General was called Ernest.  
I knew I had some particular reason for disliking the name.

GWENDOLEN: Ernest! My own Ernest! I felt from the first that you could have no other name!

JACK: Gwendolen, it is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me?

GWENDOLEN: I can. For I feel that you are sure to change. 55

JACK: My own one!

CHASUBLE [*to* MISS PRISM]: Laetitia! [*Embraces her.*]

MISS PRISM [*enthusiastically*]: Frederick! At last!

ALGERNON: Cecily! [*Embraces her.*] At last!

JACK: Gwendolen! [*Embraces her.*] At last! 60

LADY BRACKNELL: My nephew, you seem to be displaying signs of triviality.

JACK: On the contrary, Aunt Augusta, I've now realized for the first time in my life the vital Importance of Being Earnest.

TABLEAU

CURTAIN 65

Act 3

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