



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama

**May/June 2012**

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



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*1 **Either** (a) 'Superhorses to stalk through the mind.' (Peter Shaffer)

Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of the horses in *Equus*.

## Or (b) With close reference to the language and action of the following scene, discuss the dramatic techniques used at this point in the play.

ALAN: Suddenly I heard this noise. Coming up behind me.  
 [A young HORSEMAN issues in slow motion out of the tunnel. He carries a riding crop with which he is urging on his invisible horse, down the right side of the circle. 5  
*The hum increases.*]

DYSART: What noise?  
 ALAN: Hooves. Splashing.  
 DYSART: Splashing?  
 ALAN: The tide was out and he was galloping. 10  
 DYSART: Who was?  
 ALAN: This fellow. Like a college chap. He was on a big horse – urging him on. I thought he hadn't seen me. I called out: Hey!  
 [The HORSEMAN goes into natural time, charging fast round the downstage corner of the square straight at ALAN.] 15  
 and they just swerved in time!

HORSEMAN [*reining back*]: Whoa! ... Whoa there! Whoa! ... Sorry! I didn't see you! ... Did I scare you? 20

ALAN: No!  
 HORSEMAN [*looking down on him*]: That's a terrific castle!  
 ALAN: What's his name?  
 HORSEMAN: Trojan. You can stroke him, if you like. He won't mind.  
 [Shyly ALAN stretches up on tip-toe, and pats an invisible shoulder. 25  
*Amused.*] You can hardly reach down there. Would you like to come up?  
 [ALAN nods, eyes wide.]  
 All right. Come round this side. You always mount a horse from the left. I'll give you a lift. O.K.? 30  
 [ALAN goes round on the other side.]  
 Here we go, now. Just do nothing. Upsadaisy!  
 [ALAN sets his foot on the HORSEMAN's thigh, and is lifted by him up on to his shoulders. 35  
*The hum from the CHORUS becomes exultant. Then stops.*]  
 All right?  
 [ALAN nods.]  
 Good. Now all you do is hold onto his mane. 40  
 [He holds up the crop, and ALAN grips on to it.]  
 Tight now. And grip with your knees. All right?  
 All set? ... Come on, then, Trojan. Let's go!  
 [The HORSEMAN walks slowly upstage round the circle, with ALAN's legs tight round his neck.] 45

DYSART: How was it? Was it wonderful?  
           [ALAN *rides in silence.*]  
           Can't you remember?

HORSEMAN: Do you want to go faster?

ALAN: Yes! 50

HORSEMAN: O.K. All you have to do is say 'Come on, Trojan – bear  
           me away!' ... Say it, then!

ALAN: Bear me away!  
           [*The HORSEMAN starts to run with ALAN round the  
           circle.*] 55

DYSART: You went fast?

ALAN: Yes!

DYSART: Weren't you frightened?

ALAN: No!

HORSEMAN: Come on now, Trojan! Bear us away! Hold on! Come  
           on now! ... 60  
           [*He runs faster. ALAN begins to laugh. Then  
           suddenly, as they reach again the right downstage  
           corner, FRANK and DORA stand up in alarm.*]

DORA: Alan! 65

FRANK: Alan!

DORA: Alan, stop!  
           [FRANK *runs round after them.* DORA *follows  
           behind.*]

Act 1, Scene 10

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) At the end of Act 3, the Shepherd says: 'thou met'st with things dying, I with new-born.'

What, in your view, does the structure of the play contribute to its overall effect?

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the dramatic significance of the following scene.

POLIXENES: Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father? 5

FLORIZEL: I have, but what of him?

POLIXENES: Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL: He neither does nor shall. 5

POLIXENES: Methinks a father  
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid 10  
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak, hear,  
Know man from man, dispute his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

FLORIZEL: No, good sir; 15  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

POLIXENES: By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial. Reason my son 20  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason  
The father – all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity – should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

FLORIZEL: I yield all this; 25  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

POLIXENES: Let him know't.

FLORIZEL: He shall not. 30

POLIXENES: Prithee let him.

FLORIZEL: No, he must not.

SHEPHERD: Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

FLORIZEL: Come, come, he must not. 35  
Mark our contract.

POLIXENES: [*Discovering himself*] Mark your divorce, young sir,  
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd – thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou, old traitor, 40  
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but  
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with –

SHEPHERD: O, my heart!

POLIXENES: I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack – as never  
I mean thou shalt – we'll bar thee from succession;

50

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Farre than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.

Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

55

From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,  
Worthy enough a herdsman –yea, him too

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee – if ever henceforth thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

60

I will devise a death as cruel for thee

As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.

Act 4, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'From petty theft to stealing a kingdom....'

Discuss the presentation and significance of different kinds of theft in the play.

- Or** (b) With close reference to the language and action of the passage below, discuss the dramatic significance of this exchange between Falstaff and Hal.

FALSTAFF: Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

PRINCE: Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF: Shall I? Content! This chair shall be my state, this dagger 5  
my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE: Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FALSTAFF: Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now 10  
shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

PRINCE: Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF: And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility. 15

HOSTESS: O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF: Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS: O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF: For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; 20  
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

HOSTESS: O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF: Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. – Harry, I 25  
do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son 30  
to me, here lies the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often 35  
heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there 40  
is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE: What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

- FALSTAFF: A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful  
look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as  
I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three-  
score. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that  
man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry,  
I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by  
the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak  
it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest  
banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where  
hast thou been this month? 50
- PRINCE: Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll  
play my father. 55
- FALSTAFF: Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically,  
both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a  
rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.
- PRINCE: Well, here I am set.
- FALSTAFF: And here I stand. Judge, my masters. 60

Act 2, Scene 4

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) Stella sees Stanley as 'A different species.'

What, in your view, is the dramatic significance of her view to the play as a whole?

- Or** (b) How might an audience react to the conclusion to the play? You should make close reference to the detail of the passage.

MITCH [*wildly*]: You! You done this, all o' your God damn interfering  
with things you –  
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CURTAIN Scene 11



OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5 **Either** (a) How does Wilde make his exploration of serious moral issues dramatic and entertaining?

**Or** (b) Discuss the methods and dramatic significance of the following scene.

LORD GORING: Lady Chiltern, why are you playing Mrs Cheveley's cards?

LADY CHILTERN [*Startled*]: I don't understand you.

LORD GORING: Mrs Cheveley made an attempt to ruin your husband. Either to drive him from public life, or to make him adopt a dishonourable position. From the latter tragedy you saved him. The former you are now thrusting on him. Why should you do him the wrong Mrs Cheveley tried to do and failed? 5

LADY CHILTERN: Lord Goring? 10

LORD GORING [*Pulling himself together for a great effort, and showing the philosopher that underlies the dandy*]: Lady Chiltern, allow me. You wrote me a letter last night in which you said you trusted me and wanted my help. Now is the moment when you really want my help, now is the time when you have got to trust me, to trust in my counsel and judgment. You love Robert. Do you want to kill his love for you? What sort of existence will he have if you rob him of the fruits of his ambition, if you take him from the splendour of a great political career, if you close the doors of public life against him, if you condemn him to sterile failure, he who was made for triumph and success? Women are not meant to judge us, but to forgive us when we need forgiveness. Pardon, not punishment, is their mission. Why should you scourge him with rods for a sin done in his youth, before he knew you, before he knew himself? A man's life is of more value than a woman's. It has larger issues, wider scope, greater ambitions. A woman's life revolves in curves of emotions. It is upon lines of intellect that a man's life progresses. Don't make any terrible mistake, Lady Chiltern. A woman who can keep a man's love, and love him in return, has done all the world wants of women, or should want of them. 15

LADY CHILTERN [*Troubled and hesitating*]: But it is my husband himself who wishes to retire from public life. He feels it is his duty. It was he who first said so. 20

LORD GORING: Rather than lose your love, Robert would do anything, wreck his whole career, as he is on the brink of doing now. He is making for you a terrible sacrifice. Take my advice, Lady Chiltern, and do not accept a sacrifice so great. If you do, you will live to repent it bitterly. We men and women are not made to accept such sacrifices from each other. We are not worthy of them. Besides, Robert has been punished enough. 25

LADY CHILTERN: We have both been punished. Let him up too high. 30

LORD GORING: We have both been punished. Let him up too high. 35

LADY CHILTERN: We have both been punished. Let him up too high. 40

LADY CHILTERN: We have both been punished. Let him up too high. 45

LORD GORING [ *With deep feeling in his voice*]: Do not for that reason set him down now too low. If he has fallen from his altar, do not thrust him into the mire. Failure to Robert would be the very mire of shame. Power is his passion. He would lose everything, even his power to feel love. Your husband's life is at this moment in your hands, your husband's love is in your hands. Don't mar both for him.

*Enter* SIR ROBERT CHILTERN

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Act 4

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