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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 4 Drama

For Examination from 2013

SPECIMEN PAPER

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 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 on this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) George Deever says of Chris Keller: 'Oh, Chris, you're a liar to yourself.'

Discuss the dramatic significance of Chris's self-deception for the action of the play as a whole.

- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of the audience as the following passage unfolds?

Ann: I'll do nothing about Joe, but you're going to do something for me. [Directly to MOTHER] You made Chris feel guilty with me. Whether you wanted to or not, you've crippled him in front of me. I'd like you to tell him that Larry is dead and that you know it. You understand me? I'm not going out of here alone. There's no life for me that way. I want you to set him free. And then I promise you, everything will end, and we'll go away, and that's all. 5

Keller: You'll do that. You'll tell him.

Ann: I know what I'm asking, Kate. You had two sons. But you've only got one now.

Keller: You'll tell him...

Ann: And you've got to say it to him so he knows you mean it. 10

Mother: My dear, if the boy was dead it wouldn't depend on my words to make Chris know it... The night he gets into your bed, his heart will dry up. Because he knows and you know. To his dying day he'll wait for his brother! No, my dear, no such thing. You're going in the morning and you're going alone. That's your life, that's your lonely life. [*She goes to the porch, and starts in.*] 15

Ann: Larry is dead, Kate.

Mother: [she stops] Don't speak to me.

Ann: I said he's dead. I know! He crashed off the coast of China November twenty-fifth! His engine didn't fail him. But he died. I know...

Mother: How did he die? You're lying to me. If you know, how did he die? 20

Ann: I loved him. You know I loved him. Would I have looked at anyone else if I wasn't sure? That's enough for you.

Mother: [*moving on her*] What's enough for me? What're you talking about? [*She grasps ANN's wrists.*]

Ann: You're hurting my wrists. 25

Mother: What are you talking about? [*Pause. She stares at ANN a moment, then turns and goes to KELLER.*]

Ann: Joe, go in the house...

Keller: Why should I...

Ann: Please go. 30

Keller: Lemme know when he comes. [*KELLER goes into the house.*]

Mother: [*she sees Ann take a letter from her pocket*] What's that?

Ann: Sit down... [*MOTHER moves L. to chair, but does not sit.*] First you've got to understand. When I came, I didn't have any idea that Joe... I had nothing against him or you. I came to get married. I hoped... So I didn't bring this hurt to you. I thought I'd show it to you only if there was no other way to settle Larry in your mind. 35

Mother: Larry? [*Snatches letter from ANN's hand.*]

Ann: He wrote it to me just before he— [*MOTHER opens and begins to read the letter.*] I'm not trying to hurt you, Kate. You're making me do this, now remember you're— Remember. I've been so lonely, Kate... I can't leave here alone again. [*A long, low moan comes from MOTHER's throat as she reads.*] You made me show it to you. You wouldn't believe me. I told you a hundred times, why wouldn't you believe me! 40

Mother: Oh, my God...

Ann: [*with pity and fear*] Kate, please, please...

Mother: My God, my God...

Ann: Kate, dear, I'm so sorry...I'm so sorry. [*CHRIS enters from driveway. He seems exhausted.*]

Act 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'A play of contrasts.' Have you found this to be true in your reading of *As You Like It*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the detail of the following extract, show how Shakespeare portrays the relationship between Orlando and Rosalind at this point in the play.

Rosalind: O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orlando: It is my arm.

Rosalind: I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando: Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind: Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher. 5

Orlando: Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind: O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thronical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'. For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy – and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them. 10
15

Orlando: They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. 20

Rosalind: Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando: I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind: I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then – for now I speak to some purpose – that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. 25
30

Orlando: Speak'st thou in sober meanings? 35

Rosalind: By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phebe: Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind: I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him, he worships you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's use of deception and disguise in *Measure for Measure*.
- Or** (b) How satisfying as the ending to the play do you find the following passage? You should pay attention to the language and tone in your answer.

Provost: This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles Claudio.]

- Duke:* [To *Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake 5
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye. 10
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
[To *Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, 15
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman!
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you
That you extol me thus?
- Lucio:* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang 20
me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.
- Duke:* Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow –
As I have heard him swear himself there's one 25
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.
- Lucio:* I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your
Highness said even now I made you a duke; good my lord, do
not recompense me in making me a cuckold. 30
- Duke:* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.
- Lucio:* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and 35
hanging.
- Duke:* Slandering a prince deserves it.
- [*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]
- She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. 40
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness;

There's more behind that is more grate. .
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 5, Scene 1

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Williams dramatise the Wingfields from 'a world of reality' in the play?
- Or** (b) How does Williams introduce the characters of Tom and Amanda and their relationship in this scene?

*Music**Tom:*

The play is memory.

Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic.

In memory everything seems to happen to music. That explains the fiddle in the wings. 5

I am the narrator of the play, and also a character in it. The other characters are my mother Amanda, my sister Laura, and a gentleman caller who appears in the final scenes.

He is the most realistic character in the play, being an emissary from a world of reality that we were somehow set apart from. 10

But since I have a poet's weakness for symbols, I am using this character also as a symbol; he is the long-delayed but always expected something that we live for. There is a fifth character in the play who doesn't appear except in this larger-than-life-size photograph over the mantel.

This is our father who left us a long time ago. 15

He was a telephone man who fell in love with long distances; he gave up his job with the telephone company and skipped the light fantastic out of town. ...

The last we heard of him was a picture postcard from Mazatlan, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, containing a message of two words – 'Hello – Good-bye!' and no address. 20

I think the rest of the play will explain itself. ...

(Amanda's voice becomes audible through the portières.

LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'OU SONT LES NEIGES'.

*He divides the portières and enters the upstage area.**Amanda and Laura are seated at a drop-leaf table. Eating is indicated by gestures without food or utensils. Amanda faces the audience. Tom and Laura are seated in profile. 25**The interior has lit up softly and through the scrim we see Amanda and Laura seated at the table in the upstage area.)**Amanda: (calling) Tom?* 30*Tom: Yes, Mother.**Amanda: We can't say grace until you come to the table!**Tom: Coming, Mother. (He bows slightly and withdraws, reappearing a few moments later in his place at the table.)*

Amanda: (to her son) Honey, don't push with your fingers. If you have to push with something, the thing to push with is a crust of bread. And chew – chew! Animals have sections in their stomachs which enable them to digest food without mastication, but human beings are supposed to chew their food before they swallow it down. Eat food leisurely, son, and really enjoy it. A well-cooked meal has lots of delicate flavours that have to be held in the mouth for appreciation. So chew your food and give your salivary glands a chance to function! 40

(Tom deliberately lays his imaginary fork down and pushes his chair back from the table.)

Tom: I haven't enjoyed one bite of this dinner because of your constant directions on how to eat it. It's you that makes me rush through meals with your hawk-like attention to every bite I take. Sickening – spoils my appetite – all this discussion of – animals' secretion – salivary glands – mastication!

Amanda: (lightly) Temperament like a Metropolitan star! *(He rises and crosses downstage.)* You're not excused from the table.

Tom: I'm getting a cigarette.

50

Amanda: You smoke too much.

Laura rises

Laura: I'll bring in the blancmange.

He remains standing with his cigarette by the portières during the following.

Scene 1

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The most important thing the plays demonstrate is the struggle to speak, in order to survive.'

In what ways do the *Township Plays* demonstrate the importance of self-expression?

- Or** (b) In what ways does the following passage from *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* explore the connections between personal identity and personal pride?

Man: (after a pause) I'll try it, Buntu.

Buntu: Of course you must, if you want to stay alive.

Man: Yes, but Sizwe Bansi is dead.

Buntu: What about Robert Zwelinzima then? That poor bastard out there in the dark. So *he's* alive again. Bloody miracle, man. Look, if someone was to offer me the things I wanted most in my life, the things that would make me, my wife, and my child happy, in exchange for the name Buntu... you think I wouldn't swop? 5

Man: Are you sure, Buntu?

Buntu: (examining the question seriously) If there was just me... I mean, if I was alone, if I didn't have anyone to worry about or look after except myself... maybe then I'd be prepared to pay some sort of price for a little pride. But if I had a wife and four children wasting away their one and only life in the dust and poverty of Ciskeian Independence... if I had four children waiting for me, their father, to do something about their lives... ag, no, Sizwe. 10 15

Man: Robert, Buntu.

Buntu: (angry) All right! Robert, John, Athol, Winston... To hell with names, man! To hell with them if in exchange you can get a piece of bread for your stomach and a blanket in winter. Understand me, brother, I'm not saying that pride isn't a way for us. What I'm saying is to hell with our pride if we only bluff ourselves that we are men. 20

Take your name back, Sizwe Bansi, if it's so important to you. But next time you hear a white man say 'John' to you, don't say 'Ja, Baas?' And next time the bloody white man says to you, a man, 'Boy, come here,' don't run to him and lick his arse like we all do. Face him and tell him: 'White man. I'm a Man!' Ag, kak! We're bluffing ourselves. 25

It's like my father's hat. Special hat, man! Carefully wrapped in plastic on top of the wardrobe in his room. God help the child who so much as touches it! Sunday it goes on his head, and a man, full of dignity, a man I respect, walks down the street. White man stops him: 'Come here, kaffir!' What does he do? 30

(Buntu whips the imaginary hat off his head and crumples it in his hands as he adopts a fawning, servile pose in front of the white man.)

What is it, Baas?'

If that is what you call pride, then to hell with it! Take mine and give me food for my children. 35

(Pause)

Look, brother, Robert Zwelinzima, that poor bastard out there in the alleyway, if there are ghosts, he is smiling tonight. He is here, with us, and he's saying: 'Good luck, Sizwe! I hope it works.' He's a brother, man.

Man: For how long, Buntu?

Buntu: How long? For as long as you can stay out of trouble. Trouble will mean police station, then fingerprints off to Pretoria to check on previous convictions... and when they do that... Sizwe Bansi will live again and you will have had it.

Man: Buntu, you know what you are saying? A black man stay out of trouble? Impossible, Buntu. Our skin is trouble.

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