

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 2005

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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



CARYL CHURCHILL: *Serious Money*

1 **Either** (a) How does Churchill present and explore the theme of selfishness and self-obsession in *Serious Money*?

Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effects and significance of the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of relationships here.

ZAC and JAKE drinking in champagne bar. Late night. Both drunk.

JAKE What did you think of the family?
ZAC Quite a mansion.
JAKE You could buy yourself something equally handsome. (Or three.)
ZAC Why do the British always want land? 5
(In Paris or New York you live in an apartment, why do the English need gardens?)
JAKE You're not upper class without it, you're too American to understand.
ZAC You don't make money out of land, you make money out of money.
JAKE It's a dream. Woods. Springtime. Owning the spring. What's so funny? 10
ZAC Is that your dream?
JAKE I never dream. / (I never sleep).
ZAC Because it's come to an end.
Young kids like you making money now – and I mean the ones who've never had it, not like you – they're going to come up with new ways to spend. 15
Because they're going to come up with new dreams.
JAKE I'll tell you, Zac, sometimes it seems ...
ZAC What?
JAKE I don't know, what were we saying? 20
ZAC When?
JAKE Forget it.
ZAC Tell you something, Jake. Give Albion some attention.
JAKE I could get on the blower to Marylou / and just give it a mention.
ZAC Don't tell me. 25
JAKE Tell you something. I fancy the ocean.
Instead of land. I'd like to own a big cube of sea, right down to the bottom, all the fish, weeds, the lot.
There'd be takers for that.
ZAC Sure, it's a great notion. 30
JAKE Or air. Space. A square metre going straight up into infinity.
ZAC And a section of God at the top.
JAKE Oh yes, I'll make you a market in divinity (any day).
MARYLOU BAINES and TK in New York.
TK There's a message from Jake Todd in London. 35
He recommends buying shares in Albion.
MARYLOU Can I take it this is so far completely secret?
TK Yes, when it gets out it'll really move the market.
MARYLOU Are you trading in this stock on your own account?
TK Not for a very considerable amount. 40
MARYLOU You'll soon be setting up your own show.
TK No, Ms Baines, I wouldn't go, you taught me everything I know. I really admire your style, Miss Baines.
(You're a great American.)

Act One

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Comedy of Errors*

- 2 **Either** (a) What view of Ephesus and its values is presented in *The Comedy of Errors*?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the detail of the extract below, comment on the presentation of the relationship between Adriana and her husband.

| | | |
|-----------|---|----|
| ADRIANA | I cannot, nor I will not hold me still; My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will. He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind; Stigmatical in making, worse in mind. | 5 |
| LUCIANA | Who would be jealous then of such a one? No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone. | |
| ADRIANA | Ah, but I think him better than I say, And yet would herein others' eyes were worse. Far from her nest the lapwing cries away; My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse. <i>Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.</i> | 10 |
| S. DROMIO | Here go – the desk, the purse. Sweet now, make haste. | |
| LUCIANA | How hast thou lost thy breath? | 15 |
| S. DROMIO | By running fast. | |
| ADRIANA | Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well? | |
| S. DROMIO | No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell. A devil in an everlasting garment hath him; One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel; A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff; A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands; A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well; One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell. | 20 |
| ADRIANA | Why, man, what is the matter? | |
| S. DROMIO | I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case. | |
| ADRIANA | What, is he arrested? Tell me, at whose suit? | |
| S. DROMIO | I know not at whose suit he is arrested well; But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk? | 30 |
| ADRIANA | Go fetch it, sister. [<i>Exit Luciana</i>] This I wonder at: Thus he unknown to me should be in debt. Tell me, was he arrested on a band? | 35 |
| S. DROMIO | Not on a band, but on a stronger thing. A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring? | |
| ADRIANA | What, the chain? | |
| S. DROMIO | No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone. It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one. | 40 |
| ADRIANA | The hours come back! That did I never hear. | |
| S. DROMIO | O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear. | |
| ADRIANA | As if Time were in debt! How fondly dost thou reason! | |
| S. DROMIO | Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season. Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say That Time comes stealing on by night and day? If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way, Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day? <i>Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse.</i> | 45 |

ADRIANA Go, Dromio, there's the money; bear it straight,
 And bring thy master home immediately.
 Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit –
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

50

Act 4 Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'The play *Macbeth* builds in dramatic intensity up to the murder of Duncan; after the murder, much of this intensity is lost.' Is this true of your experience of the tragedy?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the dramatic effectiveness of the following complete scene from the play.

ACT FIVE

SCENE 1. *Dunsinane. Macbeth's castle.**Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

| | | |
|--------------|--|----|
| DOCTOR | I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd? | 5 |
| GENTLEWOMAN | Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. | |
| DOCTOR | A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? | 10 |
| GENTLEWOMAN | That, sir, which I will not report after her. | |
| DOCTOR | You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should. | 15 |
| GENTLEWOMAN | Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech. | |
| | <i>Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.</i> | |
| | Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close. | 20 |
| DOCTOR | How came she by that light? | |
| GENTLEWOMAN | Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command. | |
| DOCTOR | You see her eyes are open. | |
| GENTLEWOMAN | Ay, but their sense is shut. | 25 |
| DOCTOR | What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands. | |
| GENTLEWOMAN | It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. | |
| LADY MACBETH | Yet here's a spot. | |
| DOCTOR | Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. | 30 |
| LADY MACBETH | Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One, two; why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our pow'r to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? | 35 |
| DOCTOR | Do you mark that? | |
| LADY MACBETH | The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting. | 40 |
| DOCTOR | Go to, go to; you have known what you should not. | |
| GENTLEWOMAN | She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known. | |
| LADY MACBETH | Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! | 45 |
| DOCTOR | What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd. | |

GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir. 50

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. 55

DOCTOR Even so?

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed? 60

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. 65
God, God forgive us all. Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak. 70

GENTLEWOMAN Good night, good doctor.
[Exeunt.

Act 5 Scene 1

RICHARD SHERIDAN: *The Rivals*

- 4 **Either** (a) How does Sheridan present romantic love in *The Rivals*?
- Or** (b) What comic possibilities are contained in the following extract? How far are the dramatic methods used here typical of those of the play as a whole?

| | | |
|---------------------------|--|----|
| MRS MALAPROP | You are very good, and very considerate, Captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair! Long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her never to think on the fellow again – I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her – but I'm sorry to say she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her. | 5 |
| ABSOLUTE | It must be very distressing indeed, Ma'am. | |
| MRS MALAPROP | Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow! I believe I have it in my pocket. | 10 |
| ABSOLUTE (<i>Aside</i>) | O the devil! my last note. | |
| MRS MALAPROP | Aye, here it is. | |
| ABSOLUTE (<i>Aside</i>) | Aye, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. | |
| MRS MALAPROP | There, perhaps you may know the writing. | 15 |
| | <i>Gives him the letter</i> | |
| ABSOLUTE | I think I have seen the hand before – yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before – | |
| MRS MALAPROP | Nay, but read it, Captain. | |
| ABSOLUTE (<i>Reads</i>) | <i>My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!</i> Very tender indeed! | 20 |
| MRS MALAPROP | Tender! aye, and profane too, o' my conscience! | |
| ABSOLUTE | <i>I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival –</i> | |
| MRS MALAPROP | That's you, Sir. | |
| ABSOLUTE | <i>has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.</i> Well, that's handsome enough. | 25 |
| MRS MALAPROP | Oh, the fellow had some design in writing so – | |
| ABSOLUTE | That he had, I'll answer for him, Ma'am. | |
| MRS MALAPROP | But go on, Sir – you'll see presently. | 30 |
| ABSOLUTE | <i>As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you – who can he mean by that?</i> | |
| MRS MALAPROP | <i>Me, Sir – me – he means me there – what do you think now?</i> But go on a little further. | |
| ABSOLUTE | Impudent scoundrel! – <i>it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand –</i> | 35 |
| MRS MALAPROP | There, Sir! an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? An aspersion upon my parts of speech! Was ever such a brute! Sure if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs! | 40 |
| ABSOLUTE | He deserves to be hanged and quartered! Let me see – <i>same ridiculous vanity –</i> | |
| MRS MALAPROP | You need not read it again, Sir. | 45 |

- ABSOLUTE I beg pardon, Ma'am – *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration – an impudent coxcomb! – so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews.* – Was ever such assurance? 50
- MRS MALAPROP Did you ever hear anything like it? He'll elude my vigilance, will he? Yes, yes! ha! ha! He's very likely to enter these doors! – we'll try who can plot best.
- ABSOLUTE So we will Ma'am – so we will. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha! Well, but Mrs Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time – let her even plot an elopement with him – then do you connive at her escape – while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead. 55
- MRS MALAPROP I am delighted with the scheme, never was anything better perpetrated! 60

Act 3 Scene 3

J M SYNGE: *The Playboy of the Western World*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and presentation of Pegeen in the play.
- Or** (b) What does the following passage contribute to the presentation of the Irish peasant society and its values in the play?

Some one knocks

CHRISTY (*clinging to PEGEEN*) Oh, glory! it's late for knocking, and this last while I'm in terror of the peelers, and the walking dead.

Knocking again

PEGEEN Who's there? 5

VOICE (*outside*) Me.

PEGEEN Who's me?

VOICE The Widow Quin.

PEGEEN (*jumping up and giving him the bread and milk*) Go on now with your supper, and let on to be sleepy, for if she found you were such a warrant to talk, she'd be stringing gabble till the dawn of day. 10
He takes bread and sits shyly with his back to the door

PEGEEN (*opening door, with temper*) What ails you, or what is it you're wanting at this hour of the night?

WIDOW QUIN (*coming in a step and peering at CHRISTY*) I'm after meeting Shawn Keogh and Father Reilly below, who told me of your curiosity man, and they fearing by this time he was maybe roaring, romping on your hands with drink. 15

PEGEEN (*pointing to CHRISTY*) Look now is he roaring, and he stretched out drowsy with his supper and his mug of milk? Walk down and tell that to Father Reilly and to Shaneen Keogh. 20

WIDOW QUIN (*coming forward*) I'll not see them again, for I've their word to lead that lad forward for to lodge with me.

PEGEEN (*in blank amazement*) This night, is it?

WIDOW QUIN (*going over*) This night. 'It isn't fitting,' says the priesteen, 'to have his likeness lodging with an orphaned girl.' (*To CHRISTY*) God save you, mister! 25

CHRISTY (*shyly*) God save you kindly.

WIDOW QUIN (*looking at him with half-amused curiosity*) Well, aren't you a little smiling fellow? It should have been great and bitter torments did rouse your spirits to a deed of blood. 30

CHRISTY (*doubtfully*) It should, maybe.

WIDOW QUIN It's more than 'maybe' I'm saying, and it'd soften my heart to see you sitting so simple with your cup and cake, and you fitter to be saying your catechism than slaying your da. 35

PEGEEN (*at counter, washing glasses*) There's talking when any'd see he's fit to be holding his head high with the wonders of the world. Walk on from this, for I'll not have him tormented and he destroyed travelling since Tuesday was a week.

WIDOW QUIN (*peaceably*) We'll be walking surely when his supper's done, and you'll find we're great company, young fellow, when it's of the like of you and me you'd hear the penny poets singing in an August Fair. 40

CHRISTY (*innocently*) Did you kill your father?

PEGEEN (*contemptuously*) She did not. She hit himself with a worn pick, and the rusted poison did corrode his blood the way he never overed it, and died after. That was a sneaky kind of murder did win small glory with the boys itself. 45

(Act 1)

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

6 **Either** (a) How far is it possible to see Tom as the victim in the play?

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Amanda in the following extract.

(IMAGE: AMANDA AS A GIRL.)

- AMANDA (*coyly smiling, shaking her girlish ringlets*) Well, well, well, so this is Mr O'Connor. Introductions entirely unnecessary. I've heard so much about you from my boy. I finally said to him, Tom – good gracious! – why don't you bring this paragon to supper? I'd like to meet this nice young man at the warehouse! – Instead of just hearing you sing his praises so much! I don't know why my son is so stand-offish – that's not Southern behaviour!
- Let's sit down and – I think we could stand a little more air in here! Tom, leave the door open. I felt a nice fresh breeze a moment ago. Where has it gone to?
- Mmm, so warm already! And not quite summer, even. We're going to burn up when summer really gets started. However, we're having – we're having a very light supper. I think light things are better fo' this time of year. The same as light clothes are. Light clothes an' light food are what warm weather calls fo'. You know our blood gets so thick during th' winter – it takes a while fo' us to *adjust* ou'selves! – when the season changes ...
- It's come so quick this year. I wasn't prepared. All of a sudden – heavens! Already summer! – I ran to the trunk an' pulled out this light dress – Terribly old! Historical almost! But feels so good – so good an' co-ol, y'know ...
- TOM Mother –
- AMANDA Yes, honey?
- TOM How about – supper?
- AMANDA Honey, you go ask Sister if supper is ready! You know that Sister is in full charge of supper!
- Tell her you hungry boys are waiting for it.
(*To JIM.*)
- Have you met Laura?
- JIM She –
- AMANDA Let you in? Oh, good, you've met already! It's rare for a girl as sweet an' pretty as Laura to be domestic! But Laura is, thank heavens, not only pretty but also very domestic. I'm not at all. I never was a bit. I never could make a thing but angel-food cake. Well, in the South we had so many servants. Gone, gone, gone. All vestige of gracious living! Gone completely! I wasn't prepared for what the future brought me. All of my gentlemen callers were sons of planters and so of course I assumed that I would be married to one and raise my family on a large piece of land with plenty of servants. But man proposes – and woman accepts the proposal! – To vary that old, old saying a little bit – I married no planter! I married a man who worked for the telephone company! – That gallantly smiling gentleman over there! (*Points to the picture.*) A telephone man who – fell in love with long distance! – Now he travels and I don't even know where! – But what am I going on for about my – tribulations? Tell me yours – I hope you don't have any!
- Tom?

TOM (*returning*) Yes, Mother?

AMANDA Is supper nearly ready?

TOM It looks to me like supper is on the table.

50

AMANDA Let me look – (*She rises prettily and looks through portières.*) Oh, lovely!
– But where is Sister?

TOM Laura is not feeling well and she says that she thinks she'd better not
come to the table.

AMANDA What? – Nonsense! – Laura? Oh, Laura!

55

LAURA (*off stage, faintly*) Yes, Mother.

AMANDA You really must come to the table. We won't be seated until you come to
the table!

Come in, Mr O'Connor. You sit over there, and I'll – Laura? Laura
Wingfield!

60

You're keeping us waiting, honey! We can't say grace until you come to
the table!

Scene 6

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