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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Drama

October/November 2010

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 **12** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic significance of different attitudes towards religion in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to both stage directions and speech, discuss the dramatic impact of Alan's re-enactment of his confrontation with Nugget here.

[ALAN stands alone, and naked.
A faint humming and drumming. The boy looks about him in growing terror.]

Dysart: What?

Alan [to DYSART]: He was there. Through the door. The door was shut, but he was there! ... He'd seen everything. I could hear him. He was laughing. 5

Dysart: Laughing?

Alan [to DYSART]: Mocking! ...Mocking! ...
[Standing downstage he stares up towards the tunnel. A great silence weighs on the square.] 10
[To the silence: terrified.] Friend ... Equus the Kind ... The Merciful! ... Forgive me! ...
[Silence.]
It wasn't me. Not really me. Me! ... Forgive me! ... Take me back again! Please! ... PLEASE! 15
[He kneels on the downstage lip of the square, still facing the door, huddling in fear.]
I'll never do it again. I swear ... I swear! ...
[Silence.]
[In a moan.] Please!!! ... 20

Dysart: And He? What does He say?

Alan [to DYSART: whispering]: 'Mine! ... You're mine! ... I am yours and you are mine!' ... Then I see his eyes. They are rolling!
[NUGGET begins to advance slowly, with relentless hooves, down the central tunnel.] 25
'I see you. I see you. Always! Everywhere! Forever!'

Dysart: Kiss anyone and I will see?

Alan [to DYSART]: Yes!

Dysart: Lie with anyone and I will see?

Alan [to DYSART]: Yes! 30

Dysart: And you will fail! Forever and ever you will fail! You will see ME – and you will FAIL!
[The boy turns round, hugging himself in pain. From the sides two more horses converge with NUGGET on the rails.
Their hooves stamp angrily. The EQUUS noise is heard more terribly.] 35
The Lord thy God is a Jealous God. He sees you. He sees you forever and ever, Alan. He sees you! ... He sees you!

Alan [in terror]: Eyes! ... White eyes – never closed! Eyes like flames – coming – coming! ... God seest! God seest! ... NO! ...
[Pause. He steadies himself. The stage begins to blacken.] 40
[Quieter.] No more. No more, Equus.
[He gets up. He goes to the bench. He takes up the invisible pick. He moves slowly upstage towards NUGGET, concealing the weapon behind his naked back, in the growing darkness. He stretches out his hand and fondles NUGGET's mask.] 45
[Gently.] Equus ... Noble Equus ... Faithful and True ... God-slave ... Thou – God – Seest – NOTHING!

[He stabs out NUGGET's eyes. The horse stamps in agony. A great screaming begins to fill the theatre, growing ever louder. ALAN dashes at the other two horses and blinds them too, stabbing over the rails. Their metal hooves join in the stamping.] 50

Relentlessly, as this happens, three more horses appear in cones of light: not naturalistic animals like the first three, but dreadful creatures out of nightmare. Their eyes flare – their nostrils flare – their mouths flare. They are archetypal images – judging, punishing, pitiless. They do not halt at the rail, but invade the square. As they trample at him, the boy leaps desperately at them, jumping high and naked in the dark, slashing at their heads with arms upraised.] 55

The screams increase. The other horses follow into the square. The whole place is filled with cannoning, blinded horses – and the boy dodging among them, avoiding their slashing hooves as best he can. Finally they plunge off into darkness and away out of sight. The noise dies abruptly, and all we hear is ALAN yelling in hysteria as he collapses on the ground – stabbing at his own eyes with the invisible pick.] 60

Alan: Find me! ... Find me! ... Find me! ... 65
KILL ME! ... KILL ME! ...

Act 2, Scene 34

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) Explore the dramatic significance of the contrast between Olivia's household and Orsino's court as settings in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Malvolio's self deception at this point in the play.

Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO.

Olivia: How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio: Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia: Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 5

Malvolio: Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one and please all'.

Olivia: Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

Malvolio: Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. 10

Olivia: Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Malvolio: To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

Olivia: God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft? 15

Maria: How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio: At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Maria: Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio: 'Be not afraid of greatness.' 'Twas well writ.

Olivia: What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio? 20

Malvolio: 'Some are born great,' –

Olivia: Ha?

Malvolio: 'Some achieve greatness,' –

Olivia: What say'st thou?

Malvolio: 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.' 25

Olivia: Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio: 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,' –

Olivia: 'Thy yellow stockings'?

Malvolio: 'And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.'

Olivia: 'Cross-garter'd'? 30

Malvolio: 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;' –

Olivia: Am I made?

Malvolio: 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Olivia: Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant. 35

Servant: Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia: I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 40

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.]

Malvolio: O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look at me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough' says she. 'Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity' and consequently sets down the manner how, as: a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in 45

the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is
Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away 50
now – 'Let this fellow be look'd to'. 'Fellow' not 'Malvolio' nor after my
degree, but 'fellow'. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram
of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or
unsafe circumstance – What can be said?

Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my 55
hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Act 3, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of Glendower to the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) With close attention to language and action, discuss the significance of this encounter in the 'play-acting' between Falstaff and Hal.

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? 5

Prince: Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father. 10

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. 15

Falstaff: And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince: Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff: My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince: The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff: 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith. 20

Prince: Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? 25

Falstaff: I would your Grace would take me with you; whom means your Grace? 35

Prince: That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff: My lord, the man I know.

Prince: I know thou dost. 40

Falstaff: But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old – the more the pity – his white hairs do witness it; but that he is – saving your reverence – a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but, for sweet Jack 45

Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff – and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff – 50
banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's
company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.
Prince: I do, I will.

Act 2, Scene 4

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of actors and acting in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, show how Stoppard dramatises Ros and Guil's situation at this point in the play.

Guil: Wheels have been set in motion, and they have their own pace, to which we are ... condemned.

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Repeat process – Guil taps one hand, then the other hand, quickly. Ros inadvertently shows that both are empty. Ros laughs as Guil turns upstage. Ros stops laughing, looks around his feet, pats his clothes, puzzled.

Act 2

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 5 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that Miller presents Eddie as a tragic hero?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the extract below, discuss the changing relationship between Catherine and Eddie at this point in the play.

Catherine: Hey, Eddie – what a picture we saw! Did we laugh!

Eddie [– *he can't help smiling at sight of her*]: Where'd you go?

Catherine: Paramount. It was with those two guys, y'know? That –

Eddie: Brooklyn Paramount?

Catherine [*with an edge of anger, embarrassed before RODOLPHO*]: Sure, the 5
Brooklyn Paramount. I told you we wasn't goin' to New York.

Eddie [*retreating before the threat of her anger*]: All right, I only asked you. [*To RODOLPHO*] I just don't want her hangin' around Times Square, see? It's full of tramps over there.

Rodolpho: I would like to go to Broadway once, Eddie. I would like to walk with her 10
once where the theatres are and the opera. Since I was a boy I see pictures of those lights.

Eddie [*his little patience waning*]: I want to talk to her a minute, Rodolpho. Go inside, will you?

Rodolpho: Eddie, we only walk together in the streets. She teaches me. 15

Catherine: You know what he can't get over? That there's no fountains in Brooklyn!

Eddie [*smiling unwillingly*]: Fountains? [*RODOLPHO smiles at his own naïveté.*]

Catherine: In Italy he says, every town's got fountains, and they meet there. And 20
you know what? They got oranges on the trees where he comes from, and lemons. Imagine – on the trees? I mean it's interesting. But he's crazy for New York.

Rodolpho [*attempting familiarity*]: Eddie, why can't we go once to Broadway –?

Eddie: Look, I gotta tell her something –

Rodolpho: Maybe you can come too. I want to see all those lights [*He sees no 25*
response in EDDIE's face. He glances at CATHERINE.] I'll walk by the river before I go to sleep.
[*He walks off down the street.*]

Catherine: Why don't you talk to him, Eddie? He blesses you, and you don't talk to 30
him hardly.

Eddie [*enveloping her with his eyes*]: I bless you and you don't talk to me. [*He tries to smile.*]

Catherine: I don't talk to you? [*She hits his arm.*] What do you mean?

Eddie: I don't see you no more. I come home you're runnin' around someplace –

Catherine: Well, he wants to see everything, that's all, so we go. ... You mad at 35
me?

Eddie: No. [*He moves from her, smiling sadly.*] It's just I used to come home, you was always there. Now, I turn around, you're a big girl. I don't know how to talk to you.

Catherine: Why? 40

Eddie: I don't know, you're runnin', you're runnin', Katie. I don't think you listening any more to me.

Catherine [*going to him*]: Ah, Eddie, sure I am. What's the matter? You don't like 45
him?
[*Slight pause.*]

Eddie [*turns to her*]: You like him, Katie?

Catherine [*with a blush but holding her ground*]: Yeah. I like him.

Eddie [– *his smile goes*]: You like him.

Catherine [*looking down*]: Yeah. [*Now she looks at him for the consequences, smiling but tense. He looks at her like a lost boy.*] What're you got against him? 50
I don't understand. He only blesses you.

Eddie [*turns away*]: He don't bless me, Katie.

Catherine: He does! You're like a father to him!

Eddie [*turns to her*]: Katie.

Catherine: What, Eddie? 55

Eddie: You gonna marry him?

Act 1

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) ‘*Cecily*: I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy.’

Discuss Wilde’s treatment and presentation of hypocrisy in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

- Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing in particular on Wilde’s presentation of Lady Bracknell.

[ALGERNON *goes forward to meet them. Enter* LADY BRACKNELL *and* GWENDOLEN.]

Lady Bracknell: Good afternoon, dear Algernon, I hope you are behaving very well.

Algernon: I’m feeling very well, Aunt Augusta. 5

Lady Bracknell: That’s not quite the same thing. In fact the two things rarely go together. [Sees JACK *and bows to him with icy coldness*.]

Algernon [to GWENDOLEN]: Dear me, you are smart!

Gwendolen: I am always smart! Am I not, Mr Worthing?

Jack: You’re quite perfect, Miss Fairfax. 10

Gwendolen: Oh! I hope I am not that. It would leave no room for developments, and I intend to develop in many directions.

[GWENDOLEN *and* JACK *sit down together in the corner*.]

Lady Bracknell: I’m sorry if we are a little late, Algernon, but I was obliged to call on dear Lady Harbury. I hadn’t been there since her poor husband’s death. I never saw a woman so altered; she looks quite twenty years younger. And now I’ll have a cup of tea, and one of those nice cucumber sandwiches you promised me. 15

Algernon: Certainly, Aunt Augusta. [Goes over to tea-table.]

Lady Bracknell: Won’t you come and sit here, Gwendolen? 20

Gwendolen: Thanks, mamma, I’m quite comfortable where I am.

Algernon [picking up empty plate in horror]: Good heavens! Lane! Why are there no cucumber sandwiches? I ordered them specially.

Lane [gravely]: There were no cucumbers in the market this morning, sir. I went down twice. 25

Algernon: No cucumbers!

Lane: No, sir. Not even for ready money.

Algernon: That will do, Lane, thank you.

Lane: Thank you, sir. [Goes out.]

Algernon: I am greatly distressed, Aunt Augusta, about there being no cucumbers, not even for ready money. 30

Lady Bracknell: It really makes no matter, Algernon. I had some crumpets with Lady Harbury, who seems to me to be living entirely for pleasure now.

Algernon: I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief.

Lady Bracknell: It certainly has changed its colour. From what cause I, of course, cannot say. [ALGERNON *crosses and hands tea*.] Thank you, I’ve quite a treat for you tonight, Algernon. I am going to send you down with Mary Farquhar. She is such a nice woman, and so attentive to her husband. It’s delightful to watch them. 35

Algernon: I am afraid, Aunt Augusta, I shall have to give up the pleasure of dining with you tonight after all. 40

Lady Bracknell [frowning]: I hope not, Algernon. It would put my table completely out. Your uncle would have to dine upstairs. Fortunately he is accustomed to that.

- Algernon:* It is a great bore, and, I need hardly say, a terrible disappointment to me, but the fact is I have just had a telegram to say that my poor friend Bunbury is very ill again. [*Exchanges glances with JACK.*] They seem to think I should be with him. 45
- Lady Bracknell:* It is very strange. This Mr Bunbury seems to suffer from curiously bad health. 50
- Algernon:* Yes; poor Bunbury is a dreadful invalid.
- Lady Bracknell:* Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or to die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice ... as far as any improvement in his ailment goes. I should be much obliged if you would ask Mr Bunbury, from me, to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday, for I rely on you to arrange my music for me. It is my last reception, and one wants something that will encourage conversation, particularly at the end of the season when everyone has practically said whatever they had to say, which, in most cases, was probably not much. 55
60
65
- Algernon:* I'll speak to Bunbury, Aunt Augusta, if he is still conscious, and I think I can promise you he'll be all right by Saturday. Of course the music is a great difficulty. You see, if one plays good music, people don't listen, and if one plays bad music people don't talk. But I'll run over the programme I've drawn out, if you will kindly come into the next room for a moment. 70
- Lady Bracknell:* Thank you, Algernon. It is very thoughtful of you. [*Rising, and following ALGERNON.*] I'm sure the programme will be delightful, after a few expurgations. French songs I cannot possibly allow. People always seem to think that they are improper, and either look shocked, which is vulgar, or laugh, which is worse. But German sounds a thoroughly respectable language, and, indeed I believe is so. Gwendolen, you will accompany me. 75
- Gwendolen:* Certainly, mamma.

Act 1

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