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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 4 Drama

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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.



ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

1 **Either** (a) Fugard's work bears witness to 'the inhumanity of a vile system'.

How, in your view, does Fugard bring this inhumanity to life in his plays?

Or (b)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of disguise and deception in *Twelfth Night*.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following scene and its presentation of the relationship between Olivia and Viola at this point in the play.

Viola: Dear lady –

Olivia: Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
 After the last enchantment you did here,
 A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
 Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. 5
 Under your hard construction must I sit,
 To force that on you in a shameful cunning
 Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
 Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
 And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts 10
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
 Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
 Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Viola: I pity you.

Olivia: That's a degree to love. 15

Viola: No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof
 That very oft we pity enemies.

Olivia: Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
 O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
 If one should be a prey, how much the better 20
 To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
 Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have you;
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, 25
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
 There lies your way, due west.

Viola: Then westward-ho!
 Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
 You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? 30

Olivia: Stay.
 I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

Viola: That you do think you are not what you are.

Olivia: If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viola: Then think you right: I am not what I am. 35

Olivia: I would you were as I would have you be!

Viola: Would it be better, madam, than I am?
 I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Olivia: O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of his lip! 40
 A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
 Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride, 45
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. 50
Viola: By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more 55
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Olivia: Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act 3, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and significance of the female characters in *Julius Caesar*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following scene, show how Cassius manipulates Casca into joining the conspiracy against Caesar.

<i>Casca:</i>	'Tis Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?	
<i>Cassius:</i>	Let it be who it is; for Romans now Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors. But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead, And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits; Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.	5
<i>Casca:</i>	Indeed they say the senators to-morrow Mean to establish Caesar as a king; And he shall wear his crown by sea and land, In every place save here in Italy.	10
<i>Cassius:</i>	I know where I will wear this dagger then; Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat. Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass, Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron, Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; But life, being weary of these worldly bars, Never lacks power to dismiss itself. If I know this, know all the world besides, That part of tyranny that I do bear, I can shake off at pleasure.	15
<i>Casca:</i>	<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> [Thunder still. So can I; </div> So every bondman in his own hand bears The power to cancel his captivity.	20
<i>Cassius:</i>	And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then? Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; He were no lion, were not Romans hinds. Those that with haste will make a mighty fire Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome, What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves For the base matter to illuminate So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this Before a willing bondman; then I know My answer must be made. But I am arm'd, And dangers are to me indifferent.	25
<i>Casca:</i>	You speak to Casca, and to such a man That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand. Be factious for redress of all these griefs, And I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes farthest.	30
<i>Cassius:</i>	<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> There's a bargain made. </div> Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans To undergo with me an enterprise Of honourable-dangerous consequence;	35
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		45

And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

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Act 1, Scene 3

TOM STOPPARD: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*

4 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the role and significance of the Players in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*?

Or (b) With close attention to the detail of the following passage, discuss how Stoppard establishes both characters and themes in the play.

Two Elizabethans passing the time in a place without any visible character.

They are well dressed – hats, cloaks, sticks and all.

Each of them has a large leather money bag.

GUILDENSTERN'S bag is nearly empty.

ROSENCRANTZ'S bag is nearly full.

5

The reason being: they are betting on the toss of a coin, in the following manner: GUILDENSTERN (hereafter 'GUIL') takes a coin out of his bag, spins it, letting it fall. ROSENCRANTZ (hereafter 'ROS') studies it, announces it as 'heads' (as it happens) and puts it into his own bag. Then they repeat the process. They have apparently been doing this for some 10 *time.*

The run of 'heads' is impossible, yet ROS betrays no surprise at all – he feels none. However, he is nice enough to feel a little embarrassed at taking so much money off his friend. Let that be his character note.

GUIL is well alive to the oddity of it. He is not worried about the money, but he is worried by the implications; aware but not going to panic about it – his character note. 15

GUIL sits. ROS stands (he does the moving, retrieving coins).

GUIL spins. ROS studies coin.

Ros: Heads. 20

He picks it up and puts it in his bag. The process is repeated.

Heads.

Again.

Heads.

Again.

25

Heads.

Again.

Heads.

Guil [flipping a coin]: There is an art to the building up of suspense.

Ros: Heads. 30

Guil [flipping another]: Though it can be done by luck alone.

Ros: Heads.

Guil: If that's the word I'm after.

Ros [raises his head at GUIL]: Seventy-six love.

GUIL gets up but has nowhere to go. He spins another coin over his shoulder without looking at it, his attention being directed at his environment or lack of it. 35

Heads.

- Guil:* A weaker man might be moved to re-examine his faith, if in nothing else at least in the law of probability. 40
He flips a coin over his shoulder as he goes to look upstage.
- Ros:* Heads.
GUIL, examining the confines of the stage, flips over two more coins as he does so, one by one of course. ROS announces each of them as 'heads'.
- Guil [musing]:* The law of probability, it has been oddly asserted, is something to do 45
 with the proposition that if six monkeys [*He has surprised himself.*] ... if six monkeys were ...
- Ros:* Game?
- Guil:* Were they?
- Ros:* Are you? 50
- Guil [understanding]:* Game. [*Flips a coin.*] The law of averages, if I have got this right, means that if six monkeys were thrown up in the air for long enough they would land on their tails as often as they would land on their –
- Ros:* Heads. [*He picks up the coin.*]
- Guil:* Which even at first glance does not strike one as a particularly rewarding 55
 speculation, in either sense, even without the monkeys. I mean you wouldn't bet on it. I mean I would, but you wouldn't ... [*As he flips a coin.*]
- Ros:* Heads.
- Guil:* Would you? [*Flips a coin.*]
- Ros:* Heads. 60
Repeat.
 Heads. [*He looks up at GUIL – embarrassed laugh.*] Getting a bit of a bore, isn't it?
- Guil [coldly]:* A bore?
- Ros:* Well ... 65
- Guil:* What about the suspense?
- Ros [innocently]:* What suspense?
Small pause.

Act 1

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

5 **Either (a)** What is the role and significance of Marco in the play?

Or (b) Comment closely on the significance of the episode below to the play as a whole.

Eddie: You don't understand; you still think you can talk about this to somebody just a little bit. Now lemme say it once and for all, because you're makin' me nervous again, both of you. I don't care if somebody comes in the house and sees them sleepin' on the floor, it never comes out of your mouth who they are or what they're doin' here. 5

Beatrice: Yeah, but my mother'll know –

Eddie: Sure she'll know, but just don't you be the one who told her, that's all. This is the United States government you're playin' with now, this is the Immigration Bureau. If you said it you knew it, if you didn't say it you didn't know it. 10

Catherine: Yeah, but Eddie, suppose somebody –

Eddie: I don't care what question it is. You – don't – know – nothin'. They got stool pigeons all over this neighbourhood, they're payin' them every week for information, and you don't know who they are. It could be your best friend. You hear? [*To BEATRICE*] Like Vinny Bolzano, remember Vinny? 15

Beatrice: Oh, yeah. God forbid.

Eddie: Tell her about Vinny. [*To CATHERINE*] You think I'm blowin' steam here? [*To BEATRICE*] Go ahead, tell her. [*To CATHERINE*] You was a baby then. There was a family lived next door to her mother, he was about sixteen – 20

Beatrice: No, he was no more than fourteen, 'cause I was to his confirmation in Saint Agnes. But the family had an uncle that they were hidin' in the house, and he snitched to the Immigration.

Catherine: The kid snitched? 25

Eddie: On his own uncle!

Catherine: What, was he crazy?

Eddie: He was crazy after, I tell you that, boy.

Beatrice: Oh, it was terrible, He had five brothers and the old father. And they grabbed him in the kitchen and pulled him down the stairs – three flights his head was bouncin' like a coconut. And they spit on him in the street, his own father and his brothers. The whole neighbourhood was cryin'. 30

Catherine: Ts! So what happened to him?

Beatrice: I think he went away. [*To EDDIE*] I never seen him again, did you? 35

Eddie [rises during this, taking out his watch]: Him? You'll never see him no more, a guy do a thing like that? How's he gonna show his face? [*To CATHERINE, as he gets up uneasily*] Just remember, kid, you can quicker get back a million dollars that was stole than a word that you gave away. [*He is standing now, stretching his back.*] 40

Catherine: Okay, I won't say a word to nobody, I swear.

Act 1

Turn to page 12 for Question 6.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

- 6 **Either** (a) What use does Wilde make of the contrast between city and country life and values in his play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Wilde's presentation of courtship at this point in the play.

[GWENDOLEN and CECILY are at the window, looking out into the garden.]

Gwendolen: The fact that they did not follow us at once into the house, as anyone else would have done, seems to me to show that they have some sense of shame left. 5

Cecily: They have been eating muffins. That looks like repentance.

Gwendolen [after a pause]: They don't seem to notice us at all. Couldn't you cough?

Cecily: But I haven't got a cough.

Gwendolen: They're looking at us. What effrontery! 10

Cecily: They're approaching. That's very forward of them.

Gwendolen: Let us preserve a dignified silence.

Cecily: Certainly. It's the only thing to do now.

[Enter JACK followed by ALGERNON. They whistle some dreadful popular air from a British Opera.] 15

Gwendolen: This dignified silence seems to produce an unpleasant effect.

Cecily: A most distasteful one.

Gwendolen: But we will not be the first to speak.

Cecily: Certainly not.

Gwendolen: Mr Worthing, I have something very particular to ask you. Much 20 depends on your reply.

Cecily: Gwendolen, your common sense is invaluable. Mr Moncrieff, kindly answer me the following question. Why did you pretend to be my guardian's brother?

Algernon: In order that I might have an opportunity of meeting you. 25

Cecily [to GWENDOLEN]: That certainly seems a satisfactory explanation, does it not?

Gwendolen: Yes, dear, if you can believe him.

Cecily: I don't. But that does not affect the wonderful beauty of his answer.

Gwendolen: True. In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity, is the vital 30 thing. Mr Worthing, what explanation can you offer to me for pretending to have a brother? Was it in order that you might have an opportunity of coming up to town to see me as often as possible?

Jack: Can you doubt it, Miss Fairfax?

Gwendolen: I have the gravest doubts upon the subject. But I intend to crush them. 35 This is not the moment for German scepticism. [Moving to CECILY.] Their explanations appear to be quite satisfactory, especially Mr Worthing's. That seems to me to have the stamp of truth upon it.

Cecily: I am more than content with what Mr Moncrieff said. His voice alone 40 inspires one with absolute credulity.

- Gwendolen*: Then you think we should forgive them?
- Cecily*: Yes. I mean no.
- Gwendolen*: True! I had forgotten. There are principles at stake that one cannot surrender. Which of us should tell them? The task is not a pleasant one. 45
- Cecily*: Could we not both speak at the same time?
- Gwendolen*: An excellent idea! I nearly always speak at the same time as other people. Will you take the time from me?
- Cecily*: Certainly. [*GWENDOLEN beats time with uplifted finger.*]
- Gwendolen and Cecily* [*speaking together*]: Your Christian names are still an insuperable barrier. That is all! 50
- Jack and Algernon* [*speaking together*]: Our Christian names! Is that all? But we are going to be christened this afternoon.
- Gwendolen* [*to JACK*]: For my sake you are prepared to do this terrible thing?
- Jack*: I am. 55
- Cecily* [*to ALGERNON*]: To please me you are ready to face this fearful ordeal?
- Algernon*: I am!
- Gwendolen*: How absurd to talk of the equality of the sexes! Where questions of self-sacrifice are concerned, men are infinitely beyond us. 60
- Jack*: We are. [*Clasps hands with ALGERNON.*]
- Cecily*: They have moments of physical courage of which we women know absolutely nothing.
- Gwendolen* [*to JACK*]: Darling!
- Algernon* [*to CECILY*]: Darling! [*They fall into each other's arms.*] 65

Act 3

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Copyright Acknowledgements:

Question 1

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