

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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/04

Paper 4 Drama

October/November 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.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Comedy of Errors*

- 2 **Either** (a) What dramatic contribution do Adriana and Luciana make to the play as a
- Or** (b) Discuss the comic possibilities offered by the following extract.

S. ANTIPHOLUS	How dost thou mean a fat marriage?	
S. DROMIO	Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.	5
S. ANTIPHOLUS	What complexion is she of?	
S. DROMIO	Swart, like my shoe; but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	That's a fault that water will mend.	10
S. DROMIO	No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	What's her name?	
S. DROMIO	Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Then she bears some breadth?	15
S. DROMIO	No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	In what part of her body stands Ireland?	
S. DROMIO	Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Where Scotland?	20
S. DROMIO	I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Where France?	
S. DROMIO	In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Where England?	25
S. DROMIO	I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.	
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Where Spain?	
S. DROMIO	Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.	30
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Where America, the Indies?	
S. DROMIO	O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.	35
S. ANTIPHOLUS	Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?	
S. DROMIO	O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude: this drudge or diviner laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch.	40
	And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,	
	She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.	45

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

- 3 Either (a) 'In *Macbeth* the forces of darkness and their agents are far more compelling than the powers of good.' What is your view?
- Or (b) Discuss the dramatic effects and significance of the following passage for the play as a whole.

MACBETH (*Aside*) Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
 The greatest is behind. – Thanks for your pains.
 (*Aside to Banquo*) Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
 Promis'd no less to them? 5

BANQUO (*Aside to Macbeth*) That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
 And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths, 10
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
 In deepest consequence. –
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH (*Aside*) Two truths are told, 15
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen.
 (*Aside*) This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor. 20
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings. 25
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man
 That function is smother'd in surmise,
 And nothing is but what is not.

BANQUO Look how our partner's rapt. 30
 MACBETH (*Aside*) If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

BANQUO New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use. 35

MACBETH (*Aside*) Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
 MACBETH Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought 40
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are regist'rd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.
 (*Aside to Banquo.*) Think upon what hath
 chanc'd; and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak 45
 Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO (*Aside to Macbeth*) Very gladly.
 MACBETH (*Aside to Banquo*) Till then, enough. –
 Come, friends.

(*Exeunt.*
 Act 1 Scene 3

RICHARD SHERIDAN: *The Rivals*

- 4 **Either** (a) What does the Lydia/Faulkland sub-plot contribute to the play as a whole?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following extract, show how Sheridan develops character and situation at this point in the play.

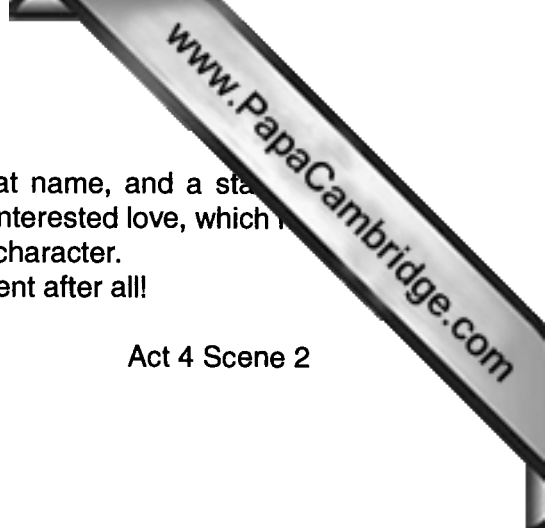
MRS MALAPROP	Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together? (<i>Aside to her</i>) Ah! you stubborn little vixen!	
SIR ANTHONY	Not yet, Ma'am, not yet! (<i>Aside to him</i>) What the devil are you at? Unlock your jaws, sirrah, or –	
	ABSOLUTE <i>draws near</i> LYDIA	5
ABSOLUTE	Now heaven send she may be too sullen to look round! (<i>Aside</i>) I must disguise my voice. (<i>Speaks in a low hoarse tone</i>) Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not –	
SIR ANTHONY	What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out? – not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!	10
ABSOLUTE	The – the – excess of my awe, and my – my – my modesty, quite choke me!	
SIR ANTHONY	Ah! your <i>modesty</i> again! I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage! Mrs Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front!	15
	MRS MALAPROP <i>seems to chide</i> LYDIA	
ABSOLUTE (<i>Aside</i>)	So! – all will out I see! (<i>Goes up to LYDIA, speaks softly</i>) Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.	20
LYDIA (<i>Aside</i>)	Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too! (<i>Looks round by degrees, then starts up</i>) Is this possible! – my Beverley! – how can this be? – my Beverley?	
ABSOLUTE	(<i>Aside</i>) Ah! 'tis all over.	
SIR ANTHONY	Beverley! – the devil – Beverley! – What can the girl mean? This is my son, Jack Absolute!	25
MRS MALAPROP	For shame, hussy! for shame! – your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes! Beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.	
LYDIA	I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!	30
SIR ANTHONY	Zounds! the girl's mad! – her brain's turned by reading!	
MRS MALAPROP	O' my conscience, I believe so! What do you mean by Beverley, hussy? You saw Captain Absolute before today; there he is – your husband that shall be.	
LYDIA	With all my soul, Ma'am – when I refuse my Beverley –	35
SIR ANTHONY	Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam! – or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick! Come here, sirrah! Who the devil are you?	
ABSOLUTE	Faith, Sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.	
SIR ANTHONY	Are you my son, or not? Answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.	40
MRS MALAPROP	Aye, Sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect –	
ABSOLUTE	(<i>Aside</i>) Ye powers of impudence befriend me! – Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be <i>yours</i> also, I hope my duty has always shown. Mrs Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer – and shall be proud to add <i>affectionate nephew</i> . I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular	45

generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a state
which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which
now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

LYDIA

(Sullenly) So! – there will be no elopement after all!

Act 4 Scene 2



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

- 5 **Either** (a) '*The Playboy of the Western World* has a simple theme: all the world loves a rogue, as long as his roguery does not hurt us.' With this comment in mind, Syngé's presentation of Christy.
- Or** (b) With careful attention to the following extract, show how the relationship between Christy and Pegeen develops during the scene.

CHRISTY	I've told my story no place till this night, Pegeen Mike, and it's foolish I was here, maybe, to be talking free, but you're decent people, I'm thinking, and yourself a kindly woman, the way I wasn't fearing you at all.	
PEGEEN	<i>(filling a sack with straw)</i> You've said the like of that, maybe, in every cot and cabin where you've met a young girl on your way.	5
CHRISTY	<i>(going over to her, gradually raising his voice)</i> I've said it nowhere till this night, I'm telling you, for I've seen none the like of you the eleven long days I am walking the world, looking over a low ditch or a high ditch on my north or south, into stony scattered fields, or scribes of bog, where you'd see young, limber girls, and fine prancing women making laughter with the men.	10
PEGEEN	If you weren't destroyed travelling, you'd have as much talk and streeleen, I'm thinking, as Owen Roe O'Sullivan or the poets of the Dingle Bay, and I've heard all times it's the poets are your like, fine fiery fellows with great rages when their temper's roused.	15
CHRISTY	<i>(drawing a little nearer to her)</i> You've a power of rings, God bless you, and would there be any offence if I was asking are you single now?	
PEGEEN	What would I want wedding so young?	
CHRISTY	<i>(with relief)</i> We're alike, so.	20
PEGEEN	<i>(she puts sack on settle and beats it up)</i> I never killed my father. I'd be afeard to do that, except I was the like of yourself with blind rages tearing me within, for I'm thinking you should have had great tussling when the end was come.	
CHRISTY	<i>(expanding with delight at the first confidential talk he has ever had with a woman)</i> We had not then. It was a hard woman was come over the hill, and if he was always a crusty kind when he'd a hard woman setting him on, not the devil himself or his four fathers could put up with him at all.	25
PEGEEN	<i>(with curiosity)</i> And isn't it a great wonder that one wasn't fearing you?	30
CHRISTY	<i>(very confidentially)</i> Up to the day I killed my father, there wasn't a person in Ireland knew the kind I was, and I there drinking, waking, eating, sleeping, a quiet, simple poor fellow with no man giving me heed.	
PEGEEN	<i>(getting a quilt out of cupboard and putting it on the sack)</i> It was the girls were giving you heed maybe, and I'm thinking it's most conceit you'd have to be gaming with their like.	35
CHRISTY	<i>(shaking his head, with simplicity)</i> Not the girls itself, and I won't tell you a lie. There wasn't anyone heeding me in that place saving the dumb beasts of the field.	40
	<i>He sits down at fire</i>	
PEGEEN	<i>(with disappointment)</i> And I thinking you should have been living the like of a king of Norway or the Eastern World. <i>She comes and sits beside him after placing bread and mug of milk on the table</i>	45

CHRISTY (*laughing piteously*) The like of a king, is it? And I after toiling, me digging, dodging from the dawn till dusk with never a sight of joy or sport saving only when I'd be abroad in the dark night poaching rabbits on hills, for I was a devil to poach, God forgive me, (*very naively*) and I near got six months for going with a dung fork and stabbing a fish.

PEGEEN And it's that you'd call sport, is it, to be abroad in the darkness with yourself alone?

CHRISTY I did, God help me, and there I'd be as happy as the sunshine of St. Martin's Day, watching the light passing the north or the patches of fog, till I'd hear a rabbit starting to screech and I'd go running in the furze. Then when I'd my full share I'd come walking down where you'd see the ducks and geese stretched sleeping on the highway of the road, and before I'd pass the dunghill, I'd hear himself snoring out, a loud lonesome snore he'd be making all times, the while he was sleeping, and he a man'd be raging all times, the while he was waking, like a gaudy officer you'd hear cursing and damning and swearing oaths.

Act One

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