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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/42**

Paper 4 Drama **October/November 2012**

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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

1 Either (a) 'He's a loony, isn't he?' (Dalton)

Discuss Shaffer's presentation of mental disturbance and attitudes towards it in the play.

Or (b) By commenting closely on the following passage, discuss your reaction to Dysart at this point in the play.

[*The light changes quickly back to brightness.*
DYSART *enters swiftly, hurls a blanket on the left bench, and rushes over to* ALAN. *The boy is having convulsions on the floor.* DYSART *grabs his hands, forces them from his eyes, scoops him up in his arms and carries him over to the bench.* ALAN *hurls his arms round* DYSART *and clings to him, gasping and kicking his legs in a dreadful frenzy.* DYSART *lays him down and presses his head back on the bench. He keeps talking – urgently talking – soothing the agony as he can.*]

DYSART: Here … Here … Ssssh … Ssssh … Calm now … Lie back. *Just lie back!* Now breathe in deep. Very deep. In … Out … In … Out … That's it … In. *Out … In … Out …*
[*The boy's breath is drawn into his body with a harsh rasping sound, which slowly grows less.* DYSART *puts the blanket over him.*]
Keep it going … That's a good boy … Very good boy … It's all over now, Alan. It's all over. He'll go away now. You'll never see him again, I promise. You'll have no more bad dreams. No more awful nights. Think of that! …You are going to be well. I'm going to make you well, I promise you … You'll be here for a while, but I'll be here too, so it won't be so bad. Just trust me …
[*He stands upright. The boy lies still.*]
Sleep now. Have a good long sleep. You've earned it … Sleep. Just sleep … I'm going to make you well.
[*He steps backwards into the centre of the square. The light brightens some more.*
A pause.]

DYSART: I'm lying to you, Alan. He won't really go that easily. Just clop away from you like a nice old nag. Oh, no! When Equus leaves – if he leaves at all – it will be with your intestines in his teeth. And I don't stock replacements … If you knew anything, you'd get up this minute and run from me as fast as you could.
[HESTHER *speaks from her place.*]

HESTHER: The boy's in pain, Martin.

DYSART: Yes.

HESTHER: And you can take it away.

DYSART: Yes.

HESTHER: Then that has to be enough for you, surely? … In the end!

DYSART [*crying out*]: *All right! I'll take it away!* He'll be delivered from madness. *What then?* He'll feel himself acceptable! *What then?* Do you think feelings like his can be simply re-attached, like plasters? Stuck on to other objects we select? *Look at him!* … My desire might be to make this boy an ardent husband – a caring citizen – a worshipper of abstract and unifying God. My achievement, however, is more likely to make a ghost! … Let me tell you exactly what I'm going to do to him!

[*He steps out of the square and walks round the upstage end of it, storming at the audience.*]

Act 2, Scene 35

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

2 **Either** **(a)** How satisfying do you find the last Act of the play (the scenes back in Sicilia) as a conclusion to the play's action and themes?

Or **(b)** With close reference to language and action, discuss the dramatic significance of the following scene.

PAULINA: This news is mortal to the Queen. Look down
And see what death is doing.
LEONTES: Take her hence.
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion. *5*
Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and* LADIES *with* HERMIONE.
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle. *10*
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo –
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose *15*
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him, *20*
Not doing it and being done. He, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended, *25*
No richer than his honour. How he glisters
Thorough my rust! And how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!
Re-enter PAULINA.
PAULINA: Woe the while! *30*
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 LORD: What fit is this, good lady?
PAULINA: What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? what flaying, boiling *35*
In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle *40*
For girls of nine – O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant, *45*
And damnable ingrateful. Nor was't much
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king – poor trespasses,

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More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter *50*
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts –
Thoughts high for one so tender – cleft the heart *55*
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam. This is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last – O lords,
When I have said, cry 'Woe!' – the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't *60*
Not dropp'd down yet.

LORD: The higher pow'rs forbid!

PAULINA: I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye, *65*
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees *70*
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEONTES: Go on, go on. *75*
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

3 **Either** **(a)** '… methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon … .'

How far, in your opinion, does the play support Hotspur's view of honour?

Or **(b)** With detailed reference to the passage below, discuss how history is presented at this point in the play.

HOTSPUR: The King is kind; and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong, *5*
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, *10*
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm *15*
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, *20*
Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently – as greatness knows itself –
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor, *25*
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep *30*
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further: cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent King *35*
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.
BLUNT: Tut, I came not to hear this.
HOTSPUR: Then to the point.
In short time after, he despos'd the King; *40*
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suff'red his kinsman March –
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king – to be engag'd in Wales, *45*
There without ransom to lie forfeited;

Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; *50*
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance. *55*

BLUNT: Shall I return this answer to the King?

HOTSPUR: Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle *60*
Bring him our purposes. And so, farewell.

BLUNT: I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOTSPUR: And may be so we shall.

BLUNT: Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*

Act 4, Scene 3

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

4 **Either** **(a)** *Stella:* Haven't you ever ridden on that streetcar?
Blanche: It brought me here . – Where I'm not wanted and where I'm ashamed to be….

Discuss Williams's treatment of desire in the play.

Or **(b)** With close reference to both action and language, discuss Williams's presentation of Blanche and Stella at this point in the play.

[BLANCHE *begins to shake again with intensity.*]

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[STELLA goes into the bathroom.]

Scene 1

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5 **Either** **(a)** What, for you, is the significance of the play's title?

Or **(b)** How might an audience react to Wilde's presentation of Sir Robert Chiltern at this point in the play? You should make close reference to detail of both language and action.

LORD GORING *sighs, then passes his hand across his forehead and looks up*

LORD GORING: I had no idea that you, of all men in the world, could have been so weak, Robert, as to yield to such a temptation as Baron Arnheim held out to you.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Weak? Oh, I am sick of hearing that phrase. Sick of using it about others. Weak? Do you really think, Arthur, that it is weakness that yields to temptation? I tell you that there are terrible temptations that it requires strength, strength and courage, to yield to. To stake all one's life on a single moment, to risk everything on one throw, whether the stake be power or pleasure, I care not – there is no weakness in that. There is a horrible, a terrible courage. I had that courage. I sat down the same afternoon and wrote Baron Arnheim the letter this woman now holds. He made three-quarters of a million over the transaction.

LORD GORING: And you?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I received from the Baron £110,000.

LORD GORING: You were worth more, Robert.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: No; that money gave me exactly what I wanted, power over others. I went into the House immediately. The Baron advised me in finance from time to time. Before five years I had almost trebled my fortune. Since then everything that I have touched has turned out a success. In all things connected with money I have had a luck so extraordinary that sometimes it has made me almost afraid. I remember having read somewhere, in some strange book, that when the gods wish to punish us they answer our prayers.

LORD GORING: But tell me, Robert, did you never suffer any regret for what you had done?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: No. I felt that I had fought the century with its own weapons, and won.

LORD GORING [*Sadly*]: You thought you had won?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I thought so. [*After a long pause*] Arthur, do you despise me for what I have told you?

LORD GORING [*With deep feeling in his voice*]: I am very sorry for you, Robert, very sorry indeed.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I don't say that I suffered any remorse. I didn't. Not remorse in the ordinary, rather silly sense of the word. But I have paid conscience money many times. I had a wild hope that I might disarm destiny. The sum Baron Arnheim gave me I have distributed twice over in public charities since then.

LORD GORING [*Looking up*]: In public charities? Dear me! what a lot of harm you must have done, Robert!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Oh, don't say that, Arthur; don't talk like that.

LORD GORING: Never mind what I say, Robert. I am always saying what I shouldn't say. In fact, I usually say what I really think. A great mistake nowadays. It makes one so liable to be misunderstood. As regards this dreadful business, I will help you in whatever way I can. Of course you know that. *50*

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Thank you, Arthur, thank you. But what is to be done? What can be done?

LORD GORING [*Leaning back with his hands in his pockets*]: Well, the English can't stand a man who is always saying he is in the right, but they are very fond of a man who admits that he has been in the *55* wrong. It is one of the best things in them. However, in your case, Robert, a confession would not do. The money, if you will allow me to say so, is … awkward. Besides, if you did make a clean breast of the whole affair, you would never be able to talk morality again. And in England a man who *60* can't talk morality twice a week to a large, popular, immoral audience is quite over as a serious politician. There would be nothing left for him as a profession except Botany or the Church. A confession would be of no use. It would ruin you.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: It would ruin me. Arthur, the only thing for me to do now is to *65* fight the thing out.

LORD GORING [*Rising from his chair*]: I was waiting for you to say that, Robert. It is the only thing to do now. And you must begin by telling your wife the whole story.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: That I will not do. *70*

LORD GORING: Robert, believe me, you are wrong.

Act 2

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