



**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/04**

Paper 4 Drama

**For Examination from 2016**

SPECIMEN PAPER

**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 25 marks.

The specimen paper is for general illustrative purposes. Please see the syllabus for the relevant year of the examination for details of the set texts.

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

PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of Alan's relationship with his father in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to both stage directions and language, discuss the dramatisation of conflicting attitudes here.

*Dysart:* Mrs Strang!

*Dora:* I know your stares. They don't work on me!

*Dysart [to her]:* Leave this room.

*Dora:* What did you say?

*Dysart:* I tell you to leave here at once. 5

[DORA *hesitates*. Then:]

*Dora:* Good-bye, Alan.

[*She walks past her son, and round into the square. DYSART follows her. Both are very upset. ALAN returns to his bench and NURSE to her place.*] 10

23

[*Lights up on the square.*]

*Dysart:* I must ask you never to come here again.

*Dora:* Do you think I want to? Do you think I want to?

*Dysart:* Mrs Strang, what on earth has got into you? Can't you see the boy is highly distressed? 15

*Dora [ironic]:* Really?

*Dysart:* Of course! He's at a most delicate stage of treatment. He's totally exposed. Ashamed. Everything you can imagine!

*Dora [exploding]:* And me? What about me? ... What do you think I am? ... I'm a parent, of course – so it doesn't count. That's a dirty word in here, isn't it, 'parent'? 20

*Dysart:* You know that's not true.

*Dora:* Oh, I know. I know, all right! I've heard it all my life. It's *our* fault. Whatever happens, *we* did it. Alan's just a little victim. He's really done nothing at all! [*Savagely.*] What do you have to do in this world to get any sympathy – blind animals? 25

*Dysart:* Sit down, Mrs Strang.

*Dora [ignoring him: more and more urgently]:* Look, Doctor: you don't have to live with this. Alan is one patient to you: one out of many. He's my son. I lie awake every night thinking about it. Frank lies there beside me. I can hear him. Neither of us sleeps all night. You come to us and say, who forbids television? who does what behind whose back? – as if we're criminals. Let me tell you something. We're not criminals. We've done nothing wrong. We loved Alan. We gave him the best love we could. All right, we quarrel sometimes – all parents quarrel – we always make it up. My husband is a good man. He's an upright man, religion or no religion. He cares for his home, for the world, and for his boy. Alan had love and care and treats, and as much fun as any boy in the world. I know about loveless homes: I was a teacher. Our home wasn't loveless. I know about privacy too – not invading a child's privacy. All right, Frank may be at fault there – he digs into him too much – but nothing in excess. He's not a bully ... [*Gravely.*] No, doctor. Whatever's happened has happened *because of Alan*. Alan is himself. 30 35 40

Every soul is itself. If you added up everything we ever did to him, 45  
 from his first day on earth to this, you wouldn't find why he did this  
 terrible thing – because that's *him*; not just all of our things added  
 up. Do you understand what I'm saying? I want you to understand,  
 because I lie awake and awake thinking it out, and I want you to  
 know that I deny it absolutely what he's doing now, staring at me, 50  
 attacking me for what *he's* done, for what *he* is! [*Pause: calmer.*]  
 You've got your words, and I've got mine. You call it a complex,  
 I suppose. But if you knew God, Doctor, you would know about the  
 Devil. You'd know the Devil isn't made by what mummy says and  
 daddy says. The Devil's *there*. It's an old-fashioned word, but a true 55  
 thing ... I'll go. What I did in there was inexcusable. I only know he  
 was my little Alan, and then the Devil came.  
 [*She leaves the square, and resumes her place. DYSART  
 watches her go, then leaves himself by the opposite entrance, and  
 approaches ALAN.*] 60

Act 2, Scenes 22 and 23

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of jealousy and its significance in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the significance of the following scene at this point in the play.

	<i>Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.</i>	
<i>Florizel:</i>	These your unusual weeds to each part of you Do give a life – no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queen on't.	5
<i>Perdita:</i>	Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me – O, pardon that I name them! Your high self, The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attir'd; swoon, I think, To show myself a glass.	10 15
<i>Florizel:</i>	I bless the time When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.	
<i>Perdita:</i>	Now Jove afford you cause! To me the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates! How would he look to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?	20 25
<i>Florizel:</i>	Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.	30 35 40
<i>Perdita:</i>	O, but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r of the King. One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.	45

- Florizel:*                       Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,                       50  
Or not my father's; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor anything to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.                       55  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We two have sworn shall come.
- Perdita:*   O Lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!   60
- Florizel:*   See, your guests approach.  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

Act 4, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 Either (a)** ‘...thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation.’

To what extent would you agree with King Henry’s view of Hal’s behaviour?

- Or (b)** With close attention to language and tone, discuss Shakespeare’s dramatic presentation of Hotspur at this point in the play.

<i>Worcester:</i>	Peace, cousin, say no more. And now I will unclasp a secret book, And to your quick-conceiving discontents I’ll read you matter deep and dangerous, As full of peril and adventurous spirit As to o’er-walk a current roaring loud On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.	5
<i>Hotspur:</i>	If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim. Send danger from the east unto the west, So honour cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs To rouse a lion than to start a hare!	10
<i>Northumberland:</i>	Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.	
<i>Hotspur:</i>	By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac’d moon; Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honour by the locks; So he that doth redeem her thence might wear Without corrival all her dignities.	15
<i>Worcester:</i>	But out upon this half-fac’d fellowship! He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend. Good cousin, give me audience for a while.	20
<i>Hotspur:</i>	I cry you mercy.	25
<i>Worcester:</i>	Those same noble Scots That are your prisoners –	
<i>Hotspur:</i>	I’ll keep them all; By God, he shall not have a Scot of them; No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not. I’ll keep them, by this hand.	30
<i>Worcester:</i>	You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes. Those prisoners you shall keep.	35
<i>Hotspur:</i>	Nay, I will; that’s flat. He said he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his ear I’ll holla ‘Mortimer!’ Nay, I’ll have a starling shall be taught to speak Nothing but ‘Mortimer’, and give it him To keep his anger still in motion.	40
<i>Worcester:</i>	Hear you, cousin; a word.	45

*Hotspur:* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales –  
But that I think his father loves him not  
And would be glad he met with some mischance – 50  
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Worcester:* Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*Northumberland:* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood, 55  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hotspur:* Why, look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,  
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

Act 1, Scene 3

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the role and dramatic significance of Mitch in the play?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the detail of the following passage (including stage directions), discuss your reaction to Stanley at this point in the play.

*Mitch:* Put him under the shower!

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*Blanche:* Where is my little sister? Stella? Stella?

Scene 3

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5 **Either** (a) Discuss Wilde's dramatic presentation of ideas about social respectability in *An Ideal Husband*.

**Or** (b) How, and with what effects, does Wilde present the tension between Lord Goring and Mrs Cheveley at this point in the play?

*Lord Goring:* A diamond snake-brooch with a ruby?  
*Mrs Cheveley:* Yes. How do you know?  
*Lord Goring:* Because it is found. In point of fact, I found it myself, and stupidly forgot to tell the butler anything about it as I was leaving. [*Goes over to the writing-table and pulls out the drawers.*] It is in this drawer. No, that one. This is the brooch, isn't it? 5

*[Holds up the brooch]*

*Mrs Cheveley:* Yes. I am so glad to get it back. It was ... a present.  
*Lord Goring:* Won't you wear it? 10  
*Mrs Cheveley:* Certainly, if you pin it in. [*LORD GORING suddenly clasps it on her arm*] Why do you put it on as a bracelet? I never knew it could be worn as a bracelet.

*Lord Goring:* Really?  
*Mrs Cheveley [Holding out her handsome arm]:* No; but it looks very well on me as a bracelet, doesn't it? 15

*Lord Goring:* Yes; much better than when I saw it last.  
*Mrs Cheveley:* When did you see it last?  
*Lord Goring [Calmly]:* Oh, ten years ago, on Lady Berkshire, from whom you stole it. 20

*Mrs Cheveley [Starting]:* What do you mean?  
*Lord Goring:* I mean that you stole that ornament from my cousin, Mary Berkshire, to whom I gave it when she was married. Suspicion fell on a wretched servant, who was sent away in disgrace. I recognized it last night. I determined to say nothing about it till I had found the thief. I have found the thief now, and I have heard her own confession. 25

*Mrs Cheveley [Tossing her head]:* It is not true.  
*Lord Goring:* You know it is true. Why, thief is written across your face at this moment. 30

*Mrs Cheveley:* I will deny the whole affair from beginning to end. I will say that I have never seen this wretched thing, that it was never in my possession.  
*MRS CHEVELEY tries to get the bracelet off her arm, but fails. LORD GORING looks on amused. Her thin fingers tear at the jewel to no purpose. A curse breaks from her.* 35

*Lord Goring:* The drawback of stealing a thing, Mrs Cheveley, is that one never knows how wonderful the thing that one steals is. You can't get that bracelet off, unless you know where the spring is. And I see you don't know where the spring is. It is rather difficult to find. 40

*Mrs Cheveley:* You brute! You coward!  
*She tries again to unclasp the bracelet, but fails*

*Lord Goring:* Oh! don't use big words. They mean so little.  
*Mrs Cheveley [Again tears at the bracelet in a paroxysm of rage, with inarticulate sounds. Then stops, and looks at LORD GORING]:* What are you going to do? 45

- Lord Goring:* I am going to ring for my servant. He is an admirable servant. Always comes in the moment one rings for him. When he comes I will tell him to fetch the police. 50
- Mrs Cheveley [Trembling]:* The police? What for?
- Lord Goring:* Tomorrow the Berkshires will prosecute you. That is what the police are for.
- Mrs Cheveley [Is now in an agony of physical terror. Her face is distorted. Her mouth awry. A mask has fallen from her. She is, for the moment, dreadful to look at]:* Don't do that. I will do anything you want. Anything in the world you want. 55
- Lord Goring:* Give me Robert Chiltern's letter.
- Mrs Cheveley:* Stop! Stop! Let me have time to think.

Act 3

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