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AS & A Level

**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/43**

Paper 4 Drama

**October/November 2017**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

## 2

AMA ATA AIDOO: *The Dilemma of a Ghost* and *Anowa*

- 1 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the dramatic presentation of *Anowa* and *Eulalie* in **both** of these plays.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to both language and action, discuss the significance and dramatic effects of the following extract.

*Kofi Ako:* Anowa, the man who hates you does not care if you wait in the sun for your clothes to dry before you can go and join the dance.

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*Meanwhile the storm continues convulsively.]*

Phase 2, *Anowa*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night***2 Either (a)** 'Olivia: Oh you are sick of self-love, Malvolio ...'

In the light of this comment, discuss the role and dramatic significance of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*.

**Or (b)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Shakespeare present Viola at this point in the play? You should pay careful attention to both language and action.

- Viola:* Good madam, let me see your face.
- Olivia:* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [*Unveiling*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done? 5
- Viola:* Excellently done, if God did all.
- Olivia:* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
- Viola:* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy. 10
- Olivia:* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as – item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? 15
- Viola:* I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you – O, such love Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty! 20
- Olivia:* How does he love me?
- Viola:* With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 25
- Olivia:* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago. 30
- Viola:* If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it. 35
- Olivia:* Why, what would you?
- Viola:* Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love 40

## 5

- And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest 45  
Between the elements of air and earth  
But you should pity me!
- Olivia:* You might do much.  
What is your parentage?
- Viola:* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: 50  
I am a gentleman.
- Olivia:* Get you to your lord.  
I cannot love him; let him send no more –  
Unless perchance you come to me again  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well. 55  
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.
- Viola:* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be 60  
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Act 1, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra***3 Either (a)** 'Cleopatra deliberately chooses to make a drama of her life and situation.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Cleopatra in the play.

**Or (b)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present distrust between characters in the following extract? You should pay careful attention to both language and action.

*Rome. CAESAR's house.*

*[Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.]*

*Agrippa:* What, are the brothers parted?

*Enobarbus:* They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

5

*Agrippa:* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Enobarbus:* A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar!

10

*Agrippa:* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Enobarbus:* Caesar? Why he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agrippa:* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Enobarbus:* Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

*Agrippa:* O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

15

*Enobarbus:* Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar' – go no further.

*Agrippa:* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Enobarbus:* But he loves Caesar best. Yet he loves Antony.  
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number – hoo! –  
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

20

*Agrippa:* Both he loves.

*Enobarbus:* They are his shards, and he their beetle. *[Trumpets within]* So –  
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

25

*Agrippa:* Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

*[Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.]*

*Antony:* No further, sir.

*Caesar:* You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band  
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love  
To keep it build'd be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

30

35

## 7

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Antony:</i>   | Make me not offended<br>In your distrust.                                                                                                                                                         | 40 |
| <i>Caesar:</i>   | I have said.                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Antony:</i>   | You shall not find,<br>Though you be therein curious, the least cause<br>For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you,<br>And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!<br>We will here part. | 45 |
| <i>Caesar:</i>   | Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.<br>The elements be kind to thee and make<br>Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.                                                              |    |
| <i>Octavia:</i>  | My noble brother!                                                                                                                                                                                 | 50 |
| <i>Antony:</i>   | The April's in her eyes. It is love's spring,<br>And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Octavia:</i>  | Sir, look well to my husband's house; and –                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Caesar:</i>   | What,<br>Octavia?                                                                                                                                                                                 | 55 |
| <i>Octavia:</i>  | I'll tell you in your ear.                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Antony:</i>   | Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can<br>Her heart inform her tongue – the swan's down feather,<br>That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,<br>And neither way inclines.             | 60 |
| <i>Enobarbus</i> | [ <i>Aside to AGRIPPA</i> ]: Will Caesar weep?                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Agrippa</i>   | [ <i>Aside to ENOBARBUS</i> ]: He has a cloud in's face.                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Enobarbus</i> | [ <i>Aside to AGRIPPA</i> ]: He were the worse for that, were he a<br>horse;<br>So is he, being a man.                                                                                            | 65 |
| <i>Agrippa</i>   | [ <i>Aside to ENOBARBUS</i> ]: Why, Enobarbus,<br>When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,<br>He cried almost to roaring; and he wept<br>When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.                     |    |
| <i>Enobarbus</i> | [ <i>Aside to AGRIPPA</i> ]: That year, indeed, he was troubled<br>with a rheum;<br>What willingly he did confound he wail'd,<br>Believe't – till I weep too.                                     | 70 |

Act 3, Scene 2

8

BRIAN FRIEL: *Philadelphia, Here I Come!*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of Gar's inner voice to the action of the play.
- Or** (b) How might an audience react to this passage from the end of the play? You should make close reference to both language and action.

*Madge* [*looking at case*]: Tomorrow'll be sore on him [GAR]:

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*[Quick curtain.]*

Episode 3, Part 2

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absurd Person Singular*

- 5 **Either** (a) How, and with what dramatic effects, does Ayckbourn present Eva Jackson in the play?
- Or** (b) How might an audience respond as the following episode unfolds? You should make close reference to both language and action.

*Marion:* Oh! [*She stops short in the doorway*] Isn't this gorgeous? Isn't this enchanting?

*Jane:* Oh.

*Marion:* What a simply dishy kitchen. [*To JANE*] Aren't you lucky?

*Jane:* Well ... 5

*Marion:* It's so beautifully arranged. Ronnie, don't you agree? Isn't this splendid?

*Ronald:* Ah.

*Marion:* Just look at these working surfaces and you must have a gorgeous view from that window, I imagine. 10

*Sidney:* Well ...

*Marion:* It must be stunning. You must look right over the fields at the back.

*Sidney:* No – no.

*Jane:* No, we just look into next door's fence. 15

*Marion:* Well, which way are the fields?

*Jane:* I've no idea.

*Marion:* How extraordinary. I must be thinking of somewhere else.

*Sidney:* Mind you, we've got a good ten yards to the fence ...

*Ronald:* On a clear day, eh? 20

*Sidney:* Beg pardon?

*Marion:* Oh look, Ronnie, do come and look at these cupboards.

*Ronald:* Eh?

*Marion:* Look at these, Ronnie. [*Opening and shutting the cupboard doors*] They're so easy to open and shut. 25

*Jane:* Drawers—here, you see ...

*Marion:* Drawers! [*Opening them*] Oh, lovely deep drawers. Put all sorts of things in these, can't you? And then just shut it up and forget them.

*Sidney:* Yes, yes, they're handy for that ... 30

*Marion:* No, it's these cupboards. I'm afraid I really do envy you these. Don't you envy them, Ronnie?

*Ronald:* I thought we had cupboards.

*Marion:* Yes, darling, but they're nothing like these. Just open and shut that door. It's heaven. 35

*Ronald* [*picking up a booklet from the counter*]: Cupboard's a cupboard. [*He sits and reads*]

*Jane* [*proudly*]: Look. [*Going to the washing machine*] Sidney's Christmas present to me ...

## 11

|                |                                                                                                                       |    |
|----------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Marion</i>  | <i>[picking up the air freshener from the top of the washing machine]:</i> Oh lovely. What is it? Hair spray?         | 40 |
| <i>Sidney:</i> | No, no. That's the fly spray, no. My wife meant the machine.<br><i>[He takes the spray from her and puts it down]</i> |    |
| <i>Marion:</i> | Machine?                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>   | Washing machine. Here ...                                                                                             | 45 |
| <i>Marion:</i> | Oh, that's a washing machine. Tucked under there.<br>How thrilling. What a marvellous Christmas present.              |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>   | Well, yes.                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Marion:</i> | Do tell me, how did you manage to keep it a surprise from her?                                                        | 50 |
| <i>Sidney:</i> | Well ...                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Marion:</i> | I mean, don't tell me he hid it or wrapped it up. I don't believe it.                                                 |    |
| <i>Sidney:</i> | No, I just arranged for the men to deliver it and plumb it in.                                                        |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>   | They flooded the kitchen.                                                                                             | 55 |
| <i>Marion:</i> | Super.                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Jane:</i>   | You see, it's the automatic. It's got—all the programmes and then spin-drying and soak.                               |    |
| <i>Marion:</i> | Oh, good heavens. Ronnie, come here at once and see this.                                                             | 60 |
| <i>Ronald</i>  | <i>[reading avidly]:</i> Just coming ...                                                                              |    |

Act 1

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