
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9765/02

Paper 2 Drama

May/June 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.

Answer **two** questions, **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

You must answer at least one passage-based question.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **17** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

All questions carry equal marks.

You are reminded to make reference as appropriate to the literary and historical context of the text in your answers.

You must answer at least **one** passage-based question in the paper as a whole.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare’s dramatic presentation of Rome and its values in the play.

Or (b) With close reference to the language and action of the passage below, and using it as the main focus of your answer, discuss Shakespeare’s presentation of the exiled Coriolanus.

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
with the young Nobility of Rome.

<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell. The beast With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother, Where is your ancient courage? You were us’d To say extremities was the trier of spirits; That common chances common men could bear; That when the sea was calm all boats alike Show’d mastership in floating; fortune’s blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded craves A noble cunning. You were us’d to load me With precepts that would make invincible The heart that conn’d them.	5 10
<i>Virgilia:</i>	O heavens! O heavens!	15
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Nay, I prithee, woman –	
<i>Volumnia:</i>	Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, And occupations perish!	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	What, what, what! I shall be lov’d when I am lack’d. Nay, mother, Resume that spirit when you were wont to say, If you had been the wife of Hercules, Six of his labours you’d have done, and sav’d Your husband so much sweat. Cominius, Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother. I’ll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are salter than a younger man’s And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hard’ning spectacles; tell these sad women 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe't not lightly – though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen	20 25 30
		35

Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen – your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

- Volumnia:* My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius 40
With thee awhile; determine on some course
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' th' way before thee.
- Virgilia:* O the gods!
Cominius: I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee 45
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee; so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool 50
I' th' absence of the needer.
- Coriolanus:* Fare ye well;
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd; bring me but out at gate. 55
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come.
While I remain above the ground you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught 60
But what is like me formerly.
- Menenius:* That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, 65
I'd with thee every foot.
- Coriolanus:* Give me thy hand. Come.
[Exeunt.]

Act 4, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

2 **Either** (a) 'Jaques has little or no influence on the action yet he is central to the play.'

Explore some of the implications of this comment for an audience of *As You Like It*.

Or (b) Using the passage below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of love between Rosalind and Orlando.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosalind: God save you, brother.

Oliver: And you, fair sister. *[Exit.*

Rosalind: O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 5

Orlando: It is my arm.

Rosalind: I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando: Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind: Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher. 10

Orlando: Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind: O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'. For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy – and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them. 15

Orlando: They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. 20

Rosalind: Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orlando: I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind: I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then – for now I speak to some purpose – that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you 35

45

marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando:
Rosalind:

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

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Act 5, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *King Lear*

- 3 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the significance of the Gloucester plot to the play as a whole?
- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the main focus of your answer, discuss the language and dramatic action of Lear's encounter with Kent and its significance to the play as a whole.

	<i>Enter KENT (disguised.)</i>	
<i>Lear:</i>	No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.	
<i>Kent:</i>	Who's there?	
<i>Fool:</i>	Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.	5
<i>Kent:</i>	Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark And make them keep their caves. Since I was man Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry Th' affliction nor the fear.	10
<i>Lear:</i>	Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practis'd on man's life. Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man More sinn'd against than sinning.	15
<i>Kent:</i>	Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest. Repose you there, while I to this hard house – More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd; Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in – return, and force Their scanted courtesy.	20
<i>Lear:</i>	My wits begin to turn. Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel. Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.	25
<i>Fool:</i>	[Sings] He that has and a little tiny wit With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain – Must make content with his fortunes fit,	30
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		40

Lear: Though the rain it raineth every day.
True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. 45

[Exeunt Lear and Kent.]

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

- 4 **Either** (a) Prospero says of Caliban that he is 'A devil, a born devil, on whose nature / Nurture can never stick.'

In what ways does the dramatic presentation of Caliban contribute to the nature/nurture debate in the play?

- Or** (b) Using the passage below as your central focus, discuss the significance of Ferdinand and Miranda to the play's action and themes.

	<i>Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.</i>	
<i>Miranda:</i>	Alas, now; pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile. Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.	5
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.	10
<i>Miranda:</i>	If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.	15
<i>Miranda:</i>	It would become me As well as it does you; and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.	20
<i>Prospero:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.	
<i>Miranda:</i>	You look wearily.	25
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech you, Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, What is your name?	
<i>Miranda:</i>	Miranda – O my father, I have broke your hest to say so!	30
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	Admir'd Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues Have I lik'd several women, never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil; but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!	35 40

<i>Miranda:</i>	I do not know	
	One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father. How features are abroad, I am skillless of; but, by my modesty, The jewel in my dower, I would not wish	45 50
	Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle Something too wildly, and my father's precepts I therein do forget.	55
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	I am, in my condition, A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king – I would not so! – and would no more endure This wooden slavery than to suffer The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:	60
	The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides To make me slave to it; and for your sake Am I this patient log-man.	
<i>Miranda:</i>	Do you love me?	65
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true! If hollowly, invert What best is boded me to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world, Do love, prize, honour you.	70
<i>Miranda:</i>	I am a fool To weep at what I am glad of.	
<i>Prospero:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between 'em!	75

Act 3, Scene 1

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

You must answer at least **one** passage-based question in the paper as a whole.

JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil*

5 **Either** (a) 'Yes, you have ravished justice, / Forced her to do your pleasure.' (Vittoria)

Discuss Webster's presentation of law and justice in *The White Devil*.

Or (b) With close reference to the language and action of this extract, discuss Webster's presentation of Flamineo and Vittoria here and more widely in the play.

<i>Vittoria:</i>	Yes I shall welcome death As princes do some great ambassadors; I'll meet thy weapon half way.	
<i>Lodovico:</i>	Thou dost tremble; Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air.	5
<i>Vittoria:</i>	O thou art deceived, I am too true a woman; Conceit can never kill me. I'll tell thee what: I will not in my death shed one base tear, Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.	
<i>Carlo:</i>	Thou art my task, black Fury.	10
<i>Zanche:</i>	I have blood As red as either of theirs; wilt drink some? 'Tis good for the falling sickness. I am proud Death cannot alter my complexion, For I shall ne'er look pale.	15
<i>Lodovico:</i>	Strike, strike, With a joint motion. [<i>They strike.</i>]	
<i>Vittoria:</i>	'Twas a manly blow. The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant, And then thou wilt be famous.	20
<i>Flamineo:</i>	O, what blade is't? A Toledo, or an English fox? I ever thought a cutler should distinguish The cause of my death, rather than a doctor. Search my wound deeper; tent it with the steel That made it.	25
<i>Vittoria:</i>	O my greatest sin lay in my blood. Now my blood pays for't.	
<i>Flamineo:</i>	Th'art a noble sister— I love thee now; if woman do breed man She ought to teach him manhood. Fare thee well. Know many glorious women that are famed For masculine virtue have been vicious, Only a happier silence did betide them; She hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.	30
<i>Vittoria:</i>	My soul, like to a ship in a black storm, Is driven I know not whither.	35
<i>Flamineo:</i>	Then cast anchor. Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming clear,	

But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near. 40
 We cease to grieve, cease to be Fortune's slaves,
 Nay, cease to die by dying. Art thou gone,
 And thou so near the bottom?—False report
 Which says that women vie with the nine Muses
 For nine tough durable lives. I do not look 45
 Who went before, nor who shall follow me;
 No, at myself I will begin and end:
 While we look up to heaven we confound
 Knowledge with knowledge. O, I am in a mist.
Vittoria: O happy they that never saw the court, 50
 Nor ever knew great man but by report. VITTORIA *dies*.
Flamineo: I recover like a spent taper for a flash
 And instantly go out.
 Let all that belong to great men remember th'old wives'
 tradition, to be like the lions i'th'Tower on Candlemas day, 55
 to mourn if the sun shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of
 winter to come.
 'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death,
 My life was a black charnel. I have caught
 An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice 60
 Most irrecoverably. Farewell, glorious villains;
 This busy trade of life appears most vain,
 Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.
 Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell,
 Strike thunder, and strike loud to my farewell. *Dies.* 65

Act 5, Scene 6

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY: *The Country Wife*

6 **Either** (a) 'The darker aspects of the play often disturb the surface of the comedy.'

To what extent would you agree with this view?

Or (b) Using the extract below as the main focus of your answer, discuss the presentation and significance of the Pinchwife marriage in the play.

<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	I can't abide to write such filthy words.	
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	Once more write as I'd have you, and question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this. [<i>Holds up the penknife</i>] I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief.	
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	O Lord, I will!	5
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	So – so – let's see now! [<i>Reads</i>] 'Though I suffered last night your nauseous, loathed kisses and embraces' – go on – 'yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them' – So – [<i>She writes.</i>]	
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	I have writ it.	10
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	On then. – 'I then concealed myself from your knowledge to avoid your insolencies' – [<i>She writes.</i>]	
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	So –	
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	'The same reason, now I am out of your hands' – [<i>She writes.</i>]	15
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	So –	
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	'Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent, frolic, of being in man's clothes' – [<i>She writes.</i>]	
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	So –	20
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	'That you may for evermore cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you' – [<i>She writes on.</i>]	
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	So – h – [<i>Sighs</i>]	
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	What, do you sigh? – 'detests you – as much as she loves her husband and her honour'.	25
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I should write such a letter.	
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now your name only.	
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	What, shan't I say, 'Your most faithful, humble servant till death'?	30
<i>Pinchwife:</i>	No, tormenting fiend! [<i>Aside</i>] Her style, I find, would be very soft. – Come, wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle, and write on the backside, 'For Mr Horner.' [<i>Exit PINCHWIFE.</i>]	35
<i>Mrs Pinchwife:</i>	'For Mr Horner.' – So, I am glad he has told me his name . . . Dear Mr Horner! But why should I send thee such a letter that will vex thee and make thee angry with me? – Well, I will not send it – Ay, but then my husband will kill me – for I see plainly he won't let me love Mr Horner – but what care I for my husband? – I won't, so I won't send poor Mr Horner such a letter – But then my husband – But oh – What if I writ at bottom, 'My husband made me write it'? – Ay, but then my husband would see't – Can one have no shift? Ah, a London woman would have had a hundred presently. Stay – what if I	40
		45

should write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too? Ay, but then my husband would see't – I don't know what to do – But yet y'vads I'll try, so I will – for I will not send this letter to poor Mr Horner, come what will on't.

[She writes, and repeats what she hath writ]

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'Dear, sweet Mr Horner' – so – 'my husband would have me send you a base, rude, unmannerly letter – but I won't' – so – 'and would have me forbid you loving me – but I won't' – so – 'and would have me say to you, I hate you, poor Mr Horner – but I won't tell a lie for him' – there – 'for I'm sure if you and I were in the country at cards together' – so – 'I could not help treading on your toe under the table' – so – 'or rubbing knees with you and staring in your face till you saw me' – very well – 'and then looking down and blushing for an hour together' – so – 'but I must make haste before my husband come; and now he has taught me to write letters, you shall have longer ones from me, who am,

55

Dear, dear, poor, dear Mr Horner,

Your most humble friend, and servant

to command till death,

65

Margery Pinchwife.'

Stay, I must give him a hint at bottom – so – no w wrap it up just like t'other – so – no w write, 'For Mr Horner' – But, oh now, what shall I do with it? For here comes my husband.

[Enter PINCHWIFE.]

70

Act 4, Scene 2

HAROLD PINTER: *The Room* and *The Dumb Waiter*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss Pinter's dramatic presentation of tension between characters in these plays.
- Or** (b) Comment on the following extract, paying close attention to ways in which Pinter creates character through language and action here and elsewhere in the plays.

Scene: A room in a large house. A door down right.

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She rocks. If they ever ask you, Bert, I'm quite happy where I am. We're quiet, we're all right. You're happy up here. It's not far up either, when you come in from outside. And we're not bothered. And nobody bothers us.

The Room

BRIAN FRIEL: *Dancing at Lughnasa*

- 8 **Either** (a) What, in your view, do the 'framing' commentaries of the adult Michael contribute to the concerns and dramatic action of the play?
- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the main focus of your answer, discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of Jack, both here and elsewhere in the play.

(FATHER JACK enters. He shuffles quickly across the kitchen floor, hands behind his back, eyes on the ground, as
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Kate: Christina, Jack. Act 1

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