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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/41**

Paper 4 Drama

**May/June 2018**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.



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





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present the relationship between Orsino and Olivia in the play?
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Malvolio at this point in the play.

<i>Malvolio</i>	[ <i>Reads</i> ]: 'To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes.' Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?	
<i>Fabian</i> :	This wins him, liver and all.	5
<i>Malvolio</i>	[ <i>Reads</i> ]: 'Jove knows I love, But who? Lips, do not move; No man must know.'	
	'No man must know.' What follows? The numbers alter'd! 'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio?	10
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	Marry, hang thee, brock!	
<i>Malvolio</i>	[ <i>Reads</i> ]: 'I may command where I adore; But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore; M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.'	15
<i>Fabian</i> :	A fustian riddle!	
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	Excellent wench, say I.	
<i>Malvolio</i> :	'M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.' Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.	20
<i>Fabian</i> :	What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!	
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	And with what wing the staniel checks at it!	
<i>Malvolio</i> :	'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end – what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly! M. O. A. I. –	25
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	O, ay, make up that! He is now at a cold scent.	
<i>Fabian</i> :	Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.	30
<i>Malvolio</i> :	M – Malvolio; M – why, that begins my name.	
<i>Fabian</i> :	Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.	
<i>Malvolio</i> :	M – But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.	35
<i>Fabian</i> :	And O shall end, I hope.	
<i>Sir Toby</i> :	Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'	
<i>Malvolio</i> :	And then I comes behind.	
<i>Fabian</i> :	Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.	40

- Malvolio:* M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.
- [*Reads*]: 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,  
THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'
- Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.
- [*Reads*]: 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'
- Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Act 2, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part 2*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Although rarely seen, the dying King Henry dominates the action.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of King Henry IV in the play.

- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of the rebels at this point in the play. You should make close reference to both language and action.

*Archbishop:* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,  
What doth concern your coming.

*Westmoreland:* Then, my lord,  
Unto your Grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion 5  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary –  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd  
In his true, native, and most proper shape, 10  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, 15  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace –  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself 20  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war? 25

*Archbishop:* Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.  
Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it; of which disease 30  
Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I as an enemy to peace  
Troop in the throngs of military men; 35  
But rather show awhile like fearful war  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd 40  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there

- By the rough torrent of occasion; 45  
 And have the summary of all our griefs,  
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,  
 And might by no suit gain our audience:  
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs, 50  
 We are denied access unto his person,  
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
 Whose memory is written on the earth  
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples 55  
 Of every minute's instance, present now,  
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms;  
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
 But to establish here a peace indeed,  
 Concurring both in name and quality. 60
- Westmoreland:* When ever yet was your appeal denied;  
 Wherein have you been galled by the King;  
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you  
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine, 65  
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
- Archbishop:* My brother general, the commonwealth,  
 To brother born an household cruelty,  
 I make my quarrel in particular.

Act 4, Scene 1











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