



Cambridge International Examinations  
Cambridge Pre-U Certificate

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (PRINCIPAL)

9765/02

Paper 2 Drama

May/June 2015

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
DO **NOT** WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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.**

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The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 3 Pre-U Certificate.

This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.

## 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: *Measure for Measure*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of immorality in *Measure for Measure*.
- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the central focus of your answer, explore Shakespeare's presentation of attitudes to the law, both here and in the play as a whole.

|                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                          |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Angelo:</i>                     | Be you content, fair maid.<br>It is the law, not I condemn your brother.<br>Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,<br>It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                          |
| <i>Isabella:</i>                   | To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him.<br>He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens<br>We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven<br>With less respect than we do minister<br>To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you.<br>Who is it that hath died for this offence?<br>There's many have committed it.                                                                                                                                                        | 5<br><br><br><br><br><br>10                                              |
| <i>Lucio</i><br><i>Angelo:</i>     | [ <i>Aside</i> ]: Ay, well said.<br>The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.<br>Those many had not dar'd to do that evil<br>If the first that did th' edict infringe<br>Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,<br>Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,<br>Looks in a glass that shows what future evils –<br>Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd,<br>And so in progress to be hatch'd and born –<br>Are now to have no successive degrees,<br>But here they live to end. | <br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>15<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>20 |
| <i>Isabella:</i><br><i>Angelo:</i> | Yet show some pity.<br>I show it most of all when I show justice;<br>For then I pity those I do not know,<br>Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,<br>And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,<br>Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;<br>Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.                                                                                                                                                                                                     | <br><br><br><br><br><br><br>25                                           |
| <i>Isabella:</i>                   | So you must be the first that gives this sentence,<br>And he that suffers. O, it is excellent<br>To have a giant's strength! But it is tyrannous<br>To use it like a giant.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <br><br><br><br>30                                                       |
| <i>Lucio</i><br><i>Isabella:</i>   | [ <i>To ISABELLA</i> ]: That's well said.<br>Could great men thunder<br>As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,<br>For every pelting petty officer                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <br><br><br><br>35                                                       |

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
|                  | Would use his heaven for thunder,<br>Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven,<br>Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,                                                                                                                                                            | 40 |
|                  | Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak<br>Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man,<br>Dress'd in a little brief authority,<br>Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,<br>His glassy essence, like an angry ape,                                                                         | 45 |
|                  | Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven<br>As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,<br>Would all themselves laugh mortal.                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Lucio</i>     | [To ISABELLA]: O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent;<br>He's coming; I perceive 't.                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 50 |
| <i>Provost</i>   | [ <i>Aside</i> ]: Pray heaven she win him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.<br>Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;<br>But in the less foul profanation.                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Lucio</i>     | [To ISABELLA]: Thou'rt i' th' right, girl; more o' that.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 55 |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | That in the captain's but a choleric word<br>Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Lucio</i>     | [To ISABELLA]: Art avis'd o' that? More on't.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | Why do you put these sayings upon me?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Because authority, though it err like others,<br>Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself<br>That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,<br>Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know<br>That's like my brother's fault. If it confess<br>A natural guiltiness such as is his, | 60 |
|                  | Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue<br>Against my brother's life.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 65 |
| <i>Angelo</i>    | [ <i>Aside</i> ]: She speaks, and 'tis<br>Such sense that my sense breeds with it. –<br>Fare you well.                                                                                                                                                                                    | 70 |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Gentle my lord, turn back.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Hark how I'll bribe you; good, my lord, turn back.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Angelo:</i>   | How, bribe me?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Isabella:</i> | Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 75 |

Act 2, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

- 2 **Either** (a) What, in your view, does the setting of the action in Elsinore castle contribute to the meaning and effects of the play?
- Or** (b) Using the passage below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Hamlet's relationship with his mother, both here and elsewhere in the play.

*Queen:* This is the very coinage of your brain.  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Hamlet:* Ecstasy!  
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time, 5  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
That I have utt'ed. Bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, 10  
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; 15  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these pursy times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good. 20

*Queen:* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Hamlet:* O, throw away the worsser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night – but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 25  
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery  
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night; 30  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night; 35  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord  
I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister. 40  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.  
I must be cruel only to be kind;  
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.  
One word more, good lady. 45

*Queen:* What shall I do?

- Hamlet:* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
 Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;  
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, 50  
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
 That I essentially am not in madness,  
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;  
 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise, 55  
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
 Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?  
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape, 60  
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep  
 And break your own neck down.
- Queen:* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath  
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
 What thou hast said to me. 65
- Hamlet:* I must to England; you know that?
- Queen:* Alack,  
 I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.
- Hamlet:* There's letters seal'd; and my two school-fellows,  
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd – 70  
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way  
 And marshal me to knavery.

Act 3, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV, Part 1*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of politics in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Falstaff and its significance for the play as a whole.

[A public road near Coventry.]  
 [Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.]

*Falstaff:* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night. 5

*Bardolph:* Will you give me money, Captain?

*Falstaff:* Lay out, lay out.

*Bardolph:* This bottle makes an angel.

*Falstaff:* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end. 10

*Bardolph:* I will, Captain; farewell. [Exit.]

*Falstaff:* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies – slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fal'n; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-fac'd ancient. And such have I, to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host at 45

|               |                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|---------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
|               | Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.                                                        | 50 |
|               | [Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and WESTMORELAND.]                                                                                                                             |    |
| Prince:       | How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Falstaff:     | What, Hal! how now, mad wag! What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury. | 55 |
| Westmoreland: | Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night. | 60 |
| Falstaff:     | Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.                                                                                                             |    |
| Prince:       | I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?                                  | 65 |
| Falstaff:     | Mine, Hal, mine.                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| Prince:       | I did never see such pitiful rascals.                                                                                                                                     |    |
| Falstaff:     | Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.                                 | 70 |
| Westmoreland: | Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare – too beggarly.                                                                                              |    |
| Falstaff:     | Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.                                                | 75 |
| Prince:       | No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.                                                |    |
|               | [Exit.]                                                                                                                                                                   | 80 |

Act 4, Scene 2

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Jonson's presentation of greed in the play.
- Or** (b) Using the passage below as the central focus of your answer, consider Jonson's presentation of the Anabaptists both here and elsewhere in the play.

|                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |          |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| <i>Ananias:</i>     | I hate traditions:<br>I do not trust 'em –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |          |
| <i>Tribulation:</i> | Peace.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |          |
| <i>Ananias:</i>     | They are Popish, all.<br>I will not peace. I will not –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 5        |
| <i>Tribulation:</i> | Ananias.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |          |
| <i>Ananias:</i>     | Please the profane, to grieve the godly: I may not.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |          |
| <i>Subtle:</i>      | Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |          |
| <i>Tribulation:</i> | It is an ignorant zeal, that haunts him, sir.<br>But truly, else, a very faithful Brother,<br>A botcher: and a man, by revelation,<br>That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 10       |
| <i>Subtle:</i>      | Has he a competent sum, there, i' the bag,<br>To buy the goods, within? I am made guardian,<br>And must, for charity, and conscience' sake,<br>Now, see the most be made, for my poor orphan:<br>Though I desire the Brethren, too, good gainers.<br>There, they are, within. When you have viewed, and<br>bought 'em,<br>And ta'en the inventory of what they are,<br>They are ready for projection; there's no more<br>To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver<br>As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,<br>I'll gi' it you in, by weight. | 15<br>20 |
| <i>Tribulation:</i> | But how long time,<br>Sir, must the Saints expect, yet?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 25       |
| <i>Subtle:</i>      | Let me see,<br>How's the moon, now? Eight, nine, ten days hence<br>He will be silver potate; then, three days,<br>Before he citronize: some fifteen days,<br>The <i>magisterium</i> will be perfected.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 30       |
| <i>Ananias:</i>     | About the second day, of the third week,<br>In the ninth month?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |          |
| <i>Subtle:</i>      | Yes, my good Ananias.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |          |
| <i>Tribulation:</i> | What will the orphans' goods arise to, think you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 35       |
| <i>Subtle:</i>      | Some hundred marks; as much as filled three cars,<br>Unladed now: you'll make six millions of 'em<br>But I must ha' more coals laid in.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |          |
| <i>Tribulation:</i> | How!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |          |
| <i>Subtle:</i>      | Another load,<br>And then we ha' finished. We must now increase<br>Our fire to <i>ignis ardens</i> , we are past                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 40       |



*Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,*  
 And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse  
 Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the Saints 45  
 Do need a present sum, I have a trick  
 To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,  
 And, with a tincture, make you as good Dutch dollars,  
 As any are in Holland.

*Tribulation:* Can you so? 50  
*Subtle:* Ay, and shall bide the third examination.  
*Ananias:* It will be joyful tidings to the Brethren.  
*Subtle:* But you must carry it, secret.  
*Tribulation:* Ay, but stay,  
 This act of coining, is it lawful? 55  
*Ananias:* Lawful?  
 We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,  
 This 's foreign coin.

*Subtle:* It is no coining, sir. 60  
 It is but casting.  
*Tribulation:* Ha? You distinguish well.  
 Casting of money may be lawful.  
*Ananias:* 'Tis, sir.  
*Tribulation:* Truly, I take it so.  
*Subtle:* There is no scruple, 65  
 Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:  
 This case of conscience he is studied in.  
*Tribulation:* I'll make a question of it, to the Brethren.  
*Ananias:* The Brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.  
 Where shall't be done? 70

[Knock without

Act 3, Scene 2

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: *The Rivals*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Sheridan dramatise self-deception in the play?
- Or** (b) Using the passage below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Sheridan's presentation of the relationship between Sir Anthony and Absolute and its significance for the play as a whole.

|                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Then, Sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but <i>business</i> prevents its waiting on her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | But my vows are pledged to her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 5  |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming: besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | You must excuse me, Sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 10 |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | Harkee Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.                                                                                                                                         | 15 |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | Now, damn me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Nay, Sir, but hear me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by—                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 20 |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | What, Sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to—                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty. | 25 |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | This is reason and moderation indeed!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Indeed, Sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | 'Tis false, Sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 35 |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Sir, I hope I know my duty better.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | None of your passion, Sir! none of your violence! if you please. It won't do with me, I promise you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 40 |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Absolute:</i>    | Nay, Sir, upon my word.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Sir Anthony:</i> | So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can <i>passion</i> do! <i>Passion</i> is of no service, you                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 45 |

impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—  
 50  
 the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you—If not, zounds! don't enter the same  
 55  
 hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five and threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! And damn me, if ever I call you Jack again!

[Exit SIR ANTHONY

*Absolute:* Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands. What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth. I wonder what old, wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he himself married for love, and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!  
 65

Act 2, Scene 1

HAROLD PINTER: *The Homecoming*

- 6 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Pinter present the past in *The Homecoming*?
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage, consider Pinter's presentation of the relationship between Lenny and Max, both here and elsewhere in the play.

[*Evening.*]

[LENNY *is sitting on the sofa with a newspaper, a pencil in his hand.*]

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*Lenny:* He's the winner.  
[LENNY *ticks the paper.*]

Act 1

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 7 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the dramatic significance of the play's first Act to the play as a whole?
- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Churchill's presentation of conflict between Marlene and Joyce, both here and elsewhere in the play.

*Joyce:* You can always find yourself work then.

*Marlene:* That's right.

*Joyce:* And men?

*Marlene:* Oh there's always men.

*Joyce:* No one special? 5

*Marlene:* There's fellas who like to be seen with a high-flying lady. Shows they've got something really good in their pants. But they can't take the day to day. They're waiting for me to turn into the little woman. Or maybe I'm just horrible of course. 10

*Joyce:* Who needs them?

*Marlene:* Who needs them? Well I do. But I need adventures more. So on on into the sunset. I think the eighties are going to be stupendous.

*Joyce:* Who for? 15

*Marlene:* For me. / I think I'm going up up up.

*Joyce:* Oh for you. Yes, I'm sure they will.

*Marlene:* And for the country, come to that. Get the economy back on its feet and whoosh. She's a tough lady, Maggie. I'd give her a job. / She just needs to hang in there. This country 20

*Joyce:* You voted for them, did you?

*Marlene:* needs to stop whining. / Monetarism is not stupid.

*Joyce:* Drink your tea and shut up, pet.

*Marlene:* It takes time, determination. No more slop. / And

*Joyce:* Well I think they're filthy bastards. 25

*Marlene:* who's got to drive it on? First woman prime minister. Terrifico. Aces. Right on. / You must admit. Certainly gets my vote.

*Joyce:* What good's first woman if it's her? I suppose you'd have liked Hitler if he was a woman. Ms Hitler. Got a lot done, Hitlerina. / Great adventures. 30

*Marlene:* Bosses still walking on the workers' faces? Still Dadda's little parrot? Haven't you learned to think for yourself? I believe in the individual. Look at me.

*Joyce:* I am looking at you.

*Marlene:* Come on, Joyce, we're not going to quarrel over politics. 35

*Joyce:* We are though.

*Marlene:* Forget I mentioned it. Not a word about the slimy unions will cross my lips.

[Pause.]

*Joyce:* You say Mother had a wasted life. 40

*Marlene:* Yes I do. Married to that bastard.

*Joyce:* What sort of life did he have? / Working in the fields like

*Marlene:* Violent life?

*Joyce:* an animal. / Why wouldn't he want a drink?

*Marlene:* Come off it. 45

*Joyce:* You want a drink. He couldn't afford whisky.

*Marlene:* I don't want to talk about him.

*Joyce:* You started, I was talking about her. She had a rotten life because she had nothing. She went hungry.

*Marlene:* She was hungry because he drank the money. / He used to hit her. 50

*Joyce:* It's not all down to him. / Their lives were rubbish. They

*Marlene:* She didn't hit him.

*Joyce:* were treated like rubbish. He's dead and she'll die soon and what sort of life / did they have? 55

*Marlene:* I saw him one night. I came down.

*Joyce:* Do you think I didn't? / They didn't get to America and

*Marlene:* I still have dreams.

*Joyce:* drive across it in a fast car. / Bad nights, they had bad days.

*Marlene:* America, America, you're jealous. / I had to get out, 60

*Joyce:* Jealous?

*Marlene:* I knew when I was thirteen, out of their house, out of them, never let that happen to me, / never let him, make my own way, out.

*Joyce:* Jealous of what you've done, you're ashamed of me if I came to your office, your smart friends, wouldn't you, I'm ashamed of you, think of nothing but yourself, you've got on, nothing's changed for most people / has it? 65

*Marlene:* I hate the working class / which is what you're going

*Joyce:* Yes you do. 70

*Marlene:* to go on about now, it doesn't exist any more, it means lazy and stupid. / I don't like the way they talk. I don't

*Joyce:* Come on, now we're getting it.

*Marlene:* like beer guts and football vomit and saucy tits / and brothers and sisters – 75

*Joyce:* I spit when I see a Rolls Royce, scratch it with my ring / Mercedes it was.

*Marlene:* Oh very mature –

Act 3

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