



Cambridge Assessment International Education
Cambridge Pre-U Certificate

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (PRINCIPAL)

9765/02

Paper 2 Drama

May/June 2019

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.
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.

This syllabus is regulated 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.

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

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

All questions carry equal marks.

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation and significance of suicide in *Antony and Cleopatra*.
- Or** (b) Using the following passage as the central focus of your response, discuss some of the ways in which Shakespeare presents Cleopatra and Antony.

[Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.]

Philo: Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, 5
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan 10
To cool a gipsy's lust.

[Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.]

Look where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him 15
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.
Cleopatra: If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Antony: There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleopatra: I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. 20
Antony: Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

Messenger: News, my good lord, from Rome.
Antony: Grates me the sum. 25
Cleopatra: Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His pow'rful mandate to you: 'Do this or this;
Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee'. 30
Antony: How, my love?

<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Perchance? Nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer; your dismissal Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony. Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? Both? Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager. Else so thy cheek pays shame When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!	35
<i>Antony:</i>	Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life Is to do thus [<i>embracing</i>], when such a mutual pair And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet We stand up peerless.	40 45
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony Will be himself.	50
<i>Antony:</i>	But stirr'd by Cleopatra. Now for the love of Love and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh; There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?	55
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Hear the ambassadors.	
<i>Antony:</i>	Fie, wrangling queen! Whom everything becomes – to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itself in thee fair and admir'd. No messenger but thine, and all alone To-night we'll wander through the streets and note The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.	60 65
	[<i>Exeunt</i> ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with the Train.	
<i>Demetrius:</i>	Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?	
<i>Philo:</i>	Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.	70
<i>Demetrius:</i>	I am full sorry That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!	75
	[<i>Exeunt.</i>	

Act 1, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of unfulfilled love in *Twelfth Night*.
- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of how Malvolio is treated by others during the play.

<i>Malvolio:</i>	I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.	
<i>Clown:</i>	Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.	5
<i>Clown:</i>	What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?	10
<i>Malvolio:</i>	That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.	
<i>Clown:</i>	What think'st thou of his opinion?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.	
<i>Clown:</i>	Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.	15
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Sir Topas, Sir Topas!	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	My most exquisite Sir Topas!	20
<i>Clown:</i>	Nay, I am for all waters.	
<i>Maria:</i>	Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.	25
	[Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.]	30
<i>Clown</i>	[Sings]: Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, Tell me how thy lady does.	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Fool!	
<i>Clown</i>	[Sings]: My lady is unkind, perdy.	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Fool!	35
<i>Clown</i>	[Sings]: Alas, why is she so?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Fool I say!	
<i>Clown</i>	[Sings]: She loves another – Who calls, ha?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.	40
<i>Clown:</i>	Master Malvolio?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Ay, good fool.	
<i>Clown:</i>	Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.	45
<i>Clown:</i>	But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.	

<i>Malvolio:</i>	They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.	50
<i>Clown:</i>	Advise you what you say: the minister is here. [<i>Speaking as Sir Topas</i>] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.	55
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Sir Topas!	
<i>Clown:</i>	Maintain no words with him, good fellow. – Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas. – Marry, amen. – I will, sir, I will.	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Fool, fool, fool, I say!	60
<i>Clown:</i>	Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.	
<i>Clown:</i>	Well-a-day that you were, sir!	65
<i>Malvolio:</i>	By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.	
<i>Clown:</i>	I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?	70
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.	
<i>Clown:</i>	Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I prithee be gone.	75
<i>Clown</i>	[<i>Singing</i>]:	
	I am gone, sir, And anon, sir, I'll be with you again, In a trice, Like to the old Vice, Your need to sustain;	80
	Who with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath, Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil; Like a mad lad, Pare thy nails, dad. Adieu, goodman devil.	85
	[<i>Exit.</i>	

Act 4, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 3 **Either** (a) Othello says of himself that he is ‘one not easily jealous, but, being wrought / Perplexed in the extreme’.

Discuss Shakespeare’s presentation of Othello in the light of this quotation.

- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Shakespeare’s presentation of Iago’s skill as a manipulator of others.

<i>Roderigo:</i>	What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.	
<i>Iago:</i>	Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set	5
	hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manur'd with industry – why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of	10
	our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.	15
<i>Roderigo:</i>	It cannot be.	
<i>Iago:</i>	It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies! I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor – put money in thy purse – nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration – put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills – fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as acerbic as the coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox a drowning thyself! 'Tis clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy than to be drown'd and go without her.	20
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<i>Roderigo:</i>	Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?	
<i>Iago:</i>	Thou art sure of me – go make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst	40
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cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport.
There are many events in the womb of time which will be
delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have
more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo: Where shall we meet i' th' morning? 50
Iago: At my lodging.
Roderigo: I'll be with thee betimes.
Iago: Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
Roderigo: What say you?
Iago: No more of drowning, do you hear? 55
Roderigo: I am chang'd.
Iago: Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.
Roderigo: I'll sell all my land. [Exit RODERIGO.
Iago: Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane 60
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
'Has done my office. I know not if't be true;
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind, 65
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now:
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery. How, how? Let's see: 70
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected – fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature 75
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are.
I ha't – it is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [Exit. 80

Act 1, Scene 3

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

APHRA BEHN: *The Rover*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Behn satirise the English abroad in *The Rover*?
- Or** (b) Using the following passage as the central focus of your answer, discuss Behn's presentation of love, both here and elsewhere in the play.

<i>Angellica:</i>	Thou'rt a brave fellow! Put up thy gold, and know, That were thy fortune large as is thy soul, Thou shouldst not buy my love Couldst thou forget those mean effects of vanity Which set me out to sale, and, as a lover, Prize my yielding joys. Canst thou believe they'll be entirely thine, Without considering they were mercenary?	5
<i>Willmore:</i>	I cannot tell; I must bethink me first – [<i>Aside</i>] – ha! Death, I'm going to believe her.	10
<i>Angellica:</i>	Prithee, confirm that faith – or if thou canst not – flatter me a little; 'twill please me from thy mouth.	
<i>Willmore</i>	[<i>Aside</i>]: Curse on thy charming tongue! Dost thou return My feigned contempt with so much subtlety? [<i>To her</i>] – Thou'st found the easiest way into my heart, Though I yet know that all thou say'st is false. [Turning from her in rage]	15
<i>Angellica:</i>	By all that's good, 'tis real; I never loved before, though oft a mistress. Shall my first vows be slighted?	20
<i>Willmore</i>	[<i>Aside</i>]: What can she mean?	
<i>Angellica</i>	[<i>In an angry tone</i>]: I find you cannot credit me.	
<i>Willmore:</i>	I know you take me for an arrant ass, An ass that may be soothed into belief, And then be used at pleasure; But, madam, I have been so often cheated By perjured, soft, deluding hypocrites, That I've no faith left for the cozening sex, Especially for women of your trade.	25
<i>Angellica:</i>	The low esteem you have of me, perhaps May bring my heart again: For I have pride, that yet surmounts my love. [She turns with pride: he holds her]	30
<i>Willmore:</i>	Throw off this pride, this enemy to bliss, And show the power of love: 'tis with those arms I can be only vanquished, made a slave.	35
<i>Angellica:</i>	Is all my mighty expectation vanished? No, I will not hear thee talk; thou hast a charm In every word that draws my heart away. And all the thousand trophies I designed Thou hast undone. Why art thou soft?	40

Thy looks are bravely rough, and meant for war.
 Could'st thou not storm on still?
 I then, perhaps, had been as free as thou.

Willmore [Aside]: Death, how she throws her fire about my soul! 45
 [To her] – Take heed, fair creature, how you raise my hopes.
 Which once assumed pretend to all dominion.
 There's not a joy thou hast in store,
 I shall not then command.
 For which I'll pay thee back my soul, my life! 50
 Come, let's begin th'account this happy minute!

Angellica: And will you pay me then the price I ask?
Willmore: Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful worship,
 By showing thou art no divinity.
 Conceal the fiend, and show me all the angel! 55
 Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout
 And pay my vows forever at this shrine.
 [Kneels and kisses her hand]

Angellica: The pay I mean is but thy love for mine.
 Can you give that? 60

Willmore: Entirely. Come, let's withdraw where I'll renew my vows –
 and breathe 'em with such ardour thou shalt not doubt my
 zeal.

Angellica: Thou hast a power too strong to be resisted.
 [Exeunt WILLMORE and ANGELLICA] 65

Moretta: Now my curse go with you! Is all our project fallen to this?
 To love the only enemy to our trade? Nay, to love such a
 shameroon, a very beggar; nay, a pirate beggar, whose
 business is to rifle and be gone; a no-purchase, no-pay
 tatterdemalion, and English picaroon – a rogue that fights 70
 for daily drink, and takes a pride in being loyally lousy? Oh,
 I could curse now, if I durst. This is the fate of most whores.
 Trophies, which from believing fops we win.
 Are spoils to those who cozen us again. [Exit.]

Act 2, Scene 2

BEN JONSON: *Volpone*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Jonson's dramatic presentation of gullibility in *Volpone*.
- Or** (b) Using the following passage as the central focus of your answer, show how Jonson prepares an audience for what is to come.

[VOLPONE's house.]

[VOLPONE in a large bed. Enter MOSCA. VOLPONE awakes.]

Volpone: Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint. 5

[MOSCA draws a curtain, revealing piles of gold.]

Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad than is
The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his; 10

That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O, thou son of Sol

(But brighter than thy father) let me kiss, 15
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.

Well did wise poets by thy glorious name
Title that age which they would have the best,
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending 20
All style of joy in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth.

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have giv'n her twenty thousand Cupids,
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint, 25
Riches, the dumb god that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven! Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee, 30
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise –

Mosca: And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volpone: True, my beloved Mosca. Yet, I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth 35
Than in the glad possession, since I gain

No common way: I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with ploughshares; fat no beasts
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind 'em into powder; 40

I blow no subtle glass; expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
Nor usure private –

- Mosca:* No, sir, nor devour 45
 Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
 A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
 Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for 't;
 Tear forth the fathers of poor families
 Out of their beds, and coffin them, alive, 50
 In some kind, clasping prison, where their bones
 May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten.
 But, your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
 You loathe the widow's or the orphan's tears
 Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries 55
 Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance –
 Right, Mosca, I do loathe it.
- Volpone:* And, besides, sir,
Mosca: You are not like the thresher that doth stand 60
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
 But feeds on mallows and such bitter herbs;
 Nor like the merchant, who hath filled his vaults
 With Romagna and rich Candian wines,
 Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar. 65
 You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms
 Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds.
 You know the use of riches, and dare give, now,
 From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
 Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite, 70
 Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
 Your pleasure allows maint'nance –
- Volpone:* Hold thee, Mosca,
 [Gives him money.]
 Take, of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all, 75
 And they are envious term thee parasite.
 Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
 And let 'em make me sport. [Exit MOSCA.]

Act 1, Scene 1

HAROLD PINTER: *The Birthday Party*

- 6 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Pinter present the dullness of everyday life in *The Birthday Party*?
- Or** (b) Using the passage below as the central focus of your answer, discuss Pinter's presentation of the relationship between Meg and Stanley in *The Birthday Party*.

[STANLEY *sits*, as MEG *enters*.

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*He arrives at her
chair, banging the drum, his face and the drumbeat now
savage and possessed.]*

Curtain

Act 1

TIMBERLAKE WERTENBAKER: *Our Country's Good*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss Wertenbaker's dramatic exploration of crime and punishment in the play.
- Or** (b) Using the extract below as the central focus of your answer, discuss the dramatic significance of the rehearsal scenes to the play as a whole.

<i>Ralph:</i>	Could we get on with the scene, please? Brenham, it's your turn to speak.	
<i>Mary:</i>	'Oh, Madam, I have heard the town commended for its air.'	
<i>Liz:</i>	'But you don't consider Silvia how long I have lived in't!'	5
<i>Ralph</i>	[to LIZ]: I believe you would look at her.	
<i>Liz:</i>	She didn't look at me.	
<i>Ralph:</i>	Didn't she? She will now.	
<i>Liz:</i>	'For I can assure you that to a lady the least nice in her constitution no air can be good above half a year change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.'	10
<i>Mary:</i>	'But prithee, my dear Melinda, don't put on such an air to me.'	
<i>Ralph:</i>	Excellent, Brenham. You could be a little more sharp on the 'don't'.	15
<i>Mary:</i>	'Don't.' [MARY now tries a few gestures.] 'Your education and mine were just the same, and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our noses drop in a cold morning at the boarding-school.'	20
<i>Ralph:</i>	Good! Good! Morden?	
<i>Liz:</i>	'Our education cousin was the same but our temperaments had nothing alike.'	
<i>Ralph:</i>	That's a little better, Morden, but you needn't be quite so angry with her. Now go on Brenham.	25
<i>Liz:</i>	I haven't finished my speech!	
<i>Ralph:</i>	You're right, Morden, please excuse me.	
<i>Liz</i>	[embarrassed]: No, no, there's no need for that, Lieutenant. I only meant – I don't have to.	
<i>Ralph:</i>	Please do.	30
<i>Liz:</i>	'You have the constitution of a horse.'	
<i>Ralph:</i>	Much better, Morden. But you must always remember you're a lady. What can we do to help you? Lucy.	
<i>Dabby:</i>	That's you, Duckling.	
<i>Ralph:</i>	See that little piece of wood over there? Take it to Melinda. That will be your fan.	35
<i>Duckling:</i>	I'm not fetching nothing for Liz.	
<i>Ralph:</i>	She's not Morden, she's Melinda, your mistress. You're her servant, Lucy. In fact, you should be in this scene. Now take her that fan.	40
<i>Duckling</i>	[gives the wood to LIZ]: Here.	
<i>Liz:</i>	Thank you, Lucy, I do much appreciate your effort.	
<i>Ralph:</i>	No, you would nod your head.	
<i>Wisehammer:</i>	Don't add any words to the play.	
<i>Ralph:</i>	Now, Lucy, stand behind Morden.	45
<i>Duckling:</i>	What do I say?	
<i>Ralph:</i>	Nothing.	

- Duckling:* How will they know I'm here? Why does she get all the lines? Why can't I have some of hers?
- Ralph:* Brenham, it's your speech. 50
- Mary:* 'So far as to be troubled with neither spleen, colic, nor vapours –'
[*The convicts slink away and sink down, trying to make themselves invisible as MAJOR ROSS, followed by CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, come on.*] 55
'I need no salt for my stomach, no –'
[*She sees the officers herself and folds in with the rest of the convicts.*]
- Ralph:* Major Ross, Captain Campbell, I'm rehearsing.
- Ross:* Rehearsing! Rehearsing! 60
- Campbell:* Tssaach. Rehearsing.
- Ross:* Lieutenant Clark is rehearsing. Lieutenant Clark asked us to give the prisoners two hours so he could rehearse, but what has he done with them? What?
- Campbell:* Eeh. Other things, eh. 65
- Ross:* Where are the prisoners Kable and Arscott, Lieutenant?
- Campbell:* Eh?
- Ralph:* They seem to be late.
- Ross:* While you were rehearsing, Arscott and Kable slipped into the woods with three others, so five men have run away and it's all because of your damned play and your so-called thespists. And not only have your thespists run away, they've stolen food from the stores for their renegade escapade, that's what your play has done. 70
- Ralph:* I don't see what the play – 75
- Ross:* I said it from the beginning. The play will bring down calamity on this colony.

Act 1, Scene 11

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